

The Sabbath Recorder

Wishes You All
A VERY HAPPY NEW YEAR

It SUGGESTS For Us All
RESOLUTIONS FOR 1932

RESOLVED For This Year:

- A finer consecration to my Master.
- A larger loyalty to my church.
- A closer touch with the activities of my denomination.
- In the achievement of these aims
- I am resolved to make a larger use of the Bible; to be a Regular reader of the Sabbath Recorder and to promote its interests in every way I can.
- I will, if at all possible, send in at least one new subscription.

Signed.....

THE SABBATH RECORDER

\$2.50 per year

PLAINFIELD, N. J.

The Sabbath Recorder

Vol. 112

JANUARY 11, 1932.

No. 2

ATTITUDES OF WORSHIP

"Too commonly our Protestant congregations come to church, as they go to a lecture, to have somebody talk to them. They do not come to do something themselves, to worship and so be carried out of themselves by something greater than themselves to which they give themselves. They come in the passive voice instead of the active. Worship, however, is not a function which the minister can perform for the congregation; it is a co-operative act in which all the congregation should partake. Anyone can feel the difference between a lecture-hall audience and a worshipping church. The minister's attitude can help create the spirit of the latter, but it is the people themselves who really produce it."

—The Baptist.

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SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST DIRECTORY

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A WONDERFUL WELL

Dwight L. Moody used to tell of a most extraordinary well—"a well said to be very good, except that it had two faults; it would freeze up in winter, and it would dry up in the summer."

Most extraordinary indeed. But a frozen well is like "frozen assets" of a bank, and a dry well is like an exhausted bank account. Neither condition holds comfort or assurance; both are discouraging and disappointing.

Are there not many wells like it? Are there not many people like that—folks who are good and dependable at times? Some seem to be good "in spots." With everything favorable, they appear to be all right and dependable; but with circumstances unpleasant or difficulties appearing overburdensome, their well is dry. There is nothing there to be depended upon. Happy the pastor and blessed is the church in its people whose wells run not dry nor are easily frozen over. Their presence is a benediction in every service, and all know something is wrong when they are absent. Cold Christians in the parish make a cold and unsatisfactory pastorate, and unresponsive pews do not kindle the pulpit. Fire in the preacher is dependent, in no small measure, upon the kindling furnished by the people.

Many are the wells in life upon which people depend that prove "dry holes" or "frozen" pools in time of need. Wells of success, pleasure, wealth, culture will prove vain and unsatisfying at the last. But there are dependable, unfailing sources of living water.

"The fear of the Lord is a fountain of life," says the wise man, while the prophet declares, "And there shall be a fountain opened in the house of David, and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem for sin and for all uncleanness." (Zechariah 13: 1). "And Jesus stood and cried, saying, If any man thirst let him come unto me and drink. He

that believeth on me as the Scripture hath said, from within him shall flow rivers of living water." And he also declared, "If thou knewest the gift of God and who it is that saith unto thee, give me to drink, thou wouldst have asked of him, and he would have given thee living water . . . whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall become in him a well of water springing up unto eternal life." "And the Spirit and the bride say come. And he that heareth, let him say, come. And he that is athirst, let him come: he that will, let him take the water of life freely." Wonderful, open, ever-flowing well!

Prevention of Blindness For many years increasing care has been given to the training of the blind and helping them to be happy and self-supporting. It is wonderful what has been done for this class of unfortunates, and even more remarkable what they themselves have been able to accomplish. It is practically only in more recent years that thought has been given and scientific means used for the prevention of blindness.

The National Society for the Prevention of Blindness had its beginning in 1915. It has on its rolls men and women of all stations of life and vocations who are interested in public welfare. Many have come to feel that it is a crime to let children go blind who might be saved from blindness or impaired sight by a little preventive care. It is now generally conceded that "half of all blindness is preventable." What a calamity to the individual and to society to neglect the possibility of saving this large percentage to the happiness of vision.

We learn that in the past twenty-one years "sightlessness among infants has been reduced two thirds," and that nearly all the

states now have laws to aid in assuring a large per cent of births against blindness.

"Sight saving" classes for school children are being formed in many states where correct habits of study and reading are promoted, and many mistakes are corrected. In our colleges students oftentimes unwittingly impair their eyesight and are incapacitated for the rest of their lives.

Readers of the SABBATH RECORDER should interest themselves and become informed as far as possible in the matters of the prevention of blindness and the conservation of sight. Certainly the work of the society deserves the highest praise and merits the encouragement of all who would help stay the influences that shut out the sight from so many people in this country and abroad.

We may assist, at least, and be profited by observing the following suggestions sent out from the society's office at 450 Seventh Avenue, New York City:

Read with a clear, good light falling from above, over your left shoulder.

Hold your book about fourteen inches from your eyes.

Always read with your head up.

Avoid books printed indistinctly, in small type, or on glossy paper.

Rest your eyes frequently.

If your eyes ache, or if you have trouble seeing things distinctly, have your eyes examined.

A Fine Courtesy Perhaps there are few virtues more appreciated in public or private than that of courtesy. It is one often neglected and one to be deplored when missed. A fine instance of courtesy was shown the other day when Representative Garner of Texas was elected Speaker of the House and his defeated opponent introduced him graciously with an address a few words of which we quote:

"My colleagues of the House of Representatives, it is indeed a pleasure to have this opportunity to present to you the newly elected Speaker of the Seventy-second Congress. The gentleman from Texas, by native ability, by long service, and a complete understanding of the duties and responsibilities of Speaker, is exceptionally well qualified to fill that position, and I predict he will make one of the great speakers of the present generation. I congratulate him on having reached the goal of his ambition and I wish him every success in his work.

My colleagues, I now present your newly elected Speaker, the Honorable John Nance Garner of Texas. Mr. Speaker, I present you the gavel."

In response the Speaker replied: "Ladies and gentlemen of the Seventy-second Congress, I want to express my keen appreciation of my friend Snell's introductory remarks. As many of you know, Mr. Snell and I have known each other for many years, and I think I speak the sentiment of the older membership of the House who have been associated with him, when I say he is one of the most dependable men that has ever been elected to this body. It will be a great pleasure for me to co-operate with him in the service of the country."

Such words between political opponents and in appreciation of each other's worth warm our hearts and strengthen our confidence in such men elected to public office. By them we are encouraged to believe that underneath all the divisions and disharmonies of our political life there is, after all, a broad basis of mutual confidence and respect and loyalty to the country. How otherwise could our government endure? It would be based upon foundations of sand. It is most gratifying, indeed, to the people of the United States to see such a manifestation of good will and courtesy existing among some of our political leaders. This spirit should even more generally prevail than it does. Often it is lacking where it ought especially to exist. The spirit of courtesy should more generally and deeply be cultivated and exemplified. May it not be a basis of a good resolution on our part in private life as well as publicly to be carried out during the year just dawned upon us?

Special Prayer Day On another page will be found "A Call to Prayer," by the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America. January 31, 1932, is the day designated for Christians of all churches to devote as largely as possible to prayer for the divine blessing on the World Disarmament Conference soon to meet.

Certainly the world is in need of confession and prayer of Christian men and women. Nations are struggling from day to day to maintain their credit. Our own country is in deep waters.

The story is told of a miner returning

home with a great wealth of gold hidden in his stateroom. The vessel on which he traveled was damaged and went down. Going to his room, the miner strapped about his waist, belts filled with gold, and filled his pockets with great nuggets. Struggling later in the waters, he sank—dragged down by his gold. One wonders if there is not a grave danger of the nations sinking beneath the waves, carried down by their debts and extravagances and their greed for gold. Creditor nations must *not* allow this, even if these nations seem to be reaping only that which they have sown.

Our own nation is floundering through troublous water — with the Great War indebtedness dragging us down, together with accumulating debts of wasteful extravagance and appropriations to perpetuate war, which we fought to abolish.

It is well that we go to our knees in prayer for new hearts and in behalf of leaders consecrated to the task of deepening good will and friendship among the nations, and especially of complete and effective disarmament.

The nations have renounced war as an instrument of national policy. Has the hour not struck when seriously and completely they shall determine to abolish the implements of war?

To this end should we *ever* pray; and especially should Christians gather together on the day appointed and pray devoutly for this purpose. January 31 is the time designated.

Our Domestic Problems Every American citizen should be deeply concerned with the problems before the President and the Congress of the United States. They are interested in the great world movements which this country cannot and must not evade. But there are situations facing us of which we all should have as clear an understanding as possible. Confusion of mind is all too easy as one reads of "balancing budgets," "cutting expenses," taxation in the "higher brackets," "bond issues proposed," "sliding scales of salary cuts," etc.

At the close of the fiscal year, June 30, 1931, there was a national deficit of 900 million dollars. That is, the United States had to borrow that much money to pay its current expenses—and in doing so added so much to the national debt. It is estimated

that by next June 30, the year's deficit will be 2,100 million dollars, and the following year, 1,400 million dollars. These sums totaling 4,500 million dollars will be added to the already existing national debt of some 16,000 millions of dollars. Shall the public debt be allowed to increase by one third of its amount, during the next two years, or shall increased taxation be levied to care for the accruing indebtedness? There are those who think that the way out is by increasing the indebtedness by bonding to care for deficits. Others oppose this as in the long run ruinous and meanwhile tending to deepen the present depression. Those so opposed would solve the problem by increasing taxes in the "higher brackets" and imposing "emergency taxation," "nuisance" taxes—as in war time—as, for example, stamps for checks, theater tickets, etc. The latter method of meeting the deficits is proposed by President Hoover.

While there is a division as to methods of increasing the revenues, there is quite general agreement that there must be heavy "cuts" on the budgets. In the morning papers of December 29, the 300 million dollar cut in the new annual budget proposed by the Democratic congressional leaders was reported as warmly welcomed by the President. Just where the "cut" would be made is the particularly difficult part of the problem, as usual. Suggestions, however, were made of reductions up and down the lines in the salaries of government workers. That the proposition will be closely scrutinized goes without saying, and what eventually will be done one would be brave to prophesy.

Extreme care should certainly be observed when it comes to decision of methods. People are human and are noisy against increased taxation. But when the thinking people of this country realize that bonding the government to pay current expenses is not only poor financial policy, but that by endangering the government's "credit" our general utilities will be weakened, business be still further depressed, and unemployment be still further extended, thinking people must and will say, "impose the taxes."

Mr. Walter Lippman, last week, in his daily article in the New York *Herald Tribune* makes a careful analysis of the danger of bonding the indebtedness.

According to his reasoning, the issue of new bonds would lower the value of government bonds held by railroads, banks, and private owners. The sale of the new issue must be at an attractive figure. This would encourage owners of existing bonds to sell in order to buy the new, more attractive ones. Existing bonds would then become less valuable. The danger in this lies in the peril of the loss of national credit. "Why," Mr. Lippman asks, "do men like Mr. Mills of the treasury lay such stress upon maintaining the national credit, that is on keeping government bonds at par?" In answer to the question it is shown that a large part of the bonds are owned by railroads and insurance companies. These bonds have always been looked upon as the safest way to keep money. "Now if the bonds in which banks and insurance companies invest the depositors' money lose fifteen per cent of their value, it is a serious loss. Consequently the institutions where people borrow to carry on their business do not care to lend freely, as they see their assets shrink. As a result business declines, wages are reduced, men are laid off." It is obvious that we cannot stand much more unemployment.

We should therefore most jealously protect government credit. Only by such protection can the government help railroads and banks and through them the farmers, the business men, and the wage earners. "The only way the government can make its credit perfect is to stop borrowing to pay its expenses."

Rigid economy, sane budgeting, and necessary taxes furnish the safe way out.

Is the Calendar Worth While? There are many questions of policy in arriving at desired results constantly coming before our boards and their leaders. The writer believes our leaders wish to do what our folks want done, and will put forth every effort to carry out the desires of the people. That this cannot always be done on account of the lack in our contributions must be quite evident.

Shall we decide when funds are not forthcoming or when a publication is not adequately supported that the people are dissatisfied and want such part of the work discontinued?

The office is confronted with an element of such a problem at the present time. Fol-

lowing this editorial is a word from the Committee on Distribution of Literature concerning the Denominational Calendar and Directory. To date, six hundred forty-six calendars for 1932 have been ordered. Does this low figure mean the people do not want them? Does it suggest that their publication should be discontinued?

We are hardly justified, we believe, in so concluding. We must realize that this is a year of unusually "close times." Folks are compelled to most rigid economies and must count every penny.

The committee also has taken into consideration that no commissions have been allowed this year and that the return of unsold copies has been discouraged. The committee who has the sales in charge may have made a mistake in ruling out commissions and "returns." - If it has done so, it is only because of the limits of human wisdom and a zeal for promoting the work efficiently. It will be noticed in reading the article of the committee, already referred to, that unsold copies may be returned and proper credit given plus the postage.

We are interested here at headquarters not only in making our books balance, but in getting our publications into the hands of the people where they may be used and do some good.

Many have expressed their pleasure and appreciation of the new calendar. It is usable and suitable for wall or table. It should be in every Seventh Day Baptist home for ready reference and source of information. In the judgment of many it is a needed service being rendered by the Tract Board. We trust the calendar for 1932 will be taken into every home among us and prove helpful to all.

1932 CALENDAR

MESSAGE FROM DISTRIBUTION COMMITTEE

We learn from the RECORDER office that not many orders for the Denominational Calendar and Directory have come in, as yet. This calendar has been prepared and printed at considerable expense, and the committee feels sure every Seventh Day Baptist home will want one or more. Unless many more of them are sold the Tract Board will be faced with a financial loss which it can ill afford just now.

As a way out, we are sending to each

whose church has not already received a shipment, the same number ordered last year. If this should be insufficient for local needs, more can be had until the edition is exhausted.

The price has been made at the same figure as last year, twenty-five cents (25c). If any pastor or representative receiving for the church has more than is needed, they may be returned and proper credit will be given, the price of each calendar plus return postage.

The committee trust that we are not asking too much of the pastors that they push the sales of the calendars at once.

Thanking you and wishing you all a happy New Year,

Sincerely yours,

JESSE G. BURDICK,

Chairman.

For and in behalf of the Committee.

CHRISTMAS TREES

BY H. N. WHEELER

Chief Lecturer, United States Forest Service

(A radio talk presented Friday, December 25, 1931, under the auspices of Science Service over the Columbia Broadcasting System.)

O, Christmas Tree,
Dear Christmas Tree,
How evergreen thy foliage!
Not only in the summertime
But in the snowy wintertime
O, Christmas Tree,
Dear Christmas Tree,
How evergreen thy foliage!

O, Evergreen,
Dear Evergreen,
Thy dress may teach a lesson,
For blessed hope and constancy
Bring joy and comfort e'er to me
O, Evergreen,
Dear Evergreen,
How faithful is thy foliage.

"O Tannenbaum" thus freely translated by my good wife, is an appropriate introduction to today's message.

The United States Forest Service brings you greeting on this most glorious of all holidays—Christmas with its fellowship and good cheer and, best of all, the Christmas tree aglow and radiant. This tree has been decorated by man for the joyous occasion, "but only God can make a tree." Science has never unraveled the mystery of the origin of life. We do not understand all the

action taking place in the tree as it grows, but we do know it comes into being by natural processes. Through its roots it takes water and the elements from the soil into the trunk, up to the leaves where sunlight and air help to manufacture food that goes to the various parts of the tree and is used in building up the trunk, limbs, roots, and leaves until we have the tree in all its symmetry and loveliness. But your Christmas tree has more in it than just the chemicals of soil and air. It brings a message that breathes of the great outdoors. In its make-up is the noonday sun, the darkness of midnight, the pale moonbeam, and light and shadow of early dawn. It has in it the breath of the summer wind, the roar of the winter blizzard, the flash of the lightning, the reverberation of thunder peals, the song of the birds, the witchery of the snowflake, the chatter of the squirrel, the gurgle of the waterfall, the aroma of flowers, the cry of the wolf to the pack, and the tender call of the doe to her young. Such is the Christmas tree breathing out joy and gladness, peace and hope. It is more than a place to hang tinsel and childish presents, for it speaks of the future life eternal. Tomorrow it will go to destruction and decay, but today it is magnificent and glorious. In its death, it will disintegrate into those elements necessary for producing other trees.

It has done its part in spreading good cheer, happiness, and joy, and is especially welcome in this year of general adversity, for it has helped to bind rich and poor into a common brotherhood, making us true brothers and sisters, determined to carry on against all discouragements.

Here in Washington, D. C., the wonderful living community Christmas tree is more beautiful than ever, if that is possible. The President of the United States lighted it last night and a great concourse of people sang Christmas carols in the glow of its radiant beauty. It will shine forth, bringing joy and good cheer to great numbers of people till after New Year's day, when its decorations will be removed and it will grow on in its appointed place till next Christmas.

Throughout the land thousands of these living outdoor trees are decorated by patriotic citizens, and their beauty is shared with

all who see them. Other smaller nursery-grown living trees, in pots and tubs, are used inside the house for family Christmas trees.

But millions of other trees, used at this happy Christmas time, are cut from forest and field, wherever evergreen trees grow, but mainly from Canada, the New England States, the Lake States, the Rocky Mountain Region, and the Great Northwest, where the Christmas tree business is a major industry. Trees properly harvested bring an income to the owner and the lone woodsman. Little pines, spruces, cedars, and firs come up so thickly in places, they are unable to grow rapidly and must be thinned if the forest as a whole is to produce lumber and wood pulp. Those trees removed in this thinning process may very properly be sold for Christmas trees. Some timber land owners purposely plant trees thickly, with the intention of later taking out the unnecessary ones and marketing them at Christmas time. In New England this harvest begins in October when trees are cut and tied into bundles ready for shipment. The monetary return is not great but helps in making the living at a time of year when other work is scarce. Trees are produced on ground, for the most part, unsuited to raising ordinary farm crops, which makes it possible for the land owner to secure a quick return from his land instead of waiting forty to sixty or one hundred years before realizing any income from his woodland or acres, abandoned because no longer profitable for farming. By marketing co-operatively, the Christmas tree grower is able to secure a reasonable wage for his labor and a fair interest on his capital investment.

The harvesting, shipping, wholesale, and retail marketing, and distribution, of from six to ten million Christmas trees in the United States each year employs thousands of people. The gathering of holly, cedar, pine, and spruce boughs, mistletoe, red berries, ground pine, and other greenery, and the making of wreaths and other decorative pieces furnishes labor and money to thousands of others. So when we buy a Christmas tree, flowers, and greenery, we are helping solve the unemployment problem and are actually giving bread and butter, at least in a minor way, to hungry people.

Some people decry the cutting of Christmas trees and the gathering of greenery, believing it to be a form of waste, but if such trees are properly selected and limbs of standing trees are removed as they should be, the forest and even the individual trees are benefited. Some holly growers cut limbs here and there from their trees each year, at a profit to themselves, and with no detriment to the trees. Those people who tear the holly to pieces and destroy other greenery wantonly and with no thought of a future supply should be denied the freedom of the forest. Many people still prefer to cut their own trees and gather their own Christmas greens, but usually they own no land and have no permission from the land owner to enter the woods. Such practice should be discouraged. By going to the market or the street vendor and selecting the tree and other greenery, we not only give impetus to legitimate business but we enter into the spirit of the holiday, exchange greetings with fellow shoppers, and enjoy the comradeship and good cheer of Christmas.

Some cities regulate the sale of trees and Christmas greens by requiring each dealer to pay a license and subject his wares to inspection, while in other places no tree may be sold unless it is marked with a tag, showing it was taken by permission of the owner. Each tree removed from a national forest has such a tag that says: "This tree brings a Christmas greeting and was cut *not* in a destructive way, but to give room for neighboring trees to grow faster and better."

With four hundred million acres of land east of the Great Plains neither producing farm crops nor used for pasture on the farms, and primarily only valuable for tree growing, there is plenty of ground on which to grow timber for wood production and to produce Christmas trees. All of these lands will not raise trees at a profit for lumber and other wood products, nor are they needed for Christmas trees, but must be kept in timber, brush, or heavy sod to regulate the streams and prevent the washing away of soil. They will serve this purpose, and here and there will produce little trees that may be removed and used for the Christmas decoration.

Each year more trees are cut and put

on sale than the market can absorb, with serious loss in labor and money to growers, harvesters, and distributors, and thousands of unsold trees reach the city dump or are scattered over vacant lots, adding in no way to the beauty of the landscape. Some effort might well be put forth to determine the approximate number of trees the community will require and gauge the number to be harvested by the amount needed to supply the demand. This can easily be done if the cities issue permits to dealers for only the approximate total number of trees that are ordinarily sold. When the quota for each city is full, issue no more permits. It will be necessary for the permits to be issued thirty days or more before Christmas so dealers may order the number each one is to handle.

When the chill wind of winter brings rain, snow, and sleet, or thick, muggy fog settles down and roads are icy, or wet and muddy, and the heat from furnace, stove, or fireplace is welcome, then comes the joyous Christmas season. We leave the grind of work-a-day business, forget the worries of the moment, and seek out those who have few comforts and little cheer, and try to bring sunshine and happiness into their lives. This Christmas season is an occasion for pure joy and thankfulness that life is not just a brief, unhappy struggle for existence, but that a bright and joyous future awaits us, and this apparent deadness of winter is but the sleep of nature, shortly to retreat before the glad awakening of spring. This Christmas greenery helps us to keep faith and live with a determination to help make the world better and happier.

After the pleasure and happiness of the Yuletide, the decorations are packed away ready for next year's Christmas, but the tree has fulfilled its mission and is cast into the discard. Often it is thrown on the rubbish heap or left in the back yard or alley, forbidding and unsightly. It may add further to our pleasure if decently disposed of, in furnace or bonfire where it will crackle and sparkle, giving off a wonderful aroma, a delight both to the eye and our sense of smell. This is one way the burning of a tree may prove a real blessing.

Unfortunately, many millions of beautiful little trees are burned in the woods by the carelessness of someone and thus perish

before they have served any useful purpose. Fire in the woods always does damage and is especially destructive of baby trees. Trees properly used, whether manufactured into lumber and other wood products, or used for Christmas trees, prove to be a great blessing to mankind, and no service is greater than that of the Christmas tree. Often the sordid effort for economic gain, the striving for social or political pre-eminence, overshadows things spiritual, and yet matters of the heart and spirit are the only things that count in the final reckoning. The celebration of Christmas brings a fuller realization of things spiritual, and the Christmas tree plays its part.

A shining star,
A chiming bell,
A carol on the air,
A helping hand,
A shimmering tree—
It's Christmas everywhere!

NEW YEAR'S REFLECTION

Silently over the threshold of time,
Out of the old year into the new,
Deeds, aspirations, e'en motives sublime,
From past to present succeed in review.

Yes, past glad some childhood, innocent, bright,
Past joyous youth, eager, restless, sincere,
Past mystic day-dreams, a transient delight,
All but the present, the future not here.

The fleeting, faded, by-gone years, crowded
With sacred memories, a threefold life
That is strangely wrought, and filled, shrouded
Fantasies, with sorrow, and care and strife.

To fraught with human desire, and earthly
Love, while ambition, pride, and fame allure;
Can it be we would strive unworthily,
Wealth, pleasure, and honors to secure?

Yes: yet over our lives through all the years,
Radiant, fatherly, bountiful love
Has shone like a beacon all bright and clear,
To win us from earth to heaven above.

And heeding Love's message we gladly give
With intense longing—withhold no part—
Mind, body, and spirit striving to live
True, obedient lives, with contrite hearts.

Succeeding, failing, then striving again,
With penitent tears we fall at his feet.
Give grace, oh, Father, that we may attain
Submission and love and service complete.

—Mrs. S. C. Stevens,
Contributed by Mrs. Mary E. Fillyaw.

MISSIONS

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

DOING THE WORK OR HOLDING OFFICE

There is a thirsting in every heart for reality. There is also a desire to appear well. These two are often in conflict. Not always, but sometimes one must sacrifice reality if one appears well. Though this state of affairs may be the result of circumstances beyond one's control, it generally is not. There is a temptation to appear learned when one is ignorant, rich when one is poor, skillful when one is a blunderer, gracious when one is ill-tempered, unselfish when one is self-seeking. In fact, the desire to appear well is often much stronger than men realize and determines much more of their conduct than they think.

In one can have both reality and appearance, it is well and good; but if one cannot, appearance should be sacrificed for reality, sham for truth. Nothing can compensate the soul for the loss of reality. Truth it must have before peace and satisfaction can be realized; man's entire being calls out for it.

For the sake of appearing well people long and work for high places in all the walks of life, not realizing that without fitness and ability position, however exalted, can never bring satisfaction. Whether we are conscious of it or not, what the soul wants most is ability to do and serve. For an imbecile to be made king might please his vanity, but the consciousness of inferiority would corrode all.

Men seek position in church and mission work, and are sometimes jealous of others; but the things most to be desired are ability of mind and quality of heart which will enable them to perform their work acceptably and efficiently. It is better to hold a lower position and perform its duties well than a higher one and be a failure therein. It is better not to be a missionary unless fitted for the duties of such a life; it is better not to be a missionary secretary unless adapted to meet the problems of the

office; it is better not to be a member of a denominational board unless competent for such responsibility; it is better not to assume to be a minister of the gospel unless called of God.

Owing to physical, mental, and spiritual limitations and imperfections men must always be conscious that they are not perfectly fitted for a given task in the world evangelization, and yet they may feel called to the work because no one offers himself. Under these circumstances God has in all ages used the humble, submissive, and consecrated, though weak, to confound the mighty and to accomplish his work.

It is not position that we should covet. The thing that we should long for most and strive for the hardest is that we may be used by the Master in the world's redemption. The lowest place of service for our Lord is a kingly place, and we should humbly fit ourselves for its duties and perform its tasks with the most painstaking diligence at whatever cost.

STUDENT VOLUNTEER MOVEMENT

ELEVENTH QUADRENNIAL CONVENTION

The Eleventh Quadrennial Convention of the Student Volunteer Movement was held in Buffalo, December 30, 1931, to January 3, 1932, and to many it was a meeting of unusual interest.

The Student Volunteer Movement started at Northfield, Mass., forty-four years ago. Its purpose was to secure volunteers among the students of the colleges in America for the mission fields, and in this work it has had a marked success. Thousands of missionaries have come from the ranks of the volunteers. Not all who have joined the Volunteer Movement have become missionaries, but it is safe to say that no one has come under its influence without receiving a great uplift. To go to the colleges for missionary recruits was the most natural thing, for missionaries must have training and the students are pre-eminently a class in training.

There were about two thousand in attendance at the recent convention, and it is thought that, had it not been for the financial stress, there would have been twice as many. Having heard so much about the

revolt of youth, doubtless others besides the writer went to the convention wondering what attitude would be shown by these young people from every quarter of the United States and Canada towards world evangelization and life in general. The impression gained from mingling with the delegates and watching them with a critical mind was favorable to them. They were quiet, thoughtful, sincere, and markedly prompt. Their dress and bearing were such as become those who are preparing to undertake the greatest task of the ages. There was a consideration for others, though strangers, seldom seen in so large a group.

Among the speakers were some of the foremost men in the mission and other fields, such as John R. Mott, Robert E. Speer, Kirby Page, and T. Z. Koo. John R. Mott has been a leader in the movement from its beginning in Northfield. There were also many speakers not yet so well known, and among them were missionaries who had brought things to pass in various lands.

Among the subjects discussed were: "Present day motives and methods in foreign missions"; "The reconstruction of the missionary enterprise"; "Christian missions and the nationalist spirit"; "Christian missions as an agency in reconstructing the modern world"; "Latin America in the new world situation."

What the outcome of such a convention will be is beyond human estimation. Hundreds of the young people present will doubtless find their places in the mission fields, home and foreign, and through these, multitudes of men of all races will be led to Christ.

A STATEMENT

YEARLY STATEMENT OF GENERAL MISSIONARY IN THE SOUTHWEST

To the Seventh Day Baptist Missionary Society,

The Board of Managers,
Ashaway, R. I.,

GREETINGS:

As your servant on this, the southwestern field, it becomes my rather embarrassing duty to report in brief summary that which has been undertaken and the little which has been accomplished. Need I tell you it is

with very real grief that I report the failure, for the most part, of that which has been undertaken?

This, the odd year, has been devoted to the lone Sabbath keepers of Oklahoma, and the various fields of Arkansas and Oklahoma where we have established interests. Even years are given to the isolated families of Arkansas. In all years the established work is kept up as best we can.

Points served have been Belzoni, Apple, Antlers, Tahlequah, Tulsa, Oklahoma City, Tiawah, Claremore, and some others briefly in Oklahoma.

In Arkansas some meetings have been held at Nady and Bloomfield, while Gentry has had all the services possible to give when not busy elsewhere.

I attended the Southwestern Association at Fouke, and have made some more or less successful efforts to aid a number of colored churches who are Sabbath keepers, but not Baptist, who are located in Louisiana, Arkansas, and Texas.

The work has consisted for the most part of visitation, Bible readings and studies, and addresses: Bible studies over two hundred, addresses over one hundred fifty, and some six hundred calls outside the local parish.

There have been twelve Sabbath converts, twenty new converts to Christ, and over sixty reclaimed. The ninety-two lives which have been helped in these ways are but a small part of those whom we had hoped to reach in some definite manner.

We trust that some have been helped of the isolated whom we have visited and that some may have been touched whose decisions shall follow later, but of those things we cannot and do not speak as definite results.

The local church here is, we are very sure, experiencing a steady and very definite development spiritually. The attendance is far above the average for churches of which we have knowledge as to percentages. More than half the meetings are attended by every resident member on Sabbath mornings, and not more than four have been absent at one time from any of the Sabbath morning services.

For these good things we praise only the people and the God of all, whose great work it is. The failures are mine and solely upon

my part, for he is ever ready to give us victory if we will only meet his requirements. May he forgive, and you bear with my weaknesses and mistakes.

Fraternally yours,

E. R. LEWIS,
General Missionary.

Gentry, Ark.,
December 31, 1931.

NEWS LETTER FROM EDINBURG, TEX.

Nothing has appeared in the Home News department from Edinburg for some time. Indeed there is little news to write, but some may be interested to hear about our little group.

The Rio Grande valley, in common with other localities, is suffering somewhat from the depression, but probably not so much as many places, because there are so many edible products raised here. We feel that we are favored by having two crops of vegetables a year, and abundance of citrus fruit, poultry, eggs, milk, and butter. We have grazing for cattle the year round. There is plenty to eat, but producers do not get much for what they have raised. Fortunately, not much cotton was raised here last year. We are too far south for wheat. Two crops of corn may be raised, but the main crop is in the spring, much of it being allowed to mature, though a great deal of it, as well as the fall crop, is marketed as green corn, or "roasting ears," as they say in the South. We enjoy these in May, and in November and December. Many carloads of green vegetables are shipped to northern markets. Tomatoes and sweet potatoes are very low in price. Cabbage is bringing a fair price, so far, though producers are fearful that the price may drop as a larger bulk is harvested. Carrots are bringing a fair price this year.

We have had no frost as yet, though some days have been cool enough to need a little fire. We are enjoying the warm, sunny days and the beautiful flowers. Seedlings are coming on as they do in the spring and early summer in the North.

Our church people are faithful in attendance as they are able. There have been some contagious diseases among the children, but those in our society who have been afflicted are out of quarantine now. Next Sabbath we will have the quarterly com-

munion service. Mrs. Allen is to preach and Mr. Holston is to administer the Lord's supper. The next day, which is the Sunday following New Year's, we will have our annual church dinner. It will be at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Allen, who live in town near the church.

We had a Christmas tree and program Sunday night following Christmas, at the home of A. G. Fisher. There were more gifts for the children than usual, which made them very happy. The children did very well, considering the tender ages of most of them. A number of them had never spoken or performed in public before. We have very few of the between age—the best for such programs—but a nice group of little tots is coming on. There are now sixteen children on the Sabbath school roll.

The primary class is doing good work under Mrs. Boehler's efficient methods. The members are interested, enthusiastic, and faithful in attendance. Not the least active among them are two Jewish children, very bright and gifted, whose parents are very nice people.

Though we are few in numbers, we are trying to uphold the light of truth. People often ask about our denomination and peculiar beliefs. There are many little things to be done among our neighbors. May we be faithful to our trust.

PRESS CORRESPONDENT.

Edinburg, Tex.,
December 30, 1931.

ALASKA PAYS

When the United States paid Russia \$7,200,000 for Alaska just 63 years ago we really got a gold mine. Since gold was discovered at Juneau in 1880 that territory has produced some \$400,000,000 of gold while copper and silver have brought the yield from minerals up to more than \$600,000,000. Alaska is rich in minerals. The Geological Survey estimates the value of the placer gold reserve there at nearly \$400,000,000 not to mention the gold in veins that cannot be estimated. All summer Geological Survey parties have been in Alaska exploring for gold and other minerals. They report the discovery of exceptional deposits of gold as well as other important mineral finds in Central and Southern Alaska. And so Alaska pays and pays. —*Pathfinder.*

WOMAN'S WORK

MRS. ALBERTA DAVIS BATSON
Contributing Editor

WALWORTH LADIES' AID SOCIETY

The Walworth Ladies' Aid society of the Seventh Day Baptist Church, although greatly interested in the work of the Woman's Board and in all the departments and activities of our denomination, appreciating as well the value of the SABBATH RECORDER, has not felt that as a society it could report anything that would be of interest to other larger societies.

Our active membership, because of death and removals, is reduced to five active members, which fact necessarily limits our activities very materially. This is a great contrast to the status of the organization in the early years of our work, both in membership and scope of work. We were organized in 1872 as the Woman's Missionary and Benevolent society, with eighty-three members the first year. Three of our present active members were of that original number, also one of our sustaining members now in Florida, Mrs. DeEtte Randolph.

In recent years, because of our limitations, we have functioned simply as an Aid society.

The needs of our local church have seemed to us to call most loudly for our aid, and through the church we have contributed to the Onward Movement (for Woman's Board work) as usual.

Our only source of income at present is our dues and quilting, and with the latter we are fortunately well supplied.

Our officers are: President, Mrs. Eva McLean; secretary and treasurer, Phoebe S. Coon.

THE HELPING HAND SOCIETY OF WALWORTH, WIS.

[Your contributing editor is much pleased with the reports that are coming in from the various societies. Some express the idea that they are few in numbers and consequently can give nothing of value to

any other society, but all reports that have come in so far have to me been extremely interesting and show interest in the work of the denomination and in local needs, and all play an important part, large or small. I am sure that the readers of this page are finding the reports of the activities of the various ladies' organizations interesting and helpful. May we not hear from many more?]

Beginning the year with July 17, 1930, and closing with July 30, 1931, the Helping Hand society has held thirty-three meetings with an average attendance of six.

The largest number present at a meeting was nine and the smallest number was four. There were sixteen visitors.

The work of the year has been making aprons, tying comforts, and quilting. We have had only one food sale.

On May 17, our society was invited to meet with the Congregational ladies. A program was given and refreshments served. All had a very pleasant time.

We have had birthday surprises for four of our members.

On December 11 we had a little Christmas party for the ladies of our church—the party being held in the parsonage. Luncheon was served and there was an exchange of inexpensive gifts followed by a social time.

In December we sent packages of little cakes and cookies to the children in our county home.

MRS. E. A. WITTER,
Walworth, Wis.

GOLD STAR MOTHERS

A PILGRIMAGE (Continued)

BY MRS. HATTIE E. WEST

Sunday in Paris was that preceding Memorial day, and though the mothers were at liberty to attend any church they wished, the most of them accepted the invitation to attend the services of the American Church, maintained by the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America. Here they were guests of honor, together with American Ambassador Edge and members of his staff, the American Consul General, the Benjamin Franklin Chapter of the D. A. R., and the Woman's Auxiliary of the

American Legion, and the American Chamber of Commerce.

We were met at the entrance to the church by young girls with trays of red poppies and each mother was asked to wear one. The services were of a high order, with a printed program, giving a Litany of Remembrance and special hymns. The message was given by the pastor, Rev. Wilson Cochran, who performed the difficult task of exalting the soldier dead and making a plea for peace. The anthem sung was Kipling's "Recessional." "There Is No Death" was sung as an offertory solo.

"I tell you they have not died,
They live and breathe with you;
They walk here at your side,
They tell you things are true.
Why dream of poppied sod
When you can feel their breath,
When flower and soul and God
Know there is no death.

"I tell you they have not died,
Their hands clasp yours and mine.
They are but glorified,
They are become divine.
They live! They know! They see!
They shout with every breath:
"Life is eternity!
There is no death!"

The last stanza of the closing hymn was:

"O risen Lord, O Shepherd of our dead,
Whose cross has bought them and whose staff
has led,
Grant not in vain their sacred blood be shed."

It was followed by the last stanza of "America."

An appeal was made and offering taken for the work of the Woman's Auxiliary of the American Legion, who are caring for two hundred seven children, representing one hundred twenty-six ex-service men's families, American, not French. Some of the families, alas, that it should be so, have been abandoned by the fathers, and some of the children by both parents. A large proportion of the expense of this work is met by the annual poppy sale in France; and poppies were much in evidence from this time on to Memorial day and later.

After four days in Paris, we were taken to Verdun, about one hundred sixty miles northeast, not far from the German border. Though it was twenty-eight miles from the Meuse-Argonne Cemetery, it was the nearest city with hotels large enough to accommodate our party. Verdun was our head-

quarters from May twenty-sixth to May thirty-first. Each morning we drove from here to the cemetery, taking our lunches with us and returning each afternoon.

Our first view of war territory came to us on our trip from Paris to Verdun. Captain Louisell pointed out to us the point, forty miles from Paris, that marked the farthest advance of the Germans in their efforts to take that city the first year of the war in the first battle of the Marne. It was to this point that the French General Gallienne rushed his troops in thirty thousand taxicabs of Paris and by a surprise attack prevented further advance by the enemy.

We stopped for lunch at the historic tavern which was once the headquarters of General Pershing, and before him, had served Napoleon. As we neared Verdun our road was marked at intervals by little columns of stone held together with cement and surmounted by a war helmet. We were on the "Via Sacra," the "Sacred Way" over which four hundred thousand French soldiers who never came back had passed on their way to defend that city. Verdun was never taken by the enemy but the war memorials and cemeteries of that region bear mute testimony to the tremendous cost at which it was defended.

Every day as we drove out from Verdun we saw on a distant height overlooking the city the great French memorial at Duomont. Here the remains of these four hundred thousand French soldiers are placed, not in separate graves, but in a hundred separate tombs, according to the sectors in which they fought. One who mourns a loved one may kneel, not at his grave, but at one of the hundred tombs, in the hope that his remains may be there. Alas, the pity of it! The awfulness of such slaughter staggers one's imagination.

Each day in going to and from Verdun we were taken over a different route, that we might be shown as much as possible of the area over which the soldiers fought who took part in the great Meuse-Argonne struggle, which is called by some, not only the greatest battle of the World War, but of all known wars. Fortunately time and nature have done much to obliterate its scars. Most of the land has been reclaimed and the ruined villages rebuilt, but there are all too many evidences of the awful ravages of

about the heights of Duomont, to which our busses climbed through what was known as Death Valley. In pre-war times it must have been a beautiful spot. An oriole was singing in the wood as we paused a moment on the slope, and flowers were blooming, but the marks of war prevented any enjoyment, even of the remaining beauty of the valley.

One day our route took us to Montfaucon, the important height of this region long held by the Germans, and one of the great objectives of the allies in the Meuse-Argonne offensive. This height has been bought by the United States and a great memorial to our soldiers is in process of construction. The village which formerly occupied this height was completely destroyed and has been built about two miles distant. The lookout tower of the Crown Prince and the ruins of the church which dominated the height are being left, mute testimonials to the destructiveness of war.

During the war we read much about the ruthlessness of the Germans in the destruction of the churches. Captain Louisell pointed out to us the fact that on account of their elevation church spires were selected by the armies on both sides as points of lookout from which to direct the firing of the troops. Hence their destruction became one of the necessities of war, for war makes no pause for sacred things. And these ruined churches spoke to us of the many finer things of the spirit that suffered destruction from the same ruthless force.

One day we went to Varennes where the state of Pennsylvania has erected a large war memorial to her soldiers who fought here. Near Samogneau, another village completely destroyed, a pathetic memorial was a statue depicting a French peasant looking for the remains of his home.

May twenty-ninth, on our return from the cemetery, our route took us along the line of the American troops on Armistice day, November 11, 1918. Here they were at 11 a. m. when the war of guns ceased, and the silence, described by those who experienced it, descended upon them, vast and pronounced. This route took us to Sedan, where in the war of 1870 Napoleon III surrendered to the Germans, a defeat that is counted as one of the decisive battles of

the world, dethroning a dynasty and putting an end to monarchy in France.

On the last days preceding the Armistice, when the allies were in pursuit of the Germans, two American companies were racing to reach Sedan, striving for the honor of taking that historic city, when a French company arriving demanded that they halt and give the French Army the honor of taking the city where sixty years before they had met such crushing defeat.

Some of us had letters from comrades of our dear ones, telling as nearly as they could where they had fallen. In planning the routes of the busses each day, Captain Louisell, when possible, included these places, though it sometimes took us off the main traveled roads. At these sacred spots, the busses stopped and our kind nurse, Miss King, got out and picked some flowers for us, for everywhere along the roadsides and in the edges of the fields were blooming great yellow buttercups, daisies, and lilies of the valley. The thick undergrowth at the edges of the wood shut off from view the interior of the woods, which during the war held so many horrors. It is as if the land were trying to forget. But among the other flowers almost everywhere, the scarlet poppies showed beside the daisies and the buttercups, and even in the fields of wheat.

Every day we passed cemeteries, thick with graves, where French soldiers rested beneath white wooden crosses; English cemeteries; Italian cemeteries, marked with black crosses; even German cemeteries; but none so beautifully cared for as our own American cemetery.

(To be continued)

FROM THE COMMISSION ON THE CHURCH AND SOCIAL SERVICE

A joint statement on unemployment was issued today by the Social Service Commission of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, the Department of Social Action of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, and the Social Justice Commission of the Central Conference of American Rabbis. Representatives of the three organizations, Protestant, Catholic and Jewish, Rev. James Myers,

Rev. R. A. McGowan, and Rabbi Edward L. Israel, interpreted the statement as having extraordinary significance. They said that the unparalleled human need of the present winter and the urgency of adequate steps not only for relief but for constructive economic reorganization had impelled the three organizations to adopt the exceptional procedure of drafting and issuing a joint statement on phases of the relief, reduction and prevention of unemployment.

Not since the joint attack on the twelve-hour day in the steel industry by these three national religious bodies has a statement been issued by them which is of such profound public import. Last January the three bodies — Protestant, Catholic, and Jewish—sponsored jointly a Conference on Permanent Preventives of Unemployment, the proceedings of which were published in printed form containing addresses by sixteen leading employers, economists, government officials, labor leaders, and clergymen. No findings or resolutions, however, were given out by the conference. The present document is the first joint statement of the three organizations on the subject. The statement follows:

The Commission on the Church and Social Service of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America and the Social Action Department of the National Catholic Welfare Conference and the Social Justice Commission of the Central Conference of American Rabbis heartily commend the movement for relief of the victims of unemployment and feel assured that all faiths may be counted upon for generous support of unemployment relief this winter as in the past, but at the same time they express their conviction that relief is not enough. The very assistance of church forces in immediate relief measures makes increasingly imperative their moral duty to challenge the social injustices which have made relief necessary. We must recognize that the community relief plans as at present proposed, or even supplementary federal appropriations which it seems to us will be needed to meet the problem of unemployment, are in effect nothing but a temporary dole—a palliative, not a solution. Such relief is in fact grossly inadequate to prevent tragic demoralization of individual and family life.

Employment is the only cure for unemployment. Yet the bald fact remains that regardless of whatever improvement may occur in general business conditions we are entering the third winter of severe unemployment without seeing put into actual operation any statesmanlike or constructive program to provide work for any but a small minority of the idle.

We believe that immediate and adequate ap-

propriations should be made available by national as well as local governments for such needed and useful public works as road construction, development of parks, elimination of grade crossings, flood control projects, reforestation, and the clearing of slum areas in our cities. If such a governmental program be undertaken now we will face the months that lie ahead with prospects of work for a large number of the unemployed and consequently increased purchasing power which will stimulate all business. The economic wisdom of this proposal has been attested by leading economists.

We note with satisfaction the tendency to institute a shorter work day and week without reduction in wages in the effort to solve the problem of technological unemployment.

Society's responsibility for the preservation of human values in industrial life makes the principle of social insurance, particularly insurance against unemployment and want in old age, an indispensable part of sound social policy and the most self-respecting form of relief. We protest against the misleading use of the word "dole" to describe systems of unemployment insurance.

We affirm our belief in the necessity of a more equitable distribution of wealth and income which would increase purchasing power and tend to balance production and consumption. We, therefore, particularly deplore indiscriminate wage cuts at this time as socially unjust and tending to intensify bitterness and industrial unrest, and still further to lower the purchasing power of the masses.

We hold that it is now time that the engineering principle of planning which has been so successfully introduced into individual factories should be extended to the control of entire industries and of industry in general. The suggestions made by Mr. Gerard Swope are a welcome indication of the awareness of some of our industrial leaders of the necessity for some kind of economic planning. Participation of labor through representatives of their own choosing and an equitable distribution of wealth and income should be incorporated in any form of national planning and control.

The principle of co-operative planning must be extended also to world economic relations, including balances of production, consumption, and exchange, access to raw materials, questions of tariffs, movement of gold, intergovernmental war debts, and the economic waste of armaments.

Unemployment is so devastating in its physical, mental, and moral consequences that the present conditions constitute to our mind a national and international emergency which calls for courageous social action and the adoption of heroic measures adequate to the gravity of the situation.

"Churchianity rules by force, and Christianity by love; the one points you to Caesar, the other to Calvary."

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

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

WHAT ABOUT LEADERSHIP?

Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day,
January 23, 1932

DAILY READINGS

Sunday—Follow not false teachers (1 Tim. 4: 1-8)
Monday—False prophets (1 John 4: 1-8)
Tuesday—Follow Christ (Matt. 4: 18-22)
Wednesday—Follow inspired leaders (Phil. 3: 17-21)
Thursday—Follow the word (Matt. 7: 24-27)
Friday—Follow the good (1 Thess. 5: 15)
Sabbath Day—Topic: What leadership should we follow? (Luke 5: 1-11; Col. 2: 18, 19)

"Man am I grown, a man's work must I do.
Follow the deer? Follow the Christ, the King,
Live pure, speak true, right wrong, follow the King—
Else, wherefore born?"

The above quotation, from "The Idylls of the King," by Alfred Tennyson, briefly expresses what leadership we should follow, and the manner of our following. We, like Gareth, the young prince, ought to rise out of inactivity and indifference to the evils around us, and put our whole hearts into following the highest Leader, Christ.

Christ was the Prince of Peace, so if we follow him we shall support those things which make for peace, such as adherence to the World Court; peaceful mediation between disputing nations (in place of such aggressive actions as Japan's invasion of Manchuria); and justice done to all in our courts of justice.

Christ was humble, so, like him, we should humble ourselves, not setting up ourselves to be better than those around us. Rather should we copy Christ's way of doing good to them that despitely use us.

Christ loved the beautiful and good. Most of us are not beautiful, but we can be good and we can seek for beautiful things.

"O ye that scorn my stiff gray gown,
My fair and foolish face,
Can ye not see my soul flash down,
A shining thing through space?"

If we follow Christ's leadership, and work with others who also are striving to follow, shall we not then become like him? How can we do otherwise than to follow him, the perfect One?

As a fitting conclusion to this meeting, have all stand, while a mixed quartet sings "Follow the Gleam," or "Where He Leads I'll Follow."

C. L. B.

INTERMEDIATE TOPIC

For Sabbath Day, January 23, 1932

PEOPLE WE ADMIRE

Why do we admire Frances Willard?
What is admirable about Spurgeon?
What qualities do you admire in others?

DAILY READINGS

Sunday—Noah, the obedient (Gen. 7: 1-5)
Monday—Abraham, the pilgrim (Gen. 12: 1-5)
Tuesday—Joseph, the generous (Gen. 45: 1-11)
Wednesday—Ruth, the friend (Ruth 1: 10-22)
Thursday—David, the courageous (1 Sam. 17: 32-50)
Friday—Mary, the mother (Luke 2: 15-20)
Sabbath Day—Topic: Men and women we most admire (Heb. 13: 7; Jas. 5: 10, 11)

MESSAGE FROM CHINA

DEAR YOUNG PEOPLE:

Christmas is drawing nigh, and I am reminded that I made a resolution at Conference time to try to keep in touch with you all at least twice a year; and in that resolution, I thought Christmas would be a fine time for the first message.

We have been back in China nearly two months and our time in America seems much like a dream. For the most part it is a very happy dream, and you and your fine spirit of loyalty to Church, and denomination, make it more than a dream. It becomes a prophecy of things to come. When we were looking forward to Conference at Alfred, I predicted that we could get one hundred in our World Fellowship. The Conference number was one hundred thirty-one, and since that time more have joined, so that we now have two hundred ten. I am sending you each our heartiest Christmas and New Year's greetings.

I have wondered much about the great numbers who are not in this fellowship and who ought to be there.

I heard a very fine sermon this morning, on the subject, "The Bible." The speaker dwelt much on "The Living Word," translating the message and spirit of the Bible into life. I am sure that is what we all personally desire to do. Can we help to do it for our churches and denomination, and thus become a real part in the kingdom building for which Christ gave his life?

I wish I might in some way help you in your problems. We all have them in these days, but if I can, in some way, make you desire to "carry on" to heights we older young people have not attained, I shall be happy.

Are there some very definite things we might do together? For instance:

Could we push the subscription list of the RECORDER?

Have a definite part in soul winning in our church and community?

Be represented on a foreign field by some native of that land? New England Christian Endeavor Union is doing this. How about the rest of us? I have in mind a young man in China who ought to be in Christian work and I believe he will be soon. Would our Fellowship like to have him represent us in China?

How about the denominational budget? Shall we ourselves, not only lift but shall we actively work to put it across this year and lessen the debt? All in favor say "I." The I's have it.

Shall this fellowship grow in numbers? Is it too much to expect by next year that we shall have five hundred in the group? It largely depends on our efforts. Will you enlist others? Send the names and addresses to the Young People's Board and to H. Eugene Davis, 23 Route de Zikawei, Shanghai, China.

I have absolute faith in your purpose to be useful, helpful followers of our Leader, Jesus Christ, and in the spirit of the World Fellowship Pledge I send you this message.

H. EUGENE DAVIS.

23 Route de Zikawei,
Shanghai, China,
December 6, 1931.

THE RIVER

BY PEARL S. BUCK

The village had always trusted to the river. To them it was a good and benefi-

cent force. In the spring it came swelling past them on its way to the sea, rich with its burden of silt and clay, torn from the upper lands through which it rushed. This rich water rose in the canals and the creeks, and the village waited for it year after year, and seized the good tide and turned it into the rice fields, and the fields brought forth harvest, and there was food for everyone, for the old men and women and the little children and for the strong, lean men and women who were the strength of this generation. Yes, this was a good river.

The good river! This year it has deceived the village. The spring tide came high and full as ever it did. But when summer came there was no subsidence. The villagers looked at each other at first in surprise, then in consternation. What was the matter with the river? It swelled into higher tides; it began to eat into the land it had always fed; it rose to flood. The villagers were frightened. Some of the oldest men began to remember how when they were young they had heard their own grandfathers, now dust for many a year, tell of how the river did so once betray the ones who trusted to it. But it was very long ago and they had forgotten until now that there had even once been such a tale told.

The river rose steadily. Hour after hour, day after day it rose, swelling silently in the night. The villagers ran to the dyke several miles away to see what might befall. That great, wide dyke which had been a bulwark for generations, beyond which had stretched low, fertile rice lands to the river's brim, now held back a brimming flood. The river had covered the low rice lands and was now pushing against the dyke. The villagers climbing to that dyke's edge, stared down into the swirling, yellow, angry water, which was tearing and pulling away clods of the earth even as they stared. At any hour, at any moment, it would break through.

"We must make the dyke higher—we must watch for breaks!" Thus spoke one of the younger men, the son of the village head.

But his father was wiser. He answered sombrely, "And can we in this sudden hour mend five hundred miles of dyke, and guard every break? Ten thousand men cannot

prevail against the river when it turns evil!"

The young man would not give up. He argued that if they all—if all the villages—but the older man went back in silence and collected their few belongings, their winter clothing, as much grain as they could carry, their wives and children, their oxen and cattle and a few fowls, and they wended their way across the fields of unripe grain to the highest, strongest part of the dyke. Well they knew this grain would never be cut by their hands, nor would any harvest be theirs this year.

Upon that narrow edge of high built dyke they pitched rude camp, twisting a few reed mats into shelter, tying their cattle to the sparse trees that grew there. The good river had turned against them.

Nor had they come a day too soon. The river rose yet further, and exerting its strength, tore its way triumphant through a break in the long dyke. Within a few hours all the fair land was a sea of yellow water. From the upper dyke the villagers watched the yellow wall of water break and roar and crash over the land, and swirl even to the very roots of the trees where their beasts were tied. Would it overwhelm them all? But the river could not quite reach them. Its strength was spent, and it lay there like a malicious, wild force, having cornered the villagers in this spot.

What then? Then nothing. There was nothing to do but to look out over the sea and think of the good grain rotting at the bottom; nothing to do but kill the snakes and rats that swarmed up out of the water and fought to share this spot of dry land with the humans; nothing to do but to eat up the grain and the cattle they had saved.

Weeks have passed. Months have passed. The river is still waiting at the foot of the bit of ground where the villagers are encamped. Their grain is gone, their beasts are eaten. There are not even rats and snakes now. The only food the villagers have is the shrimps they catch out of the river. Having no fuel, they eat them raw. Raw shrimps—and the winter draws near in chill nights and in sudden cold winds out of the north. Raw shrimps—is it not better to leap into the water, seeing that death must come and the river will not abate?

Raw shrimps again—there are many ill and many who have died, and they can but be thrown into the water. One old woman mutters over and over again,

"That river—it is not satisfied with dead; it wants us living."

Sometimes one says, begging for hope, "I have heard it said that sometimes in a famine there are those who send food—clothes—at least I have heard it said."

Can this be so? Another is suddenly buoyed by the thought and cries,

"Is it a boat I see there in the distance? Does it come this way?"

They all stare out over the yellow, spreading water. It is a fair day and the water lies sparkling under the clear sunshine and ruffling under the keen wind. They can see a long way, since there is nothing to hinder their eyes except a few tops of trees. A boat? They gather and clamor a little to see the boat.

But there is no boat. Over the sparkling, cruel sea no boat comes.

[This story, by Pearl S. Buck, the author of "The Good Earth," was written prior to the arrival in China of any shipments of American wheat. Since then, several boatloads of wheat have reached the scene of the flood, and have been distributed by the National Flood Relief Commission. Relief authorities have announced that the entire quantity of American wheat will not be sufficient to feed the millions of Chinese men, women, and children who are victims of the flood which was the worst in China's history. Mrs. Buck sent this story for Flood Relief in China, constituted by the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, the Foreign Missions Conference of North America, and China Famine Relief U. S. A., with headquarters at 205 East Forty-second Street, New York City, to aid in bringing to the attention of the American public the real tragedy that has befallen the Chinese people and the need for extending mercy.—EDITOR.]

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT

Whereas, it has been the will of our heavenly Father to call home our sister, Mrs. Stella Babcock, who has been a faithful member since the organization of the society, an untiring worker, and an efficient officer; and while we mourn our loss

and miss her keen interest, sound judgment, and kindly spirit among us, we were glad to have known her as a friend and companion in the work of the Master. Wherefore be it

Resolved, That we bow in humble submission to the will of our heavenly Father and that we tender our deepest sympathy to the lonely husband and children, and that a copy of these resolutions be presented to the family, one placed on record, and one forwarded to the SABBATH RECORDER.

THE NELLIE B. SHAW MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF THE NORTH LOUP SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST CHURCH,
By the Committee.

A CALL TO PRAYER

The Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America invites the churches throughout the country to observe Sunday, January 31, 1932, as a nation-wide day of prayer for the Divine blessing on the World Disarmament Conference. The day will be similarly observed in many lands, in response to the proposal of the Universal Christian Council on Life and Work.

The Disarmament Conference convenes, after years of preparation, at a time of grave anxiety. Many serious problems are facing the nations and their leaders. The spirit of unrest, of distress, and in many places almost of despair grips the life of the world and causes profound misgivings for the future.

The great need of the world today is a deepening of the spiritual and moral life of the peoples and earnest devotion to truth, righteousness, and brotherliness. These are the primary essentials for individual, for national, and for international welfare. Every vexing question confronting the peoples of the world needs to be brought to the bar of righteous judgment and to be dealt with by methods of justice and good will.

The nations have renounced war as an instrument of national policy. The time has come for them to set themselves with all seriousness and determination to renounce the implements of war.

Whence is this spirit to come if not from above — from the Source of all spiritual

life? How can this spirit arise unless millions of earnest souls open their hearts and minds to the Divine will and pour out their prayers and their hopes before the universal Father for his guidance and blessing?

The Federal Council of the Churches, therefore, appeals to the churches of the United States to join with men of prayer in this and other lands in united intercession to God on the day preceding the opening of what may, under his blessing, be an epoch-making Conference.

Let us pray that the creative spirit of God may move among the peoples and may guide their leaders in the Conference at Geneva, that unselfish motives and wise counsels may prevail. Let us pray that we as a nation may be zealous to know and to do God's will in our relations with other nations and to take our full part in bringing in the day when war shall be no more.

Signed

FRANCIS J. MCCONNELL,
President,

SAMUEL MCCREA CAVERT,
General Secretary,
Federal Council of the Churches
of Christ in America.

QUARTERLY MEETING AT MILTON

The next session of the quarterly meeting of the churches of southern Wisconsin and Chicago will be held at Milton, January 15 and 16.

The meeting will open at 7.30 p. m., January 15, with Rev. E. A. Witter, of Walworth, in charge.

At the service Sabbath morning at 10.30 the sermon will be preached by Rev. E. E. Sutton.

Mrs. Minnie G. Churchward of Chetek, Wis., has been asked to have charge of the afternoon session at 2 o'clock. This will be followed at 3 o'clock by the young people's hour.

The business session will be held at 7.15 p. m., followed by the evening service at 8 in charge of Rev. C. W. Thorngate of Albion.

W. K. DAVIS,
Secretary.

"Every branch that beareth fruit he cleanseth it, that it may bring forth more fruit."

CHILDREN'S PAGE

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

THE LAND WHERE JESUS LIVED

ACTS 7: 2-4; MATTHEW 2: 1-6

Junior Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day, January 16, 1932

BY MRS. NETTIE CRANDALL

Nazareth, the boyhood home of Christ, is about sixty-six miles north of Jerusalem, fourteen miles from the Sea of Galilee, and twenty-one miles from the Mediterranean Sea. One of the great caravan roads goes through the city and upon its streets can be seen men of all nationalities.

Climbing the hill back of the town, Jesus could see the snow-capped Hermon to the north; to the west, Mt. Carmel; to the southwest, was the Great Sea studded with many sails; to the south the plain of Esdraelon; and to the east the wooded height of Tabor.

As he climbed the hill and looked out upon these scenes, I imagine he longed to visit them. And later, during his ministry, he became very familiar with all of these places.

Let us go with Christ on some of his journeys, and as we go let's find the places on the map. First we will go with him on one of his yearly trips to Jerusalem. Luke 2: 41.

Just over the hill is . . . where we enter a home where Jesus was always welcome. Luke 10: 38. Can you tell this story?

Going on up to Samaria, we shall want to stop at the city of Sychar, where Jacob's well is located. Whom did he teach here? John 4: 5-15.

Next we will visit the village of Cana, located four miles from Nazareth, on the road to Lake Galilee. What . . . did Christ perform here?

Now we will go to Capernaum, a city on the lakeside. Here Jesus spent much time during his ministry. He often . . . the people down by the lakeside, and sometimes from a . . . pushed out a little from the shore.

There is one more place that we must

visit — Mt. Hermon to the north where Jesus took Peter, James, and John, and where they rested for the night. Tell the story. Why did Peter want to stay there forever? Christ's work of ministering to the sick and needy called him down into the lowlands. Why can we not always live on the mountaintop with Christ?

OUR LETTER EXCHANGE

DEAR MRS. GREENE:

As this is my first letter, I do not have very much to write. I am writing this letter during Christmas vacation.

I am ten years old and am in the fourth grade. We had our program Friday, the eighteenth.

My sisters' names are Lorene, Agnes, and Myrtle Lawton. My teacher's name is Miss Carlson. I like my teacher. She is very fine.

We came from Texas to Minnesota this fall.

I guess I will have to close. Christmas wishes,

TEMISSA LAWTON.

Glencoe, Minn., Route 4
December 20, 1931.

DEAR TEMISSA:

I'll have to tell you how near your letter came to being left out altogether. I was directing Christmas cards at the dining room table when Eleanor came in with the mail and before I had time to see your name some member of the family tipped a bottle of ink over on it, blotting out your name and all the address except "sota," which of course didn't tell me much; but luckily you had written your letter in lead pencil, so I quickly dipped it in a liquid called "101" which took out the ink and your writing was just as plain as ever. My! but I was glad. It would hardly have done to put in a letter with neither beginning nor end, would it? "101" took all the ink out of my tablecloth, too.

It is too late for me to return your Christmas wishes, but I do hope you had the very merriest Christmas and happiest New Year's imaginable. We did, but it was a snowless one. Our first real snow storm came night before last. The next morning everything

was loaded with snow, a very beautiful sight, but the snow and ice were so heavy that tree limbs were bent low or broken down and several telephone poles were lying flat on the ground as we drove to Independence.

I am so glad you have written and hope you will do so often.

Your sincere friend,
MIZPAH S. GREENE.

DEAR MRS. GREENE:

I haven't written to you for quite a while. I will tell you a little about our Sabbath school class. We have six members including the teacher, but one doesn't come very often, so our regular record is five.

I will be glad when January comes because I will be a junior in Sabbath school. I am also a member of our Junior society.

Our school vacation begins Thursday. We had our program on Monday night. We had quite a crowd and some men had to stand up.

We are going to have our church program on Sabbath evening.

Well, I think I have written enough.

Yours truly,
LORNA PAYNE.

Dodge Center, Minn.,
December 23, 1931.

DEAR LORNA:

I was very glad to hear from you again. I have often wondered if you received your photo all right, which I was so tardy about returning to you. No doubt you have grown quite a bit since then.

I expect you had a fine, snowy Christmas. Mr. Greene was born and brought up in Minnesota and he has often spoken of the cold, snowy winters there, and how often they were snowed in for weeks at a time.

School starts here tomorrow. Probably yours does, too. Are you glad or sorry vacation is over? Eleanor thinks she is both glad and sorry.

I hope you will not wait so long before your next letter.

Your true friend,
MIZPAH S. GREENE.

DEAR MRS. GREENE:

My brother, Lewis Edwin, is writing so I thought I would write some, too.

I have a little black kitty. I call it Blackie.

I am only five years old but I am going to school and I have not missed a day yet. I am almost ready for the first reader. I like my teacher fine. His name is Mr. George Bland.

I got my daddy to write for me.

I got four handkerchiefs for Christmas, a kindergarten set, a tablet and two pencils, a candy Santa, a pair of stockings, a pair of gloves, goods for a new suit, and candy.

I go to Sabbath school most every Sabbath. My teacher is Miss Lucy Sutton.

ELSTON LEON DAVIS.

New Milton, W. Va.,
December 28, 1931.

DEAR ELSTON LEON:

Please thank daddy for me for helping you to write this nice letter, for it pleased me very much. It will not be long before you can write to me all yourself, will it, since you are doing so well in school? I'm sure you are a fine boy in school since you like your teacher.

Christmas was certainly good to you for your presents were all very nice. I hope your new suit will soon be done so that you can fully enjoy it. My big girl Eleanor said the main thing she wanted for Christmas was new clothes. How about you?

I hope you remembered Blackie at Christmas. Our cat Skeezics thinks a good, thick piece of liver is the best Christmas gift.

Your sincere friend,
MIZPAH S. GREENE.

DEAR MRS. GREENE:

I have not written to you for a long time, and I thought I would write to you now.

We have a pet lamb. It is very frisky and mother is afraid of it, but it only wants to play with her. When we play with it we run and it chases us, hitting on all four feet at the same time. It runs with its head down. Its name is Topsy.

I got up enough subscriptions to get me a writing outfit. It has three parts to it and is full of pencils and things.

Santa has just come and brought me a handkerchief, a belt, two pairs of stockings, a pair of mitts, a ball, some candy, a tablet, and two pencils.

We had a Christmas tree at the church and I got all the things I told you about.

You wanted us to tell who our fathers and mothers are. My father's name is Lewis Townzen Davis and my mother's maiden name was Miss Dartha Bee. She was from Berea, W. Va.

Yours truly,

LEWIS EDWIN DAVIS.

New Milton, W. Va.,
December 25, 1931.

DEAR LEWIS EDWIN:

It surely was time I was hearing from you again, and I'm glad you used a part of your busy Christmas day to write to me.

You, too, had cause to be thankful on Christmas, for Santa was indeed good to you. One of my presents was a new typewriter ribbon, which is no doubt a relief to the RECORDER people, since my typewriting is more easily read. I'll not take up the space to tell about my other gifts which were all very acceptable.

I think lambs are very interesting pets but very full of mischief. I can't criticise your mother for being afraid of a frisky lamb, for I am a trifle afraid of a much smaller animal, a mouse. Don't tell anyone, will you?

I think you had splendid success getting subscriptions. Eleanor, too, got a prize of a fine eversharp pencil for getting subscriptions to "The Country Home," and gave it to her brother for Christmas.

Don't forget to write often.

Sincerely your friend,
MIZPAH S. GREENE.

LIFE'S LITTLE WHILE

BY DEVILLO E. LIVERMORE

A little while; so swiftly pass
Our childhood's happy hours,
When all our hearts are light and gay,
As birds mid summer flowers.

A little while from life's bright morn,
Till evening shade appears.
Our work then done, God calls us home
To live through endless years.

A little while, 'tis not too long
To fit our souls for heaven.
Then waste not of this precious time;
Improve the moments given.

A little while to gather sheaves
Of life's fair ripened grain;
To scatter smiles and gentle words
That soothe the grief and pain.

A few bright hours to labor here,
E'er comes the rest from care.
A little while to win the crown
That Christ would have us wear.

HOME NEWS

NOTES FROM MORALES, TEXAS

Dear old wife and I are truly glad to tell you all that we are fairly well, for age and labors. We are alone away down in this great southwestern field. We do all the mission work we can, and tend to duties on an old farm. I go out and preach on Friday nights in schoolhouses, and sometimes Sabbath and Sunday nights. I sell Bibles and hand out papers and tracts. We have had a little missionary—a First Day Baptist—to hold a week's meetings here, and we feel much good has been done. We have organized a Bible study class for Sunday afternoons. In this way we may sow many good seeds.

We wrote Brother Lewis at Gentry (where our membership is) to come by and follow up the good work as soon as he can. Oh, what a great mission field this is. We sometimes get lonesome, but must not give up. Pray for us. We enjoy every SABBATH RECORDER. Brother Van Horn is giving us many good editorials, but the last on the great need of every Seventh Day Baptist family reading the SABBATH RECORDER is truly a sad story. Oh, how can a single family do without it? I feel like going out and stirring up their minds, "by way of remembrance." Duty demands that we double and triple the circulation, and thus reduce the price, and advance mission work. So many say to me, "I never yet heard of Seventh Day Baptists." If the world ever gets the truth, it must be by and through the Bible Baptist—the Seventh Day Baptist. We surely have the truth—from the apostles down, through all the ages of God's Church. Pray for my labors of love. Voluntary gifts will be gladly accepted, and God will use them to his glory. We are all living for eternity.

Yours by Divine grace (Ephesians 2: 8-10),
ANDREW J. WILLIAMS,
"Servant of God."

CHRISTMAS AT PLAINFIELD

The Plainfield Church began preparations for the Christmas season by appointing a committee to have the whole matter in charge, in co-operation with the pastor and the superintendent of the Sabbath school. The committee was appointed early, and consisted of Mrs. Nathan E. Lewis and Miss Evalois St. John. This committee did some thinking, some reading, and much planning, with the result that the Plainfield congregation vote this Christmas season one of the best in their memory.

The first notice the people in general had of Christmas preparations was the receipt of the following letter, the purpose of which, as may be seen, was to create the proper atmosphere, and to bring the Christmas spirit into our homes.

Christmas will soon be here. May it be joyous — joyous because we are rich in love of family and friends. May it be peaceful, because we know the abiding love of the One whose birthday we celebrate.

Perhaps this year, more than ever before, we are deeply concerned about conditions in the world around us. The committee which is planning our church Christmas feels that as a church group we have a real privilege in meeting together as families to celebrate in a wholesome, joyous spirit this Christmastide. Christmas afternoon, at half past five, we are invited to worship with the children around the manger scene which they have built, and to bring an offering for those less fortunate than ourselves. The Sabbath services will be as usual. On Sunday evening, at six o'clock, let us all come together for a yuletide party, reviving some of the customs of the days of Merrie England—the caroling of the waits, the bringing in of the "yule log," etc. There will be supper at a nominal charge.

So that all may get the most from such a celebration, we suggest that as families we try to get into the spirit of the old-time Christmas—perhaps singing carols at home, reading a bit of Dickens — so that we may realize anew that the real Christmas comes from the joy of simple things and the spirit within us, rather than from the material things around us.

In the words of Tiny Tim—

"God bless us every one."

According to schedule, a goodly number gathered with the children about the manger scene on Christmas evening, which this year, of course, was the Sabbath eve. The service began with Christmas carols played on piano and 'cello, followed by a 'cello solo. The pastor led an opening prayer, and then from the gallery of the Sabbath school room in which the service

was held four girls sang softly and impressively, "Silent Night." Miss St. John told an introductory story which led up to the reading of the Magnificat from Luke's Gospel. She then told the Christmas story, which was followed by the song, "Baby Jesus," sweetly sung by the little children who were seated during the entire service in a semi-circle facing the manger scene. Following the reading of Isaiah 9: 6, 7, the congregation joined in singing, without books, the first stanza of "It came upon the midnight clear." We listened to the story of the shepherds in Miss St. John's impressive style, and the children sang again. Matthew 2: 1-11 was read, and the children of the junior department sang, "What can I give?" The next thing we heard was the music of the organ coming from the auditorium, and the voice of Donald Lewis singing, "I made of my heart a temple." The piano and 'cello played again while an offering was taken. (It was voted to send this money for the relief of the miners of West Virginia and Kentucky.) The congregation sang "Joy to the world," and the pastor prayed the following prayer, and pronounced the benediction.

O holy Child of Bethlehem,
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in,
Be born in us today.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel.

SABBATH MORNING

On Sabbath morning, the day after Christmas, we had our usual morning worship, with appropriate music, but of an unusual character. In place of the usual two anthems, eight "Carols of Many Lands" were sung in two groups of four carols each. These carols, and the lands represented were as follows:

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|-----------------|
| (a) Today in Bethlehem | Lithuania |
| (b) Lullaby Carol | Poland |
| (c) A Christmas Carol | Bohemian |
| (d) A Christmas Carol | Hungary |
| (e) Rise up, Shepherd, an' foller | Negro, U.S.A. |
| (f) Shepherds, whence come you | Canadian French |
| (g) The Perfect Rose | Denmark |
| (h) To the Child Jesus | Portugal |

The theme of the sermon was, "By a Different Road," based on Matthew 2: 12.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR PRAYER MEETING

The Christian endeavorers, considerably augmented in numbers by the presence of several students home for the holidays, had their meeting at the usual time, Sabbath afternoon at three-thirty o'clock. Following the regular meeting a vesper service was held about the burning wood fire in the church parlors. The meeting was led by Elizabeth Bond, and the vesper service was in charge of Trevah Sutton.

A. B.

THE CHRISTMAS PARTY

On the evening of December 27, we had the loveliest Christmas party at our church it has ever been our pleasure to attend. It was not a formal entertainment in which a few took part, it was an Old English Christmas Party at which we were the guests.

The stately gothic arches of the Sabbath school room were hung with banners and armorial bearings (home made but looking genuine) and bowered in spicy evergreens. All around the room from candlesticks, tall and short, winked innumerable candles. Behind the platform hung curtains of ruby red and against this rich background, as on a dais, sat the host and hostess of the feast, "Lord Ahva John Clarence Bond and the Lady Ora," looking truly of the nobility in their antique costumes.

As many of the guests as cared to, were urged to come in old time dress, and many were the charming ladies who surely must have stepped out of Kate Greenaway verses or out of Godey prints, and the gallant gentlemen who surely belonged in the pages of "Bracebridge Hall," or "A Christmas Carol." So perfect was both setting and atmosphere that when our solo singer, looking very handsome and Dickens-y in a flowered waistcoat and black satin stock, sang "The First Noel," the years seemed to roll back and we were not simply trying to imitate an Old English Christmas Party—it was an Old English Christmas Party!

Very natural it seemed when a group of capped and mittened children pranced in dragging the "yule log," with one of the tiniest ones riding on it, the others running alongside with little trees or green boughs. Then a sound of singing was heard, and in came the "waits." They actually seemed to have come from a snowy darkness outside, for they wore mufflers and caps and

shawls with touches of scarlet here and there, and their cheeks seemed bright with the cold, and their quaint lanterns bobbed gaily about. The whole group looked as if they had come off a Christmas card. And how they sang! all the dear old carols we love so well!

And after them came supper, and what a supper! It was borne in from the kitchen by a long line of merry serving men, in knee breeches, coarse white aprons, bright colored jerkins, and white caps. The distinguished chief cook, with a tall white cap on his head, pranced nimbly along, bearing high a great platter with the boar's head. Then came a serving man with a tray of burning raisins shooting up their weird blue flames, and then followed an endless procession of trays of brilliant fruit, rolls, meat, and plum puddings!

The jolly chief cook placed the boar's head in the center of the big square table in the middle of an immense holly wreath and the others grouped their platters round it till the whole thing was a perfect picture. And then the supper was served to the appreciative guests. (All but the raisins, which truth to tell, had to be removed to the outer air lest they set everything afire!) After a very delightful meal, prepared and cooked by those good fairies who preside over the destinies of our kitchen and never really get enough credit for the miracles they perform, the guests settled down to a happy hour of talk, and further singing by a group of girl singers in the gallery and our beloved solo singer. For a whole joyous evening we recaptured the days of Christmas past. There was no talk of the "depression" nor of salary cuts, nor the thousand and one hateful things that make up our difficult daily lives.

Great thanks is due to the committee who spent so many weeks in bringing this occasion to its perfection. It was a truly beautiful party and not a little of its success lay in the fact that everyone had some part in it, however small, and it seemed somehow to draw us closer and fill our hearts with genuine Christmas cheer.

R. A.

"If Christians do not make the world better, the world will surely make the Church worse."

OUR PULPIT

THE GOOD SHEPHERD

BY REV. JOHN C. LANIER
Pastor of the church at Athens, Ala.

SERMON FOR SABBATH, JANUARY 23, 1932

Text—John 10: 14, 15.

ORDER OF SERVICE

HYMN
LORD'S PRAYER
RESPONSIVE READING
HYMN
SCRIPTURE READING
PRAYER
HYMN
OFFERING
SERMON
HYMN
CLOSING PRAYER

The oldest picture of Jesus known to exist today is on the rock wall of one of the catacombs at Rome, one of those vast underground mazes where the early Christians buried their dead.

This picture, which probably dates back to the second century, represents our Lord as a shepherd. It would seem that in those dark days when his followers were suffering cruel persecution from the imperial government, they delighted to think of themselves as sheep under the care of the Good Shepherd.

Our purpose is to enter as far as we can into the living truth Jesus would have us learn from this likeness of himself to a shepherd.

"In England it is difficult to get the associations of the East with which this expression is full. From my own limited observation of the shepherd at work in England, Wales, Scotland, and Picardy, I

turn with interest to this description of the life of an eastern herdsman:

"Beneath the burning skies and the clear starry nights of Palestine, there grows up between the shepherd and his flock a union of attachment and tenderness. It is the country where at any moment sheep are liable to be swept away by some mountain torrent or carried away by hill robbers, or even torn by wolves. Their protector may have to save them by personal hazard. David tells how in defending his father's flock, he slew a lion and a bear."

Jesus describes himself as the Good Shepherd. The idea suggested is not so much virtue as excellence, not moral quality but excellence in the work of a shepherd. A man might have a good character but be unable to manage a flock of sheep. Excellence is revealed by comparison. Jesus shows his meaning of a good shepherd by contrasting him with the thief, the hireling, and the stranger.

First contrast—the thief.

"The thief cometh not, but that he may steal, and kill, and destroy; I am come that they may have life, and may have it abundantly."

The thief creeps up at night, slips over the wall, steals, and kills. Jesus was thinking of false teachers, who hurt and destroy souls. How different is Christ's treatment of the flock. He comes not to destroy life, but to give it. The truth is even greater than the illustration. A shepherd can feed only living sheep, but Jesus came to give eternal life and then sustain that life by abundance. The good shepherd leads his flock to luxuriant pastures, where food is plentiful. As our Shepherd, he is ever near us—a Shepherd for green pastures and still waters, as well as the valley of the shadow of death.

A shepherd's comment on Psalm 23 is worth quoting here: "A sheep lies down when it is satisfied." "He maketh me to lie down in green pastures." Here is something worth pondering by dissatisfied souls today. Jesus satisfies. None but he can satisfy the desires of the spiritual nature. He is indeed the Good Shepherd.

Second contrast—the hireling.

"The good shepherd layeth down his life for the sheep. He that is a hireling, and not a shepherd, whose own the sheep are

not, beholdeth the wolf coming, and leaveth the sheep, and fleeth, and the wolf snatcheth them, and scattereth them; he fleeth because he is a hireling, and careth not for the sheep."

The hireling may be better than the thief, for he does not attack the flock. He tends it after a fashion, but only because he is paid to do so. When the wolf comes he flees, fearing to risk his life in defense of the sheep.

Jesus did not flee when the wolves came. He could have escaped death, but he would not desert his people and his cause. Though he knew that the Jewish authorities were waiting like a pack of hungry wolves to get at him, he saw it was necessary for him to bear his testimony at Jerusalem, and he went and bore that testimony, knowing it was the way to the cross. He laid down his life for the sheep.

Other shepherds have followed their Lord's example in that they did not flee when the wolf came. The story of missions in China contains many instances of missionaries who stayed at their posts and suffered, even unto death. These were not hirelings, but true shepherds who planted their footsteps in those of the Good Shepherd who laid down his life for the sheep.

Third contrast—the stranger.

"A stranger will they not follow, but will flee from him, for they know not the voice of strangers."

Thief, hireling, stranger! As the hireling is better than the thief, so the stranger may be better than the hireling. The thief intended to do harm; the hireling was unfaithful and cowardly; but so far as the stranger is concerned, he may be faithful and true, well disposed and brave. Still, the very fact that he is a stranger puts him at a disadvantage. "They know not the voice of strangers."

Thompson, the famous writer on the Holy Land, illustrates this by the experience of a traveler who asserted to a Syrian shepherd that the sheep knew him by his dress and not by his voice. To test the matter, they exchanged their outer garments. It was in vain the stranger called. They knew their shepherd's voice, but not the voice of the stranger.

Jesus stressed this point of intimacy. "The sheep hear his voice, and he calleth

his own sheep by name, and leadeth them out. When he hath put forth all his own he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him; for they know his voice. And a stranger will they not follow, but will flee from him; for they know not the voice of strangers. . . . I am the good shepherd; and I know mine own, and mine own know me." Jesus is no stranger to his sheep, nor are they strangers to him. The knowledge is mutual. "I know mine own, mine own know me."

In the army, you had a number. On the voters' list, you have a number. At home, with those who know you intimately, you have a name. So Jesus knows his sheep. There is intimacy between them.

Is Jesus that to you? Are you that to him? To be a Christian is to know Jesus and be known of him. It is to listen to his voice and to refuse to follow when other voices call. His sheep can distinguish his voice from others, and a stranger will they not follow. The sheep know their shepherd. By companionship, a knowledge of the shepherd's voice is cultivated. By daily companionship in joy and sorrow, we learn to know his voice.

"I am the good shepherd; and I know mine own, and mine own know me."

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S GREETINGS

TO THE MEMBERS AND FRIENDS OF
SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST CHURCH,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Once more we are privileged to enter into the joys and happiness of another Christmas and New Year's tide. The thought of our Christ lifts us out of the humdrum of toil and burden bearing, to a season of refreshment and good cheer.

The very thought of God's great gift brushes aside the problems and the sad side of our daily life, and instead we hear the voice of joy and peace, which thrills our very souls.

This silent messenger is sent, because I cannot call in person on each of you; however, to you I give my heartiest personal greetings.

My prayerful wish is that the love of God may abide with you throughout the

new year. May you have strength for every duty, wisdom for every problem, comfort for every sorrow, guidance in every hour, and always the blessed consciousness of the Divine companionship of our elder Brother.

May our heavenly Father, in his infinite love, abide with you, bless you, hold you securely, and safely guide you through the coming year, and thereby make you a blessing to your home, your church, and his kingdom.

I offer you a pastor's devotion, a brother's fellowship, and a friend's loyalty.

Your servant in His stead,

LEWIS C. SHEAFE.

A LETTER FROM THE MIDDLE ISLAND CHURCH

Our series of revival meetings began on October 16, with Brother Erlo E. Sutton doing the preaching. Every sermon during the entire series of meetings was inspiring and filled with the spirit of God. As a result of these burning messages there was a great spiritual awakening among the Christian people. Our people were moved as I had never seen them before. I feel that a series of gospel messages of this type would be a great spiritual inspiration to any church and community.

We regret that Brother Sutton's program of work would not permit him to remain with us longer. I feel that one more week would have been of more value in winning souls into the kingdom than the two weeks we spent in the meetings. There was quite a good interest demonstrated by the non-Christian people. However, we had only four conversions and one addition to the church.

We sympathized with Brother Sutton because of the physical hardship under which he labored during the first week of services. He was forced to rewrite a portion of the series of Sabbath school lessons which were, with his suitcase, lost from a baggage car while en route from the East.

In spite of the extra work of the evangelist and the college work the pastor is trying to do, it was possible for us to call in practically all of the homes in the community. The characteristic hospitality with which we were received in each of the homes cannot be surpassed.

One of the most interesting phases of the meetings was the children's part of the service. The small section of seats centrally located in the church was practically filled each evening, with children under fifteen years of age, numbering about thirty-five. The children's service consumed about twenty-five minutes of time and was spent in song service by the children and a story, or a sermonette, by someone. Each of the sermonettes had a Scriptural text. We are very fortunate in that we have several young women and some men also who are excellent in this type of work. To these people the evangelist and the pastor are very grateful.

To our chorister, Mr. Forest Groah, and pianist, Miss Blonda McClain, we are very grateful. Mr. Groah sang a solo occasionally, which gave variety to the music and was appreciated by all. These young people are of far more value to our services than they can imagine.

We are praying for knowledge and Divine guidance that we may rightly direct these many young lives. Most of this group of children should develop into Seventh Day Baptists, as either the father or mother came from Seventh Day Baptist homes.

As I view the situation now, the future of the old Middle Island Church is very promising. However, without careful pastoral care and good constructive work for the next five to ten years it may not develop into any stronger church than it is today.

The economic depression, for the past two years, has rendered it impossible for our people to do what they would like to do in a financial way. But we are thankful that this type of depression does not result in spiritual weakness.

E. H. BOTTOMS,
Pastor.

Blandville, W. Va.,
December 10, 1931.

NEWS LETTER FROM WALWORTH

It is sometime since anything has appeared in "Home News" from the Walworth Church. This is not because nothing of importance occurs to report. It is rather because it is not easy to find one who is willing to do the writing, aside from the

pastor, and he feels that some one else should do it.

Last night, December 22, something happened of a nature to lead the pastor and his wife to hasten into print.

By vote of the Helping Hand society, some time ago, it was decided to have a Christmas party for the ladies of the church society, at the parsonage the afternoon of December 22. They were to exchange gifts and have a social get acquainted time together for the sake of good fellowship. Some thirty-two ladies and little daughters gathered at the appointed time. Each came with something of a package. A royal good time was had till about four o'clock, when the president called the ladies all into the living room to open their presents. Mrs. Witter remained in the back to see that all had chairs. Soon the call was heard, "Here is one marked for Mrs. Witter." Due acknowledgment was given to the announcement, but Mrs. Witter remained in the back looking after the interests of others. Soon the president called, "Here is another marked, Mrs. Witter," and quickly the statement was made, "All are marked for Mrs. Witter, or for Pastor Witter and his wife."

Imagine the surprise that seized upon Mrs. Witter. She was dispatched to look up her husband. He was just returning to the house from visiting a sick man. You have heard tell of one being brushed out with a feather. Well, "Believe it or not," this particular Mr. Witter, pastor of these people, felt that but little more than a feather was needed to put him out, as with his wife he opened those packages and realized that the women of the flock were giving them a real "pounding."

It is possible that they felt that the pastor was too sour, or too tart in his ministrations, for there were sugar, honey, and preserves, well suited to overcome sourness. Yes, and there were various kinds of food stuff, poultry, and eggs, with some gold, and a good warm comfort for cold winter nights. Surely the heart would be hard and cold that did not see in these things, in this occasion, the expression of love and regard.

The real significance and worth of the demonstration is not to be found so much in the monetary worth as in the sweet, the heavenly fragrance that emanates from these

expressions of confidence. Not only is hunger averted but the heart is warmed, the tasks are made lighter, life is sweetened, and fellowship deepened by such expressions. This truth is a precious prelude to the Christmas tide.

May the Father of all mercies comfort and bless the women who have been led to give this expression of confidence, is the sincere prayer and desire of

PASTOR WITTER AND WIFE.

DENOMINATIONAL "HOOK-UP"

ALFRED, N. Y.

The annual business meeting and cafeteria supper of the First Alfred Church will be held in the parish house on Sunday evening, January 10. Supper will be served as soon after six o'clock as possible. Each family will bring sandwiches and one dish to pass. Coffee and milk will be furnished.

A cordial invitation is extended to all residents of the village to attend this meeting and supper.

ALFRED STATION, N. Y.

The annual church dinner of this church will be held next Sunday at noon, January 3. This is a community dinner, open to every one, and every one will be welcome.

The annual church and business meeting will follow the dinner at two in the afternoon. Annual reports and election of officers will be the regular order of the day.

—Sun.

ASHAWAY, R. I.

Mr. and Mrs. Alonzo Kenyon, quietly observed their fifty-seventh wedding anniversary on Friday, New Year's day. Mr. and Mrs. Kenyon were married by Rev. Arthur E. Main, in the house now owned by A. J. Crandall. Mrs. E. I. Steadman, Mrs. Gordon Taft, and Miss Daisy Kenyon of Westerly called on Mr. and Mrs. Kenyon Friday. They also received gifts and cards.

The annual dinner and annual business meeting of the church will be held in the parish house Sunday, January 3. A cordial invitation is extended to the church members and their families, also friends of the church.

The dinner which is being served by the men will be at noon. The business meeting will follow the dinner.

Word has been received of the death of one of the former residents of this town, Herbert C. Babcock, whose death occurred at the home of his son, Lawrence Babcock, in Philadelphia. For many years Mr. Babcock served as deacon of the First Hopkinton Seventh Day Baptist Church, holding the office at the time of his death. Mr. Babcock's funeral will be held in the church Sabbath afternoon at 2 o'clock.

—*Westerly Sun.*

BROOKFIELD, N. Y.

Pastor Herbert L. Polan and family took Christmas dinner with Pastor Paul S. Burdick and family of Leonardsville.

—*Courier.*

DODGE CENTER, MINN.

The members of the Seventh Day Baptist Church held their all day picnic and annual meeting at the M. H. Adams home Wednesday. The meeting was well attended and all present enjoyed a nice time.

—*Star.*

DE RUYTER, N. Y.

When Christmas brought you the most greatly desired and totally unexpected gift you ever had, did you feel that you just could not find the right words to say?

Did your pleasure in the gift and in the lovely thoughtfulness of the givers bring a lump into your throat?

Did you wish you could say "thank you" in such a way that it would seem adequate to yourselves and to those whose kindness had thus been shown? And did you have to admit that you did not know how to do it?

Then you understand just how Pastor and Mrs. Van Horn feel about the beautiful radio that DeRuyter friends presented to them. They can only invite each and all to come to the parsonage and "listen in," just any old time. God bless you all and bring you the happiest new year.

—*Gleaner.*

INDEPENDENCE, N. Y.

A company of friends and neighbors to the number of about forty gathered at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Spicer on the eve of December 27. The event was one of more than ordinary interest. Our esteemed and much loved friends, Mr. and

Mrs. Maxson A. Crandall, were celebrating their sixtieth wedding anniversary.

Many congratulations and expressions of esteem were extended to those who have traveled life's way so long together, whose works of love and usefulness have brightened many lives.

—*Alfred Sun.*

LITTLE GENESEE, N. Y.

December 29—A Christmas entertainment was given by the children of the Sabbath school at the church Wednesday evening.

Professor Harold Burdick and family of Alfred, spent Christmas with his sister, Mrs. M. R. Sanford.

A reception in honor of their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary, was given Mr. and Mrs. Ferris Whitford at the hall, Sunday evening. A musical program and an original poem by Mrs. Dora Maxson were given during the evening, and Mr. and Mrs. Whitford were presented with a token of remembrance. Among those present were Professor and Mrs. H. O. Burdick, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Coon, and Mr. and Mrs. Lynn Vars of Alfred; Principal and Mrs. George Place and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Patterson of Salamanca; Mrs. May Whitford and daughter Fannie, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Burdick and children, Mr. and Mrs. Clifford DePew and children of Nile; Principal and Mrs. J. F. Whitford and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Lewis, and Mr. and Mrs. George Andrews of Bolivar.

NILE, N. Y.

Rev. and Mrs. Harley Sutton left Wednesday for a week's vacation with relatives at Pennsboro, W. Va.

The annual church dinner and business meeting of the Seventh Day Baptist Church will be held Sunday, January 3. All members of the church are urged to attend this meeting.

—*Alfred Sun.*

NORTH LOUP, NEB.

The program given by the Seventh Day Baptist choir last Sabbath morning will be repeated Friday night at the church at eight o'clock. Besides the regular worshippers, quite a number of people from the village attended the service last Sabbath morning and many expressions of pleasure

were heard for the fine quality of music rendered. Requests that the program be repeated were favorably considered and the opportunity will be afforded those who desire to attend next Friday evening. The program will also be given at the Scotia M. E. church next Sunday evening.

—*Loyalist.*

WESTERLY, R. I.

The meetings to be conducted here by speakers for the Allied Forces for Prohibition next Monday, will bring to Westerly two outstanding leaders of the prohibition cause.

Both Oliver W. Stewart and Dr. Ira Landrith, the two speakers who are scheduled to address the mass meetings here, are veterans in the fight for prohibition.

—*Sun.*

PLAINFIELD, N. J.

Pastor and Mrs. Ahva J. C. Bond surprised the members of the Commission and some of the RECORDER family by giving the members of the Commission a little reception at the time of their adjournment. Sandwiches and cakes with punch were served. The reception was held on the second floor of the Seventh Day Baptist Building in the reception hall between the editor's and secretary's offices and the Tract Board room. The occasion was thoroughly enjoyed and the thoughtfulness of the pastor and wife duly appreciated.

—*Correspondent.*

Dr. Henry M. Maxson, for thirty-four years superintendent of the Plainfield public schools, and Mrs. Maxson, quietly observed their fifty-second wedding anniversary yesterday at New Smyrna, Fla., where they are spending some time.

Although much improved in health now, both Doctor and Mrs. Maxson were not so well during the summer and left earlier than usual for the South. They departed on December 2, motoring through the southern states. After staying some time in Florida, Doctor and Mrs. Maxson plan later to motor through other parts of the South to the Gulf of Mexico.

Doctor Maxson, recognized as one of the foremost educators in the country, was born in Pawcatuck, Conn. Mrs. Maxson, who was previous to her marriage, Miss Henrietta Lewis, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Ed-

win R. Lewis, was born in Westerly, R. I. After graduation from Amherst College in 1877, Doctor Maxson taught school in Rhode Island and Whitney Point, N. Y., and then became principal of the public schools at North Attleboro, Mass. Later he was superintendent of the combined schools of North Attleboro and Attleboro and afterwards served in a similar capacity at Pawtucket, R. I. He came to Plainfield in 1891, retiring in 1926.

During the time he was head of the local school system, Doctor Maxson continued to raise the standard until at the time of his retirement it was recognized as one of the best in the country.

Dr. and Mrs. Maxson were married in Westerly, R. I. They have one daughter, Mrs. James W. Aughiltree of 661 West Seventh Street.

Mrs. Maxson, as well as her husband, has been active in educational and social betterment work. She attended Wellesley College. She has served in official capacities in the New Jersey State Congress of Parents and Teachers, with which organization she has been identified for fourteen years. She was one of the organizers of the Women's Auxiliary of the Y. M. C. A. and a former president of the Monday Afternoon Club. She is also a member of several other clubs.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Maxson have long been active members of the Seventh Day Baptist Church and they both were teachers of Bible classes in the Sabbath school. The Board of Education has honored Doctor Maxson by naming the Maxson School in East Seventh Street for him.

—*Courier News.*

NEW MARKET, N. J.

Rev. Ralph H. Coon, pastor of the Boulder (Colo.) Seventh Day Baptist Church, was visiting over the week-end at the home of Pastor Herbert C. Van Horn, and occupied the pulpit on Sabbath morning. Mr. Coon is a member of the Commission of the denomination and has been attending the mid-year meeting at Plainfield.

—*Dunellen Call.*

GUTHRIE, OKLA.

This town lost a mighty fine citizen in the untimely death of Tom Davis.

Any man who will devote himself unselfishly to the development of his community is an asset that we cannot well afford to lose.

In every department of public and civic life, Tom Davis was found on the firing line. All citizens will mourn his passing.

Quiet, unassuming, and charitable, Tom Davis often without ado of any sort, would aid those who needed help financially and otherwise. His method then was to quickly forget about it. That is real charity.

One of his last acts was to call a local market Wednesday and order ten dressed turkeys, all of them to be given away Christmas.

Not only was this typical but it is an excellent index to one of Guthrie's finest citizens, who has passed, and who will be greatly missed.

More than 3,500 persons crowded into the Scottish Rite Cathedral here Sunday to attend the services for T. H. Davis, forty-nine, educational and civic leader, who died suddenly at his home, 715 E. Mansur Ave., Thursday from a heart attack.

Rev. H. H. Boston in his sermon outlined Davis' life as a leader and set his life as an example for his son, Lang Davis, to follow.

Evening's sun sank below the western horizon as special services by Albert Pike lodge No. 162 A. F. and A. M. ended in Memorial park.

The Davis Undertaking Company and the Davis Burial Association will continue to be operated as in the past, under the original names and policies.

Lang Davis will be in direct charge of the funeral home in accordance with a request made by his father.

Mr. Davis is survived by a wife, three children, Lang and Martha, of Guthrie, and Mrs. Claude Rifleman, La Crosse, Wis.; two brothers, W. M. Davis, and C. F. Davis, Chicago; and four sisters, Mrs. O. T. Davis, Clarksburg, W. Va.; Mrs. Dorsey Kennedy, Lost Creek, W. Va.; Mrs. A. L. Smith, Philadelphia; and Mrs. A. T. McMann, San Bernardino.

—Daily Leader.

Mr. Davis was the son of Clinton Davis of Lost Creek, W. Va. His brother, William M. of Chicago, spending some time at Little Rock, Ark., hastened to the bereaved home to assist in every ministry possible.—

EDITOR.

DEATHS

Fogg.—Emily Mary, daughter of Charles D. and Anna M. Fogg, was born December 12, 1883, at Bound Brook, N. J., and died at Shiloh, N. J., December 5, 1931, lacking seven days of being 48 years old.

She received her education in the public schools of Othello, Stow Creek, and Shiloh, N. J. Later she attended Alfred University, at Alfred, N. Y.

Her teaching career covered a period of twenty-nine years. Her first school was at Washington School, near Shirley, Salem County, N. J. For a number of years she taught in the schools of Stow Creek, Town Hall, and Shiloh in Cumberland County, N. J. After leaving Shiloh she became principal of Windsor School, Mercer County, N. J. For the past ten years she has been principal of the Swedesboro Grammar School, Swedesboro, N. J.

Miss Fogg was regarded as a very successful teacher and possessed many pleasing qualities and a likable personality. She was a member of the Order of the Eastern Star at Swedesboro. She had further prepared herself for advancement in her chosen profession of teaching by attending summer schools. She had traveled considerably, having made several western trips, and in 1925 made a tour in Europe.

On February 19, 1898, she was baptized and united with the Shiloh Seventh Day Baptist Church of which she was a faithful member until her death.

Besides her mother, with whom she made her home, Miss Fogg is survived by three brothers—Clarence Fogg, Bridgeton, N. J.; Edward Fogg, Shiloh; and Percy Fogg near Shiloh, N. J.; and many relatives and friends.

The funeral, conducted by Rev. Herbert L. Cottrell, pastor of the Marlboro Seventh Day Baptist Church, was held from her late residence at Shiloh on Tuesday afternoon, December 8, 1931. Interment was made in the Shiloh cemetery.

H. L. C.

HERBERT.—James Herbert died at Riverside, Calif., December 22, 1931, at the age of sixty-eight years.

He was united in marriage to Bessie Babcock in 1922, and to this union was born one child, Benny. His wife and son both survive him.

Farewell services were held in Preston's Funeral Chapel, Riverside, on December 24, 1931, with pastors Hargis and Ballenger in charge. Interment in Olivewood Cemetery. G. D. H.

LANGWORTHY.—William Potter Langworthy, only son of William A. and Julia Potter Langworthy, was born in Potter Hill, R. I., April 12, 1851, and died at the Halifax District Hospital in Daytona Beach, Fla., December 17, 1931, after a brief illness.

His only sister, Mrs. Jairus Stillman, died

when a young woman, leaving but one child six weeks of age, now Clara Stillman Burdick of Milton, Wis. Clara was immediately taken into the home of her maternal grandparents. Aside from the wife, Mrs. Lucy G. Langworthy, Clara and her five children are the nearest surviving relatives.

Doctor Langworthy passed his boyhood days in Potter Hill, R. I., and prepared for college at Hopkinton Academy. He then entered the College of Physicians and Surgeons of New York, from which he was graduated in the class of 1876. Doctor Langworthy practiced in New York City till 1890. At that time he gave up his chosen profession to devote his undivided attention to his father and mother and little niece, at Watch Hill, R. I., in the summer, and at Daytona Beach, Fla., in the winter. On October 14, 1896, he was married to Lucy P. Green of Berlin, N. Y. She joined with him in unselfish devotion to his father, his mother having died; and they continued to spend their winters in Daytona Beach, Fla., and their summers in Watch Hill, R. I., and Berlin, N. Y. He was a senior deacon of the New York City Seventh Day Baptist Church.

As expressed by Dr. A. E. Main of Alfred, "Doctor Langworthy, like his respected father, led a quiet life but a life of loyalty to truth and duty as it was given him to see truth and duty."

Funeral services were conducted by Rev. Elizabeth F. Randolph, at Daytona Beach, Fla., and burial services were conducted by Rev. Harold Crandall of Westerly, R. I., at the Oak Grove Cemetery, Ashaway, R. I.

E. F. R.

POTTER.—Mary Elizabeth Potter was born in England, March 29, 1847, and died at her home in Noank, Conn., December 15, 1931.

She was the wife of Rev. Andrew J. Potter, who was ordained to the gospel ministry by the Waterford Seventh Day Baptist Church and served them faithfully for twenty-five years, until the time of his death.

There were no surviving children or near relatives, but as she often said, they had all gone home and she was going to meet them.

As evidence of her many friends the church was full of those who had come to pay their last respects to "Aunt Lizzie," some friends having come over a hundred miles to attend the funeral services, especially Rev. Mr. Douglass, pastor of the First Baptist Church of New York City, who spoke tender words of loving tribute to her memory.

She and her husband were converts to the Sabbath and she was baptized soon after he was ordained. She joined the Waterford Church and remained an active member until her death. She was a deeply spiritual woman and her prayers were uplifting to those about her. She was ever willing and eager to witness for her Savior and her faith in God in the midst of affliction was a source of spiritual strength to those who knew her.

During a ten months' confinement in the hospital she was never known to complain but accepted her lot cheerfully. She usually ended her

prayers thus, "Bless us, oh God, and make us a blessing." God certainly answered that prayer for she was a blessing to all those who came to know her quiet confidence in him. Her hope was that she might be permitted to die at the old home in Noank, and this wish was granted as she left the hospital several months ago and first visited at Waterford and then went to Noank to be surrounded by memories of her husband, old friends, and happier days. Her chief joy was to have the Bible read to her, portions of which she could quote accurately, and her face would light up with joy as she came to a verse that had especial meaning or promise for her.

We sorrow not for her even as others which have no hope. Truly she died in the Lord.

Funeral services were held Friday afternoon, December 18, at the "Little Church on the Hill," by her pastor. She was laid to rest in the Waterford (West Neck Union) cemetery.

E. T. H.

RANDOLPH.—George Fitz Randolph, son of John and Charlotte Randolph, was born in Jackson township, Shelby county, Ohio, August 9, 1845, and departed this life December 8, 1931.

About 1865 he was united in marriage to Miss Ruelma Babcock. To this union was born one daughter, who died in infancy. His wife died in May, 1920.

Early in life he accepted Christ and united with the Jackson Center Seventh Day Baptist Church. In this church he remained a faithful member until removed by death.

He is survived by one half-brother, J. D. Jones of Jackson Center; seven nephews and three nieces: Harry and Bruce Randolph and Chester Jones of Battle Creek, Mich.; Hubert Jones of Jackson Center; Ezra Babcock of California; Cecil Hughes of Columbus, Ohio; Arlington Hughes of Wisconsin; Mrs. Guy Polan of Milton, Wis.; Mrs. Dallas Coleman of Wapakoneta, Ohio; and Merle Maxwell, of Illinois. Mrs. W. J. Randolph of Battle Creek, Mich.; Mrs. E. C. Davis of Sarasota, Fla.; Mrs. Thatima Hughes of Columbus, Ohio; and Mrs. J. P. Slusser of Jackson Center, who are sisters-in-law; and C. F. Babcock, a brother-in-law of Lancaster, Ohio, deserve mentioning. A number of more distant relatives and a host of friends mourn his departure, and the community at large will miss him.

"Uncle George," as he was known, was a very quiet and peaceable man, a good citizen and a lovable neighbor.

We bow in submission to the will of our heavenly Father who knows best in all things.

Funeral services were conducted by his pastor, Rev. Verney A. Wilson, at his church, and interment made in the Seventh Day Baptist cemetery, at Jackson Center, Ohio.

V. A. W.

WHITFORD.—Hugh Whitford, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Whitford, was born near Albion on July 7, 1883, and was killed in the tornado which struck his home north of Milton Junction on Monday night, September 21,

1931. He had spent his whole life in this section of Wisconsin.

At Battle Creek, Mich., on August 24, 1919, he was married to Miss Marianne Rood who survives him.

He was a member of the Milton Junction Seventh Day Baptist Church and of the Milton Grange. He was fond of music, and has at times sung in the church choir and Grange chorus. He has played with the Milton band many years and when the Arions organized in Milton he joined that organization.

He was of good natured disposition and well liked by all who knew him.

Besides his widow, he is survived by his parents of Milton Junction; five brothers, Kenneth and Harold of Albion, Wardie of Edgerton, Elmer of Lincoln, Calif., and Beryl of Milton Junction; and two sisters, Mrs. H. E. Thomas of Milton and Mrs. Floyd Vincent of Milton Junction.

Farewell services were held from the Milton Junction Seventh Day Baptist church, September 24, at 2 o'clock p. m. The service was in charge of Rev. J. F. Randolph, assisted by Rev. Chas. Thorngate of Albion, Wis. Interment was made at Albion.

J. F. R.

Sabbath School Lesson IV.—January 23, 1932

JESUS AND THE SAMARITAN WOMAN.—John 4: 1-42.

Golden Text: "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." 1 Timothy 1: 15.

DAILY READINGS

January 17—Jesus and the Samaritan Woman. John 4: 1-10.

January 18—The Water of Life. John 4: 11-26.

January 19—The Samaritans Converted. John 4: 27-42.

January 20—Healing Waters. Ezekiel 47: 1-10.

January 21—Life-Giving Waters. John 7: 37-44.

January 22—The River of Life. Revelation 22: 1-7.

January 23—The Promise of Pardon. Isaiah 55: 1-7.

(For Lesson Notes see *Helping Hand*)

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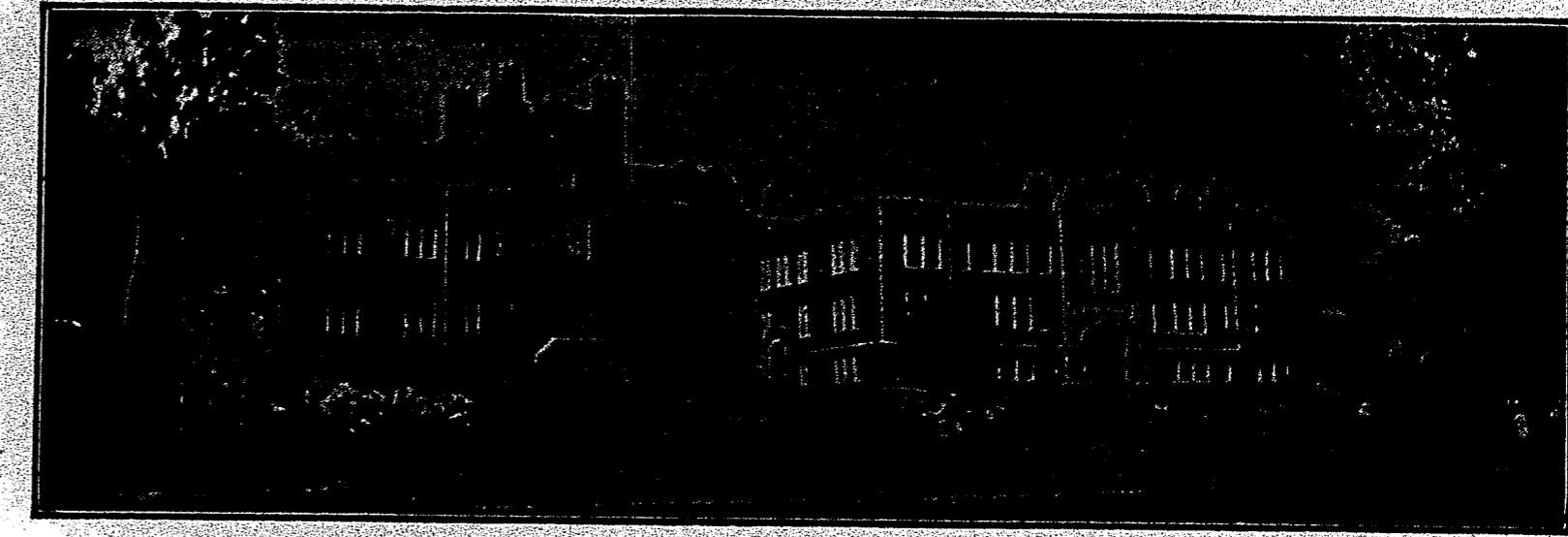
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