

the Rev. Gerald D. Hargis family. Mr. Hargis is the Seventh Day Baptist missionary in that field.

CORRESPONDENT.

DODGE CENTER, MINN.

Saturday night, while Pastor and Mrs. Thorngate were quietly resting and reading, nearly their entire church company filled the parsonage completely, to the great pleasure and surprise of Pastor and Mrs. Thorngate, bringing lunch and many plans for entertainment and pleasure for all. The "profiles" and stunts put on by celebrated (?) families to say nothing of the speedy wedding trips caused shouts of merriment. After the lunch was efficiently prepared and served by willing hands, the entire company joined in singing; also men's choruses, male quartets, girls' chorus and junior choir added to the evening's enjoyment, closing with all singing "God Be With You Till We Meet Again." The pastor and wife very much appreciated this token of welcome and hospitality and hope there may be many more such events.

—Dodge Center Star-Record.

MARRIAGES

LYNG-WOODCOCK.—At the Seventh Day Baptist church, Verona, N. Y., November 25, 1937, Mr. Gerald Edward Lyng of Thendara, N. Y., and Miss Lila Jean Woodcock of Rome, N. Y., were united in marriage, Rev. Alva L. Davis, the bride's pastor, officiating.

OBITUARY

CRANDALL.—Alpha Latimer Crandall was born at Milton Junction, Wis., December 1, 1851, and died November 24, 1937, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. John L. Stewart, at Omaha, Neb.

He was the son of Horace H. and Mary Boom-hour Crandall. He lived as a boy and young man in Farina, Ill., and was baptized into the membership of the Seventh Day Baptist Church at that place. In 1878 he went to Valley County, Neb., where he took a homestead. His home has been near or in North Loup, Neb., since that time. He is survived by his widow, Genia Rood Crandall; two sons, Paul R. and Horace C.; two daughters, Mrs. John L. Stewart and Mrs. P. E. Clement; ten grandchildren, and two great-grandchildren.

O. A. C.

WILLIAMS.—Miss Lillian I. Williams was one of eight children born to Orin P. and Rhoda Joslin Williams. She was born near New London, N. Y., December 22, 1853, and died at the home of her niece, Mrs. Warner Thayer, near Stacy Basin, October 29, 1937.

She had taken a four year course at the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle, and was a student at Alfred University. She taught school for a number of years in Oneida County, N. Y. She was a member of the Verona Seventh Day Baptist Church, always faithful in her attendance at its service until failing health prohibited.

She is survived by one brother, Dr. DeVere O. Williams of Wawarsing, N. Y., and by a sister-in-law, Mrs. Frank Williams of Plainfield, N. J.

In absence of the pastor, the funeral services were conducted by Rev. E. L. Tucker of the Evangelical Lutheran Church of Verona, N. Y.

A. L. D.

An ambitious and arrogant hierarchy is not noted for its piety, but for its greed for power and its abuse of it.—*Liberty*.

"Some have too much sail and others too much ballast to steady the ship or to make it ride safely through a storm."

RECORDER WANT ADVERTISEMENTS

For Sale, Help Wanted, and advertisements of a like nature, will be run in this column at one cent per word for first insertion and one-half cent per word for each additional insertion. Cash must accompany each advertisement.

COLLECTION ENVELOPES, Pledge Cards, and other supplies carried in stock. Collection envelopes, 25c per 100, or \$1.00 per 500; denominational budget pledge cards, 30c per 100; duplex pledge cards, 40c per 100. Address orders to Sabbath Recorder, Plainfield, N. J.

LETTERS TO THE SMITHS, by Uncle Oliver. Of special interest to young people, but contain many helpful words for parents who have the interests of their sons and daughters at heart. Paper bound, 96 pages and cover, 25 cents; bound in cloth, 50 cents. Mailed on receipt of price. Sabbath Recorder, Plainfield, N. J.

"SERMONETTES" for Sabbath Reading, ten cents. Also Hebrew taught by correspondence. Send 15 cents for first lesson. Miss Lois R. Fay, Princeton, Mass. 11-1-21t

A MANUAL OF SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST PROCEDURE (Revised), is a book of exceptional value to those who would know more about Seventh Day Baptist ecclesiastical manners and customs. Price, attractively bound in cloth, \$1 postpaid. Sabbath Recorder, Plainfield, N. J.

NEW TESTAMENT AND PSALMS—Printed attractively in large clear type and beautifully bound in cloth, \$1.75 postpaid. Bound in leather, \$3.00. Sabbath Recorder, Plainfield, N. J.

HOME-MADE CANDY

Home-made candy—2 lb. box for \$1.00, for Christmas, birthdays and special occasions. Shipped on ten days' notice.

Mrs. Gertrude Lynch,
R. D. No. 2, Alliance, Ohio.

11-15-5t

The Sabbath Recorder

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DECEMBER 20, 1937

No. 25

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

The greetings to RECORDER readers come to you from the heart. It is so easy to say "Merry Christmas," and it helps those who say it. But when it comes from the hearts of those who hail the glad day and enter into the joy and peace significant of the season, it is precious indeed. Our hearts grow tender as we think of the coming of the Babe so many years ago in Bethlehem. As we read again the story of the inn, the shepherds, and the wise men, our hearts expand in sympathy, wonder, and love.

Touched with the sacredness and sentiment of the season we think of all of you, especially; we would enter into your joys and sorrows, and in fellowship with you look up to sing praise—and "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth and good will toward men."

That this number may help more especially to mark the occasion, it is given a festive coat. There are, within the beautiful cover, messages from representatives of different departments of the Recorder Press. When you read the RECORDER from week to week you may be conscious of the editor, or of the author of the article being read, but forget completely the many others whose contribution of knowledge, skill, and experience makes possible such a paper. Without them the RECORDER would not become. So they are coming with the editor to wish you all a Merry Christmas in the name of him whose name is honored in the greeting. May this Christmas be a season of rich personal experience to you all.

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(Established in 1844)

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A Giving Christmas Once again the day draws near, on which practically the entire civilized world commemorates the birth of Jesus Christ, the Savior of men. It is vastly more than a holiday. It is a time for joy and gladness as we contemplate all that the birth and life of Jesus mean to us, and we find our greatest joy at the Christmas season if we center our thoughts on him whose birth we celebrate, and strive to make his spirit our own.

This Christmas may be especially blessed to us if we make it really a time of giving. "Why," do we ask?

Because "God gave his only begotten Son that whosoever believeth on him should have everlasting life." The coming of Christ began with giving.

Like the Corinthians of Paul's day, we are called first of all to give ourselves, as "first they gave their own selves to the Lord." Unless this first be done the result of giving will be barren, for "the gift without the giver is bare." By giving ourselves to his service we open our own way in his name to give to our

CHRISTMAS PRAYER

By Dean Arthur E. Main

O God, who hast so loved the world as to give thine only Son for its redemption; grant us joyful hearts as we approach the Christmas time. We bow before thy throne, O Christ, remembering with thanksgiving that thou wast once a Child in Bethlehem. Thou, too, hast entered by the gates of birth into the mystery of our humanity. By an infant's weakness and the obedience of a son thou hast laid hold upon our mortal life. Thou hast shared its pains and sorrows, its labor and repose. Thou hast known the rest of friendship and the bitterness of misunderstanding. By the fellowship of mother's love in Bethlehem and father's care in Egypt, thy boyhood in the fields of Nazareth, thy handling of the workman's tools and wages, thou hast made thyself our Brother. As we bring gifts to others whom thou hast given us for love and care, we offer thee our heart's thanksgiving and the service of our lives. Our richest gifts are thine. Help us to minister in loving kindness to our brothers, and let thy peace be multiplied upon the earth and thy will be accomplished in the affairs of men. Amen.

(Never before published.)

friends and make them happy and joyous. Let us never neglect to lead others to the everlasting gift of God's love.

Christian people would do well to give more Bibles. The great mass of humanity knows so little about the Word of God. And while on this thought, why not give ourselves to more reading and thought upon the Holy Word? In spite of cynicism and atheism and unbelief, the world is hungry for spiritual things. Humanity needs God and needs to know that mankind is of God. What a gift this would be for you and me to help some one to know and appreciate this truth as a part of our Christmas contribution.

Something of the meaning of the season, the meaning of it all, and of our fitting into the picture is beautifully expressed in these lines accredited to Phillips Brooks:

The earth has grown old with its burden of care,
But at Christmas it always is young.
The heart of the jewel burns lustrous and fair
And its soul full of music breaks forth on the air,
When the song of the angels is sung.

The feet of the humblest may walk in the field
Where the feet of the holiest have trod,
This, this is the marvel to mortals revealed
When the silvery trumpets of Christmas have
pealed,
That mankind are children of God.

"A Son in the Service" The star of Bethlehem, of which we read, and which was seen by the wise men of the East, has been through the ages a symbol of joy and hope to the hearts of God's people. A story is told that at the time of the World War, when a service star hung in the windows of a million American homes, a small boy and his father were walking home together one night. Only one star was visible in the sky. "God has hung one star in the window of heaven," remarked the father. To this the little boy replied, "Then he must have a son in the service."

How truly he spoke! The star that gleamed in Bethlehem's sky marked a home whose Son had offered himself for the life and liberty of mankind. He gave his life for us, making the supreme sacrifice. Golden is the star in the window of that home, for its Son gave his life in the service.

Pagan Christmas Cards In several advertisements of Christmas cards we have noticed attention called to the lines of greetings of all sorts and sentiments—"religious subjects

excepted." What is the force of Christmas if the religious theme, the Christian motif, is left out? So far have we got away from the idea and fundamental on which Christmas is based. Maybe this is all right, but it seems all wrong to the writer. All too much we have drifted into the pagan realm of thinking and celebrating the season that represents the birth of our Lord.

The season, so highly commercialized, has lost its real significance. The practice of exchanging Christmas gifts and greeting cards has been commercialized, and the sentiments and pictures have too often gone wide of the mark. Cards bearing pictures of animals, riotous carnival scenes not in keeping with the spirit of the "nativity," dominate the markets. Christians and Christian churches ought to think more seriously on these things. Some Christmas programs, pageants, and "white gifts" are encouraging signs. The other day at a meeting attended by more than eight hundred Catholic delegates of the Brooklyn diocese "a strict boycott of 'pagan' Christmas greeting cards was endorsed." These things are supplied because of demand. If Christians would be more thoughtful in their selections, and refuse to buy the "pagan" type of greeting card, Christmas celebration would be rid of some of its objectionable features.

Then if peace loving relatives would refuse to buy toy soldiers, guns, bandit equipment, etc., it would seem reasonable to suppose the youngsters of the land might more easily and favorably have their minds fixed upon the Prince of Peace, because of whom we have Christmas.

CHRISTMAS IN ITS PLACE OF ORIGIN

BY MAXWELL JOSEPHS

(N.C.J.C. News Service Jerusalem Correspondent)

Somehow in the minds of almost all the Christians of the world, yuletide festival is connected with winter, snow, cold, and frost, or at least bleak, foggy, and rainy days. To celebrate Christmas in the Holy Land is quite an extraordinary treat, something that lingers long, very long in one's memory.

Thus, when mid-December approaches, the very air of Palestine is filled with festival mood. True, one lacks the familiar sight of fields covered with snow or boughs with their icicles glistening in the sun; on the contrary,

all the vales and dales, fields and gardens, are covered with verdure and the tree tops show their bedewed petals and blossoms against the beautiful Palestinian sun. Nature itself, after the prolonged dry summer season, awakens to new life, to a re-birth. At such a season the Holy Land prepares for the festival that marks, according to tradition, the birth of the Founder of the New Faith.

Since Christmas is taken to be the date of Christ's birth, Bethlehem, the place of his birth, becomes the center of the festival ceremonies. Now, Bethlehem is only about five and one-half miles south of Jerusalem, a short distance, indeed, but the celebrants pace at a very slow step, thus making the parade from Jerusalem to Bethlehem a veritable "joyous entrance" even to "Ephrata which is Bethlehem."

As a matter of fact, three Christmases are celebrated in Palestine: The Catholics and Protestants observe the twenty-fifth of December; the Greek Orthodox the twenty-fifth day of December (old style), which is the seventh day of January; and the Armenians are the last with their ceremonies on the nineteenth of January. The difference, however, is only calendaric and not ceremonial.

The procession leaves Jerusalem and paces slowly toward Bethlehem on the Ephrata Way; a couple of miles thence and the paraders halt at Rachel's Tomb, a sepulchre held especially sacred by the Jews. (Childless women, the world over, turn their prayers and their hearts to Mother Rachel, who suffered much from childlessness and finally died in giving birth to her son Ben Oni, whom Jacob called Benjamin.) Thence the procession winds its way to the right, the road to Hebron and Beer-sheba, and next turns southward toward the hill upon which prominently stands Bethlehem, in its ancient glory, though somewhat spoiled by the misconceived modernity of the rich Arab homes. From there one has a commanding view of the surrounding fields, fields of Boaz in which fair, sad Ruth was gleaned; and in which boy David came, of an evening from keeping the sheep.

When the procession arrives at the heart of Bethlehem, it has to thread its way through ancient, narrow, tortuous paths, hardly wide enough for four abreast, until it reaches the place of the Church of Nativity.

The Church of Nativity occupies the eastern end of the square and is considered to be the oldest church in Christian use. Constantine had built over the grotto the basilica and tur-

ing the reign of Justinian, centuries later, it was rebuilt as a church, whose main structure is still in existence. Like the church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem, it is shared by several Christian denominations.

From all the ceremonies that take place at Bethlehem the one performed by the Greek-Orthodox is most impressive. As early as seven o'clock in the evening huge crowds of all nationalities begin to gather in the comparatively small place, struggling to find somewhere to sit or hang about in the narrow space allotted to visitors. Swarthy and blond, dark and light races, young and old, children holding to their mothers' skirts, babies in arms are massed in the small sacred place. By the time midnight comes and the world outside is hooked up by radio to listen to the sacred ceremonies, the crowded congregation is aflame with excitement.

Then the preliminary part of the Orthodox services is taken by one of the many archbishops who adorn the court of the patriarch of Jerusalem. This prelate stands in the patriarch's throne on the north side of the choir and receives the obeisances of the clergy about to participate in the ceremony, who must first seek the permission of the archbishop. Two by two they appear in long procession from behind the iconostasis (the archimandrite, distinguishable by black veil and pastoral cross) and with profuse genuflections first before the royal doors and then before the archbishop whose hands they kiss, they take their place.

When the liturgy known as the "Great Entrance" is reached, the patriarch descends from the altar, through the royal doors, and takes his place on his throne, vested in white and gold, and wearing a mitre glittering with precious stones. The entire congregation, mostly Bethlehemites, tourists, and distinguished visitors, stand all through the ceremony huddled together, as no seating place is provided.

Now the service begins. The patriarch comes down followed by all the clerics and distinguished visitors into the Grotto of the Nativity below the choir. With great difficulty the procession winds its way slowly down the steep, narrow, and slippery steps, while each carries his own enormous lighted tapers. There is no electricity there to disperse the ancient darkness. The fumes of the tapers mingle with the odor of the incense and produce a stifling and suffocating air in

this narrow aperture. Yet, notwithstanding, happy is he who had the chance to descend into the grotto at this sacred moment! The gospel is intoned first in Greek, then out of respect to the mandatory power, in English.

Then comes the solemn commemoration expressed in responsive singing of "Kyrie Eleison" by the patriarch and the appropriate royal houses, beginning with that of England. Then follows the ceremony of kneeling to kiss the silver star with the Latin inscription of "Hi de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus Natus est." Then comes the climax of the ceremony. The whole procession circles three times around the entire basilica to the accompaniment of the awe-inspiring hymn for which the Orthodox Church is noted and the patriarch, preceded by banners and processional crosses and richly vested priests and bishops, blesses the thronged congregation, as he slowly moves along; and many of the crowd struggle to kiss the hem of his raiment. The great candelabra swings from side to side of the nave, as if moved by invisible hands, ablaze with its numerous candles, while the incense curls upward to the now almost effaced mosaics.

The ceremony, though by the harsh cacophony of many tongues and the confusion of the overcrowding is somewhat strange to the ears of a westerner, is deeply impressing. For it seems that at just such a place, in such surroundings, amongst such simple folk, the Man whose birthday is being celebrated was born.

MISSIONS

GOOD RESULTS BEING REALIZED

In the last issue of the SABBATH RECORDER appeared an account of the Eight Day Preaching Mission held in De Ruyter. We call them Eight Day Missions; but in De Ruyter, as in some other places this year, more than eight days were demanded and fine results were realized. Other missions have been held, some are in session, and many others will be held between now and Easter.

A full report has come only from the De Ruyter mission. Pastor Ralph Coon went from De Ruyter to Leonardsville to assist, and a letter indicates that unusual interest and numerous decisions have resulted. Pastor Alva L. Davis spent a month in West Virginia, the larger part of the time with the church at Berea, and there was a good work,

resulting in conversions. Pastor Davis spent a few days at Lost Creek helping Pastor Loof-boro, but the time was too short to realize the full benefits of a mission. A week-end mission was held at Independence, N. Y., with Pastor Harley H. Sutton as preacher, and a good meeting is reported. A joint meeting, beginning the Sunday after Thanksgiving, was held in Milton with Pastor Claude L. Hill as preacher, and though no formal report has come to hand, letters indicate the meetings were a success.

THE IMPERATIVE OF EVANGELISM

NEW TESTAMENT EVANGELISM

What is New Testament evangelism? The evangelism of the New Testament is simply to carry out the commission Jesus gave his disciples as recorded in Matthew 28: 18-20. Jesus here commissions his people to do three things: first, to make disciples of all nations; second, to baptize those who become disciples; third, to teach the baptized disciples to observe all things commanded by him. In closing this commission Jesus gave the promise of his presence to all who carry it out, and wherever Jesus is there is power.

The method of New Testament evangelism was simply the public preaching and teaching of the gospel and all the New Testament teachings, supported by the personal testimony of all the disciples. The ministry of John the Baptist was one long evangelistic campaign. The ministry of Jesus was a series of evangelistic campaigns. After his death and the coming of the Holy Spirit the apostles did the work of evangelists and the missionary tours of Paul were a continuous series of evangelistic meetings.

EVANGELISM A MINISTERIAL IMPERATIVE

Paul in Ephesians tells us that evangelists are one of the orders of the New Testament ministry and he commanded Timothy to do the work of an evangelist and to fully accomplish his ministry. This shows that no preacher who neglects evangelism has fulfilled his ministry. Any preacher who leaves out of his ministry evangelism has failed in at least one-half of his God-given work. There are many who believe that the holding of regular seasons of evangelistic meetings are no longer necessary, but the worldliness and spiritual condition of our churches confirms the teach-

ings of the Bible that such meetings are necessary.

There is nothing that revives cold, indifferent, back-slidden followers of Jesus into warm-hearted enthusiastic people like regular evangelistic meetings. The truest and best Christians unite in testifying to the personal help that such meetings have been to them in living the Christian life and in meeting their problems. Then there are those who are lost. The professing Christian who is not interested in the salvation of the lost is not a true Christian and lacks something very vital to a true follower of Christ. We are all lost without a personal, living, saving faith in Christ.

CARING FOR LOST SOULS

All about our churches there are hundreds of people who are lost and who will never be saved unless we go after them. They will not come to our churches of their own accord unless there is some special effort to bring them. When they do come they will never be saved unless the way of salvation is set forth so plainly and simply that they cannot help but understand it, and unless they are urged to accept Jesus Christ as their Savior, Teacher, and Lord.

I would like to plead with every one who may read this, especially every Baptist preacher, to remember that the great aim and purpose of the churches of Jesus Christ is to preach and teach his gospel to lost men and women everywhere. Church members or preachers who fail to do evangelistic work are failing to do that for which Christ sent forth his disciples. Evangelistic meetings are a blessing to Christians themselves and a sure way of bringing to Christ many who would never come any other way. Do the work of an evangelist; fully accomplish your ministry.—By *E. Holbrook Waterman in the Watchman-Examiner.*

FROM THE PRESS

THE TASKS OF TOMORROW

BY JOHN R. MOTT

Surely we have had a demonstration of colossal military and naval establishments. Has it released the strain? Has it reduced the number of friction points? Has it increased the volume of good will? Has not the moment come for us to turn with unshakable conviction and unselfish abandon to the alter-

native of militarism—the spread of Christianity?

Why should many of us leave the United States and Canada and go to foreign parts, some as missionaries, some in other pursuits? We should go, first, because the West cannot solve its problems alone, and cannot, without foreign missions of the right kind, solve them at all. Second, we should go because the East and the lands South cannot solve their problems alone. Third, we should go because East and West and North and South have each an absolutely unique and essential contribution to make to our common constructive work of true civilization and Christianization. Fourth, we go because a universal Christ needs a universal interpretation.

Our great central evangelistic objective, expressed quite simply, is to make Jesus Christ known, trusted, loved, obeyed, and exemplified in the whole range of individual life and in all human relationships. Be the views of the watchword, "The Evangelization of the World in Our Generation," what they may, we must all recognize the imperative obligation resting on Christians everywhere to foster this objective.—Taken from *Laymen's Missionary Movement.*

"WHY MISSIONS, ANYWAY?"

BY DR. WILLIAM A. HILL OF NEW YORK

The missionary enterprise was born in the heart of a loving God and became regnant in the life and teachings of Jesus Christ. The Bible is a missionary book. The Old Testament reveals the missionary motive and the New Testament is essentially a missionary document. The birth of Christian missions is coincident with the birth of Christianity. The emphasis on missions is not a corollary of religious education; it is fundamentally at the heart of religious education. It is not a later acquisition to the New Testament, but an elemental part of it.

Is it possible to delete missions from the program of the Christian Church as something irrelevant or secondary? No, not without deleting the choicest parts of the New Testament itself. Suppose we delete missions from the New Testament. We would take out the Sermon on the Mount; the prayer in Gethsemane; the so-called Lord's Prayer; the Great Commission; such parables as the Prodigal Son, the Good Samaritan, and others. We would take out the Book of Acts, because it is the record of the missionary outreach. We

would have to remove the epistles because they are letters of missionaries to the churches back home. Other choice sections of the New Testament would have to be removed and we would have left not only a warped, but an untrue picture of Jesus' life, his message, and his comprehensive love for men, women, and children everywhere.

This relationship is set forth admirably in the following paragraph: "Christianity is fundamentally missionary. By this we mean that the missionary ingredient is an original, essential, necessary, and indispensable major element in it; that the missionary spirit is no off-shoot or by-product, but belongs to the very central core of our religion; that Christianity is not itself without it; the professing Christian who does not see and feel this, has yet to learn what real Christianity is."—Taken from *Laymen's Missionary Movement.*

HISTORICAL PAGEANT

RIVERSIDE SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST CHURCH

WRITTEN BY MISS BERNICE A. BREWER

The history of this church has been remembered, written, presented, again and again. It lies behind us, an ever narrowing vista, as a road that has been traveled stretches into the distance, ever smaller.

About forty years ago, we had our beginnings—small beginnings, indeed; but as years have passed, our work has grown, our congregation has enlarged, and our circle of influence has widened.

The past is gone. Of what avail to walk that way again? Only this: that we may remember in deep respect those who have gone before us and pointed the way; that we may look again at the inspiring picture of a little people who achieved a measure of success in the face of great difficulties; that we may humbly thank God for his many mercies; and that we may, by noting the direction of the road of the past, find the direction of the road of the future.

This, then, is the history which we now write. It fills us with pride in what we have accomplished; it shames us that we have done so little. It brings us joy in its happiness; it bows down our hearts with its sorrows. It reminds us of the love we bear each other, and fills us with desire that others shall share that relationship.

Shall we then take a little time to read the history which we now write, as we look back at the road that represents our past?

Perhaps what impresses us first is the contrast in size between the first little group that was our beginning, and our present congregation. We think we make progress very slowly, and so we do; yet it is noteworthy that our records show a constant increase year by year. One year we added perhaps two, another five, the next ten, then four, but always our numbers have steadily mounted. Surely the Lord has been with us.

"For behold your calling, brethren, that not many wise after the flesh are called, not many mighty, not many noble, but God chose the foolish things of the world, that he might put to shame them that are wise; and God chose the weak things of the world that he might put to shame the things that are strong; and the base things of the world, and the things that are despised, did God choose, yea, and the things that are not, that he might bring to naught the things that are; that no flesh should glory before God. But of him are ye in Christ Jesus, who was made unto us wisdom from God, and righteousness and sanctification and redemption; that, according as it is written, He that glorifieth, let him glory in the Lord."

(Music—"In the Cross of Christ I Glory.")

We have been fortunate in that we have been served by a series of pastors who have been competent, hardworking, devoted, and beloved. Their reports to the church are preserved in our minutes, and they are inspiring reading. They breathe sincere desire to serve this people, and through that service, their Lord. Let us thank God for such leadership. We rejoice that all but two are still spared to carry on their work. We list them in their order, remembering their untiring efforts in our behalf:

Rev. J. T. Davis, Rev. E. F. Loofboro, Rev. R. J. Severance, Rev. E. S. Ballenger, Rev. C. A. Hansen, Rev. G. D. Hargis, Rev. L. F. Hurley.

"And we beseech you therefore, brethren, to know them which labor among you and are over you in the Lord, and admonish you; and to esteem them very highly in love for their works' sake."

(Pantomime: Figure representing a minister, holding open Bible and teaching from it, hand upraised.)

Throughout our history we have tried to honor the Lord with our substance. The gifts which have been offered have represented the time, effort—nay, the very lives of the givers,

for with something of their lives were they earned. There have been gifts large and small which have carried on the work that seemed ours to do. They would, of course, be too numerous to mention. Let us speak of one, which shall be typical of all, that of Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Titsworth, who contributed a large part of the price of the lot on which our first church was built. Their gift, like the others it represents, lives today.

"Honor the Lord with thy substance, and with the first fruits of all thine increase; so shall thy barns be filled with plenty and thy presses shall burst out with new wine."

(Pantomime: Costumed figure holding high a treasure box. Music: "Give of Your Best to the Master.")

One of our most beloved guests has been the Spirit of Music. She has appeared in different guises—choirs, quartets, orchestras, winning of contests, early Christmas caroling, providing of worshipful music for our services; all have been made possible by those who have "made a joyful noise unto the Lord" through the years.

"It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises unto thy name, O Most High. . . . I will give thanks unto thee, O Lord, among the peoples; and I will sing praises unto thee among the nations."

(Pantomime: Costumed figure holding lyre. Music: "Praise Him, Praise Him.")

Our women's society has been a strong department of the church. The women have raised money to support the financial program; they have been responsible for much of the social life of the church; they have helped to clothe the needy. Like Dorcas, whose name they bear, they have performed gladly their "ministry of the needle" or whatever other task came to their attention.

"Now there was at Joppa, a certain disciple named Tabitha, which by interpretation is called Dorcas; this woman was full of good works which she did."

(Pantomime: Woman sitting sewing. Music: "Help Somebody Today.")

Service has ever been our aim and watchword. Only as our faith has manifested itself in work for those about us have we deemed it deep and sincere. So the love in our hearts for our God and for our fellow man has shown in our regular work in the church. As deacons, as officers, as teachers, as committee chairmen or members, in men's, women's,

young people's organizations, in the kitchen or on the platform, perhaps not in a position of leadership but as faithful followers, we have tried to serve. How often we have fallen short, no one knows better than we; but we know also that often and often our meager efforts have been multiplied, strengthened, extended, and made effective by our Lord. So we have been content to serve where opportunity has presented itself, confident that service rendered earnestly will not be rendered vainly. Each has given as he could, and we believe that even the humblest service will be blest.

"And he looked up and saw the rich men casting their gifts into the treasury. And he saw also a certain poor widow casting in thither two mites. And he said, Of a truth, I say unto you, that this poor widow hath cast in more than they all; for all these have of their abundance cast in unto the offerings of God, but she of her penury hath cast in all the living that she had."

(Pantomime: During Scripture only—widow casting two mites into treasury.)

We have seen many who have lived long among us pass to their reward. They have spent their lives in the labor of the Lord, and death has held no terror for them. Rather it has seemed that the angel has led them gently to rest when their labor was finished. Of these, because the list is so long, let us mention those who have left us in recent years, and as we speak their names, let us remember with reverence the principles for which they stood, and with gratitude, the work they did:

Dr. C. H. West, Elder J. T. Davis, Mr. B. I. Jeffrey, Deacon C. D. Coon, Mr. Frank Wells, Mr. E. S. Beebe, Mr. J. N. Burno, Mrs. Emma Pullen, Mrs. Effie Baker.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

(Pantomime: Angel leading old man. Music: "Come Unto Me.")

Grief has walked with us as we have seen those taken from us whose tasks seemed, to our earthly vision, so very far from complete. These were they who laid down their burdens in their prime, leaving a great work undone. But let us rejoice that they went fearlessly, gladly, their eyes fixed on the glory that was before them. Let us mention them, and for their vigorous strength which they shared with us for a time, let us be glad:

Earl Furrow, Earl Palmer, Charles Pierce, Mrs. Birt Hurley, Veola Brown Knight.

"And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth; Yea, saith the spirit, they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

(Pantomime: Young man, hands outstretched, walks toward spotlight which shines on his face. Rest of stage in darkness. Music: "Lead on, O King Eternal.")

We have, through the years, been happy in the good fortune of our members, making merry with them in the joyous occasions which come to us all. Birthdays are celebrated in the little ones' classes; baptisms cheer our hearts and give us hope; graduations are given due recognition; new homes are established, and we are happy; we rejoice over the professional advancement of any of our number; holidays are celebrated with gaiety; we are glad with any whom good fortune touches. Perhaps because we have ever been a small church, we have maintained this family relationship. So it has come about that from the tiniest cradle roll member to the grandmothers, all may have a part in the joys of our church life. Not a little of our achievement has been due to just this prevailing friendliness. We are sure that our Lord looks with approval upon this cheerful family arrangement.

"For as we have many members in one body . . . so we, being many and one body in Christ, and every one members one of another."

(Pantomime: Preferably youngest and oldest members of the congregation pass across the stage together.)

Many agencies outside our immediate church have had the benefit of our talents and time. We have made ourselves felt in what we trust have been effective ways, in the City Ministerial Association, Sherman Indian School, the Christian Education Council of the city, the County and State Christian Endeavor, the W.C.T.U., the Y. M. and Y.W.C.A., and many others. Our light may not be great, but it has been bright enough to shine into many a path which paralleled ours.

"Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set upon a hill cannot be hid. Neither do men light a candle and put it under a bushel, but on a candle-stick; and it giveth light to all that are in the house. Let your light so shine before

men that they may see your good works, and glorify your father which is in heaven."

(Pantomime: Costumed figure carrying a candle.)

From our number have gone out working men and women, who, because of the foundations laid in this church, have dignified physical labor and honored a variety of professions. The ingenuity, individuality, dependability, and leadership developed in the activities of the church have made no small contribution to their success.

"Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work. . . . There is nothing better for a man than that he should eat and drink and that he should make his soul enjoy good in his labor."

"For the gift of heaven is perfect rest,
But the blessing of earth, is toil."

(Pantomime: Man in laboring clothes with tools in his hand, followed by man in business suit, with brief case.)

The ranks of those who preach the gospel have been swelled by young men from our membership. We think of them often, remembering their youth here, rejoicing in their present work with others of our churches, and looking with confidence toward the great promise of the years to come. Let us call them by name, and because of our great love for them, let us remember them often in prayer:

Lester, Ralph, Wayne.

(Pictures of the three were flashed on a screen at the back of the pantomime stage, with a reflectoscope. Music: "Have Thine Own Way.")

"But rise and stand upon thy feet, for I have appeared unto thee for this purpose, to make thee a minister and a witness both of these things which thou hast seen, and of those things in the which I will appear unto thee."

One of our most valuable assets has always been our youth. They have been interested, capable, courageous, splendid. In harmonious co-operation, young and old have worked together. Abundant support has always been provided by older friends: financial aid, sympathetic audience, help for camps, transportation, attendance at plays, interest in and prayer for all the numerous activities. Upon this ample foundation the young people have builded well. As they have grown beyond the limits of their own organization, they have taken their places as responsible burden bearers of the church. While their abundant

strength has been at its height, they have spent it freely, marching under their banner: "For Christ and the Church."

"Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not . . . while the sun or the light of the moon or the stars be not darkened, nor the clouds return after the rain."

(Pantomime: Costumed figure carrying banner, "For Christ and the Church." Music: "Oh, Come, All Ye Faithful.")

Time will not permit us to present a complete picture. Yet, taking these brief glimpses as representative, let us say, "Here is our past." And those who shaped our past, shaped, for such is the law, our future.

There have been names in our history which do not appear on our rolls now. By the bearers of these names we have been inspired. There have been names in our history which are now borne by descendants of those who first wrote them in our records. By the present work of these people we profit. There are new names, which have so recently come to us that they do not appear in our history. For these we rejoice. Other names will be written as the years go on and our work continues. For these, we pray.

But all, past, present, and future, have had or will have a part in building that structure of which the history which is yet to be written shall say, "This is the church."

Over that part of the future which is dependent upon the past, we now have no control. But that part of the future which rests upon the present, we hold in our hands.

What will the history which is yet to be written, record? Will it include work faithfully continued? Further extension of our faith? A growing congregation? A deeper devotional life? For all of these we hope and pray, and toward them we will work. But most of all, let us strive for an increasingly large number of those to whom we have pointed the way, and who have found the cross because we have held it up.

(Pantomime: Costumed figure holding a lighted cross. This pantomime is held through the rest of the presentation.)

We have celebrated the tenth anniversary of the dedication of this building, in the three days just past. We have observed this occasion in a variety of ways, most of which have been collective. Shall we turn from these ways to another, which shall be personal and

WOMAN'S WORK

"ON EARTH PEACE"

BY GRACE NOLL CROWELL

How dare men mock the white-robed winging choir!

How dare they climb the star-lit heavenly lanes
To loose upon mankind the scarlet fire

Of hell itself from roaring battle planes!
How dare they kill and maim and blind their

brothers,
Forgetting the Christ, the earnest words he said:

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto others,
Ye have done it unto me . . ." His heart has bled

And he is there—one with the hurt and dying,
Moving among them, waiting for war to cease.

Hark! The song above the bitter crying:

"Glory to God in the highest—on earth peace."

How we have failed thee, blessed Lord and Master!

We stand before thy judgment stricken, dumb,
God, God help mankind learn its lessons faster,
And even yet, Lord, may thy kingdom come.

—*Christian Herald.*

CHRISTMAS ONE DAY EARLY

BY JEAN BEAVEN ABERNETHY

We had planned for Christmas on the twenty-fifth, as usual. But this year it was to be very special for we were to spend it in Bethlehem and Jerusalem.

We had mapped out our course with great care: the service in the Church of the Nativity, the procession to the grotto where Christ was born, caroling on the hills above the "little town," and then the evergreen tree and our own service back in Jerusalem.

But the twenty-fourth of December—that had not even occurred to us. It was on the calendar, of course, but to be used to get ourselves from Egypt into Palestine. A dirty ride gave no promise of even being interesting.

We had decided to enter the Holy Land third class. We thought it would be uncomfortable, and were anticipating getting the experience over with as soon as possible. But we had our Christmas on what we thought was to be a dull, flat day.

We arose at two on the twenty-fourth to catch the train. It came exactly at three. We watched the first and second class with their tightly rolled blinds, roll by. A third class car stopped directly in front of us and we got on. We had not considered that Jerusalem is a city sacred to Jews and Moslems,

individual? It has been suggested that each of us, from youngest to oldest, make evident our appreciation of the past, our enjoyment of the present, and our trust in the future, in some very concrete way. To that end we have been asked to make some contribution in money or goods, to the organization which we call our church, and through it, to its Master. Let us now freely give of the fruits of our labor, so that that part of the future which depends upon this present moment may be amply provided for. On the rail, here, is an offering plate to receive the gifts of money. Within the rail, is room for other gifts you may wish to leave. Will you come forward, and in reverent silence, place your gift within the sanctuary, returning then to your seats?

(The congregation passes to the front, leaving gifts, and returns to seats. After the last are seated, the young people with all the children of the congregation gather upon the steps which are in front of the platform.)

And the history which is yet to be written shall record that at the end of that ceremony, a group of the youth of the church gathered upon these steps, and together spoke, as with one voice, saying:

"We, the youth of the church, have looked with you at scenes from a past that did not include us. We have taken part in a present activity. We have looked toward a future which shall be ours. We recognize that the responsibility of that future will largely rest upon us. We are yet young, untrained, inexperienced. But we pledge ourselves so to direct our lives that we shall be able to carry these responsibilities with dependability, dignity, and devotion. To our Lord and his people do we dedicate ourselves—for Christ and the Church."

And the history which is yet to be written shall record that the congregation arose (congregation rises at signal from reader) and pledged themselves in these words, "We also dedicate ourselves." Will you make that history now? (Congregation repeats, "We also dedicate ourselves.")

"I beseech you therefore brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies, a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service."

And the history that is yet to be written shall record that of all the gifts, these were the most acceptable to our Lord. Let us pray.

(Music: "Nearer, Still Nearer.")

as well as Christians, and the Christmas season draws thousands of pilgrims.

Inside the car was a riot of oriental colors woven into matted goat's hair and filthy woolens. The odors of decaying food and dirty people rolled up to greet us. Not a white face nor a familiar costume was to be seen. Everyone was jabbering in Arabic.

People were everywhere, literally. Men were lying on the floor, in some cases two deep. One youth was in the net-like baggage rack above our heads. Children were tucked in edgewise. I noticed one particularly fat woman smothered in black, whose corpulence was immediately explained when her robe began to move and three little heads popped out. Promptly she shoved them back, pending the conductor's visit.

A small boy played with a half dead bird. His father looked on with unseeing eyes upon the suffering and continued to munch on what looked like long lettuce leaves. His mother rolled back and forth on her share of the wooden bench evidently in great pain. She was suffering from trachoma, that oriental disease so dreaded because of its contagion.

"How can we enter the Holy Land this way?" I thought. "We will be too tired to enjoy the twenty-fifth—perhaps we shall even be sick."

But it was now too late to do anything about it. The train began to move. I spied a seat half way down the car. But a small baby, with jam and flies all over its face, occupied one-half of the hard wooden bench. Politely but firmly I pushed the *petite* Arab over, for had I not paid for my ticket, and baby had not? Immediately the mother began to yell, but I kept on. Her sisters and aunts joined in. Soon a regular bevy of maternal minded Arabs had gathered round to cackle at me and shake their fists. But I cleared away a foot of space and promptly sat thereon.

I tried to sleep, but could not relax. The girls and women in the car kept up a weird tune. They broke its monotony now and then by cupping their hands to their mouths to let out a piercing shriek. And the journey stretched out before me for six and one-half hours.

Then something happened. I do not know whether it was the scent of orange blossoms which came in on gusts of sand through the dirty window, or whether it was because a

little girl across the aisle shyly smiled at me. Or perhaps it was just my sense of humor returning. My husband and I were the only "whites" in the car, and I began to feel that this thing could be made a very unique and interesting experience. I decided to talk to the man opposite me. He was the father of the disposed infant, which was now sleeping quietly in its mother's arms. The man spoke some English, so I asked him who he was and why he was going to Palestine.

"I am a Copt, dear lady, and I belong to the Lord Jesus. We are not like these Moslem devils, and we go to Jerusalem on our first pilgrimage." I smiled. "I am a Christian, too," I said. "We are Americans, and this is our first pilgrimage too. Tomorrow we are going to celebrate Christmas in Bethlehem."

He began to be interested. "Praise be that you too belong to the Lord Jesus," he said. Then he took out his small gilded Bible and began to teach me the Lord's Prayer in Arabic. Soon we had an audience. They laughed heartily laughs when I mispronounced a word. They smiled toothless but well-meaning grins when I did well. Soon I began to like them.

Then there came the shriek. "What are these women singing and why do they feel they have to keep it up all night?" "Why, dear lady, they are singing the Psalms of David, and they are singing them just as *David and his followers sang them centuries ago.*"

"And the shriek?" I persisted. He smiled at my ignorance. "That too is just as it was in David's time. It is their shout of joy that at last they are to see the Holy City. They have been saving money all their lives for this and now at last their dream is to come true."

With that my whole outlook changed. The whole thing became one glorious opportunity. Here I was in the midst of what *could be* Bible characters. This was no commercialized side show for tourists. This was genuine. The costumes and the singing were just as they had been centuries ago. Bible scenes were being enacted before my very eyes if only I were not too stupid to see them.

That shepherd lad over there with his brown skin and his leather girdle and sling—he could be David. The small boy next to him with his coat of many colors—he could be Joseph. My "professor" across the aisle with his pointed beard and his upright posture—he

could be one of the wise men. I turned around to seek out the child with the bird in his hand, for I knew that his father, stern and impatient looking, could be the prophet Amos, dresser of sycamore trees, fretting under the sins of the Israelites.

I now felt completely at home. I felt warm and generous to those about me and all because *I had lost myself in finding them.* Then I thought, "Ah, this is the way to enter the Promised Land. We are with lowly folks. Nothing is staged for our benefit; we are privileged tourists indeed."

Next day I sat in the midst of the ecclesiastical pomp and ritualistic formality of the Bethlehem church service while the choir droned through the incensed air. It was an anti-climax.

Our real Christmas had already happened to us while going to Jerusalem. —*Selected.*

NOTICE

The National Broadcasting Company presents Dr. Leslie Bates Moss, Editor of "Christian World Facts," in a series of Friday noon talks entitled "At Home in the World" during December, 1937, 12.00 to 12.15 E.S.T., over WJZ and the Blue Network.

December 24—"Lighting New Lamps."

December 31—"Pioneers for Tomorrow."

A LETTER FROM NORTH CAROLINA

EDITOR:

... I am unlearned but I have been with Jesus. . . . I have not walked as close by his side as I might have done, but I can surely see the folly of my error. Several years ago I promised God that if he would show me any truth I did not understand in such a way that I would know it to be the truth, I would accept it and teach it to others. Soon thereafter it dawned upon me that I might not be keeping the day for the Sabbath that God would have me keep. For about a year I tried to excuse myself on the same ground so many others are using. But a red-hot poker kept me twisting and squirming until I sought relief in God's Holy Word. I found satisfying relief. It was plain, too plain to doubt, and I accepted the truth, the truth that gave rest to my burdened soul.

Friends—you who do not keep the Sabbath of God—have you a sound and sane reason for not doing so? If you think Sunday observance is satisfactory to God it is

because you don't know the true meaning and merit of God's holy day, and the truth concerning it. I, too, am guilty for not telling you sooner. May God forgive my neglect and help me never to be found wanting any more.

WALTER J. FILLIYAW.

R. F. D. 3,

Fayetteville, N. C.

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PAPER CALLS FOR REVIVAL OF RELIGION

Chicago (NCJC) — The *Daily Maroon*, official University of Chicago campus newspaper, has sounded a call for a revival of religion on the campus. In an editorial that attracted much comment, the paper charged that "students are disgracefully ignorant of the creeds which moved their ancestors to the depths."

The paper took this action following a campus conference of religious groups last week which was attended, the paper said, by three types of religious organizations—social, denominational, and "those animated by religious beliefs."

In commenting upon the ebb of religion on the campus, the *Maroon* said, "The destructive effect of university life on student religion is a well-known phenomenon. The atmosphere of the university is not favorable to the retention of uncritically held beliefs. In refuge from this, most religious groups have become little better than social organizations. They shy away from theology. Yet it is a poor sort of religion that consists of good wishes without any intellectual basis."

The newspaper went on: "Of the suggestions made at the conference, the proposal that a course be established in the doctrinal differences of the various creeds represented on the campus is the most practical."

STATEMENT OF BELIEF — NOTICE

The "Statement of Belief of Seventh Day Baptists" as approved by the Shiloh General Conference of 1937, together with Scriptural references carefully selected by the Revision Committee, has just come from the press and is ready for distribution.

Pastors, or church clerks, please take notice. If you will write us the number of copies you will need or use, they will be immediately mailed to your address.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

OUR LETTER EXCHANGE

Dear Mrs. Greene:

It has been a long time since I wrote to you, so I decided that I would write.

Rolleesa Godfrey's grandpa is my grandma's cousin. You know Flossie Burdick.

We have moved by the Lake Metagoshe since I have written to you. I like it very much. We run a summer resort. We sell milk, cream, and ice. Some children come from Minot, Rugby, and other places. We play with the children and can go in swimming.

I am sick and cannot go to school this year. I have goiter trouble. I have been in the hospital two times. I don't like it very much, but one thing, they have good things to eat. They take good care of you.

I have two sisters. One is in the sixth grade and the other in the fourth. Their names are Marjorie Florence and Vivianne Marie. I am now thirteen years old and am in the seventh grade.

We are going to have the Dorcas Society, or the Ladies' Aid here on Wednesday.

It isn't very long until Christmas. Christmas will be on Sabbath this year.

I hope I can distribute lots of Sabbath school papers. I was baptized last year into the Adventist Church because we don't have any Seventh Day Baptist Church here.

We live with our grandparents because our daddy died when I was seven.

I like the stories in the RECORDER very much.

We have a dog named Mickey and a nice grey and white kitten.

Your RECORDER friend,
Ida Mae Chaney.

Lake Metagoshe,
Rugby Point,
Bottineaux, N. D.,
December 8, 1937.

Dear Ida Mae:

Yes, it has been quite a while since I last heard from you, and as yours is the only letter that has come this week, I am doubly glad to receive it. I couldn't forget you or your name for we have a near neighbor, "Ida Mae."

I wish you would tell me more about Lake Metagoshe. Is there quite a large camp there or is the main attraction your resort? At any

rate, you must have very busy summers, for lakes are usually very popular for tourists. People out this way enjoy going in swimming. One of our Vacation Bible School children this summer said he didn't care where we had our closing picnic so long as there was a place to go in swimming.

I am very sorry to hear that you are not well this year. You must miss your school duties and the good times with your school-mates, but of course your health must be the first consideration, for education without health isn't much benefit. I hope and pray that soon you will be well and strong again.

Yes indeed, Christmas will be here before we know it, or are quite ready for it, but it surely looks like Christmas around here, a very white Christmas at that. It is rather cold, too, so it is hard to realize that not long ago it was summer. Is Lake Metagoshe large enough for skating and other winter sports, and have you a good hill for coasting?

We must never forget the real meaning of Christmas, while we are exchanging gifts and enjoying the good holiday spirit, for since Christmas is a memorial of the birth of our dear Savior it means, as a little friend of mine once expressed it, "Love." Since Christmas comes on Sabbath day this year we are having a little different type of Christmas service here, more in the form of worship and carol singing with gifts to those in need; in Independence, Sabbath morning, and Andover the Friday evening before.

I wish you and yours a very blessed and happy Christmas this year, and may this spirit of love and good cheer be ever with you.

Our kitty Skeezics is in disgrace now as he scratched baby Joyce, but I'm inclined to think that he had a bit of provocation, for not only does she get pretty rough in her caresses but uses his tail as a means of support when she wants to reach a standing position. What do you think? I guess we'll have to keep them apart, for neither one is really trying to be naughty.

And to all my RECORDER boys and girls, wherever they are, I wish to extend a "Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year." I'll try to have a Christmas story ready for next week.

Lovingly your friend,
Mizpah S. Greene.

Andover, N. Y.,
December 13, 1937.

OUR PULPIT

EXPECTING THE CHRIST

(A Christmas sermon by Rev. Herbert L. Cottrell, pastor of the Marlboro Seventh Day Baptist Church, Bridgeton, N. J.)

Text—Isaiah 9: 6.

One of the greatest miracles in the Old Testament that is continually set forth is the constant and irradicable conviction held by the great worthies and prophets of that age, that some time in the future a Messiah was to come who should free Israel from bondage. Even in the darkest times of Israel's history when they were in humiliating and apparently hopeless bondage to some heathen nation, or in periods when their moral and religious life was at the lowest ebb, when all traces of godliness, justice, purity, and real life seemed to have been lost, even during these times, the conviction would continue to live that there would come a Messiah to free the people from bondage. This conviction was not only believed; it was taught to all the people and heralded far and near. This great conviction shone forth like a beacon-star of hope in the horizon of Israel. How many times had this belief bolstered up their faltering faith in dark days of trial and brought to them their only ray of hope for the betterment of their moral, spiritual, and political conditions!

Their idea of a coming Messiah was first that of a physical King who would conquer all of Israel's enemies and make Israel the ruling power in the world. He gradually became a Ruler of righteousness and justice, and later was looked upon as One who would bring salvation to his people. But this salvation, while it was moral and spiritual to a certain extent, was, first of all, a physical salvation associated with freedom from the humiliating political bondage to Rome. Yet many truly spiritually-minded saints, just before the time of Christ, like Simeon and Anna, thought of this Messiah as One who would deliver the people from their sins. Think how appropriately Simeon and Anna were preparing themselves for that first Christmas; not planning a large and expensive dinner for the entertainment of their select circle of friends, not laying out vast sums of money for expensive gifts, not worrying and wondering about what choice gifts they would receive. They were not wasting their time and harrow-

ing their nerves in getting ready for Christmas in this way; they were simply looking for, preparing their lives for, the Christ who would deliver the people from their sins.

How are we getting ready for Christmas? Are we preparing to enjoy Christmas by getting ourselves ready to see Christ? Do we expect to see him? Our celebration of Christmas may be nothing less than sacrilegious if we have everything else and not Christ. We think of Christmas as a memorial of Christ's birth and our minds strive to reach back over these nineteen centuries for the particular facts of Christ's birth and our eyes try to see the little Babe in Bethlehem's manger. We are looking back to the Christ-Child. And as God gave to us his only begotten Son as a present of such priceless worth, so we have for these nineteen hundred years been giving presents to others that we might reflect a faint picture of divine love and sympathy. But let us not only look back to Christ and try to see him as a Babe in the manger, good as that may be. Let us be looking forward and expecting to see the spiritual Christ in all of his mercy, loveliness, and transforming power at this Christmas time. In my home is a suggestive picture entitled, "Christ Between the Trenches." Christ in all of his majesty and power is making his way between the trenches. As he passes along, the soldiers on both sides gradually lay down their guns, showing the silent, transforming power of the Christ when once it enters the human heart. Mistrust, revenge, and hate give place to faith, mercy, and love. Oh, might the teachings of this picture be wonderfully realized among all mankind at this Christmas time! And if Simeon and Anna, the wise men and the shepherds saw Christ on that first Christmas, why should we not expect to see him too on this Christmas? May we not have a larger and truer conception of the infinite love, mercy, and power of Christ at this time; may he not be born anew, not only in our own hearts, but also in the hearts of sinners; may we not give him a chance, as never before, to transform our self-centered and pleasure-loving lives into truer likenesses of his own soul?

Earnestly expecting to see Christ, carefully preparing our hearts and homes for his coming, allowing his Spirit to control our thoughts, words, and actions—this constitutes the best way to keep Christmas. But some of us would not recognize Christ if we did see him,

simply because he would not look the way we expected him to appear.

"Yes ma'am, he stopped just there at the gate speaking to some one, and I gave a glance at him, and never thought who it was," said an old woman, telling of her absent son's return home. "All those long weeks and months I'd been waiting and praying for him to come, and then didn't know him when he stood outside the gate. I even wondered to myself, fretty-like, who was coming to hinder my work." I wonder if we would recognize Christ if he came to our door?

I fear a great many people don't want to see Christ. When he appears to them in the form of some hard duty, or some responsibility, or when he comes to them wounded and bleeding from warring against the enemy of souls, and pleads with them to enlist in his service and help bear the brunt of the battle, they do not want to see him. They do not care about being associated with such a Christ.

I have read the story of an artist who was painting a large picture of the marriage feast at Cana. A friend came to see his work, and his first remark was "What lovely waterpots!" The painter immediately blotted them out, saying, "I wanted you to look at Christ, not at the waterpots." We are too much like that friend; we are not looking for Christ at Christmas time. We are looking for a big Christmas dinner, a family reunion, and many nice presents, a day of amusement and an evening with its entertainment.

But if you are earnestly expecting and longing to see the spiritual at this Christmas time, how may you best prepare your lives for his coming?

"Are you willing to forget what you have done for other people, and remember what other people have done for you; to ignore what the world owes you, and to think what you owe the world; to put your rights in the background, and your duties in the middle distance, and the chances to do a little more than your duty in the foreground; to see that your fellow men are just as real as you are, and try to look behind their faces to their hearts, hungry for joy; to own that probably the only good reason for your existence is not what you are going to get out of life, but what you are going to give to life; to close your book of complaints against the management of the universe, and look around you for a place where you can sow a few seeds of happiness—are you willing to do these things?"

Then you are rightly preparing for Christ's coming.

"Are you willing to stoop down and consider the needs and the desires of little children; to remember the weakness and loneliness of people who are growing old; to stop asking how much your friends love you, and ask yourself whether you love them enough; to bear in mind what other people have to bear on their hearts; to try to understand what those who live in the same house with you really want, without waiting for them to tell you; to trim your lamp so that it will give more light and less smoke, and to carry it in front so that your shadow will fall behind you; to make a grave for your ugly thoughts and a garden for your kindly feelings, with the gate open—are you willing to do these things?" Then you are truly preparing your hearts and homes for Christ's coming.

Are you sincerely expecting the Christ at your house for Christmas? Then let us prepare for him. May the words of this poem truly express our sincere desire.

"Light of the Everlasting Morn,
Deep through my spirit shine
And may thy Presence, newly born,
Make all my being thine.
Try me as the silver, try
And cleanse my soul with care,
Till thou art able to descry
Thy faultless Image there."

DENOMINATIONAL "HOOK-UP"

ALFRED STATION, N. Y.

There was a very good attendance at the "All Church Night," evening after the Sabbath. The proceeds of the three-cent supper amounted to approximately \$17. This amount and one unpaid pledge will be enough to cover the last deficit on the organ. Plans are now in progress for the dedication of the organ during the Christmas holidays. Definite date will be announced next week.

The musical program by the Friends of Music following the supper hour was greatly appreciated. This consisted of three groups of Christmas carols and hymns, sung *a capella*. These visits by the Friends of Music in connection with our organ campaign have been of material aid to us as well as a delight to lovers of good music. The two organ solos by Eugene Van Horn were well rendered and received many words of praise.

Pastor Van Horn delivered the address at the meeting on Monday of the Hornell Min-

isters' Association. His subject was "Life Values in the Book of Revelation." Thirty-five ministers were present.—Sun.

BEREA, W. VA.

We had Pastor Alva L. Davis with us for revival meetings, October 28 to November 13. Several of our children made a start in the Christian life, and we hope that results will show later among some who are older. We are feeling the loss of Mr. and Mrs. Orland Sutton, two of our best workers, who have moved to Farina, Ill. Mr. and Mrs. Samuel S. Ford have returned to us from Salemville, Pa., where they have lived for several years.

The pastor spent the Thanksgiving weekend on a missionary trip into Lewis and Braxton counties, preaching at the Roanoke church, and the Bug Ridge schoolhouse near Sutton.

CORRESPONDENT.

PHOENIX, ARIZ.

The Salem Herald

DEAR FRIEND:

We reached Salem, Ill., by the B. & O. railroad on Friday, November 12. Our trunks we expressed to Phoenix, and we were taken by Rev. A. T. Bottoms to Farina and to the parsonage. While at Farina I preached three times at the Seventh Day Baptist church, and once at the Methodist Episcopal church.

On Tuesday afternoon, November 16, friends took us to Vandalia, where we were met by Mrs. Shaw's brother, who with Mrs. Burdick was starting by auto from Wisconsin to California. We crossed the Mississippi at String of Rocks bridge, just north of St. Louis, and followed route 66 across Missouri, a corner of Kansas, Oklahoma, and Texas as far as Amarillo, where we took route 60 to Clovis, New Mexico, and so by route 70 via Roswell to Phoenix. We spent the Sabbath at Roswell. The farther south we went the colder it got. There was snow all the way from St. Louis to Tulsa, but the roads were good and we had no unpleasant travel experience. We arrived at Phoenix early Monday afternoon, November 22.

Parts of the Southwest seem to be rather barren. I will not mention any states or localities lest some one might take offense, but believe it or not, it has been estimated that there are districts where six grasshoppers would starve to death on an acre of land in thirty days.

It would seem to a stranger that about the only things that grow here are cacti and an over sense of magnitude.

However, there are those who see things differently, and the best real estate agents are the thousands of sleek, white-faced cattle that lean up against the mountains and watch the cars go by—cows with horns just as they used to have when I was a boy.

I was disappointed not to see more jack rabbits. In fact I saw but two, and neither of them was in action. One of them simply sat by the roadside and thumbed his nose at us. The other was being dragged by a coyote through the sage brush. Being naturally of an inquiring mind, I asked the coyote how he caught the rabbit, but he never said a word.

I had not been in Phoenix an hour when I met with an accident in form of a handful of cactus thorns. But when the doctor returned from the office, and the nurse from the hospital, I was soon put in fine shape. Your readers will not need to be told that the doctor was Dr. George Thorngate, our son-in-law, and the nurse our daughter Miriam, who since her return from China is employed at the Good Samaritan Hospital in Phoenix.

It seems that every native plant that grows on plains and mountains of Arizona is provided with thorns, vicious and innumerable. A teacher in the New Mexico Military Institute told me that it was evidently a matter of self defense, like the quills of a porcupine, or the defensive chemical warfare of the common skunk.

But there is wealth in Phoenix, and room enough. By the way, suppose you look up the origin of the word "Phoenix." I wonder why it has been given to a Fire Insurance Company!

The valley is made by irrigation. Just now the city is shipping twenty or thirty carloads of lettuce a day. Thousands of cattle are being fattened and slaughtered here. Cotton picking is about over. Picking of grapefruit has begun. Oranges are ripening. New dates are on the market. Alfalfa is being cut for the seventh or eighth time for the season.

Dude ranches are filling up. Of course "we" do not say "dude ranch" but rather, "guest ranch."

Plenty of water and just when and where you want it, is magic.

The first religious service that I attended since coming to Arizona was a meeting of

Indians where Doctor Thorngate had been invited to speak of China. It was at a school for the training of Christian leaders among the Indians of the Southwest. There is an Indian school at Phoenix.

But this letter is already too long.

Mrs. Shaw joins me in sending superlative regards to Salem, but is not responsible for the letter.

—GEO. B. SHAW.
—From Salem Herald.

WESTERLY, R. I.

An impressive service and a joyous occasion were experienced by the Pawcatuck Church November 26. Pastor Crandall baptized ten young people and these with three others were received into membership of the church. Of the three, one joined by letter from the Plainfield Church and two by letters from first day churches. These results have come about through the regular work of the church, which is a satisfaction and makes us humbly grateful to our heavenly Father that he is steadily working in the every-day activities of his people.

CORRESPONDENT.

PSYCHOLOGISTS ON WAR

PSYCHOLOGISTS REPUDIATE BELIEF THAT WARS ARE NECESSARY RESULTS OF HUMAN NATURE

Washington (NCJC) The common belief that wars are necessary results of "human nature" is emphatically protested against by the Council of Directors of the Society for the Psychological Study of Social Issues, in a pre-Armistice Day pronouncement, according to Science Service. The council is a national organization of psychologists formed for the purpose of studying social problems and spreading psychologically correct interpretations of them.

In a poll of several hundred American psychologists by the council, over ninety per cent denied that any proof existed for the view that man's instincts lead to war.

"Not only is the inevitability of war unsound psychology; it is also a handicap to peace efforts," the statement says. "A person who accepts this belief will ignore practical avenues for the peaceful settlement of international disputes.

"War is not inevitable, psychologically. It is not a part of 'human nature.' It is fought by men who often do not know why they are fighting, doing things which are repulsive to

them but which they have been told they must do. It can be prevented. If we learn how to discount the propaganda of war-makers, and how to insist upon the peaceable adjustment of international conflicts (as we have upon the peaceable adjustment of individual conflicts) there is no psychological reason for wars to continue."

The psychologists distinguish between conflicts between individuals, in which both know why they are fighting, and may even refrain from fighting if they so please, and conflicts between nations, when men are prevented by war propagandists from knowing the real reasons why they are fighting, and have no choice as to whether they shall fight or not.

In addition to the more obvious evils of war, the destruction of life and property, the maiming of men and shattering of personalities through shocks and strains, the psychologists point out that war inevitably brings in its wake a great loss of human values.

RECORDER WANT ADVERTISEMENTS

For Sale, Help Wanted, and advertisements of a like nature, will be run in this column at one cent per word for first insertion and one-half cent per word for each additional insertion.

Cash must accompany each advertisement.

COLLECTION ENVELOPES, Pledge Cards, and other supplies carried in stock. Collection envelopes, 25c per 100, or \$1.00 per 500; denominational budget pledge cards, 30c per 100; duplex pledge cards, 40c per 100. Address orders to Sabbath Recorder, Plainfield, N. J.

LETTERS TO THE SMITHS, by Uncle Oliver. Of special interest to young people, but contain many helpful words for parents who have the interests of their sons and daughters at heart. Paper bound, 96 pages and cover, 25 cents; bound in cloth, 50 cents. Mailed on receipt of price. Sabbath Recorder, Plainfield, N. J.

JUNIOR GRADED HELPS, four year course, four parts each year, 15c each. Intermediate Helps, three year course, four parts each year, each 15c. Sabbath Recorder, Plainfield, N. J.

A MANUAL OF SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST PROCEDURE (Revised), is a book of exceptional value to those who would know more about Seventh Day Baptist ecclesiastical manners and customs. Price, attractively bound in cloth, \$1 postpaid. Sabbath Recorder, Plainfield, N. J.

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"SERMONETTES" for Sabbath Reading, ten cents. Also Hebrew taught by correspondence. Send 15 cents for first lesson. Miss Lois R. Fay, Princeton, Mass. 11-1-21t

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS FROM THE RECORDER STAFF

By L. H. North, Business Manager

To All SABBATH RECORDER Readers:

Our thoughts at this time of the year turn to those loyal friends who are supporting the work of Seventh Day Baptists at home and on foreign fields with their prayers, contributions, and the labor of hand and brain.

The Publishing House is sharing in this work, especially as it may be done through the printing and distribution of religious literature.

The year just closing has been a better one in many respects than any for several years. For this we are thankful. We look hopefully to 1938 for new and increasing ways in which we may render service.

We express to each and every one of you a wish that you may have a Christmas made joyous by the good you have done in 1937, and we hope that 1938 will bring you happiness and peace in all your relations with your fellow men.

By Mrs. Frank Langworthy

A joyous and happy Christmas to you all!

But have we much to make this Christmas happy? Let us see. As a denomination we have been blessed in many ways: new additions to churches and new churches formed; new people inquiring about our views, with much interest in us; renewed interest in the Christian religion and our work through the Preaching Missions. How grateful we are for the protection of our China missionaries during the recent months, and didn't we all feel a thrill when we learned that we went \$687 over the amount asked for the China Emergency Fund?

Some other blessings that we may sometimes overlook are the patience and faithfulness of our workers: ministers and missionaries, officers and members of our boards. Here in the office we feel deeply grateful that the RECORDER has been able to survive as a weekly paper—even though reduced in size. We are thankful for our contributors, and the fine loyalty and co-operation of all our workers here in the plant are things which we deeply appreciate. It is splendid to think that our paper is published by people truly interested in its success.

These are only a few things for which we as a denomination may be thankful at this Christmas time. Then we have our own individual blessings, those of our families, and those of our churches.

Hasn't God been good to us!

While we are grateful to him for all he has done for us we would remember those less fortunate—the sick and destitute in body and spirit, the people of the war torn areas of the world; and mingled with our joy and gratitude at this Christmas may there be in our hearts a prayer that we may be true to the One who was given us so many years ago to be our Savior and Guide. May we have compassion on our fellow men and give them aid in any way we can.

So may this Christmas be a happy one for us all!

By James W. Bannister

Many readers of the SABBATH RECORDER probably never think of the men and women who make the weekly visit of the magazine possible, or consider the numerous operations entailed in its production. The technical staff rejoice in their anonymity, and faithfully go about their various tasks with but one idea: the promotion and welfare of the RECORDER.

At this season of the year our thoughts are as your thoughts, and our hearts also are filled with the happiness of the Christmas season. Despite the troubled state of the world, we still believe that Faith, Hope, and Charity are Christian ideals worthy of our emulation. We feel too, that the teachings of Christ as set forth in the Beatitudes, if lived up to by all the people of the earth, would bring a wonderful happiness to mankind. How different it would be, if all nations and individuals could continue throughout the year the same lovingkindness so characteristic of the Yuletide season.

As St. John says: "... Let us not love in word, neither in tongue; but in deed and in truth." 1 John 3: 18.

To the wide-spread family of RECORDER readers may the workers of your magazine wish you each and every one, all the mercies, blessings, and happiness of the season, and may 1938 bring you all the happiness and joys that we heartily wish for you.

CHRISTMAS PRAYER

By Abbie B. Van Horn

Our Father, we thank thee for this joyous season of the year when we remember the birth of Jesus who came to save his people from their sins. And though his birth seems so far away in distance and in time, and though we heard not the angels and saw not the star, yet we may worship the Christ as the shepherds and the wise men worshiped the Christ child in the long ago.

We thank thee for the beautiful songs which we sing.

We thank thee that Jesus came to bring peace and good will to men, and though we are sometimes discouraged as we see so much of strife and dissension in the world, yet we realize that it is because many have not heard of him and many more who have heard do not open their hearts to him. And because even we who profess to be his followers have not fully accepted his ideals nor walked perfectly in the path marked out by him. But in spite of this we know the world is a far different place than it would be if he had not come.

We pray that peace and good will may dwell in all our hearts, in our community, in our nation and throughout the world.

In Jesus' name, Amen.

(From a prayer meeting service sponsored by the Women's Society, Sabbath eve, December 10, 1937, Plainfield, N. J.)

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THE NEW YEAR

By J. D. TEMPLETON

I am the New Year, and I come to you pure and unstained,
Fresh from the hand of God.
Each day, a precious pearl to you is given
That you must string upon the silver thread of Life.
Once strung it can never be unthreaded, but stays
An undying record of your faith and skill.
Each golden, minute link you then must weld into the chain of hours
That is no stronger than its weakest link.
Into your hands is given all the wealth and power
To make your life just what you will.
I give to you, free and unstinted, twelve glorious months
Of soothing rain and sunshine golden;
The days for work and rest, the nights for peaceful slumber.
All that I have I give with love unspoken.
All that I ask—you keep the faith unbroken!

(Furnished by Mr. Crichlow—
from Young People's Department.)

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