

Bond, Mr. and Mrs. Elmo Randolph, Mr. and Mrs. Maxson, Mr. and Mrs. Cruzan, Lottie Snyder, and Wayne Rood.—*Alfred Sun.*

MILTON JUNCTION, WIS.

The annual meetings of the church and society met Sunday, January 8. Reports from officers of the church and auxiliaries were given. Dinner was served at noon.

From the pastor's report we glean the following: Sabbath morning services, cottage prayer meetings in the winter, and vesper services during the summer have been maintained regularly. We are using the book, "The Upper Room" in our cottage meetings.

The Sabbath school reports "white gifts" at Christmas time given to mission work in China, Jamaica, South America, and to the Young People's Board. Sunshine boxes were given shut-ins at home. Also special collections were taken in the Sabbath school for the Missionary Society, the Tract Society, the Sabbath School Board, and the Theological Seminary during the past year.

The Ladies' Aid society and other friends made it possible for the pastor's wife to purchase a set of aluminum ware. The ladies are taking an active part in the new project of the Woman's Board, to support a missionary-evangelist. They made a fine report at the annual meeting. We hope you will hear more about their activities in the next "News Letter."

We are inclosing a letter from the Tract Society which is being distributed to all church members. We hope the amount desired may be fully raised in order to cancel all indebtedness on the Seventh Day Baptist Building this year. If everyone helps a little, it will be done.—*From News Letter.*

NEW AUBURN, WIS.

We have had a wonderful winter up here so far this year (Jan. 24). We greatly enjoyed Wayne Rood's sermons again at Christmas time. We were richly blessed all summer by his stay here.

I hope there are members here who will be able to help out with the tax money for the Seventh Day Baptist Building, and that our church will be able to give as much at least as in past years for the Budget.—*From a personal letter.*

NORTH LOUP, NEB.

Letters from representatives of various boards and agencies have been coming to the pastor, asking for financial help in carrying on the work they have been appointed to do. All such communications have promptly been placed in your hands and the urgent need called to your attention.

The lines of work most distressed for lack of funds seem to be the Theological Department, the Missionary Society, and the agency set up to pay the back taxes on the Denominational Building.

Last Sabbath day envelopes were placed in the hands of all present with the suggestion that a free-will offering be made at the time of the usual morning offering and with the understanding that, whatever sum received, it should be divided among the three organizations mentioned above.

Attention was called to the fact that while we should give as liberally as possible, no gift even a penny, should be considered too small, and that every member should be encouraged to give something.

Those of you who were not present last Sabbath will find envelopes in the foyer of the church and you are asked to take one as you come in, and place your offering in it and deposit it in the collection plate when it is passed.

Attention was also called to the fact that this offering was to be over and above that which we recognize as "local need." All funds not otherwise designated will be considered as given for the work at home.

Let us give these matters earnest consideration. Let us of the North Loup Church rally once more to an urgent need. Let us in the midst of hardship and privation give as Paul suggests the churches of Macedonia gave, "I bear record, beyond their power they were willing of themselves: praying us with much intreaty that we would receive the gift, and take upon us the fellowship of ministering to the saints."—*North Loup Loyalist.*

During the Civil War, a young man asked Lincoln for a pass to Richmond, Va. Lincoln replied: "Happy to oblige you if my passes were respected. The fact is, I have given passes to 250,000 men to go to Richmond, and, as yet, not one has reached the place."

The Sabbath Recorder

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A PRAYER for DAILY LIFE

Eternal God, our Father, open to us anew the Scriptures, lest ours become a wasted generation. We hunger for life and are fascinated by things, but things abundant have not brought life abundant. We seek our best state, and find that we have walked in a vain show. We pursue the dream, the shadow, the vapor which vanisheth, and miss the substance which is life indeed. The new elations, the new expediences, the new cruelties, turn out to be old as Sodom. Only by each word that proceedeth out of thy mouth can we live. And so it was written centuries ago. Even so our Master found it, and so must we. Open to us anew the Scriptures, lest we needlessly repeat the futilities of the past. In his name, who alone did fully live, and who is the Living Word, the Way, the Truth, and the Life unto all generations. Amen. —*By H. L. Lambdin, Summit, N. J., in Bible Society Record.*

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(Established in 1844)

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Four Fundamental Facts As good citizens we are concerned with the terrible cost of crime in the United States. It seems incredible that in such a nation as ours the annual cost could be what is estimated, as reported, at fifteen billion dollars, over forty-one million per day—an average of more than \$115 per person each year, enough for every man, woman, and child to buy a good repossessed auto every five years. We do not sense the personal cost as it comes to us in hidden taxes on all we buy. This is the economic side of the matter. There is the social and spiritual loss that is equally staggering.

Various plans and projects are advised and legislations evoked. But the trouble lies deeper—in the very heart of the moral and religious.

We believe there are four fundamentals in the moral law—as set forth in the Ten Commandments—that touch the vital center of the problem. They may be stated thus: There is first the fundamental fact of God, of his existence. The first three commandments lay stress upon this fact—there is a God, unseen, and everywhere present, whose being, personality, and attributes commend our sacred regard and holy appreciation. In

the fourth command, every seventh day we are reminded of his existence — “for in six days God. . . .” The nature and quality of national life reflect the character of the God whom it accepts and worships.

The second fundamental is the need and purpose of a rest. Man shall work six days—and rest on the seventh. But the idea of physical rest is symbolic of his need of spiritual refreshment—time for man’s body “to catch up with his soul.” No nation can be what it ought to be, its life true and proper, without a Sabbath. Nor need the Sabbath be buttressed by the legislation. Attempts of this sort have always been endangered by bigotry and persecution, proving futile in the end. Had the Christian Church remained true and loyal to the Sabbath of the Decalogue, God’s holy Sabbath, it would have gone far in saving the nations and the world to true religion and from many of its economic and moral disasters.

The third fact—fundamental to the higher realization of a good life for individual and nation—lies in the family relation. Put this second in your thinking, if that seems more logical—the man and woman—one flesh and blood, the fundamental unit through which the nurture and care of the child are guaranteed. Certainly that is basic. And in the imperative, “Honor thy father and mother,” more is significant than any mere outward manifestation of respect. Implicit there is an appreciation of all the highest ideals and aspirations of father and mother as they live toward God and sincerely seek to walk worthily before him. Implied also is a loyalty to parental teaching and spiritual nurture. Nothing can take the place of home training, or compensate for its neglect.

The fourth fundamental lies within the expanding field of the social order. In its higher perfections there will be an absence of murder, adultery, theft, falsehood, and covetousness. Jesus wonderfully summed up the law when he urged: You must love the Lord your God completely and your neighbor as yourself. It needs no man of vision to point out what a different country ours would be if these foundational facts were universally recognized, and life based upon them.

In man’s own strength alone this wonderful result cannot be accomplished. But Jesus came to make effective such underlying law by his own dynamic love and life.

“Spiritual Finance” The money paid in for the promotion of the gospel in our midst or in sending it to other parts of the world; for the work of Sabbath promotion through tracts, periodicals, or personal presentation; for maintenance of retired ministers or preparation of new ones; for religious education and youth activities; in short, money raised for the various items of the United Budget, which represents the Christian activities and interests of Seventh Day Baptists, is more than mere money. It is the consecrated prayers and life of our people translated into a convenient medium of exchange. Consecrated to God, it is spiritual finance.

Dr. H. Eugene Davis who is giving earnest thought, prayer, and effort to raising the United Budget says of “Spiritual Finance”: “To me it is finding out what is God’s task that he wants me to have a part in, and then after asking him fully to prepare my mind and heart, ask him how much or how little he wants me to put into his enterprise. It seems right to consider the Budget as God’s enterprise for Seventh Day Baptists for this year. We are human and there may be mistakes in the Budget, but our representatives at Conference, in the Commission, and in our societies and boards prayed and asked God to lead—and we have the Budget.”

We believe Doctor Davis’ logic is clear and sound. We believe we have every right and reason to ask God’s blessing upon the project of fully raising the Budget—his work—his power—his means entrusted to us. We do well to heed Paul’s exhortation (Romans 12: 1), “I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, to present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable to God which is your spiritual service.” The prophet of old must have sensed spiritual values when he cried out in behalf of the work for God, “Bring ye the whole tithe into the storehouse, that there may be food in my house, and prove me now herewith, saith Jehovah of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it.”

Rich blessings await those who look upon their giving from what God has enabled them to earn or realize, as truly spiritual; it assuredly is “spiritual finance.”

Christian Refugees The refugee problem which faces the world today is not new but only the latest manifestation of an age-old tragedy. We need only recall that this nation was founded by refugees—Pilgrims, Huguenots, and others, seeking escape from religious persecution—to realize that what is happening in Germany today has many historical counterparts. But this fact makes it none the less brutal and terrifying in its consequences.

The plight of the Jews has aroused the sympathies of all democratic lands, and their brethren in America with the help of Christians have made heroic efforts to finance their suffering.

But among the Christians of America, the plight of fellow Christians who face and endure similar oppression in the Third Reich has been largely ignored. How many of us are aware that there are over half a million Christians among the refugees and potential refugees, who sit on the doorsteps of the democratic world, beseeching for help? It is not for the Jews to minister to them, though they have done so in many instances, but for the Christians.

From reliable sources we here cite a few facts: The “non-Aryan” laws of the Nazi régime refer not only to full-blooded Jews but to those who are 75 per cent, 50 per cent, 25 per cent and even 12½ per cent Jewish. A large proportion of these have been reared as Christians. While there were about five hundred thousand Jews in Germany at the time Hitler came into power, it has been estimated that there were at least one million “non-Aryan” Christians. The adverse laws affect Christians married to Jews and the children of such unions.

Thus it is Christians and “non-Aryan” Christians as well as Jews who are forbidden to teach, to practice law, or to engage in other professions, who are banned from civil positions, who cannot attend the universities, and whose children are mocked and stigmatized in government schools.

The domination of the National Socialist State extends to the Christian Church. Even the words of Christ have been changed to meet the requirements of National Social tenets. Pastors and priests who dissent are forbidden to preach and are frequently imprisoned. The fate of Rev. Martin Niemöller is a case in point. Daring to defend the

Protestant tradition and the brotherhood of man as a principle of Christianity, Pastor Niemoller was arrested for alleged misuse of his pulpit for anti-government propaganda. Though he was ordered released by the court, he remains in a concentration camp. Catholic activities also have been hampered and in many cases ordered suspended.

Is it any wonder then that the ranks of refugees are constantly being swelled by "non-Aryan" Christians, by Protestant pastors, Catholic priests, by scholars, writers, liberal thinkers who refuse to disseminate National Socialist propaganda, and by those who believe that freedom to worship God and liberty of the spirit are as important as physical survival?

It is a matter of concern that Christians of America aid in caring for these refugees, men and women of culture and dignity — many of whom are in destitute need.

In 1934, at the request of Dr. James G. McDonald, who was appointed by the League of Nations as high commissioner for refugees coming out of Germany, an agency was set up in the United States to assist Protestant German exiles and to arouse Protestant Church membership to this emergency need. This is the American Committee for Christian Refugees of which Thomas Mann is honorary chairman and James M. Speers is chairman. Headquarters of this committee are at 287 Fourth Avenue, New York City, with a branch office in the Chicago Temple Building, Chicago, Ill. Any gifts for such needs may be safely made through this committee, which is calling upon Protestant Christians of the United States to succor their own brethren who are fleeing the wrath of a régime which in its every act denies those principles which Christ gave to the world.

"SURRENDERED POSSESSIONS"

TRUE OR FALSE?

The Spirit of God does not emanate from material surroundings, be they fine or common.

A high standard of worldly living has produced a low standard of Christian giving.

The hobby of every genuine Christian is evangelism.

H. Eugene Davis.

MISSIONS

NEWS FROM THE HOME FIELD

(Condensed from reports of missionary pastors for the quarter ending December 31.)

BOULDER, COLO.

With a group of young people from Boulder I participated in the first annual meeting of the Kansas, Nebraska, and Colorado churches. There is evidence of increasing interest in these meetings. All who attended felt that they had received a splendid spiritual uplift. All are looking forward to meeting in Denver next fall. I presented two messages.

The week day Bible school for boys and girls from the public school across from the church has been started again with encouraging results.

Last year the Boulder young people put on a New Year's Rally with meetings beginning Friday night and lasting until Sunday night. That was an experiment. It was enough of a success so that the young people thought it worthwhile to try again. This year there were young people here from North Loup and for part of the time some came from Denver. The interest in these meetings and the inspiration received from them this year make us feel that it will be well worth while to make such a regular annual custom with us.

Ralph H. Coon,
Missionary Pastor.

DODGE CITY, MINN.

Our Sabbath school takes a special collection every month. Also it has assisted in a drive for Chinese and is backing the Rice Bowl Project.

Our church entertained the semi-annual meeting of the northern Wisconsin and Minnesota churches in October with pleasing results.

We appreciate very much having different workers in the denomination visit us and tell us of the work, conditions, and problems of the society and field.

As you see, our report has been delayed. Our son, Doctor George Thorngate, has been with us and our minds and time have been taken up with his visit and departure for China. He delivered the address at the Sabbath morning service, December 31. We regret that we have not been able to accomplish more in the line of our work here.

We met with the ministers of Dodge County at a ministers' association meeting at West Concord a short time ago and were treated very kindly and respectfully, although we were of a strange (?) faith!

We are having a state temperance worker with us January 14.

Charles W. Thorngate,
Missionary Pastor.

WELTON, IOWA

A Christmas program was given the Sabbath morning before Christmas which was very effective in bringing out the Christian spirit for the year.

We need an evangelist to come here and hold an old-time revival meeting of three or four weeks' duration. The members of the church will not let themselves be interested in an Eight Day Preaching Mission, too short a work, they say.

Kay Bee,
Missionary Pastor.

HAMMOND, LA.

The work here has been carried on as usual. In November most of the churches of the town united in a union Thanksgiving service in which our church took an active part. The financial condition of the board has been presented and emphasis placed upon the needs. It has brought some results.

I left early on the fourth of November for Little Prairie, Ark., where five services were held with much interest being manifested. The attendance was excellent. The service Sunday night was evangelistic in nature, and about fifteen persons, both young and old, asked to be remembered at the Throne of Grace. This was very encouraging.

Correspondence has been carried on with the people at Columbus, Miss., but a second trip has not been made. It is hoped that it may be possible to make another trip there some time in the spring, or when it seems best.

Verney A. Wilson,
Missionary Pastor.

FOUKE, ARK.

The only special financial matters we have had during this quarter are the usual offerings for the Denominational Budget. We faithfully keep that up. While it is very little, it helps us when we do it and helps to bear the burden of the board.

We had hoped to have some special meetings if the missionary-secretary had come to the Southwestern field this autumn. Since it was impossible for him to come, nothing has been done. Then, too, the general health of the pastor would not permit any special effort on his part.

I have had a call to become pastor of the Jackson Center Church, to begin as my time is out here. I have accepted the call and have begun to get ready to move about the first of April. I am doing this, believing my health will improve with the change.

W. L. Davis,
Missionary Pastor.

GENTRY, ARK.

I wish to thank you for your unacknowledged letter, and for all the interest you manifest in our field. There is so much to discourage upon every hand, and in all our fields, that we need every bit of encouragement we can give or get.

It is indeed a matter of deep concern that money is moving into the hands of our boards so slowly, making it just now exceedingly difficult for many of us to carry on our assigned work.

Nothing outside the local field was attempted during October other than by correspondence. We are very happy, however, to report one Sabbath convert and addition to the local church, coming from the Rolla, Mo., field. Much could yet come from the work there through this fine young man.

Interest here remains good, with almost perfect attendance of resident members.

Being in the Ozarks here, autumn comes late to us, but is worth waiting for, and even coming far to see. Each year seems more beautiful than ever before, though probably it is not. We need to be specially remembered before the Throne of Grace, both for ourselves as well as for others.

That which has probably most impressed me this month is the deepened interest manifest very largely by all contacted. But little if any difference has been found, whether in public address or by personal visitation, and whether high or low in the social scale, or even in matters of morality. Personally I do not know how to direct and use this interest as it should be used. We only pray—all of us—that God will direct us and use us to the furtherance of his holy will.

There has come better financial support for the local work than for many months, so that much of the traveling expense has been met as it arose; for which we are all, I suspect, deeply grateful.

Ellis R. Lewis,
Missionary Pastor.

BEREA, W. VA.

The church has raised nearly \$300 as payment on the debt to the Memorial Board. The Christian Endeavor has raised money and bought material for wiring the church, and is ready to go ahead with the work.

There has been no special effort at Berea except the regular work and preparing special Christmas services, and special meetings when we have had visiting ministers. Our missionary secretary was here one Sabbath, Carl Maxson preached on the occasion of our October quarterly meeting, and S. A. Ford preached three times during the absence of the pastor.

We need an awakening of the members of the church to their responsibilities, a deeper spiritual life among the members, a greater spirit of co-operation, and more of the power of the Holy Spirit. We are planning for a special evangelistic effort in the spring.

I have made two trips to the mountain field. The last week-end in October I visited all points of interest on the field: Cowen, Crites Mountain, Bug Ridge, Sutton, Wolf Creek, and Pleasant Ridge. The last of December I made the trip again. Much of the territory had to be covered on foot, so we limited the trip to Bug Ridge, Wolf Creek, and Crites Mountain. Attendance, as might be expected at this time of year, was smaller than at other times.

There are many hindrances to the work on Crites Mountain, yet with steady work I believe it can be built up. The people there are talking seriously of putting up a frame or log church building, as there is no place of meeting except in private homes. The work on Bug Ridge is purely a union, interdenominational work, but we have loyal Seventh Day Baptists there, and I am anxious to keep up the appointment, as no other minister ever visits them. Contributions received on both trips were sufficient to cover expenses.

The first Sabbath in December the pastor and family were at Middle Island, upon in-

visitation, where I preached and assisted in the communion service.

Clifford A. Beebe,
Missionary Pastor.

SALEMVILLE, PA.

It was our intention to have a series of meetings during the "Week of Prayer." We were unable to do so, but we did have a series of three prayer meetings, one each week before the first of January, as spiritual preparation for the "Week of Prayer."

Our greatest need as individuals is to be endued anew with Christian enthusiasm. Our greatest need as a church is to lose our complacency. Our greatest need as Seventh Day Baptists is to gain a keener denominational outlook. These things we are trying to accomplish.

Our people here are not unresponsive to leadership, nor are they lacking in appreciation for consideration given them. A while ago many of the people wondered why, when the missionary secretary had traveled all the way from Rhode Island to West Virginia, he did not arrange to stop off at Salemville, either going or coming. I could only say that I did not know, but I presumed he had only a limited amount of time between important meetings. It would be an encouragement to the people here if the missionary secretary could arrange a stop-over at Salemville when he makes such trips.

Due to lack of leadership on the field, the physical evidence of the existence of a church here has been allowed to run down. Considerable money has been expended already since I came, to repair the church and parsonage, and a great deal more is necessary on the church right away to make it a proper place to worship. This fall it was painted one coat outside. It needs another coat all over and a third on one side. It needs redecorating inside. These and many other little things are coming slowly.

An order has been sent for new hymn books, which it is hoped will come before the "Preaching Mission," the last of January. These have been needed very much.

The members of the church have each taken ten Sabbath tracts to distribute through the year. This was done at my suggestion and by vote of the church.

The church voted a Junior C. E., to be superintended by Mrs. Van Horn. It is going strong and had the prominent place in a

Christmas service held Friday evening before Christmas.

A Union Senior C. E. was organized at the parsonage soon after our coming to Salemville. It is composed of young people from the two Seventh Day Baptist churches here. There are from fourteen to eighteen in regular attendance.

A group of citizens, at my suggestion chosen by the three churches here, formed themselves into a Boy Scout troop committee. When this group met they elected me as Scout master. Since they refused to sponsor a Scout troop unless I be the leader, I accepted the job. There are only two boys in our church eligible for scouting, but there are a large number of boys in the community that need something in the line of good entertainment here in the community. This is especially true since the centralization of schools took that source of entertainment from the village. The troop is getting a fine start with sixteen boys. There are twice that many that should be touched by some such influence. Mrs. Van Horn has been influential in helping to start a Girl Scout troop. This troop is also getting a fine start, and is much needed for the same reasons given for the need of a boys' troop.

A special preaching service was held in the church on Thanksgiving eve. It was well attended.

An interest in a "home department" is developing in our Sabbath school. It will serve more definitely to unite the church and help our lone Sabbath keepers to feel more keenly the bond of unity with the church.

I prepared and distributed to the families of the church copies of a Christmas family worship service. I know that in many cases it was used. Some expressed a need for more such materials. I think perhaps such things as the "Upper Room" will come into use in some families.

In trying to build up denominational interest, I quote in sermons occasionally from the RECORDER or the Beacon. I announce from the pulpit such matters of denominational interest as will serve to cause my people to feel joyful or sympathetic with individuals or churches of like faith. Their interest in the SABBATH RECORDER and in the denomination in general is growing.

The Ladies' Aid is very active and has voted to help support a field evangelist, and

to pay in to the Budget. It also carries a large share of the local church expense.

Mrs. Van Horn and I are working under extreme circumstances. I realize and appreciate the predicament of the board, but that does not in any big way replace our disappointment in not being able on account of lack of funds to do the work we had hoped and planned to do.

Marion C. Van Horn,
Missionary Pastor.

HEBRON CHURCHES, HEBRON, PA.

Just a little extra note to acquaint you with local happenings. First of all, I must tell you that Mrs. James Hemphill of Hebron Center was buried today. This is a severe blow to the work in the Second Hebron Church. The last few weeks there has been no service at Hebron Center on account of her illness and also illness in some of the other families.

I have some candidates for baptism in the spring; these will be new Sabbath keepers, a mother and her son and daughter.

Robert W. Wing,
Missionary Pastor.

DENOMINATIONAL BUDGET

Statement of Treasurer, January, 1939

Receipts	January	
	January	Total
Adams Center	\$ 120.05	\$ 222.05
Albion		37.30
Alfred, First	102.75	672.79
Alfred, Second	39.35	98.85
Battle Creek	33.00	200.28
Berea		5.45
Berlin	40.62	115.62
Boulder		44.20
Brookfield, First	25.59	82.59
Brookfield, Second		60.00
Carlton		5.00
Daytona Beach	26.00	71.41
Denver	39.00	80.80
De Ruyter	50.50	157.50
Dinuba		15.25
Edinburg	6.00	36.00
Farina	10.00	10.00
Fouke	1.31	28.26
Genesee, First		109.50
Gentry	2.65	5.15
Hebron, First		8.31
Hopkinton, First		90.50
Hopkinton, Second		8.00
Independence	20.00	64.00
Irvington		100.00
Little Prairie		10.00
Los Angeles	5.00	35.00
Los Angeles - Christ's	5.00	5.00
Lost Creek		78.15

Marlboro	118.46	
Middle Island	16.98	
Milton	159.86	877.01
Milton Junction	51.73	233.63
New Auburn		18.20
New York City	78.64	256.28
North Loup	63.00	63.00
Nortonville	15.00	25.00
Pawcatuck	262.00	1,775.50
Piscataway		61.50
Plainfield	214.50	764.60
Richburg		57.00
Riverside	50.00	142.18
Rockville	18.17	67.80
Salem	25.00	255.00
Shiloh	188.54	518.26
Stonefort		8.00
Syracuse		8.33
Verona	21.36	82.36
Waterford	10.00	53.11
Welton	20.00	20.00
West Edmeston		15.00
White Cloud		34.89
Individuals	37.00	96.25
Western Association		45.51
Southeastern Association		14.67
Northwestern Association		40.67
Southwestern Association		4.50
Shiloh-Marlboro Vacation Bible School		8.50
General Conference offering		231.00
New Jersey and eastern New York yearly meeting		25.00
Southern Wisconsin and Chicago Quarterly Meeting	65.00	65.00

\$8,460.15

Total receipts for January \$1,806.62

Total receipts for seven months	This Year \$8,460.15	Last Year \$9,743.86
Total receipts for month of January	1,806.62	1,129.43
Budget receipts for month of January	1,383.62	1,065.78
Special receipts for month of January	423.00	63.65
Budget receipts for seven months	7,515.43	8,152.00
Special receipts for seven months	944.72	1,591.86

Disbursements

Missionary Society	\$ 832.18
Tract Society	177.97
Sabbath School Board	175.00
Young People's Board	31.00
Seventh Day Baptist Building	162.00
Woman's Board	7.00
Ministerial Retirement	84.00
Education Society	174.65
Historical Society	11.20
General Conference	168.00

\$1,823.00

Morton R. Swinney,
Treasurer.

WOMAN'S WORK

AT LAST - NANKING!

BY FLORENCE G. TYLER

Nothing is simple any more in the cosmopolitan city of Shanghai. One cannot venture into the outer city without a pass and for days we have waited in anxiety, wondering whether a wandering foreigner would be permitted to enter the closed gates. At last a friend has intervened in my behalf and the pass has arrived—and so—

This morning when the alarm went off under my pillow I hastened to dress. Fortified by a thermos bottle of tea, with melba toast and marmalade of the night before, I left the comfort provided by a modern hotel—stepped over the hall boy asleep on the floor outside my door, and went down into the dimly lighted lobby where the Sikh policeman was napping in front of the street door, and was soon picked up by my traveling companion and a good friend to see us through the red tape at the station.

My task was to watch the baggage while the men bought the tickets. I was surrounded by a human panorama—a mother with a little baby stood in the ticket line leaving three darling little boys to guard three great bundles and innumerable small ones. She came back occasionally to slap them all round to insure their watchfulness! The station is a crude shed for the real station was destroyed, as were the buildings in that whole area for a mile around. But even in such a shambles there is much that is intriguing to small boys. A porter came in with more bundles than he could carry and they were scattered over the floor. I tried to lure him to come back for our luggage when the train was ready—he never returned. Every train is loaded with soldiers—officers and men—and most of the porters are commandeered for their baggage. But we managed to get our luggage out to the train about seven-thirty and when we were ensconced in a comfortable seat were told, "This car for soldiers." Once more we moved our suitcases, a large basket of fruit and a luggage roll filled with butter, coffee, and cheese, and we were soon on our way—at last going to Nanking!

We passed village after village in ruins, then the old walled city of Soochow—its station four walls and gaping windows, but its

beautiful pagoda in the distance inside the city wall—and still the sampans, the beautiful blue lakes, the junk sails, and the ruins, and dotted over the landscape, far and wide, ancestral and modern graves looking at this season of the year like hay stacks, large and small, according to the former standing of their occupants. Occasionally an industrial plant gutted by fire told of the setback received by China in its struggle for modern progress and development. We passed the stations of Changchow and Chinkiang charred and in ruins, and at last pulled into the station at Nanking. How it escaped utter destruction it is hard to see, but it is almost intact.

We were lined up for passport and baggage inspection; our luggage was gone through to be sure we carried no firearms or telltale photographs, and our passage to the station was carefully directed. Crossing a strip of matting, we suddenly found ourselves being sprayed like an apple tree or a vermin infested dugout, and we passed on to meet the young friend from Ginling College awaiting our arrival.

We were bundled into one of the few available taxis and off we dashed through a mile of crumbling ruins already old, on either side of the city streets, but like the phoenix of old a spark of life is already arising from the ashes, and surrounded by the charred fronts of business blocks little shops have appeared, carrying a pitiful array of old supplies mixed with new and Japanese gadgets, and every little way displayed on the pavement are assortments of loot gathered from the looters or the ruins. Farther along a little family of five were raking the bricks and ashes from a tiny courtyard, preparing for one of the gardens of green vegetables which are appearing here and there in the midst of crumbling walls and tumbling ruins. And then at the end of a mile we turned into a bamboo gateway and came out into a haven of rest in the midst of a war-torn and weary land—the beautiful campus of Ginling College, with its bevy of chrysanthemums and its beautiful Chinese buildings unharmed.

These buildings and covered walks housed more than ten thousand refugees, women and children, during the siege of Nanking and for months following, and now this institution is among the first to help in the rehabili-

tation of the Chinese womanhood of that area. Its students are in faraway Chengtu, together with a great part of its faculty. But the buildings still echo with the voices of girls together with the laughter of little children, for here are being tried out most interesting experiments in rehabilitation and home culture. The genius of this forward-looking program is the former dean of the college who has been in residence through this tragic year, and as we walked together over the campus the children clung to her skirts and she was met with a smile from everyone. She stopped for a word of encouragement to the girl whose fire under the community rice kettle was slow to burn; she picked up the child who fell and bumped his head and rubbed it till the smile came; she patted the beautiful chrysanthemums and gave a word of sympathy to the ones that had not done so well. There was a word of friendly greeting for the cook and the gardener, a laugh and story for her fellow workers, and no little human touch which would weld together this heterogeneous group was omitted.

And what was it all about? What could be done on a beautiful college campus like this after most of its ten thousand refugees had been absorbed into a ruined area? The first move was to choose one hundred completely destitute women and to see if they could be rehabilitated. An outside kitchen was erected with four huge rice kettles; the work was organized, bedding furnished for those who did not have it. Thirty children came with the women and were provided with a day nursery. The women were given courses in homemaking, hygiene, simple arithmetic, sewing, knitting, care and feeding of children, home industries, Bible and religion, cooking, poultry raising, and gardening. They are already growing their own *beh-tsai*, *piao-er-tsai*, and *chin-tsai*, making their clothing and bedding, and at the end of a year it is hoped they will be equipped to meet the kind of world in which they have to live.

This is the day when we "look to the tasks the times reveal," and so the next project seemed to be training for life the girls of secondary school age, and 145 girls were soon enrolled. Those who cannot pay at all help with the work. Again the aim is fullness of life in times like these. Secondary school subjects are taught with practical emphasis—biology through gardening and chicken rais-

ing, chemistry through soap making, dyeing, etc.

Living is on the very simplest basis; the housekeeping in both projects is immaculate and the girls have great pride in preserving the beauty and order of the buildings. Some of the most capable refugees have been kept for teaching and other work, and life is once more opening out for people for whom otherwise there would be nothing but discouragement.

And then Monday morning, and the voice of the little alarm clock under my pillow at 5 a.m.—an early breakfast with all the family gathered around, the ticket line, the long lines of soldiers being loaded in our train followed by five hundred wounded in all stages—crutches, canes, plaster casts, and stretchers—one more sickening and disheartening sight, and I left Nanking and the brave friends on the platform who have been through so much and who will go back and cultivate and nurture that emergent life which is so evident to the visitor of Nanking.

And now once again the land has appeared and the farmer and the water buffalo, the women beating out the rice, the men cultivating the land. The rows are straight and beautiful and the "beh-tsai" is green and ready to cut, so—in the midst of a suffering land there is hope.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

NO. 8

The boat trip from Maui Island to Hawaii Island was rough and the seaport of Hilo, although soaked in rain, was a welcome sight. It is a beautiful city, with a delightful Japanese garden in one of the parks, and trees and shrubs along the streets and in door yards, many of them in flower. Harold Yamayoshi, assistant forester for the island, took us along the northeast coast, across ancient and more recent lava flows, to Kalapaua, where a beach of black sand and black sand dunes intrigued us. Lava rock has been pounded and ground by the waves so that only black sand is visible at this point. After a picnic lunch in a unique county park where tables and seats are made of lava rock, we retraced our way through the forests to Hilo, then along the northeast coast to Kamuela and the Waimea Hotel, for the night. Here

the CCC boys of many nationalities gave me fine attention at a night lecture. They seem to be just the same kind of boys as we find on the mainland, fond of sports and fun, but ready to do their part in the reforestation program.

Next day two forest men took us by auto through the Parker Ranch of more than five hundred thousand acres to Kailua, and on to Volcano House on the rim of Kilauea crater in Hawaii National Park. This trip took us along the dry portion of the island, the side opposite to the northeast trade winds. We saw fine feed and fat cattle as we drove through the ranch, but also observed dense growths of giant prickly pear cactus, and mesquite trees introduced from the semi-arid regions of Mexico or Spain or the United States, many years ago. At Kailua is a fine old stone church built in 1836. It is the first church constructed on the Hawaiian Islands. At this place, too, is the old palace occupied by Kamehameha, the Great, the first king of the Hawaiian Islands. It was he who united the islands into one kingdom. The palace is a most interesting museum where furniture used in early Hawaii, and stone implements, wooden dishes, and other gadgets of the Hawaiians are on exhibition.

Kamehameha's wife was largely instrumental in leading the natives to give up their ancient religions and accept Christianity. The early missionaries were American, largely from New England. They guarded the natives against exploitation. This early church is Congregational.

En route to Volcano House we passed through many acres of coffee trees, growing for the most part on almost pure lava rock. A large company but also many small planters grow coffee. The coffee beans are spread on wooden platforms, or even on the paved road, to dry.

H. N. Wheeler.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

OUR LETTER EXCHANGE

Dear Mrs. Greene:

I am taking my first regents examinations—geography, spelling, silent reading, and arithmetic.

Last fall we took a trip to Illinois and saw many wonderful places and things. Among them were: Memorial Monument for George

Rogers Clark, who explored the Louisiana Territory for Thomas Jefferson; the old home of William Henry Harrison, ninth President of the United States, with its underground passages to the nearby Wabash River, for the escape of slaves in war time; Old French and Indian Cemetery; the Cathedral Library, oldest in the United States; Indiana University, with its thirty mammoth stone buildings at Bloomington, Ind., where we visited our cousin, who took us to a limestone mill where huge building stones are fitted for use; birthplace of William Jennings Bryan, Salem, Ill.; a section in a big oil boom where there are hundreds of oil wells on all sides; James Whitcomb Riley's birthplace, Greenfield, Ind., where we stayed all night in a cabin by "The Old Swimming Hole." We saw great fields of corn, soy beans, broom corn, and tobacco and many grain elevators along railroad tracks.

We brought back the nicest souvenir, a collie pup, the best birthday present I ever had. Last fall I won a blue ribbon on my 4-H potato project, prize given by Jamestown Kiwanis Club who entertained us at a luncheon.

I am twelve years old and in the seventh grade.

Your friend,

Ashville, N. Y., Herbert Carpenter.

January 22, 1939.

Dear Herbert:

You surely made the most of your wonderful trip this fall. I think I should have enjoyed taking it with you. It was a real historical trip and you gained information that you will not forget. Wouldn't it be fine if you could learn all your history that way? You would be as full of it as was my history teacher in high school, whom we all called "The Walking Encyclopedia."

I hope you passed all your regents examinations with "flying colors." That makes you an eighth grader, does it not?

Affectionately yours,

Mizpah S. Greene.

SOLITUDE

BY DONALD GRAY

I was not far from the city, but I might have been five thousand miles, for all the sounds of wheels turning were absent. Thus easily does one shake off the crowd and its

doings, and find time to listen to his own heart beat.

I had to run the motor wide open for an hour while I zig-zagged the boat up through foaming rapids. Great heaving rolls of water shook the sturdy little craft, sometimes bearing it back, against the will of the laboring engine, while my anxious eyes watched the trees for progress and the water for rocks.

There was one last obstacle, where the blue water swelled mightily between two great boulders. The motor coughed, went four or five revolutions without firing, coughed again, and took hold with new courage. A surge of waters—a sheet of cold river spray over my naked body—a shudder that ran the length of the boat—and we were through.

Now the river branched sharply to flow around the island. A mile-long channel cut out of the solid rock, where the water goes steadily down with never a ripple until it hits the rocks at the lower end of the island—here was solitude. I cut the motor and drifted where the current took me.

The squirrels came out to play. A wax-wing teetered on a bough of cedar that dipped its end in the water. Two giant leatherback turtles craned their necks in my direction, gazed curiously for a while, then abruptly dumped themselves off the log. Over in a weed-swirled eddy, a pike rose violently in pursuit of something I did not see, and turned with a rush, looking more like an explosion than a fish.

I peered up the dense slope, where the pines were marching through blackberry and ivy—where the ferns stood waist-high under the oaks, whispering frondy secrets to the earth. A buck deer, nibbling with finicky appetite, raised his head and stood watching, statuesque. The wind was my way—he knew my kind and me, but he never moved. Probably he had watched in mild contempt as I battled swift white water.

Two hawks wheeled in giddy circles above me, trying to turn my attention away from their eyrie in the top of a great white pine, their fierce cries knifing through the silence like lightning through the dark.

The roar of the rapids approaching roused me from my reverie, and with no little regret I started the motor, breaking the spell.

I wonder why it is that some people fear when they are alone with sun and wind and water. Is it that one must needs inspect himself when there is none other to see? But

why be afraid, even if what meets the eyes be unlovely? Lucky, to glimpse self in a world that denies introspection to so many!

I love a church, and in the same way I love the swift deep river, the clouds, the sun and wind, rain, and the wild, shy things that speak a language of wondrous beauty, though not ours.

I love the scent of pine needles scattered ankle-deep in the eternal shade of the great evergreens. I love those spic little birches, standing leaning together like so many frightened little girls in nightgowns.

God is everywhere, they say, and I don't doubt it. But God is here—be assured of that. When I need a benediction, give me the sun on my head. When I need a tonic, give me the pull of the wind and current, and a slanting rain stinging, slashing across my face.

When I tire of men and their tawdry ways—when I am weary of the smell of exhaust fumes and the rumble and whir of factory wheels—when I am ready to lie down and call a life a life—then take me far to the wild places, where God is and men are not. Take me where the boulders stand big as houses, thatched over with moss—where the song-sparrow is heard without effort, and the deer feed in utter complacency.

I shall not be afraid. I shall not be lonely. There is nothing to fear, and who could be lonely where God is?

Milton Junction, Wis.

OUR PULPIT

AN OLD YEAR MEDITATION

(A sermon preached by Rev. A. L. Davis,
December 31, 1938)

Text: "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness. . . ." 2 Timothy 4: 6-8.

We have already said good-by to yesterday, and very soon we shall be saying good-by to December 31, 1938, and then we shall say good-morning to January 1, 1939. The old year is moving swiftly into the new year, and we are moving on with the swiftly passing days.

It is customary to say, "The old year is dying." But the old year is not dying. The

last day of the old year, the last hour, the last minute will be quite as much alive as any other day, or hour, or minute in the whole year. It is common, too, to say that we all must die. But really that is not true. We Christians, you and I, have within us the pulses of an immortal life.

"There is no death!
What seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath,
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal men call Death."

Time is continuous. There is no cessation in time between the old year and the new. Precisely so with us. We move on; we don't cease to be. Dwight L. Moody is reported to have said, "Some day you will open the morning paper and read, 'Dwight L. Moody is dead.' Don't believe it. He will be more alive than he is now." Mr. Moody understood the language of the apostle: I am about to take my departure; I am going somewhere. It is the language of one loosing from his moorings and setting sail for a new harbor.

Life is a journey. This is the thought I bring you today, this closing day of the old year. Life is a journey, and after moving about here for a few days, or months, or years, we shall move on into another country outlying this. For all those who love God it will be a journey into his immediate presence in those mansions not made with hands.

If you were to tell me that in a little while you would be going to another country to engage in a finer service than you had ever performed here; that you were to live in a finer home; that you were to have associates in your line of service, old friends and new; that in these surroundings every grain of hardship, bitterness, defeat and disappointment, every ache and pain, every limitation and handicap you have ever known would forever be done away; that the friends you were leaving behind you would some day be coming to you in that other country to which you are journeying—if all this could be said genuinely and truly, you would not regard such an outlook as mournful or sad, would you? But that is the outlook. And that is the view Christians are privileged to take. What a note of certainty and triumph there is in the words of our Master, "Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." That is something substantial and real. A king-

dom! A kingdom prepared by the divine Architect whose wisdom, patience, and love outrun all human calculations.

Careful investors and business men take an inventory of their possessions usually in the closing days of the old year, or in the opening days of the new year. If I were commissioned to tell you truly that you had a credit in the bank of a large sum of money of which you knew nothing, how eager you would receive that news! Not a nodding head in the congregation; no eyeing the clock. Yet it is amazing what slight attention we give to absolutely dependable investments that are so rich, joyous, and health-giving. For want of space I list the following, which please read: Psalm 16: 2; 17: 15; 73: 24; Colossians 3: 4; John 14: 2, 3; 17: 21, 22; Romans 8: 17; Hebrews 10: 34; 1 Peter 5: 4. These, and scores of other passages, describe with satisfying fullness the inheritance of riches that await us as we take our departure from this sphere of activity into another sphere of living and doing.

The Apostle Paul, as though despairing of ever being able to tell all that was in his heart, says, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love him." And the Apostle John, after having a larger vision of things to come, declares, "Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that when he shall appear we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is."

SOME SUGGESTIONS

I bring you these suggestions; ponder them at your leisure:

1. In the future life we shall find ourselves in harmony with our environment. This cannot be true here. Here we are living in bodies that are constantly undergoing decay and repair, with the positive certainty that after a while dissolution will win a complete triumph.

2. Again, as long as we live in these mortal bodies there will always be conflict between the flesh and the spirit. Here we are reaching after things which we ought not to touch. We are forever listening to things that ought not to be heard. We are tasting things, seeing things, doing things that ought not to be seen, or tasted, or done. Not so in the realm of the Spirit. There we will find

ourselves in perfect harmony with every thing about us.

3. We shall have a new tenement in which to live, not mortal but immortal; not corruptible, but incorruptible; not subject to pain and dissolution, but superior to all these; a new tenement pulsing with the heart-throbs of an immortal healthfulness and vigor. No inhabitant of that country will ever say, I am sick, I am in pain, or I am in want.

4. There will be absence from all anxiety, from all suffering, stress, strain, and care; immunity from all disease; freedom from all temptation and sin. Here the lusts of the eye, the lusts of the flesh, and the pride of life entangle us. There all fetters will be broken. We shall have perfect freedom in doing the will of God.

5. There our spiritual vision will be clarified. Now we see through a glass darkly. There we shall see all things in the light of God with unclouded vision. There are star-depths in the heavens which no astronomer has measured; limitless spaces beyond the reach of mortal knowledge or the eye of mortal vision. That wide realm of investigation will be open to us in the university of an infinite God. Said John Foster, "There are many questions I am laying up to be answered in eternity."

"And if through patient toil we reach the land,
Where tired feet, with sandals loose, may rest,
When we shall clearly know and understand,
I think that we shall say—that God knew best."

HIS SERVANTS SHALL SERVE HIM

6. In the new sphere of life into which we shall all enter, we shall find not only perfect adjustment with our surroundings; perfect health, freedom and joy; perfect vision, seeing things in an unclouded atmosphere; but we shall find perfect employment for all our heightened powers. "His servants shall serve him, and they shall see his face." I confess to you, my friends, that no picture of the future life seems to be complete without the element of service.

From the pen of Frank Beard, cartoonist for the *Ram's Horn*, shortly before his death, appeared these words which I have long cherished:

Oh, what shall I do in heaven,
When my mansion above has been won;
Oh, what shall I do through the ages
When my work here on earth has been done?

Shall I rest with hands idly folded,
As I view that celestial scene,
And wander forever and ever
By forest, and meadow, and stream?

I fear I would tire of their beauty,
I'm afraid I would sigh for my work;
My toil here is not always happy,
Yet I would not be happy to shirk.

I trust I'll have duties in heaven,
I am sure there is work for me there;
I doubt not I shall find it delightful,
And the work God has trained me for here.

Be it preaching, writing, or painting,
Or the digging and plowing again,
Or sowing and reaping, and building,
My work will be no weary strain.

Whatever I do when in heaven
Will be done for my Father above;
Whatever the work that I find there
Will be only the work that I love.

It is delightful to anticipate the time when the scales shall fall from our eyes; when we shall enter into realms of perfect knowledge and understanding; when the hidden truths after which we have been groping shall fall before our vision; when our darkness shall be turned into day; when on the mountain tops of clear perception with God as our interpreter—"we shall know as we are known." All this is stimulating, uplifting. But in connection with it all, permeating and thrilling it all with the very life of God, is the thought of the service of God.

In their rest, peace, and joy; in their harmonious anthems of praise; in their increasing progress in the acquisition of knowledge; in their errands of love as winged spirits to the countless worlds of God's great universe; in all that they think, or say, or do—"his servants shall serve him; and they shall see his face."—Revelation 22: 3, 4.

O Paradise, O Paradise!
I greatly long to see
The special place my dearest Lord
In love prepared for me.

Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,
O keep us in thy love,
And guide us to that happy land
Of perfect rest above.

—Joseph Barnby.

I wish for you all a very Happy New Year on your journey to that "land that is fairer than day," that land of perfect joy and perfect service.

DENOMINATIONAL "HOOK-UP"

NORTONVILLE, KAN.

About twenty of our Christian endeavorers attended the Jefferson County Christian Endeavor Rally last Tuesday night at Valley Grove. The entertaining society furnished chicken and noodles for the fellowship supper, and the other groups the rest. Dean Barr of the Bible College at Lawrence was the speaker, bringing a splendid message on "Not Conformed, but Transformed." It being Christian Endeavor Week, recognition was given to endeavorers of long standing. Pastor Osborn was next to the oldest in service, having begun in the Junior C. E. at Milton in 1904. Mrs. Osborn dated her service from the International Convention in Los Angeles in 1913. One man had forty years of Christian Endeavor activity behind him.

Christian Endeavor Week was observed in our church by suitable activities. On Denominational Day the Senior society's discussion centered around a quiz on the denomination, numbers, churches, mission and other work. One member was appointed to write to the Missionary Board for information about the status of our churches in Germany, and another to write to Doctor Conradi about conditions there, under the present régime. The Intermediate society discussed the church, the leader putting a red cardboard "brick" on an outline of a church building, for every question answered.

Christian Endeavor Day the young people had charge of the Sabbath morning worship service, presenting an appropriate program. The topics of the talks were "Confession," "Growth," "Stewardship," "Service," and "Fellowship." They were given by Edgar Wheeler, Loren Osborn, Audrey Wheeler, and Reba Kenyon.

The meeting that afternoon was a quiz on Christian Endeavor, the questions being taken from the new "Christian Endeavor Essentials."

Sunday night the young people entertained former Christian endeavorers of the church at a banquet, with toasts and the presentation of the play, "After Three Generations."

Norma Wheeler was elected as secretary of the county union to serve for the year. Pastor Osborn is pastor-counselor of the organization. Correspondent.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH.

The following items show the many things which our society has been doing with its money and the ways by which we have maintained the treasury's funds since July 1, 1938.

Our members and friends have contributed \$19.48, and through the kindness of the Ladies' Aid we have been able to have candy and miscellaneous sales at church suppers which have brought in \$24.58.

We have made a gift of a SABBATH RECORDER subscription, paid for the society's trip to Lansing, provided a Thanksgiving basket, put up three billboard posters advertising Christian Endeavor, sent \$5 to Young People's Board for new mimeograph, and have contributed money for a Leper House in Africa. A birthday collection of \$2.28 was taken in response to the Young People's Board plea for a new mimeograph. Our present offerings average about \$1.25, ranging in the past six months from eighteen cents to \$2.85. By continued efforts we hope to improve.

—From Christian Endeavor Forecast.

ALFRED, N. Y.

A meeting of representatives of three boards of the Seventh Day Baptist General Conference, the Education Society, the Sabbath School Board, and the Young People's Board, have been holding sessions at the Gothic this week. Sessions began on Tuesday evening and will close today. The particular subject being discussed is the consolidation of the three boards under one head.

The representatives at the meeting are: Dean A. J. C. Bond and Dr. W. L. Greene for the Education Society; Rev. John F. Randolph of Milton Junction, Wis., Professor D. Nelson Inglis of Milton, Wis., for the Sabbath School Board; and Misses Lottie Snyder and Nellie Bond of Alfred for the Young People's Board.—Alfred Sun.

PLAINFIELD, N. J.

We were glad to have with us Dr. George Thorngate, just before his sailing for Europe on his way back to Shanghai, China. At a meeting on the evening of January 19, he spoke most interestingly of the work in China, and made us feel much encouraged about it. A great deal has been accomplished by our missions there, and the need is still as great as ever for missionary work in China, and in many ways there are greater oppor-

tunities for service. Doctor Thorngate was planning to visit our Seventh Day Baptist churches in England, Holland, and Germany on his way.

Many of our church people and friends attended the tea and special exhibit of rare books and manuscripts in the Historical Society's rooms of the Seventh Day Baptist Building, January 22.

A review and discussion of the reports of the Council-Conference committees is being taken up at the Friday night prayer meetings and in forums held Sabbath afternoons.

Pastor Warren supplied the pulpit of the New York City Church February 4. Rev. Leonard A. Sibley of Jersey City preached for us.

A week-end "Cruise Party," held in the Sabbath school room on the evening of February 4, was well attended. Considerable talent was apparent in the program of fun and frolic. A twenty-five cent supper followed. Correspondent.

MILL YARD CHURCH,
LONDON, ENG.

Several special services have been held. On October 22, in connection with a special collection for the Lord Mayor's Fund for the refugees in Czecho-Slovakia an address was given on "Where Are We Today in Prophecy?" It was shown how events were moving towards the revival of the Holy Roman Empire. The collection amounted to £2 10s 0d.

The following Sabbath Deacon B. A. Morris gave an address on "Our Debt to the Reformation." The three chief gains were the *open book*, the *open door*, and the *open mind*.

On Monday, October 31, most of our members attended the great Bible-Reformation Rally held in the Royal Albert Hall. The editor and the pastor were on the platform with other leaders of the various Protestant societies which were supporting the demonstration.

This quarter has been notable for the commencement of the "Mill Yard" sabbath school under the leadership of our young sister, Miss Gladys Morris. The children greatly enjoy the lessons she gives them.

The church treasurer, Sister Richardson, is at present in South Africa. It is hoped that

she will be able to meet Pastor Evans of Boksburg North when she visits Durban.

Among the interesting letters recently received were some from an Armenian preacher in Palestine, who was given copies of our pamphlets, *Christ our Priest* and *Christ, British Israel, and the Sabbath*, by a tourist. This brother is also a Sabbatarian. His name is Mr. Haig Yanekian. In response to a request he made for a Bible, and a Bible dictionary the E.S.M. committee agreed to grant these, and they have been sent, and received. Brother Yanekian has had a remarkable experience. His story will interest all our readers. In 1920 he was in Smyrna, Turkey, teaching in an Armenian school, and one day he visited a dentist, who invited him to attend some Sabbath services conducted by the dentist, who was also a preacher. It seems he was an independent Sabbath keeper, but what he taught convinced Brother Yanekian of the truth concerning the Sabbath. In 1922, however there occurred the terrible Turkish massacre of the Christians in Smyrna, but as by a miracle a few escaped, and among them was this brother, but he lost sight of the Sabbatarian preacher. Brother Yanekian fled to Athens, and from there in 1924 he went to Jerusalem where he studied in the "Bible Training Institution," and afterwards devoted himself to preaching the gospel, being supported by an earnest Christian gentleman in America who, however, died about eighteen months ago.

Brother Yanekian knows many other Sabbatarian Christians in Palestine besides our brethren of the Church of God, and the Seventh Day Adventists. One of these is a Doctor Moussa, a Christian Jew who practices as a physician, and has a good knowledge of the Scriptures, but believes himself to be a prophet, and destined to rule Israel. He lives in the village of Beit-Jula just west of Bethlehem.

Other letters have been received from the pastors of the native churches in Nyasaland, and Rhodesia. We were sorry to learn that last April Pastor Mtonga met with a bad accident when a motor lorry ran away. Both his legs were broken. The lorry struck the hillside, and Captain S. A. Methuen who was in it was fatally injured. Our brother assures us he is now much better, for which we are thankful.—*Sabbath Observer*.

OBITUARY

COON.—Eda Randilla Coon, daughter of the late Morell and Emma Burdick Coon, died January 24, 1939, at her home at Leonardsville, N. Y., after an illness of two years.

She was born in West Edmeston, November 3, 1868, coming to Leonardsville in 1888, where most of her life was spent. She attended Brookfield Union School and was graduated from Alfred University in 1889.

For fifty years she had been a faithful member of the First Brookfield Seventh Day Baptist Church and efficiently active in educational and business affairs of the community.

She leaves to mourn her passing one brother, A. M. Coon of Leonardsville; two nephews, Robert M. Coon of Bronxville, N. Y., and Leland M. Coon of Madison, Wis. Services were conducted by Pastor Paul S. Burdick. Interment in the local cemetery. P. S. B.

GILLINGS.—Sarah A. Burdick, last of six children of Clark and Mariam Putnam Burdick, was born June 22, 1851, in Clarence, Erie County, N. Y., and died at Akron, N. Y., January 25, 1939.

Her parents, of Seventh Day Baptist faith, were pioneers of Erie County. In 1877 she was baptized and joined the Pendleton Seventh Day Baptist Church. She was married to William R. Gillings June 22, 1871. She "enjoyed childhood, middle, and old age, and (was) very grateful to relatives, neighbors and friends who were very kind to me through a long life." Because of her Sabbath she was deprived of many social privileges, but remained loyal and faithful to the last.

Funeral services were conducted by Rev. Ahva J. C. Bond assisted by Wayne Rood. Burial was made in the family lot in the cemetery near Akron, N. Y. A. J. C. B.

HEMPHILL.—Mrs. James Hemphill of Hebron Center passed away at the Mountain Clinic in Olean, N. Y., on Monday, January 9, 1939, following an operation for goitre.

Bessie Roberts Hemphill was born at Sweden Valley on July 14, 1888, a daughter of Burton and Ruby Whittier Roberts. She was united in marriage to James Hemphill of Hebron on January 15, 1908. Her mother and husband survive her, also three children: Leroy Hemphill of Rixford, Pa.; Burton Hemphill and Mrs. Agatha Mae Moshier of Hebron.

The deceased had been long a faithful and dependable member of the Second Hebron Seventh Day Baptist Church, and her spirit of helpfulness and good cheer will be greatly missed in the church and neighborhood. Funeral services were conducted by her pastor, Rev. R. W. Wing. R. W. W.

Editor: "The meter of these verses is all wrong."

Poet: "I know—they were written in a taxicab."—*Selected*.

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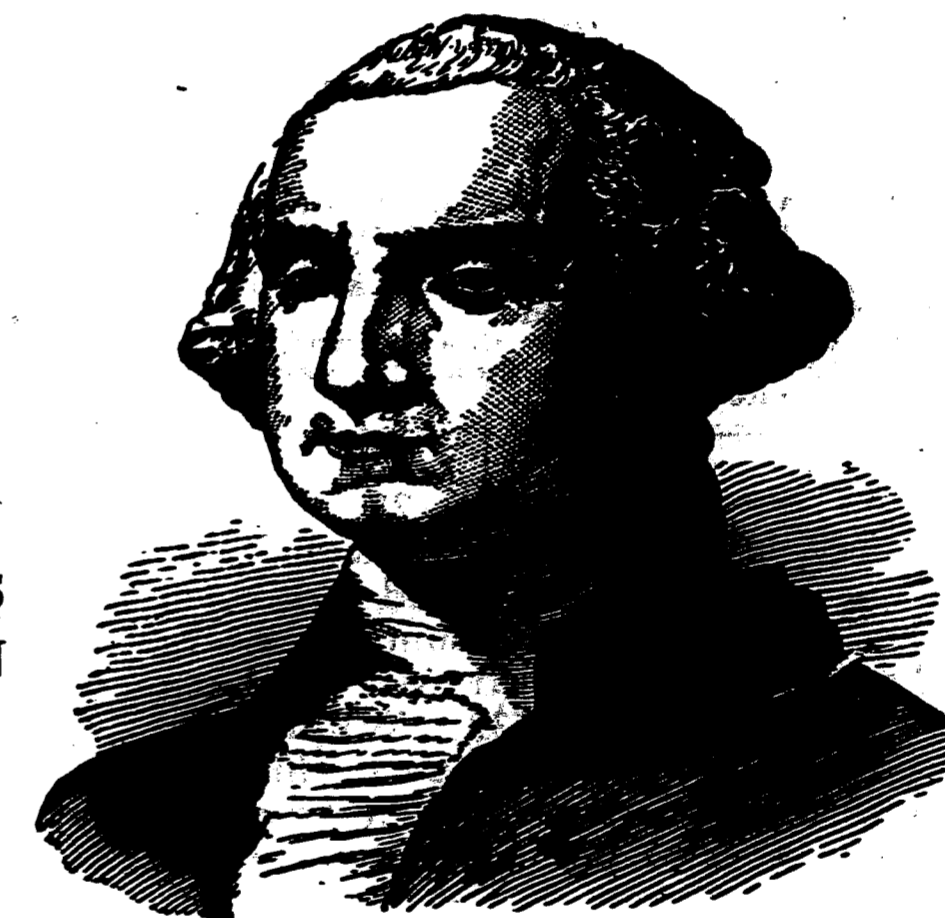
FEBRUARY 20, 1939

No. 8

GEORGE WASHINGTON

FIRST IN WAR

FIRST IN PEACE

FIRST IN THE HEARTS
OF HIS COUNTRYMEN

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