

The Sabbath Recorder

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*The Best Paper in the World for
Seventh Day Baptists*

THE SABBATH RECORDER

\$2.50 per year

PLAINFIELD, N. J.

The Sabbath Recorder

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No. 24



Now when
Jesus was born
in Bethlehem of
Judea in the days
of Herod the king,
behold there came
wise men from the
East to Jerusalem, say-
ing, Where is He that is
born King of the Jews?
For we have seen His star
in the East and are come to
worship Him. When Herod
the king heard these things,
he was troubled, and all Jeru-
salem with him. And when he
had gathered all the chief priests
and scribes of the people together
he demanded of them where Christ
should be born. And they said unto
him, In Bethlehem of Judea; for thus
it is written by the prophet, And thou
Bethlehem in the land of Juda art not
the least among the princes of Juda:
for out of thee shall come a Governor
who shall rule my people Israel. Then
Herod, when he had privily called the wise
men, inquired of them diligently what time
the star appeared. And he sent them to Beth-
lehem and said, Go and search diligently for
the young child; and when ye have found Him,
bring me word again that I may come and
worship Him also.

The Denominational Budget

(Following is a reprint of the material included in a Booklet that is being distributed to Seventh Day Baptist Churches this week)

THE DENOMINATIONAL BUDGET

Missionary Society	\$18,900.00
Tract Society	5,900.00
Sabbath School Board	3,800.00
Education Society	1,500.00
Woman's Board	500.00
Young People's Board	1,800.00
Lone Sabbath Keepers.	100.00
Scholarships and Fellowships.	1,200.00
Historical Society	500.00
Ministerial Relief	4,000.00
General Conference	4,900.00
Total	\$43,100.00

On the following pages are given the detailed budgets of each of the organizations participating in the denominational budget.

THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY

<i>China—</i>	
Principal Boys' School	\$ 400.00
H. Eugene Davis	1,600.00
H. Eugene Davis, children's allowance	800.00
George Thorngate	1,600.00
George Thorngate, children's allowance	500.00
Susie M. Burdick	800.00
Rosa W. Palmborg	800.00
Grace I. Crandall	800.00
Anna M. West	800.00
Mabel L. West	400.00
Incidentals	400.00
Traveling expenses	1,200.00
Girls' School	300.00
Boys' School	500.00

(Continued on inside back cover)

THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY

(Continued)

<i>American Tropics Field—</i>	
G. D. Hargis	1,500.00
G. D. Hargis, children's allowance	400.00
Traveling expenses, American Tropics field	1,000.00
<i>Holland</i>	<i>1,500.00</i>
<i>Home Field—</i>	
Jackson Center, Ohio	500.00
Colorado field	300.00
Southwestern field	1,500.00
Hammond, La.	500.00
Middle Island, W. Va.	300.00
Fouke, Ark.	500.00
Stonefort, Ill.	800.00
Syracuse, N. Y.	100.00
Iowa field	600.00
Salemville, Pa.	300.00
Ritchie, W. Va.	300.00
Edinburg, Tex.	200.00
Little Prairie, Ark.	600.00
Foreign Missions Conference ..	40.00
Traveling expenses	1,000.00
Emergency Fund	180.00
Contingency Fund	1,500.00

Administration—

Corresponding secretary	1,800.00
Clerk hire for corresponding secretary	400.00
Clerk hire for treasurer	400.00
	\$27,120.00

Of this amount \$18,900 is to be provided by the denominational budget. The remainder is provided by income from endowment.

The Sabbath Recorder

A Seventh Day Baptist Weekly Published by the American Sabbath Tract Society, Plainfield, N. J.

VOL. 111, No. 24

PLAINFIELD, N. J., DECEMBER 14, 1931

WHOLE No. 4,527

THE HEART OF CHRISTMAS

The SABBATH RECORDER wishes all of its readers a most glorious and merry Christmas. Not only the editor and the business manager, but assistants and secretaries, advertising agent and foreman, together with all the shop force unite in this—a more than formal expression of a customary holiday greeting. Our hearts are yours and for you, and in this time of special good cheer and well wishing, we cherish the desire to have you know that this "Merry Christmas" comes from the depths of our being.

The heart of Christmas lies in the birth and life, in the death and the resurrection of Jesus, the Christ, born in the Bethlehem manger, heralded by a star, and welcomed by the shout of the angels. Whatever may be said of the ills of the world and the shortcomings of Christianity, the month of Christmas with its cheer, its good will and fellowship, cannot be explained or accounted for except by the miraculous life of the Savior of the world. Where his life counts, his spirit prevails, his teachings taken seriously, there is progress, service, love, and at the Christmas time a deepened grace of "peace on earth, good will to men."

This Christmas season should as never before call us back to Christ and to realize that the spirit and heart of Christmas is love—manifesting itself in serving and giving. "It is more blessed to give than to receive," said he who gave himself for us, a joint gift of the Son and of the Father who loved the world more than any other possession.

Therefore, with a larger longing than ever before for more of *his* spirit and with an appreciative sense of the world's blessings because of the "unspeakable Gift," we come to you with Christmas greetings and good will. May the season come to you all in a way to sweeten past disappointments, cheer you in the midst of miscarried plans,

bind up the bruised spirits, and make you braver for life's struggle. May there come to us all a great, dominant incentive for a higher and holier experience, and may the Christ of Calvary call us to a life more fully dedicated to his service. May our cup of gladness be full and may we sing and re-echo the angels' song, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men."

The Sabbath Recorder Christian homes, today, are in greater need of good, wholesome Christian literature than ever before. There is little restraint, in these days, on what may be published in our magazines and daily newspapers.

In many of them there is much that is harmful. Day by day this influence permeates our homes, and there are many reasons to believe that in more than half of our Seventh Day Baptist homes there is no Christian literature to act as a counter influence. A check up on our mailing list will show that the RECORDER is in fewer of our homes than the one-half.

The SABBATH RECORDER publishes that which will help every member of the family to a more godly life, better to know right from wrong, and to train all—parents and children—to a real consciousness of God and to a deeper appreciation of spiritual values.

In its "Hook-up" it seeks to bring all closer together by news items of our church and community life from various sources. The better we know each other, the more we like each other. News of our churches and work from home and abroad increase our knowledge of affairs and challenge us to larger endeavor in the kingdom tasks. Knowledge of the work creates interest; interest inspires prayer for the various causes; and prayer will enlarge our gifts for their larger support.

Christian life and service are ideals constantly held before old and young by the SABBATH RECORDER as the most worth while achievement. Aids to achievement are furnished in the Pulpit, Young People's Page, and Missionary and other departments. To this end the encouragements to Bible study and regular reading contribute.

In this age we have become movie minded, newspaper minded, radio minded. We are getting our philosophy of life from Will Rogers, and from "Amos 'n Andy," rather than from Isaiah and Jesus Christ. We need to become Bible minded. The SABBATH RECORDER calls men and women—old and young—back to the Bible. It seeks to encourage its readers to become more God-conscious—not conscious of some force, or attribute—some impersonal tendency—but of the Personality, begun with a capital letter, a Being revealed to men by Jesus Christ, as God, our heavenly Father.

The RECORDER is interested in many angles of life—there are material interests that necessarily have place; there are temporal cares and prospects; there are homes where men must live, and livings which men must win—but over and above and underneath, the SABBATH RECORDER emphasizes the values of the city eternal in the heavens, the "foundations not laid with hands" and that "man shall not live by bread alone."

Such a paper is needed in our homes to offset the materialistic reactions of the times. It is not a faultless sheet. It is not a sheet of one mind or pen. Varying shades of belief among us are found in its pages. But it is a periodical supported by people of *one mind*—to serve God and do his will. This message—if you look on it as such—is one of *peace* and good will, on the eve and in the spirit of the Christmas time, not meant merely for the season, but for the year through and time to come.

"Spilling the Load" Under this suggestive title the *Baptist* so sensibly points out a serious tendency in theology to accommodate itself to modern scientific teachings together with the danger involved that a paragraph is given here in full:

Many able theological thinkers today are applying themselves to the problem of accommodating theology to the teaching of science, a most desirable and, indeed, a nec-

essary task. The results, however, are often disappointing to the plain Christian. After theology has been passed through the crucibles that some of these writers supply, so little emerges that it is doubtful whether it is worth saving. Is it inevitable that so much should be lost in the process of refining our theologies? It is seriously to be questioned. Theology ought to furnish a philosophy of life. A theology that has nothing that you can get your teeth into, little nourishment for the spiritual life and no promise of redemption is negligible. In the old days farmers hauled their grain to the mill to be ground into flour to make bread for the family. But here is a farmer the end-board of whose wagon drops out on the way. He arrives at the mill, to be sure, which is something of an achievement, but there is so little grain left in the wagon that he has only his trip for his pains. It is time that the scientific theologian should give more attention to the leaks in his wagon box.

Many a soul hungering for the "Bread of Life" has starved upon the husks offered to him. The story is told of a South Ireland minister's experience after two years of his pastorate. Calling upon one of his parishioners, who lay dying, he offered to read and pray. The sick man called for his Bible, which when the minister took it was found sadly mutilated and fit for hardly more than the waste basket. Some books were taken out of it, some pages torn, and some verses cut out. The pastor opened it and said, "Have you not got a better Bible than this?" The dying man replied: "When you came I had the whole Bible. But as soon as you told me that one book was fiction I tore it out; and that one chapter was not true, I removed it; and that some of its stories were just traditional fables, I cut them out. And if I had had another year under you, I think I should have the two covers left and nothing else." Surely the minister has gone to mill with the "end-board" of his wagon out.

Washington Bicentennial Large plans are being made to celebrate the two hundredth anniversary of the birth of George Washington next February. From every state and many far places are coming reports of preparations for this event. For example, a "mile long avenue of trees dedicated to George Washington will be planted by Fairmont, W. Va." as a part of the celebration. Every person of the city is being asked to furnish a sycamore tree for the occasion. Liberia reports an African celebration to be held, while a mining camp on the Arctic

circle will celebrate. Then one-act plays are now available, for amateurs. A new coin design for a George Washington quarter will soon be selected.

Our Seventh Day Baptist colleges, and high schools in which our young people are pupils, may desire to enter the essay and oratorical contests to be held during the coming weeks. For the information of those so interested the following is submitted from the commission's "clip sheet."

Two students, one from a high school and one from an institution of higher learning, will receive from the United States George Washington Bicentennial Commission next year, the official George Washington commemorative medal in gold, cast especially for the purpose by the United States mint, in token of having won first place in the nation-wide series of contests to be held in connection with the celebration of the Two Hundredth Anniversary of the Birth of George Washington. Only those students who enter one of these contests will be eligible to receive the official medal award.

Three different contests, providing for the participation of students in every type of school, will be conducted—declamatory in the elementary schools, essay in high schools, and oratorical in the colleges. National winners, however, will be selected only in the essay and oratorical contests. The declamatory contests will end with the state winners.

DECLAMATORY SELECTIONS

Pamphlets on organization and general regulations have been prepared by the National Bicentennial Commission and will be sent early in December to every school in which students enroll in the contests. The contests in each state will be conducted by a State Contest Committee, appointed by and working under the supervision of the Bicentennial Commission of the state in co-operation with the United States George Washington Bicentennial Commission.

Prose and poetry relating to George Washington have been collected by the United States George Washington Bicentennial Commission and printed in a pamphlet which will be distributed also early in December to the teachers of schools in which pupils enter the contests. The contestants in the declamatory contest must choose their selections from this pamphlet.

ESSAYS AND ORATIONS

The subjects from which high school students may make a selection for an essay have been named as follows by the United States Bicentennial Commission:

George Washington, the Farmer at Mount Vernon;
George Washington's Spirit of Sportsmanship;
George Washington: Statesman and Soldier;
George Washington's Sense of Duty;
Washington's Balance of Character;
The Many-sidedness of George Washington;
George Washington, the Friend;

Washington's Influence on Our Life Today.

The subjects from which selection may be made by students in institutions of higher learning entering the oratorical contest are:

Washington the Courageous;
Washington and the West;
Washington the Man of Business Vision:
Development of George Washington's Military Ability;
George Washington's Understanding of Men;
Washington: Nation Builder;
First in Peace;
Washington: Exemplar of American Ideals;
George Washington, a World Figure;
The Spirit of Washington.

CONTESTS ON HIGH PLANE

All the contests are to be kept on the highest plane possible. There will be no cash awards made. To the winners of the contests in each state, the United States George Washington Bicentennial Commission will present the George Washington commemorative medal in silver, also cast by the United States mint especially for the purpose, while the same medal in bronze will be presented to the second place winners. A certificate of award will be issued to those who rank third.

When the state winners of the oratorical contest have been determined they will compete in a regional contest, the winners of which will go to the national or final contest to compete for the gold medal. The schools represented by the regional winners will be presented with a memorial plaque.

It is pointed out by the Bicentennial Commission that these local school elimination contests will be over by the time the celebration actually begins on February 22. The winning essays from each state must be in the offices of the National Bicentennial Commission by April 19, 1932, and the finals in the oratorical contest will be announced at a later day.

For additional information students should apply to the contest committee of the Bicentennial Commission in their state.

Federal Council "Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity" sang the Psalmist—not only good and pleasant, but a real achievement for a group of men, representatives of widely divergent church creeds and politics, to work together agreeably for the common good of the whole world. Outside of the love of Christ and the grace of God there is no greater unifying force than the challenge of a mighty task. For twenty-three years the men and women of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America have united in the responsibility of carrying on this common task. With progressives on one hand demanding radical action, and conservatives on the other urging cautious advance, it has not always

been clear and easy sailing. It has been no small achievement, however, that some thirty denominations have so greatly worked together for nearly a quarter of a century. Especially is this seen to be true when it is realized that for many in the council it has not been a matter, merely, of "recognizing Christians in other churches, but churches of other Christians."

The annual meeting of the Executive Committee of the Federal Council met, last week, December 2-4, and made up a very interesting and far-reaching report.

To one sitting in such a meeting for the first or second time it was a most stimulating and encouraging experience. Here are men of large attainment in their respective fields come together with findings and recommendations concerning matters of utmost and vital concern to the Church and to the world. Not for personal interests or selfish motives are they come, but through their love for God and interest in promoting his kingdom.

Four Seventh Day Baptists were present. Rev. Ahva J. C. Bond, a regular member of the council; Rev. Walter L. Greene, alternate for Dean Arthur E. Main; Rev. William L. Burdick, member of the Commission on Evangelism; and the editor, member of the Commission on International Justice and Good Will, were there as "Corresponding Members." This fellowship of the quartet helped to enrich, for them, the whole gathering.

It is not the editor's purpose to report here details of the meeting. Doctor Bond will likely do that, making whatever interpretation and evaluations of various reports he may wish, while brothers Burdick and Greene will write of their impressions of different phases of the proceedings.

Reports of the different commissions and committees were full and enlightening, including those on Evangelism, The Church and Social Service, Race Relations, International Justice and Good Will, Mercy and Relief, Good Will between the Jews and Christians, Religious Radio, Editorial Council of the Religious Press, Home Missions Council, Digest of Actions of Administrative Committee, and many other important committees and commissions.

Many grave issues were fearlessly faced, with perhaps two being considered as major

ones. These were Evangelism, and The Functioning of the Council in its relation to the constituent denominations. The key note on Evangelism was sounded by Dean Luther A. Weigle of the Yale Divinity School, and chairman of the council's administrative committee. His theme was "The Coming Revival of Religion." He interpreted the present extremes of skepticism, the preoccupation with "humanism," and the materialistic temper as precursors of a rebirth of faith, which will arise as an inevitable reaction against views that rob life of its deepest meaning. He called for a fresh witness to the basic Christian convictions, and set forth evangelism, not as competing in the emphasis on social service, but as indispensable to any social program that is to have transforming power. He further pleaded for an end to the contrast between evangelism and education, holding that education must become more evangelistic in quality and that evangelism must become more educational in method.

In the one public meeting, Dr. Robert E. Speer, with all his usual earnestness, clarity of vision, and prophetic-soul, discussed the meaning of the Gospel for the Individual, strongly reasserting the truth that the final solution of all our social problems rests on the developing of more truly Christian personalities. Dr. Charles E. Jefferson spoke of the meaning of the Gospel for the Nations, insisting that the Christian way of life is as binding on the nations, in all their complex political and economic relations, as on the individual. The fostering of good will towards Jews on the part of Christians was pictured by S. Parkes Cadman as one of the most vital expressions of Christianity, all the more called for because of the long record of unchristian attitudes toward Jews, and as one effective way of revealing to them the spirit of the Christ.

REV. GEORGE W. HILLS

By air-mail and telephone service the SABBATH RECORDER office learns the sad news of the death of Rev. George W. Hills, pastor of the Los Angeles, Calif., Seventh Day Baptist Church. Brother Hills was the oldest active pastor among us, active up to within two weeks of his death, which occurred Friday night, December 4, from complication of pneumonia and heart trouble.

CHRISTIAN STEWARDSHIP

NO. III

CHRISTIAN STEWARDSHIP OF TALENTS

BY REV. HURLEY S. WARREN

"What a pity!" exclaimed one, "that such a fine young man is throwing his life away by entering the ministry."

"Is that how you regard the calling?" asked a neighbor who had told her of the decision of a certain young man in the community. "We encourage our young men and women to consider full-time Christian service as a life work along with other vocations. And we urged those who lean toward the gospel ministry to fully regard its claims."

"But think what a success he could make in business or one of the professions," replied the first woman.

These two attitudes have a marked influence upon the young folks of the home circle, in the church, and in the community.

The writer would like to relate very humbly a part of his experience as connected with the calling mentioned. One morning in the fall of 1912, I believe it was, as I started about some chore before going to school, Rev. G. H. Fitz Randolph (in whose home I was living at the time) asked me if I had thought much of what I would try to do in life. Something prompted me to say, very much to my surprise, that I had begun to think of preparing for the ministry. He suggested that it would be wise for me to choose to enter the educational field rather than the mechanical, but did not press the call to the ministry. However, from that day forth he did everything he possibly could to make the way clear for me to go in that direction. I am satisfied that Pastor and Mrs. Randolph are largely responsible for starting my feet this way:

Upon being discharged from the United States Army January 8, 1919, I returned to Salem to live in the home of a friend whose father and mother had taken in my sister nearly two years before, and kindly offered me the privilege of their fireside. I was very much in the fog about going on to school with the ministry in view, although I hoped to enter Salem College in the coming fall. My misgiving centered about what seemed to me to be an over-emphasis

on the exalted position of the minister, with the emphasis on the exalted. "No pedestal for me! I'm no better than my fellows and I want to mix with them as a man." Then one day Pastor Bond made a statement something like this: "I hold the Christian ministry to be a high calling but I believe that any young man can enter farming, business, or any of the professions with the same divine sanction upon that as his life work as he who becomes a minister of the gospel." That was the challenge for which I had waited. My decision was made again.

I would make fitting mention of my father whose strong desire for his children to have an education led him to untiring labors on our behalf, and my mother who has always been sympathetic toward my prospective work and has given every encouragement. Nor am I unmindful of the many friends and the influences all along the way which have held and led me thus far. And again I wish to give due credit to Dean Main and the seminary faculty and fellowships which have had a large share in my preparation.

I trust no one will regard this as a parade of personal experience, for it is not, and I offer it with the risk of being misunderstood. I write it to bring out what seem to me to be three important phases of vocational guidance. First of all, the young person ought to be led to feel that the heavenly Father will bless sincere and earnest work in any honorable profession or occupation. Next, every attempt ought to be made to discover the God-given bents of the individual. And third, wise counsel and encouragement should be available for young people at each turn and crossroad and all along the way, so that thorough preparation will be desired and pursued. Under the present conditions of unemployment it may be in place to mention a fourth phase—one ought to fit himself to do one thing well and at the same time have something to which he can turn in case he is thrown out of a job.

Christian stewardship of talents means the using of one's bents, developing or latent, in the way that Jesus Christ would have him use them. "What shall I do with my life?" is a problem of youth which is

well considered from the angle, "What would Jesus Christ have me to do?" No one can be truly successful until he sincerely tries to discover the will of the Master for his life. His will is revealed in various ways—through urgings of the Spirit, counselings of parents and friends, the opportunity and need in a given field, circumstances.

I wonder sometimes if we as Seventh Day Baptist young people make full use of sources of sound counsel. There are our parents. Nearly every high school in the land is emphasizing vocational guidance through its faculty and experts; our college presidents and professors stand ready to sympathetically advise, and pastors and church leaders welcome the privilege. And there is a Vocational Committee appointed by our General Conference with representatives in nearly every association.

Someone in Cedar Cove Teen-Age Camp last summer suggested that at times young people are led to their life work by being hindered from entering a chosen field. Seventh Day Baptist young people need especially to choose fields in which they can be true to their convictions. The young people in camp also stated that our talents must be personally yielded. They agreed that our bents are God-given, personally-yielded, and Christ-consecrated. When we meet the Master we willingly yield and he consecrates.

I MET THE MASTER

I had walked life's way with an easy tread,
Had followed where comforts and pleasure led,
Until one day in a quiet place
I met the Master face to face.

With station and rank and wealth for my goal,
Much thought for my body but none for my soul,

I had entered to win in life's mad race,
When I met the Master face to face.

I met him and knew him and blushed to see
That his eyes, full of sorrow, were fixed on me;
And I faltered and fell at his feet that day,
While my castles melted and vanished away.

Melted and vanished and in their place
Naught else did I see but the Master's face.
And I cried aloud, "Oh, make me meet
To follow the steps of thy wounded feet."

My thought is now for the souls of men;
I have lost my life to find it again,
E'er since one day in a quiet place
I met the Master face to face.

—Authorship unknown.

Taken from the "Homiletic Review."

THE SYNTHETIC SANTA CLAUS

BY AMEY V. ROBISON

Santa stamped crossly up and down in the slush before the great store of Bremen's, Incorporated. He made a number of ill-tempered gestures. He swung his arms so vigorously about his big frame that some of the cotton flew off his cuff and fell onto the sidewalk where he ground it under his big square heel. With a long forefinger he rubbed savagely at his nose where the synthetic whiskers tickled it. He'd already rubbed it until it was raw and red. Then when he'd assured himself that for a moment there would be no demand on his professional jollity he glared down at the red cotton suit with its grimy bandings of white. Ugh! how he hated it, and all the stuffing that had been applied beneath to make his long, lean figure into convincing Santa contours. What a job, he thought sourly. Santa Claus! — only twenty-three. And six feet tall—who ever heard of a Santa six feet tall?

A man with sightless eyes bearing in his extended hand a tin cup tapped by, singing in a quavering voice. Santa automatically fished into his pocket and dropped a coin, his last quarter, into the empty tin. And as the man paused in his singing to smile his gratitude, Santa watched him and thought a little shamed, "I suppose I should be glad I've got a job at all—and that I'm all right."

Jim the doorman, dressed in tight fitting green livery to complement Santa's gay suit, interrupted his dour thoughts. "Say, Tom, did you hear that the day before Christmas the Chamber of Commerce is going to send Santa in an airplane over Main Street to drop theater tickets and small packages? Pep up the old Christmas spirit a little."

"Humph!" grunted Santa disdainfully. "Christmas spirit—" Then suddenly alert to the demands of his professional duty he boomed out in a jolly voice that he thought probably sounded like Santa's,

"Well, well, look who's here!" he cried, jovially patting the shoulders of two little street urchins who stood hand in hand with noses mashed flat against the icy window blowing peep holes in the frosted pane.

"Picking out the things you want me to bring you on Christmas eve, eh?" he asked

dutifully, leaning over to peek with them at the glittering fairyland beyond.

They turned from their eager survey of the window and stared up at him contemptuously.

The older boy, no more than five, burst out with infinite scorn, "What do you think we are, a couple of dumb-bells? There ain't no real Santa Claus. Folks just dress up and try to fool the kids."

The second child joined the conversation, withering inflection in his four-year baby voice, "Thay," he lisped, "ith juth the rith kidth that have a Thanta Clauth—I with we wuth rith." His voice trailed off wistfully and his big blue eyes wandered to the peep hole.

"Look here you two," Jim broke in, after a moment's awkward silence, "There is too a Santa Claus for poor kids. He's going over this store in an airplane the day before Christmas and dump his pack. Anybody that can catch will get a present."

The two little fellows stared at Jim in reluctant unbelief.

"Aw, say mister, can the kiddin'; we ain't goats." Hands thrust deeply into trouser pockets, feet spread wide apart.

Jim grinned. "Just ask old Santa if you don't believe me," he invited.

Tom Worden stared down at the two hard little faces raised to his. Imagine two kids like that, nothing but babies, already wise. Goodness, here were two boys like himself who didn't believe in Christmas. Sharp, hard memories of limp stockings rose to his mind.

"There sure is going to be a Santa Claus," he assured them heartily. "Be here at four the day before Christmas."

"Well, he ain't real though," they persisted. "But we'll come and mebbe we can catch something for Alec."

"Who's Alec?" Santa wanted to know, while two children reaching out reverently to touch his suit went by unnoticed.

"He's the baby," said the older boy.

"He'th two," chimed in the younger child. "He don't know there ain't any Thanta Clauth — yet," he confided proudly. "Lath year my dad and uth fixthed thome thingth outta thspoolth—but we ain't got a dad thith year. He and mom died, tho Joe and me hath got to do it."

"Well, well," said Santa. And because

Jim was suddenly busy and Santa couldn't get a word past a certain obstruction in his throat the two boys trudged off down the street.

Holy Mackerel, thought Santa, it beat all how he never could tell when he was going to be an awful sap. Here he'd almost succumbed to an impulse to give those youngsters some of his precious money. He couldn't do that for goodness only knew where another job would come from after Christmas in this horrible lack of jobs.

Annoyedly he cast the incident aside and thought crossly he must have been stark staring mad to have taken this job. He, Tom Worden, of all people, a Santa Claus. And the way he hated Christmas! The fact was he had gone jobless so long he'd forgotten in the relief in any sort of employment, just how much of a grudge he had against Christmas.

He supposed he had been aware of it, too, in a bitter sort of way that had revealed itself in the "grouchiness" which Jim had pertly ordered him "to snap out of." His earliest memories of Christmas embraced a drunken father, lurching in on Christmas morning to stumble onto the sagging cot in the bare little bedroom to snore away his drunkenness; and another dim memory of his sad little mother laid to rest in the bleak cemetery one Christmas day when he was four.

Later when he'd gone to school he learned that the shimmering toys in the store windows could be ordered for oneself by means of a letter written to a fat little man called Santa Claus. You just wrote the letter, Joe Kenyon told him, and dropped it in the mail box on your front porch and magically those coveted playthings would be transferred to stockings hung from the mantels of fireplaces or, in the absence of a fireplace, from the foot of one's bed. So when he could write he chose modestly from among the glittering fairyland things. A pair of mittens, some shining black rubbers, and a harmonica. Fearing ridicule from his father, he mailed the letter in a downtown box. But when Christmas morning dawned and he opened one eye in shivering, delighted anticipation his stocking was quite as limp and empty as when he hung it there. Of course, that first time he'd been terribly disappointed. But then,

he admitted to himself, that he'd been slightly skeptical as to how Santa could find his house among so many others. So the next year he wrote more plainly, carefully printing his address both at top and bottom of his letter. Even, he added a postscript. "Dear Santa," he'd written, "My house is rite between Johnny Norris' and Elmer Poke's. You kant mis it for thers a bord outta the dore. Love, Tom."

That year he was bewildered when a furtive look over the ragged covers revealed the stocking as limp as ever. After one more try he was completely enraged at a season which made every one around him so jubilant and passed him by. From that time on he assumed a bored, superior air toward those who secretively shopped. "Humph," he'd say in disdain, "You aren't still playing at that gid stuff!" But the small amount of discomfort his taunt could arouse, he knew unhappily, would be forgotten later in a full swung Christmas day.

So when he was nineteen he decided philosophically that Christmas was the "bunk." From then on he tried to feel sorry for all the world that worked so hard to manufacture this thing called Christmas spirit.

Tom brushed aside his gloomy thoughts and idly watched the bright parade sweep by. Fur clad shoulders hunched high against the icy wind; gay hats pulled low over laughing eyes; lips curved in smiles he knew were but fixed smirks applied for the season. Wisps of conversation floated to him, feeding his bitter spirit.

"Well, I must spend at least five dollars on her. She—"

A voice in disdain, "She sent me only a blotter and I sent her—"

"Darling, I've just bought six dozens of cards, you know I always keep last year's cards for the next year's list and you wouldn't believe how many people I'd for—"

Just as he thought. All this feverish buying was nothing but response to seasonal demands. And they called it Christmas spirit!

And there flamed in the heart of the synthetic Santa Claus a fierce hatred for this bustling throng. He felt like choking the secretive men who hurried down the street with inadequately covered sleds and

jangling skates. He wished he could punch those smug young men in their long raccoon coats who swaggered into jewelry stores and emerged with satisfied grins on their faces.

And under all the fury that raged within him, two hard little faces peered up at him. "We ain't goats," the older child had said. Santa crushed down a fierce lump. "Mebbe we can catch thomething for Alec, he don't know there ain't any Thanta Clauth—yet." That "yet" clutched at Santa's heart in a new, tightening way.

In disgust at his softness Santa spat wrathfully over his soot smeared beard.

The crowds milled and surged in the main street. It was almost time for Santa's scheduled trip over the town. Men and women jostled one another, seeking advantageous points; children were tossed high onto stalwart shoulders; fur coats pressed against threadbare cloth coats; all faces were expectant, eager. Suddenly the rumble of voices was hushed. Above, a motor hummed faintly. As the hums swelled to a roar and the plane came into view, a great shout burst from the throats of the waiting throng. A forest of hands stretched up to meet the dizzily whirling white envelopes and theater tickets, the gay balloons, and soft white swathed parcels floating down.

Two little figures excitedly wormed their way into the crowd before Bremen's store. And the Santa who stood within the entrance drew a deep breath of relief. Sheepishly, he admitted to himself that he had been waiting for those dirty urchins. Hands streaked with grime waved above their heads. Each struggled on tiptoe to capture the string that tied a red balloon. It wavered away, was caught by a man in a fur coat and passed on to a child perched on his father's shoulder nearby. No protest from the disappointed hands.

Suddenly the smaller child dove beneath the coats and knees of the people near Santa. He called a hoarse warning. The child would surely be trampled in the gutter. But before Tom could reach him he emerged triumphantly clasping in one grubby hand a water soaked theater ticket.

"Hey, Joe, lookee what I got," he called to his brother who was reeling in a bobbing blue balloon.

"Say," Joe cast a scornful eye on the piece of wet pasteboard, "Alec can't go to the theayter, what's eatin' ya?"

The child's face fell, then instantly brightened. "Well, can't auntie, go?"

"That's right Peanut, hang onto it. She'd like that—hey, say mister whatya think you're doin'. That's mine. Layoff."

A man was tugging at the child's treasure, then with a sharp little explosion it burst.

"Say ya big baboon, how do ya git that way?" The older boy's eyes filled with angry tears. But the man only laughed and walked away.

The child ruefully surveyed the limp string in his hand—all that remained of Alec's toy. Then he looked hopefully into the air, but the last fluttering bit was gone. With a gulp he took Peanut by the hand, "Come on," he said, "We might as well go home and tell him the truth. He's gotta know sometime."

Two dirty little hands clasped together, hard little faces turned toward a parentless home and a baby brother to be disillusioned, two little hearts accepting unquestioned life's tricks of fortune.

It was too much for the synthetic Santa. He crashed through the astonished crowd, brushing them roughly aside as he pursued the babies. "Hey, Peanut—Joe," he belated, "Wait a minute."

The two figures stopped and turned in wonder as Santa came up, blowing and puffing through his cotton whiskers. His voice was as excited as a boy's. "Come on back with me," he puffed, "I've got something for Alec."

Willingly enough the two children followed Santa Claus back to the deserted foyer.

"What you got?" Joe said stolidly. This was just something else likely to fool them, his expression said.

Santa surveyed them for a mad, surrendering moment. His heart was singing within him. The fetters of fifteen years of bitterness had fallen away as he rushed through that Christmas crowd. Hatred was gone. He wanted to laugh aloud, to sing—but his pride forbade. Instead, he knelt down before the two wondering boys and drew them into the red cotton covered arms—those two little urchins, shivering from

cold, with hard, knowing faces awaiting his answer.

He whispered to them with all the secretiveness of Christmas times immemorial. First their faces betrayed doubt, changed slowly to flickering unbelief, and suddenly they were children, real children, plotting and planning and as excited as thousands of others. Then all three disappeared mysteriously into the fairyland store.

Two hours later the synthetic Santa, with an enormous pack on his back, and the two boys—new boys they were from their shining rubbers to their warmly capped heads—stole up to the door of a tiny house that crouched on the river bank.

What a beautiful night it was, thought Tom. He saw the ice lying in a dull gray sheet below them, the cutting wind blew hard driving shifts of snow across the frozen river, and the stars above them were large and twinkling and very close to earth. How had he supposed there was nothing to this Christmas spirit idea! It was great! That his money was gone, mattered not at all. Merry Christmas it was!

"Wherth the bellth?" whispered Peanut.

"Right here," whispered back Santa.

"All ready," signalled Joe, peering through the key hole.

Jingle, jingle, tinkled the bells in a long ripple of tiny, tumbling notes. Then Peanut and Joe with a howl of glee hurled themselves through the door into the bare little room.

"Hey, Alec, we brung you Santa Claus."

"They ith a Thanta Clauth, Alec," whooped Peanut.

THE CHRISTMAS SYMBOL

Only a manger, cold and bare,
Only a maiden mild,
Only some shepherds kneeling there,
Watching a little child;
And yet that maiden's arms enfold
The King of heaven above;
And in the Christ-Child we behold
The Lord of Life and Love.

Only an altar high and fair,
Only a white robed priest,
Only Christ's children kneeling there
Keeping the Christmas feast;
And yet beneath the outward sign
The inward grace is given—
His presence, who is Lord Divine
And King of earth and heaven.

—Author unknown.

MISSIONS

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

MONEY, BRAINS, HEART

In the work of church and missions vast expenditures are necessary. This has always been the case.

I. The expenditures are various kinds. Though money is the least important, it is very vital and always has been. We point to the early church as an illustration of a time when missionary work was carried on without money, but this reveals very superficial thinking. It is doubtless true that in apostolic days and the centuries following, many received the gospel from Christian business men and other travelers as they went from place to place and from country to country; but the apostles and other ministers gave their time to the work, and this took money then as well as today. The message of Christ was carried to Asia Minor, Europe, Africa, and to the countries in Asia east of Palestine by Paul, Peter, Thomas, and the other apostles. Though these men did not receive salaries, their efforts required large sums of money, comparatively speaking. The gospel was dependent then as it is today upon that which we call money. The wealth of the world today is largely the result of missions beginning with the crucified Christ, and we honor ourselves as well as our Lord when we make the wealth entrusted to us the patron of missions and the Church.

II. Missions and churches demand vast expenditures in intellectual efforts, notwithstanding the opinion sometimes prevalent that the merest tyro is authority in missionary matters. Bishop McConnell said last week in Philadelphia that, "The Church is the one thing every one knows all about," and he might have included missions with even greater emphasis. It often happens that the less one knows about missions the louder and more positive he talks. The prophet cried, "My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge." Missions are often times destroyed because people won't dedicate to them the intellectual efforts which

they deserve. They are the greatest task of the ages and demand the greatest intellectual expenditure on the part of Christ's disciples. One may have been well versed twenty-five, ten, or even five years past as to the missionary situation and the demands connected therewith, and at the same time be very ignorant of the needs and methods of the present hour. The Christian Church and leaders must become intelligent regarding missions through exhaustive intellectual expenditures.

Three generations ago it was said by a noted educator that it took bricks, books, and brains to make a college. He put brains as the most important, and a college is not much without brains. Missions need the best brains of the world. It is well that men put the best intellectual endeavors into politics; it is well that they should sound the heights and depths of a business proposition, but the call of God to the men in the Church today is that they make their supreme intellectual dedication in the realm of missions, exhausting every resource to know everything pertaining to missions and to acquire skill in conducting them. When men expend the forces of their intellects this way, they are dedicating them to the highest end in the realm of men or angels.

III. In missions and church work there is another kind of expenditure, most vital of all. It is the expenditure of heart. It is spoken of in that familiar fifty-third chapter of Isaiah as travail of soul. "He shall see the travail of his soul, and shall be satisfied." Here lies the great power of the gospel. Paul said, "For I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation." It was because Paul's heart was on fire with tender and holy affection for men that the gospel had power in his hands. Without this he never could have been used of God to reach men; neither can we.

In a letter received two or three days ago, a man writing regarding his pastor said, "There is no feeling of antagonism roused in his hearers by what he says or by his manner. I have heard speakers in our church who, even while one agreed with what they were saying, seemed to rouse a kind of fighting feeling in hearers by their over-assertive way of presenting their truths. Pastor ——— does not have that

way. He interests and attracts." Why should we preachers arouse a feeling of antagonism in our hearers by what we say or by our manners? It is because we lack travail of soul. Why should the Sabbath school teacher, the exhorter in the prayer meeting, the singer in the choir, the man sitting at the head of the pew arouse antagonism against religion? It is because of a lack of heart. It is not enough that we believe what we say, and that we do many good deeds. There must be an agonizing desire to help men that takes the snarl out of our voices, the contempt out of our words, and the coldness out of our actions.

If the Church and missions succeed there must be a tremendous expenditure of heart. May God help us to see how cold and unlovely we are, and may he lead us to that burning soul hunger which led his Son to the cross.

WHY MISSIONS?

BY REV. WALTER L. GREENE

(A summary of an address given at the semi-annual meeting, Hebron, Pa., November 7, 1931)

The Christian enterprise is the biggest business in the world today, when we consider the number of places touched, the people involved, the breadth of interests concerned, or the demands on life, time, and money. The business of making Jesus Christ known to men is a tremendous enterprise in its objectives and its achievements.

The local and national phases of missions have almost universally been accepted. Few question the need of the local community or the people of our own land for the gospel of Christ and his way of life, but many do not see the world need. Foreign missions has always had to win its way, even among many Christian people.

ATTITUDES TOWARD MISSIONS

There are some who accept the foreign mission program of the Church as a part, and a vital part, of the Church's work. They accept it as a matter of course. They see no difference in principle in taking the gospel across the street and across the seas. Nationally or traditionally, they have accepted the Great Commission as the marching orders of the Church for each member.

With them the matter is beyond discussion; it is an abiding conviction:

There is another class of people, fortunately much smaller, who frankly oppose missions. They question the validity, the obligation, and the practicability of missionary effort. They say the task is so great it cannot be done; the pagan peoples are content. Why introduce a divisive religion among them. Their religions are good enough for them. Any way, let us first make America Christian.

There is still another group of people, a much larger group, who are undecided and wavering in interest and conviction. Under the influence of reports of open doors, increasing numbers of adherents, or the appeal of a stirring missionary address, they become enthusiastic, for a time at least, but when disturbances arise—a Boxer Rebellion or the Nationals forbid the teaching of religion in the schools, or some worldly tourist denounces missions which he took no pains to see and understand—such are likely to say, "What is the use"; why go to the trouble and expense of sending to them that which they do not want? Let native Christians do their own Christian work among their own people.

MISSIONS UNDER FIRE

It is not uncommon to see articles in the press, or book titles something like these: "Are Foreign Missions Done For? How Can Foreign Missions Be Saved? Are Missions a Failure?" In some religious circles there is a tendency to avoid the term "missions" and call such work "world service," "world friendship," or "international good will." These are only names, but to some they indicate changing attitudes and emphases in these days. There is no question but that the missionary enterprise is under fire. In fact it has always been under fire and probably always will be. So long as there are unchristian people whose personal habits and business interests are rebuked by the Christian way of life, there will be opposition. Selfishness does not easily give way to unselfishness, or self seeking to generosity and service, or narrowness and provincialism to world vision. There are personal and social implications that make the triumph of the cross difficult, but not impossible in the wisdom and power that come from above.

ABIDING REASONS FOR MISSIONS

In spite of some opposition, uncertainty, and confusion, there are fundamental considerations that are not affected by time and the fleeting thoughts of men. We need to remind ourselves of these from time to time as changes and new conditions present themselves that require some readjustments in ways and means of carrying on this phase of Christian enterprise.

1. God's love for erring humanity has not changed, nor has he who is the same yesterday, today, and forever forgotten his purpose to seek and to save that which was lost, when he commissioned his disciples to go into all the world to preach the gospel and teach the truths of his kingdom. It is still pleasing to him that they go as messengers of his love.

2. Need we remind ourselves that humanity is just as valuable and just as needy as it was when Jesus hung upon the cross? Humanity is precious in his sight, not only for what it is, but also for what it may become. The spark of divinity in every man may become a flame for God, but the world needs the Son of God to fan the spark into a flame.

3. The power of the gospel is unchanged. It is still the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth. The power of the gospel has been manifested in its wide extension and transforming power in the past hundred years as never before. His hand is not weakened that he cannot save to the uttermost those who come and follow him, the Way, the Truth, and the Life.

4. The Christian disciple's duty to proclaim the gospel unto all the world has not changed. The first disciples were told to "go." They were not to tarry until the nations should come asking for the gospel, but only until they themselves were endued with power from on high. "Go" with our personal service and by means of the God given gifts entrusted to us for a time. Thus we may hasten the extension and upbuilding of his kingdom.

President Lincoln was once asked how long a man's legs should be. "Long enough to reach the ground," was the laconic reply. The missionary enterprise may seem to some to be "in the air," but it is also very much upon the ground. It must reach up to God and down to earth and be the chan-

nel by which humanity of earth ascends to heaven. May it be ours to help make strong this channel of blessing to the nations of the world.

A LETTER FROM THE FIELD

Jackson Center is about midway between Alfred, N. Y., and Milton, Wis. It is in the extreme western part of the state, and about half way between Cincinnati and Toledo. It is in the heart of the corn belt of western Ohio. The town has a population of about nine hundred, and is surrounded by a thickly populated country. There are two main highways, one of which is a state highway.

The outlook for Jackson Center spiritually is encouraging, as the people "have a mind to work." They are very responsive to take part in any thing. Our church attendance is excellent, according to its membership. One other thing deserves mention here and that is the interest manifested in our newly organized study class, which has already been reported to the RECORDER by Miss Dortha Jane Lawhead, correspondent for the Young People's Page. All these things along with others should encourage any pastor. We are hoping that these interests will continue and that much good may be done for the Master.

We are looking forward to some special meetings which we expect to hold some time in February if our plans work out. There are quite a good many young people here who are not in the church, whom we hope to reach if possible in these meetings. We are hoping to reach others from the "outside."

The church sent its pastor along with others to the Michigan-Ohio semi-annual meeting which was held at White Cloud, Mich., in October. It also gave him leave of absence to attend the ordination services of Pastor A. T. Bottoms of Berea, W. Va., which took place the seventh of November. For these privileges the pastor is very grateful.

Recently there came a call from the South for help, whereupon the church responded by sending a box of used clothing.

VERNEY A. WILSON,
Missionary Pastor.

Jackson Center, Ohio,
November 23, 1931.

LETTER FROM REV. D. BURDETT COON

DEAR SABBATH RECORDER READERS:

Our last days in Jamaica, like practically all preceding days there, were crowded full with many things. Bless God, with all the sadness and sorrow of parting with some of the best folks in the world, there was also mixed in much joy and gladness.

We were in St. Mary Parish when I wrote you last. It was the wettest time we have had in the nearly five years spent in Jamaica. Heavy rains cut us out of most of the night services planned. But interest in the cause of the Master was never stronger. While there this time it was my great privilege to baptize nine happy adult candidates, all converts to Christ and the Sabbath of Jehovah. On Sabbath morning I baptized two who united with the Bowensville Church. This church is full of zeal and hope and is making steady growth in numbers and spiritual power.

At Wallingford, a few miles from Guy's Hill, Brother Bernard S. Benjamin has started a good interest. Some time ago God blessed his labors there in giving him a few converts to the Sabbath. He secured copies of the *Helping Hand* from us, and organized a Sabbath school of twenty-one members. He continued holding Sabbath and other services. Interest in the work increased. On this, our last Sunday morning in St. Mary, I preached to more than three hundred people at Wallingford, after which I baptized seven people. That night at the service conducted by Brother Benjamin two more stepped out for Sabbath observance. Brother Benjamin and the people have built a booth here where they will continue the services. This is a new Seventh Day Baptist society well deserving our sympathies and prayers.

That night we were with our Bowensville people again. It rained just before time for church service. With everything so soaking wet it did not seem as though anyone would come for the service. But the house was full for our farewell service. It was hard indeed for us to say goodbye to these good, progressive, spiritually minded folks.

Upon returning to Kingston for our last few days in Jamaica we were crowded to the limit in looking after many details preparatory to our departure. We had excel-

lent services throughout the Sabbath and again Sunday night. Brother Simeon Lyons, pastor of our Wakefield Church, gave a warm gospel message on Sunday night. And Brother N. A. Edwards, pastor of our Lower Buxton Church, gave another such message last Wednesday night in our Charles Street church. The people made of the Sabbath services an informal rally. There was no preconceived or prearranged program. Worthy representatives of our work from Bath, Lower Buxton, Wakefield, Glen Goffe, Luna, Wallingford, and Bowensville were present. A good number of these stayed over Sunday with us. The services were of an impromptu nature taken part in by many people. Many words of encouragement and inspiration for churches and people were spoken. The Holy Spirit was present in a marked degree. Tributes of praise for your humble and unworthy servant excelled anything of the kind he had ever heard before. These expressions of appreciation will go with him to his dying day, and will more than a thousand times make up for his heartaches and sorrows caused by harsh, unkind, unjust, and untrue words spoken against him during his stay in Jamaica.

My last official work on the island took place last Wednesday in connection with the examination of thirty-two students in the business college conducted by Professor Boggis. Mr. Boggis has superintended this college very successfully for twenty years. He always has on hand a bright lot of young men and young women. The college is connected directly with, and is subject to, the Bath Institute in England. Several years ago Professor Boggis asked me to go on the examining committee of the college, and secured from the officials in England my appointment to that office. The college holds examinations about once in three months besides some *special* ones. The papers are all signed by the examining committee and then sent to Bath, England, to be passed upon. The graduating certificates of those passing the examinations are signed by the examining committee. It has done me great good to come in touch in this way with Mr. Boggis and the teachers in the college and this fine class of enterprising young people during these years.

But the burden of my heart all these

years has been the bringing of souls to Christ, and the building up of our cause. All too little have I done for our Lord and Master. My sufferings for his sake have been small and insignificant. It hurts me that I have not been able to do more for Jamaica. Saying good-by to strong men and women, weeping like children because we shall see one another's faces no more in this world, touches a very tender spot in our lives. Most of all it grieves me to leave the shepherding of these dear people before Brother and Sister Hargis come to take our places in this great work. But we leave them in the hands of the Good Shepherd, hoping they will follow him so closely that the wolves will not harm them.

I am writing this on the S. S. Carrillo, of the United Fruit Company, where we have been having a very pleasant voyage, now nearing New York.

Sincerely yours,

D. BURDETT COON.

December 1, 1931.

CHRISTMAS

The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light: they that dwelt in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined.

For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given; and the government shall be upon his shoulder: and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counselor, Mighty God, Everlasting Father, Prince of Peace.

Love came down at Christmas,
Love all lovely, Love divine;
Love was born at Christmas,
Star and angels gave the sign.

Love shall be our token,
Love be yours, and love be mine,
Love to God and all men,
Love the universal sign.

—Christina G. Rossetti.

The deepest note of Christmas is thanksgiving. The angels sang its first *Te Deum* for all men to learn. And our Christmas prayer shall be: "Give us day by day this day's doxology; teach our common lives to sing, 'Glory to God.'" —T. H. Darlow.

The life of the Lord Jesus Christ upon the earth was the working out and development of the song of the angels. It was "Glory to God," illustrated in his obedience,

in his personal sacrifice, in his prayers and teachings, in his consecration and death. It was "peace" in all the utterances of his life, peace beaming from his gentle eye, peace spoken by his daily acts, peace in his bearing humbly and patiently the buffetings, strokes, and insults, and injuries that were put upon him. It was "good will to man," for every thought, word, and act of that blessed life was the translation of God's infinite love into forms visible to the mortal eyes that saw him. —John McClintock.

The wise men from the East adored
The infant Jesus as their Lord,
Brought gifts to him their King.
Jesus, grant us thy light, that we
The way may find and unto thee
Our hearts, our all, a tribute bring.
—Moravian Hymnal.

CHRISTMAS PRAYER

Light of those who sit in darkness, Day-star of our peace and hope, shine with pure light upon our grateful hearts this Christmas morning. Son of the Living God and Son of man, thou art the elder Brother of our eternal hope, the Gift of God forever deepening joy, the Savior of thy people from their sins. In faith and love we come to worship with the shepherds at thy feet. We bless thee that the glory of thy presence has transformed the earth and filled its desolate hills with song, and put a thought of thee in every ministry of loving gifts, and made the glory of heaven appear in common paths of life. Teach us in all humility and patience to accept that experience of suffering which thou hast not disdained. Grant that our eyes may see the coming of thy peace to men, and make us sharers of the everlasting kingdom of our God. Amen.

—DEAN ARTHUR E. MAIN.

WINTER TREES

Elms at the break of the morning
Feathered with glittering frost,
Maples a-grope in the evening,
Boughs like the arms of the lost,
Poplars, the tall silver candles
Peaked in the dark of the day,
Willows, whose sorrowful branches
Touched by the wind, swing and sway.

Sycamores, gray in the forest,
Lovely and high on the hill,
Pines, the beloved and fragrant—
Winter trees, beautiful still.

—Margaret Thurston, in the Baptist.

WOMAN'S WORK

MRS. ALBERTA DAVIS BATSON
Contributing Editor

A LETTER FROM MISS ANNA WEST

*The Woman's Board,
Salem, W. Va.*

DEAR FRIENDS:

A dozen red eggs. Do you know what they mean? When we came home from supper the other night we found them on the table. That was the formal announcement of the arrival of David Sung, Jr. I have not seen him yet, but his father and everyone else who has seen him say that he looks like his daddy. He and his "big" sister and Eling are expected back from Liuho in about a week.

The Daily Vacation Bible school has closed. It was not a "school" this year but a "Bible institute," to conform to government regulations. Here there were registered some one hundred seventy children of the neighborhood, and so far as I can find out, of all this number only one or two had been in our regular school. (We might think we touched most of the children of the neighborhood either in the regular school or in the summer if we did not see so many more on the street.) One day I bought some peaches at a booth on the street in front of the mission and a small boy helped me bring them in. As we came in the gate he announced proudly that this was his school. Then I realized that he was one of the lads that formed in the long queue on the playground and marched in such orderly fashion into the schoolroom each morning.

I attended the closing exercises. There were hymns, recitation of Bible verses, and then the giving of prizes. Those who had done well in their lessons received essay-books, pens, or ink. Those who had been present every day and had not been tardy were given erasers. Those of each class who had had the cleanest hands, faces, and clothes, received handkerchiefs. Emphasis on application, attendance, cleanliness, was given with character building and a taste of the gospel.

The principal of the institute this summer is one of the seniors of this coming year, and the adviser was our fifth grade teacher, who goes to college this fall. This work is done entirely by the Chinese and the teaching is done by the older pupils of the regular school.

The paper today suggests that it takes the summer to reveal the density of the population of this city, and that the great puzzle is where they all go when winter comes. It is the question in my mind every time I go on the street. In the afternoon the sidewalk swarms with people. In the evening it still swarms—but in quiet places they are horizontal. I think it was sixty that Mabel counted on the steps and walk in front of the church one night. When we go out our gate in the evening we have almost to walk over them, and they spend the whole night there. The other evening we went to the French Park and when we came home at eight-thirty, sidewalks not in front of shops were lined with men and children stretched on matings and getting the benefit of the breeze that swept down the road. They say the city postoffice is a perfectly good postoffice by day, but at night it makes a fine place for the neighborhood to escape the heat.

But it is a different story along the Yangtze. Every paper tells of houses collapsing, people drowning, and millions homeless. It is a terrible situation and so widespread, for it is not just along the Yangtze. Other rivers are overflowing too. It is splendid to see how America is offering aid and how the Chinese around here are coming forward to help. The need is great now and will be greater when winter comes. At the missionary prayer meeting last Monday a doctor from Kiukiang told of some of the things he had seen and the work their hospital is carrying on to relieve the refugees on the banks of the river. He said it was even worse than we could gather from the papers. They make it seem serious enough.

August 22, 1931.

DEAR FRIENDS:

My August letter is not off yet and by the time it reaches you, you will be so cold that it will seem to come from another world. And it was nearly *six* weeks ago

that I was supposed to write and tell you about the opening of school!

We opened earlier than usual because the educational bureau encourages shorter summer vacations. The entrance examinations were August 28, and the pupils returned September 1, but the heat had broken, so it was not at all bad for study.

The lower grades were all registered full long before the time for opening and we had to turn away large numbers. In the first four grades, out of a total of one hundred twenty-three, only about a dozen are boarding pupils, so you see we are serving the community. In the more advanced grades the majority of pupils are also from near by. From the kindergarten on up through the junior high school we accepted a total of two hundred sixty pupils. In the Boys' School from fifth grade up through senior high they have about one hundred thirty, which is a large increase over previous registrations, and quite crowds them.

In our boarders are three more "grandchildren"—children of former pupils. We like best to have these and relatives and friends of former pupils. One little first grader granddaughter nearly wore out her teacher and all the rest of us by her weeping and homesickness. Her mother brought her up from Hongkong to put her in school, and it looked as if she might as well take her back, but after about two weeks of sadness she reached the point where she could smile again and now she is as happy as anyone.

Mrs. Davis laughs at me because each term I find the pupils even nicer than any before. But I will leave it to the teachers of our group if they do not agree with me that it is usually true.

The Sino-Japanese situation has made some tension and extra activity in the schools. The pupils have a keen sense of their responsibility and a desire to do their share. They have an organization including both Boys' and Girls' schools. The boys have gone out on propaganda work; both schools have written bulletins publishing anti-Japanese essays and the like; the boys are taking military drill; and the girls ask for lessons in first aid, of which Doctor Crandall has given them one.

Their most constructive patriotic service has been along the line of aid for flood

refugees. Soon after school opened the two schools raised nearly \$200 Mexican (about \$45 in United States currency). Last week they undertook to make some winter garments and nearly finished about thirty-five. These are cotton-wadded. We were very much pleased over their enthusiasm and interest in doing this.

There have been over sixty-five thousand refugees in camps in and around Shanghai, of whom more than a third are destitute. The relief organization that has cared for them, now feels that the situation is such that they can be returned to their native places (not home, for most of these are gone) and this will be done as rapidly as possible. This does not mean that no more relief work is needed. On the contrary, perhaps the most difficult part is still to be done. One wonders how they have the courage to return to nothing but land with winter ahead, but that is still "home" to them. They will still have to have much assistance.

I do not need to tell you that we were glad to have the Davises back again. Just how glad we were you can imagine when you stop to think how depleted our numbers were with the Crofoots and Davises all gone. We hobbled along through September, but now we are walking again!

With greetings to all the dear friends and best wishes for the work of the year, I am yours in His work,
ANNA M. WEST.

*Grace School for Girls,
23 Route de Zikawei,
Shanghai, November 8, 1931.*

AN EVENING MEDITATION

[The following poem was written by Mrs. Mary E. Fillyaw of Fayetteville, N. C., in 1909. It was written at the request of her day-nurse when she lay sick in the hospital. Other of Mrs. Fillyaw's poems have appeared in these pages and just recently this one was sent to your contributing editor.]

Day has died along the west,
Songbirds, too, are now at rest,
Big frogs in the pond now bellow,
From the east the moon comes yellow,
Both my pets are barking, Spot and Fellow.

Babes on mothers' breasts are sleeping,
Lonely souls in silence now are weeping,
While the star snow through their windows
peeping,
Would say, "While tears your cheeks are steep-
ing,

Look up, and cease your weeping."

For night possesses glories rare,
Stars talk with stars, night's queen rides fair
Above earth's ambient atmosphere;
Each rolling sphere, a world on high,
Decks "heaven's floor," day's azure sky.

Some floating clouds like airships ride,
The pilot winds their courses guide;
And now a meteor shoots from far
An arrow shot from the "Gates ajar,"
As on it flies from star to star.

It writes its message on the sky,
Its heaven-sent message to sorrow's eye,
"Rejoice," it says, "for sorrow shall die,
When 'perfect through suffering' your spirit
shall fly

As a star through regions of light on high."

Night glides along toward the west,
Still nature now enjoys its rest;
But there are those on beds of pain,
Tossed to and fro, whose mad eyes strain
With terror'd gaze; then roll again,
While waves of pain roll through each brain.

And there are those confined in cells,
Those blighted hearts where madness dwells:
No more for them sweet music swells,
No tender, softly-spoken word their raging
quells,
No sympathetic word can reach their souls' deep
wells.

And there are those, whose upturned eyes,
Divinely bright, look through the skies
And see on high the glittering prize
For those whose race on earth is done,
The battle fought, the victory won.

GOLD STAR MOTHERS

A PILGRIMAGE

BY MRS. HATTIE E. WEST

(Continued)

It is customary for each pilgrimage party to select one of its number, known as the Honor Mother, to represent the party on occasions requiring a representative. Often they select the eldest mother. Party B selected as its representative, Mrs. Luella Deitz of Saginaw, Mich., a white haired woman of seventy-seven years, not quite the eldest of the party, but chosen because of her age and because she had two sons sleeping in the cemeteries of France. She was accompanied always by her roommate, a Polish woman from Wisconsin.

Even the great city of New York was not unmindful of the guests of the government and was pleased to do them honor. As we were being taken to the dock for embarkation on the *America* each mother was presented with a small, silk flag in a neat

case which bore the inscription, "presented to the Gold Star Mothers by the city of New York."

The *America* proved to be a steady ship and her accommodations ample and commodious. Although there were few who had staterooms alone, no mother was asked to share her bed with another at any time during the entire trip and no upper berths in the staterooms were used. It was hinted that the other passengers on the *America* were none too well pleased that the best staterooms had been assigned to the pilgrimage group. The one given to my roommate and myself was once occupied by Ex-President and Mrs. Roosevelt, so we were informed by our steward, who paid his tribute of respect to the Roosevelt family and especially to Mrs. Roosevelt. He did not forget to mention, also, the generous tip received from the Roosevelts. But if this was intended as a hint, it was not taken, for our instructions given us on shipboard, and again in Paris, were to give no tips. We were assured that the government had provided generously for all our service and we were earnestly requested to follow all instructions.

At one time one asked the officer in charge in Paris if we were to tip the guides provided by the government for our party when they gave us individual service. His reply was, "Emphatically not, and what is more, should we know of one of them accepting a tip he would be instantly discharged." Indeed, the question had not occurred to me personally. The character of their service and the spirit in which it was given was such that I would have as soon thought of offering a tip to a friend who had shown me a kindness as to one of them.

On shipboard the party was in charge of Lieutenant Harris and Miss Conley, the nurse who kept close watch over the health of the party, visiting each of the mothers who showed any signs of illness of any kind, once or twice daily, insisting on the doctor's attendance if she thought necessary. Though there was little sea-sickness, with one hundred twenty-eight mothers whose ages ranged from fifty-five to nearly eighty, there was plenty to keep a nurse busy. There was one case of pneumonia among the pilgrims, and one mother from North Dakota was taken so seriously ill

on her way over that on her arrival in Paris she was taken at once to the American hospital. Here she remained during our entire stay in France, under the care of expert nurses and specialists. When we left Paris, she was enough better to be sent back to the United States, accompanied by a nurse. Not being quite so well when we reached New York, she was again taken to the hospital. She was finally sent to her North Dakota home in charge of a nurse, and is now quite well. All of her expenses were borne by the government whose guest she was. If Mrs. Olson had been stricken with her illness in her North Dakota home, remote from hospitals and expert physicians and nurses, it is doubtful if she would have recovered.

Miss Conley, the nurse, did not encourage much activity by the mothers on ship-board, as she wished them to conserve their strength for the strenuous days ahead in France. While there were some group meetings of women from different states and of women whose sons had served in the same company or divisions, for the most part the mothers spent the time in their staterooms or visiting in little groups of two or three on deck or in the lounge. On passing these groups, the words heard most frequently were "my boy" or "my son"; and the tone in which these words were uttered was that of loving pride and tenderness.

Sunday on the *America* was a day to be remembered. The sermon in the morning was delivered with special reference to the Gold Star groups. In the afternoon all were bidden to the upper deck to attend the services held at the behest of the United States government in honor of those soldiers and seamen of the Great War who had lost their lives at sea. The officers of the ship and Lieutenant Harris were present. Mrs. Dietz, as representative of our group, was given the seat of honor. The party gathered about what resembled a bier, draped with the United States flag and decorated with a beautiful wreath of gold straw flowers, tied with wide purple ribbon. At a signal the wreath was removed by two sailor lads and cast overboard. Then Mrs. Dietz was given a carefully corked bottle which we were told contained the names of the Gold Star Mothers of Party B, and directions for the disposal of the bottle,

should it be picked up. This she threw into the sea. The service ended with a prayer by the minister who had spoken in the morning.

"From this simple service on the upper deck, the mothers were taken to the social hall for the presentation of medallions given by the United States lines, each mother as her name was called went forward to receive at the hands of Captain A. N. Moore, a medallion with an accompanying scroll which read:

"In memory of the supreme sacrifice, we have the honor to present to you this Gold Star medallion, symbolizing your pilgrimage to the battlefields of the World War."

The medallions, attached to a red, white, and blue ribbon long enough to be worn about the neck, were of bronze. On one side, in relief, was represented a ship at sea, the Statue of Liberty, and the Eiffel Tower. On the reverse were the words, "Gold Star Pilgrimage to the Battlefields of the World War." The presentation of the medals was followed by an address from Senator White of Michigan.

Previous to our landing at Cherbourg, the party was divided into groups according to the cemeteries to be visited, and were assigned to different hotels in Paris.

For the Oise-Aisne cemetery there were nineteen pilgrims; for the Aisne-Marne fifteen; the St. Mihiel thirteen; the Somme eighteen; and the Suresnes ten. In France each of these groups was in charge of an officer and a nurse. For the Meuse-Argonne group of fifty-three a larger personnel was required.

On landing we bade farewell to Lieutenant Harris and Nurse Conley for the time being, and found ourselves in charge of another set of officials and nurses, who accompanied us the two hundred thirty miles to Paris by train.

The train was waiting for us when we landed. It was labeled in large letters "Pilgrimage of Gold Star Mothers and widows." As we were waiting at the station, I observed a woman in black who read the inscription on the train, then lifted her handkerchief to her eyes. This little act, performed unconscious of our observation, made us feel more than words could have done, we were receiving a sympathetic wel-

come by the women of France, and established a bond of sympathy between us.

Our ride to Paris was across Normandy, and someone recalled the song "It's Blossom-time in Normandy." Party B was especially fortunate in coming at this time of the year, for it was indeed blossom-time in Normandy! The fruit trees, and there were many of them, were thick with blossoms and the lilacs and horse chestnuts added their beauty.

Darkness came on about the time we reached Paris. Some confusion and delay might have been expected in landing one hundred twenty-eight women inexperienced in travel, in a foreign city. However, there was neither delay nor confusion. Almost before we knew it, we were in the busses and on the way to the hotels.

The Meuse-Argonne group, about whom this story is henceforth principally concerned, was now taken charge of by those who were with us throughout our pilgrimage in France. At the head was Captain Louisell, a veteran of the World War. He was assisted by two guides, ex-service men who had served in France, and three nurses. Our party was conveyed wherever we went in busses, one of the guides or the captain and a nurse always accompanying each bus. The nurses accompanying each bus also had charge of the mothers belonging to that bus at all times and gave them the same careful supervision that was given by the nurses on the ship.

In case of need, the services of a doctor from the American Hospital were quickly available.

The headquarters of the Meuse-Argonne group in Paris was the Hotel Ambassador, on one of the principal boulevards in the heart of the tourist district.

Before starting on the cemetery trip, we had four days in Paris, and after our return, three days. Portions of these days were given over to sightseeing and included a visit to Napoleon's tomb, the Luxemburg gardens, Notre Dame, Versailles, the Colonial Exposition, and the Louvre. We had also a day and a night sightseeing about Paris. In addition, there was some opportunity for individual shopping and sightseeing trips for which the guides, when not otherwise engaged, were at our service.

On the second day after our arrival in

Paris, the entire party of one hundred twenty-eight met at the Tomb of the French Unknown Soldier under Napoleon's great Triumphal Arch, to pay their tribute of respect. In ranks of two under the arch that has witnessed so much of French history, we surrounded the tomb in silence. At the head of the tomb was the light that is always kept burning. Near the foot stood the French and American army officers in full dress uniform. By the side of the tomb stood three men holding beautiful sprays and wreaths of flowers. Colonel Ellis, who is in charge of the pilgrimages in France, escorted our Honor Mother to the tomb, and taking one of the sprays of flowers handed it to her to place upon the tomb. Mrs. Dietz was then escorted back to her place, and Mrs. Canniff of Janesville, Wis., was escorted to the tomb to lay upon it a beautiful wreath authorized by some patriotic organization of that city. Last, Mrs. Thorpe of Massachusetts, a mother of an American unknown soldier, placed her tribute of flowers on the tomb of the French unknown soldier. There were no words spoken and no music, as is the custom on this sacred spot, but the ceremony was most impressive.

At the close of this ceremony we were taken to the restaurant Laurent, where there were speeches by the army officers, both American and French, and by certain eminent divines, Protestant and Catholic. Mrs. Nock spoke for the mothers and Colonel Ellis for the government. Among the French officers present was one Major de Rochambeau, a direct descendant of the gallant Frenchman who lent his aid to the United States in the Revolutionary War.

At the close of the speech making, refreshments were served and the French women came to greet us personally and to express their welcome. This was about the only occasion in which we came in close contact with the French women. The waiters in the hotels were always men. The few women we saw about their tasks as chambermaids and the like were poorly dressed, and there was that in their faces that told of even sadder experiences than those of poverty.

Paris has been called a gay city, but we saw little gaiety in the faces of those we met.

We saw the women in the village streets and in the fields and waved our greetings as we passed them in the busses. These were usually sympathetically returned. While we felt that we had much in common with them, we could but realize as we saw the war-torn countrysides, the devastated villages, the many cemeteries and war memorials, that, heavy as our losses had been, they were hardly to be compared with theirs.
(Other installments later)

FINANCE BOOKLET

Your Finance Committee calls attention to a booklet of twenty-four pages which is being sent out for distribution in the pews. Readers may find material of the booklet spread on the two inside covers and back of this issue of the SABBATH RECORDER.

The aim of the committee is to put as many as possible in possession of the facts. Figures usually tell straight truth. They do here. They should tell to all who read that in the Onward Movement budget this year, bare necessities, the meagerest possible only, have been included. They tell that indebtedness on which interest is being paid is not provided for in the main budget.

All admit there is weakness in a parallel budget—that weakness is here. But it must be faced.

Figures from the Onward Movement treasurer, found on another page, in a report covering the first five months of the Conference year, compared with the figures of the budget will show that about one-half as much has been raised as should be realized for this period. Not so good.

This situation must be faced. God is good to us. This is his work we are trying to do. We can shoulder our burdens courageously, if we will, and find ourselves rejoicing next July in a budget fully raised and our debts fully wiped out. But we must "step in" right now.

FINANCE COMMITTEE.

A CHRISTMAS PRAYER

We open here our treasures and our gifts;
And some of it is gold,
And some is frankincense,
And some is myrrh;
For some has come from plenty,
Some from joy,
And some from deepest sorrows of the soul.
But thou, O God, dost know the gift is love.
Our pledge of peace, our promise of good will.
Accept the gift and all the life we bring.

—Herbert H. Hines.

CHRISTMAS BELLS

I heard the bells on Christmas day
Their old familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet the words repeat
Of peace on earth, good will to men.

I thought how, as the day had come,
The belfries of all Christendom
Had rolled along the unbroken song
Of peace on earth, good will to men.

And in despair I bowed my head;
"There is no peace on earth," I said;
"For hate is strong, and mocks the song
Of peace on earth, good will to men."

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep:
"God is not dead, nor doth not sleep.
The wrong shall fail, the right prevail,
With peace on earth, good will to men."

Till, ringing, singing on its way,
The world revolved from night to day,
A voice, a chime, a chant sublime,
Of peace on earth, good will to men.

—Longfellow.

Christmas Presents



WHY not help redeem the holy season of Christmas from the commercial and secular spirit? Why not let your Christmas presents serve spiritual, cultural, and permanent values? You can do this by making a present of a subscription to the Sabbath Recorder which weekly carries your message of good will throughout the year. \$2.50 will carry your present throughout the year 1932, beginning with our beautiful Christmas number of December 14, 1931. Orders sent immediately will be entitled to a fine card announcing the gift.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

REV. CLIFFORD A. BEEBE
Contributing Editor
NADY, ARK.

LEARNING FROM EXPERIENCE

Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day,
December 26, 1931

DAILY READINGS

Sunday—The fool and the wise (Prov. 12: 15;
15: 31-33)

Monday—A lesson in faith (Ps. 37: 23-25)

Tuesday—Value of others' experience (Rom. 15:
1-5)

Wednesday—Should we forgive wrongs? (Gen.
45: 1-11)

Thursday—Lying exposed (1 Kings 5: 20-27)

Friday—Behold the drunkard! (Prov. 23: 29-35)

Sabbath Day—Topic: Should we learn from the
experiences of others? Why? How? (Heb.
11: 32-40; 12: 1-2)

BY VERNON D. WILLIAMS

The Book of Proverbs is a record of the experiences of the wise and the foolish. It is the record of the experiences of one who received as a divine gift the talent of wisdom—wisdom so great that during his life royalty from distant nations came to consult him or to wonder at his greatness of mind; wisdom so lasting that it has carried down through the ages. He would be a fool who scoffed at it. "The way of a fool is right in his own eyes: but he that hearkeneth unto counsel is wise." Proverbs 12: 15.

Proverbs 15: 33, "and before honour is humility." Jonah, the first missionary, was perhaps too proud of the fact that his nation was God's chosen people, to care to obey God's call to carry his message to the inhabitants of Nineveh. He tried to run away from God; he became angry with God several times, yet God succeeded by humbling him, to show that he is no respecter of persons. Pride goeth before a fall. It is not to be wondered at that the superstition was established, "Knock on wood" if you brag of something, when we consider how faithfully that truth has been carried out. To believe that does not take faith, only a look into the history of nations as well as individuals convinces us.

In Psalm 37: 23-25, we find a testimony beside which there need be no further support—an old man who has never in all his life seen the righteous forsaken. How sweet is faith when we hear the promise that "Though a good man fall, he shall not be utterly cast down: for the Lord upholdeth him with his hand." The characters of the Old Testament set us a good example in faith by holding fast to God in all circumstances. Paul assures the Romans in chapter 15: 4 that "whatsoever things were written aforetime were written for our learning, that we through patience and comfort of the Scriptures might have hope." And what was the lesson those writers had learned? "We, then, that are strong, ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves." We need not slavishly follow the experience of others. Our situation is not necessarily the same as theirs, but we should consider those experiences and learn all that we can from them.

One of the greatest lessons learned from those who have gone before us is patience—patience with life, patience with others, patience with God. There are many promises which we may accept through faith, and if we use our faith and try out those promises, we shall have our own experiences upon which to base our belief in God. In the New Testament we find, "All things work together for good to them that love God." But that may be soon or it may be after many years of faith and faithful living. The "patience of Job" is probably only a proverb, yet it is a real and vital experience in the life of any one of us when we place implicit faith in God's wisdom and guidance in all of our trials and tests. Jesus is our best example of such patience through faith. Has any of us ever suffered as did he, and yet has any of us such patience and such great faith? Perhaps we have resolved never to do again something which we know to be wrong. When the temptation comes we are weak and yield. We repent and again resolve, again with the same result. But "never give up the ship." We may learn to persevere. It is better to go down with colors flying than give up the fight for right. God is always with us. The time will come when through his grace we shall be strong enough to meet the test and conquer. Biography helps us if it in-

spires us to set a high goal and keep on against all odds until we reach it.

Does patience bear forgiveness? Can we forgive "seventy times seven times" the wrongs that are done us? More than seventy times seventy would be the wrongs God has forgiven us.

But just as truly as we are forgiven when we repent of wrong doing, must we pay for our sins. We will be found out, for God knows. "An inventor, if he is wise, will study the experience of other inventors and learn how a thing cannot be done. Then he will try to find a better way." As Arthur Phelps says, "Experience is the extract of suffering," yet youth's common error is to think that "others failed because they were weak, but I will succeed—I am different!" Perhaps such enthusiasm is a blessing, yet only experience and pain can subdue that spirit. Many youths leave school because they turn a deaf ear to the lesson which past experience shows—that one is handicapped without a good education. The person who wants to try for himself is like the moth. It flies to the light until it gets burned and dies.

Why test what we already know? We try some experience for our selves, like taking narcotics, drink, indulging in vice, and find it like taking a deadly dose of poison to see its effects, when we already know from the experience of others what its effect will be.

One would think that the effect of drink on a father would be enough to teach any son or daughter. For some it is, but many a son of a drunkard takes to drink and becomes a drunkard like his father, as if it were some new experience entirely outside his realm. The mule-like mind cannot be held back from going its own way in face of all warning, and there is little to do but let it pay the high price for its pains.

The question is not: Should we learn from experience of others; but: Are we learning from the experience of others?

North Loup, Neb.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S BOARD MEETING

The president, Miss Marjorie J. Burdick, called to order the regular meeting of the Young People's Board.

L. E. Babcock read a selection from the "Denominational Studies," by Rev. Wm.

Simpson, explaining the formation and location of the various associations. Prayer closed this devotional part of the meeting.

Minutes of the previous meeting were read.

The treasurer presented a quarterly report as follows:

TREASURER'S REPORT FOR QUARTER ENDING SEPTEMBER 30, 1931

<i>Dr.</i>	
July 1, amount on hand	\$1,005.59
July 1, one-third collection Central Association	7.51
July 8, Onward Movement	180.99
July 8, Conference treasurer for Independence Sabbath school	5.00
August 4, Onward Movement	96.10
September 4, Onward Movement	112.86
	<u>\$1,408.05</u>
<i>Cr.</i>	
July 4, corresponding secretary, salary \$	15.00
July 15, Herman Ellis, salary at boys' camp at White Cloud	30.00
July 18, Rev. Wm. Simpson, balance of salary at boys' camp at White Cloud....	30.00
August 6, Mrs. Nettie Fowler, salary at girls' camp at White Cloud	30.00
August 6, Conference awards	7.50
August 6, Rev. John Randolph, Junior work	2.00
August 6, Miss Dorothy Maxson, expenses Northwestern Association	15.00
August 8, corresponding secretary, expenses	15.00
August 8, Mrs. Nettie Crandall, Conference expenses, Junior department	30.00
September 24, Miss Marjorie Burdick, salary	50.00
September 24, Mrs. Nettie Crandall, Junior department	4.50
September 24, Miss Marjorie Burdick, Conference expenses	66.00
September 24, expenses fellowship breakfast at Conference	17.20
September 24, corresponding secretary, salary	25.00
September 24, corresponding secretary, expenses, stencils, etc.	15.00
September 24, balance	1,054.85
	<u>\$1,408.05</u>

Voted that a bill be allowed for \$1.75, supplies for Rev. C. A. Beebe, editor of Young People's Department in RECORDER.

The corresponding secretary read the following report for October:

Correspondence has been received from: Miss Ella Tomlinson, Miss Ethel Rogers, Rev. C. A. Beebe, Rev. W. L. Davis, Everett T. Harris, Miss Evalois St. John, Rev. Carlton Sherwood, Miss Maxine Armstrong, Miss Wilna Bond, Rev. H. C. Van Horn, Rev. Carroll L. Hill.

News Bits items have been received from Adams Center, North Loup, Milton Junction, Waterford, Battle Creek.

Two editions of *News Bits* have been mimeographed and sent out. One social sent in by the Ashaway society has been mimeographed and sent to the other societies.

Fifteen letters have been written.

Board notices were sent out.

RUBY C. BABCOCK,
Corresponding Secretary.

Correspondence was read from Rev. C. A. Beebe, Ethel Rogers, Rev. Carroll L. Hill.

Mrs. Nettie Crandall discussed some problems and asked suggestions for Junior work.

The following committees were appointed:

Field committee — Doctor Johanson, Ruby C. Babcock, E. H. Clarke.

Nominating committee — E. H. Clarke, Rev. Wm. Simpson, Marjorie Burdick.

Some discussion was held concerning magazines and other helps on young people's work for the use of board members. The corresponding secretary was asked to obtain information about available materials before the December meeting.

Our representatives in the association are always ready to assist in any way possible. The advisability was considered of informing denominational and church leaders of the use that may be made of these associational secretaries.

The meeting closed with prayer.

Members present: Mrs. Ruby C. Babcock, Marjorie Burdick, E. H. Clarke, Sara Davis, L. E. Babcock, Dr. B. F. Johanson, Mrs. Nettie Crandall, Marjorie W. Maxson.

Respectfully submitted,

MARJORIE W. MAXSON,
Secretary pro tem.

THE RELIGIOUS LIFE OF THE DENOMINATION

FRIENDLY VISITATION

Encouragements from the denominational field keep coming to the Committee on Denominational life. Many people of our churches are following the Bible reading suggestions made from time to time. Friendly visiting is being promoted and carried on. In a letter to the committee's chairman, Pastor A. Clyde Ehret writes: "We are trying to carry out the plans of friendly visitation. A letter has been sent

out to all the people of Alfred who have or ought to have connections with the church. We are asking those who can and will to follow up with friendly visiting. Some have volunteered. We hope to keep the plan working and believe much good will result. It is a plan that pleases me very much." He incloses with his letter a copy of the one sent out to people of the community. Its helpful spirit and contents may encourage others. It follows:

To the Members and Friends of

First Alfred Seventh Day Baptist Church:

It is recognized that the church is the greatest factor in any community for righteousness and for the building up of manhood and womanhood. We who have upon our hearts the welfare of the church feel that more of the Alfred people should realize that they, too, have a responsibility in maintaining the standards and ideals of the church.

A goodly number are interested in the church as a powerful aid in their own moral and spiritual welfare. They show their interest by regular attendance and support. Others are interested, but do not often attend or help in any way to bear the burdens or responsibilities of the church. Thus they not only neglect the church and its service to others, but neglect their own spiritual welfare and let themselves fall below the standards of life which they once rightly and justly set for themselves. This they cannot afford to do. We all need the help of the church to keep our minds and hearts awake and active to the best standards of living.

We are not speaking for the church alone; we are speaking for the people—for you. The church exists not for itself but for the people. What would a community be without a church? Few people would want to live in such a community. The church needs you, but most of all, you need the church.

Then who should support the church?

Come and help make our church an ideal church—a friendly, influential, ministering church. Help give it the worth and value which you think a church should have. Perhaps our church is not succeeding and our community is not at its best because you are not making your contribution in ideals and inspiration. Come and add your bit!

We hope this letter will be followed by friendly visitation. You are asked with others to make friendly visits and to invite people to work and worship with us. The church has voted to sponsor this program of friendly correspondence and visitation, hoping thus to improve the spiritual life of this community.

Show this letter to each member of your family, talk it over, and decide what part you will take in the carrying out of the program of the church.

In behalf of the church,
A. CLYDE EHRET,
NEAL D. MILLS,
Committee.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

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

CHRISTMAS IN OTHER LANDS

Junior Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath
Day, December 12, 1931

BY MRS. NETTIE CRANDALL

Junior Christian Endeavor Superintendent

I am going to let some of our friends tell you about Christmas in their homes.

German Boy. — In my country every Christmas tree has a star at its top and twelve candles to represent the apostles. Our presents are practical ones, like mittens, coats, scarfs, and shoes. It is very unusual for any child to get more than one toy. On our Sabbath school Christmas tree we get presents to give to others, never to keep for ourselves, for we are taught that it is giving that makes Christmas a happy season, and that the Christ Child comes to be the guest of every generous, loving heart.

Swedish Boy. — In Sweden we call Christmas "Yule Peace," for we think it is a time when all quarrels must be made up and no cross words spoken. We open our doors wide that any hungry person passing may come in and dine with us, for we remember the Christ Child was a gift for all.

Norwegian Girl. — All our country is blanketed with snow, so we children by our warm firesides think about the birds who can find no seed or leaf for food. Father ties a sheaf of wheat on the top of the door posts as our Christmas gift to the birds. Our Christmas lasts 'most two weeks, and during that time our horses and cattle get twice as much to eat, for we believe that Jesus loves the cattle who shared their manger hay with him, and we like to believe that at dawn of Christmas morn all the cattle kneel and pray.

OUR LETTER EXCHANGE

DEAR MRS. GREENE:

I am very sorry that I did not write before. I did not write to you because Esther wrote all that there was to say. I have tried to write to you two times before

this and I guess that I will get through this time.

We are going to Grandpa Burdick's for Christmas. He lives in Little Genesee. His name is Dr. Walter Burdick.

Esther helped Stanley write his letter. He wanted to write too. We have one more brother; his name is Victor. He is four years old. Our baby's name is Marion Louise, and she will be two years old next month.

I think we have written enough to fill the RECORDER.

Yours truly,
EMMA BURDICK.

Leonardsville, N. Y.,
November 21, 1931.

DEAR EMMA:

I was sorry I could not get yours and Esther's letters in last week, but you see I ran out of room. I am so glad you succeeded in getting your letter written this time. "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again," must be your motto.

Of course by this time you have made your trip to Little Genesee, and returned home again. I wish you could have called upon us in Andover before you went home, but no doubt you could not tear yourselves from grandpa's until the last minute. I'm wondering if you had the turkey Robert was planning on.

Your sincere friend,
MIZPAH S. GREENE.

DEAR MRS. GREENE:

I think I will write again since I have not written for quite a while.

Robert is writing again. I think Emma will write soon.

I don't believe we will have a very long Thanksgiving vacation.

Last week we saw a magician, and he said he was going to do fifty tricks or leave the town. First he told a boy to come up and sit in a chair. Then he took two paper napkins and tore one up. Then he unfolded the other. He must have had a lot of things up his sleeve, because he got most of the things from his sleeve. He called two girls up whom he got through with the most of his tricks.

I think I will close now.

Yours truly,
ESTHER BURDICK.

Leonardsville, N. Y.,
November 21, 1931.

DEAR ESTHER:

I was glad to hear about the magician; he must have been fun. I saw quite a skillful one at Alfred quite a number of years ago. Among other things he went up to a man in the audience and took a rabbit out of his pocket. An excited little boy near by shouted, "I bet you can't take a rabbit out of my daddy's pocket." How he did squeal when the man reached over and took two rabbits and several balls out of his daddy's pocket. I'm sure I don't know how he did it myself, but he did many other things fully as surprising.

I expect you all had a fine time Thanksgiving day. It was pretty warm for Thanksgiving, wasn't it? By the way the wind whistles around the house tonight, I imagine we may have some real winter for Christmas.

Your true friend,
MIZPAH S. GREENE.

DEAR MRS. GREENE:

This Sabbath afternoon we are going to write to you before we have story, songs, etc., for Junior. We have started to write twice before but something happened so we did not get through. Last Sabbath evening we started; then two little girls came in to practice a Thanksgiving song that mother was helping to get ready. Then we got to playing "Hide and Seek," "Blind Man," and "Still Waters," until before we knew it, it was after our bed time.

We had a real nice Thanksgiving program at school and no school Thursday and Friday, so Glenna Mae and I are having a good vacation playing with Edith and Ethel and John.

We went to Salem on October 31, and saw several folks at church. Then we stayed all night at our Uncle Thurman Brissey's. We children dressed up and went down town. I had on a clown suit. We all had a good time.

Mother is writing for Edith and Ethel so I will close for this time.

Your friend,
BERTA LEA ROBINSON.

Alvy, W. Va.,
November 28, 1931.

DEAR BERTA LEA:

I guess I must be a mind reader for I was expecting a letter from you fully a week before it came. I don't wonder though

that you forgot the time when you were playing games. I still like to play games myself, even if my hair is gray. I am glad you succeeded in getting your letter written this time. I like your way of finishing up your Thanksgiving vacation.

I should have liked to have been with you at Salem, and hope I'll be able to visit Salem again some time. It surely is a great place, hills and all. Perhaps I should say, "especially hills."

It surely is great fun to "dress up." I wish I could have seen you in your clown suit. I wonder if I would have known you.

Ever your friend,
MIZPAH S. GREENE.

DEAR MRS. GREENE:

Glenna Mae and mother read the letters, stories, etc., for us, and when we got the RECORDER this week and they read, "Fi fo fum," etc., we were determined mother should write at once, but with a visit to school, Thanksgiving dinner, and all the rest, she said, "We will do our best to write next Sabbath day."

We like to play house and bring our dolls and visit mother. Sometimes we come in a car, John driving. We use chairs for a car, usually two little rockers and a stool.

We have been talking of the many things we have to be thankful for and we think our "Children's Page" with your good work is one of the best.

In one of the RECORDERS it was suggested to tell our parents' names. Daddy (Haymond F. Robinson) was reared in Doddridge County, W. Va., about five miles above the Middle Island church; mother was formerly Elsie May Brissey of Berea, W. Va.

We are talking a lot about Christmas these days, and counting the days until it will be here. So we will close, wishing you the very happiest Christmas you have ever had.

With love,
EDITH AND ETHEL ROBINSON.

Alvy, W. Va.,
November 28, 1931.

DEAR EDITH AND ETHEL:

Well, at last I have heard from my West Virginia twins and I surely am delighted. I am very grateful to your dear mother for helping you with your splendid letter, and

I expect before many years you will each be able to send me a letter your very own self.

Playing house is heaps of fun; my brother and I used to play it often, only there were no automobiles in those days and we had to take our journey in a train (a long line of kitchen chairs, with a high-chair for an engine). Of course my brother was the engineer. Usually in the summer we came on horseback, and mother's brooms were our horses; very swift ones, too, and not often balky.

Thank you for your good words about my work for the Children's Page. They give me also a feeling of thanksgiving and I shall try all the harder to make our page interesting. Thank you also for your kind wishes for my Christmas, and here's hoping you may all have the best kind of a Christmas yourselves.

Isn't it odd that I have letters from two pairs of twins this week? You see, Emma and Esther Burdick are twins, too.

Your very true friend,

MIZPAH S. GREENE.

DENOMINATIONAL "HOOK-UP"

ALFRED, N. Y.

President B. C. Davis spent Thanksgiving as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Rosebush of Port Edwards, Wis.

It is pleasant news to the friends of Miss Susie Burdick that she is to return from the mission field at Shanghai, China, on a furlough. She expects to leave China in March, and will return through Europe, making quite an extended trip.

George A. Main, B. S., M. E., the younger son of Dean Main, a graduate of Alfred and of Lewis Institute, Chicago, has recently been employed to investigate and report upon a condition caused by corrupt officials in a south Florida city, and by an equally corrupt contractor. If the plan as was proposed had been carried out, millions of dollars would have been involved and the tax payers defrauded of large sums of money.—*Sun*.

DETROIT, MICH.

On November 8 a meeting was held at the home of Mrs. J. E. Wiltsie, Memphis, Mich., by a company of Seventh Day Baptists of Detroit, Mich.

Speakers were Rev. J. J. Scott and Associate pastor R. L. Brooks. Text — 2 Thessalonians 2: 3, The Man of Sin.

The meeting was much enjoyed by both young and old. One lady in attendance had reached the good old age of ninety-one years; this was Mrs. Hartson, while Mrs. Lown had to her credit four score and eight years.

A basket lunch was served to twenty-one persons.

The company was given a hearty invitation to come again to our village and bring another message.—*Port Huron Daily*.

The Seventh Day Baptists here in Detroit, though few in numbers, still meet together each Sabbath for a study of the Sabbath school lesson and this is followed by a sermon by either Brother Scott or Brother Brooks.

We are hoping to be established in some rather permanent place of meeting in the near future.

Employment conditions here have not improved very much as yet, but we are hoping for better things. Unemployed have an abundance of time to think upon things concerning the kingdom of God, though many need it brought to their attention before they are interested; let us hope that more of us will find a way to tell others of the kingdom.—*Correspondent*.

INDEPENDENCE, N. Y.

The community Thanksgiving held at the parish house, was attended by about one hundred ten, who enjoyed a sumptuous dinner served by the Home Bureau ladies. Those present from Andover were Harold Hardy and family, Pastor W. L. Greene and family, Mrs. Carrie Slade, and Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Crandall.—*Alfred Sun*.

LEONARDSVILLE, N. Y.

Rev. and Mrs. Paul S. Burdick and children visited his father, Dr. W. H. Burdick, at Little Genesee over Thanksgiving vacation.

The work of repairing the Seventh Day Baptist church is progressing satisfactorily. The carpenter work is practically completed and decorating is now under way. An entirely new electric wiring system and lighting fixtures are being installed.

—*Brookfield Courier*.

MILTON, WIS.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dunn, New Market, N. J., Dr. O. E. Larkin, Oak Park, Ill., and Miss Anna Crofoot, Hancock, Mich., were guests Tuesday and Wednesday of President and Mrs. J. W. Crofoot.

—*News*.

MILTON JUNCTION, WIS.

Rev. Claude Hill of Farina, Ill., was a dinner guest Monday of Rev. and Mrs. J. F. Randolph. He came to attend the inauguration of President J. W. Crofoot to Milton College.—*Telephone*.

NORTH LOUP, NEB.

President S. O. Bond and Mr. O. P. Bishop of Salem College, W. Va., visited in North Loup from Tuesday until yesterday morning. The gentlemen are making a trip in the interests of the college, and left here for Chicago, expecting to visit friends at Garwin, Iowa, enroute. Wednesday evening Doctor Bishop spoke at a meeting held at the Seventh Day Baptist church. Besides members of the church, the Methodist prayer meeting congregation attended in a body.—*Loyalist*.

SALEM, W. VA.

Salem College will be represented at the Intercollegiate Council of the Social Sciences, to be held in the buildings of Fairmont State Teachers College December 11 and 12. Professor I. F. Boughter, former history teacher here, and now an instructor at Fairmont, will be in charge of the meeting.

Members of the college girls' quartet and string ensemble will give a chapel program before the students of Victory High School at Clarksburg, Friday afternoon at two o'clock.

The second recital of the college music department for this year will be given in the college auditorium on next Thursday night, December 10. Students of the voice department under Professor Clark H. Siedhoff, the piano department under Miss Elizabeth Bond, and the violin department under Professor A. J. Kember, will be presented.

Twenty-six members of the college faculty and their wives were present at a Thanksgiving social in the administration building, Tuesday evening, November 24. The group enjoyed a turkey dinner in the college cafeteria at six-forty-five o'clock,

following which they adjourned to the Young Women's Christian Association room for a two hour social session.

—*Herald*.

VERONA, N. Y.

The men of the society under the direction of W. C. Perry have been laying an oak floor in the auditorium of the church. The south side of the church roof has also been re-shingled and the society is contemplating installing stained glass windows in the near future.

The Doers' Sabbath school class recently sponsored a successful roast pork supper in the basement of the church. The dining room was very prettily decorated for the occasion, the waiters wearing aprons of corresponding colors. A radio installed for the evening furnished entertainment. The net receipts were fifty-three dollars.

Miss Lolo Woodcock, English instructor in Central Square High School; Miss Jean Woodcock, senior in St. Lawrence University; and the Misses Ada Dillman and Anna Smith, students in Cortland Normal, spent the Thanksgiving vacation with their parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Stone, Mrs. Flora Davis, Mr. and Mrs. Orville Hyde and daughters Gladys and Gertrude, spent Thanksgiving with Mr. and Mrs. Lynn Langworthy in Alfred Station.

Mr. and Mrs. La Verne Davis and children were Thanksgiving guests of Mr. and Mrs. Leon Maltby in Philadelphia, Pa.

Rev. and Mrs. Royal Thorngate and daughter Geraldine have moved to Oneida.

—*Correspondent*.

One day, Doctor Steiner relates, he boarded a train into which some sweaty, dirty, Italian laborers had crowded to ride a few miles to their homes. As he did so, some college boys walked out of the car muttering as they went some cruel epithets regarding "dirty wops." Professor Steiner called them for it, suggesting the debt of America to the Italian in building railways and roads, and then said that Italians are a nation which had produced a Michelangelo, a Dante, and a Machiavelli.

"Aye," they said, "but these men are not Michelangelo nor Dante." "No," said Steiner, "but neither are you Abraham Lincoln nor George Washington."—*Selected*.

OUR PULPIT

"THEY OFFERED UNTO HIM GIFTS"

BY REV. JAMES L. SKAGGS
Pastor of the church at Milton, Wis.

SERMON FOR SABBATH, DECEMBER 26, 1931

Text—Matthew 2: 11.

ORDER OF SERVICE

OPENING PRAYER

DOXOLOGY

INVOCATION

RESPONSIVE READING

HYMN

OFFERING AND NOTICES

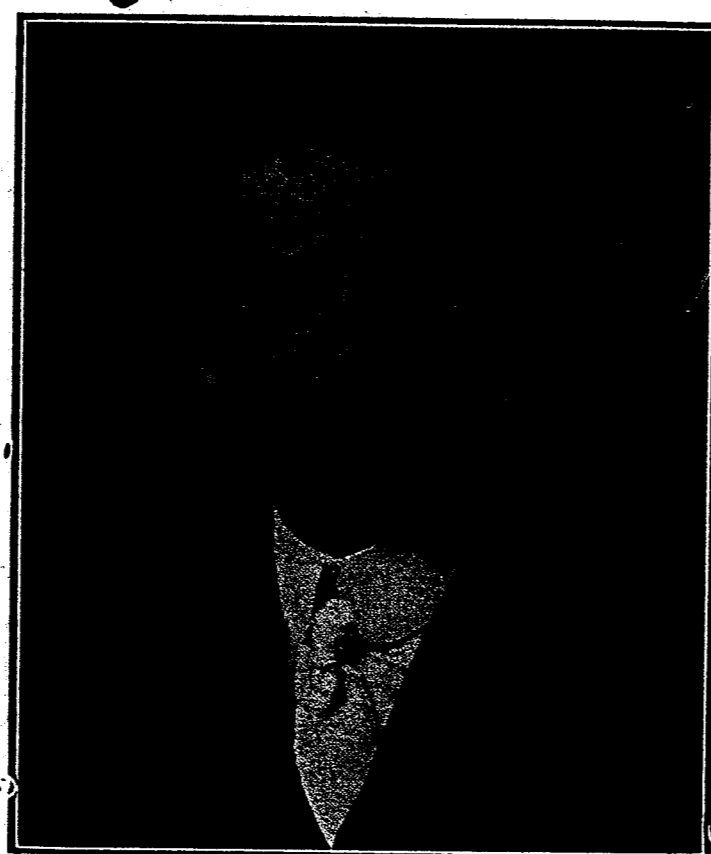
SCRIPTURE AND PRAYER

HYMN

SERMON

HYMN

BENEDICTION



We cannot know all the actual physical facts which have entered into that momentous time and place. Our modern attitude and facility in determining actual facts have no bearing on those ancient stories. A similar incident today would doubtless be more critically examined and recorded. Perhaps it would be robbed of all that makes that ancient story so fascinating. It seems that truly Jesus came into the world "in the fullness of time," when conditions were

right to interpret his coming and accompanying incidents in a manner to capture the spiritual imagination of the ages.

So we find in the very atmosphere of the Christmas time a very strong appeal to the emotional and spiritual aspects of our being. Our religion must have its intellectual aspects, but religion gets its warmth and its power from phases of experience which refuse to be rationalized.

With the passing years I come to think of religion more and more as a beautiful poetry of life. The great poets of our literature are always carrying us beyond our intellectual depth and making us feel realities of love, romance, beauty, and goodness which defy all analysis or actual expression in words. So the poetry of our Christmas stories induces a sense of spiritual realities

We are again at the Christmas season. The influences of home, family, friendship, religion, tradition, custom, combine in creating a specific attitude. We will all understand if we call it a Christmas spirit. Fortunately we are not called upon to define or analyze this spirit; for we could not do it. We help create it, and we are caught up by it. We have a sense of satisfaction and happiness, and feel that somehow the whole Christian world is made better by the celebration of Christmas.

Our minds go back to the hope of Israel, to Bethlehem, the birth of the child Jesus, the shepherds, the wise men who came on that long and tedious journey from over in Babylonia and Persia. The angels, the shepherds, the stars, the wise men bring to Bethlehem the glory of earth and the glory of heaven.

and moral worth which commands our reverence and our devotion.

Real spiritual experience always does this. A religion of rules, regulation, forms, ceremonies, may make a man extremely moral and regular; but it takes the poetry of imagination and feeling to kindle the fires of devotion and sacrifice.

There were the wise men from the East who came to worship Jesus. We do not know who they were. We do not know the background of their religion. They are supposed to have been men of fine intelligence and leading astronomers of their day. But it is certain that the story presents them as men of great spiritual imagination, intuition, insight. Their souls burned with reverence, inspiration, devotion, so that they made their long journey that they might personally perform an act of worship and devotion before the child Jesus.

Some of us may differ in our interpretation of the physical facts of that story. But to me there is enough of the poetry of life, experience, religion in it to make it very valuable.

Here are men who care enough about religion, about Jesus, to make a long journey and to present valuable gifts. And is not that the supreme need of the Christian world today? In this Christmas season do we share that devotion and that interest?

A very significant phrase in the story of the wise men is, "They offered unto him gifts." The whole picture presented by that story is one of giving. It means something for people to turn away from the ordinary routine and tasks and occupations of life and to give one's self over to the quest of God and religion. Van Dyke and Wallace have immortalized this story by an added emphasis—that of service to needy fellow men along the way. And Lowell has combined the whole thought in that classic, well-known sentence which he puts in the mouth of Jesus:

"Who gives himself with his alms feeds three—Himself, his hungry neighbor, and me."

Giving has always been a unique and outstanding principle of the Christian religion. The spirit of the religion of Jesus is a spirit of generosity and overflowing. Jesus himself is the outstanding symbol of it. He gave himself through the years of his ministry. He gave his time, his power as a

leader and teacher. He allowed no interference to hinder him. In spite of all that men could do, he just kept on giving. And finally we see the seal and climax of his giving as he hangs upon the cross.

And in the gospel of John we read, "That God so loved the world that he gave his Son." And when the Apostle John was a very old man, after he had seen the progress of the religion of Jesus for perhaps sixty years after the crucifixion, he wrote: "Hereby know we love in that he laid down his life for us, and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren."

That old man had come to see the oneness of the disciple with his Master. He did not set Jesus off by himself to do something which was wholly unique. No, each disciple should have that same spirit of giving self—with all the richness of love, leadership, and service which can be included—giving all of self for others.

At Christmas time especially we are accustomed to sing of the wise men who came bringing their gifts to the infant Jesus. The fact that they brought gifts may be our best evidence that they were Wise Men. It was only the very few who were permitted to do a thing like that directly. However much we might want to do exactly the same thing, it would be a physical impossibility for us to do it. There is no infant, physical Jesus, now to whom we may go. And still in a very real sense we may all, if we will, do just what those Wise Men did. For Jesus said, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these my brethren, even these least, ye did unto me."

So we in this far-off day have no reason to envy those wise men, for we may in just as real a sense give ourselves and our property values to him. The privilege which they had over there in Bethlehem has become universal in time and place for all ages and all countries. The men of that day have no advantage over us. If we are only wise, we too shall accept the great privilege of presenting our gifts to Jesus.

This is nothing new. We have known all this since we were children; and we who have children now are accustomed to teach the idea to them.

This great central fact of the Christian religion lies back of our celebration of Christmas. We talk about the gifts of the

wise men; but Jesus stands out as the great Giver — the great symbol of all giving. We are more or less moved by this great fact, and we are greatly moved by the traditions and customs which have grown up around the celebration of Christmas. So when Christmas comes, nearly everybody is thinking about giving. For weeks, and perhaps months, many of us have been saving, making, planning, deciding, what we will give when Christmas comes. People flock into the stores and shops which are stocked with every imaginable kind of merchandise, to find something to give to someone. Before it is over bodies, tempers, pocketbooks of millions are strained. Some sordid elements enter into it, and we all know what they are.

There are also the beautiful elements all through the Christmas season. The members of families are generous, one with another. Friends renew their expressions of interest in each other. Happiness is generated like electricity in a great power house.

And yet as we watch the crowds we cannot but wonder whether it is deep enough to be truly Christian. Do we behave this way at Christmas time because we feel our deep kinship with Jesus and want to share his giving, his great redemptive purpose and work? Is our giving selfish and just to those from whom we expect to receive as much? Or does it go beyond that, even to the poor, the unemployed, the unfortunate, the sick? Or is our giving at Christmas time just a spasmodic response to the spirit of the crowd? Or is it symbolic of an attitude of life, an established purpose to give self and money to Christian work and money throughout the year? Are we just Christmas-Season Christians? Or are we the kind our Master can depend upon in all seasons?

These are important questions. Spasmodic religion and kindness are of little worth. Hypocrisy, sham, and make-believe are an offense unto God. The Christmas season presents a new opportunity for the consecrations of ourselves to Jesus and his work. Such an offering of self is the finest possible way of celebrating Christmas.

"The political preacher is found more often in Caesar's antechamber than in the upper chamber."

STATEMENT ONWARD MOVEMENT
TREASURER, NOVEMBER, 1931

	Nov., 1931	July 1, 1931, Nov. 30, 1931
<i>Receipts</i>		
Adams Center	\$ 137.50	\$ 208.20
Albion		10.00
Alfred, First		402.85
Alfred, Second		135.25
Andover		15.00
Attalla		
Battle Creek		86.50
Berlin		55.00
Boulder		15.00
Brookfield, First		61.70
Brookfield, Second		52.50
Carlton		35.00
Chicago		
Denver		42.00
DeRuyter		78.00
Dodge Center		64.58
Edinburg	7.10	10.35
Farina		300.00
Fouke		5.00
Friendship	45.00	55.00
Genesee, First		138.56
Gentry		
Hammond		62.00
Hartsville		
Hebron, First		56.81
Hebron, Second		
Hopkinton, First, Christian Endeavor society, special	6.00	224.50
Hopkinton, Second	6.25	15.10
Independence	28.50	100.71
Little Prairie		4.70
Los Angeles		
Lost Creek		45.00
Marlboro		85.86
Middle Island, special	21.19	48.19
Milton	171.35	761.00
Milton Junction		298.52
New Auburn		30.00
New York City	\$ 19.33	
Special	58.00	
	\$ 77.33	337.62
North Loup		16.00
Nortonville		2.00
Pawcatuck	\$ 350.00	
Senior Christian Endeavor society, special	7.00	
Junior Christian Endeavor society, special	2.00	
	\$ 359.00	1,805.00
Piscataway		116.10
Plainfield	161.05	1,312.16
Portville		16.10
Richburg		12.00
Ritchie		25.00
Riverside		295.00
Roanoke		1.00
Rockville Christian Endeavor society, special	2.00	28.55
Salem		696.46

Salemville	35.47	
Scio		
Scott	44.50	44.50
Shiloh	\$ 100.00	
Ladies' Benevolent society	108.50	
	\$ 208.50	208.50
Stonefort		
Syracuse		5.00
Verona		20.00
Walworth		
Washington		50.00
Waterford	\$ 25.00	
Christian Endeavor society, special	3.00	
	\$ 28.00	79.05
Wellsville		30.00
Welton, interest J. O. Babcock bequest	16.99	16.99
West Edmeston		1.00
White Cloud, special	\$ 32.74	
Intermediate Christian Endeavor society, special	5.00	
	\$ 37.74	38.74
Daytona		12.00
First and Second Brookfield and West Edmeston, joint collection		16.12
Western Association		64.50
Southwestern Association		36.00
Southeastern Association		49.54
Minneapolis Sabbath keepers		15.00
Woman's Board		100.00
Buckeye Intermediate Christian Endeavor society		2.00
Exeland Sabbath keepers		3.00
Rocky Mountain Summer Camp		16.78
Conference collections		435.53
Interest		2.06
Individuals		
Mrs. J. A. Hardy, special	7.50	324.50
		\$9,772.15

Receipts for five months

Budget	\$9,389.45
Special	364.70
Debts	18.00
Total	\$9,772.15
<i>Disbursements</i>	
Missionary Society	\$ 526.20
Special	131.74
	\$ 657.94
Tract Society	\$ 164.28
Special	8.49
	172.77
Sabbath School Board	\$ 105.84
Special	21.19
	127.03
Young People's Board	50.16
Woman's Board	13.92
Ministerial Relief	111.36
Education Society	41.76
Historical Society	13.92
Scholarships and Fellowships	33.36

General Conference	136.44
Lone Sabbath Keepers	2.76
	\$1,361.42

HAROLD R. CRANDALL,
Treasurer.

118 Main Street,
Westerly, R. I.,
December 1, 1931.

THE CARVER

I sing of the old-fashioned carver who gracefully wielded his blade,
Who sat in his place with a grin on his face and was deaf to the comment we made;
He had learned every joint of a chicken, a turkey, a partridge, or goose,
And he sat there or stood as a gentleman should as he cleverly whittled them loose.
Oh, there was an artist worth watching, a master performer was he;
But the age has grown smart, and that glorious art is a joy that no longer we see.

My grandfather taught to my father the knack of dissecting a hen,
He made him recite where was dark meat and light again and again.
He trained him to sharpen his knife on the steel, and to flourish his blade in the air,
He shouted: "Alack! You do nothing but hack, when you ought to be slicing with care."
'Twas a gentleman's boast as he sat at a roast that he skillfully handled his knife;
And until a boy knew where the second joint grew he wasn't thought ready for life.

Now they whittle the meat in the kitchen, and bring it piled up on a plate;
Be it roast beef or ham, or a turkey or lamb, it is passed in the ready-carved state.
And nobody jests with the carver, and nobody praises his art;
There are grown men today who unblushingly say they can't get a drumstick apart,
But something has gone from the dinner, however expensive its cost,
That we viewed with delight in the age taken flight, ere the fine art of carving was lost.
—Edgar H. Guest, in *Westerly Sun*.

THE CHRISTMAS SONG

Once more the distant strains are heard
Of music drawing near;
And hearts with loving thoughts are stirred
At this glad time of year.
The Christmastide, the blessed time,
The birthday of our King!
When every single child of his
Should gladly offerings bring.
Adown the ages rings the strain
Still sweet, as first it rang:
"Glory to God" and "peace on earth,
Good will" the angels sang.
"Joy to the world." For this best gift
We yield ourselves to thee,
Our Master King. We own thy sway,
Thy gracious sovereignty.

Around the world a chain of love,
 Each year, it grows not dim.
 No tarnish on the golden deeds
 Wrought lovingly for him.
 Some little child more happy made,
 Some kind deed done, each day,
 To cheer the hearts of those he loves,
 Is done for him, always.

Oh! Sad indeed the hearts that know
 Of love divine, no thrill!
 The darkened minds, so full of self,
 They heed no higher will.
 Touch thou their blind eyes, gracious Lord!
 Stay with them, and abide
 That all the visions of thy grace
 Be theirs, this Christmastide.

—Mrs. J. E. Eaton.

DON'T CROWD CHRIST OUT

Don't crowd the Christ out of Christmas,
 By parties and feasting and play;
 Don't crowd the Christ out of Christmas
 As they did from the inn that day.

When for the dear little Stranger
 Though King of all kings of the earth,
 There was no place in his kingdom
 But a manger prepared for his birth.

Don't crowd the Christ out of Christmas,
 Remember the one at your side
 May be the Child of the manger
 To whom your home is denied.

The poor, the lonely and needy
 The sick and the sore opprest,
 Are those he has sent for the service
 To him who has loved us the best.

Don't crowd the Christ out of Christmas,
 But open the heart and the home
 To these, the least in his kingdom
 Through whom he has chosen to come.

—Catharine F. Little.

Sabbath School Lesson XIII.—Dec. 26, 1931
TRASK AND BRABOURNE.—Hebrews 11: 17-40.
 (For Lesson Notes, see *Helping Hand*)

An Interesting Pamphlet

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The Denominational Budget

(Continued from inside front cover)

THE TRACT SOCIETY

Sabbath Promotion Work—

Holland— <i>De Boodschapper</i> ..\$	600.00
Mill Yard Church, London, England— <i>The Sabbath Observer</i>	100.00
Special Sabbath Promotion Work:	
A. J. C. Bond—Salary	600.00
Expenses ...	300.00
Young People's Work	500.00
Appropriations for publications (in excess of income)	
<i>The Sabbath Recorder</i> (Cost per subscriber—\$5.68)	9,775.00
<i>Helping Hand</i>	125.00
General printing and distribution of literature—	
Tract Society printing — reports, etc.	250.00
Distribution of literature—printing, postage	250.00
Cost of printing and mailing denominational calendars ..	300.00
Miscellaneous—	
Traveling expenses of representatives to Conference, associations, etc.	150.00
President's expenses	100.00
Corresponding secretary—	
Salary	1 584 00
Traveling and office expenses	500.00
Treasurer's expenses, clerical, etc.	275.00
Life Annuity payments	919.00
Interest on Equipment Notes.	120.00
Incidentals	72.00
	\$16,520.00

THE TRACT SOCIETY

(Continued)

Income

Permanent Fund	\$ 4,900.00
Permanent Fund — Seventh Day Baptist Memorial Fund	4,600.00
Collections	
Special Sabbath Promotion Work	500.00
Sale of books, tracts, etc.	200.00
Sale of denominational calendars	300.00
Publishing House—Equipment Notes interest	120.00
Onward Movement	5,900.00
	\$16,520.00

THE SABBATH SCHOOL BOARD

Budget

Salary of the director of Religious Education	\$1,600.00
Expenses of director of Religious Education	550.00
Membership in the International Council of Religious Education	50.00
Editorial work, "Children's Page," in <i>Sabbath Recorder</i> .	25.00
For promotion of Religious Education	1,200.00
Apportionment for <i>Year Book</i> and copies of annual report .	75.00
Expenses of International Lesson Committee	75.00
Printing, postage, and other board expenses	225.00
Total	\$3,800.00

(Concluded on back cover)

The Denominational Budget

(See inside of front cover for beginning of this material)

OTHER BUDGET ITEMS

The Young People's Board	...\$1,800.00
The Education Society 1,500.00
(This entire amount is for the Theological Seminary)	
The Woman's Board 500.00
Lone Sabbath Keepers 100.00
Scholarships and Fellowships	1,200.00
(Administered by the President of Conference)	
Ministerial Relief 4,000.00
Historical Society 500.00

THE GENERAL CONFERENCE

Contribution to Faith and Order Movement\$ 25.00
General expenses 2,475.00
Year Book 800.00
Federal Council 100.00
Denominational Building maintenance 1,500.00
Total\$4,900.00

THE DEBT

The Missionary Society\$11,500.00
The Tract Society 6,500.00
The Historical Society 100.00
\$18,100.00

At the Alfred Conference it was voted that these items of debt be left out of the budget of current expenses and that they be made the object of a special effort by the denomination.

CONCLUSION

Thus the needs of the agencies which we have set up to do our work. They have told us their story. We have approved their plans as they presented them to us in General Conference. Individually we may disagree with some items in the plans. We do not expect to think alike on all things. With the final aim and purpose of these plans there can be no disagreement among Seventh Day Baptists. Individually each one of us can do little to advance our cause. Together we can do much.

As each of us individually puts his whole effort to the whole task together with his fellows the work must go forward. Nothing can stop it. With every member of our denomination doing his full share the work God has given us to do will press onward under His blessing to complete His plans.

What is my part?

THE COMMITTEE TO PROMOTE THE FINANCIAL PROGRAM

REV. HERBERT C. VAN HORN
Denominational Building
Plainfield, N. J.

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Plainfield, N. J.

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Plainfield, N. J.

The Sabbath Recorder

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MEDITATION

We thank thee, great Giver of all good, for thy merciful care over us night and day. How readily we forget the simple obligations of faith, how easily we err, and how sadly we suffer. But thou art kind and gracious. Thou art the joy of the morning and the whisper of peace at eventide. O blessed Redeemer, we praise thee for forgiving love, and bringing our broken hearts to thee we are made whole again. How little we deserve such goodness! And still thou art willing to honor our service. God help us to be faithful and in thy victory may we rejoice and be glad. For Jesus' sake. Amen.

—From Presbyterian Banner.

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