

The Sabbath Recorder

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EDITORIALS

Christmas Greeting

Let the spirit and joy and peace of Christmas not only be to all our readers and friends everywhere, but the love and peace of Jesus Christ, our Savior, abide in you and be experienced in all the earth throughout the year.

GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN

Jesus Christ is the highest expression of God's good will toward men. There have been and are many great expressions of God's good will—good will that is so obvious it needs no pointing out. But the greatest is seen in Jesus Christ—the need and the hope of the world. Since the angels sang their glorious song of peace on earth good will to men, there never was greater need of its realization among men than there is today.

For a long time men were not able to receive this gift of divine grace. They had to be prepared, educated. Still the world refuses. It seems the race has still to be

trained, prepared to appreciate and appropriate this highest manifestation of God's love.

The divine proclamation which the angels chanted at the birth of Christ has mercifully been prolonged through the ages. Its sweetness and fullness of purpose with all the assurance and good cheer with which it was heard by watching shepherds ring forth still and again upon hearts sore and heavy with the world's sorry need.

In the midst of a great war affecting so many nations, threatening to draw us into its maelstrom—we must not forget that the message of good will was for all nations. "I bring you glad tidings of great joy, which shall be unto all nations." Born unto all men, Christ was God's expression of good will to all men. Men, therefore, should have and manifest good will toward one another, of whatever race or nation. Herein is no room for selfishness, exclusiveness, narrowness, prejudice, jealousy, class distinctions, race animosities, religious strife, or national hatreds. We had thought through the years that the world, as it learned more of this Christ, was realizing, though so slowly, this good will toward men. In spite of the awful condition of this Christmas season, we believe it has. We are in a tragic hiatus. We must emerge to the glory of God's good will in Christ. We who love him must dedicate ourselves to the fulfillment of the purpose of the incarnation, as announced by the angels at Bethlehem.

There must be good will between the toiler and his employer. Why should not the relations between capital and labor, between employer and employed be determined by the spirit of Christlike good will? Serious trouble has and will vanish and injustice disappear when this spirit prevails.

Perhaps today there is needed a special appropriation of the manifestation of good will among the sufferers of the world. As far as possible the fortunate will share their blessings with those who suffer. Let those who look to him whose coming we celebrate—whose advent the angels so joyously announced—remember he became in the accomplishment of his mission the "Man of sorrows," and as such passed through all the hard experiences of mortals. He was not a stranger to physical pain. He was acquainted with grief. Certainly he has good will toward all who suffer. He wept with those who wept. He restored the widow's son. He spoke the word of sweet comfort to the suffering and sorrowing of every class. To the downhearted disciples he urged, "Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world." To every sufferer today, he says again, "Let not your heart be troubled"; "come unto me and I will give you rest."

Let not the hopeless forget, he "came to save sinners." In some of the Christmas good will expressions too often we forget that part of the angels' message, "Behold, there is born unto you a Savior, who is Christ the Lord." Through times past God had said through his prophets, "As I live . . . I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked, but that the wicked turn from his evil way and live." Now in the person of Christ he says, "I am come that they might have life and that they might have it more abundantly." Here is God's greatest pleasure and purpose and loving appeal that sinful man need not perish. All of this is back of the Christmas message—"Peace on earth, good will toward men."

1941 WEEK OF PRAYER

"Men ought always to pray." Perhaps there never was a time when sincere, earnest praying was more needed in the world than now. We need not enumerate the tragedies of war, crime, and hopelessness that today exist. One has but to look about

him, listen to the radio, and read the paper's headlines.

Prayer keeps one close to God, and in spite of one's weakness and inconstancy it is the best thing he can do. Prayer leads one to do his own bit more faithfully and completely.

One must not pray with the smugness of the Pharisee who was so thankful he was not like other men. True prayer reveals to one his own deficiency and leads him to penitence, both for personal sins and for corporate failure to make church, society, and nation what they ought to be.

In writing the introduction to the pamphlet on "Universal Week of Prayer," Dr. Jesse M. Bader, chairman of the Federal Council, Department of Evangelism, places emphasis on "Our" in the Lord's Prayer: "Our" Father, "our" daily bread, "our" trespasses. He says, "Prayer is a fellowship—a fellowship with God in which we may enter into the deepest fellowship with men. In our relationship with God through Christ we are 'members one of another.' It is therefore fitting that in prayer we should be conscious of fellowship with all of Christ's people. The Week of Prayer observed simultaneously in all the churches of America is a means through which this oneness is emphasized and expressed."

We trust that every Seventh Day Baptist Church will as fully as possible observe this Week of Prayer. Some in recent years have given over the observance for various reasons. We should call ourselves back to it. At whatever cost of personal comfort or social enjoyment, we ought not at this time, especially, neglect to get together and pray. We need to for our own souls. We need to for the world. Through prayer "inexhaustible resources of creative power" are opened up to our lives "which will make us adequate to meet the strains and the responsibilities of these days."

The week, January 5 to 12, is the time designated. The helpful booklet prepared by Dr. Robert E. Speer can be secured at \$2 per hundred, or 3 cents each in quantities up to fifty.

Address request to the Department of Evangelism, Room 71, 292 Fourth Ave., New York City.

OUR CHRISTMAS STORY

The writer was in the Y.M.C.A. overseas service in France in the fall and winter of 1918 and until May in 1919. When he joined his assignment—the 143rd Infantry—then engaged in an advance movement in the Champagne section, not far from Rheims—he found H. R. Culley, whose story appears on another page, as financial secretary of the “Y” group of the 36th Division. A friendship sprang up between us which has grown through the years. Occasionally since, our lives have touched, while correspondence has kept us acquainted with each other.

Mr. Culley was always friendly, not only with the soldiers and his associates, but with the children and people of the villages and countryside. His “Christmas in France” reveals this trait in his interesting character.

When the editor learned that Culley was thinking especially about one of his Christmases overseas, he invited his friend to write the story for the Recorder. We are glad he did, and feel sure that its straightforwardness will be appreciated by our readers.

In many a “hut,” canteen, or improvised hall, Y.M.C.A. secretaries made Christmas real to homesick boys and men, and brought a bright spot to dreary lives of the people in occupied areas.

“WET” CAMPS

While ministers and welfare agencies are banned from army camps, the liquor interests and powers will see to it that plenty of beer will be there and stronger drinks easily available. Chaplains alone will be responsible for the moral and spiritual needs of the boys who have been provided by our American homes. A recent *Westerly Sun* prints a sinister cartoon, “Going to Camp,” by Charles A. Wells. Following the “boys” in close line are seen the shuffling forms of “Promoter of Intemperance,” a “Prostitute,” and a “Gambler.” Right is that cartoonist who says, “The unrestricted manner in which health-destroying forces of vice and intemperance are allowed to swarm about our military training centers is almost traitorous.”

Our camps have been hastily constructed and in many cases are poorly equipped to care for the physical needs, to say nothing of equipment to meet spiritual needs. But

we have it on good authority that beer is to be made available and stronger liquors are to be within easy access.

The fall of France, due, according to French officials, to liquor, should be a warning to our country. Away from home men more easily than ever fall into temptation. In no sense is defense built up by the effects of drink. America's crying need for a true measure of defense is physical, moral, and spiritual.

A recent utterance on this phase of national defense by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union is, “To achieve its full defensive strength, the United States should chase liquor out of the army and navy. The fine legislation which protected the American Army in 1917 and 1918 has been repealed. The distillers, the brewers, and the vinters now have a free field.”

Fathers and mothers and all right wishing people should rise up and demand that measures be taken to defend their drafted sons and grandsons from this enemy—strong drink—a greater menace in our very midst, than any enemy from across the seas. Doubtless if anything is done it will have to be by the Christian forces of our country.

“AND A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM”

(A Christmas message by Miss Evalois St. John, Sabbath eve, December 13, 1940, at the prayer meeting of the Plainfield, N. J., Seventh Day Baptist Church)

Some seven-year-old girls and I were talking about Christmas. They followed me as I recited from St. Luke's Gospel—“And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field”—now and then saying the familiar words with me, even to the angels' song—“Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.” A silence followed. Then a soft brown-eyed child spoke so wistfully out of her “dreaming,” “The children in Europe won't have a happy Christmas, will they?” Apparently the same thought was in the minds of all for they shook their heads, almost as one. There was no spoken word. For the moment they were contrasting the happy sound of the angels' voices as they sang their message to all men everywhere, with the frightening clamor which no doubt will sound in the ears of little children across

the sea this Christmas. These seven-year-olds were realizing that all was not well in God's world.

Then sweet little Jane broke the silence with, “Do you know what we do at our house Christmas Eve? On Christmas Eve my grandmother, my mother, my aunt (she named over the whole household) all go out doors. Some one carries a light. We stand in a circle and take hold of hands. Then we say the Lord's Prayer.”

In this way have a group of little children, with brown-eyed Alice and sweet little Jane as spokesmen, guided me to a new Christmas experience. Perhaps I have let the mystery and beauty of Christ's birth overshadow the purpose for which he was born. He who came into the world to be a “light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of thy people Israel,” as Simeon declared that day in the temple, gave his life for the great ideal—The Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man. “Unto you is born this day . . . a Savior which is Christ the Lord.” How better, then, could his sincere followers usher in his birthday than by saying from the depths of their souls: “Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth . . . For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory forever. Amen.”

I am reminded of another multitude who announced Jesus' coming—not his coming to Bethlehem, but his entrance into Jerusalem some thirty years later. It has come to me anew how similar are the two songs. “Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men,” sang the angels. “Peace in heaven, and glory in the highest,” sang the throngs some thirty years later. And these later singers were not angelic hosts but men and women whose lives had been changed because Jesus had lived among them.

You remember them.

“Once I was filled with fear,” says one. “I do not know what I was afraid of, but I could not think, I could not work. The townspeople said I was insane. Then one day Jesus met me. Talking with him, I discovered my fears weren't real. Oh, what a relief! Once again I could think clearly. I could work. I could make my family happy. I praise the day Jesus was born!”

“I didn't suppose,” says another, “that anyone knew or cared how hard it was for me to make a living. I was of no importance. Compared to the gifts of the rich men, my small mites which I dropped in the chest at the temple were not important either, hardly worth giving. Then one day Jesus stood by the temple door. He saw me drop my gift. It was then I heard him say to those nearby: ‘She hath cast more in than all which have cast into the treasury. For they did cast in of their abundance, but she of her want did cast in all that she had, even all her living.’ I felt a new joy when I heard those words. I counted, my gift counted. I praise the day that Jesus was born!”

Another approaches, erect and firm of step. “For thirty-eight years I lay on my cot, waiting always for some one to help me. I got into the habit of thinking that I could not do anything for myself. Then one day as I lay in the sheep market, Jesus came by. ‘Wilt thou be made whole?’ he asked. He made me believe that in me there was a power I had never tried. And when he said, ‘Rise, take up thy bed and walk,’ I did rise. I walked. Now I can take my place in society. I praise the day Jesus was born!”

The tax gatherer comes out of the throng, his face alight. “Once I had no friends. Every one hated me. I was the gatherer of taxes. Neither was I an honest collector for I took from them more than was due. Jesus came to my town. I thought he would be like all the others—have not a thought or glance for me. But he picked me out of all that crowd. He called me by name just as though he were my friend, said he wanted to go home with me. As we talked together, Jesus and I, I began to feel that I wanted to return all the money I had taken dishonestly. I did. All became my friends. The good in me never came out until I met Jesus. I praise the day he was born!”

“It was a happy day when Jesus was born,” shout the children. “Grown-ups said we weren't important; that Jesus was too busy to talk to children. But he said, ‘Suffer the little children to come unto me.’ Now we know that a part of God dwells in us as in each grown-up. Children are needed

to help make the world the right kind of a world."

"Peace in heaven, and glory in the highest," shout these with the multitude of Jesus' disciples.

True it is that in some places this Christmas Eve the harsh, cruel thud of the bomb and the shrill, clear whistle of the warning siren will drown out the sound of the angels' song—"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." Let those of us who are privileged to look up into the deep blue sky of a December night, a sky of twinkling stars—let such as we—his disciples of today—join believing hearts, and kindly hands, and determined voices in the prayer of the man Jesus: "Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name, thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven."

Let us remember too that Christ prayed to the Father: "Neither pray I for these alone (meaning his disciples), but for them also which shall believe on me through their word." So the glorified Christ will join his petitions with ours; and the angels' song, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men," will blend in one grand chord—"For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory for ever. Amen."

MISSIONS

A UNIQUE MEETING

A unique meeting was held in Atlantic City, N. J., December 8 to 13. It was a joint meeting of seven interdenominational agencies. The organizations participating were the Foreign Missions Conference, Federal Council of Churches of Christ, Home Missions Council, Council of Women for Home Missions, Missionary Education Movement, National Council of Church Women, and United Stewardship Council. For two days these organizations held joint sessions, but during the six days they were together, every organization had its annual meeting.

There were several advantages in such a meeting. The memberships of the agencies interlap and the arrangement provided the opportunity for those belonging to two or more to attend all the same week. It brought together, as no other arrangement could,

the leaders, both lay and clerical, official and nonofficial, to consider the perplexing problems which this day presents. Ministers, lawyers, secretaries, business men, editors, and college presidents, as well as missionaries from all over the world were present. The perplexing problems facing the Church were discussed before the united assembly by selected speakers for two days, and then those attending were divided into groups and the same questions were discussed in the seminar method. The writer will never forget the nine hours spent in the seminar which considered "The Church and the International Crisis." The information received regarding evangelism, missions, and world conditions could not have been gained in any other way. Many of the sessions were tense—tense not on account of difference of opinion, but because of the sense of the tremendous responsibility resting on the Christian churches in these days.

Miss. Sec.

MORE ABOUT MISSIONARY SITUATION IN THE FAR EAST

Seventh Day Baptists are already aware that some of our missionaries have returned from China and that others are likely to come home later. A letter from Doctor Crandall, paragraphs from which are given in this department, gives information which helps us to understand the situation.

As stated some weeks past, our missionaries are acting in harmony with other missionaries, and in accord with the decision of most missionary boards promoting work in the Far East. In the Christian Evangelist for December 5, an article appears under the caption, "Twenty Missionaries Are to Return to America." While the article has to do with missionaries employed by the Disciples of Christ, it is a sample of what others are doing, and for this reason the readers of the Missions Department will be interested in the following quotations:

Due to the pressure of a number of circumstances The United Christian Missionary Society has determined to return to the United States a large portion of its mission staff located in China. Those to be returned include twenty adults and eighteen children.

Cost is \$15,700. To return these missionaries to the United States will place an unnatural pressure upon the present budget of the foreign di-

vision of the Society. The anticipated cost is \$15,700. The obvious conclusion from this condition is that the churches of the Disciples of Christ must increase their giving during the current year to provide not only for this emergency item but for undergirding increased costs of mission work in China. While this group of workers is to be withdrawn, there will be no lessening of the program of Christian missions in China. The program will probably be conducted in the main by indigenous workers, and will require adequate subsidizing by the foreign division of the United Society.

Five Reasons.—Five major reasons have entered into the decision to bring the missionaries back to the United States:

1. Pressure exerted by the Government of the United States to evacuate all of its citizens from China and the stiffening attitude of Great Britain.

2. Danger of not being able to secure ships to evacuate workers in the event conditions should reach the proportions of general war. Three American ships have been sent for the purpose of evacuating women and children who are citizens of the United States.

3. Intensified coastal blockade resulting in increases in cost of living and difficulty of securing type of food needed by mission workers to maintain satisfactory health conditions.

4. Problem of educating children of missionary families, due to the fact that schools for American children may be closed soon.

5. Desire of Chinese Christians in occupied China to protect lives of missionary women and children.

The decision of the United Society is not an independent one. It was reached only after careful consultation with the missionaries themselves, and through discussions within the Foreign Missions Conference. All major communions are expected to withdraw women and children from the occupied zones. The whole problem of China is complicated by the uncertain course of international relationships.

The foregoing paragraphs, though written regarding another denomination, describe the position of Seventh Day Baptist missionaries in China, the work, and the Missionary Board. Decisions and movements are being made after consulting with other missionaries, boards, and the Foreign Missions Conference. Christian missionaries and boards are presenting a united front. The crisis is placing missionaries in difficult positions and laying unusually heavy burdens upon all mission boards and their constituencies. If affairs develop so that it is better that foreign workers withdraw, the Master's work must go forward carried on by native Christians. Additional funds are required and renewed consecration to our Savior's Great Commission is called for. It is a testing

time. The fainthearted will give up, but the faithful will carry on courageously with double diligence.

Miss. Sec.

NEWS FROM SHANGHAI

(Condensed from letter written by Doctor Crandall)

Rev. William L. Burdick
Ashaway, R. I.

Dear Mr. Burdick:

Doctor Palmborg is starting for America tomorrow and I am writing this letter to send with her. I hope that she will write something to add to it, so that you will know more of conditions than I shall have time to write you.

We received your cable and are trying to do what seems right and what we think God is guiding us to do. I am sure that Doctor Thorngate wrote you quite fully of what we have already decided. He undoubtedly also told you that mails are not coming in at all well. We all feel sure that we are losing mail that should get through to us, and we have no chance to know whether mail we send out gets through or not. No salaries have come to us since the June salaries, and some of us are pretty low as to funds. I would have enough if I had taken my traveling expenses back from that fund that we had from Mrs. Burdick; but when I saw how conditions were worsening, I felt that I had better not deplete that fund lest it should be needed for people to get away from Shanghai. It proved that it was needed when Mrs. Thorngate and the children went.

As I told you before I left America, I have been hoping to go to free China; but it has not seemed clear just what was best since I came back, and I have not yet made the attempt. I would still very much prefer to do that rather than to come back to America. But going at the present time would involve blockade running, which is not entirely free from danger, so I have delayed hoping that things would shape up better and I should have more clear guidance as to what is best.

But whether I stay here or go to free China, I shall have to have some money, because mine is all gone. I expect that

money has been sent by the treasurer and simply has not arrived. Maybe money will have to be sent by cable to the Mission's treasurer if we ever get any more. If I could get into free China, I think that mails would come through better than they do now, although they might be some slower. Of course, as long as air mail gets through, we could get it that way if no other; but now even air mail may be held up or destroyed right here in the Shanghai post office. The Japanese censor the mail here and they do what they please with anything. Why wouldn't they with our mail as well?

People from interior stations are coming out and returning to the U.S.A., but practically none from free China are leaving. Many are staying in Shanghai still because the government has not yet said that everyone must go, but it is very evident that the U. S. officials think it is pretty sure America and Japan will have a show down. In case of war, I do not think Shanghai would be at all a good place to be. I would hate to be in the power of any Japanese soldier. I feel strongly that it would be the height of folly to remain in Shanghai with the thought that one could go to the concentration camp in case of war. I have no idea that there would be any mercy shown Americans if America were at war with Japan.

With kindest regards to Mrs. Burdick and your good self,

Very sincerely,
Grace I. Crandall.

Shanghai, China,
November 19, 1940.

MISSIONARIES ARRIVE IN CALIFORNIA

From letters received, we learn that Dr. Rosa W. Palmberg, Mrs. George Thorngate and three children, and Marcia Davis arrived on the Pacific Coast the first week in this month. Detailed information is not at hand, but from previous letters, it is expected that Mrs. Thorngate and sons will in due time go to Dodge Center, Minn., to spend the winter with Doctor Thorngate's parents, Pastor and Mrs. Charles W. Thorngate; and that Marcia Davis will go to Alfred where her sister, Mrs. Burton B. Crandall, lives.

Miss. Sec.

CHRISTMAS IN FRANCE

By H. R. Culley

I well remember the Christmas of 1919. Previously I had been injured in an auto accident while in a Russian camp. After a ten-day stretch in bed with a nurse in attendance, and while hobbling around with the aid of a cane and crutch, I was ordered back to Paris for reassignment. I was sent to a town in Brittany, to the only Russian hospital in France. Here the staff was Russian but the French army was in command, and was represented by a French captain, who was not at all friendly toward the Russians. It was here I was expected to establish a Y.M.C.A. program. I presented my compliments to the captain and asked him where I could carry on. He took me out to an abandoned barracks which had no roof and was otherwise in bad repair. I noticed another barracks, empty, and asked why I could not use that one. He assured me that it would be necessary for me to obtain the consent of the commandant of the region, in order to use that barracks. I did that with the aid of the Russian doctor, who spoke very limited French, and obtained the necessary permission. I wanted some boards to make a stage in one end. There were many boards lying around the grounds, but permission had to be obtained to use them. I wanted a stove and fuel with which to heat the place. Permission had to be secured to get the stove, of which there were several in the storeroom. The coal was furnished by the several nurses in the hospital—fuel for their own quarters. Chairs and tables were also secured with difficulty. I rented a piano on my own authority. We opened the canteen with thirteen small articles which a man needs, like needles, thread, and buttons. Most of the patients were illiterate and could neither read nor write, so I asked Paris to send down magazines with lots of pictures in them. But the Russians are musical, and I was lucky to have two who were exceptional. One could play any instrument set before him, and the other had sung in Russian grand opera. Soon I was equipped with several instruments with the help of the Paris office. Tea with the Russians is like milk and coffee to Americans, and in order to have tea always avail-

able, I made a trip to the regional office of the Russians and salvaged a samovar. I was "bawled out" for this, but allowed to keep the samovar. So we had tea on tap all the time. In the meantime many things were added to the items in the canteen.

During all this time no word of appreciation came to me from any source. I saw men come into the barracks on one leg, supported by another with one arm missing, men with heads and other parts of their bodies bandaged, men so far gone with consumption they could hardly walk. They would sit down and look at the magazines, one after another, listen to the music provided by the singer and the other chap, but not even a smile or a hello greeted me when they passed.

Well, Christmas came along, and I wanted to stage some kind of celebration. I talked with the doctor and the nurses, and they, too, wanted to do something. The Russian Christmas comes a week later than ours, and a friendly Frenchman who had a large tree volunteered to let me have it for the hospital. We set it up, but had no ornaments, so the nurses brought pieces of hospital cotton and some strips of bright colored paper which had come around hospital supplies. About this time Y.M.C.A. service had been discontinued in Russia and I had received word that a car-load of supplies would be dropped off at my station for use at the hospital. There were several cases of cigarettes and a lot of candy in this car, so I wrote for permission to give each man two packs of cigarettes and some candy. This was granted. The nurses had some money which had been collected from various sources, and the Russian Red Cross in Paris wrote they had a present for each patient, if we would send for it. I went up to Paris and got the presents. I wrote the Russian general in charge of the region, asking him to come and give the men a pep talk, which he did; the nurses bought oranges and apple tarts with the money they had collected, and bagged them with my cigarettes and candy. I asked my singer to get some of his fellows who could sing, to sing some Russian Christmas songs, and also asked my instrument man to stage some kind of music for the evening. I never heard a note of rehearsal, and was becoming discour-

aged, but on the evening of the entertainment, before entering the barracks, I heard them at it. I was more than satisfied with what I heard.

We staged our entertainment, opening with music furnished by piano, violin, and guitar. The general gave a talk in Russian, and while I could not understand it, it must have been a real pep talk. Then the boys sang songs in Russian, and it was music I'll remember for a long time. Then each in attendance was given his candy, cigarettes, tart, and tea, after which I told them that our show was over and that I had obtained permission for them to dance until midnight. The music struck up but no one danced. I explained again, and no one danced. In sheer desperation, I grabbed one of the nurses and danced. No one interrupted, but when we were through, ten strong, husky men came to me and picked me up and threw me up to the ceiling ten or twelve times. I went outside and tears rolled down my cheeks. That was their appreciation.

Bridgman, Mich.

WOMAN'S WORK

GIFTS AND THE GIVERS

By Henry Rische

Pastor, Dunsuir, Calif.

"For this your mother sweated in the cold,
For this you bled upon the cursed tree,
A yard of tinsel ribbon bought and sold,
A bag of jelly beans, a day at home for me!"

It may be that for many the crimping of Christmas, as scored in Edna St. Vincent Millay's lines of irony, has fitting application, that for many it has become a barter of trinkets and toys, glittering presents and French parchment. Commercialism, the carnal keeping of the Christ day, has given poet and preacher a springboard for brittle advent oratory. Was it for this, this knick-knack, necktie, nut exchange, the angels sang good will toward men? Well might old Scrooge say "Bah!" to all that.

But, none the less, all in its proper order, the giving of gifts has its place in the Christmas observance. It is not an institution to be credited to the commerce makers. It is an ancient tradition—"they presented unto him gifts." One cannot say "Bah!" to

that. Theirs was the all-time crown piece of giving. Clean, no spoil to it. The costliness was only incidental.

The value of a gift is not set by the tag. An old proverb says, "Children can be pleased with little things." Not only children. There was an old maid aunt who liked to include herself in that and reminded her nieces and nephews of it. Any little keepsake delighted her heart like a child. The value lay in the remembrance.

The Christmas market might avoid some of the stigma of its greed by taking a cue from the oriental merchant, who is so sorry, when you enter his shop, that his business compels him to put a price on his goods. To atone for this most despicable circumstance of taking your money he insists that you let him give you a present. He finds great happiness in that. It makes the customer relationship so friendly. Probably it is just a cheap little celluloid rosette or decorated fishbone. That does not matter. It is the gesture that counts.

A young woman teacher in the Ghetto, surveying the Christmas evidences of good will brought to her, listed 6 bars of toilet soap (two slightly used), 8 bars laundry soap (some wrapped neatly in last year's tissue), 4 boxes of washing powder, 7 bottles of toilet water, 1 bottle of shaving lotion, 2 bath towels (price tag of 10c in prominent view), 1 towel embroidered (faintly visible Gold Medal Flour), etc. It was an arms-encumbering but heart-warming demonstration. And the least useful of the gifts was the most priceless. One little urchin, still in the primer, had waited till all were gone and then, with eyes aglow, pressed a little green paper into the teacher's hand and whispered,

"Momma she says I can have it. So I give it to you. It must be something very good, cause when Poppa give it to Momma, she kiss him." It was a receipt for the rent.

There is no blight of commercialism nor invective against that type of gift and giver. Royal medal and costly mink cannot equal it. It is in a class with the widow's mite and the foster-father's poverty gift of turtle-doves. It is the spirit of the gift in the giver that counts. Abou ben Adhem loved his fellow men—and lo! his name led all the

rest of "names whom love of God has blessed."

This is the spirit, especially potent at Christmas, which crushes feuds, wipes out grudges, pours oil on animosities, and brings enemies to hobnob by the river in the day's own natural armistice. The hand holding out a Christmas gift, gentle though its gesture, has pushed down spite fences, broken human ice, kindled cold hearths, and healed sores beyond the ministry of medicine. It is a hand near the cradle of the world's Good Will Ambassador, where wise men met and opened their treasuries.

Of stories exemplifying the spirit of giving none perhaps excels that of two brothers who lived on neighboring farms. One night the elder brother, sitting by his fire with his family around him, said, "My brother must be lonely over there. He has no wife and children. I have so much more than he; I will go out and take of the sheaves of my field and carry them over on his field."

And over there the other brother thought to himself, "My brother must have a hard time of it. I have no wife and children to take care of. He must need much more than I do. I will go and take of the sheaves of my field and put them on his."

So both added to the other's goods in secret, until one night they met each other with their arms laden. And there where they met, a church was built.

Christmas giving might seem a generosity in circle, as with the brothers and their sheaves. It is that where the gift is rated only at its face value, but not where it is a vehicle for a meaning. Fathers know who pays for the presents the children bring. But that is not the question. It is not the article so much as the meaning behind it that makes the real looked-for gift.

Some of the best in giving comes not in packages. Who is there that has memories of homely holidays but will not find responding notes in these "Reminiscences of Christmas Eve" from an unnamed source:

"It was our recourse in the advent days to ply father for a shilling or two. We even learned to bank on the crisp new greenback he gave to all when the hour struck. So we could not understand when one December there was no water in the pump. Came

Christmas Eve there was no father at the parlor door. We found him in his office, in the dark. Impatiently we called him, nor understood his words, 'Don't wait for me,' nor his dallying so long thereafter in the furnace room below before he came. But now we understand.

"The world was in the dark age of a war. We had pennies earned on errands, nickels saved from trolley fares, dimes from washing windows—all sunk in Christmas gifts. Some last minute bargains we were proud of. A tree for two shillings that looked grand with its crippled flank against a corner. But father had nothing to give that year.

"Nothing to give? God bless his memory. He and mother opened to us treasures no moth nor rust can corrupt. Dollars—how fast spent. Trinkets, toys, tinsel—how fast tarnished, broken, shelved. But the real gift? It has outlasted all—even the giver. Nothing to give! He gave us *bonne foi* to some time spend the day together again. There won't be anyone missing. We'll all be there. We are determined. Even as his last word was, 'Gewiss.'—A faith—bombast. That was his gift."

For that *your* mother's heart was pierced with many swords. For that *you* came. For that exchanged a cradle for a cross. That was *your* gift.

—From Religious Digest.

LOYALTY TO OUR DENOMINATIONAL INTERESTS

(Given by Leila P. Franklin at Central Association at Adams Center, N. Y., October 12, 1940)

To be loyal to our denominational interests means, first of all, to be loyal to Christ and his teachings; this takes us back to the home and to the Bible school for a foundation upon which to build Christian character.

If we would have our children true to Christ and the Sabbath, a great responsibility rests upon us parents, for we are told that "Every little act of the day makes or unmakes character," that "America's destiny is settled around her breakfast tables," and that "We become like that upon which our minds habitually dwell."

I wonder how many of us are Seventh Day Baptists because our parents were, and are willing to live by the creed of our fathers, without finding out for ourselves through Bible study the reasons for our belief. Our

young people as well as those who are older should be able to explain, when occasion offers, what we believe and why.

When we think of our denominational interests, the topic of missions occupies a prominent place, as well it should; 39 per cent of each dollar given to the United Budget goes for missions. Our leaders may have the best of plans for missionary work, but it rests with the people to support the work by tithes and offerings, if it is to be accomplished. Have we heeded the admonition of Jehovah in Malachi 3: 10, which reads, "Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it"?

The tithe dates back to the time of Abraham, when he gave to the priest Melchizedek tithes of all he possessed. (Genesis 14: 20.) Obedience to this law and spiritual prosperity go together. St. Paul enjoins the Christians at Corinth, "Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him" (1 Corinthians 16: 2).

To me, one of the most interesting and helpful sessions of Conference was that on stewardship, conducted by Rev. Harley Sutton. I hope everyone will read his address when it appears in the Recorder. All that we are and have is intrusted to us for a time. We must render an account of our stewardship.

When we give for missions we are investing for eternity, but one's greatest investment is that of one's self in the kingdom of God. When our spiritual life has reached the high level which Christ meant for us to attain, there will be no need to send a representative to the churches to plead for funds to carry on the Lord's work.

The churches do, however, need to be kept informed as to denominational needs, and how better can this be done than through the Sabbath Recorder, which should have a prominent place in every Seventh Day Baptist home. If we can't afford to subscribe for more than one paper, let's make that one the Sabbath Recorder which all the family can enjoy.

In supporting the Sabbath Recorder we not only have the interesting and valuable information regarding our work at home and abroad, but we are also contributing to the work of the Sabbath Tract Society. While it is true that the present number of subscriptions does not meet publishing costs, I believe that if we could realize the value of the Sabbath Recorder as an asset to the spiritual growth and development of our children, we would find some way to provide this necessity as eagerly as we do the required text books for the public school. It may mean the giving up of a movie, some pleasure trip, or luxury in order to start a fund for this purpose. If each member of the family helps to add to this fund by making some small sacrifice, all will feel a keener interest in its weekly visits, for we get out of a thing what we put into it.

Let's be loyal to our denomination by being loyal to our denominational paper which, I believe, **can be self supporting if we all do our part**, and the funds now needed to make up the deficit in its publication could be used for spreading the gospel by tracts and other literature which is so greatly needed.

I wonder if we who have always lived where we could attend church on the Sabbath can quite realize what it would mean to be lone Sabbath keepers. We deeply regret that some of our number establish their homes where they are deprived of the blessings which come from worshiping together on the Sabbath. Surely these homes greatly need the Sabbath Recorder to strengthen the ties of denominational loyalty. The Tract Society has generously made it possible, at a recent meeting, for college and seminary students to have the Recorder during the school year for one dollar.

I believe another test of our loyalty is in the way we observe the Sabbath. Do we encourage our children to feel that the Sabbath is a handicap or do we rejoice in the privilege we have of following Christ's example in this way, for "as his custom was, he went into the synagogue on the sabbath day" (Luke 4: 16). Could we not take a little more time on Sabbath morning for family worship and let the children repeat helpful passages regarding the Sabbath? There is much food for thought in Isaiah 58: 13, 14. "If thou turn away thy foot from the sab-

bath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day; and call the sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honorable; and shalt honor him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words: Then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord; and I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth, and feed thee with the heritage of Jacob thy father: for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it."

What shall we do on Sabbath afternoon? We find no hard and fast rules to cover specific cases of conduct, but if our motive is to "honor him" rather than "finding thine own pleasure," **that** should help us to decide the matter.

It seems to me that those of the teen-age group who were privileged to attend the recent Conference at Battle Creek and take part in the discussion of the Sabbath question, under the able leadership of Rev. Lester G. Osborn, were fortunate indeed. I was very much interested in the report of this part of Conference and of the pre-Conference camp given by one of our young people who attended. I hope this instruction may be continued in the future and reach many more of our youth; for who knows what such sacred hours mean in the lives of our boys and girls as they draw near to God! As Conference meets with the Denver Church next year, probably not many from the East will be able to attend. Wouldn't it be fine to bring this instruction to our young folks in this vicinity? Perhaps this may be worked out in connection with our Association next year.

I would like to call attention to an article in the Sabbath Recorder of September 23, by Mary Margaret Hummel of Boulder, Colo., regarding her "Impressions of Conference," and the one which follows it by Russell Langworthy. These give some idea of what these camps mean to the boys and girls.

How easy it is to shirk responsibility and leave important tasks to others. Jesus said, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you." In commenting on this verse one writer says, "Putting the kingdom of God first, other things are added to it

(Continued on page 445)

CHRISTMAS MESSAGE FROM THE RECORDER CO-WORKERS

Christmas and Light are so closely identified in our minds that we often fail to realize that Light is one of God's most glorious gifts to the world. At this time when the darkness of the abyss is creeping over the world, when the Lights of religion, humanity, reason, yes, physical Light itself are being quenched by bestial hands, we should more fully comprehend the connotations that the word Light has. Not without reason did primitive man dread the darkness. Darkness is the hiding place of fear, superstition, cruelty, horror, terrors unknown, and therefore the more fearsome.

Let there be Light!

A candle in the window: how cheerful and welcome a sight to one in the outer darkness. Light is so precious a gift that it is with the utmost concern we see it being displaced by darkness. Physical and spiritual Light are being banished from a goodly part of the earth.

Let there be Light!

Blessed America can have Light in abundance: Light in the home, on the streets, in the church, the libraries, Light everywhere. Over all broods the great Light of that first Christmas, the Light rays of which still illumine much of the world. Do we fully sympathize with those other countries where the Lights have gone out, where all is sombre, cheerless, without the enfolding Light of God and love? Every soul in America should give heartfelt thanks that this Christmas can be spent as he wishes to spend it, in the midst of blazing Lights, without fear, without regret, and with a happy whole-heartedness that is born of a spirit of humanity.

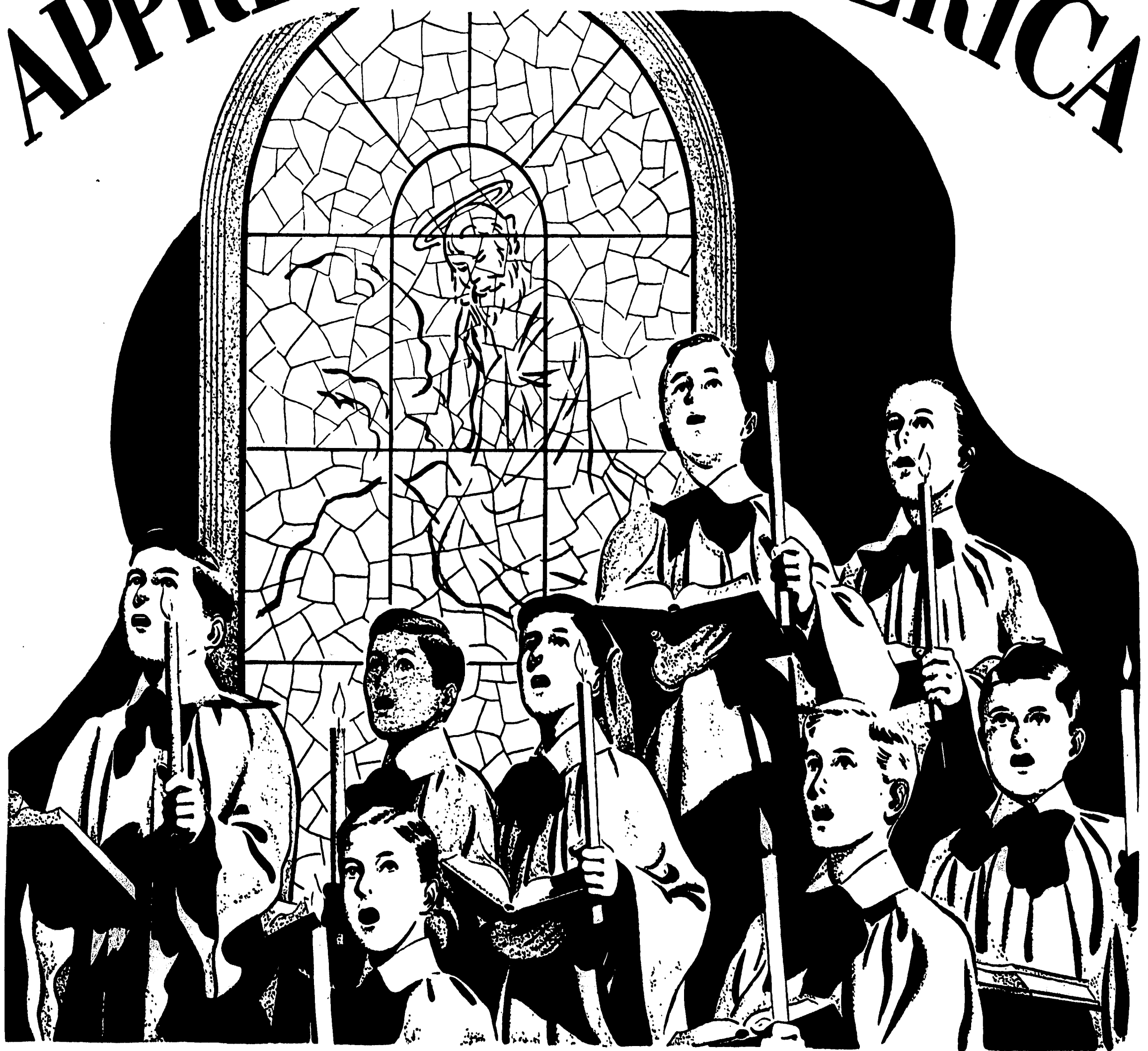
Let there be Light!

Those who make the Recorder possible, week by week: the editor, his assistant, the manager and office force, as well as the mechanical department, all combine to greet you at this holy time of Light. We wish you all the season's greetings, and may your coming year be full of Light, and greatest of all may your life be blest by him who was called "The Light of the World."

Let there be Light!

(By James W. Bannister, linotype operator, representing the force, by request of the editor.)

APPRECIATE AMERICA



“Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men”

These words, echoed by grateful voices in this nation, betoken mutual understanding and respect—not only during the holiday season, but throughout the year.

Our children of America hold in their hands the destiny of this country for which our forefathers bled and died. Will we remain a nation of tolerance, or become a bigoted, hate-infested people seeking to destroy the principles of religious and racial freedom upon which this country was founded?

Today we live in a world of unknown future.

Race hatred and religious intolerance now sweep the dictator countries of Europe. Their hysterical hymn of hate will fall upon deaf ears if we but teach our children—*tomorrow's* citizens—to love one another, regardless of race or creed.

America will *not* suffer the poison of intolerance. Our churches will *not* be closed. Our right to worship as we see fit will *not* be denied us. Freedom of speech and freedom of thought are inalienable rights of every American.

“APPRECIATE AMERICA” as a nation of religious liberty, the land of the free.



CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS FROM EXCHANGES

THE STAR STILL SHINES

The Bethlehem star still shines today
 A troubled world to cheer;
 Perplexity and fear abound
 But Christ is ever near;
 O radiant star of hope! lead on,
 Illumine thou the way,
 Till all life's varied scenes are lost
 In God's eternal day.

—By Electa Robinson.

A CHRISTMAS PRAYER

Help us rightly to remember the birth of Jesus, that we may share in the song of the angels, the gladness of the shepherds, and the worship of the wise men. Close the door of hate and open the door of love all over the world. Let kindness come with every gift and good desires with every greeting. Deliver us from evil by the blessing that Christ brings, and teach us to be merry with clean hearts. May the Christmas morning make us happy to be thy children and the Christmas evening bring us to our beds with grateful thoughts, forgiving and forgiven, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

STAR OF THE EAST

Star of the East, that long ago
 Brought wise men on their way
 Where, angels singing to and fro,
 The Child of Bethlehem lay—
 Above that Syrian hill afar
 Thou shinest out tonight, O Star!

Star of the East, the night were drear
 But for the tender grace
 That with thy glory comes to cheer
 Earth's loneliest, darkest place;
 For by that charity we see
 Where there is hope for all and me.

Star of the East! show us the way
 In wisdom undefiled
 To seek that manger out and lay
 Our gifts before the child—
 To bring our hearts and offer them
 Unto our King in Bethlehem!

—Eugene Field.

WOMAN'S WORK

(Continued)

and we possess all things; but putting other things first, the kingdom of God is subtracted from, and we have nothing."

While the work of our homes and our local churches is very important, can we not look beyond the circle in which we live and get a glimpse of the work of the denomination as a whole, with new calls for help coming from all over the world?

At our last Conference, recognition was given to the first Seventh Day Baptist Church of New Zealand at Auckland.

Let us each ask ourselves the question—Am I doing all I can to promote the work of the kingdom at home and in other lands? No two of us have the same opportunities for service, but we each do have a special work to do for the Master, which becomes a personal responsibility. Only as we accept this responsibility and try to do our best for him will we realize the joy of the surrendered life and be able to accomplish that which he has planned for us here.

"Christ has no hands but our hands
 To do his work today;
 He has no feet but our feet
 To lead men in his way;
 He has no tongue but our tongues
 To tell men how he died;
 He has no help but our help
 To bring them to his side."

510 Ashland Avenue,
 Rome, N. Y.

DAILY MEDITATIONS

(Prepared by Alice Annette Larkin, Ashaway, R. I.)

Sunday, December 29

John 8: 12—Then spake Jesus again unto them, saying, I am the light of the world; he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life. (Read John 1: 1-9.)

There is a story of a little girl who won a prize at a flower show. She had nothing in which to grow her plant except an old cracked teapot, and only the rear window of an attic in which to put it. When asked how she could raise so perfect a plant in such a place, she replied that she always moved it around to where there was a sunbeam. Plants reach out toward the light.

It is interesting to see how quickly the leaves of some plants change their position. Turn them away from the window, and they droop. Turn them back, and soon the light draws them in that direction. We too, need the light, and Jesus is our light. The more we reach out to him, the more like him shall we grow.

Prayer—Our Father, we want to live each day in the light of thy love. Keep us from ever turning away. Amen.

Monday, December 30

John 16: 22—I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice. (Read Acts 1: 9-11.)

How disappointed and distressed the disciples must have been when they learned that Jesus was not going to set up his earthly kingdom, but, instead, was about to die. Someone has told us about a boy, who, seeing a man looking at a picture of the crucifixion, exclaimed, "That's Jesus." Receiving no answer, he continued, "Them's Roman soldiers. They killed him." "Where did you learn that?" asked the man. "In a little mission school around the corner." The man turned and walked thoughtfully away, but suddenly he heard the boy calling, "Say, Mister! Say, Mister! I wanted to tell you he rose again." Yes, Jesus rose again, his disciples saw him, and their hearts rejoiced. And later, when he had gone back to his Father in heaven, they were left with the angels' promise that some day he would return. Because Jesus died and rose again, because he said that whosoever believeth on him should have eternal life, we, too, may look forward to seeing him some day.

Prayer—Dear Father, we lift our hearts in gratitude to thee for this promise. Help us to live always in the joy of it. Amen.

Tuesday, December 31

Philippians 3: 13, 14—Forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus. (Read Hebrews 12: 1, 2.)

I went to the throne, with trembling heart,
 The year was done.
 "Have you a new year for me, dear Master?
 I have spoiled this one!"
 He took my year, all soiled and blotted,
 And gave me a new one, all unspotted,
 Then into my tired heart he smiled,
 "Do better now, my child."

Author Unknown.

God holds the key to the new year. May we all be able to say with the Salvation Army lassie, "I don't know what is in the future, but I know the Lord is in the future, and I am in the Lord."

Prayer—Father, thou hast been our guide and our protector throughout this year, and we thank thee. Forgive us all our sins, and go with us every step of our way. Amen.

(The following are prepared by the editor—filling in a gap)

Wednesday, January 1, 1941

Reading—Philippians 3: 13-16.

Thought for the day—"Forgetting those things which are behind . . . I press toward the mark."

At the beginning of the new year we recall failures and successes. But they must in no way hinder us in earnest endeavor to reach the high aims and worthy goals of our best selves. "I press toward the mark" should be the mind of us all as followers of the Christ. Victories in the past should encourage the soul for the contests ahead. Failures should but put iron into the determination against mistakes in the future. "Be of good cheer," said Jesus, "I have overcome the world." With him we can overcome.

Prayer—O God, help us each one to face the new year with courage and decision. We thank thee for thy lovingkindness and patience. Use us, this year, victoriously for thy glory. Amen.

Thursday, January 2

Reading—1 John 2: 1-7.

Thought for the day—He that saith he abideth in him (Christ) ought himself also so to walk as he walked. (1 John 2: 6.)

The writer is saying that our love for God is manifest and measured by our keeping his commandments. Jesus says he has kept the Father's commandments. If we walk today as Jesus walked, we will walk in the way of God's law. In that way will be found peace and joy. In that way we will be humble, faithful, helpful; in that way love will predominate. "Hereby we do know that we know him, if we keep his commandments."

Prayer—Help us, our Father, this day to walk in right paths, to serve in right ways, to show the Christ spirit, to love thee supremely, and our fellow men as we ought. Amen.

Friday, January 3

Reading—1 John 3: 1-5.

Thought for the day—Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear

what we shall be: but, we know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is. (Verse 2.)

A small boy looked through a shop window upon the likeness of Lincoln. In reply to a stranger's question he replied, "Oh, sir, I want to be like him!"

The cry of the true Christian's heart is, with reference to his Lord, "Oh, I want to be like him!" And the promise is that we shall be—when "we see him as he is." May the beauty of Jesus be seen in you and me today, and during the days of this year.

Prayer—O God, unto whom all hearts are open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid, speak peace to our troubled hearts and keep us serene and steadfast and confident in the assurance of thy constant love and care. Vouchsafe a double portion of thy spirit to us, we beseech thee, and increase in us the spirit of helpful and unselfish service. Help us to grow in grace and in the knowledge and love of our dear Lord. So may we adorn the gospel of God our Savior, and to thy great Name we shall ascribe the praise. Amen. —Selected.

Sabbath, January 4

Reading—Isaiah 58: 13, 14.

Thought for the day—And (Jesus) as his custom was went into the synagogue on the sabbath day. (Luke 4: 16.)

Jesus it was who said "the sabbath was made for man"—that is, for his highest good and development.

Let us not have to debate the question of going to church on the Sabbath. Let it be our delight to go, our disappointment to stay away.

"O come, let us worship and bow down; let us kneel before the Lord our maker. For he is our God; and we are the people of his pasture, and the sheep of his hand." Psalm 95: 6, 7.

Prayer—
God of the Sabbath, unto thee we raise
Our grateful hearts in songs of love and praise.
Maker, Preserver, all to thee we owe:
Smile on thy children, waiting here below.

Amen.

(Mary A. Stillman.)

"The revealing of the kindness of God created a new world of joy and gladness. Injustice and evil bring unhappiness. Most of the sorrow and wretchedness of the world is preventable, as it is due to the reckless choice of evil instead of good."

THE UNITED STEWARDSHIP COUNCIL Value to Seventh Day Baptists in Belonging

By Rev. Harley H. Sutton

Stewardship has always been taught, more or less, in the Christian churches. The United Stewardship Council had its beginnings in an effort by the Laymen's Missionary Movement to promote stewardship.

During the Interchurch World Movement, 1919-20, representatives of different denominations met to discuss common problems of stewardship. The council is a result, and held its first meeting September 23, 1920. Bishop Ralph S. Cushman was the presiding officer.

In the past twenty years the council has held approximately forty stewardship conferences. A set of principles of stewardship, adopted years ago, has been given wide circulation through the country. What was named "A Business Man's Platform" was issued soon after. Later a long list of leaflets, pamphlets, and books was printed and circulated in numbers that have reached a few hundred thousand for some of the leaflets. Two study books have been circulated interdenominationally. Thousands of study classes have been held in various parts of the country. A list of approved books on stewardship is issued every few years and is circulated among many people. Every January the council prints and distributes the statistics of giving in the various denominations. The Education Committee of the council co-operates with lesson writers of church schools to provide material on stewardship. Essay contests, poster contests, special material for different age groups the council has helped in promoting. Members of the council have met with leaders in Great Britain, Europe, and Asia to help promote stewardship in these countries.

We believe there is real value in Seventh Day Baptist membership in the council. In the first place, by membership Seventh Day Baptists are joined with twenty-four other Protestant denominations in the promotion of this very important phase of the gospel. It is not a plan for financing churches, but for teaching the stewardship of all of life.

In the second place, our denomination shares with other members the value of its

compiled lists of stewardship materials. The Committee to Promote the Financial Program of the General Conference has used many of these recommended materials, and much good has been derived. Materials are sent often to the representative of our denomination on the council, and only that which limited funds permit can be sent out to pastors.

In the third place, there is the opportunity of spreading our doctrine as our giving reports are sent in to the council, and as our representative meets with those of other denominations at conferences on stewardship and discusses with them our beliefs. In this regard our opportunity is as great as our participation. Therefore, from the selfish viewpoint of valuable suggestions we get from other denominations as to the way to promote our financial programs, and the unselfish viewpoint of joining in this great interdenominational agency of promoting stewardship, our denomination receives much real value from membership in the United Stewardship Council.

CHILDREN'S PAGE OUR LETTER EXCHANGE

I did not have anything to do so I thought I would write to you.

Our school will close Friday, December 20, for Christmas vacation, and take up again Monday, December 30, 1940.

Nancilu and Vic are going to bring Ruth down for Christmas. She is in school at Alfred. Vic's school closes Friday, December 20, too. They expect to get here on the twenty-second. We have to get a Christmas tree by the last of the week for them.

Mira Ann Bottoms, Uncle Ary's girl, lives about three miles from us. We go up there nearly every Sabbath. We may go up there tomorrow. One day we were going up to Mira Ann's and we locked Sparky, my dog, up in his house to keep him here. When we got up on top of the mountain, we looked back, and he was running very fast behind us. Gilbert had turned him out.

One day Dan and Daddy were in Huntsville, and a policeman came up and caught Daddy by the arm and said, "Hey! Whose boy is this?" very gruffly.

"Mine," said Daddy.

"What is his name?" said the policeman.

"Tell him your name, Dan," said Daddy.

"Daniel Madison," answered Dan. And Daddy said, "My name is Butler."

"How is this?" said the policeman. "Your name is Butler and your son's name is Madison?"

"Daniel Madison Butler," said Dan.

"How old are you, son?" "I am twelve," said Dan. "Oh!" said the man. "A boy seven years old is lost. He is about your size."

Daddy and Dan went to help him hunt for the lost boy. He had thought Daddy had kidnaped Dan and that Dan was the lost boy. It was very funny.

Now I will tell you about my pets. My dog comes first. He is a funny little dog. You may not think he is very little. He is about nine inches high and eighteen inches long. He is black and white and has a little tan on him.

Next comes my kitty. She is nine inches long and five inches high. She is black. I named her Figaro for the kitty in Pinocchio.

An Indian came to our school one day. He danced the sun-dance and the war-dance. He taught us how to talk a little of the Indian language. "Coooca" means water in Indian.

I had better quit and eat supper.

Your friend,

Betty Butler.

Woodville, Ala.

Dear Betty:

I have enjoyed your nice long letter and had a good laugh at your father's and Dan's funny experience with the policeman, but I'm wondering if they succeeded in finding the lost boy. I hope so, and that you will tell us how and where he was found in your next letter.

Now I have another short dog story for you which I have just heard over the radio. This time it is a Christmas story, which I'll tell in my own words.

Sincerely yours,

Mizpah S. Greene.

Bobbie's Christmas Gift

Bobbie did not like to write letters; it was such hard work to spell the long words. But there was one Christmas present for which he longed with all his heart, and that was a dog. Santa Claus would surely bring him one if he knew just how badly he needed a good dog. And how would old Santa know he wanted a dog if he did not write and ask him for one? So a few days before Christmas he wrote his letter to Santa Claus ending with, "You do not need to bring me anything else for Christmas if you will only bring me a dog. Please, please, dear Santa, bring me a dog."

His mother said she couldn't be bothered with a dog in the house; that he could have anything else he wanted but no dog. His father said Santa Claus was out of dogs, but over and over Bobbie cried, "I want a dog! I want a dog! A dog is all I want."

He thought his daddy and mother would forget to send his letter to Santa, so he decided to go down town, find Santa, and ask him for a dog. He put on his warm coat and cap and slipped quietly out of the house. It was a cold, snowy night and Bobbie was a very cold, weary little boy when he reached the corner ten cent store and found a big Santa Claus tramping back and forth to keep warm. "Are you Santa Claus?" asked the little boy timidly.

"You bet I am. What do you want, Kid?" was the answer given in such a big, gruff voice that Bobbie was afraid and ran down the street as fast as he could go, but at the very next corner, to his surprise and joy, a forlorn Airedale dog rubbed against his legs. He answered to the name of Rover.

"You are going home with me, Rover," cried the happy little boy. But he did not know the way home. He was lost just as the dog was. At last he sat down on some steps, with the dog cuddled close beside him, and went to sleep, with the soft snow falling upon him.

In the meantime Bobbie's parents had missed him, and after calling and searching in vain, called in the help of the police. At last they received a telephone call from the station that the little boy had been found and hurried over after him. He was soon held close in his mother's arms. "Where did you find him?" asked his father.

ATLANTIC CITY MEETING OF THE FEDERAL COUNCIL

December 7-13, 1940

(This report on some of the week's high lights is not intended as a complete summary of activities)

The joint meetings of seven national interdenominational agencies of our churches at Atlantic City this month mark a notable advance in co-operation and unity among Christian forces—co-operation in work and unity in witness. The churches themselves have been making significant progress during recent years in a concerted approach to their common problems through the several agencies which facilitate co-operation in their respective fields.

Now the co-operative agencies themselves are demonstrating at Atlantic City a measure of co-operation which is significant. During recent years these agencies have achieved a greater co-ordination of efforts than has been apparent to the outsider. Their staff secretaries have co-operated in field work and are frequently collaborating on joint services and programs of common interest to the churches.

The joint meeting this month will dramatize the general recognition of the fact that the interests of these several agencies are interests of the whole Church and can be further integrated to the mutual advantage of all the strengthening of the Christian enterprise.—Federal Council Bulletin.

High point Monday was the merger of the Council of Women for Home Missions and the Home Missions Council, to be known henceforth as the Home Missions Council of North America.

The following officers for the combined councils were elected: president, Dr. G. Pitt Beers, Northern Baptist, New York; first vice-president, Mrs. Norman Vincent Peale, Reformed Church in America, New York; second vice-president, Dr. E. Graham Wilson, Presbyterian U.S.A., New York; secretary, Mrs. D. Burt Smith, United Lutheran, Philadelphia; and treasurer, Miss Bettie Brittingham, Methodist, New York.

In the Tuesday afternoon joint session Dr. Adolf Keller, general secretary of the Central Bureau for Inter-Church Aid, Geneva, Switzerland, listed three perils confronting the

"On a back door step almost buried in snow. If it hadn't been for your dog barking so loud he would have frozen to death before we could have found him," answered a big policeman.

"Dog! We have no dog!" cried the mother.

"Yes, we do have a dog now," said the father, stroking the dog's shaggy head.

So Bobbie had his dog for Christmas, after all, for no one ever came to claim Rover though Bobbie's father advertised for his owner. Even Bobbie's mother came to love the dog who proved to be the finest kind of playmate for the little boy.

AT CHRISTMAS TIME

When little children sit up straight
And act at table as they should,
When roguish eyes become sedate
And youthful minds are being good,
When coats and caps aren't left about
For someone else to put away,
Then you can know beyond a doubt
We're getting on to Christmas Day.

When little brother combs his hair
And even tries to wash his ears,
When no one answers: "I don't care!"
And bickering wholly disappears,
When children stop to close the door
As they go scampering out to play,
Such sweet perfection proves once more
We're getting on to Christmas Day.

When little youngsters strive to be
Correct of manner and polite
And do the pretty deeds which we
Insist on day and night,
When they our teachings wise recall
And all their sombre worth display,
There isn't any doubt at all
We're getting on to Christmas Day.

At times I think the while I see
Them doing as they should,
I would not always have them be
So very, very good.
I long to see them free again
And often to myself I say
I'm glad they're perfect only when
We're getting on to Christmas Day.

—Edgar A. Guest,

—Westerly Sun

To the lawyer, evil is crime; to the physician, it is disease; to the reformer, it is vice; to the psychologist, it is a complex; to those in religion, it is sin. We find sin everywhere except in ourselves, and there we call it behaviorism.—Rev. Joseph R. Sizoo.

churches of Europe; poverty, oppression, and the temptation to compromise with a worldly and secular theology. "In the face of these perils," Doctor Keller said, "it becomes the clear duty of Christians to preach the Word of God; to maintain the spirit and institutions of Christian solidarity; to take care of refugees of which there are now as many as five million in concentration camps, barracks, and under trees along the streets, not knowing what their future is, or whether or not they will starve."

At the Tuesday night joint session, Dr. Halford E. Luccock, of Yale University Divinity School, said: "One of the great liabilities of the United States today is the danger of a blackout on all kinds of social welfare in the name of National Defense."

In his presidential address at a joint banquet Wednesday night, Dr. George A. Buttrick, president of the Federal Council, made a plea for a ministry of reconciliation:

Appeasement may blink at wrong, but reconciliation builds on truth. . . . Appeasement meets the occasions of war, while reconciliation grapples the causes of war.

Ocean ships must take their bearings from the sky: they are ruined and ruinous on this planet unless they honor a light above the planet. When ships paint their own sky on their own cabin ceiling, ocean roads become deathtraps and there are no harbors. We do not travel safely in this world except by heaven's light and the ultimate law of love. There is chance now, if the Church itself is penitent, that the earth may listen to the Church bidding it live by the Light above the earth.

At the same banquet, Dr. Georgia Harkness, professor applied theology at the Garrett Biblical Institute, Evanston, Ill., presented the biennial report on the State of the Church, prepared by a committee named by Doctor Buttrick. Some high points from her report:

In spite of disturbing news from various quarters of retreats on the part of the Christian forces, still the Church remains least shaken of all our major institutions.

First among all the challenges which confront the churches we place the need of a more adequate ministry to the souls of men. In this situation neither the routine of the ordinary Sunday service nor campaigns of mass evangelism will suffice. We must find time and place for the counseling of individuals. Ministers must

learn how to use, and not misuse, the techniques of mental therapy.

A point of chronic weakness in the Church is the inadequacy of its lay leadership. For this there are many causes, but two are of such seriousness as to call for much more forthright effort than has thus far been given them. One is a large gap between the churches and higher education. A second . . . is the failure of the Church to impart to its members, and especially to its young people, basic theological concepts through terminology which can be readily understood.

Not universally but too generally, any pressure by organized labor to disturb the status quo is regarded as an affront to Christian morality and decency.

A distinctive service of the Church is the maintenance of fellowship. This means fellowship—an attempt at mutual understanding—between pacifists and nonpacifists, interventionists and noninterventionists.

We move forward into the next biennium not knowing whither we go. We go in uncertainty but not in darkness . . . we go in soberness but not in defeat and not in despair. God lives. We are not alone.

(To be continued)

H. C. V. H.,
Corresponding Secretary.

OUR PULPIT

CHRISTMAS SERMON

By Rev. L. O. Greene
Pastor, Albion, Wis.

Text: "And they departed into their own country another way." Matthew 2: 12.

These words of Matthew, coming at the close of the Christmas story, shine with nearly as much radiance as did the star that guided the wise men to the place in Bethlehem where the Babe, Jesus, lay on that eventful night. These men who came with such pomp and rejoiced with such exceeding joy when they beheld the Child, could not have done otherwise than turn back home another way. Though they had been warned of God in a dream not to see Herod again for fear he might slay them, yet some greater influence must have exerted a strange power over them which could not be easily counteracted, for without hesitation they started out on their homeward journey another way. They had seen a star, high in the heavens, shining in great splendor, heralding a new order, a star of peace, of divine inspiration, and heavenly glory. Voices came

to them singing hymns of peace and the eternal hope of a new Prince who should be the leader of theirs and future nations. They had laid their gifts at the feet of this innocent child and worshiped him. To turn from all this and go back the way they had come would have been entirely out of harmony with such an experience of men in whose hearts was shining such radiant hope. There would have been little to look back upon in days to come if they had. How otherwise might they expect the glow of fresh courage and lasting peace? There was no way back home except by some other path. We need to remember they were wise men.

These men came from beyond the bounds of that chosen race in which this Child was born, whose lives were mixed with covenants, oracles, fires of Sinai, and noble deeds of their fathers. They had come, no doubt, from Persia where they had been engaged in fruitless attempts to read the fortunes of men as they gazed at the stars. This night must have made known to them that no plainer revelation of God's goodness and power and wisdom stood before their eyes than the cold splendors of the midnight sky. They were soon to know that the Child they had worshiped would some day teach them the greater significance of the most splendid of all stars, the Star of Hope.

Power of the New Light

In their journey from the Holy Land, they had strained their eyes to heaven with night-long solemn vigils to see a last faint glimmer of the star which had led them there, but now every star in the sky above told them of a Redeemer who would come to them to drive out all superstition, doubt, and fear, and in its place bring faith, love, and assurance. Their prophet had been Zoroaster, a mysterious, mythical being, ever vanishing in the shadows of uncertainty; but now the God of the heavens who made it possible for them to find the manger would be to them a real, living, faithful director of destiny whose way is certain because founded on truth and eternity. Their former religion was the best, to be sure, outside of Judaism. Their sacred books gave evidence they were not degraded nor sensual idolaters. They believed in much that was good, such as immortality, judgment, prayer, honesty, and

obedience. They practiced many moral virtues and they were intelligent, upright, hospitable; but they needed and were now to receive in the worship of a new Christ, a refinement of spirit, a more delicate sense of duty, a new Christian interpretation of the relationship of men.

Seeking One to Worship

When they came to the place where the star halted, they asked for one whom they sought as a leader. They were wise men and kings, yet they had been led on for many days to seek one in whom they could find guidance. We might easily understand how they could be asking for bread after their long journey, or for money to buy what their wants might need, or for one who, since they craved for wisdom, might tell them hidden things they would like to know, or perhaps for one who could help remove the sting of a guilty conscience and bring them peace in the event they had offended one of their gods, or even for one to strengthen their wills or encourage their souls for a more purposeful life, but strange indeed does it seem that they were looking for a spiritual guide and, stranger still, that they expected to find him in the form of a little child. All these things may have been in their minds, yet most important of all they were seeking for one whom they might worship, one to whom they could pay reverence, one whom in the years to come they could obey and serve. They felt that the whole distracted world of which they were representatives needed to be governed, bound together, engaged in a common task. It might require a leader from another nation and, when the guiding star led them to him in that secluded place where the Ruler of the universe had placed him and protected him for this event, they gladly acknowledged him as the one they sought and then they went back to their homes another way, for they went with a new purpose to serve a new leader, the Christ of Bethlehem.

Our Present Need

In a day of such anxiety, in a world so torn by strife, we need to follow the star to this same Christ. No matter how wise we may think we are, we, too, must feel the need of a presence greater than ourselves, if we are to be saved. How great is that

need for one who can stimulate, enforce, inspire. This same Christ, and no other, can do exactly that for men today. We have not gone beyond the need of one whose behests we deem it an honor to obey and whose principles of living should guide us in every experience. We have not yet begun to live, if not dominated by such a presence. Life has not yet reached its zenith, souls have not been born again. The world still needs not three, but millions of men who find Christ's leadership a compelling guide in the paths of service and obligation. We must go back this new way to find the true joy which comes with every recurring Christmas.

The New Way

The Magi came that night not only to find a leader but a king. We may wonder why they were seeking one of title, and if so why they expected to find him in the despised nation of the Jews. They likely had given the matter no thought as to the way in which he would receive this honor. They were not interested whether he would reach his throne by vote of men or by his own courage, wisdom, or wealth. They knew nothing of his family or his divine appointment. It is quite certain they had known of Saul and David, but they did not call for them. There was already a king in the land, a powerful ruler, cruel and unscrupulous, the very one to draw men from the East with his magnificent acts and charms of awe. But he was not the one, for he was not a Jew nor of David's line. They saw nothing in Herod to inspire their worship. Had he been all they could find, they would have taken their gifts and gone back home the way they came. Wise men needed more than the common. Any king could have offered them honor, position, lands, or wealth. But they wanted more; they were seeking for what they must have realized Jesus was able to fulfill in them. They could not go back the way they came because he was to lead them, lead them in a new way, perhaps a strange way for them, and they were to go not across a desert where food and water are scarce, not in paths of waste and desolation, but Christ was to lead them down through the valleys, valleys of peace and plenty, roads blossoming with fruits and roses, ways in which men's hearts would

find reason to rejoice, paths where men would be inspired by holy example to extend love and kindness to others and help bring peace to the world, because there would be no occasion for hate, malice, and greed. This was the new way of the wise men, a way where men would want to bring their very best gifts—gifts better than frankincense, yes, better than gold, even the gift of their own lives in a sacrificial loving service for God and humanity. And ever since that day when men have wanted to do great things they have sought this King who was first discovered in Bethlehem, and they have gone down this new road where nothing has hampered them. They have first given the greatest gift, their own lives, then they have been free to follow in any service the King had for them, and they have found joy in it because the way has been strewn with everything that makes men's souls happy. The wise men who marked out this new path little realized how much joy might come to the great throngs who would follow in their train down through the ages. We worship this King on this happy Christmas day.

The Way of Peace

It was the King of the Jews they came to find. How strange, for they were not Jews themselves. They were strangers to the commonwealth of Israel, yet they were to find much in this strange nation to fill them with a sincere faith and love which men had never known before. This was a nation which had been buffeted on every side yet not destroyed, a nation which had worshiped an unknown God with their psalms and offerings with a devotion that might shame any people, a nation whose undying love made them ready to suffer anything, as the great Apostle Paul proclaimed, that he might preach the gospel. This was the way back home for the wise men. They must learn that his kingdom was not of this world. The penitent thief on the cross must have sensed it for he said, "Remember me when thou comest to thy kingdom." He saw in some mysterious way, just as the whole world must know, that it must come by the way of the cross. So the wisdom of the wise men was increased as they hurried back home this new way to follow him. They saw that the whole world must bow

before him, that his kingdom was for all men and the brotherhood of men must be realized in the hearts of every believer. If they were to accept the Fatherhood of God and the Sonship of Christ, they must treat their fellow men as a part of their own household. If, as they journeyed home, they had seen what we now see in nearly every part of the world—the misery, shame, and devastation of a terrible war, a war that has never had its equal—their hearts might have sunk and their jubilant spirits quickly vanished. They might have questioned the purpose of this kingdom and the efficacy of this Leader and King. But they pictured a new world which Christ was able to bring and which to this day he can still make perfect and will redeem when men's hearts are ready to receive him.

It looks as though the world had completely lost sight of this King and had gone back home the old way, and we wonder what has come of the quest of the wise men of old. But the spirit of Christmas encourages us and we are reminded it is not too late yet for us to take another way. When this conflict of nations ceases there must be a going back in the trail so long ago set for us, and the kingdoms of this world must become the kingdom of our Lord.

Childlikeness

We are told that the star on that eventful night led the wise men to a cradle in Bethlehem and "stood over the place where the young child was," and they were satisfied. They sought a king, but found a child. To us this might seem like a grave disappointment, and would have seemed so had they not been wise enough to see that their trouble in getting there was to teach them the precious lesson that true greatness consists in childlikeness. Isaiah had long before prophesied that "a little child should lead them." Apparently it did not enter their minds but that he was able, at that very moment, to rule them. From that very day as they returned home another way his influence on them would ever increase to hold their loyalty. He was endowed with the same faith, simplicity, meekness, and love that any child should have in any generation. He was divinely appointed to use these qualities to lead all men into the same

simple faith and love. Years later in his active ministry he said, "Blessed are the meek for they shall inherit the earth," and he had proved his right to live and teach men. So the wise men knew they needed to be humble and ready to learn.

Down through the ages the necessity for meekness has not changed. In fact, there was never greater demand than now. The childlike meekness which we inherit as his sons is a positive assurance of divine blessing. Christmas cannot come to us and leave us a better people unless our hearts have been mellowed by the influence of his great example.

Light of a New Day

Finally, let us note that on this glorious night the wise men had come face to face with one who, in years to follow, was to bring light to all mankind wherever they were willing to receive it. As the star in the east shone with all its luxuriant beauty to point the way to the Giver of light, so was he, as he grew to manhood, to come to full radiance that he might show them how to become the "children of light." Just now all light should be turned on this Child who said of himself as he went about teaching his disciples, "I am the light of the world." In his light all men must travel new but well-illuminated roads. As light dispels fear and doubt and despair, men will grow to such bravery of soul that nothing will stop them from their onward course to spread the truth for him. Many a way in life is fraught with grave dangers and light will be needed. The birthday of our Lord is reminding us that he came to bring this light. A new day must dawn right speedily, both in the hearts of men and of nations, if the way to truth and life and light is to become an open road to weary feet who are seeking the way back home. A new day will dawn when men are more concerned about the light of the World than anything else. It must become a universal light. It must be a safe light, dependable, constant, and eternal. There is a light which flashes and is gone. There is a light which deceives and leads astray. There is a light which promises but does not fulfill. To follow such a light would be to go back the way we came. But there is a light which is just ahead and stops where we should go. It is a light

which we must follow if we would arrive. Its beams never fail and it always points toward the Christ. The spirit of Christmas brings it to us. Men prefer this light to darkness when once it shines in the heart. It is the way for 1941. It cannot be neglected if we want "peace on earth, good will to men." May mankind now not let it slip. It must guide the world before we fall into the calamitous abyss from which there may be no rising. It must burn with a new glow in every Christian heart until by the miraculous power of this Infant it will shine out where the drab scenes of destruction can see its gleam and take hope. It must penetrate the dark recesses of cruel, war lords of devastation until it mellows and brings back to life the strangled spirit which, we trust, God once placed there. There must be no necessity for future "blackouts." Let us follow the wise men.

DENOMINATIONAL "HOOK-UP"

Alfred, N. Y.

The report comes from the Mount Morris Hospital that Miss Miriam Shaw expects to be dismissed from the institution in two months.—Alfred Sun.

Salemville, Pa.

A farewell gathering was held in the church on Tuesday evening, November 19, in honor of Rev. and Mrs. Marion C. Van Horn, who left Monday, November 25, for Salem, W. Va., where Mr. Van Horn will be employed as promoter of evangelism. He began his new duties the first of December.

A program in charge of Sherman Kagarise, chairman of the committee, was given. Two hymns, "There's a Wideness" and "My Father's World," were sung by the group. Scripture was read by Sherman Kagarise, after which Pastor Van Horn offered prayer. Professor P. G. Vonada and Marvin Foster entertained by rendering "Memories" and "Farewell to Thee," with accordion accompaniment. This was followed by short talks by Rev. W. N. Staufer, pastor of the Church of the Brethren; Rev. F. R. King, pastor of the German Seventh Day Baptist Church; and Rev. Mr. Van Horn. These were interspersed with a vocal duet, "If Christ Should Come," by Mrs. Mary Blough and Mrs. Melda Clapper, and the group singing,

"Somebody" and "Lead Kindly Light." Rev. Mr. King pronounced the benediction.

The refreshment committee then took charge and served a lunch of sandwiches, pickles, cake, and coffee to approximately sixty-five of the parishioners and neighbors present.

Both Rev. and Mrs. Van Horn were district officers of the Bedford County Sabbath School Association. Mr. Van Horn was also a member of the Bedford County Ministerial Association, the Salemville Band, and the Salemville fire crew.

He was a Sabbath school teacher, director of the Vacation Union Bible School, teacher of the Fourth District Leadership Training Class, and chorister of the church choir. He organized the Boy Scout Troop No. 61, acting as their leader.

Mrs. Van Horn was teacher of a Sabbath school class, was president of the Ladies' Aid society, helped to organize and was leader of the Girl Scouts, and was also superintendent of the Junior Endeavor society of the church.

Mr. Van Horn was pastor of this church for three years and five months. The summer of 1937, the members of the church furnished the parsonage. The Van Horns moved in the parsonage and served the church through July and August, returning to Alfred in September, in order that Mr. Van Horn could resume his studies in the seminary. The following winter he came down from Alfred once a month to hold week-end meetings. The spring of 1938, the church extended a call, which they accepted and moved into the parsonage in September of the same year, and have served the church very faithfully to this time.

In June, 1939, Mr. Van Horn returned to Alfred for a few weeks to finish work for his degree, remaining throughout the commencement exercises.

The church had the honor of being host to the ordination services of their pastor to the gospel ministry July 29, 1939, a day that will long be remembered by the Salemville folks.

The church is not only losing good leaders, but the folks of the entire community will miss Rev. and Mrs. Van Horn. They were good citizens and workers in all activities for the welfare of everyone, all of whom extend

best wishes to the pastor and his wife for success in their new work.

Correspondent.

Plainfield, N. J.

Thanksgiving was the theme of the morning worship November 16—emphasized in music, Scripture, and sermon. The union Thanksgiving service was held November 21, in the Trinity Reformed church.

Pastor Warren attended the ordination service of Paul Maxson November 22 and 23, at Berlin, N. Y. The pulpit was supplied by Rev. Harrington J. Underhill of the Netherwood Reformed Church.

"An Evening With China" was given November 30, in the Sabbath school room, under the auspices of the Women's Society. The first part of the program was given to music and a review of two books on China by Mrs. L. H. North. Then followed the play. The players did exceptionally well and presented China missionary work in a very realistic and touching manner. A collection was taken.

The following day two boxes of clothing were packed, to be sent to Rev. Ary T. Bottoms, for the needy people attending his school in the mountains of Alabama. This was a project of the Missionary-Tract Committee of the Women's Society.

Mention should be made of the good work done by some of the young men of the Pro-Con Group who washed the walls of the church parlor and study—preparing them for the painters. This was a hard job, and these young men deserve our thanks. The walls are now painted and the improvement is very marked. These rooms now correspond favorably with the other rooms, decorated last spring and summer.

On December 7, our pastor exchanged pulpits with Rev. Albert N. Rogers of the New York City Church.

In the absence of the pastor at the ordination of Paul Maxson, November 22, Miss Ethel Main led the prayer meeting, and on December 13, when the pastor attended a meeting of the Federal Council in Atlantic City, Miss Evalois St. John was the prayer meeting leader. Both were splendid meetings and proved the ability of the leaders.

Mrs. Everett C. Hunting is doing good work in taking charge of the small children

during the preaching service. This labor of love is much appreciated by the mothers, who are able to enjoy the morning service, knowing their little folks are in good hands.

Correspondent.

White Cloud, Mich.

The Auxiliary served the annual Thanksgiving dinner to about forty people besides sending baskets to those who could not come. A sacred program followed the dinner and was much enjoyed.

Friends of Nathan Branch will be sorry to hear that he has re-broken his leg by simply turning in bed. We have all admired his cheerfulness and fortitude during the long period he was confined to his bed. He had recovered enough to be out on crutches and had attended church services a few times.

We were all glad to have Pastor and Mrs. Maltby and family return safely to us, after a two weeks' absence. They attended the funeral of Mrs. A. E. Witter in Adams Center, N. Y.

Owing to bad weather and sickness our attendance is not as large as usual. However, our energetic pastor keeps the work moving. Friday evening Bible studies are being held each week at the church. Regular Sabbath services and Christian Endeavor are held on Sabbath day, besides the midweek prayer meeting at Fremont, which is thoroughly enjoyed by all who attend.

Miss Florence Emery, a consecrated member of our church, has accepted a position in the Girls Training School at Adrian, Mich. She with the help of two talented Christian girls (who have until now been working with the Adventists there) have started a Sabbath school in Adrian. Miss Emery has reported some direct answers to prayer and we hope and pray that God will bless their efforts and that his cause may be built up in that place. Miss Emery is also active in her work at the institution and has seen several girls come to the knowledge of Christ as their personal Savior.

Through a special donation and the birthday offerings our Sabbath school sent \$16 to Brother Bottoms in Alabama for his work there. The Ladies' Aid also has prepared a box of clothing for the needy in that field.

Correspondent.

DEAN BOND CORRELATES RELIGION AND DEMOCRACY

The United States has just given in no uncertain voice a demonstration of her strength and of the democratic way of doing things. Never before the last election had so many American citizens gone to the polls. While one candidate received a majority of the votes sufficient to remove any doubt as to the result, the defeated candidate received more votes than were ever cast before for one who failed of election. And now that Mr. Willkie has said, "Mr. Roosevelt is my President," every one who believes in democracy will say the same thing, and will act and talk accordingly. This does not mean that policies of the President will not be opposed by those good citizens who do not agree with him. That would not be democracy. It does mean that any citizen who opposes a particular measure in the program of the administration will have studied the matter first, and will have arrived at a decision through the use of his intelligence, and not through personal prejudice or political bias.

This is a matter of good citizenship. But it is a matter also of true Christianity. Christianity is a matter of the heart, of the inner life. It is a relationship, first of all, to God; a relationship demonstrated in the life of Jesus Christ, and through him made possible to all men. But such relationship to God works out in right human relationships. In a democracy the functions of citizenship may be exercised in an atmosphere of freedom. Therefore, the principles of Christianity expressed in all the relationships of free men, where every man is a sovereign, find expression through the individual citizen. In other words, it is in a democracy that the Christian may influence government most, and the "community of Christians" may go farthest in establishing the "Christian Community."

—The Beacon.

OBITUARY

Bowen. — Ethel Glaspey Bowen, daughter of the late L. Frank and Anna Ayars Glaspey, was born at Shiloh, N. J., October 29, 1886, and departed this life December 1, 1940.

On September 8, 1909, she was married to Harry L. Bowen. To this union was born one son, Walter. She joined the Shiloh Church De-

ember 24, 1901, and though unable to attend regularly and take a very active part for several years on account of poor health, she was always interested in its work.

Surviving her are her husband and son; a sister, Mrs. Bertha Johnson, of Pt. Pleasant, N. J.; and her mother, Mrs. Anna Glaspey, ninety years of age, who has made her home with her daughter for several years.

Funeral services were conducted by Pastor Lester G. Osborn. Interment was in the Shiloh cemetery. L. G. O.

Harris. — Elisa R. Harris was the oldest of eleven children born to David A. and Jeanette B. Randolph. She was born at Shiloh, N. J., on July 6, 1879, and passed away suddenly on December 5, 1940.

She attended school at Shiloh, later attending Temple University in Philadelphia. For several years she was an instructor in the Training School at Vineland, N. J. In 1927, she was married to Frank Harris, and was deeply interested in his three sons who were her nephews. In her family and church she was a kind and helpful worker. Besides her family many friends mourn her passing.

Funeral services were conducted at the home on December 7, by Rev. Lester G. Osborn. Interment was in the Shiloh cemetery. L. G. O.

Jacques. — Courtland S. Jacques was born May 21, 1863, and died December 6, 1940. His parents were A. C. and Harriet Stillman Jacques.

He was married to Lois Wilbur Preston, June, 1883. To this union two children were born, Mrs. Stella Clarke and Flora Jacques, both living in Little Genesee. His wife died in March, 1933. Besides his daughters he is survived by two granddaughters, Mrs. Helen Burdick of Murfreesboro, N. C., and Mrs. Hazel Grantier of Whitesville, N. Y.; one great-grandson; and one stepson, Archie Preston of Olean.

He had been a member of the Seventh Day Baptist Church at Little Genesee for years. He believed in its teachings, supported it, and studied the Bible faithfully. He will be missed by family and friends.

Funeral services were conducted by his pastor, Rev. Harley Sutton. H. H. S.

Thomas. — Abbie G., daughter of Edward A. and the late Mary B. Thomas, was born July 17, 1901, and died September 11, 1940.

On December 26, 1913, she was baptized by Rev. James L. Skaggs and joined the Shiloh Seventh Day Baptist Church.

The last twenty years of her life were spent in teaching school. The beautiful flowers, especially those from her pupils and fellow teachers, showed the high esteem in which she was held.

Funeral services were conducted by Rev. Lester G. Osborn, and interment was made in the Shiloh cemetery. L. G. O.

A man that heareth false witness against his neighbor is a maul, and a sword, and a sharp arrow.—Proverbs.

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NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION

THY WORD

A Lamp unto my feet and a
Light unto my path.

1941

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