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My Guide of Life

By MAX HILL

MAYHAP my course through desert way may lie,
Where nought but burning sand will greet the eye,
Where never waterbrook nor spring is found,
Where lurking, deadly creatures oft abound;
No path is there, the blazing sun or star
The only guide through weary way so far.

But must I go that weary way alone,
And toil unguided on a course unknown?
Ah, no, for One there is whose feet have trod
The burning desert way, the Son of God.
He knows the heat, the thirst, the danger there;
He knows the way, and I can trust His care.

Perchance upon the waters I must go,
Where roll the waves and whelming tempests blow.
There sunken reefs, and there the hidden crags;
There currents draw, and every anchor drags.
The storm clouds hide the view of guiding star;
The port of safety lies beyond, so far!

Must I the way in stormy darkness seek,
Where driving waves dash on the headlands bleak?
Is there a pilot for life's ocean wide,
One who can lead, whate'er the wave or tide?
There is! there is! The Master stilled the wave;
He knows the deep; with Him is power to save.

Might be the dizzy heights would call to go
Where rear sky-piercing peaks of lasting snow,
Where plunging drifts or cruel, dark crevasse,

With threat of ruin chill at every pass,
Where lost men wander in that chilling air,—
Stern duty might call me to service there.

Would one be able there to show the way,
On trackless heights one's slipping feet to stay?
The Master knew the mountain's cruel height,
Through weary day, through blackest, stormy night;
There did He seek in prayer His Father's power,
There sought the straying lamb through midnight hour.

But life for me leads not on desert sand;
My eyes look not o'er seas to foreign strand.
No mountains loom before, my path to bar;
My feet are led where mankind's millions are;
My way is girt about with hosts of men,
A human stream I meet again, again.

Is there relief from all the milling crowd,
A quiet place from all the din so loud?
"Come unto Me," I hear the Master say;
"In Me is rest; I am the living way."
No longer list I to the call of fame;
I turn aside to rest, the promise claim.

On desert way the Master's feet were sure,
Upon the wave He trod His way secure;
He sought alone the mountain peaks of fear,
And all the busy crowd to Him were dear.
The Son of man, He loved all men below;
I trust in Him, and where He leads, I go.



HEART-TO-HEART TALKS WITH OUR READERS

By The Editor

Shall I Make My Home in One of Our Church Centers?

THIS is a question which has come to me many times through the years. My reply is in the affirmative, provided you are answering the call of the Lord. It is necessary, of course, that some should live at the centers of our work. They have official duties which require them to live in these places. They are teachers in our schools, physicians or nurses in our sanitariums, workers in our publishing houses, clerks or stenographers in our conference offices. The truth has found some who already lived in places which afterward became centers of our work.

But unfortunately there are others who have moved to some denominational center on their own volition and for personal considerations. Some have been called to large centers for a little time for some temporary service they might render, and have continued to stay after their labor was no longer needed. Some have come in order to educate their children, with the full purpose in mind that as soon as this objective was met, they would move back to their home church. And some have done this and have received a blessing in so doing. Unfortunately, others have found their residence in the larger center so pleasant and comfortable that they have settled down apparently for the rest of their lives. Little churches have thus been robbed of needed leadership, and been left to struggle on and after a time die.

"Go, Return"

Elijah the prophet ran away from his post of duty and went off into the desert. The Lord there appeared to him and propounded this question, "What doest thou here, Elijah?" The only reply Elijah made was a lament. He could give no satisfactory reason for leaving his charge. The Lord then gave Elijah the message, "Go, return." Is there a lesson in this experience for any of our brethren who have forsaken little churches and moved into our large centers? It may be that God will use this simple article to awaken their minds to a consciousness of their duty in this matter.

I recognize that our homes have the primary responsibility for the rearing of our boys and girls. In them,

above any other place in the world, there should be maintained high standards of discipline and of conduct. Unfortunately, in too many of our homes these standards have been lowered, and too many of our parents today confess their lack of power to train properly the children committed to their care. This is indeed a sad confession, and such parents should resolve with God's help to turn over a new leaf, hold up right standards in their own lives, and then, in the spirit of love, but of firmness, require the observance of these standards by their boys and girls.

But I am satisfied that it would be better for many of our boys and girls to be sent to the dormitories of our schools and there brought under school discipline, than for the parents to move to the school center, keeping their children in their own homes and failing to maintain the same standards of deportment which the school requires. This surely is a question which should be very thoughtfully and prayerfully studied by every parent.

Learners and Critics

I am glad to believe that the large majority of our brethren and sisters in our great church centers are earnest, devout Christians, doing the best they know to prove true to Christ and to His work; but there is a minority in each large church who prove a source of continual concern to pastors and church officers. They are leaners rather than lifters, faultfinders and critics instead of boosters. They are human driftwood, driven hither and yon in their experience by every shifting wind and eddy current. These need a new vision of their own needs, a new vision of Christ as a Saviour from sin, a new vision of their responsibility and accountability. And when they obtain this vision, they will no longer be drags upon the church, objects of continual concern and labor, but they will be faithful, dependable, working members. And they will be ready when God calls to leave the large church center and go out into some needy field to work for Him.

It is easier by far to live a Christian life connected with some little

church or in an isolated community, than it is in our great church centers. I know this from my own personal experience. In my early youth I was a member of a little country church, the only Sabbathkeeping boy in the neighborhood. The very opposition that I met from associates, and the opposition which my mother and the older children met, drove us to the Lord and developed strength in us which we would not have developed had we been in a Sabbathkeeping community where the easy tendency would have been to drift with the tide.

Modern Jerusalems

Years ago the messenger of the Lord sounded very definite and earnest warning against making Battle Creek a modern Jerusalem, against centralizing so many interests there and so many of our people flocking there. The history of the denomination demonstrated the need and wisdom of her instruction. I believe that the same danger today threatens some of our great institutional centers. It threatens Takoma Park, and I doubt not that it threatens other great church centers equally. We need to study this instruction given to Battle Creek years ago, as it relates to our situation at the present time.

There is a great unwarned field around us. Why should not many of our brethren and sisters who have enjoyed the privileges of some great church center for years, move out into some of these outlying districts, establish for themselves a home, live the truth in these new communities, and thus create new centers of light and influence? God would bless them, I verily believe, in so doing. Some of our brethren are carpenters, bricklayers, paperhangers. They could find work in some other town or city or community where there are not so many Adventists as are found in some of our large institutional centers. They could be a help to the struggling little church in these new places, and an influence for good in living and preaching the message.

Years ago the instruction came to us that some of our brethren and sisters should leave the cities, and make homes for themselves and their families in the country, away from the turmoil and excitement and wickedness of the great population centers, and in quiet places of communion with God and with nature. This instruction should also be studied faithfully.

Exercise of Good Sense

Of course in making changes of this kind, no impulsive move should

(Continued on page 8)

The Advent Review and Sabbath Herald

HERE IS THE PATIENCE OF THE SAINTS; HERE ARE THEY THAT KEEP THE COMMANDMENTS OF GOD, AND THE FAITH OF JESUS. REV. 14:12

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Moral Issues Decisive in Europe

BY L. H. CHRISTIAN

HISTORY is breaking new roads, and the wisdom of man has lost the way. Old theories of governments and dictates of political science considered as proved certainties twenty-five years ago, today lie shattered and discarded. The philosophy of history taught in prewar times by many materialistic thinkers as almost inspired is greatly discredited. It is pathetic to see how these men try to explain and foretell the unfolding events of postwar days by their notions of history. In fact, the whole trend of things these years, while establishing prophecy, have uprooted atheistic teaching.

Thus, when the revolution in Russia was on in 1917, we heard on every hand that if we wanted to understand the Russian revolution, we should study the French. They forgot that the French were a Latin race and the Russians were Slavs, that the mentality, education, religion, economics, politics, and countries of the two were utterly unlike, and besides, that a score of new factors unknown a century ago had come into being. Learned men of Europe proved by history that the Soviet government could not last more than three and a half years. That was nineteen years ago. Again, we heard that the French Revolution produced a Napoleon, and that revolutions always end in military dictatorships. Man after man arose in Russia claiming to be the Russian Napoleon. The fate of the greatest of these, poor little General Karniloff, should be a warning to others.

An Entirely New Era

We believe that history, especially sacred history, does teach us lessons of great value for these times. There are certain great moral principles that apply to every age. There are other things, such as economic laws of population and emigration, which

are more or less similar because they are founded deep in human hearts and lives. But what we need to understand is that we have come into an entirely new age, with stupendous changes in which the basic forces of mankind combine differently and produce new results.

Take the matter of war. England, America, France, Germany, and other countries have built up mighty fleets, and yet today, with the discovery of aerial transport and warfare, no one knows what a fleet is worth. Said Sir Austen Chamberlain of England the other day in Parliament: "I am not competent to say whether a bomb dropped from the air will destroy a battleship or whether the battleship will destroy the airplane, but these are very big issues." In fact, such new weapons as death rays and gas bombs may so completely revolutionize modern warfare that no thoughtful man dares to foretell what really is at hand. Many think one thing is clear,—that "the major part of the next war will be fought in the air."

When writing of Europe, another fact of world-wide import should be noted. Europe today is losing her age-long world dominion. For over four centuries, or rather since Reformation days, the white race, with Europe as its center, has been dominant in world affairs. Through daring journeys America was discovered and South Africa, India, and all Asia were opened to trade. Modern culture and Western civilization were brought to all the earth, and stood in high repute. In 1914 more than two thirds of the human race and nearly five sevenths of the world's area were controlled by Europe, then at the zenith of her power. England, with the mightiest empire of history, and for peace and liberty one of the best, ruled over one fourth of mankind. France, Germany, Rus-

sia, and others were of mighty power.

But lately a great change has come. The nations of the earth are weakening. Japan and other forces in the East have grown strong. Europe is losing its world trade, its world influence, and the halo of its glorious prestige. This thought has struck terror into many hearts. Books are written and articles abound on the coming downfall of Europe. It is well to stop and inquire what such a downfall, should it come, would mean to the human race.

Economic Problems in Europe

Europe faces great economic problems today. One is that of overpopulation. When migration to America began, about 1840, there was strong opposition to it in Europe. The governments passed laws to keep people at home. The state church preachers thundered against emigration, claiming that, according to the fifth commandment, people were to dwell in the land God had given them, which meant the country in which they were born. To leave one's native land was called a sign of disloyalty. Today, that has utterly changed. In almost every land, except Russia, people are encouraged to emigrate. Governments offer free tickets. Societies are organized to help emigrants get started in the new land of their adoption. But strange to say, in former years when sentiment was against emigration, emigration prospered. Today, when sentiment is favorable to it, it does not succeed. Before the war, more than a million Europeans landed in the United States every year. This immigration to America has been stopped. Our country was obliged to stop it to save both Europe and herself from destruction. One of the best laws passed by Congress in postwar years was the act limiting or forbidding immigration.

But these conditions, with other things, have placed Europe in an impossible situation. She has problems not only of population, but of other kinds which seem beyond the skill of man to solve. In Russia, people starve. It is admitted that 18,000,000 have died of famine over there in the last few years. Other countries find themselves in the greatest difficulties with their growing population. They think themselves unable to feed and clothe their own people.

Moral and Spiritual Issues

But economic, political, or military questions are not the vital, decisive issues. The first great causes of Europe's difficulties are moral and spiritual. Faith in the true God is declining. New religious ideals and standards have come to the front. Millions of people have returned to the gods their forefathers worshiped two thousand years ago. It is a strange, sad spectacle. Other millions have no religion at all, absolutely no faith, and no thought of eternity.

With the loss of religion has come the abandonment of the old conceptions of right and wrong. The cross of Christ is ridiculed and the ten commandments are despised. New standards of moral conduct, or rather, no standards, are advocated. Strange ideas of marriage and the home, of the rights of property, of individual responsibility and collective relations, have come to the front. In all these turbulent billows and controversies, the most basic principles of right are submerged. This is true, not only of the individual, but of governments. The new conceptions of government are utterly different from what we have known, and these ideas are the sad result of spiritual and moral apostasies.

Church Pride

One of the great sins of Europe is haughty pride. There is church pride, especially with the Papacy. At Stockholm, in 1925, the Protestant and orthodox churches of all the earth, met in a great council on life and service. The originator of the plan, Archbishop S——, a learned, godly man, sent a personal invitation to the Pope, requesting him to send representatives. In his reply the Pope not only refused to send delegates, but stated that he did not know of such a person as Archbishop S——. There were no archbishops outside the Roman Church. He even addressed the letter, not to the Archbishop, but just "Mr. S——." A few months ago the Anglican Archbishop of Canterbury, so the press reported,

proposed to the Pope that the Anglican and the Roman Church should unite in the effort to make peace between Italy and Ethiopia. The Papacy again, in its pride, replied that it knew of no Archbishop of Canterbury, nor of any Anglican church. All sects outside of Rome were heretics, and he would not unite with the heretics in anything, not even to stop war. It is this pride of Rome that will bring downfall.

Pride of Race and Blood

Then there is a pride of race and blood. It is scarcely necessary to point out that during the last two or three years some nations in Europe have gone wild in enthusiastic love of pedigree and patrimony. They speak of their leaders as "supermen" and their own people as a "nation of lords," superior to all others. But this pride of race is not confined to one nation. It is found in the smaller as well as the larger countries. Pride of race is a deadly poison. It leads people to despise others, and to feel justified in destroying others. How vividly in these last days are fulfilled the words of Christ: "Nation shall rise against nation." Thus, pride is the ruin, not merely of Europe, but of the human race—pride of heart, pride of money, pride of dictators, pride of power.

Heartless Cruelty

Then, too, a heartless, bloody cruelty is seen in many lands. Political murders and political prisoners abound. When the upheaval came in one of the countries of

Europe this winter, 30,000 poor, suffering political prisoners were set free. They were not criminals. They had not even been sentenced, for they had never had a trial. But in other lands, many, many more are held in prison or camps, starved, flogged, taunted, tortured, driven to suicide. Will not God judge for such things, and will not moral issues be decisive for Europe and for the entire human family?

Lately, new courts of justice, or rather of nonjustice, have been established, founded on unheard-of principles which deny the most fundamental of human rights. They are partial, partisan, arbitrary, arrogant, and use bloody, cruel means to convict. How true today are the words: "Courts of justice are corrupt. Rulers are actuated by desire for gain, and love of sensual pleasure. Intemperance has beclouded the faculties of many, so that Satan has almost complete control of them. Jurists are perverted, bribed, deluded." —"The Great Controversy," p. 586.

The present moral situation in Europe and all the earth is described by the same writer in these words: "Lawlessness, dissipation, and corruption are sweeping in upon us like an overwhelming tide. . . . The whole system of religious principles and doctrines, which should form the foundation and framework of social life, seems to be a tottering mass, ready to fall to ruin."—*Id.*, p. 585. This seed-sowing of iniquity will bear its own harvest. No state built on blood and unrighteousness can endure, and no religious movement or church ruled by haughty, dishonest, or selfish leaders will prosper.

To mankind in this generation of moral perversity, God has sent His last call to repentance. It is the everlasting gospel of deliverance from sin. We who have and give this message must ourselves experience its transforming and keeping grace. Where the world is haughty, we must be humble; and where the world is cruel, we must be kind. Only by integrity of soul and purity of life can we, in such a time as this, be and do what God expects. As moral issues are decisive for the nations, so is spiritual victory in our own hearts. Truly, "it is time to seek the Lord," and to make sure that we and our children dwell "in the secret place of the Most High."

London, England.



OUR grand business undoubtedly is, not to see what lies dimly at a distance, but to do what lies clearly at hand.—*Carlisle.*

Prayer for Gospel Fervor

Isaiah 52 to 55

BY LULU MAY ANDERSEN

EVERLASTING, beauteous gospel,
Power of God to save the lost,
Will the bearers please to bring it,
Though at ev'ry earthly cost?
Will those feet upon the mountains
Beautiful their tidings bear,
When the means that sent them forward
Ceases to support them there?

Will the love of Christ constrain them
When no pay roll bears their name?
Will they bring the love of Jesus
To the dying just the same?
Will the Spirit that constrained Him
Still constrain His servants too,
Till they take His saving gospel
Ev'rywhere, and see it through?

Jesus, plant Thy deathless fervor
In the heart of ev'ry saint;
Patient make us to endeavor,
Humbly, all with Thee acquaint;
Till the gospel—last rain over—
Shall have ripened ev'rything,
And the glorious heaven, opening,
Shall reveal earth's harvest King!

"Even So Send I You"---No. 2

BY MRS. E. G. WHITE

"Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." In order that you may do this, pray, pray in faith, for that knowledge and wisdom and grace which the Lord Jesus alone can give you; and when you receive it, communicate to others. Thus souls will be saved, and there will be rejoicing in heaven.

"Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on Me through their word; that they all may be one; as Thou, Father, art in Me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in us; that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me."

A living church is one that is engaged in earnest work for the Master. Christ's prayer to His Father was that through the sanctification of the truth His disciples might be one in Him. They are to deny self. They are to consecrate every ability to His service, through patience, goodness, mercy, sympathy, and love, representing our Saviour to the world. Through the influence of the Holy Spirit, all are to labor for the unity of love, that they may bring others to the knowledge of the truth. The Christlike devotion of those who stand in the wondrous light that shines from Calvary will recommend the followers of Christ and His service to the world.

May the Lord give the missionary spirit to His church. Then the workers will go into the harvest field, pleading with our heavenly Father that His Holy Spirit may go with them, that they may hold forth the words of life to those who are hastening to death. There are those in all our cities who have not had the truth presented to them, who have not heard the warning message of the Lord's soon coming, who have not heard that the end of all things is at hand. Unless messengers go to them in the Spirit of Christ, how shall these people hear the gospel invitation? How shall they know that their sins may be forgiven through the mercy of a crucified and risen Saviour? Aggressive warfare must be entered upon with a devoted, self-sacrificing spirit that many know nothing about. As opportunities offer, as doors open, and the word of life is brought to the people, opposition to the truth will start into operation. The door that is open to the missionary will also be open to the opposer of truth. But if the truth is presented as it is in Jesus, the hearers are responsible for its rejection.

Those who will not accept the last solemn message of warning sent to our world, will pervert the Scriptures; they will attack the character, and make false statements in regard to the faith and doctrines of the advocates of Bible truth. Every possible means will be employed to divert the attention. Shows, games, horse races, and various other kinds of amusement will be set in operation. An intense power from beneath will stir them up to oppose the message from heaven.

Work and Pray

What shall be done to meet our responsibilities? How shall we make proper use of the opportunities presented? There must be prayer, earnest, humble prayer; there must be determined wrestling with God for the endowment of His Holy Spirit. "Put Me in remembrance," says the Lord; "let us plead together; declare thou, that thou mayest be justified." Take your Bibles and present the promises of God before the throne of grace. He says: "Ask, and it shall be given you. . . . For every one that asketh receiveth. . . . If a son shall ask bread of any of you that is a father, will he give him a stone? or if he ask a fish, will he for a fish give him a serpent? or if he shall ask an egg, will he offer him a scorpion? If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children; how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him?"

Believe that the Lord does just as He says He will. Go to work in faith. Hold fast to every point of vantage ground gained. However strong the opposition may be, there must be no weakening. Hold fast by faith. Work and pray, watch and wait, hope and trust, leave everything to God. He can thresh mountains with a worm.

The church that would prove successful in the Master's service must be an aggressive one. Its members must not allow their interest in the work to flag. Heavenly intelligences are ready to cooperate with the human agent to press forward the work. At whatever cost, press the battle to the gates of the enemy, yea, storm the very citadel. Do not allow yourselves to fail nor to be discouraged. Christ's authority is supreme, His power is invincible. Through the Holy Spirit the Lord works with the human agent.

"He hath anointed us to preach good tidings unto the meek; He hath

sent us to bind up the brokenhearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound; to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord, and the day of vengeance of our God; to comfort all that mourn; to appoint unto them that mourn in Zion, to give unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness; that they might be called trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord, that He might be glorified."

The Sun of Righteousness has arisen; Christ is waiting to clothe His people with the garments of salvation. And "He shall not fail nor be discouraged, till He have set judgment in the earth! and the isles shall wait for His law." "His glory shall be seen upon thee. And the Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising."

Under the Banner of Prince Immanuel

The Lord does not wish to have one true soldier of the cross remain in ignorance or darkness. He calls us up, high up above the earth, that He may show us the vast confederacy of evil that is arrayed against us. He would remind us that "we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places." But He assures all who are engaged in this warfare that they are fighting under the "Captain of the Lord's host," and that the angels of heaven are assisting them in their struggle for the "crown that fadeth not away." Let us rally under the banner of Prince Immanuel, and in the name and strength of Jesus press the battle home.

There are souls perishing. They must know the terms of salvation. They must be taught that the conditions of acceptance are the same now as they were in Adam's day,—obedience to all God's commandments. Many appear to be entombed in the darkness of ignorance, intrenched behind an invincible barrier, full of error taught them by priest and ruler; but bear in mind that heavenly intelligences are working with the human agents. The Holy Spirit can pierce the stronghold of unbelief. Jesus is leading His army to the field of battle. Listen to His proclamation, "Be of good cheer; I have overcome the world." Our General leads to victory, for He is a mighty conqueror.—*Review and Herald, July 2, 1895.*

"The noblest characters are made and sanctified by tribulation."



Lift Up Your Eyes and Look on the Fields

NEVER was there a time when the church of God needed more to heed the Master's exhortation, "Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest." John 4:35. The time of the final great harvest of souls is at hand. Soon, very soon, the Son of man will thrust in His sickle and gather the sheaves into the heavenly garner. In preparation for that event, the church on earth is to prepare a people to meet their Lord.

As we lift up our eyes and look on the fields, what do we see? We see the many lands of earth ripe for the last gospel message. Never were there such appeals for saving truth as at the present time. Never were there so many doors open for the messengers of truth to enter. The Macedonian calls come from around the entire earth. There was never such a ready and abundant harvest of souls as now.

As we look at Africa, so long wrapped in midnight darkness, we see lights springing up in many places. Thousands are flocking to the annual meetings. Converts are pressing in upon our missionaries so fast that they are unable to care for them.

India, with doors long closed and barred to the gospel, is awakening, and our workers are unable to respond to the many calls. Surely the Spirit of God is marvelously stirring hearts steeped in the subtle philosophies and superstitions of the East.

On savage islands, where the pioneers were met with pagan stoicism, where some missionaries were murdered and others were driven from the forbidding shores, the gospel is now welcome, and the response is nothing short of miraculous. In the New Hebrides, where the Patons labored so faithfully and saw so little fruitage for their efforts, there is today a remarkable harvesting of souls. In other islands our missionaries are closely following explorers, taking the advent message into hitherto unknown regions. And how rapidly the seeds of truth spring up in the hearts of debased natives and bear a harvest in the transformation of lives.

From South and Central America come reports of providential open-

ings and quick results from the preaching of the word. In Japan, Korea, China, Mongolia, Tibet, Annam, in the Philippines and the East Indies, as well as in the enlightened lands of Europe and America, the advent message is marching on with marvelous results.

Surely these facts should stir the church of God as nothing else can, to face the task of completing the work of God in the earth. The complete triumph of the advent message is just before us. The achievements of today should lead us to sacrifice and toil for the enlightenment of lands still in darkness.

As we turn our eyes toward the unworked lands of the earth, we see multitudes on whose faces the light of truth has never shone. The mute appeals of the unreached heathen should cause us to hasten with the message of salvation. There can be no delay in entering provinces still unworked, whose doors are wide open. When we have brought all we can give to the Master for feeding these multitudes, we can "pray . . . the Lord of the harvest, that He will send forth laborers into His harvest."

The Reward of Labor

Think of the rewards awaiting those who join in this last work of grace in the earth. Said the Master: "He that reapeth receiveth wages, and gathereth fruit unto life eternal: that both he that soweth and he that reapeth may rejoice together." No earthly wages can compare with gathering fruit unto life eternal. Concerning those who engage in saving souls, the prophet Daniel declared: "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever."

Nor is all the reward reserved for the future eternal life. The joy of seeing souls saved surpasses any pleasure this world can offer. Then there is the growth in Christian experience that comes through Christian service. The one who waters is himself also watered. Where the need is great in heathen lands, there is realized the greatest endowment of efficiency for service.

To our young people looking for opportunities to join in the advent movement, there is no part of the world field that offers such great opportunities for growth and development as do the mission fields. The many responsibilities that press upon one, tax the capabilities and bring breadth of experience. As the Lord imparted skill to Bezaleel and Aholiab for building the sanctuary, He imparts added talents and capabilities for doing His work today.

And there is the reward that awaits the church of God when Jesus comes. Eternal life will be bestowed. The gates of pearl will swing open for the redeemed to enter the city of God. Long have the faithful waited for their reward. And now the prize is almost within our reach. A few more sacrifices, a few more months and years of labor, and the harvest will be gathered.

No More Delay

A few years ago the servant of the Lord said that there would be delay no longer in finishing God's work. Since then this movement has encircled the earth. It has entered nearly every country of the world. Thousands and thousands of souls have been gathered into the church. Notwithstanding all this, we are inclined to think, whether we give utterance to our thought or not, that "there are yet four months, and then cometh harvest." It is so easy to settle back and feel that the latter rain and the completion of our task are still some time in the future. Listen to what the Saviour says: "Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white *already* to harvest." If the church would wholeheartedly lay all on the altar and seek Pentecostal power, throwing every resource of men and means into the work of God, how quickly the Lord would "finish the work, and cut it short in righteousness."

Soon the delegates from the world field will be gathered in General Conference. Stirring reports of achievement in many lands will be rendered. Plans will be laid for greatly extending the cause in all countries. Earnest petitions will go up to the throne of grace for wisdom and spiritual power. Would it not be an opportune time for all our people around the world circle to join in importunate prayer that God

will abundantly bless that great convocation, and that He will visit in a special way His people throughout the earth? As our leaders review the needs of the world field, let us who remain at home also "lift up our

eyes, and look on the fields," and see them "white already to harvest." May God give us a new vision of the task before us, and enable us to rise to the demands of this present hour.

T. M. F.

A Letter on the Sabbath Question to a Fundamentalist Leader

In Two Parts—Part II

LET us take the matter a little further. You say that "none of the Gentiles kept the Sabbath day, while they all recognized the other commands as obligatory." This is essentially the line of reasoning of those who declare that the law was abolished at the cross, but that in some remarkable manner this law, which evidently was so faulty and unnecessary as to call for abolition, found itself nine-tenths restored in the Christian dispensation. It is this process of reasoning that is employed by antinomians to escape the charge of moral anarchy which is brought against them for their doctrine that the law was done away. Now, I do not say that you subscribe to this. I simply say that your line of reasoning in this particular connection runs parallel to theirs, and so far as I can discover, is here identical with it. But this is not the teaching of the great Protestant creeds. If we are discussing the question of orthodoxy,—and "heresy" is the blanket charge against Adventists,—then any teaching that the ten-commandment law was abolished at the cross is heresy. Accordingly, Gentiles, in order to square with Protestant creeds, must recognize all ten commandments "as obligatory."

I might ask further: If the Gentiles did not consider the fourth commandment as obligatory, on what, then, did they base the keeping of a weekly holy day, which you declare was Sunday? If you say they based it simply on custom and the growing practice of the church, then you admit that there is no "Thus saith the Lord" behind Sunday. If you hesitate to make this admission, and I would not blame you for so hesitating in view of the thunderings of American and English preachers through the years regarding the awful sin of Sunday desecration, then I would ask you, In what text of Holy Writ do you find a "Thus saith the Lord" for Sunday? If you can find such a text, you have done better than any theologian before you. I have various theological books which admit frankly that there is no command for Sundaykeeping:

If you say, as you did in the Sunday school lessons, that in some way the spirit of the fourth command still holds for those in the Christian Era, and that therefore Christians should observe Sunday, I would ask you to elucidate on this point. It is the crux of the discussion. What is there so elusive about this fourth command that we should be asked to view it only in some ghostly, transcendental form? Its language is as plain and as vigorous as that of any other precept of the ten, so plain indeed that men had no difficulty, and certainly no controversy, over the understanding of it for thousands of years. Who authorized you or any other Christian minister, I ask with all good feeling, to deprive this one precept of the ten of its body and substance?

If you really do believe that the law was done away at the cross, but that nine of the ten were somehow restored, I insist that you give just as literal a resurrection to the fourth commandment if you are going to invoke it in any way in support of a weekly holy day. Why not leave wholly to the Modernists the vaporous doctrine of a spiritual resurrection? To my mind it is one of the curious things of Protestant reasoning, I am tempted almost to say casuistry, this retaining on the one side, in some shadowy form, the fourth commandment, in order to have a "Thus saith the Lord" foundation for their weekly holy day; and on the other hand discarding the fourth command as abolished, in order to break the force of the seventh-day Sabbath argument.

In this matter the Catholic Church is more honest, shall I say, than Protestantism; for it makes no endeavor to defend Sunday by reasoning that "the seventh day" means only one day in seven. With all its specious interpretations, Catholicism evidently thought this too unwarranted, in view of the unanimity of interpretation for thousands of years. It frankly states in its catechisms that "the seventh day" is Saturday. Then it defends Sunday on the ground that the church has a right

to change laws and to institute holy days. Accepting this view of the power of the church, we could easily accept Sunday. But you and I are not Catholics. We are Protestants.

I am not quite sure of your view. I concluded, from the first part of your letter, that you believed unqualifiedly that the ten commandments—and of course the fourth must be present in order to make the ten—are the moral standard for Gentile Christians. But the latter part of your letter, which declares that Gentiles did not keep the Sabbath, "while they all recognized the other commands as obligatory," throws me into doubt as to your view.

Therefore, to clear the air, let me ask you directly: Do you believe that the decalogue is in full force, that it is the moral standard for us in the Christian dispensation? If you answer, "No," then I say we part company right here, I standing with the great Protestant confessions and creeds, and you standing wherever you wish. If you answer that you do believe the ten commandments to be our moral standard, then it is simple arithmetic for me to conclude that you believe in the fourth along with the other nine.

Then I would ask you, By what process of reasoning, or, rather, by what texts of Scripture do you justify changing what was for thousands of years the one understanding of the meaning of this fourth commandment as regards the *day* of worship and the *purpose* of the worship? In other words, How do you prove that the phrase in the command, "the seventh day," which until the sixteenth century was understood by all to apply to the specific seventh day of the week, really refers to no day in particular, merely to one day in seven? And how do you prove that this fourth command, which is based on a certain historical fact, the creation, can be made to apply to another historical fact, the resurrection? Even when the minds of Christians were becoming befogged by strange doctrines and reasonings in the early centuries, the basic distinction between Sabbath and Sunday was evident to them, for the Sabbath was described as the feast of creation, and Sunday as the feast of the resurrection.

Perhaps you will say on this second point that the resurrection is the memorial of a new creation, and thus the fourth command applies; but in the articles enclosed with this letter, I have tried to show that such reasoning, though plausible on the surface, is not valid; that the Christian needs to remember and

to have absolute belief in the historical creation, the event described in Genesis and quoted in the fourth commandment, before he can have any faith in, or attach any significance to, the plan of salvation and the work of Christ in the new creation. Instead of the new creation's eclipsing and taking the place of the historical creation, the simple facts are that the new creation owes its significance to the literal, historical creation. Fundamentalists have intoned sufficiently, I believe, on the primary necessity of a belief in the historical creation in Genesis as the true foundation on which all Christian doctrine must rest, to make it unnecessary for me to amplify this point here.

In asking you this series of questions I have no desire to take any unfair advantage of you by the specious procedure of asking questions which a man should not be expected to answer. Instead, I think these are the most relevant questions that could be raised. Let me repeat, my brother, that the burden of proof in this whole matter must rest upon you who believe in Sunday, not upon us who believe in the seventh-day Sabbath. We represent the historic interpretation of the fourth commandment from time immemorial.

We have never changed our interpretation; we have seen no reason to do so. If words had one value and meaning in past time, we see no reason why their meaning should be basically changed today. It is for you who believe that there is a sufficient reason, and a Biblical reason at that, of course, to produce that reason for us.

The fact that virtually the whole Christian world soon turned away from obedience to the fourth command is surely no argument in itself that such a departure is justified. I am certain you would not put it forth as a formal proposition, though it does seem to be the submerged premise in the reasoning of a great majority of first-day keepers. But knowing, as I am certain you do know, how quickly there crept into the church a great variety of false doctrines and perversions of true doctrines, which held virtually all Christendom in their control for long centuries, I am sure that you will not ask me to accept any argument for Sunday based on the early appearance of it in the church and its rapid and widespread adoption. It is not in church practice but in Bible precept that we as Protestants must find the guide for our lives.

F. D. N.

Shall I Make My Home in One of Our Church Centers?

(Continued from page 2)

be made. There should be careful counsel with responsible brethren. Particular study should be given to a new place of residence. I have seen some wild moves made in some of these things in years gone by, and these wild moves brought great disappointment and discouragement to those who had a part in them. God wants us to use good sense and judgment in matters of temporal concern, as well as in spiritual.

Is heaven nearer to our church centers than to the outposts of our work? Some, I fear, have reasoned that this is the case, and have been led to move to our large churches, feeling that they could gain a deeper Christian experience. This is an entirely mistaken idea. God is no nearer to Takoma Park, or Mountain View, or Glendale, or London, or Shanghai, than He is to the farthest most parts of the earth. Our brethren and sisters in our little churches may reach out and receive as large a measure of the Holy Spirit as they could in any other place, and if they are in the line of duty, they can ex-

pect and receive more of God. There are no geographical limitations to the blessings of Heaven.

Many come to our centers, and seeing so many older in experience, they feel that they can lay aside the burden of active labor. It is pleasant to look on and see others work. And unconsciously they begin to drift in their experience.

An Individual Question

Let every reader of the REVIEW determine, first of all, where God wants him, the work He wants him to do, and then let him in his place, whether it be as an isolated Sabbath-keeper or as a member of a little church, hold up the banner of truth in the little community in which he lives. He may be to those around him a savor of life, and under God be the heavenly messenger whereby those in darkness may come to a saving knowledge of the truth.

In conclusion let me say that this question about which I have been speaking is an individual one. No one can determine duty for another.

I cannot look upon any one of my brethren and say it is his duty to move to a new field. Every brother must determine the question of his personal duty in prayer to God and, if need be, in counsel with his brethren. And God stands ready to bless and guide His children. The promise of divine help is to the individual, to you and me. May we so relate ourselves to the divine leading that we may have the guidance we seek.



Would You Be a Conqueror?

BY EDWARD J. URQUHART

OH, it isn't the thing that you wear on your hair
That makes you serene like a king or a queen;
It's the things that you carry inside of your head,
Quite lacking in glimmer and shimmer and sheen.

And it isn't the clothes that you put on your back
That take you and make you a man or a lady;
It's the promptings that start down deep in your heart,
Forbidding the vile, the gross, and the shady.

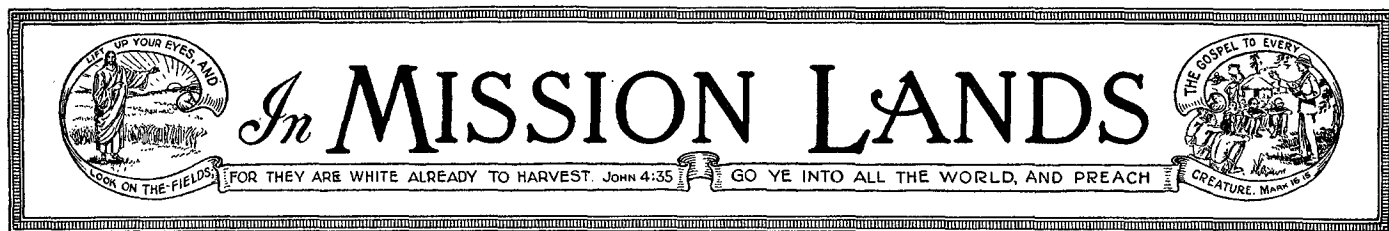
And it isn't the tone of your muscle and bone
That makes you ready and steady and strong;
It's the character mold in the depths of your soul,
By this you stand out from the herd and the throng.

And it isn't the things that you slip on your feet
That determine your place at the end of the race;
It is union with God and with men of the sod,
And the fire of your heart and the set of your face.

Then spur up your mettle and plunge into battle;
Take all a world offers, all valor can give;
For hope claim assurance, to faith add endurance,
Expand with the seasons and grow while you live.

Then when the great battle of life is all over,
And you stand undefeated at home over there,
You will know every pleasure and claim every treasure
That God with each conquering spirit will share.

Life noble, unending, expanding, ascending,
Will bless you, caress you, while centuries roll;
And your dynamic energy claims new endeavors,
Driving you forward from goal unto goal,
While you taste every thrill of the home of the soul.
Soonan, Korea.



Early Dispensary Work in Lanchow, China

BY ESTHER NASH SHIGLEY, R.N.

ON arrival at Lanchow, Kansu, in 1933, we settled in an old Chinese property that had been partially remodeled for temporary mission headquarters. Medical work was begun at once in a 10 x 10 foot mud shack in the back yard, where an average of more than twenty patients came daily for sunbaths, hydrotherapy, and medical attention. From this simple beginning the work has grown until now we have a fine brick sanitarium and hospital, with Dr. M. H. Vinkel in charge.

One of our early cases will give you a clearer idea of the problems of medical work in the interior of Asia. Footbinding is unlawful in China, but the law is not yet strictly enforced in the outlying districts. Therefore everywhere in northwest China this cruel custom of binding the feet of little girls is still practiced.

A nine-year-old girl lived in a compound adjoining our dispensary. Both of her parents smoked opium. As she was considered an expense instead of an asset, these parents decided to bind her feet, that they might have a better opportunity for marrying her to a rich husband. But they were unsuccessful in their plan, because she developed a terrible infection in her right foot. As is usual, they neglected to obtain medical attention. After two months of suffering, the child was brought to us, through the kindness of an aunt. Upon examination, the two smaller toes of the right foot were found to be so badly eaten away that the bones were exposed, and the rest of the foot was infected and swollen.

After obtaining a firm promise from the parents that they would never again try to bind her feet if she should get well, we agreed to use our best methods of treatment. After six weeks of daily hot and cold applications, the swelling had subsided and new flesh had covered the toes.

When patients in China (and in other countries, too) begin to improve, they usually discontinue their treatments, and so it was with this girl. Beginning with the fourth

week, we missed her when the dispensary gate was opened. A visit to her home disclosed the secret—nobody would give her the copper coins to pay the two-cent registration fee, so she could not come. Our interest in the youngster led us to continue medical attention until she was fully cured, without further cost to her. She became one of our most faithful Sabbath school members.

At this point we want to bear witness to the practicability of the medical instruction given to the Adventist people by Mrs. E. G. White. We find the use of water treatments and other simple remedies most effective

and desirable in the interior of China, where the cost of transporting medicines is often many times greater than the initial cost of the medicines themselves. Besides, it is impossible to purchase and to keep in stock many products which are considered necessary when carrying on medical work in America.

Our new dispensary in Suchow, Sinkiang Mission, has been in operation several months. Many pathetic experiences could be related, for there is no other Adventist medical worker in all the Sinkiang Mission territory, which is ten times the area of the State of Michigan.

We appeal to you to contribute a large Thirteenth Sabbath Offering this quarter, so that we may help more of these poor people.

The Miao Aborigines

BY C. C. CRISLER

HIDDEN away in beautiful and well-nigh inaccessible mountain fastnesses of the far west and southwest of China, are colorful tribespeople. The races and clans are diverse one from another, yet some of them are said to have common origins in certain of the groups who migrated into Central and Eastern Asia at the time of the dispersion from the tower of Babel. Among these, the Miao, and some few others, are said to be aborigines of Eastern Asia. When the Han race, now known as the Chinese, first appeared as nomadic shepherds in Eastern Asia, seeking permanent homes for themselves and suitable pasturage and shelter for their multiplying flocks and herds, they found the Miao in possession of the fairest of the farming lands and upland pastures in those northerly and central sections of China now inhabited wholly by the Chinese.

At the present time the Miao occupy relatively limited areas, chiefly in the distant provinces of Yunnan, Kweichow, southern Szechwan, more particularly in those parts of these areas which are extremely mountainous and difficult of access. A few tens of thousands are to be found along the western borders of Hunan; still other thousands are in the heights separating Chekiang from Kiangsi.

Many hundreds of thousands live in the northern and northwestern reaches of Kwangsi, adjoining Kweichow and Yunnan; and a few thousands are in the higher ranges separating northwestern Kwangtung from Kwangsi. Yet other Miao, estimated by one authority as numbering approximately two hundred thousand, are occupying the steep mountainsides and inner elevated valleys of the island of Hainan. There are Miao even beyond the borders of China, in Annam and Burma; but these are more or less lost among the numerically stronger Shans, Laos, Kachins, and other tribal groups.

Estimates of the number of Miao living in China leave us in uncertainty. It is known, however, that the total cannot fall short of four or five million at the very least; and it would not surprise those who have traveled extensively in areas where they are to be found, if the total were fully seven or even eight million.

The feelings of hostility and contempt not infrequently shown by the Chinese for the Miao, are said to be due to the low morality of the tribes, their illiteracy, and other dissimilar racial characteristics. That this contempt has no substantial basis in fact is unequivocally held by those who have come nearest these people in

their native habitats and have learned to understand them and their heart aspirations. I can personally witness to this fact; for during visits to our Miao believers in their isolated homes and tiny villages, I have had opportunity to observe freely the everyday life, not only of our own church members, but also of their neighbors and friends not yet Christians.

Responsive to Christian Teachings

My impressions of this race have been different from those gathered through a perusal of popular but ill-judged presentations. I have found the Miao a very lovable people, quick to recognize right and wrong, kind and gentle in their association one with another, buoyant, joyous, and at times industrious beyond belief in their gallant struggle for existence. I have also learned through personal observation that many of the Miao who because of loose customs and lax standards are terribly tempted and sometimes sorely sinful, are nevertheless surprisingly responsive to Christian teachings, and quick to lay hold on the proffered means of grace. And among those who for some years have steadily maintained their determination to live righteous lives, I have been constrained to recognize unmistakable growth in grace and in an understanding of truth.

The Miao, while singularly free from the worship of idols, and without either temples or priests, do believe in demons and engage in some of the simpler rites of exorcism, usually calling upon some one presumably versed in the crude forms of sorcery to ward off or drive away or placate the evil spirit or spirits, by sacrifices or otherwise, in the hope of thus becoming freed from pain or sickness or sundry adverse circumstances. In more recent years shrines have sometimes been set up near the entrance of a village, or in another selected place within or near by; but shrines such as these have been introduced through the influence of Chinese, and to the Miao have little or no significance.

The first contacts of Seventh-day Adventists with the Miao were made in southwest Szechwan and in central and northwestern Kweichow. The first believer among the Heh-Miao, Brother P'an, was baptized by W. A. Spicer at a biennial session of the West China Union held in Chungking in 1919. Brother P'an had already won two other Miao to the faith.

Brother P'an has since become a licensed minister; and his sister has become a fully trained graduate nurse, and has returned to Kweiyang

to labor as a medical missionary. Miss P'an lived for some years in the home of Elder and Mrs. I. H. Evans in Shanghai, and was graduated from our China Training Institute before taking the nurses' course at Shanghai and Mukden.

Young People in Training

There are several Miao young people from various tribes at present in attendance at our denominational training centers. An industrial training institute especially for the tribespeople of central Kweichow is being established on a spacious tract of land secured in a populous section of tribal settlements lying halfway between Kweiyang and Anshun, the two leading cities of Kweichow Province. Yet another school of middle grade for tribal peoples has been established at Pichieh, the headquarters of the West Kweichow Mission. Higher classes of schoolwork for tribespeople

are offered at the West China Union Training Institute at Da Bao, about four hours' journey north of Chungking, Szechwan. A few have found their way in recent years into our advanced training institute at Chiao-toutseng, and to our nurses' training school in Shanghai.

Among the various tribes of Miao, we now have nearly 500 baptized believers; and the additional sums granted by the General Conference during their 1935 Spring Council for supplementing our border-province appropriations, are making possible several advances into Miao districts that soon should bring many more of these primitive yet responsive people into our ranks. The work among the Miao is assuming proportions, and there is every indication that we shall soon be able to record accessions from among them far in excess of the few hundreds already brought within the fold.

Glimpses of Progress in the South African Union

BY A. F. TARR

IN the southern extremity of Africa is a band of believers, European, Cape colored, and native, who are as loyal, we think, as those found anywhere in the world. Many of them are isolated, living on farms or in rural areas, far removed in some instances not only from fellow believers, but from the accustomed benefits of civilization. Others are to be found in the many towns and villages scattered over our vast but sparsely settled country.

Though many of the countries of the world are represented in our European and Asiatic population, the bulk of the white population comes from two main stocks, British and Holland. The official languages are Afrikaans and English, the latter being more generally read than Afrikaans, though less widely spoken, except in the large towns. Our membership is divided between the two language-speaking groups. Like that in any other part of the world, it is also representative of the various classes and professions,—farmers, carpenters, masons, builders, storekeepers, doctors, school teachers, mechanics, factory assistants, etc.

Early Sabbathkeepers

The Sabbath truth was accepted by certain Europeans in South Africa as far back as 1886 from the personal study of God's word, and before it was known that there were Sabbathkeepers anywhere else in the world. Subsequently, when it was

learned that there were other observers of the seventh-day Sabbath, money was sent to the United States by these believers to defray the expenses of missionaries to come out and instruct them more fully in Bible truth. Since that time the advent and Sabbath message has won its way to many hearts, notwithstanding the limited European population (less than two million all told). It is hardly to be expected that the numbers will ever be very large. Nevertheless there are hundreds of towns and villages where the evangelist has not yet entered, and where we believe a rich harvest awaits us.

The Cape colored people, for whom we have done so little, are responding encouragingly to the message. When won, they are a loyal, enthusiastic, self-sacrificing band of believers. And it is remarkable to note the material blessings that come to them when they take their stand for what they believe to be right. Men who were always in debt, who spent their money on liquor and tobacco, and whose wives and children often lived in poverty and fear, now have clean, happy homes, with an air of prosperity about them. It has paid them socially and economically to turn from their past habits of living.

The greatest and most immediate need among the Cape colored people is the strengthening of our poorly equipped and understaffed training school, which for the last five years

has been struggling for existence. Racial and social distinctions prevent these people from sharing in the benefits of either our European or the native educational institutions, and they are pleading with us and working hard themselves for a representative school of their own which will train young men and women to go out and work effectively for their own people.

The bulk of the population in South Africa, as in the territory to the north, consists of the native (black) people. These comprise a number of nationalities and languages. Their proximity to the white population of the south, and the drift to the mines and towns where lucrative employment is often obtainable, tend to harden their attitude toward religion and also to increase the difficulty of Sabbath observance. There is an economic struggle here which is more acute than in places farther removed from civilization. Nevertheless, despite these conditions, our membership is steadily growing, and a type of members is being developed possessed of an integrity and devotion characteristic of Seventh-day Adventists the world around.

Those who have drifted from the native areas are all engaged in humble occupations. There are farm laborers, deliverymen, bootmakers, and builders' assistants, with an occasional school teacher or a clerk in a mine office. Nevertheless, their desire to promote the message of a soon-coming Saviour has gripped their pocketbooks (if one may apply such a term to their meager store) as well as their hearts. They advance their belief by word of mouth wherever they go, and by liberal gifts through their local churches and missions. The contact with civilization which they have in the south, while a handicap in evangelism and in building up a numerically strong membership, affords an advantage in potential giving. For while we are not as strong in numbers as some of the northern unions, the per capita giving of the natives in our field is from ten to twenty times as great.

Spirit of Sacrifice

The same spirit of sacrifice is shared by the European and Cape colored believers, and this, together with the improvement in economic conditions in the country, resulted in an increase of £1,366, 3s., 9d. (\$6,653.32), or nearly 14 per cent in the mission offerings of 1935 over 1934. The weekly per capita contributions of the European membership amounted to 1s. and 6½d., or 37 cents. Sabbath school offerings have

gone up by 10 per cent, and each field reports growth in tithe, the total increase being £1,963, 17s., 9d. (\$9,563.57), or more than 14 per cent.

An interesting feature of the mission offerings is the Harvest Ingathering. The united and persistent efforts of the constituency enabled the South African Union in the 1935 campaign to exceed by £1,094, 9s., 2d. (\$5,330.01) the goal of the entire Southern African Division.

Thus the believers in South Africa are accepting as best they can a large responsibility in spreading the message in the continent that stretches before them. They will probably never be in a position to accept the entire task alone, but will always look abroad for help, though it will be because of the greatness of the task and not for lack of devotion and personal endeavor.

Changes in Administering the Field

Administrative changes have recently taken place within our field, which we believe will further strengthen the work. The South African Union now comprises the following fields:

Cape Conference, President, W. H. Hurlow.

Natal-Transvaal Conference, President, A. N. Ingle.

South Bantu Mission Field, Superintendent, G. S. Stevenson.

North Bantu Mission Field, Superintendent, L. S. Billes.

Cape Colored Field, Superintendent, J. N. de Beer.

We have deeply appreciated the action of the General Conference in

sending leading representatives to us from time to time. In the past two years we have been especially privileged in having with us C. H. Watson, I. H. Evans, and S. A. Wellman. The visits of these workers, like those of all whom the General Conference has sent us, will be long remembered by our people in this field. We realize that the expense is great, but we believe that it is more than warranted. The personal contact goes a long way toward binding together the scattered units of the world-wide work, and keeping us mindful of the unity—in doctrine and purpose—that characterizes the advent people.

We in South Africa feel that we have much for which to be grateful. While other lands have been torn with strife or seething with unrest, we have enjoyed comparative prosperity. True, this prosperity has not been evenly distributed, owing to the fact that much of it is attributable to the gold mines in Johannesburg; nevertheless its influence has been felt, directly or indirectly, in most parts of the country. Our members have shared in these material benefits, and have in addition received spiritual blessings in proportion to their faithfulness. We do not know how soon we shall be called to pass through the same disturbing conditions that surround so many others today, but we face the future with confidence in the God who has never failed His people, and with a complete and wholehearted acceptance of the message which, judging from all we see about us, is soon to triumph.

Learning From Others

BY C. A. EDWARDS

To have the privilege of working in a foreign mission field has been the genuine desire of many, including the writer. There may be a temptation, when one enters a field where the people have not all had the privileges that others have enjoyed, to feel that the process of learning must of necessity be a one-sided affair,—that they must learn from us and that we cannot learn anything of value from them. To the thoughtful observer, the fallacy of such a line of reasoning soon becomes apparent.

I have had the privilege of visiting a number of churches here following my recent arrival in Trinidad, and I have been impressed by a number of things. The reverence that the believers here display in the house of God, is most inspiring. As soon as they have entered the place

of worship, they either kneel or bow their heads in reverence to God. Also, when they reply to a question in Sabbath school, they rise to their feet. Could not their example in these things be emulated in many of our churches in the homeland?

The work in this field in which we have just recently arrived, has made marked progress during the last few years. May we not rightly suppose that the attitude on the part of the constituency here has contributed in a marked degree to this success?



"Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." Matt. 28:20.



"WITH God, go over the sea; without Him, not over the threshold."



Conducted by Promise Kloss

Miss Susan and Phoebe

A Story for Mothers and Aunts and Others

WITH four grimy, incriminating lumps of sugar in her outstretched hand, gaunt Miss Susan stood and frowned sternly at Phoebe. Miss Susan's niece sewed swiftly in the corner by the window.

"I'll never do it again!" whispered Phoebe.

"Not in my house," replied Miss Susan, grimly. "I can put up with a good deal, but I'll never harbor a thief. Go to bed now, and tomorrow I'll go to Ellenden and see the matron about taking you back to the orphan asylum."

With a cry, Phoebe ran to Clarissa, who dropped her work and opened her arms to receive her.

"Oh, don't send me back!" sobbed Phoebe, from the shelter of Clarissa's embrace. "I'll be awfully good. I won't ever touch another thing. I'll pay you for the sugar. I've got a nickel. Please don't send me back."

"You can't pay for stolen goods," answered Miss Susan, shortly. "Go to bed now."

Without a word, Clarissa let the child go; and Phoebe, sobbing loudly, left the room. Her progress through the hall and up the stairs was marked by the wails that floated back. Clarissa shut her lips tight and sewed harder. Miss Susan sat down by the lamp with her work-basket.

"Clarissa, tell that child to keep quiet!" she commanded.

Clarissa followed Phoebe upstairs, and presently all was quiet above. With flushed cheeks, Clarissa came back to her chair.

"Couldn't you forgive her this once, Aunt Susan? Won't you try her just once more?" she begged. "She feels so bad."

"Anything but a thief and a liar," said Miss Susan sternly. "That can't be forgiven."

"But she's such a little thing,—such a lonely little thing—only eleven. She's never had a real place in the world, and no one has really loved her."

"Loved her!" said Miss Susan, with a sniff. "You're as sentimental as if you were fifteen instead of

twenty-five. If people want to be loved, let 'em act so as to deserve it."

"But we've got to help her be good."

"Once a thief, always a thief. If stealing and lying are in that girl's blood, you'll never get 'em out, and I don't propose to waste my time trying to."

Clarissa rose and folded her work. "You can love people into almost anything," she murmured. "If you'll try her once more, Aunt Susan, I'll watch out for her. I don't believe she'll do it again. This is the first time. Just think of her temptation!"

"Temptation is to be resisted," answered Miss Susan, firmly. "Right is right, and wrong is wrong. We can't excuse sin. You might as well save your breath, for even if you talk all night you won't make me believe anything else. I am going to Ellenden tomorrow to see the matron about taking Phoebe back, and I'm going by boat in order to get an early start, for I've some trading to do. I won't get back till the boat at night. I wanted to see Squire Perkins tomorrow to find out what he's going to do about Jabez Brown, but that will have to wait."

"I suppose he'll lock him up," said Clarissa in a dull voice. Arguing with Aunt Susan or the squire was useless.

"You want breakfast at five?"

"Yes. The boat leaves at six. You needn't get much. I'm never hungry when I'm starting on a journey."

Miss Susan was up before four the next morning. Breakfast was ready at five, but Miss Susan merely nibbled a little toast. Clarissa waited on her silently. Phoebe did not come downstairs.

"Lock that child in the garret, and keep her there all day," was Miss Susan's parting injunction as she started for the wharf.

The "Emma Carleton," started daily from one end of the lake, and, with various stops, consumed half the day in running to the other end; then it turned round, and ran home. Miss Susan was to get off at Pottstown, where she could take the train to Ellenden. There was a more direct route to Ellenden by train, but

the trip by boat cost less, and that appealed to Miss Susan's thrifty soul.

It promised to be a hot day, but on the deck of the "Emma Carleton" the breeze over the water and the blue sky overhead made one feel only the freshness of the early morning. Miss Susan enjoyed it in her grim fashion, although daybreak to her spoke usually not so much of poetry as of the exhilaration of a duty to be done—a wash out of the way, or an extra room cleaned before breakfast. Although it was a moral house cleaning that she had risen early to accomplish this time, it had the usual soothing effect upon her. She had no tolerance for sin or a sinner, even in the shape of a trembling little child who had been starved of all the delights of childhood.

For two hours Miss Susan sat on deck, bolt upright on her stool. At eight o'clock she took her best gloves from her shopping bag, and put them on in place of her second best, which she had been wearing on the boat. Her best gloves were new and stiff; and she hung her bag on a convenient hook while she put them on.

"There!" she said to herself as she fastened the last button, "I never told Clarissa to keep that child on bread and water today. With that shortcake for dinner, and green peas and new potatoes, likely she'll pamper her to death! And me not there to look after her!"

It was a discouraging thought; and while she pondered it, the boat made the Pottstown wharf. It was behind schedule time, and as there were only two passengers to set ashore, it made short work of its landing. Within three minutes the "Emma Carleton" was steaming down the lake again.

Miss Susan and her fellow passenger—an Italian with a huge basket of bananas—walked up the hot street to the station. Pottstown was a manufacturing town, ugly and dirty, with no excuse for existence except its factories, its wharf, and its railway station.

"How they did hustle us off that boat!" thought Miss Susan as she entered the station. "I like to be prompt, but I'm no hand to hurry. Let's see! The train doesn't go for

half an hour, I think I'll buy a glass of cold milk. I'm real hungry already."

She made a movement toward her shopping bag and stopped short—petrified. There was no shopping bag! Unless some one had stolen it, it was hanging on that convenient hook on the "Emma Carleton," bound on a trip to the far end of the lake.

"How did I ever come to do it!" groaned Miss Susan. "I knew when I put it there that I had no business to. And then, thinking of this thing and that, and landing so suddenly—I just came off and left it. Think of my doing a thing like that! Why, I never lost even a shoe button in my whole life!"

Stupefied, she sat down on one of the hard station benches. The times were rare in Miss Susan's well-ordered life when she had blamed herself.

After she had sat for some moments, full of self-reproach, it dawned on her that she could not buy the milk. She must wait until she reached Ellenden. Then to her dismay came the thought that she could not reach Ellenden. She had no money to buy a ticket, and she knew not a soul in Pottstown. She would have to go home. Then with a sudden sinking of her heart, she realized that she could not even go home, at least not until seven o'clock in the evening, when the "Emma Carleton" would return. Whether or not Captain Sanders found her bag, he would remember that she had bought a return ticket in the morning.

As she sat, dazed, on the hard bench, passengers hurried by, bought tickets for Ellenden, mounted into the waiting train, and finally rolled off out of the station. Vainly Miss Susan tried to find some way out of her difficulty. She had always ruled circumstances, but now they ruled her inexorably.

It was such a foolish predicament for a well-to-do, perfectly ordered spinster to find herself in—to be marooned, penniless, for twelve hours on a hot day in a sordid little town where there was not one friend to whom she could turn! Already she was hungry and thirsty and hot and tired. What would she be before the day was over!

After the bustle of the departing train the station dropped back into silence. The big clock monotonously ticked away the slow minutes. She walked restlessly to the door and looked out, but there was nothing to be seen through the heat dancing above the pavement except her fellow

passenger on the "Emma Carleton;" he had transferred his bananas to a pushcart, and was moving slowly down the street. She went back to her bench and sat down, for it was cooler in the dim station.

Into her mind came a vision of Phoebe, shut all day in the attic. She wondered whether it would be very hot there. She was parched with thirst herself, but she had always made it an iron rule not to drink from a common fountain. She thought of the well at home, and the cool dripping of the bucket as it came up. Clarissa would certainly see to it that Phoebe had a drink.

What time was it?—Not yet ten. On the tips of her best gloves Miss Susan told off the hours until seven at night,—nine hours before the boat would rescue her from misery.

She no longer worried over her loss nor blamed herself for her carelessness. She thought only of the long hours ahead—hours of heat and thirst and hunger. Never had she imagined that a person could be as hungry as she was at that minute.

At twelve o'clock a train arrived from Ellenden. Miss Susan eagerly scanned the faces of the descending passengers. Might there not be one among them whom she knew? But they passed through the room indifferently, with only a careless glance at the erect, indomitable figure on the bench.

The heat was almost unendurable. She untied her bonnet strings and took off her best gloves. She almost wished she had not told Clarissa to keep Phoebe in the attic; it would be a stifling place to spend a long, hot day. Clarissa would be setting out dinner about this time. Miss Susan winced as she thought of the delicious shortcake, the new potatoes and green peas, and of the white cloth and cool dining room. Without doubt, Clarissa would have Phoebe down to eat dinner with her. Clarissa always was foolish about children.

Then suddenly she felt no longer strong and self-reliant, but only helpless and lonely. She longed to put her head down on Clarissa's shoulder and cry. When Clarissa had said that Phoebe was lonely, with no place in the world, did it mean that the child felt always as Miss Susan felt now? For the first time in her busy, capable life, Miss Susan questioned whether there were perhaps more in life than early washes, and notable housekeeping, and the punishing of sinners. Were there also lonely, ignorant, bewildered souls that must be discovered and saved by the gentleness of Clarissas?

Unable to sit still, Miss Susan went out into the street. Courageously she tramped miles through the glare and grime, but nowhere was anything refreshing. She would have given ten dollars, had it been in her power, for one slice of her own bread.

As she turned the last corner back to the station, she came suddenly upon the Italian's pushcart laden with large yellow bananas. The Italian was nowhere in sight.

Miss Susan stood and looked. Outwardly she saw the dirty street and the pushcart. Inwardly she saw a child before the sugar basin—a child with outstretched hand and startled eyes. Could it be possible that Phoebe had wanted the sugar as she wanted those bananas? Miss Susan turned and fled.

Almost running, she went back to her hard seat on the bench. "Temptation was to be resisted." She had not forgotten Mr. Perkins's sermon. But in her mind she still saw a picture of those tempting bananas.

At two o'clock she felt that she never could stand it. She wondered whether the man had come back. Almost without knowing what she did, she left her seat and went out into the street again. The pushcart still stood against the wall; its owner was not in sight. She walked by the cart to the end of the block, turned, and came back. Near the edge of the cart two bananas lay detached from the others. With a sweep of her hand, Miss Susan seized them as she passed, and hid them in her folded arms.

The ticket agent was gone from his booth. She was quite alone in the station. Greedily she devoured the two bananas, and took a long drink from the fountain. Then she carried the banana skins down to the wharf and threw them into the water. She had expected them to sink; but they floated, and seemed to point accusing fingers at her as she fled back to the station.

She had quieted her physical pangs only to waken those of the spirit. She had been tempted and had not resisted; she was a sinner. At any moment she might lift her eyes to see a policeman advancing to lead her away to jail. A glimpse of herself in a mirror startled her; in her eyes was the haunted look she herself had brought to Phoebe's. She remembered the child's instinctive rush to Clarissa—from punishment to sympathy and love.

Through five hours of torture Miss Susan sat, dropping her eyes when people came and went at train times, shrinking when the ticket agent addressed a good-natured remark to

her, and cowering when a policeman strolled through the station. Before her eyes danced always the accusing banana peels. There was no comfort anywhere—except in Clarissa. Life seemed one long line; at one end stood the policeman; at the other, Clarissa.

Seven o'clock came finally, after long, lonely hours, and the boat came, too. The policeman was on the wharf, and Miss Susan was on the wharf, and Miss Susan's world turned black. He did not accost her, however, and she walked across the gangplank with eyes straight ahead, in order to avoid seeing the convicting banana skins. The Italian crossed before her, with his goods again in his basket. He stood the basket against the rail and went below. Captain Sanders had her bag, and restored it to her with the genial wish that its loss had not caused her any inconvenience. Miss Susan shook her head; she could not speak. When the captain left her, she glanced furtively round. No one seemed to be noticing her. She took a quarter from her purse, and dropped it into the Italian's basket.

"You can't pay for stolen goods," she murmured, and turned almost into the arms of Squire Perkins. For the first time in her life she shrank from him.

He beamed joyfully. "Why Miss Susan, what a pleasant surprise! Have you been to Ellenden?"

"Yes," answered Miss Susan, instantly flying to cover.

"I wish I'd met you. It's funny I didn't, for I was in and out of all the shops. I want your advice. Can we sit down here?"

Miss Susan sat down dumbly. She had lied; she had lied and stolen. How could she advise Squire Perkins?

"It is Jabez Brown," the squire said, stretching out his long, thin legs. "He's been drinking again, as you know. Miss Clarissa begged him off last time, but clemency has had no effect. The fellow needs punishment."

Miss Susan had always been Mr. Perkins's unflagging lieutenant in seeing that sinners were properly punished. The two together had been a strong guard against Clarissa's gentle pleas for mercy. The squire looked at Miss Susan hopefully, and waited for her reply.

"It's been some months since he drank, hasn't it?" she asked.

"Four. But he's fallen again. For the sake of reputable society we must make an example of him."

Miss Susan did not answer. She was thinking that she stood side by side with Jabez Brown, and with the

poor miserable little sinner whom she had convicted and sentenced so harshly last night.

"It is only punishment that will touch him," said Mr. Perkins.

"It is only love that will save him," said Miss Susan, looking straight before her. "It is love he needs, not punishment."

"Judicious love—" began Mr. Perkins, but Miss Susan interrupted him.

"Any kind of love!" she said, obstinately. "Any kind of love is better than any kind of punishment."

Mr. Perkins stared at Miss Susan, and then elaborately changed the subject. On the few occasions when



he had differed with her, he had not enjoyed the argument. He could ascribe her present strange attitude only to the sun on the hot streets of Ellenden.

Miss Susan heard few of his platitudes. Perfectly erect, she sat on her stool, reconstructing a universe. At seven in the morning it had been dominated by Miss Susan, vicegerent of strict justice. At seven in the evening it was swayed by Clarissa, from whose eyes there shone the broad love that heals human hearts.

When Miss Susan reached home, supper was set forth; she sat down to it hungrily without even removing her bonnet. She did not speak until the warmed-over peas and potatoes had disappeared. Then she asked in her usual short way, "Where's Phoebe?"

"She's in bed," Clarissa answered.

"Was it hot in the attic today?"

Clarissa turned defiantly. "Aunt Susan, I didn't put her there. It was her last day in the country, and I had to let her spend it outdoors."

"I'll go up and see her," said Miss Susan.

"Oh," cried the girl, "don't make her feel any worse tonight! She's been crying ever since she went to bed."

Without a word Miss Susan went into the hall with her candle, and mounted the stairs to Phoebe's room, where she set the candle down on the table. Clarissa trailed after her.

For an instant Miss Susan stood looking at the child, while Clarissa held her breath.

"Would you rather stay here,

Phoebe, or go back to the asylum?" Miss Susan asked, looking fixedly at the child.

"Oh," cried Phoebe, "I'd rather stay here! Miss Clarissa's here."

Miss Susan laughed shortly. "Yes, Miss Clarissa's here. If she thinks she can keep us both in order, I guess the house will cover the three of us."

Clarissa, with her eyes shining, flung her arms round her aunt and kissed her. Then she turned and gathered into her arms the hot, moist, tear-stained Phoebe.

Miss Susan, half wonderingly, touched the cheek that Clarissa had kissed. She had almost forgotten how a kiss felt. For a moment she feared that she, too, might sit down on the bed and mingle her tears with the others.

"I'm going to be so good!" cried Phoebe.

Miss Susan looked at her gravely. "We mustn't steal," she said. "It is a sin."

"I won't! I won't!" the child declared.

Miss Susan went to the door, and then turned and came back into the room. "Phoebe," she said, "when you want sugar, you show Miss Clarissa what you take. I don't want you to overeat."

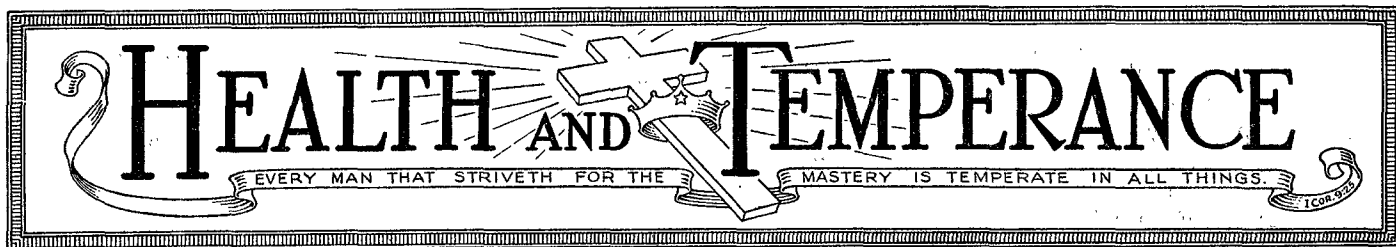
To the amazement of both, Miss Susan suddenly bent her straight back and kissed first the big girl and then the little one; then, picking up her candle, she went out of the room and left them together.—*Author Unknown.*



Work Where You Are

ABRAHAM LINCOLN understood "the fallacy of the elsewhere" when he wrote his famous letter to his brother who wanted to leave Illinois and move to Missouri. His brother had not done very well. Lincoln wrote him as follows:

"DEAR BROTHER: When I came into Charleston day before yesterday, I learned that you are anxious to sell the land where you live and move to Missouri. I have been thinking of this ever since and cannot but think such a notion is utterly foolish. What can you do in Missouri better than here? Is the land any richer? Can you there, any more than here, raise corn and wheat and oats without work? Will anybody there, any more than here, do your work for you? If you intend to go to work, there is no better place than right where you are; if you do not intend to go to work, you cannot get along anywhere. Squirming and crawling about from place to place can do no good."—*Life and Casualty Mirror.*



Heart Failure

BY D. H. KRESS, M.D.

(Continued)

THE world-famous Dr. Osler, in his valedictory address at Johns Hopkins University, deploring the rapid decline of the race, and the inability of men to be of service at an age when they should be at their best, said:

"It is a very serious matter in our young universities to have all the professors growing old at the same time. In some places only an epidemic, a time limit, or an age limit, can save the situation. I have two fixed ideas which have a direct bearing on this important problem. The first is the comparative uselessness of the men above forty years of age. This may seem shocking, and yet the world's history bears out the statement. The effective, moving vitalizing work of the world is done between the ages of twenty-five and forty. My second fixed idea is the uselessness of men above sixty years of age, and the incalculable benefit it would be in commercial, political, and professional life if, as a matter of course, men stopped work at this age."

But there can be no reason or semblance of an excuse why there should not be many sexagenarians and even octogenarians or centenarians whose minds, stored with a fund of useful knowledge gained by years of experience, should stand as did Daniel at the age of ninety, and as did Moses at the age of 120, and lead in religious, political, commercial, and professional lines.

When we find men who smoke and drink and yet live to old age, we may be sure that they inherited a good constitution. They have their ancestors to thank for it. Others with an unfortunate heredity would die at a much earlier age by attempting to live as do they. The present generation is suffering from the accumulated results of all their ancestors' bad habits. Had man not been endowed with an immense stock of vitality, the human race would long ago have been exterminated. As it is, the race has become more infirm with each succeeding genera-

tion. Seldom is one found among men today who has within him the possibility of exceeding the century mark, no matter how carefully he may live. We are suffering from the results of the sins of our ancestors from Adam down to the present time. If ever careful living was needed and called for, it certainly is now; but with the boys and young women acquiring the habit of cigarette smoking and other health-destroying habits associated with it and with city life, the future does not look very promising. When the boys, the young men and women,—the future fathers and mothers of the race, become addicts of this habit and other loose practices associated with it, what can we expect of their offspring and the future of the race?

Dr. Alexis Carrel, of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, took a snip of chicken heart and kept it living and growing far beyond the time any normal Leghorn tissue had a right to live. Using a serum which took the place of blood, he provided food for the heart. Using a salt solution, he kept it free of poison and waste. For twenty-three years now the heart has lived. As long as there is some one present to keep the serum flowing in and the wastes flowing out, it will thrive and grow, he maintains. The processes of furnishing the tissues with the needed nutrient unassociated with impurities of any kind, and the removal of the wastes which are formed, are so completely under Dr. Carrel's control, that it appears that the tissue could be kept alive indefinitely.

This is more than can be expected in the body of an animal or in the human body, since the nutrients upon which the animal depends contain impurities, and at best the wastes are not perfectly removed. Should Dr. Carrel have introduced some impurity in the form of nicotine or alcohol, or become careless in the removal of the wastes, the tissue would have lived no longer than the chicken from which it came.

The lesson we can learn from this is the Biblical statement that the life is in the blood; and other things being equal, the one who is capable of keeping his blood the cleanest and the freest from all impurities will live the longest.

Testimony of an Eminent Physician

Dr. Stephen Smith, at the age of ninety-nine, in a meeting held at the Hotel Astor, New York City, addressing the members of the American Public Health Association, said: "A man is as old as he eats. We should be in the prime of life at fifty, should not begin to show real wear and tear until we are past eighty. Neither fresh air nor physical culture can prolong life to any great extent if one persists in eating the wrong foods, or too much food of any kind. The fact that I was not well for sixty years forced me to eat a diet of simple foods. As a result I saved my stomach and have the use of it now. I have become an addict of natural foods,—grains, vegetables, and fruits,—only occasionally do I eat meat, and my health is better than ever before.

"I learned these principles from the school of physical protests and pain, sixty years of it. During that time I was the kind of dyspeptic of whom the comic papers write. When I was a boy, all my playmates, who have long since passed to their graves, used to pity my bodily disability, and my parents were gentle with me, because they did not believe I would live to man's estate. I was long an excellent example of the rebelliousness of the misunderstood body. Through all this came the right living and right thinking from which I am today profiting. Everywhere I go, people ask me the secret of longevity. To one I replied: 'Have severe dyspepsia the first fifty years of your life, and it will make you take care of your stomach. Hence, your stomach will take care of you the next fifty years.'"

Farmers expect their calves and colts to live their allotted period, and they are seldom disappointed. Why should not man live out the full measure of his days? There can be no doubt that by exercising more care in the selection of their food and drink it is possible for men and

women to live nobler, more serviceable, and longer lives than they do.

The automobile dealer takes great pains in describing to a prospective buyer the superiority of the machine he sells, calling special attention to the material used in its construction. Machines made of inferior material wear out prematurely. So will the human body. Man is composed of what he eats. Longer and better service should be expected from a body in which the very choicest building material was employed than from one that was built of inferior food and drink. A poor machine, if it has good care, may, however, last longer than one that is built of better material, but is used recklessly. A man who has inherited a robust constitution may die early in life because of intemperate habits in eating or drinking; while another who has been less fortunate in his heredity, by greater carefulness may live to advanced age.

Experience of Louis Cornaro

Louis Cornaro, an Italian nobleman, who at the age of forty found it necessary to consult a physician and received little hope of living more than a year or two, made changes so radical in his diet that his friends predicted he would die of starvation; but he managed to outlive them all. He lived to the advanced age of 100 years, during the latter part of which time he was kept free from pain or sickness, he tells us, with all his senses continuing perfect. At the age of eighty-six he said: "I now find myself sound and hearty at the age of eighty-six, forty-six years beyond the time I expected, and during this long respite all my senses have continued perfect, and what is still more, my brain is clearer now than it ever was, nor do any of my powers abate as I advance in life. I expect to die without any pain or sickness." At the age of ninety-five he wrote: "I really never knew until I grew old that this world is so beautiful, for in my younger years I was debauched by irregularities, and therefore could not perceive and enjoy as I do now its beauty. Oh, truly happy life! . . . All these favors conferred on me have so improved and perfected my body that now I have a better relish for plain bread than formerly I had for the most exquisite dainties."

It was the story of Cornaro that impressed and influenced the great-grandfather of Mr. Thomas A. Edison, and led him to live in a plain, simple manner; and as a result he attained to the age of 102 years. His son, who followed the same teachings, lived to the age of 103

years. Seven sons were born to him, who all adopted Cornaro's plan, and all seven lived to be more than ninety years of age. One of them, Samuel, the father of Thomas Edison, lived to the age of ninety-four, and then passed away naturally, without pain or illness. Thomas Edison ascribed his excellent health and usefulness for so many years to the abstemious habits of his ancestors, which habits he himself in a measure espoused.

Benjamin Franklin a Vegetarian

Europe as well as America has been filled with the fame of Franklin, the philosopher. Early in life he adopted a fleshless diet, and chose to drink water. "Thus," he said, "I made the greater progress from that, greater clearness of head and apprehension, which generally attend temperance in eating and drinking." Aside from temperance there were other virtues that he wove into his character, among which were order, frugality, moderation, cleanliness, tranquillity, humility, etc. As he neared his eightieth year of life, in writing of himself, he said: "It may be well that my posterity should be informed that to this little artifice, with the blessing of God, their ancestor owes the constant felicity of his life down to his seventy-ninth year, in which this is written. What reverses may attend the remainder is in the hand of Providence; but if they arrive, the reflection on past happiness enjoyed, ought to help his bearing them with more resignation. To temperance he ascribes his long and continued health, and what is still left to him of a good constitution."

John Wesley's Experience

The fragrant and useful life of John Wesley gives us an illustration of the reward that is held in store for those who espouse a truly temperate life. Although Wesley inherited a weak constitution, at the age of eighty-one he was able to say: "Today I entered my eighty-second year, and find myself just as strong to labor, as fit for exercise of body and mind, as I was forty years ago." A year later he said: "I am a wonder to myself. It is now twelve years since I have felt any sensation of weariness."

Writing of his early life, he said: "From ten to thirteen or fourteen years I had little but bread to eat, and not a great plenty of that. I believe that this was so far from hurting me that it laid the foundation of lasting health, and when I grew up I chose to eat sparingly and drink water."

In the year 1747 Wesley, in writing to the Bishop of London, said:

"Thanks be to God. Since the time I gave up the use of flesh meat and wine, I have been delivered from all physical ills."

There can be no doubt that diet has much to do in the prolongation of life. It is generally known that the use of alcohol shortens life. Especially is this true of beer, which is supposed to be a nutritive drink. It brings about fatty degeneracy of the heart.

Professor Pfluger, of the University of Bonn, maintains that one third of all the deaths registered in Munich are due to heart disease brought on by the immoderate use of beer and tobacco. He said that among forty centenarians who came under his notice there was but one who was addicted to the consumption of beer.

Money Without Work

When God made man, He placed him in a garden and surrounded him with trees pleasant to the sight and good for food. He said: "Of every tree thou mayest freely eat." He also gave him his occupation. He was to dress the garden and to keep it. There can be no doubt that out-of-door life is conducive to health and longevity. At the present time shorter hours for labor is the cry everywhere, presumably to enable the young men and women to lead healthier lives, but do they? Just the opposite is the case. They leave work early in order that the evenings may be spent in the unwholesome city atmosphere or in the saloon, beer garden, etc., which is not invigorating to either body or mind.

Work cheerfully engaged in is one of the best safeguards against mental and physical decay. The healthiest and longest-lived people are to be found, not among those whose hardest work consists in dodging hard work, but among those who put heart and soul into all they do. Work is no longer a pleasure to the majority. It is considered mere drudgery. The young man who complains of his country's not being able to provide for its people, when accosted by a friend who said: "If you will come with me, I will secure work for you in two hours," replied, "It is not work I am after. It is money I am after." This is the mental attitude of most of the unemployed.

Too many in these days are trying to earn their bread by the sweat of their brain instead of the sweat of the face. Their aim is to lay by for the future, so that when a certain sum has been accumulated, they may be able to say, "Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry."

To all such the words are addressed: "Thou fool." Such a course shortens life.

The benefits derived from out-of-door labor and hard work were fully demonstrated years ago when a handful of people, numbering only seventy, went to Egypt and located in the land of Goshen, where they carried on work on the land. They multiplied so rapidly that the Egyptians feared that should war break out they would rise up against them. They said: "Let us deal wisely with them." They afflicted them by appointing over them taskmasters, who increased their work, but the record says, "The more they afflicted them, the more they multiplied and grew. And they were grieved because of the children of Israel." We see from this that hard work under the blessing of God, instead of shortening their lives, had just the opposite effect.

Dr. McCarrison, who was stationed by the British government in a remote part of India where lived several races far removed from any of the refinements of civilization, said in a lecture before the Society of Biological Research of the University of Pittsburgh, in reference to these remarkable peoples:

"Certain of these races are of magnificent physique, preserving until late in life the characteristics of youth. They are unusually fertile and long lived, and endowed with nervous systems of notable stability. The people live on the unsophisticated foods of nature,—milk, eggs, grains, fruits, and vegetables. We see, then, that, as exemplified by certain Himalayan races, and as I find from recent reports in the medical press of such races as those of Upper Egypt and northern Nigeria, enforced restriction to the unsophisticated foods of nature is compatible with fertility, long life, continued vigor, perfect physique, and a remarkable freedom from digestive and gastrointestinal disorders, and from cancer."

136 Years Old

Several years ago Pastor R. C. Porter, an acquaintance of mine, visited the Philippines. At the close of a meeting held in Manila an old woman stepped up to him to shake hands. It being a rainy day and the roads being muddy, he expressed surprise at seeing her there. She was said to be ninety years of age. He said to her: "How far did you come?"

She replied: "I came between two and three miles."

He inquired: "Did your husband come with you?"

She said: "No, my husband is older

than I. He didn't feel like venturing out tonight."

He inquired: "How old is your husband?"

She replied: "Well, he is 136 years old."

Mr. Porter said: "I don't wonder he didn't venture out tonight. Is your husband a Christian?"

"Yes," she replied, "he was baptized into the faith three weeks ago."

"I must see him," said Mr. Porter. "My train goes early in the morning. Do you suppose I could see him at six o'clock?"

She replied: "Yes, he is always up by that time."

The next morning Mr. Porter went to the house of this centenarian, expecting of course to meet an old, withered man, a semi-invalid, stooped over, and walking with the aid of two canes; but instead of this, imagine his surprise on being met at the door by a square-shouldered man, straighter than he himself, apparently still vigorous. Mr. Porter could hardly believe his eyes. He said to the old man: "How can you convince me you are 136 years old?"

He replied: "I have always lived in this place. I was born under the old Spanish regime and christened in that old church over there, and if you want to look it up, it is on the record that I was christened 136 years ago."

Mr. Porter then asked him: "What diet have you lived on to preserve your health to such a great age?"

He replied: "Aside from a little fish, I have always lived on fruits, nuts, grains, and vegetables. I have never eaten any other kind of meat, and very little fish."

Mr. Porter said: "That is the best testimony in favor of vegetarianism I have ever heard."

I have before me a letter I received from a former patient of mine, who is ninety-five years of age. This illustrates what right living may accomplish even after the human machine has been injured and run into the garage for repairs. This patient at the age of sixty-two came to the sanitarium at Battle Creek for treatment. While there he learned how to take care of himself. The letter came in answer to a request I made of him to give me the secret of his long and useful life. The letter reads as follows:

"When I write to you, I must talk about myself, and I know a lot about my subject. I might surprise you if I say I am now in my ninety-fourth year, and I can say that I am in better health than at any other period of my life. I read in the biography of Dr. Smith that being asked

the best way to maintain good health and reach a good old age, he said: 'It is best to have very poor health until about forty, then you will learn how to take care of yourself.' My health was poor until I was forty, and so I made a study of how to take care of myself. I learned how to live biologically, on a vegetarian diet, at the age of sixty, and so now at the age of ninety-five I am in possession of a degree of health I did not then think it possible to attain."

I might say that this gentleman comes for a checkup each year. In other words he runs his machine into the shop for an inspection. This is a very wise thing to do. He believes in the saying, "Prevention is better than cure." Before leaving the sanitarium the last time, a year ago, he gave me a pressing invitation to his 100th birthday celebration.

About thirty years ago Dr. Wu Ting Fang, at that time China's representative to the United States, was entertained at the Washington Sanitarium. In giving an address to the nurses and students, he said:

"It has been said that medicine does not cure sickness; that nature cures. So I congratulate you on being here to enjoy modern instruction. I hope all of you succeed in your careers. I am glad that in this institution you have given up the habit of eating flesh foods. This plan was first brought to my attention in Peking. Up to three or four years ago I was fond of animal food,—beef, mutton, chicken; and of drinks,—champagne and such things. I found them all poisonous and injurious to health. I am glad you share in my opinion. I hope you will never go back to that pernicious diet. By giving up flesh food I have derived much benefit. All of my former complaints have been cured and are gone for good, never to come back. I will be happy and live a long life."

"For a person to succeed in this life and live long and be prosperous, there are three essentials. Pure food is the first essential. Eat nothing that is injurious. Here you eat no flesh, drink no intoxicating liquors, and I know you have pure food. Pure air is also essential. Here you have pure air. The third essential is pure thought, a pure mind. Mental power has a great deal to do with the maintenance of health. If you are angry or worried and you get into what you call a beastly temper, you can't live very long. Control your mind. Expel any fear. Always entertain a cheerful mind. I hope to live very long, and I hope you will live long to keep me company."

The WORLD-WIDE FIELD

THIS GOSPEL OF THE KINGDOM SHALL BE PREACHED IN ALL THE WORLD FOR A

WITNESS UNTO ALL NATIONS; AND THEN SHALL THE END COME. MATT. 24:14

Walla Walla College Spring Week of Prayer

BY D. A. OCHS

DURING the spring Week of Prayer at Walla Walla College, April 3-11, three meetings a day were conducted, one for the college students at their regular convocation, one for the preparatory students during their chapel hour, and one in the evening for all.

In harmony with the previous plans laid for this special week, the faculty gathered daily in the capacity of a prayer meeting, at which the young people in their charge were presented to God in earnest prayer. Teachers carried a definite list of student names for special work. It was gratifying to observe the personal interest many of these teachers took in the spiritual welfare of their students.

W. M. Landeen personally met with the prayer band and Missionary Volunteer leaders at the close of each evening service, and encouraged them to do special personal work in behalf of their fellow youth. These young people took an active interest in the spiritual welfare of the other students during the entire week. Truly God honored their faith, for many of their comrades surrendered their hearts to the Lord.

Throughout the week the students were attentive to every message presented. They entered into the spirit of this consecration week in an unusual manner, and when opportunity was given from time to time for various ones to make decisions, to surrender their hearts to God, a large number yielded for the first time to the quiet pleadings of the Holy Spirit. These young people were encouraged to join the baptismal class.

The college maintains a baptismal class throughout the entire year. The results of such a sustained interest are disclosed by the fact that two baptismal services have been conducted during this school year, one at the close of the autumn quarter, at which ten college students were baptized, and one at the close of the winter quarter, at which five college students were baptized. In addition to these, there were also some from

the normal school and the academy. Homer F. Saxton has charge of this group, and is giving definite studies on the fundamentals of Christian experience. Before long we hope to see those who made a decision this spring follow their Lord in baptism.

Scores of young people surrendered their lives anew to the cause of God. Truly the Lord honored Walla Walla College during this special season in giving His divine Spirit in a fuller measure.

The college is having an unusually good year. The enrollment, the largest in the history of the school, stands as follows: college, 522; academy, 125; normal training school, 122. It is interesting to note that 140 girls and 150 boys are

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residing in the dormitories. The teaching staff is comprised of forty-five members, including industrial superintendents.

The college sponsors a number of beneficial features throughout the year. An unusual interest is taken in the Foreign Mission Band. For years this college has supplied missionaries for the far-flung fields. Another outstanding feature is the Missionary Volunteer meeting held each Sabbath afternoon. This organization renders helpful programs from time to time, and provides opportunity for the development of leadership.

May God's people everywhere remember daily in prayer the host of youth and the self-sacrificing teachers who carry the responsibility in this Christian school.

Annual Meeting in Alaska

BY E. K. SLADE

EARLY in April an annual meeting of the believers of the Alaska Mission field was held at Ketchikan.

Previous to this meeting it was my privilege to go to Juneau, the headquarters of our mission, at which time we dedicated the new church and mission office. It was a great pleasure to find this property so well situated and so admirably suited to our needs. A chapel has been provided that is neat and modern. Office rooms are included in this property, and there is sufficient room above for living quarters. We feel that this new church, with the office attached, will be a great help to our work, and it is of decided advantage to have the headquarters located at Juneau rather than at Ketchikan, as formerly.

H. L. Wood, the superintendent of the Alaska field, took a company of the Juneau believers in the mission boat, "Messenger," to Ketchikan, where we spent several days with such believers as were able to come in at that time.

G. S. Belleau, educational and Missionary Volunteer secretary of the North Pacific Union Conference, joined us there and gave excellent help. It was a pleasure to study the message and to join the workers and believers of the Alaska field in working out plans for strengthening the work in that territory. The work is advancing in Alaska. Openings are appearing for us to carry on more extensive work among the natives and Eskimos. While the rather sparse population is scattered, and the field is not an easy one in which to work, yet, as in all other parts of the world, we see that the Lord is preparing the way for us to reach these scattered, unwarned people.

At the Ketchikan meeting three were baptized, and a number took their stand anew for this message. Arrangements were made for conducting a church school at Ketchikan, which will be the first church school in Alaska.

Washington Missionary College

Reception to Academy and High School Seniors

BY HARVEY A. MORRISON

ONE of the most inspiring experiences that I have ever had as an administrator occurred at Washington

Missionary College on Monday, April 13. The college had invited the senior classes of Mount Vernon Academy, Plainfield Academy, Lake Ariel Academy, Shenandoah Valley Academy, and the college seniors from Southern Junior College, to be their guests for the day; also high school graduates who had available means to attend this gathering, were invited to be present. As a result of this plan, Washington Missionary College had as its guests about 125 senior students from these various institutions. This group, meeting with our own students, who now number 678, was a most inspiring scene.

To have the privilege of observing the animated expressions of joy and happiness as these young people looked forward to coming to Washington Missionary College as students the coming year and joining with our own group in preparing for service for God and humanity, was sufficient to broaden the vision of any onlooker, and also to bring courage and hope to those interested in the youth and the purposes of our institutions.

The chapel hour was devoted to speeches representing each school and each senior class. A welcome was also extended by those representing Washington Missionary College. To hear these young people declaring with great determination that they are going forward to complete their preparation and enter some line of work in the vineyard of the Lord, was heartening indeed. I was especially impressed with the expression given by a number of seniors from the high schools, because they felt that their association here was so different from that to which they were accustomed. They said, with much zeal, that they would like to remain here right now, and every one of them is planning definitely to be a student in Washington Missionary College for the year 1936-37.

In the evening our college seniors acted as host to the visiting guests and faculty at an informal dinner. The feeling of Christian comradeship that was manifested in these groups is an excellent foundation upon which to build the possibilities of our future evangelical and missionary work.

As these young people were leaving the campus, there was a unanimous expression of joy and happiness for having had the privilege of spending this day with their senior brethren and sisters. They left with a strengthened determination to return to Washington Missionary College

in September, to prepare themselves for better service in the cause of the Master.

This experience has given me a vision of the greater service that our institutions can be to our denomination in reaching our youth who are still in the State school system. Any Seventh-day Adventist young man or woman who is not ordinarily associated with a large number of other Adventist young people, who could have had the privilege of meeting with this group, could not help but be greatly influenced to decide to cast his lot with such a fine group of young men and women with high ideals and great purposes. May this be but the beginning of this college's reaching every Seventh-day Advent-

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ist member in various high schools in this territory. We ask for the prayers of our people that we may fulfill the great purpose for which this institution was established, that of saving and training the young people.

"The Abiding Gift of Prophecy"

BY L. JOHNSON

HAVING finished reading the excellent book by the above name, I have a strong desire to say a few words concerning it to the REVIEW family. The home of our beloved Elder Daniells in his youth was not very far from where I lived when present truth came to me in 1875. In all these years I have followed with much interest this godly man in his faithful work for the salvation of souls and for the remnant people. I loved him and esteemed him highly for his works' sake.

For over sixty years I have been a firm believer in the Spirit of prophecy, and the benefit that I have received from Mrs. White's writings is more than I can express in words. I have now had a real feast of good things while reading, "The Abiding Gift of Prophecy." From the beginning to the end it is filled with divine truth that every believer needs. I praise the Lord for enabling His servant, Elder Daniells, to complete this important work before he was laid to rest.

Dedication of the New York Swedish Church

BY H. O. OLSON

THE occasion of the rededication of the New York Swedish church will long be remembered by all in attendance. The program began Friday evening and lasted till the close of the Sabbath. The church had just been redecored, so that everything was meticulously clean. The location, known as Mt. Eden, is a very desirable one. It is near a beautiful park. As one entered the church, the view indeed was Edenic, for one of New York's wealthy men, who employs one of our members, had sent over a large number of beautiful plants and flowers. Their fragrance filled the sanctuary.

The writer spoke at the first service. J. K. Jones, the Atlantic Union Conference president, gave a stirring sermon Sabbath morning. The Brooklyn Swedish church united with the New York church in all these services. At the afternoon service the writer gave a brief history of the Swedish work in America, and A. O. Lund, the pastor, followed with a historical sketch of the New York Swedish church. When about six years ago he became the pastor, the debt on the church was about \$23,000. While the debt-paying campaign has been carried on, the church has not fallen behind on its mission goals, but generally has been considerably above the goal.

W. H. Heckman, the Greater New York Conference president, acted as chairman of the services, and immediately after the history of the church had been given, he made an appeal for \$350 to cover the expense for recent improvements. More than this amount was raised in a few minutes.

W. A. Spicer, of the General Conference, gave the dedicatory sermon, which had the customary true advent ring, and greatly cheered and inspired all present. In all the sermons, appeals were made for a rededication of the lives and means of all present. These met with a hearty response. The dedicatory prayer was offered by W. H. Branson, the vice-president of the General Conference for the North American Division. Other ministers were present, and nearly all took some part in the services.

The local president complimented the members on having a church with good acoustics, flooded with sunlight during the day, an excellent electric lighting system, and good ventilation, so that one can hear, see, and breathe easily. The union presi-

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18

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400,000 is the number of Seventh-day Adventists who will be waiting anxiously for news of the great World Conference in San Francisco.

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dent stated that this church building is one of the very best in the Atlantic Union Conference. Telegrams and letters of congratulation came from a number of sister churches in different conferences, and from Elder Carl Swenson, pastor of the Chicago Swedish church, who, as a lay member of the Brooklyn Swedish church, began the Swedish work in New York about forty years ago, and who also served as pastor when the present church building was erected in 1924.



"NIGHTS of prayer with God have been followed by days of power with men."

One Hundred Baptized at Wichita

BY A. C. GRIFFIN

THE Lord richly blessed the effort conducted in the Twentieth Century Auditorium in Wichita, Kansas, last year. A choir of more than forty voices, made up of members of the Wichita church and led by our church chorister, A. E. Pender, did much to make the meetings a success. Our church elders, H. E. Kirk and H. B. Johnson, assisted me in conducting the meetings each evening. During a part of the effort Mrs. Maud Davis-Tegler was connected with the effort as Bible

worker, and during the latter part Mrs. Clara Orr did Bible work.

The auditorium seats 650, and it was about three-fourths filled nearly every night. Some nights almost every seat was taken. Our church deacons did well in ushering. Two of the deacons, J. D. McBroom and Glenn Bartholomew, are shown in the accompanying picture, standing on the extreme left in the second row of the choir.

Meetings were held twice a week for about five months. During the effort and in connection with it, we conducted a radio program over Station KFHH. We were given a special rate for our radio broadcasts, and the station was sorry to have us go off the air. Many have become deeply interested in the message outside of Wichita as a result of these broadcasts. I broadcast on the Sabbath question and other testing points of truth.

One hundred were baptized and added to the Wichita church as a result of this effort. Some of those baptized are shown in the accompanying picture, standing in front of the platform.

The total expense of the effort and radio broadcasts was \$960.43. Of this amount \$360.43 was covered by offerings.

Our church, which was remodeled and enlarged just a few years ago, is now crowded to capacity for the Sabbath services. In fact, more than fifty extra seats are usually brought up from the basement rooms and placed in the aisles to seat the people for the eleven o'clock service.

In the Twentieth Century Auditorium effort, several of the laymen of the church did very successful Bible work. Now the laymen are planning to conduct a tent effort in a section of the city while I am at the General Conference in San Francisco. Remember these laymen in your prayers.



HE who feeds on Christ becomes Christlike.—*Alexander MacLaren.*



Evangelistic Effort in Twentieth Century Auditorium, Wichita, Kansas

ASLEEP IN JESUS

"Them also that are fallen asleep in Jesus will God bring with Him." "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints." "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors: and their works do follow them." "I [Jesus] am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

We regret that the large number of deaths reported from our rapidly growing church membership throughout the world necessitates a reduction of obituary notices to the simple recital of date and place of birth and death. **Photographs cannot be used.** Exceptions will be made as to length of obituary and use of pictures only in the cases of aged and well-known pioneer workers or others whose life and labors have made them known throughout the entire world field. Fuller notices should find publication in local papers.

ELDER J. W. MACE

Joseph Willis Mace was born in Amherst, N.H., Dec. 31, 1872; and died in Takoma Park, Md., March 24, 1936. In his early youth his parents moved to South Lancaster, Mass., and here Brother Mace attended the South Lancaster Academy, being graduated from this institution. Soon after this he entered Battle Creek College, completing a college course.

Shortly after graduation, he connected with the International Tract Society in Battle Creek, Mich. Here he met Miss Grace Gertrude Durland, to whom he was united in marriage in the year 1900. Thirty-five years of happy married life, of unmarred love and devotion to each other and of united labor in the cause of Christ, followed the union of these two lives.

A short time after their marriage, Brother Mace entered the employ of the Review and Herald at Battle Creek, Mich., working in the business office and in other ways as needed. He was soon placed in charge of the retail bookstore, known as the West Office.

The keen aptitude in business lines which he developed led his brethren to feel that he could fill a place of larger responsibility. Accordingly he was called, in April, 1906, to South Bend, Ind., as manager of the Review and Herald Western Branch. His management of the branch fully justified the confidence of his brethren. With his enlarged field of operation there came a growing capacity in him to meet the demands which that situation required. His labors for eleven years in the Lake Union Conference were greatly appreciated. As a representative of the Review and Herald Publishing Association, and as a member of the Lake Union Conference committee, he became an aggressive force in the prosecution of the work in that field. His counsel was greatly valued.

With the demand which came in the year 1917 for some one to take the management of the book department of the Review and Herald office at Washington, D.C., the selection of one for this responsible position was not far to seek. Brother Mace was the unanimous choice of his brethren for this important place. And through his years of faithful, devoted, and efficient service he justified every confidence reposed in him. Excellent success attended his labors. His ability as a promoter was of inestimable value to the institution in the years of crisis through which it has recently passed.

Nor was his work done in a formal or commercial manner. The spiritual phase of this movement always made to Brother Mace's heart the stronger appeal. His great objective in life was the winning of souls for Christ his Lord, and in heart and temperament he was well fitted for soul-winning endeavor. Naturally affectionate of heart, pleasing in personality, courteous and affable in his approach, he won the confidence of those with whom he associated.

Often in returning from some trip in the field he would relate personal experiences of Christian ministry in behalf of those in need. It was speaking words of hope to some discouraged colporteur; it was a prayer with some one who was balancing in his mind the decision of finding in Christ a Saviour from sin; it was financial help given to one in need, —so in various ways he sought to encourage, comfort, and sustain those who sought his counsel. And he found occasion for labor of this kind wherever he went. His life was a beautiful example of earnest, active missionary endeavor, well worthy of emulation by

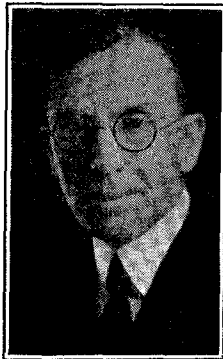
those of us who are left to fill up the gap and continue the prosecution of the work.

No sectional or geographical boundaries limited Brother Mace's vision of the work to be done. He counted the world his parish. His interest in our world-wide work was ever warm and active. This was particularly marked after a trip he was permitted to make among our mission stations in South Africa. In this journey he both gave and received, and his labor for those in the homeland became, if possible, more deeply spiritual. His excellent ability in public presentation of the message in its various phases, his ministry in revival work, and his consecrated life of devotion, led his brethren to recognize his call to the gospel ministry, and in the year 1925 he was ordained to this holy calling.

Brother Mace's recent illness began last autumn. For about five months he was confined to his bed, hoping oftentimes against hope that the deadly disease which had fastened upon him would be subdued and he be enabled

to return to the work he loved so much and to which he had given his life. During his prolonged illness he manifested a remarkable degree of hope and courage. He continued to follow with the deepest interest the work of his department, and up to the last gave valuable counsel in its operation.

His sickroom was cheered by many floral offerings sent in by his friends. He was an ardent



Joseph W. Mace

lover of flowers, and appreciated very deeply these tokens of love. There came to him in the aggregate hundreds of letters, from old-time workers, from conference officials, from colporteurs, from relatives and personal friends. Many of these were expressions of thankfulness for the help Brother Mace had rendered in other days, for the words of hope and courage he had spoken; and all breathed a spirit of earnest hope and prayer that he would be raised up to continue his labors for the Master.

Ever a great lover of the Bible, Brother Mace spent much time in study, and the un-failing promises of God afforded him continual comfort.

He leaves to mourn, his companion of years; his sister, Mrs. O. O. Farnsworth, of California; and other relatives.

In the office of publication we shall miss his wise counsels and his spirit of inspiration. As a friend and brother we shall miss his warm handclasp, his genial smile, and his words of hope and courage. But the influence of his life did not end with his untimely death. We may well believe that he rests from his labors and his works follow him. His influence will gather until the day of final harvest, and he will reap in that day the fruit of his sowing.

All that the loving hands of his companion, aided by a kind and competent physician and a devoted nurse, with the ministry of others, could do was done for our brother's recovery. Several young men in the office of publication gladly donated to one they had learned to love, their blood for transfusions. Many prayers ascended in his behalf. But the Great Physician, in His infinite wisdom, did not see fit to raise him up to life, and we must believe, even though we cannot reason it out, that this was for the best.

The funeral sermon was preached by W. A. Spicer. I. H. Evans, C. S. Longacre, W. P. Elliott, and the writer assisted in the service. F. M. Wilcox.

Russell.—Mrs. Ruth Figgins Russell was born near Cincinnati, Ohio, May 6, 1860; and died near Kingman, Ill., Feb. 11, 1936.

West.—Mrs. Mary M. West was born in St. Francis County, Missouri, Nov. 4, 1845; and died at Pasadena, Calif., Jan. 16, 1936.

Strickland.—Claytie E. Strickland was born at Greenville, Mich., July 10, 1891; and died at Los Angeles, Calif., Feb. 22, 1936.

Eaton.—Mrs. Delia Moore Eaton was born in Wilkes County, North Carolina, Jan. 29, 1835; and died at Mercedes, Tex., March 1, 1936.

Collin.—John Franklin Collin was born near Toronto, Canada, March 6, 1878; and died Dec. 12, 1935. He was elder of the Mount Pleasant (Michigan) church for several years.

An Appeal From the Mission Fields

THERE are portions of the mission field where English is spoken, in which there are many people too poor to buy our literature published in America. An appeal has come from a conference president in one of these fields, asking for *Present Truth* subscriptions for those who would be glad to read, but are too poor to buy. Why not make a worth-while contribution to the literature soul-winning efforts of such needy fields?

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A NEW BOOK BY

C. H. Watson



The PROMISE of the FATHER

"MANY and various are the books that have been written concerning the Holy Spirit. They discourse on His personality, His place in the Godhead, and His gracious ministration on earth. These make edifying and instructive reading for the theologian, the Bible student, and the teacher of doctrine. Their theme is so many-sided and exhaustless that it affords a field of unending study and delight to the writer and the reader alike. We may not and must not depreciate the value of such books. But it remains for the writer of this little volume to lead us into an interpretation of the Scriptures concerning the work of the Holy Spirit, that is at once unique in kind and intensely practical in value. He is inspired by the one motive that governs all his preaching and personal labor,—to open the Scriptures to the understanding of the simple as well as the wise, and to apply them definitely and helpfully to the daily Christian walk. His interest in doctrine is that it may teach us how to live. His conception of dogma is that of a framework for principles that should govern the daily conduct. His view of theology is that it should make us better men and women, better Christians."

PROF. W. E. HOWELL writes:

"The new book, 'The Promise of the Father,' by C. H. Watson, is one of unusual merit as a practical help in daily Christian living. It is not a treatise on the doctrine of the Holy Spirit, but rather opens to view the treasures of truth and promise in the Scriptures for the personal life and walk, in both a simple and a very effective way. It broadens and clarifies what is comprehended in the promise of the Father to send the Comforter into the heart and life of every believing soul. One can feel a spiritual uplift on every page as he contemplates the deep things of God brought to the surface where they can be easily discerned. Few books can be read with equal help by worker and layman, by official and helper, by teacher and learner alike."

Table of Contents

The Doing of God's Will—In Old and New Testament Times—Enlightens the Understanding—The Promise of the Spirit—The Spirit and the Flesh—The Spirit and the New Life—Regarding the Law—Regarding Righteousness—Regarding Justification—Concerning Sonship—Concerning Holiness—Concerning the Christian's Warfare—Concerning the Victory

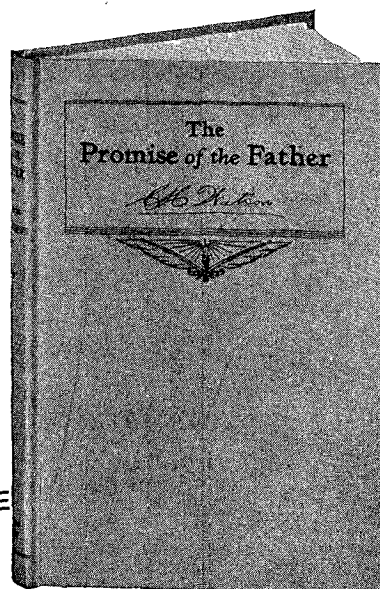
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in the
July Issue

Admiral

Cary T. Grayson, M.D.

Chairman of the American Red Cross, and also Chairman of the Board of the League of Red Cross Societies, comprising the organization of 61 nations, has written a special article for our readers entitled

**"PLAY SAFE
ON YOUR VACATION"**

He instructed his secretary, when sending in the article, to assure us that he was happy to cooperate with *Life and Health* in its excellent education program.

The first of a series of four articles on the proper care of the skin by one of the most eminent medical authorities on this subject will appear in this same issue.

With the sale of 123,000 copies of the May issue, *Life & Health* has reached the highest circulation in its history. *Life & Health* now enjoys the highest regular paid circulation of any denominational journal in the world.

Another important step marks the progress of our work along health lines. During the past two years this work, as represented by our pioneer health journal, has grown in interest and greatly extended its field of service. The larger page size, the improved art work, and the wider circle of writers, together with the loyal and enthusiastic support of conference workers and hundreds of colporteurs and magazine workers, have resulted in trebling the circulation in two years.

LIFE AND HEALTH is moving rapidly ahead—a proved success—to such an extent that 90,000 or more homes are receiving it every month, and nationally known leaders in medical and scientific circles are seeking opportunity to use it as a medium for placing the best in health information before the unusually thoughtful and discriminating group that is attracted by such a journal.

32 Pages

The 24 pages which have measured the physical proportions of LIFE AND HEALTH can no longer care for the varied and increasing interests of the journal. There is continual pressure for new and helpful features and departments. The present tremendous reader interest ensures acceptance of a larger journal with a small increase in price. Beginning with the July issue, LIFE AND HEALTH will have 32 pages. The single copy price will be 15 cents. Yearly subscriptions will be \$1.50, but the rate in the combination plan, as used by our colporteurs, will remain at \$1.

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OF SPECIAL INTEREST

MANY of our readers, especially those of older years, will be sad to learn of the death of Brother R. A. Hart, of Battle Creek, Michigan. He passed away April 30. Brother Hart had been connected with this movement for many years, in both conference and institutional work. He died strong in the faith of this message, and we believe he will come forth in the morning of the resurrection. We extend to his relatives our sincere sympathy.



A Long-Felt Need Supplied

For some time workers and believers have been asking that some inexpensive literature for the Jewish people be prepared, to make known to them why Seventh-day Adventists have so many beliefs in harmony with Jewish views of the Scriptures.

At the Autumn Council of the General Conference in 1934, a resolution was passed that such a series of papers be prepared.

This need is in part being met by the preparation of a series of four-page papers, entitled, "This Generation." These papers are adapted to the Jewish people in all countries.

Twenty numbers, dealing with vital points of present truth, have already been issued by the Pacific Press Publishing Association, Brookfield, Illinois. They are printed in Yiddish and English. These papers cost one cent each, or \$7.50 a thousand. They should be ordered through the regular channels.

We trust our people will place this literature in the hands of these children of Abraham, that many more among them may find their own Messiah, and rejoice in the light of the third angel's message.

F. C. GILBERT.



Batakland Mission, Sumatra, Netherlands East Indies

WE have just closed a very busy year, but also a year that has brought progress to the work in this part of Sumatra. There was a net gain of 133 members, so we have now a total of 443 members. Very encouraging is our Sabbath school report, which shows a total of 1,170 members. A large number are now preparing for baptism.

The Harvest Ingathering was a great success, bringing us much joy and a great blessing. We started out with a trembling heart, because we had just come to this field and did not know the territory. There were reports of former years as a guide, but we hoped to do a little better than last year. Therefore we doubled the amount that was collected last year and set our goal at F. 1,500 (about \$1,000).

The Lord opened the way before us, and at the end of the year we were happy to find that we had made a total of about F. 5,000 (\$3,300). It was necessary to cover a large territory with only one city in it, but many plantations.

All around us are rubber, tobacco, tea, oil palm, and many other kinds of plantations. We often had to drive for hours to go from one estate to the other, and generally were not able to meet more than fifteen to twenty persons a day. We met many kinds of people and nationalities, such as Dutch, German, French, Belgian, Swiss, American, English, Danish, Japanese, and Chinese. In general, we were received very kindly. It proved a great advantage to know several languages, so we could speak to most of the people in their own tongue.

As a result of this Ingathering work, we were able to open a blind colony, where we can gather in these unfortunates, and give them a real home, teaching them some kind of trade and how to read. At the opening of the blind colony, we had the privilege of welcoming some of the officials. The government is very favorable to the work we are doing in caring for those poor souls. The Mohammedans are also very much impressed with this work. We hope that many a blind person may find here not only a good home, but also his blessed Saviour, that he may have the hope of eternal life.

In Nias we also have a large interest. A native man received the truth on another island, went home, and as a result there are now about 200 people in the Sabbath school. But we have no worker to look after these people, and cannot even go ourselves, because of lack of funds and time. Remember the work in Batakland before the throne of grace.

K. TILSTRA.



THE following information, sent by Elder O. B. Kuhn of the China Division, gives further particulars regarding the untimely death of Elder C. C. Crisler:

"On Sabbath afternoon, March 28, the sad news came that Brother Crisler passed away some time during Friday night at Lin Tao (Ti Tao), about two days out from Lanchow. We have no written word, but as near as we can tell from the telegrams that have come through, we think he, in company with Brother and Sister Appel and Brother Davies, left Lanchow about March 18 for Choni. They must have arrived there the 23d or 24th. It seems that he was taken ill with pneumonia about the time of their arrival, and they began their return trip immediately, hoping to get him to the hospital and under the care of doctor and nurses as soon as possible. At the same time they evidently started a runner a day's journey in another direction to the nearest telegraph office, to inform us here of his illness and of their plans to return to Lanchow.

"Their journey was over high mountains and hard passes, and perhaps at this time of year unfavorable roads. Word was sent again on Wednesday night, when they reached another telegraph office, telling that his temperature had reached 105° and his pulse 130. At the end of Thursday's journey another wire stated he was still failing, and asked Doctor Miller to come by plane.

"We made every effort possible to arrange this, both for Doctor Miller from here and for Doctor Vinkel from Lanchow, but could secure no plane that could land on the small military fields in that section. We suppose Doctor Vinkel was doing his best to reach them overland, but sometime Friday night the end came.

"It brings a terrible sorrow to us all, and doubly so to Sister Crisler and Beatrice. They are going with Doctor Miller by the next available plane to Lanchow, where the burial will take place in our mission compound. His seventeen years of faithful and strenuous service thus come to a sudden end. Finite wisdom cannot fathom the mystery, but our all-wise Father knows why the earnest prayers of fellow workers in his behalf could not be answered. Our hearts sorrow, but we must leave it all with Him who makes all things work for our good and His glory and the advancement of His cause."

A letter from Mrs. Crisler, under date of April 4, gives this pathetic word:

"We returned the third from Lanchow, where my husband lies sleeping. That is a desolate land, but not so desolate as our hearts and home, from which gladness has gone."

Let us remember in prayer Sister Crisler in this terrible sorrow that has come into her life.

We hope soon to have a sketch of Brother Crisler's life for publication in the REVIEW.

CAMP MEETINGS FOR 1936

Atlantic Union

New York	July 3-12
S. New England	July 10-19
N. New England	July 16-19

Canadian Union

British Columbia:	
Vancouver	June 18-21
Okanagan Valley	July 25-28
Alberta	July 2-12
Manitoba-Saskatchewan	July 9-19
Ontario-Quebec	July 23-Aug. 2
Maritime	Aug. 4-9
Newfoundland	Aug. 13-20

Central Union

North Dakota, Jamestown	June 19-27
South Dakota, Huron	June 24-28
Minnesota, Anoka	June 26-July 5
Wyoming, Casper	July 8-12
Kansas, Enterprise	Aug. 8-16
Nebraska, College View	Aug. 13-23
Iowa, Nevada	Aug. 20-30
Missouri	Aug. 28-Sept. 6
Colorado, Boulder	Sept. 3-13
Colored camp meeting	Aug. 26-30

Columbia Union

E. Pennsylvania, Wescosville,	
Allentown	July 2-12
W. Pennsylvania, Export	July 9-19
New Jersey, Trenton	July 16-26
Chesapeake, Catonsville, Md.	Aug. 6-16
West Virginia, Parkersburg	Aug. 13-23
Ohio, Mount Vernon	Aug. 20-30
Potomac	Aug. 27-Sept. 6

Lake Union

Illinois, Broadview Academy	June 23-28
Wisconsin, Portage	June 25-July 5
Indiana, Battle Ground	Aug. 20-30
Michigan, Grand Ledge	Aug. 18-30

North Pacific Union

Oregon	July 30-Aug. 9
Washington	July 30-Aug. 9

Pacific Union

Arizona	July 9-18
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Southwestern Union

Texas	July 30-Aug. 8
Oklahoma	Aug. 14-22
Texas	Aug. 21-29
Arkansas-Louisiana (district meetings)	
Latter part of Oct. and first of Nov.	
Southwest Indian Mission	May 16, 17