

The Sabbath Recorder

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

HERBERT C. VAN HORN, D.D., Editor

L. H. NORTH, Manager of the Publishing House

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

William L. Burdick, D.D.

Mrs. Okey W. Davis

Marion C. Van Horn

Mrs. Walter L. Greene

Rev. Erlo E. Sutton

Terms of Subscription

Per Year.....\$2.50 Six Months.....\$1.25

Postage to Canada and foreign countries 50 cents per year additional.

Subscriptions will be discontinued at date of expiration when so requested.

All subscriptions will be discontinued one year after date to which payment is made unless expressly renewed.

All communications, whether on business or for publication, should be addressed to the Sabbath Recorder, Plainfield, N. J.

Entered as second-class matter at Plainfield, N. J.

Vol. 127, No. 26

PLAINFIELD, N. J. DECEMBER 25, 1939

Whole No. 4,856

EDITORIALS

A CHRISTMAS PRAYER

Father of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ, and ours, we thank thee for the return of this day which calls us back to the thoughts of peace on earth and good will among men. Not lightly do we turn away from earth's sorrows and war's commotions, but we are deeply impressed again with our need of re-establishing our touch with the Infinite. Many are the blessings vouchsafed unto those who love thee and keep thy commandments. Cleanse thou our hearts, take away from them all bitterness, covetousness, and unrest; fill them with peace and a longing ever to love and practice justice and mercy and truth.

Thou hast truly sent us good tidings, but we have too often been so selfish. Bless again the many who in many lands gather again around the manger and praise thee. Hasten the day when all shall find the Savior and the peace he came to bestow. Hasten the day when the implements of war shall become the instruments of peace, and hate be displaced by love.

Bless those who are less fortunately situated, and may those who have, graciously share with those who have not. May this precious season make us nobler, more helpful, and more aware of the needs and problems and experiences of our fellow men. May the Christmas season send us forth from the thoughts of the manger in newness of life.

In Christ's name, Amen.

THE SECRET OF CHRISTMAS

The thought of getting, of personal happiness and pleasure, too often robs Christmas of its chief joy. The secret of Christmas is giv-

ing, not receiving. "God so loved . . . that he gave." Jesus came that we might have life—not that he might have or receive. He gave himself for us. Unselfishly, completely, he emptied himself and became a servant for us.

In spite of the survival of much pagan custom, of exchange of gifts, of feasting, and Santa Claus, there is a glorious sentiment in Christmas—a high purpose expressed in giving that is born alone of the love and sacrifice of our blessed Lord, Jesus Christ, who loved us and gave himself for us. Loving him in return, the spirit of the Christmas time will be extended by us, as we are able, in loving giving and serving others for whom Christ died.

MERRY CHRISTMAS

The SABBATH RECORDER, its editor, and its staff—some twenty-five of us in all—wish our readers, everyone, a very Merry Christmas.

The department editors have caught the spirit and purpose to make this a real holiday number and their contributions are of unusual and timely interest.

We are sure you will like the cover page, the design and quotation at bottom of the page being suggested by our foreman, Mr. Nathan Altein, who with all the others of the Recorder Press, is interested in the appearance, content, and influence of the SABBATH RECORDER.

You will enjoy and appreciate the special Christmas messages from the president of General Conference and the presidents of the various boards. By some unintentional oversight of the editor the president of the

Memorial Board, Mr. Nathan E. Lewis, did not get a chance to furnish the greetings from this board, and the message was, at a rather late date, supplied by its secretary. The editor apologizes, not for the message, but for his own oversight.

The willingness of these officials to cooperate has made the preparation of this edition a joy and delight. We wish we were in position to send a copy to every Seventh Day Baptist family and lone Sabbath keeper in the land. In the words of Tiny Tim, "God bless us every one."

To you all—Merry, Merry Christmas.

"PEACE, PEACE"

People, the world over, are crying for peace. In war stricken countries the rank and file of men and women are against war. This we must believe if we accept the testimony of those who have been in touch with these lands. Even in minds embittered by injustice and misled by false propaganda, there is no hate for those across their borders.

The reason for this is not hard to find. It is because religion transcends racial and international boundaries. Roswell P. Barnes, recently appointed associate secretary of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, before a group of Plainfield ministers told of a tense moment last July in the Geneva meeting. German delegates felt compelled to withdraw, because of harsh judgments of a certain speaker. But late in the night, one of their leaders, in prayer, felt the bitterness leave his soul, and the delegation remained. Peace in mind and heart in place of bitterness of soul. "The peace of God that passeth all understanding."

The pessimist cries, "Peace, peace—there is no peace!" But the optimist, while mindful of all the hatreds, experiences, and realities of war, holds on to his faith and believes peace is possible. But it is not an easy, selfish peace. This peace can be realized only by unselfish abnegations and by acceptance of the principles of love and service of the Prince of Peace. Pray for your enemies, for those who despitefully use you, was the advice of Jesus, who practiced what he preached. "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." That prayer is needed today in thousands of lives, in countries not at war as well as in the stricken lands. We believe

it is the prayer of countless hosts in many countries. That prayer makes for peace.

Quiet tranquillity of mind or conscience or heart is attainable, even if challenged by a war-torn world. But it is, as above intimated, bestowed upon the followers of our Lord and Savior, as revealed by the promise, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee." Such peace—in its highest and most enduring forms—is the peace of God that passeth understanding.

YEAR BOOK—1939

Your Conference Year Book for 1939 is off the press and ready for distribution among the churches. Indeed, before you read this, perhaps you have had the book in your hands and have gone through its pages. One earnest young woman already in our presence has remarked on its appearance in beauty and compactness. Pleasurable anticipation yields to glowing realization. The writer is always thrilled as he has opportunity to examine such a book with its minutes, reports, budgets, and appeals.

The reception of the 1939 Year Book has been no exception. The temptation—only partly yielded to—was to disregard everything else on the desk and read it through. One might do worse. In other words, it would be a good thing if one would read the book through at one sitting, where possible, from cover to cover. Such perusal would give one a definite, connected view of the activities of Seventh Day Baptists as nothing else would. Such a view should quicken interest and enlarge support and loyalty, one feels sure.

On receipt of this book, one notices at once that it is thinner—smaller—than usual. This does not mean that less work has been done the past year. The difference, rather, is in the elimination of a good many pages devoted to figures and statistics, which have seemed to some unnecessary this year. This decrease in size may stimulate more people to read it through. We have not studied the book critically yet, but we believe the recording secretary, who was officially made editor of the Year Book, has done a good job.

We find ourselves enjoying the reading of the Conference minutes with various committee and Commission's reports (pages 39-47). Attention should especially be paid to the reports of the Commission, the Finance and Religious Life Committees. In the latter we

note that forty per cent of Seventh Day Baptist homes have "family devotions" (p. 19). Why not increase that in 1940 to seventy-five per cent? In this report we commend the committee's recommendation (1) on Christian Religious Instruction, and (2a) on Individual Worship, and (3) on Sabbath Loyalty and Sabbath Extension (p. 20); nor do we want to omit (4) Stewardship, or (5) Evangelism (on page 21). The Denominational Budget treasurer's report needs study (p. 22). The report of the Committee on Consolidation of Boards (p. 34) is interesting and encouraging. It should be given a careful reading, since now our boards concerned are voting officially on the matter.

The various societies and board reports are of unusual interest, and merit careful attention. They are the agencies of the Conference, and their activities and problems are of concern to us all.

Important information is contained in the report of the Board of Trustees of the Memorial Fund (p. 82). "Total funds now held in trust are \$639,901.12."

Reports of Missionary, Tract, and Education Societies are full of interest, information, and inspiration. Don't fail to read them, nor those of the Woman's and Sabbath School Boards.

Last but not least in importance and significance is the report of Young People's Conference Activities (pp. 68, 69).

What is the total membership of our churches? These figures are found in the report of the corresponding secretary of the General Conference.

MESSAGE FROM RECORDER PRESS

It gives the employees of the Recorder Press great pleasure to have the privilege of addressing the season's greetings to all readers of the SABBATH RECORDER.

Amid the present world strife and confusion it is good to be able to look across one broad land where the dark shadow of war is absent. This fact should give every dweller in the United States of America an additional incentive for joy and happiness at this season. Furthermore, we should make it a solemn duty to ensure that all our future Christmases may be equally peaceful.

This then is our message. Peace and good will to all men, and on earth peace. Especial

thanks to God that we and our dear ones are safe and free, and may we remain so.

A Merry Christmas and a Prosperous New Year is an old English greeting, time-worn perhaps, but for RECORDER readers we know of none better to express ourselves at this the holiest and at the same time, most joyful season of the year.

Sabbath Recorder Employees.

COMPANY FOR CHRISTMAS

By Alice Annette Larkin

For hours it had been snowing and as yet there was no sign of a lull in the storm. A heavy white blanket seemed to cover every stone wall and fence along the highway, and every tree and bush loomed cold and white through the fast falling flakes.

In the high-powered car parked in front of a rambling old house a short distance back from the highway, a girl suddenly broke the silence that was becoming oppressive. "Well, Mother, what are we going to do if Dad can't get rooms here at Pine Tree Inn?" she demanded. "I'm sick and tired of this car and the whole Christmas business—yes, sick and tired of everything, I tell you."

"Including the new fur coat you happen to be wearing, I suppose," remarked another occupant of the car. "You know it cost Dad plenty o' bucks. Better remember that when you're adding up your grievances."

"Well, you didn't have to furnish the bucks, as you call them, Don Williams," the girl returned. "You're just sore because Dad hasn't presented you with the swanky new car you've been telling all your friends you're going to have, now you're sixteen. As for this coat, it's not so wonderful. Joyce Truman's is a lot more modern."

"Children! Children!" came a plea from the back seat of the car. "Nancy and Don, why do you have to quarrel when you know my head is just splitting?"

"Oh, I'm sorry, Mother," said Nancy, "but why do we have to go to Cloverville every Christmas? And why do Uncle Bill and Aunt Ruth and the other folks there have to celebrate with concerts and trees for all the little Peters and Harolds and Dotties in the neighborhood, and Santa Clauses whose jokes are so old they ought to be sold for antiques? All that's passé! And back home our crowd's having a perfectly gorgeous party."

"Here comes Dad," announced Don. "Bet we're out o' luck."

It was a tired, worried man who slowly made his way to the car and leaned against the door to get his breath. "No place for us here," he said after a moment. "Every room's full and cots have been set up all over the inn. There's nothing to do but press on while there's time. Roads are fast becoming impassable."

Slowly the car pushed on through the storm. Houses now were few and far between, and no more inns were in sight. Suddenly the lights on the car revealed a smaller machine in the middle of the road a few rods ahead. Mr. Williams blew his horn, blew it again more insistently, but apparently the car was unoccupied. Then, as he brought his own machine to a stop, he saw that some one had tried to shovel a path through the drifting snow to a small house set in a little grove of juniper trees some distance back from the highway.

"A house, Dad, a house, and lights flickering in the windows!" cried Nancy. And Nancy's mother asked anxiously, "O John, do you suppose we might find shelter here? Anything would be better than staying out in this dreadful storm."

At this moment there was great activity in the small brown house among the junipers. In the kitchen, Mrs. Anne Miller went from stove to pantry, and from pantry to stove while a little girl danced happily around her, now getting in her way, now dodging her by only a few inches. "Mommy! Mommy!" the youngster was saying over and over. "Isn't it fun to have company when we didn't expect anybody at all! Oh, it's going to be the loveliest Christmas eve. Aren't you glad, Mommy, they couldn't find any other place to stop anywhere along the road? Just think, there wasn't any room for them anywhere. But Mommy, what makes the pretty lady company look so sad and the man company scowl so?"

"I don't know, dear. Let's hope a good supper will help them."

There was no dining room in the little brown house, so tonight the table had been set in the living room where a Christmas tree stood in one corner and a gay red candle burned in each window. Cheery warmth came from the big stove in which a wood fire burned brightly. Half an hour ago everything

had been ready for supper. Muriel, the little girl whose feet could hardly keep still because of the great happiness in her heart, had taken her place. Ralph Miller, her father, had rolled his wheel chair close to the table and opened the Bible that lay near his plate while his wife put Baby Jimmie in his high chair.

It was then that the loud knock on the front door had startled them all. Mrs. Miller had hurried to answer it, and soon she had returned with two young people who introduced themselves as Mr. and Mrs. Frank Knowles. They were stranded in the storm and asked only to be allowed to stay until it abated and they could get through to the city. They insisted that they weren't at all hungry, but Mrs. Miller had hurried to the kitchen for extra plates and napkins and food while they warmed themselves, and Muriel had followed her. Now everything was once more ready. But, as had happened before, so it happened again—a sudden knock, a hurried answer, and Mrs. Miller returning with unexpected guests—this time four instead of two. With many apologies for intruding, they introduced themselves as the Williams family. And so there were ten people around the table that stormy Christmas eve.

"Oh, we can't impose on you so terribly," Mrs. Williams had said. "If we might just stay in the kitchen or wherever we won't disturb you, we'll be eternally grateful. It's a shame there was no room in the inn."

"There is room at our table and this is Christmas eve," Mr. Miller replied. "Please sit right down. Always on Christmas eve, ever since Mrs. Miller and I have been married, we have read the Christmas story from the second chapter of Luke. It is a wonderful story and it has helped us many times when things were hard," and opening his Bible he read:

And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them; and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Savior, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you. Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in

the highest, and on earth, peace, good will toward men.

Ralph Miller read on to the end of the story, then he prayed:

Dear Father in heaven: We thank thee for another Christmas with all its blessings. We thank thee for the Christmas message of joy and hope and peace that in spite of trials and disappointments that come to one and all, in spite of wars and rumors of wars, thou art still our Father and thy Son who came to earth as a little child is our Savior and Friend. Forgive us if we have sometimes forgotten this. Bless our guests and our loved ones. Grant thy peace in our hearts and throughout the whole world. In Jesus' name we ask it all with thanksgiving. Amen.

Ralph Miller was just recovering from a serious accident and money had been scarce in the little brown house, but the supper was delicious and there was plenty for all.

Little Jimmy fell asleep in his high chair, a gay Christmas cooky clutched in his hand. His mother started to take him away from the table, but Mrs. Knowles begged to be allowed to hold him just a little while. Having secured permission, she took him to a chair near the stove and sat looking down at his sweet little face. "Oh, you darling!" she thought, "I love you already, but being here with you makes my heart ache dreadfully. I can't help it. No, I just can't go on. I can't. I can't." Suddenly she started at a light touch on her shoulder. "Why, Frank," she said in a low voice, "what is it? Has something happened?"

"I'll say it has, Grace," answered the young man. "Seeing you with that baby is the last straw. I can't go through with my plan. I'm going home the minute a snow plow clears the roads, home to Billy, our own baby. What's that chauffeur's job for me or the cook's job for you compared to him? I'll find something to do so you can take care of him yourself instead of boarding him out. I'm sorry I said those things about your not standing by me. Sure, I'll get a break, and won't we celebrate when we get home! Home! Thank God there was room for us here this Christmas eve. I've learned something to-night, Grace."

"O Frank, I'm so happy. Out of the storm a wonderful Christmas lesson has come to us."

Unobserved by the young couple Mrs. Miller and Mrs. Williams had gone to the kitchen, and Nancy and Don soon followed, their hands full of the dishes they had offered

to wash. When had they ever washed anyone's dishes?

"Don, I'm ashamed of what I said about Christmas," said Nancy. "I'll never say such things again. Never! Never! I've been dreadfully selfish."

"No more selfish than I have, Nancy," Don replied. "Think how much we have when thousands of other folks have so little."

"Well, the folks in this house are going to have some of the fruit and candy we were taking to Cloverville, and we can leave some of the toys that are in the car under Muriel's and Jimmy's Christmas tree. Christmas means a lot to them. And I'm sure it's going to mean more to us, too."

"You bet it is."

Outside the little brown house the snow continued to fall and occasionally a guest went to the window to look anxiously out. In every heart was deep thankfulness for this safe shelter.

For several minutes Mr. Williams had said little. He had been watching the young couple and thinking of a time when he and his wife had been stranded in a little Dutch town, almost without funds and he just recovering from a long illness. They had found friends there, too, among kind-hearted strangers. Suddenly turning to Frank Knowles, he said, "I heard you say you have worked on a newspaper but lost your job because the paper ceased publication. I had that experience before I owned a paper."

"Yes, but I hope to get another job soon—some kind of a job."

"Well, you don't live far from my town. Suppose you come to my office soon after Christmas. The *Tribune* may be able to use a good man. Here's the address."

Frank Knowles tried to express his thanks in words, but the look of gratitude on his face was sufficient.

Suddenly, from a small radio that had come as a Christmas gift from friends to Ralph Miller just before the storm, and which he now turned on, came the song:

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

Christ Is Truth For The Intellect

Man's mind was made with an affinity for truth; the reason a child asks so many questions is because of this, there is that within him crying out to know. Man's mind was made for the truth and truth for the mind, as was the air for the bird, and Christ furnishes this for the mind. When Christ was before Pilate, he was asked if he was king. He admitted that he was, and then breaking abruptly off, as if he had something of vaster importance to impart, he says, "To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth." He had said a short time before that he was the truth. "I am the way, the truth, and the life." He was not merely the witness of the truth, he was and is the truth. He was not simply the truth in the sense that the way he taught was true, this was the fact—but in the sense that truth came from him, is a part of him. This is a vaster conception. He who ignores truth ignores God, and he who tramples truth under his feet knowingly tramples Christ under his feet.

This universe with its infinitude is teeming with truth, relations and correlations; Christ as God and one with God the Father established all this and is in it all. From the greatest thing in the universe, from the largest planet or sun, to the tiniest leaf, flower, or spear of grass, all is teeming with truth, but Christ made them all and is in them all. He is the truth for the intellect of man though man does not recognize it. O ye scientists who deal with the facts and relations in physical nature, do you recognize Christ in them? O ye philosophers who have to do with universal laws correlating all facts, O ye musicians who have to do with the facts and relations of melody and harmony, O ye artists who have to do with shapes, shades, colors, forms and light, do you see Christ in all these? If you do not it is because you are not up to your privilege. "That was the true light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world. He was in the world, and the world was made by him, and the world knew him not. He came unto his own, and his own received him not."

Christ Cleanses And Transforms The Soul

The cleansing and transforming Christ produces in us is not by necromancy, but by his power and grace. We have a long way to



MISSIONS

THE SUPREMACY OF CHRIST

This is Christmas time and the editor of the *SABBATH RECORDER* has asked that the material furnished for all departments for the Christmas issue should have a special reference to Christ. Other departments will dwell upon his birth and it may be fitting for the Missions Department to fasten attention on The Supremacy of Christ.

Christ The Supreme Personality

The supreme fact of this world and the universe, as well, is personality, and the supreme personality of the world and the universe is Jesus Christ. He is the revelation and personation of God. He is God incarnate, God manifest in the flesh, therefore he is the supreme fact of the world and the universe. He who has his ear down to the beating heart of suffering and aspiring humanity and who watches the tendency of human institutions must realize that all things are converging toward a personal Christ; philosophy, science and history have already reached planes which demand such a personality. Philosophy cannot well ignore the supreme fact of the universe, the Christ; modern science, with evolution as one of its fundamental principles, will never be satisfied till man, the highest product of evolution, has developed into the very image of Christ: and history is the recording of this unfolding.

go before we are what God intends us to be and if we ever attain unto that glorified estate, it will be through the cleansing and transforming power of Christ. The late President Henry Churchill King of Oberlin College pointed out in one of his books that that part of our environment upon which we fasten our attention, and that only, influences us and molds our lives. If the segment of our environment upon which we fix our attention is Christ, then we become like him; if it is something low and vile, then we become low and vile. Christ's miraculous power helps us to turn away from sin, but there is no cleansing till we turn to the good and fix our attention upon it. The reason we are not cleansed is because we do not turn away from the low and vulgar and give our attention to the loving character of Christ with its purity and holy zeal; we have our minds fixed on our business and its success, our clothes and their show, our pleasures and their fleeting enjoyment; or we are looking to other people instead of Christ the Lamb of God. Look not to any mortal man, but to Christ, take him as your guide, fasten your attention upon that segment of your environment and you will be transformed. Christ is supreme because he is the only one who can cleanse and transform us.

Christ Is The Only Safe And Supreme Guide

There is an automatic judgment seat in man's soul. To this he is summoned every morning, every evening, every hour of the day. We sometimes call this conscience. This judgment seat commands him to do the right. But where can he find laws that will direct him aright? Men in all ages have committed the darkest and most loathsome deeds known to men in the name of virtue and religion, believing all the time that they were right, having the approval of the automatic judgment seat in the soul, and all because the laws furnished the soul were wrong. How infinitely important then that the laws furnished the soul be true. Where then will man find the true law for conscience? Will we look to him who made the soul and the truth, or to another? We cannot look to Joseph Smith, for he was a trickster of unspeakable lewdness; nor to Mohammed, for he lacked love and taught fatalism, polygamy, slavery and the suppression of free speech; nor to Buddha, the powerful rival of Christ today, for he

knew no personal God; nor to the best of human teachers, for they all err; we must look to Christ, the laws he taught and the life he exemplified. Your heart approves the teaching that he gave in word and deed; you can find no flaw in it. You will find an infallible guide in none other; if you look to any other source, you are bound to be led astray. Christ is supreme because he is the only infallible guide, law to the conscience and authority to the will.

Christ Is Love Supreme For The Heart

Man needs a worthy object to love; this is in accord with the law, already mentioned, that man's life is molded by that part of his environment upon which he fixes his attention; if he loves that which is noble, he becomes noble; if he loves that which is vulgar, he will become vulgar. The life of Dante, the great poet, was shaped by his love for Beatrice, a maiden to whom he very seldom spoke, and though she married another ignorant of Dante's love and died at an early age, his love for her, though dead, was the inspiration of his whole life. There are certain things essential in man's life and among them is something to do, something to hope for and something to love. The soul demands something to love. Man's nature demands an object of love.

Man's soul not alone demands an object of love, but that object should be a worthy one. There should be in life, a high, holy, and lovable personality about which one's affections may twine. This demand is met fully only in Christ; all others are imperfect. If we love any one else more than Christ, we are making a mistake; he should have the place of supreme affection in every heart; only by giving Christ this place can we bring out the noblest and best in us.

Christ Gives Supreme Certainty To Hope

Hope is desire, with expectancy. We have said that man must have something to do and something to love; he must also have something to hope for. Without this he is paralyzed, withers away and dies. It has been said that a discouraged man is the easiest tool of the devil on earth.

There are two classes of hopes, the fading and fadeless. The fading ones are those that fade away; though the object hoped for is realized, it in a short time slips away. The fadeless ones are those that are sure of realization, and when the thing realized is ours,

it is ours forever. Many of the fading hopes are right, but they wither away. You are right in hoping to acquire something of this world's goods, but it is a fading hope because you may never realize it, and if you do, the property will fade away. You are right in hoping to build a home, but it is a fading hope, because if you do, it will be broken up. Are there any hopes that fade not away? Yes! Where can they be found? Only in Christ.

Where are your hopes today? Are they in Christ or are they in the perishing things of earth? Do you love Christ more than all else? Is he all in all to you? Hail Christ as your king! Hail him as the supreme personality! Hail him as truth for the intellect, cleansing for the soul, authority for conscience, love for the heart, and hope for immortality! Hail him and by God's grace lead others to him, for by so doing you promote missions, dear to his heart.

RELIGIOUS REMARKABLES

By R. O. BERG



CHRISTMAS DAY, IN PAPAL RECKONING, MARKED THE BEGINNING OF THE ECCLESIASTICAL YEAR, UNTIL THE TENTH CENTURY.

CHRISTMAS IS THE NAME OF FIVE U.S. TOWNS. THEY ARE IN MISSISSIPPI, KENTUCKY, TENNESSEE, ARIZONA AND FLORIDA.

THE CUSTOM OF SENDING GREETING CARDS AT CHRISTMAS DID NOT BECOME POPULAR UNTIL 1860.

THE CUSTOM OF DECORATING A TREE ON CHRISTMAS EVE HAS ITS ORIGIN IN THE OLD TRADITION THAT TREES PUT FORTH BLOSSOMS AND BORE FRUIT ON THE NIGHT OF JESUS' BIRTH.

-R. O. BERG - Religious News Service



WOMAN'S WORK

A CHRISTMAS PRESENT FOR A LADY

By Myra Kelley

(Condensed)

It was the week before Christmas, and the First Reader Class, in a lower East Side school, had, almost to a man, decided on the gifts to be lavished on "Teacher." She was quite unprepared for any such observance on the part of her small adherents, for her first study of the roll book had shown her that its numerous Jacobs, Isidores, and Rachels belonged to a class to which Christmas day was much as other days. And so she went serenely on her way, all unconscious of the swift and strict relation between her manner and her chances.

But Morris Mogilewsky, whose love for Teacher was far greater than the combined loves of all the other children, had as yet no present to bestow. That his "kind feeling" should be without proof when the lesser loves of Isidore Wishnewsky, Sadie Gonorowsky, and Bertha Binderwitz were taking the tangible but surprising forms which were daily exhibited to his confidential gaze was more than he could bear. The knowledge saddened all his hours, and was the more maddening because it could in no wise be shared by Teacher, who noticed his altered bearing and tried with all sorts of artful beguilements to make him happy and at ease. But her efforts served only to increase his unhappiness and his love. And he loved her! Oh, how he loved her! Since first his dreading eyes had clung for a breath's space to her "like man's shoes" and had then crept timidly upward past a black skirt, a "from silk" apron, a red "jumper," and "from gold" chain to her

"light face," she had been mistress of his heart of hearts. That was more than three months ago. How well he remembered the day!

His mother had washed him horribly, and had taken him into the big red schoolhouse, so familiar from the outside, but so full of unknown terrors within. After his dusty little shoes had stumbled over the threshold he had passed from ordeal to ordeal until, at last, he was torn in mute and white-faced despair from his mother's skirts.

Down upon the floor he dropped, and wailed, and wept, and kicked. It was then that he heard, for the first time, the voice which now he loved. A hand was forced between his aching body and the floor, and the voice said:

"Why, my dear little chap, you mustn't cry like that. What's the matter?"

The hand was gentle and the question kind, and these, combined with a faint perfume suggestive of drug stores and barber shops—but nicer than either—made him uncover his hot little face. Kneeling beside him was a lady, and he forced his eyes to that perilous ascent; from shoes to skirt, from skirt to jumper, from jumper to face, they trailed in dread uncertainty, but at the face they stopped—they had found rest.

Morris allowed himself to be gathered into the lady's arms and held upon her knee, and when his sobs no longer rent the very foundations of his pink and wide-spread tie, he answered her question in a voice as soft as his eyes, and as gently sad.

"I ain't so big, and I don't know where is my mama."

So, having cast his troubles on the shoulders of the lady, he had added his throbbing head to the burden, and from that safe retreat had enjoyed his first day at school immensely.

Thereafter he had been the first to arrive every morning, and the last to leave every afternoon; and under the care of Teacher his liege lady, he had grown in wisdom and love and happiness, but the greatest of these was love. And now, when the other boys and girls were planning surprises and gifts of price for Teacher, his hands were as empty as his heart was full. Appeal to his mother met with denial prompt and energetic.

"For what you go and make, over Christmas, presents? You ain't no Krisht; you should better have no kind feelings over

Krishts, neither; your papa could to have a mad."

"Teacher ain't no Krisht," said Morris stoutly; "all the other fellows buys her presents, und I'm loving mit her; it's polite I gives her presents the while I'm got such a kind feeling over her."

"Well, we ain't got no money for buy nothing," said Mrs. Mogilewsky sadly. "No money, und your papa, he has all times a scare he shouldn't to get no more, the while the boss"—and here followed incomprehensible, but depressing, financial details, until the end of the interview found Morris and his mother sobbing and rocking in one another's arms. So Morris was helpless, his mother poor, and Teacher all unknowing.

And now the great day, the Friday before Christmas, has come, and the school is, for the first half hour, quite mad. Teacher is more beautiful than ever. Her dress is blue, and "very long down, like a lady," with bands of silk and scraps of lace distributed with the eye of art. In her hair she wears a bow of what Sadie Gonorowsky, whose father "works by fancy good," describes as "black from plush ribbon—costs ten cents."

Isidore Belchatosky, relenting, is the first to lay tribute before Teacher. He comes forward with a sweet smile and a tall candlestick and Teacher for a moment cannot be made to understand that all that length of bluish-white china is really hers "for keeps."

"It's to-morrow holiday," Isidore assures her; "and we gives you presents, the while we have a kind feeling. Candlesticks could to cost twenty-five cents."

"It's a lie. Three for ten," says a voice in the background, but Teacher hastens to respond to Isidore's test of her credulity:

"Indeed, they could. This candlestick could have cost fifty cents, and it's just what I want. It is very good of you to bring me a present."

"You're welcome," says Isidore, retiring; and then, the ice being broken, the First Reader Class in a body rises to cast its gifts on Teacher's desk, and its arms round Teacher's neck.

Meanwhile the rush of presentation goes steadily on. Cups and saucers come in wild profusion. The desk is covered with them, and their wrappings of purple tissue paper require a monitor's whole attention; soap, too, becomes urgently perceptible. It

is of all sizes, shapes, and colors, but of uniform and dreadful power of perfume. Teacher's eyes fill with tears of gratitude as each new piece is pressed against her nose, and Teacher's mind is full of wonder as to what she can ever do with all of it. Bottles of perfume vie with one another and with the all-pervading soap until the air is heavy and breathing grows laborious, while pride swells the hearts of the assembled multitude. No other teacher has so many helps to the toilet. None other is so beloved.

"Say, Teacher, I got something, for you"; and Teacher turns quickly to see Morris, her dearest boy charge, with his poor little body showing quite plainly between his shirtwaist buttons and through the gashes he calls pockets. This is his ordinary costume, and the funds of the house of Mogilewsky are evidently unequal to an outer layer of finery.

"Now, Morris, dear," says Teacher, "you shouldn't have troubled to get me a present; you know you and I are such good friends that—"

"Teacher, yis, ma'am," Morris interrupts, in a bewitching rising inflection of his soft and plaintive voice; "I know you got a kind feeling by me, and I couldn't to tell even, how I've got a kind feeling by you. Only it's about that kind feeling I should give you a present. I didn't"—with a glance at the crowded desk—"I didn't to have no soap, nor no perfumery, and my mama, she couldn't to buy none by the store; but, Teacher, I've got something awful nice for you by present."

"And what is it, deary?" asks the already rich and gifted young person. "What is my new present?"

"Teacher, it's like this: I don't know; I ain't so big like I could to know"—and, truly, God pity him, he is passing small—"It ain't for boys—it's for ladies. Over yesterday on the night comes my papa on my house, and he gives my mama the present. Sooner she looks on it, sooner she has a awful glad; in her eye stands tears, und she says, like that—out of Jewish—"Thanks," un' she kisses my papa a kiss. Und my papa, how he is polite! He says—out of Jewish, too—"You're welcome, all right," un' he kisses my mama a kiss. So my mama, she sets and looks on the present, und all the time she looks she has a glad over it. Und I didn't to have no soap, so you could to have the present."

"But did your mother say I might?"

"Teacher, no ma'am; she didn't say like that un' she didn't to say not like that. She didn't to know. But it's for ladies, un' I didn't to have no soap. You could to look on it. It ain't for boys."

And here Morris opens a hot little hand and discloses a tightly-folded pinkish paper. As Teacher reads it he watches her with eager, furtive eyes, dry and bright, until hers grow suddenly moist, when his promptly follow suit. As she looks down at him, he makes his moan once more:

"It's for ladies, und I didn't to have no soap."

"But, Morris, dear," cries Teacher unsteadily, laughing a little, and yet not far from tears, "this is ever so much nicer than soap, a thousand times better than perfume; and you're quite right, it is for ladies, and I never had one in all my life before. I am so very thankful."

"You're welcome, all right. That's how my papa says; it's polite," says Morris proudly. And proudly he takes his place among the very little boys, and loudly he joins in the ensuing song.

Late that night Teacher sat in her pretty room—for she was, unofficially, a great pampered young person — and reviewed her treasures. She saw that they were very numerous, very touching, very whimsical, and very precious. But above all the rest she cherished a frayed pinkish paper, rather crumpled and a little soiled. For it held the love of a man and woman and a little child, and the magic of a home, for Morris Mogilewsky's Christmas present for ladies was the receipt for the month's rent for a room on the top floor of a Monroe Street tenement.

(By permission of the publishers. From "Little Citizens," copyright, 1904, by McClure, Phillips and Company.)

FOR THOSE WHO DON'T HANG STOCKINGS

He had caught me napping at my desk, the little elf-like man sitting on the edge of my dictionary swinging his buckled shoes and watching me with twinkling eyes. It had been reverent of him, I thought, not to sit on the Bible that stood next to the dictionary.

"I suppose you will be glad when Christmas is over," he said, as if he were making a comment about the weather.

"You are a very good supposer, little friend," I answered.

"No need to give your reasons. They wouldn't be any different from most people's," he said rather briskly. "I thought that perhaps you would be different."

"Different? What do you mean?"

"Well, you've arranged to wish every one a Merry Christmas in the approved style. You have taken care of most of your Christmas obligations and you've trimmed the annual tree, but. . ." he seemed to be uneasy. "You don't hang up your stocking any more, do you?"

"Of course not," I said, ready to laugh at the little man's seriousness.

"I forget that you humans are literalists," he remarked noticing my enjoyment. "What I mean is that you don't expect anything from the Christmas season any more."

"You mean that the Christmas season has something special to give me?" I asked rather doubtfully.

"Well, if it doesn't, you aren't very sincere in wishing others a Merry Christmas," was his simple reply.

"But I'm so busy," I objected.

"We all have time for the things we believe in." He said it with a smile and started to jump from the top of my dictionary, but before he reached the desk he had vanished.

—The Moravian.

LIGHT IN THE HEART

Hast thou a light, a precious light,
Put in that heart of thine
By him for whom all Christmas-tides are named?
And did he say, who gave it thee,
Some soul hath need that light to see?
May it shine on!

—Adapted by Lois Fay Powell.

Alfred, N. Y.

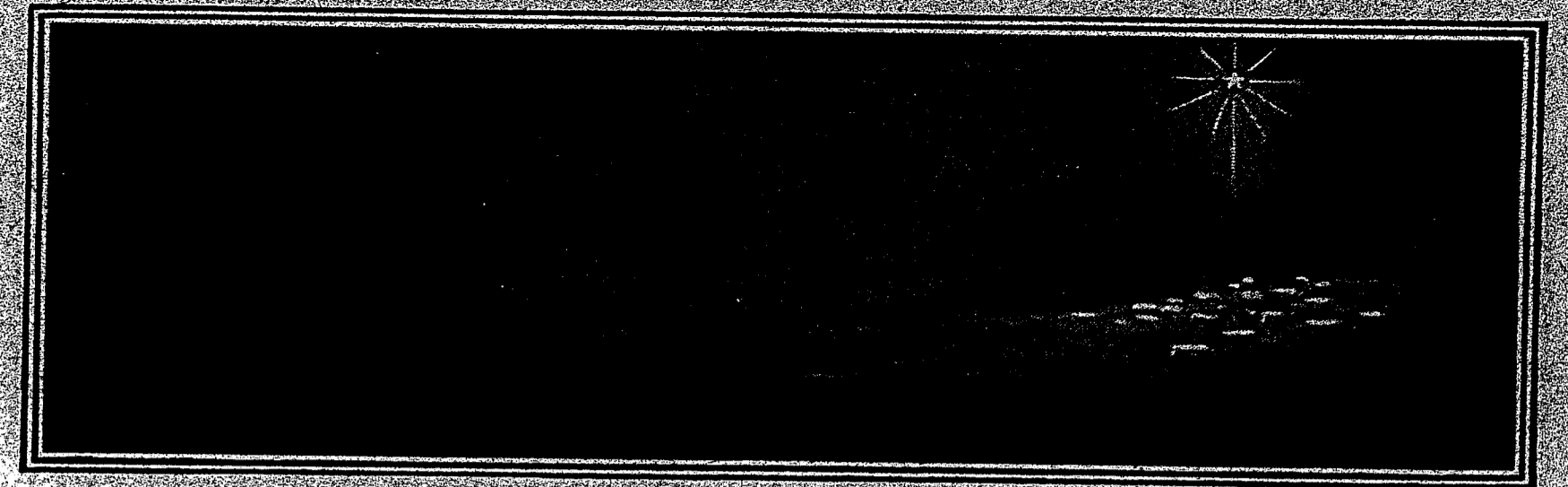
CHRISTMAS BELLS

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

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

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

—Longfellow.



THE WISE MEN

The wise men came a long journey and at much sacrifice with their rich gifts to pay homage to our Lord—born as a babe in an insignificant rural village, amid lowly scenes. "We saw his star in the east," they said, "and are come to worship him." When they had found him "they fell down and worshiped him; and opening their treasures they offered unto him gifts, gold, frankincense and myrrh."

At this Christmas season, consecrated leaders—appointed to carry in special ways our burdens of co-operative work in the promotion of God's kingdom—bring from the richness of their hearts and minds messages in honor of our Lord to the readers of the SABBATH RECORDER. Much do we appreciate their devotion and loyalty through the years to the duties for which they have accepted responsibility. The SABBATH RECORDER and the editor feel assured that its readers wish these men who bring their greeting a very Merry Christmas.

May the love of God and the peace that Christ breathed upon his disciples be with our leaders and upon us all at this Christmas season. "Joy to the world, the Lord is come."

GREETING FROM CONFERENCE

Undoubtedly the two most important events in human history are the birth of the Savior and his resurrection. With either of these events omitted, salvation and eternity would be unknown. It is therefore most significant that both these events should be the most universally observed of holidays (holy days).

The method of observing and the spirit manifest on these occasions are most vital. I am wondering if we as a people fully appreciate Christmas and exemplify the true spirit in our observance.

A glance across at our friends on other continents should bring to us a new and larger conception of the significance of the life, teaching, and sacrifice of Jesus.

Let us show our sincerity by making this a "White Christmas" for our denomination. Some of our most important undertakings must be curtailed unless we give more generously for their support. An excellent prescription for such giving is found in the following poem:

"For giving is living," the angel said,
'Go feed to the hungry sweet charity's bread.'
'And must I keep giving again and again?'
My selfish and querulous answer ran.
'Oh, no!' said the angel, piercing me through,
'Just give till the Master stops giving to you.'

May every Seventh Day Baptist heart and home ring out a true echo to the shepherds' song, "Peace on earth, good will to men."

Ben R. Crandall, President.

MESSAGES FROM THE BOARDS

THE TRACT BOARD

The president of the American Sabbath Tract Society extends a cordial Holiday Greeting to all the readers of the SABBATH RECORDER: to those in the home-land who are enjoying a reasonable degree of social and civil peace and happiness; and to those beyond the seas, especially to those in lands torn by the horrors of enmity and war; and to the greeting to them is added the devout prayer that "On earth peace, good will toward men" may speedily triumph over greed, dissension, and strife.

The message of peace and good will which the Savior's birth proclaimed is carried, in word or spirit, or both, in each issue of the SABBATH RECORDER. It is to that end that the RECORDER addresses itself in the confident hope that it contributes its share, small though

it may be, to the redemption of the world, with universal brotherhood and peace.

In a strictly legal sense, the SABBATH RECORDER is the property of the American Sabbath Tract Society, which publishes the RECORDER through its Board of Trustees. But the Tract Society is made up of readers of the RECORDER, as are other societies and boards of the denomination. Thus it becomes the property and mouthpiece of the Missionary Society, of the Education Society, of the Historical Society, of the Young People's Board, of the Sabbath School Board, of the Woman's Board, of the Memorial Board, of the General Conference, of each individual church in the General Conference, of the Commission and every committee of the General Conference, and every other duly recognized Seventh Day Baptist organization, or individual, whether in this country, or abroad. It is the property of all, and speaks for all.

The Tract Society, through its president, offers thanks to Almighty God for the reasonable prosperity that has attended its activities during the past year; and humbly prays that in the coming year an even greater prosperity will reward its efforts, and that in the hearts of all for whom its prayers ascend throughout the earth, there will, at least, be and abide the "peace that passeth all understanding."

Corliss F. Randolph, *President.*

MISSIONARY BOARD

By the time this issue of the SABBATH RECORDER is in your homes you will be in the midst of the glad Christmas season. You will be enjoying the presence of those you love and having some pleasures a little out of the ordinary in your day-by-day lives. This is a season of sharing, and giving, and sacrificing, all done gladly because of thinking of others. God's great Gift to the world has turned the thoughts of people outward as has no other event.

For a number of years it has been noticeable that contributions for kingdom work have been larger in December. Though some may attribute this to one reason and others to other reasons, I have liked to think that this greater generosity is prompted by the spirit of the season.

Following the example of our Lord, men and women, in the homeland and in certain other lands, are giving themselves gladly for others. They are not "making a living" by their labors. They are doing your work, and

their "living" depends upon you. Will you allow the spirit of generous love, good will, and thought for others to possess you all through the year? If you will there will be no lack of funds for the salaries of our missionaries, and the gladness that is in your souls today will abide and increase as the year advances.

Harold R. Crandall, *President.*

THE EDUCATION SOCIETY

Education and Freedom

Throughout the centuries the almost universal cry of mankind has been for freedom. Men say, "I want to be free," meaning among other things freedom from harassing care, paralyzing worry, poverty, sickness, and the insecurities of age; freedom from the terrors of a disorganized world, man's inhumanity to man, and anarchy. To meet these and many other needs of the human race God sent his Son into the world to teach us the way to freedom and peace. Christians believe and teach that Christ's way of life is the way to freedom and the abundant life. "If the Son make you free, ye shall be free indeed." "I came that ye might have life . . . and have it abundantly."

The true educator has at heart the lives of those young people under his leadership. And it happens that multitudes of young people in our colleges and universities now are in search of freedom and the abundant life. And I believe their honest search for truth will be rewarded by freedom from error, superstition, and fear out of which is spawned much of the evil of life. "Know the truth and the truth shall make you free." But there is one nameless dread which hangs over these young people like an impending doom, and that is war. The other day in conversation with a young college graduate with a promising future, a remark was dropped that stabbed me with pity. It was this: "Why should the youth of this land be drafted into the service of their country to go out and fight and kill the youth of other lands with whom they have no quarrel?" Yes, why? That is a question which the youth of this and other lands are seeking honestly and dispassionately to solve. The terror and tragedy of such a possibility were reflected in the eyes and tone of this serious youth as he faced the question.

I'm afraid that the songs of the angelic choir with its message of "Peace on earth and good will among men" will not be heard by

many in the war-torn areas of our unhappy world. The raining of bombs from the sky, the machine gunning of defenseless women and children, the blasting of fair cities, the destruction of homes, and the death and misery coming to countless victims will leave scant place for Christmas joy and good will.

Here in America we are more fortunate. We have been spared these terrible tragedies. We cannot show our sympathy and good will in a more practical way than by giving generously of our means to aid, in some small measure at least, these unfortunate victims of a warring world.

Let us continue to defend our democratic institutions and maintain our neutrality. Let us also defend and protect our young people in college and university against those false charges of communism against the day when *men and women of character and ability* will be needed to rebuild a shattered world. Let us live the gospel of peace and good will and be ready when the time comes to help rebuild the new order on the basis of justice and mercy, instead of force and exploitation. "Then shall men beat their swords into plow shares and their spears into pruning hooks and learn war no more."

Edgar D. Van Horn, *President.*

THE SABBATH SCHOOL BOARD

Christmas Greetings are extended to the readers of the SABBATH RECORDER by the Sabbath School Board. The special task of this board is that of promoting Bible study, and is directly connected with the true spirit and understanding of Christmas, for from the study of the Bible alone do we discover the true meaning of Christmas.

Christmas without Santa Claus would be a disappointment to thousands, and we all enjoy his jolly good cheer. Well may we anticipate his appearance each Christmas if he is to us a personification of the spirit we all should have, that of cheer and good will expressed in words and deeds as well as gifts of love. Yet Santa Claus is not the true foundation of Christmas.

Have you ever heard any one say in a complaining voice, "Are we not going to have a Christmas tree this year?" Yet the evergreen tree has no connection with the first Christmas. It is taken out of paganism and transplanted into a Christian environment. Where we may give it Christian significance as the bearer of life and joy and light and our

gifts of love. But it is only one means of expressing a spirit that has its conception in a manger and not in the pagan forests.

All our Christmas customs, as useful as they may be, miss the spirit of true Christmas unless behind them all is the appreciation of the Christ child. That is found in the study of the Bible. In this study we learn of the Babe of Bethlehem, the gift of God, the giving of himself in the flesh, the Savior of a sinning world. The significance of this first Christmas gift and the spirit of Christmas for today are to be found in our Sabbath schools in the study of the Bible.

May God bless our Sabbath schools this Christmas season.

John Fitz Randolph, *President.*

THE WOMAN'S BOARD

We are all familiar with the story of the three wise men who started out as soon as they learned of the birth of the long-expected King, to find him and lay before him their richest gifts. Have you read the "Story of the Other Wiseman," as told by Dr. Henry van Dyke? Its message is meaningful for these days.

He started out with the others, taking with him also precious gifts for the new-born King. But day after day, his heart was touched by human suffering and his journey delayed that he might help a needy stranger. And one by one he parted with his treasures to save the life of one in distress. His companions, eager to look upon the face of their King and lay before him their richest gifts, left him far behind to make the treacherous journey alone. . . . More than thirty years passed and the other wise man was still seeking for the King. At last, near death, as he fitfully slept, he was heard to say, "Not so, my Lord. When saw I thee an hungered and fed thee? Or thirsty, and gave thee to drink? When saw I thee a stranger and took thee in? Or naked, and clothed thee? When saw I thee sick or in prison and came unto thee? Three and thirty years have I looked for thee; but I have never seen thy face, nor ministered to thee, my King."

As he ceased, those who watched the old man, heard a voice say, "Verily, I say unto thee, Inasmuch as thou hast done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, thou hast done it unto me."

Mrs. Eli F. Loofboro, *President.*

HISTORICAL SOCIETY

The president of the Seventh Day Baptist Historical Society thanks the editor of the SABBATH RECORDER for his gracious invitation to extend his greetings to the readers of the RECORDER. Such greetings are due the many other friends, too, of the society, of whom there is rapidly forming a wide circle among non-Seventh Day Baptists. These friends, almost without exception, speedily show an interest in knowing about Seventh Day Baptists, and the Sabbath; and ask for, and carry away with them, literature on these subjects. Thus the Historical Society adds its mite, as an important by-product of its activities, to the cause of Sabbath promotion.

The society is gradually becoming better known among Seventh Day Baptists, too, both as the principal repository of denominational records, both manuscript and printed, as well as otherwise. In its vaults, for example, are the records of many extinct churches, as well as the older and more precious records of some of the most active churches. The records of a large number of other extinct churches might well be stored there, too.

Pastors and other church officers ask for information not found elsewhere, except with difficulty, if at all. The Federal Government makes extensive use of the archives of the society. This service is free for all; and it is expected that it will grow. Records fail of their purpose except they be used.

The president's greeting, then, carries with it a message of devout thankfulness for the prosperity of the society in the past, made possible by the co-operative support of friends; and the earnest and confident hope that this same efficient spirit of helpfulness will continue in the future.

Corliss F. Randolph, *President.*

THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S BOARD

What does Christmas mean to young people? Gifts, trees, snow, merriment, carols, church, and Christ are all included. Christmas has taken unto itself through custom, the practices of many peoples and nations in celebrating this glorious event. So has Christmas grown in the minds and hearts of all young people, from simply a time for toys to the symbol of a new rebirth of love toward all humanity and a deeper consecration of life and soul to Jesus Christ.

Rare is the occasion which is as fruitful of new and varied and deepening soul satisfactions as is Christmas. Early did we realize through experience that it is more blessed to give than to receive and it holds much more lasting enjoyment. The carol singing and candlelight services bring added blessings each year and increase the memories that cluster about these occasions. The radio has made possible a world-wide celebration of Christmas not dreamed of even a decade ago. Now we can hear and gain inspiration from joyous religious celebrations the world over.

But has our concept and appreciation of Christmas likewise broadened so that it encompasses the world? Do we fully realize the importance of the glorious impact which Christ made upon this world in the years following his birth? We all know how on each birthday Jesus could look back and know that he was fulfilling the task that was set before him. And as the years passed and he grew into manhood, he must have felt the strength which was his and thanked God each Christmas that he was allowed to work toward his life ministry.

Our prayer this season might well be that we might be able to look forward toward a deepening sense of the realization of our life's goal and have the knowledge that we had accomplished for the Christ of Nazareth in the year that is past.

Burton B. Crandall, *President.*

MEMORIAL BOARD

The Board of Trustees of the Seventh Day Baptist Memorial Fund appreciates this opportunity, given by the editor of the SABBATH RECORDER, to bring greetings to you and to wish each and every one of you a Happy and Soul Satisfying New Year.

With world problems pressing in upon our lives and personal problems increasing because of the uncertainty that is in the very air we breathe, it is good to pause and thank God for the many, many blessings that are the lot of those of us who live in this free country, the good old United States of America.

While the board has many perplexing problems to face as the year 1939 draws to a close, it looks hopefully toward the future and pledges its best efforts to administer the trust that has been placed in its keeping.

L. Harrison North, *Secretary.*

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK THAT TEAR IN GABRIEL'S EYE



There was sorrow in Heaven. It all seemed so strange to the little angels that sped hither and yon from one end of Heaven to the other, carrying messages from the Master. "Why," said Ariel, a very little angel, to his friend Pax, another little angel, "I actually saw those things they call tears in Gabriel's eye a short while ago. Something terrible must have happened to have caused that! Somebody told me this was the first time

tears had ever been shed in Heaven since the earth was created. Do you remember that day when the foundations were laid, and we all shouted for joy?"

"Yes," said Pax, "and that wonderful song that the morning stars sang together, I'll never forget that. Why, it is ringing in my ears now."

"And in mine, too," said Ariel. "But I cannot understand that tear I saw in Gabriel's eye, and the sorrow that seems to cloud the faces of all the big angels. I am sure it has something to do with those beings that were created on earth. The Father loves them so much, and yet I have heard that they have forgotten him. Isn't it terrible to think of it?"

"I feel sure that you are right, dear Ariel," said Pax. "And do you know? I heard the strangest story that the Lord Jesus himself was going down to earth to save them." Ariel looked at his angel friend aghast, and for the first time in the few thousand years he had lived, a tear fell down his cheek.

"Going to leave us!" he cried, "going to leave the wonderful glory of Heaven and all the beautiful and lovely things here! Going to leave the purity, the holiness, the love of the Father! Going to leave the ivory palaces and the rainbow Throne, and all the holy angels who love him so much—going to leave all that for those creatures down there; oh, it cannot be true!" And the tears rolled

thick and fast down the cheeks of the little angel. Pax wept, too, because he could not help it. "But what will he do down there, dear Pax?" asked Ariel.

"I do not know," replied the other. "I heard someone say he was to be born."

"Born! Born! What's that?" exclaimed Ariel.

"I've no idea," replied Pax. "It seems to be something that happens to the beings down there."

The little angel's eyes grew wider and wider. "You don't mean to say that he is going to be like them, and take the same body that they have?"

Pax nodded his head sorrowfully. "Apparently that is what it is," he said, "but I cannot understand it at all."

The little angels were silent for a while, and then Ariel asked, "When does this strange thing come to pass, dear Pax?"

"I think it is what they call tonight, down there," his friend declared, "any time now, I suppose."

"Then we had better hurry back to the city," Ariel said. "Perhaps we can learn more about it there. Let us go."

There was a great deal of commotion in the city when the two little angels returned. Messengers were hurrying to and fro, and there was a blowing of trumpets, and the whole air was filled with the soft rustle of wings as angels gathered in from the four corners of Heaven. Row upon row, rank upon rank, angels and archangels were massed before the great white Throne. With a terrible sinking feeling in their hearts the two little angels saw that the Throne was vacant and their beloved Lord was gone. "He is gone, he is gone," wailed Pax, "I told you so." Suddenly they heard their names called, and Gabriel ordered them to fall in. They both took their places at the end of the row, speculating all the time as to what was required of them.

While they yet wondered Gabriel held up his hand, and there was silence in Heaven. Then in clear tones as sweet as the sound of many waters he said, "You are gathered together to listen to the most wonderful pronouncement ever made in the eternal ages in which we live. Our beloved Lord, the only begotten Son of our Father, has left us." The voice of the great angel trembled, and a concentrated sob burst from the lips of the

gathered host. In a moment Gabriel continued: "Our Lord has gone to earth to be born as a babe that he might take upon himself the fashion of a man in order to take away the sin of the world."

Like a murmur of thunder a strange gasp of astonishment rose from the assembled angels at this pronouncement. The angel continued: "On earth tonight at a little town called Bethlehem his incarnation will be accomplished. By the order of the Father you will accompany me as we bring the good news to the weary world down below. I will make the announcement of the glad tidings to a few shepherds in the fields near Bethlehem, simple-hearted men who fear God and believe his promises. You will sing the song I give you. The time is here; let us away."

Ariel was trembling with excitement at the thought that he and Pax should have been selected for such a journey and chosen as one of those who were to sing the song of glad tidings to the world. The whole air seemed filled with the multitude of the heavenly host that attended Gabriel on his way. By the thousands and tens of thousands they swept through the heavens, down with a swift rush past the Pleiades, through the belt of Orion, and in the twinkling of an eye had left the Milky Way far behind them. Down, down they went through the still night air, leaving the stars twinkling in the skies far above them.

At a sign from Gabriel they folded their wings, and while poised in the heights they looked beneath them. They could see a few men watching their sheep round a fire. As they gazed on them, clad in rough garments, lying in the open, suddenly Gabriel broke through the atmospheric filament and stood revealed to the men. With awe-struck faces the shepherds gazed upon him before falling on their faces in terror. Then they heard Gabriel speak, and listened breathlessly to what he said: "Fear not," said the angel, "for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Savior which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you: Ye shall find the Babe wrapped in swaddling clothes lying in a manger."

As the angel finished the words the light of the glory of God fell from Heaven and the angelic host stood revealed. With the rest of the heavenly host Ariel and Pax lifted

their voices and praised God. They could not comprehend the mystery of it all, but the unspeakable and unfathomable love of God to the world caused them to lift their voices in praise again and again. "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." They knew that this was the song to sing, and with all their power they sang it. It floated out upon the still night air, this wonderful song that the angels sang so long ago. It ravished the ears of the shepherds who heard it. The night breeze that blew over the fields of Bethlehem caught it and bore it heavenwards, where it echoed around the Throne of God and was lost among the stars.

Again at a signal from Gabriel the heavenly host moved upwards. "What does it mean, Pax?" asked Ariel, as they sped again through the stars, heavenward.

"I cannot tell," said the other little angel. "But it was wonderful, wasn't it? Think of it, going himself to redeem them from sin! O Ariel, how glad they must be on earth to have him there, and how eagerly they will accept such a Savior. I hope it will not take long to redeem them all. It will be so lonely in Heaven without him."

And tears fell from the eyes of the two little angels.—J. H. Hunter, in "War Cry," December, 1934.

FACT VS. VISION

There were three men who watched the stars, and they believed the God of Heaven was not careless about the earth nor indifferent to earth's people. They did not see why a star which wanted to declare the glory of God and seemed to move about should be browbeaten back into its place by a book on astronomy. Nor did they think the moving star spoiled the universe and ruined the calculations of any observatory. When the star moved they did not sit at home drawing up a new table of logarithms, but got out their camels and went somewhere.

Christmas is a time of visions and dreams. Let us pray God it will always be so. For only when it is thus will it lift us above the world. It is sad, even tragic, to see the world of facts and mere things pressing in upon it so that we have to struggle for a foothold on beauty, and a bare finger grip on the glory it is meant to possess.

When it comes it is as a market place thronged with busy shoppers and cluttered with wrapping paper and tinsel binding cord. Here and there a lonely postcard waiting, tries eagerly to speak of a cheery and happy season, but finally it finds its way wearily to the waste basket. Are the tinsel star and the celluloid angel all we have left of the heavenly host?

Have we seen anything? Nothing. Not anything—out of the ordinary. And here lies our rebuke. We haven't seen anything in the ordinary. And that is where we should have looked. A star! A stable! A manger! Cattle and shepherds! Common things.

The wise men could not even foresee this. They went to the palace in Jerusalem to find the king. But Herod said, "No, not here." Weary with their journey and yet seeking peace and rest, the object of their quest, their steps led them to the Bethlehem inn. But no, the inn keeper knew of no royal babe. And no, he had no room, the whole town was full of strangers. "But wait," the stable boy had spoken of a woman. "That may be it. Watch the door, it's lower than you think." Why, here are shepherds without sheep. One of them lays a warning finger to his lips, commanding silence. "Peace," whispered Mary, "Peace, my baby sleeps."

A Babe! Only a baby, and a king was sought. Only the vision was true, and a child must grow in wisdom and stature, and life must pass before the vision could be fully comprehended. But they had seen his star in the east and had followed it till it came and stood where the young child lay. They had come to worship him, being obedient to the heavenly vision.

M. C. V. H.

SALEM COLLEGE BROADCAST

The Ehret Outdoor Theatre

By M. C. Linthicum

(Address given over Station WBLK, November 9, 1939)

Good evening, ladies and gentlemen, and special greeting to all who are interested in drama.

Will you go with me on a brief journey? I want to take you to the Ehret Outdoor Theatre in Salem, W. Va., on a summer evening. Facing us as we sit, is a large stage—so large that four hundred persons could walk

on it without crowding. We are in a great semi-circular enclosure, seating three thousand persons. Walls of sandstone twenty-five feet high rise around us; and, behind the stage, the overhanging rock curves into a perfect sounding board, so that even conversational tones can be heard far away.

Though the heat has been unpleasant outside, we must button up our coats here for the air is cool. A deep blue sky above us is set with stars like gems on blue velvet. The surrounding hills shut out the sound of cars and passing trains.

Suddenly, flood lights illuminate the dark stage. Four young men advance and sound a fanfare of trumpets. The program has begun—a pageant showing fifty years of Salem College history.

First come the native inhabitants of the land, Indian maidens, who steal from the shadows and begin a dance, chanting their song to the Great Spirit. Their dance is broken off as they see a group of white men, women, and small children approaching. These persons are the first settlers who came in 1789 to make homes in what is now Salem. Their first act is a prayer of thanksgiving, an appeal for guidance in educating their children.

The scene changes to a century later. Descendants of those settlers meet to establish a college. Each person contributes whatever he can: a few acres of land, lumber, a small sum of money, or the work of his hands. Their burning desire for an education for their children impels them to great sacrifices and they leave the meeting joyful over the future college.

We watch as the story unfolds: the founding of the college, the symbolic presentation of art and science, the coming of students from half of the states in the Union to light their torches at Salem's Torch of Knowledge. Each carries the flag of his state and, as they march, the colors and insignia of each state stand out boldly against the dark background of the rocks.

Then Salem calls her graduates to tell what they have accomplished. They respond to her call: lawmakers, editors, college teachers, doctors, nurses, missionaries. Our hearts grow sad as, across the stage, march a company of soldiers. Alert and eager, they pass to martial music. They are the sons who fought in the World War. Then after a brief silence,

comes the sounding of "taps" and a remnant of that group returns — limping, blinded, wounded, two carrying a stretcher on which lies a still form.

Soon comes the final tender scene, when mothers dedicate their babies to the future of the college, and all Alumni raise their arms to Salem with the ringing words of the Alma Mater Song. The song fades. Then, led by the character of History, three hundred actors begin their symbolic march from the stage.

All during the pageant, we have wondered how such a perfect setting for its presentation could have been constructed. Persons around us also have marveled, for only a few months before, the theatre had been an abandoned stone quarry. And, scattered over what is now the floor, had been heaps of dirt, broken stone, tree limbs, and rubbish, with puddles of water among the piles. But in that short space of time, the water had been drained, the rubbish removed, the floor leveled, and tons of earth moved to the west end to form the stage.

But how had all of this work begun? How was the property acquired? The theatre is part of a hilly farm given to Salem College by the late F. J. Ehret, who was one of the members of the first Board of Directors.

For years I had wanted to see a theatre in the quarry; and, when the need of a site for the pageant arose, I talked over my hope with Mr. Frank Sanders, recreation specialist at Oglebay Park. One December day, he and I stood in a snow storm on the hill overlooking the quarry and planned the theatre. Oblivious of the pelting storm, we built a beautiful mental recreation park with the theatre as the center. We planned a large stage, stone seats, flowers, shrubbery and majestic trees around the enclosure, with playing fountains and a memorial arch at the entrance.

Naturally, the cost of construction prevented the complete accomplishment of our picture. The arch, the fountains, and the stone seats have not been built; but last year thousands of young trees were set out on the farm, trees which will grow into a beautiful forest for the preservation of native plants and flowers and woodland creatures.

The Business and Professional Women's Club of Salem are planning, in co-operation with the college, to beautify the theatre with flowers and shrubbery, so that I may yet see

the reality of my mental picture of two years ago. I am hoping that the theatre may gain a fairy godmother or godfather who can supply the funds necessary to its development. Such a benefactor would have a beautiful memorial in this project, a memorial which would keep his own name green, and contribute to the pleasure and the education of many communities.

The Ehret Outdoor Theatre is a good example of a community project sponsored by a college. Salem College leased the farm free to the city of Salem, and paid the expense of materials and other costs of construction, while Salem and individuals of Clarksburg, with some of the officials of the state provided workmen under the W. P. A. and N. Y. A., and loaned large equipment necessary to such a difficult job of grading and construction. Among citizens of Clarksburg who contributed to the success of the project through advice and assistance are the Messrs. Earl Brane, Dominic Desist, F. Y. and Charles Horner, A. Petito, I. D. Frantz, L. L. Tonkin, W. B. Gribble, Darwin M. Davis, and Oscar Andre. Mr. T. Edward Davis of the college was chairman of the committee in charge of construction and responsible for the execution of the plans.

On May 30, 1938, the theatre was dedicated by the ancient "sod and twig" ceremony—dedicated to the promotion of music, drama, and recreation in the community and Salem College. It is jointly governed by the college and the city of Salem.

Since the pageant on the evening of the day of dedication, the theatre has been the scene of some memorable programs. Last spring the high school bands of central West Virginia gathered there for a concert at the end of their music festival in Salem. Massed on the stage, 784 young musicians under the direction of Professor Curtis Jannsen of Ohio University brought the large audience to its feet in applause for their performance. On the flood-lighted stage, colorful in their uniforms of red, blue, purple, maroon, white, and gold, they were an inspiring and unforgettable sight.

On Decoration Day this year all the churches of Salem held a sunrise service in the theatre, with their combined choirs on the stage. Sponsored by the Salem Business and Professional Women's Club, the service drew persons from even surrounding communities.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

Dear RECORDER Friends:



I have four nice letters this week, but as this is to be a special Christmas number, since it is published on December 25, I will have to leave these letters over until next week.

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to you, one and all.

Sincerely yours,
Mizpah S. Greene.

Our Bible lesson this week is the Christmas lesson of "Good Tidings," and our memory verse is a long and beautiful one. It is, "Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Savior, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you: Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger."

I am pretty sure most of you know by whom and to whom these words were spoken, but it is all such a wonderful story that I am going to tell it to you.

THE BABE OF BETHLEHEM

Once upon a time, on the slopes of the valley east of Bethlehem, some shepherds were tending their flocks. They had to watch the sheep very closely, especially at night, for nearby was a great wilderness where there were many wild beasts, which sometimes came out and killed the sheep, so the shepherds worked in shifts and some of their number kept watch all the time.

One night the shepherds who were keeping watch noticed a bright light shining all around them, and looking up, they saw an angel coming towards them from the sky. At first they were very much frightened for never had they seen such a wonderful sight before, but he spoke so gently and lovingly to them that they soon forgot their fears and began to rejoice at the good news he brought them. He said, "Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Savior, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you: Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger."

The Ehret Outdoor Theatre has been the scene of various recreational activities. Church, community, and college groups have held meetings, picnics, and social games there.

On July ninth, Salem College and the churches of the city united in a sunset service of music, prayer, and the old Biblical play of "Abraham and Isaac," performed by the public speaking class of the college summer school. As the voices of the choir, accompanied by an organ, arose in the hymn, "Day Is Dying in the West," the sky, still blue above us, bloomed into sunset colors over the stage. Organ music, evening quiet, and sunset glow seemed to blend into a harmony of peace that moved our hearts to thanksgiving.

I hope to see the theatre as a future center of beauty and culture in the community. I want to see a drama festival there, with the fine old play of "Everyman," Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream" and Barrie's "Dear Brutus"—to mention only a few. Many a play, written to be performed out-of-doors, is robbed of its majesty by indoor production. Thespians, college drama groups, and community players everywhere should have the experience of performing under the stars of heaven, not always on a wooden stage between walls and before a studio-built cyclorama painted to represent a sky.

I want to hear many bands and orchestras there, teaching us the greatest music of all nations. I want to hear hundreds of voices lifted in the joyful hymns of an Easter sunrise service, a service in which churches of several communities unite.

I want to see a festival of folk-dances there, not alone the folk-dances of America but those of other nations. West Virginia has natives of many countries among her citizens. These peoples remember the folk-dances of their former homes. Many of them have their native costumes. The staging of a folk-dance festival would make us appreciate the contribution of many nations to our state.

For the sake of future generations, we must combat the artificiality and evil effects of indoor recreation. Certainly no state offers a more beautiful invitation to activity out of doors than does West Virginia.

We in Salem love the West Virginia hills, and we are proud that we have created from an abandoned stone quarry hollowed from a hill, a theatre, a place of recreation, and a sanctuary of worship.

As the angel finished speaking and the shepherds were still looking up in wonder and great joy, suddenly there were many other angels with him, all praising God and singing,

"Glory to God in the highest,
And on earth peace, good will toward men."

Since that time, so very long ago, many people all over the world who have loved the dear Savior have sung this beautiful song over and over again.

As soon as the angels had gone, the shepherds said to one another, "Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us." As soon as the gates of the city were open to them, the shepherds went and found the little baby Jesus, lying in the manger, just as the angel had promised them, with his happy mother, Mary, close beside him.

With hearts full of joy and thankfulness the shepherds bowed before the Babe of Bethlehem, the Son of God, and worshiped him. Then they went back to tend their sheep, telling everyone they met about the wonderful things they had seen; about the beautiful angels and the baby Jesus in his manger bed. "And all they that heard it wondered at those things which were told them by the shepherds."

HOW BILLY GOT READY FOR CHRISTMAS

The school had closed quite early on this Friday afternoon,
For Christmas day was Monday; Christmas hearts were all in tune;
And Billy, with young Tommy Jones, had hurried home to play,
And plan for all the frolicking they'd have on Christmas day.

But all that day since morning had the snow come thick and fast,
And from the street to Billy's house one scarce could see a path;
And when he ploughed his way to reach the friendly cottage door,
He heard his mother calling, "Bill the storm is almost o'er;

"And you must shovel out a path so I can reach the street;
And when your task is finished I'll have something good to eat."
Not once did Billy grumble but he shoveled with a will,
Quite sure, when he had finished, there would be some playtime still.

The snow was deep and heavy and the laddie's hands were small;
The shovel was too large for him, the handle very tall;
Since mother dear had set the task, with all his might and mind
That pathway through the snow-packed walk he bravely tried to find.

Though both his hands had blisters and his arms were tired, too,
And mother said, "Why Billy, let me finish that for you";
Though Tommy Jones was shouting, "Oh! you Bill, come on and play,
And help me build a snow man in the field across the way";

He labored with his shovel till at last his task was done;
Then with a doughnut in each hand he ran to have his fun.
And let me tell you, boys and girls, he had a joyous day,
Because he worked for mother dear before he went to play.

And when on Christmas morning he, beside the Christmas tree,
Saw lovely gifts from mother, most precious as you see,
He was much happier I know because he'd stood the test,
To be a trusty helper to the mother he loved best.

VISITING THE SICK

By Nancy D. Underhill

It is thought to be a Christian duty to visit the sick. A century ago, and longer, sick people were usually dependent upon their neighbors for such help and kindness as they might need. In a few places that custom still prevails. Especially among the poor it may still be a gracious privilege to go to the home of the sick member, ascertain what may be done for him or her, and cheerfully do it. However, among those who are able to employ a nurse, if a person is very sick, visitors who ask questions and expect to be entertained are not to be encouraged or tolerated. The sick one needs rest and quiet. A competent nurse will anticipate his needs and supply them.

There are certain classes of sick people who need occasional visitors. They are the chronic invalids who, being unable to go out, are dependent upon others to bring them a change of thought. There are people who do not outwardly appear to be sick, yet they are never well. They have internal ailments which do not appear on the outside. Because

OUR PULPIT

WHAT! NO CHRISTMAS?

A Waking Dream

By

J. W. Crofoot, D. D.

It was on the official bulletin board of World-State that I seemed to see:



A PROCLAMATION

Whereas, in the past a great deal of difficulty has been caused to the workers in the Post Office by the congestion known as "the Christmas rush"; and

Whereas, Christmas shopping has inflicted needless cruelties on many young girls working in ten cent stores and in factories producing goods for sale there; and

Whereas, the manufacture of toys, Christmas books, and other such trinkets has in the past deflected the energies of many men from the essential munitions industry; and

Whereas, the observance of the so-called Christmas day merely serves to keep in memory the story of an obscure pacifist who died almost two thousand years ago, and whose influence, such as it is, tends to weakness rather than to strength; and

Whereas, it is the obvious duty of World-State to protect its subjects from all superstitions and dangerous thoughts; and

Whereas, World-State cannot tolerate any divided loyalty whatever:

IT IS THEREFORE ORDERED:

From the date of this proclamation it shall be unlawful and subject to the most severe penalties, for any person or persons whatever to celebrate or commemorate in any way the day formerly called Christmas day. No reference to any such day may be made in any document, public or private, nor may any recognition be made of the birth of that person supposed to be honored on such a day.

Done at World-Capital, this first day of the tenth month of the second year of World-State.

(Signed) Adolph Stalin.

The proclamation seemed to have been newly posted, for a steady succession of readers was passing before it, each stopping long enough to read it, and each passing on with a look of astonishment on his face, but without speaking to any of the others. A young and vigorous purple-shirted guard, armed and in full uniform, stood at each side of the bulletin board which perhaps explained the silence

they are unable to do something which well folks do, they seem to be expected to explain why they are unable. This they patiently try to do, and so get the reputation of being chronic complainers.

No one enjoys hearing a person tell of his ailments, yet some will go frequently to see the invalid, and invariably ask, "How are you feeling today?" So the longsuffering invalid patiently tries to answer her questioner truthfully, though it is painful to dwell upon one's ailments and the telling only intensifies the suffering. How she wishes her guest would find something else to think of and talk about and let her mind rest awhile from its pain and anguish.

Probably the guest goes away and reports that "Mrs. S. is a chronic complainer." Yet the invalid does not wish to complain, but because of her interrogator, she is forced to speak of her unpleasant experiences. The only person who has a right to ask a sick person how he feels is the doctor, parent, or nurse; and the nurse usually has better judgment than to do so.

When visiting the sick, instead of reminding them of their ailments and intensifying their misery by requiring them to describe it, we ought to bring some happy thought, some bit of good news; or relate some happy incident, some pleasant reminiscence; tell them of some pleasant occurrence which we have seen, heard, read, or experienced. The guest should take the initiative in conversation and tell something cheerful (never anything gruesome) and seek to bring a smile to the invalid's countenance. Be a ray of sunshine entering a dark room, and don't stay after your cheerful message has been given. It is then time to go home, unless the invalid is unable to have an employed nurse, in which case the visitor may ascertain (of the caretaker, whoever that may be) what is needful to be done, and should be ready to do (without thought of pay) whatever may be needed, promptly, cheerfully, graciously.

When things go wrong
And you are blue
Nothing right,
Whatever you do—
Go for a walk
And take the pup—
He'll just eat your troubles up.
—Frances Davis.

of those who read the decree. I went to the public square opposite and tried to enter into conversation with various persons that I met there. I did not succeed except that one old lady with a kindly face did say to me, "Young man, if you manage to live a little longer you will learn better than to try to talk to strangers."

So I sat down on a park bench and tried to think it all out by myself. What! No Christmas?

There might admittedly be some advantages in that. Could I strike a balance between the gains and losses of such a drastic change? Among the gains I could list: No last minute shopping rush; no exchange of gifts in a commercial spirit; no disappointment that the Joneses had not given us as good as we sent them; no overworked postmen and delivery boys; no paying of installments on the gift that spouse had given to spouse, so much down and so much per week; no bribing of employees by Christmas boxes, nor of purchasing agents by means of gifts from salesmen; no advertising of beer and liquors for Christmas gifts—all these on the profit side of the account.

But on the other side: No tokens of love from loved ones; no joy of giving to those to whom to give constitutes one of the noblest joys of life; no glad anticipation of the happiest day in all the year; no groups of happy young folks going about and singing carols; no Christmas music over the radio—no Christ in music anywhere; what a loss to our hymn books! No decorations by lights or otherwise in our shops or our streets or our homes; no holidays at school. But no, there would probably be holidays at New Years, with decorations of greenery and with various sorts of charms hung about the doors, as in the celebration of the winter solstice in ancient Greece and in recent China. But the banging of gongs and the other precautions against evil spirits, and even the giving New Year gifts of money to the children in the Chinese fashion can hardly balance the pleasure of giving gifts in the name of him whose birth we are now forbidden to celebrate.

And the happy home-comings for the day? Must they all cease? No family sitting 'round the evening lamp while Father reads aloud once more of old Scrooge and Tiny Tim. And the pictures? Not only the beautiful scenes on the Christmas cards which look so

attractive in the shop window but prove such a problem after the day is past, but the great paintings of the master painters, the "Nativity" and the "Madonna"? Must they all go? And the manger, and the shepherds, and the wise men and the angelic chorus? Must we give them up? And Bethlehem? Does it become just the name of a city in Pennsylvania where iron and munitions of war are made?

We might be willing, with some reluctance, to spare the Christmas tree and Santa Claus with their questionable origin. But how can we stop giving loving and joyful greetings on Christmas day to our friends as we meet them? And our names? Some governments have prescribed what names people may have. Must we stop calling our daughters Mary?

The decree forbids any reference to the birth of our Lord in any document. How then shall we date our letters, our newspapers, all our public documents and private papers, if we cannot use "A.D."—"in the year of our Lord"? Shall we have to use the name of the reigning sovereign as the Japanese do, dating documents and events by the year of the reign, no matter how short it may be or how trivial the monarch? How about our papers and magazines and books? No more Christmas numbers! No Christmas stories or poems. (I recently examined a book called "An Index of Poetry and Recitations," looking for items about Christmas, and found about three-hundred fifty entries under that heading.)

Our homes, our art galleries, our books, our calendars, our music, our liberties, our religion itself—

But enough of this nightmare. Though we wake to a war-torn world it is not so bad as a world without Christmas. Let us, rather, join with those the world around who celebrate this glad day. Let us sing with the English poet, Isaac Watts:

Joy to the world! The Lord is come
Let earth receive her King.

And with Charles Wesley:

Hark the herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born King.

Perhaps we prefer songs by American writers, such as Sears',

It came upon the midnight clear
That glorious song of old.

Or Phillips Brooks' carol:

O little town of Bethlehem

The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee tonight.

But we who speak the tongue of Shakespeare and of Milton do not furnish all the Christmas songs. Let us not forget what we get from the Germans, including Luther's,

Away in a manger, no crib for his bed
The little Lord Jesus laid down his sweet head.

And we surely could not omit Joseph Mohr's,

Silent night, holy night.
All is calm, all is bright,
Round yon Virgin Mother and Child.

But perhaps the widest known of all is *Adeste Fideles*,

O come, all ye faithful, joyful and triumphant,
O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem.

This was written by an unknown writer in France in the Latin language in the early part of the eighteenth century. It has been translated into more than seventy-five languages, and it can hardly be an exaggeration to say that today it is sung everywhere.

In the words of one of Phillips Brooks' carols:

Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas tonight!
Christmas in lands of the fir tree and pine,
Christmas in lands of palm tree and vine,
Christmas where snow peaks stand solemn and white,
Christmas where cornfields lie sunning and bright.

No! Christmas has not been abolished. No dictator can do that. Some world state might stop its observance for a time as the puritans did once. It may be temporarily eclipsed in some countries by godless men,

Because the good old rule
Sufficeth them, the ancient plan
That they should take who have the power
And they should keep who can.

But any such stoppage must be temporary. Any world state founded on fear and force cannot stand. Like the *Pax Romana* or the empires of Alexander, Caesar, and Napoleon, its existence must be brief. A world state to be permanent must be founded on love, on the Prince of Peace, on the Babe of Bethlehem. Thank God we still have the liberty to believe it. And thank God we still have

the privilege of working and praying for it, not by hating and killing people, but by loving them and serving them.

But may there not be a danger that we shall let dictators deprive us of the Christmas spirit? I sometimes hear people wishing for the assassination of Hitler or of Stalin. I arrived in Rome on the day of one of the attempts to assassinate Mussolini, and some people thought he should be killed rather than let him have his way in Ethiopia. But is that the spirit of Christ? I hear it said that the allies made a mistake twenty-one years ago in not punishing Germany more severely. Personally I believe that the mistake was in the opposite direction. I think that more mercy then, might have meant peace now. But be that as it may—and I may easily be wrong—certainly no follower of Jesus will be dominated now by fear and hatred.

The imaginary decree is right in one respect. No world state can tolerate divided loyalty. The true world state, when it comes, must give its undivided allegiance to the Lord Christ. Every knee must bow and every tongue must confess that Jesus Christ is Lord to the glory of God the Father.

May this Christmas day do something to us that shall make us more like him whose birth we celebrate today!

Daytona Beach, Fla.

DENOMINATIONAL "HOOK-UP"

Ashaway, R. I.

Rev. John Swetnam, pastor of Radio Church of the Air and pastor of the Third Baptist Church in Norwich, gave a most interesting and descriptive lecture illustrated with slides on "Historic England in Times of Peace," before an appreciative and a good sized audience.

Rev. Mr. Swetnam was introduced by Rev. Everett T. Harris as was Mrs. Florence Wells, field executive secretary of the Radio Church of the Air for Rhode Island, who during intermission sang some English songs, "Long, Long Ago" and "No, John No." Mrs. Orpha Gardiner of Wickford was accompanist and also played two piano selections.

The pictures shown were taken by Rev. Mr. Swetnam when he returned two years ago for a visit with his father in England. He told of his trip, leaving Quebec to the time

of landing at Liverpool, England. Among the interesting scenes shown of London were the home of the King and Queen, grave of the Unknown Soldier in Whitehall, London, Houses of Parliament and Big Ben with its hands seven feet across, the Old Curiosity Shop immortalized by Charles Dickens, a monument of Abraham Lincoln, home of Shakespeare, also Shakespeare Theatre on the banks of Avon, and many other beautiful and interesting scenes.

Previous to the lecture Rev. Mr. Swetnam told of the work of the Radio Church of the Air and led in prayer. A silver offering was taken to be divided between the pastor's class and the Radio Church of the Air. Home-made candy was also on sale.—*Westerly Sun.*

Salem, W. Va.

The names of seven seniors being recommended for inclusion in "Who's Who Among Students in American Universities and Colleges" were sent to the publishers of the book Monday afternoon from the general office.

Those who were selected by votes of the faculty on the basis of character, leadership, scholarship and potentialities were: Miles Bailey, Mildred Sturm Barnett, Eleanor Jane Curry, Sylvester Hannah, Wheeler Rogers, Victor Skaggs, and Alton Wheeler.

—*Green and White.*

Fouke, Ark.

Dear Mr. Van Horn:

Fouke is so far off by itself I suppose we have been forgotten. We are still holding our regular Sabbath morning worship services and Sabbath school, with Young People's C. E. and Junior in the afternoon.

We feel the loss of a pastor and hope to be able to have one sometime again. The young people are very faithful in taking turns in reading a sermon each week and leading the morning worship. The attendance has been averaging about thirty-five.

The annual Thanksgiving dinner was held on Thanksgiving day, the thirtieth. There were thirty-five present in spite of a bad, rainy day.

We would enjoy a visit from anyone who happens our way.

We ask the prayers of the other churches that we may keep faithful until the end.

Mrs. Edgar S. Davis.

North Loup, Neb.

The regular monthly social of the Seventh Day Baptist Church was held in the church parlors Sunday evening.

The room was charmingly decorated with Christmas bells and candles. Following the supper, of which a large crowd partook, the program was given. Carols were sung by the audience, arranged by Albert Babcock. Mrs. R. O. Babcock conducted the devotionals; Mrs. J. A. Barber gave a short talk on "Christmas in Literature," during which, Vesta Thorngate read selections from "Ben-Hur," Lois Barber from the "Christmas Carol," and Mrs. W. J. Hemphill from "The Bird's Christmas Carol."

Special music was arranged by Mrs. Harlan Brennick, a solo by Mrs. Edward Christensen, and a male quartet, with Mrs. W. G. Johnson accompanying.

Stories of some of the first Christmases in the valley were told by the pioneers. Another carol and benediction brought the program to a close.—*North Loup Loyalist.*

Salemville, Pa.

Pastor and Mrs. Marion Van Horn attended General Conference at Milton, Wis., and were away from Salemville for three Sabbaths. Worship services were led by the two deaconesses and one deacon. They were carried out with a feeling of inspiration.

At the beginning of the church year the finance committee worked out a budget plan for our church. Everyone is responding well and doing his bit to help our church grow in a financial way.

On September tenth, the annual picnic of the two Seventh Day Baptist churches was held. At the noon hour dinner was served in cafeteria style. Baseball and mushball games were played in the afternoon and a few contests were held, which everyone enjoyed.

In October, Pastor and Mrs. Van Horn spent a week-end at New York City by invitation from that church to supply their pulpit at that time.

Pastor Van Horn was the teacher in a Leadership Training class sponsored by the district, which was held at New Enterprise, for six weeks.

Wednesday evening November 22, members of the church gathered at the parsonage with a donation of Thanksgiving for Pastor and Mrs. Van Horn. We feel we have received many blessings throughout the year.

with our harvest of grain and bounteous fruits of the earth, and wanted to share our blessings and show our appreciation of our pastor and wife for the faithful work which they are doing. We are thankful not only for the material blessings but for our spiritual blessings, and also that we have a place to worship in peace.

Some new improvements are being made. The water line is completed with water and a new sink in the parsonage. The garage has a new roof; the platform in the church was made larger to increase our facilities for worship. Our church and parsonage have been wired for electricity. We are happy because we have found something new which makes our light to shine for Jesus. It is something which will always be with us and will help us to walk in the light and spread the gospel in our community. A dedication service for the lights was held on Sabbath eve, December 15. We all enjoyed singing and praising God for our new lights.

Much credit is due our pastor and wife for the installation of the lights, as they have worked very hard and made many trips to the city for the necessary equipment. We want them to know through this letter that it is appreciated by the members of the church.

Correspondent.

WHAT SHALL WE SAY?

There are certain questions relative to religious life that need more clear and definite answers for the good of the rising generation. Some of these questions have definite bearing upon the religious life of the older and more active in the church of today, as well as that of the younger generation.

We have all been greatly encouraged because of the reports of Conference this year, and especially so with respect to the attendance, plans, and work of the young people. We bless God for the evident awakened interest in the Sabbath and in denominational life and work.

However, a question was raised in my mind by the report of a young person who has had meager associations with Seventh Day Baptist people, and who attended Conference this year for the first time. In a description of the young people's work this person said that in one meeting held, when the matter of the Sabbath and the reasons why we keep it

were under discussion, it was pretty well agreed by the ones present that they kept it because they were brought up that way. There seemed to be no other real reason given for keeping it.

It was also stated that this was the opinion expressed by the children of pastors as well as those of other walks in life. This being the exact reason given me by a pastor some time ago—of why people keep the Sabbath—I am led to ask this question: Is it not time that this matter should be looked into, and the nature, importance, and value of the Sabbath to the personal religious life of each one be so thoroughly established in the minds of the children in our homes, that the religious life of our young people shall be safeguarded and the exodus from our Sabbath-keeping forces be halted? There is no other thing than a conscientious conviction of a "thus saith the Lord," that will hold the mind of the individual to the tenets of the gospel and the principles of the Sabbath teachings, and stop the loss in denominational growth and life.

If there is no greater reason for keeping the Sabbath than that "we were brought up that way," then there is no real ground for one to make the sacrifices necessary, in the worldly pursuits of life, in keeping the Sabbath.

There must be a higher, a better reason for keeping the Sabbath, if the Sabbath is to be to us what God intended it to be. One cannot keep the Sabbath truly, as God intended it to be kept, without a more worthy reason than that "we were brought up that way."

Let us be more wise than were they of Thessalonica, and "search the Scriptures daily," that we may know what they teach and what is God's thought of the Sabbath, for his thought is therein revealed.

Jesus said, "He that loveth me keepeth my commandments." He said again, "Remember the sabbath day to keep it holy." He also said, "The sabbath was made for man and not man for the sabbath."

Think on these things.

Observer.

"Stewardship of material resources is best taken care of by a regular program of tithing."

MARRIAGES

Davis-Mixson.—Albert Gilbert Davis, son of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar S. Davis, and Miss Nellie Lorette Mixson both of Fouke, Ark., were united in marriage at the home of the bride, November 18, 1939, by Rev. Wallace Ealey, pastor of the Baptist Church.

Mitchell-Kenyon. — Ramona Orlene Kenyon, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Orla Kenyon of Nortonville, Kan., became the bride of Jack Mitchell of Denver, Colo., on November 30, 1939. The ceremony was performed by the bride's pastor, Rev. Lester G. Osborn, at the Nortonville Seventh Day Baptist church.

Saunders-Stephan. — Lila Margaret, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Claude Stephan, of Nortonville, Kan., and Francis Saunders, son of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Saunders, of Boulder, Colo., were married at the Nortonville Seventh Day Baptist church on June 11, 1939, by the bride's pastor, Rev. Lester G. Osborn.

OBITUARY

Baton. — Hattie M., daughter of Albert and Phebe (Carpenter) Baker, was born in Charlton, Mass., October 15, 1879, and died at St. Elizabeth's Home, Providence, R. I., November 27, 1939.

She joined the Second Hopkinton Seventh Day Baptist Church in 1895, and was a faithful member and devout witness for Christ. She was the wife of the late William Baton of Canonchet, R. I., where she made her home until eight months ago when she was taken to the St. Elizabeth's Home, for treatment and care during her lingering illness.

She leaves an uncle, Albert E. Brown of Ashaway, and a wide circle of friends. Funeral services were conducted by Rev. Everett T. Harris at the Avery Funeral Home in Hope Valley, and interment was in Rockville cemetery. E. T. H.

Frisbie. — Letitia B. Schellinger Frisbie was born March 23, 1862, at Fabius, N. Y., and passed away November 11, 1939, at the home of her daughter in Oakdale, Pa.

Since her marriage to her second husband, Mr. M. G. Frisbie, her home has been in Truxton, N. Y. She was a faithful exponent and observer of the Sabbath, and a loyal member of the De Ruyter Seventh Day Baptist Church.

She leaves four daughters and two sons, all by her first husband, Mr. Schellinger; and a number of grandchildren.

The funeral service was conducted in her late home by her pastor, Rev. Neal D. Mills, and burial was in Truxton Rural Cemetery. N. D. M.

Hoxie. — W. LeRoy, son of Harry and Lida (Bellamy) Hoxie, was born in Bradford, R. I., October 7, 1894, and died at the Westerly Hospital, November 15, 1939.

He and Leora Crandall were united in marriage on October 30, 1915, and made their home in Ashaway. To them were born three children,

Howard B., Bernice E., and Roland W., all of Ashaway.

Farewell services were held at the Buckler Funeral Home, Westerly, R. I., conducted by Rev. E. T. Harris, and interment was in Oak Grove Cemetery, Ashaway. E. T. H.

Lynch.—Emma Gallup, daughter of Peleg and Clarinda (Main) Gallup, was born in North Stonington, Conn., May 31, 1850, and died at her home on the Boom Bridge Road, North Stonington, November 16, 1939.

She was baptized and joined the First Hopkinton Seventh Day Baptist Church in 1889, where she retained her membership until the time of her death.

Besides her husband, John Lynch, she leaves a daughter, Mrs. Sarah Arnold of North Stonington; a son, Alonzo Coon of Washington, R. I.; three grandchildren and eight great-grandchildren.

Funeral services were conducted by her pastor, Rev. E. T. Harris, at the Buckler Funeral Home, Westerly, R. I., and interment was made in the Oak Grove Cemetery, Ashaway. E. T. H.

Randolph. — Thomas Arlington, son of James F. and Emily Sutton Randolph, was born near Greenbrier, W. Va., August 27, 1874, and died at his home in Salem, December 3, 1939.

On December 24, 1896, he was married to Olelia Davis. To them were born two daughters, Mrs. Mandella Barnett, Detroit, Mich., Mrs. Virginia Walsh of Roxboro, N. C.; and a son, Carol of Shinnston. For forty years a carpenter and contractor, he served for ten years as manual training instructor in the Salem High School.

At an early age Mr. Randolph became a member of the Greenbrier Church, later removing his membership to Salem, where he continued an active worker, serving the church as treasurer for ten years.

Besides the immediate family he is survived by a step-mother, a brother, one sister, two half sisters, five grandchildren, nieces and nephews.

Funeral services were conducted by Dr. Walter E. Hancock in the absence of Pastor James L. Skaggs. Interment was made in the Odd Fellow Cemetery. W. E. H.

Titsworth. — Emily Bently, daughter of Benjamin and Mary Maxson Bently, was born at Westerly, R. I., December 29, 1852, and died at Plainfield, N. J., December 9, 1939.

At about the time of her marriage she united with the Seventh Day Baptist Church of Piscataway at New Market, N. J., where she has been a member for sixty-four years. She was married to Lewis T. Titsworth in 1875, who has preceded her in death. She is survived by a daughter, Mrs. A. W. Vars of Plainfield; and two sons, Ralph B. Titsworth of Trenton, and Ferdinand L. Titsworth of Providence, R. I.

Farewell services were held at the home of her daughter December 11, conducted by Rev. Trevah R. Sutton, pastor of the New Market Church, and Rev. Hurley S. Warren, pastor of the Plainfield Church. Burial was at Hillside Cemetery, Plainfield. T. R. S.