

paniment arranged and played by Mrs. W. G. Johnson.

After the drawings, came the gift exchange, in which gifts were numbered and given out, Mrs. A. H. Babcock and Mrs. J. A. Barber, dressed as a gypsy, being in charge. Several boys and girls assisted in giving out the presents.

In keeping with the season, members of the choir of the Seventh Day Baptist Church presented in the regular services time Sabbath morning the cantata, "The Christmas Glory," under the capable direction of Mrs. Harlan Brennick. Mrs. W. G. Johnson was at the piano and Mrs. A. H. Babcock at the organ.

Previous to the entrance of the choir, Mrs. Brannon played appropriate hymns from the balcony.

After the voluntary, the chorus entered in processional, singing "O, Come All Ye Faithful." Opening exercises were conducted by Pastor Ehret.

Mrs. Claire Clement was reader. Solo parts were given by Mrs. Edw. Christensen, Dell Barber, Delmer Van Horn, Darryl Barber, George Clement. Mixed choruses, a male chorus, a quartet, and duet made up the program. The cantata closed with a stirring chorus, "Joy to the World."

The rostrum and windows were decorated in evergreen, Mrs. George Maxson being in charge.—North Loup Loyalist.

Nady, Ark.

Mrs. C. C. Van Horn is slowly recovering from a serious operation in the hospital at Little Rock. Friends wishing to communicate with her should address her, University Hospital, Little Rock, Ark. Her son, Rev. Marion C. Van Horn of Salem, W. Va., has been with her for some days.

Correspondent.

MARRIAGES

Coon - Phillips. — Rutherford H. Coon of Lincklaen, N. Y., and Mrs. Lida Phillips of De Ruyter, N. Y., were married December 16, 1940, at the home of Mrs. Phillips by Rev. Neal D. Mills. They will make their home in De Ruyter.

Wilson - Bond. — Dwight E. Wilson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob J. Wilson of Perrysville, Ohio, and Wilna V. Bond, daughter of Dean and Mrs. Ahva J. C. Bond of Alfred, N. Y.,

were united in marriage December 22, 1940, in the chapel of the School of Theology at Alfred. The father of the bride was the officiating minister.

OBITUARY

Babcock. — Malone S. Babcock, a retired farmer, passed away at the home of his son, Harry M. Babcock of Battle Creek, Mich., December 7, 1940.

Mr. Babcock, a son of Samuel L. and Almyra (Burdick) Babcock, was born in Adams Center, N. Y., June 16, 1849. After he had grown to manhood he went to Nortonville, Kan., when that state was just emerging from the pioneer stage. So he intimately knew the vicissitudes and hardships of the early settlers who developed those prosperous sections of the West. About thirty-five years ago he came to Battle Creek, which has since been his home.

On December 28, 1869, he was married to Miss Amy Green of New York State. Of the children born to them there are four sons who survive: Orestes, of Atchison, Kan.; Dr. Ralph W., of New York City; Sheldon G. and Harry M., of Battle Creek.

Mr. Babcock was a member of the Three-quarter Century Club of Battle Creek, having been one of the charter members and secretary for a number of years. This club, the first of many which adopted the idea in other places, was started by Dr. John Harvey Kellogg of the Battle Creek Sanitarium and was composed of persons who were seventy-five years old or older. He was also a member of the Seventh Day Baptist Church, first at Nortonville, later at Battle Creek.

Funeral services were conducted by Dr. Henry N. Jordan, chaplain of the sanitarium. Burial was in Bedford, Mich. H. N. J.

Fisher. — Mrs. Elizabeth McPherson Fisher, daughter of William and Mary S. McPherson, was born March 22, 1854, and died at the home of her daughter in Fairton, N. J., December 1, 1940.

She was married to Charles T. Fisher and to this union were born three daughters. She was baptized January 12, 1878, and joined the Marlboro Seventh Day Baptist Church.

She is survived by two daughters: Mrs. Albert Gadd of Philadelphia, Pa., and Mrs. Adelia Gandy of Fairton, N. J.; three sisters, Mrs. Margaret Drummond, Mrs. Etta Booze, Josephine McPherson; and one brother, David M. McPherson.

Funeral services were conducted by her pastor, Rev. Herbert L. Cottrell. Interment was in the Marlboro cemetery. H. L. C.

RECORDER WANT ADVERTISEMENTS

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

WANTED — Seventh Day Baptist farmer interested in renting dairy farm near Milton, Wis. Write Pastor Carroll L. Hill at once. 12-30-3w

The Sabbath Recorder

Vol. 130

PLAINFIELD, N. J., JANUARY 13, 1941

No. 2

SONG OF A PILGRIM SOUL

March on, my soul, nor like a laggard stay!
 March swiftly on. Yet err not from the way
 Where all the nobly wise of old have trod—
 The path of faith made by the sons of God.
 Follow the marks that they have set beside
 The narrow, cloud-swept track to be thy guide;
 Follow, and honor what the past has gained,
 And forward still, that more may be attained. . . .

—Henry van Dyke.

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The Sabbath Recorder

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EDITORIALS

HITHERTO

We are only a little way from New Year's day, when we think about fresh pages of life before us, unsoiled and white. New Year's day is a kind of milestone. We find milestones in the Bible—there was Jacob's Bethel and Peniel; Israel's Marah and Kadesh-barnea.

There was Samuel's Ebenezer. For Israel's complaints against God for their own failures and defeats Samuel had urged them to repent for, said he, "if ye do return unto the Lord with all your hearts . . . and serve him only . . . he will deliver you." (1 Samuel 7: 31.)

The story says they repented and the Lord gave them victory over their enemy. And there Samuel set up a stone and called it Ebenezer—the stone of help—and said, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us." (1 Samuel 7: 12.)

It is always well to pause and think of what God has done for us. The new year is a good time to look back, to look up, and look forward. The backward look is one of review, of the counting of one's many blessings, of taking account of mistakes and failures. But, like Paul, then "forgetting the past," so far as failure, success, or blessing may hinder us or slow us down, we must press on toward the ideals and larger life in Christ Jesus.

This is involved in the "look up." The significant word here is "Lord." "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us." The great sin of our day is that of forgetting God. Loss

comes not only from denying deity, of lack of faith in deity, but of forgetting God, ignoring him in our plans and purposes. "See what my hands have got me," we say. Now "Soul, take thy ease," or whatever you are able to take. This is the attitude of men and nations. But remember, "God is not mocked, for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." Today the world is reaping the whirlwind. This very fact should drive us back to God. "Hitherto the Lord." Up to this point the Lord has blessed and helped us. He will not forsake his own in the days to come. "Lo, I am with you alway." A recent meditation of the Upper Room quotes a little-known English author: "I said to the man who stood at the gate of the years, 'Give me a light that I may tread safely into the unknown,' and he replied, 'Go out into the darkness and put your hand into the hand of God. That shall be better to you than a light, and safer than a known way.'" Yes, let us put our hand in the hand of God, which will be safer than any known way.

Herein we will find courage and strength to "look forward." We need not be discouraged by the past. A splendid heritage is ours—but we must not be bound by it; it is a springboard from which we are helped to start ahead. We are not to be disheartened by the situation around us. Look up.

In looking and going forward, we will find much to be done and opportunity on every hand to shed a bit of light on the pathway of others. A Chinese proverb re-

cently came to our attention: "It is better to light a candle in the darkness than to curse the darkness." There is the candle of faith, of hope, of love, of service.

Let us light these candles in any darkness we may encounter and with courage adventure with God into the unknown of 1941, remembering our Ebenezer—"Hitherto hath the Lord helped us."

FEDERAL COUNCIL IN SESSION

A call to Christians to maintain spiritual unity and to banish hatred and hypocrisy was made by the Federal Council at the Atlantic City biennial meeting. The statement was reported through the Department of International Justice and Good Will and made in an endeavor to clarify the mind of the American church with respect to the present world crisis.

The call states that "It is not merely for the sake of their own souls that we urge Christians that they be not blinded by smug complacency or concentration upon self serving and that they abstain from hatred, hypocrisy, and the deification of the nation." But "we urge this also because statesmen are the inevitable prisoners of their environment, and the welfare of posterity now depends upon the existence of a public who are tolerant and serene in their judgments, who have sympathies which are generous and broad, and who are willing that their political leaders should exercise the powers of sovereignty for ends loftier than the achievement of some sectional advantage. Of all institutions, the churches are best qualified to perform this indispensable task."

The statement urged generous participation in "works of mercy and relief," warned the churches against becoming "agencies for the propagation of hate or ill will," and opposed any system which would "deny to men liberty of conscience."

The council in its seminar findings made a plea against anti-Semitism in America, declaring it to be contrary to the teaching and spirit of Christ. . . .

The special committee on The State of the Church reported the opinion that the "world's greatest hope" is the Church, the only one of our "major institutions" which remains "least shaken" in a world of hate and war and suffering.

The committee entered a plea also to Protestantism to make peace with labor. "The hiatus between the Church and labor is evident in the failure to enlist in any significant measure the loyalty or interest of underprivileged industrial groups," the report read. "In spite of a generation of 'social gospel' preaching, one is forced to admit that relatively slight impression has been made upon the economic thinking of the overwhelming majority of Christian laymen."

Another section of The State of the Church committee dealt with the need of two great groups for the Church's spiritual comfort, namely, the unemployed and the men in training camps. The first group "too often find in the Church neither vocational assistance, Christian fellowship, nor spiritual support."

"The other is the men in the training camp and military service. To put Christ in khaki is one thing; to bring Christ to those in khaki is another. The Church will fail at a crucial point if the complexity of the chaplaincy issue is allowed to curtail our spiritual ministry."

FIGHTING OLD BATTLES

An editor friend tells the story of a small dog that followed its master on his walks in the country. On the way the little dog chased a chipmunk that dashed through a hole in the wall and escaped. The dog stood at the hole and barked furiously. For many days, on subsequent walks, the dog always stopped at the same hole and barked. The friend was reminded in this of the fact that most of us spend at least some time every day refighting old battles, "barking at the spot where the enemy disappeared a long time ago."

Who of us in personal work in the church has not had to listen to someone retell an old grievance — someone, sometime, somewhere had treated him unkindly or unjustly. The mistake of a church officer or other church member is never forgotten or forgiven. Not infrequently in "refighting the battle" the chipmunk has become a striped "kitty." Much valuable time can be spent barking into an empty hole.

Preachers are not guiltless, sometimes, of doing something like that. It is easy to set up a man of straw to be demolished by

pulpit oratory. It is easy to discuss issues long since dead, issues that absorbed attention a quarter of a century or more ago. In a day of burning issues there is no time or call to fight the battles of earlier generations. These are times when priest and people must face present realities, face living issues. Someone has said, "A religion that cannot redeem life in the generation in which it is being preached has no right to claim any support from the people." Past victories, however glorious, will not suffice for the day in which we live. Today's battles demand the best of our resources of time and energy. There is no time to refight the old ones.

INDECENT LITERATURE

We believe a sincere and worthy fight against indecent literature is being carried on by the Catholic Church. In a report from a recent meeting of the American Catholic Bishops' Committee it was urged that the drive being made should not be considered merely a move by Catholics. The report asserts, according to Religious News Service, "We have repeatedly insisted that the drive against indecent literature should not be regarded as a Catholic drive, even though it be initiated by the Catholics."

Stating that the committee is greatly encouraged by the progress of the past year, Bishop John G. Noll, of Fort Wayne, cited attempts on the part of certain publishers of discontinued magazines to reach school children in the form of comic magazines. Warning of the danger of this new development, he said:

Since our last report we have learned that some of the very men who once published the worst sort of magazines, now discontinued, are doing a thriving business by publishing and placing on sale ten million copies a month of comic magazines which, however innocent their appeal to children may be, are calculated to do great harm to the morals and to prepare school boys and girls for the patronage, at a later date, of just such periodicals as the National Organization of Decent Literature is desirous of removing from circulation. Pastors and people must both be reminded of the dangers latent in these seemingly innocent publications.

The Sabbath Recorder is glad to call this to attention of pastors and parents, and to urge the timeliness of the work being done.

DAILY MEDITATIONS

(Prepared by Mrs. Herbert C. Van Horn)

Sunday, January 19

Read Matthew 7: 7-11. "Ask and it shall be given."

Another precious promise! But we shall mistake, I believe, if we think there are no conditions to this promise. For Jesus said again, "If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you" (John 15: 7). There is no need to lose faith in God if we ask for that which we do not receive. Perhaps we have not yet learned to abide in him. Or we may not fully understand the meaning of these words as Jesus intended. It would seem that he was speaking of asking for spiritual gifts rather than those physical or material. As the miner seldom finds the gold or precious stone unless he seeks for it, so it may be that we are poor in spiritual riches because we do not with persistence ask and seek and knock.

Prayer—Our heavenly Father, we thank thee for the "riches of grace in Christ Jesus." We confess that we have not always sought nor asked for the blessings for which the Christian should long most earnestly. Wilt thou look upon us with mercy and bless our strivings after good till we shall be satisfied only with fellowship with thee. Amen.

Monday, January 20

Read Matthew 7: 15-20.

Last summer in a Wisconsin park I found a tree with a strange fruit which my son identified for me as iron wood or "hop horn bean." After this, the fruit will cause me to know it, I'm sure. The orchard grower or small property owner who plants trees for fruit bearing anxiously awaits the first crop, that he may be sure that he has trees producing the fruit which he desires. There is no escaping the "fruit test." We should often like to think that the words and deeds of ours which do not measure up to the Christian standard are the result of some unusual stress and do not reveal the real trend of our thought and purpose. This may be true occasionally. In fruit or flower there is sometimes a "sport" for which no reason can be found. In the main, however, the fruit reveals the tree, the vine, or plant upon which it grows. "A good tree bringeth forth good fruit."

Prayer—Our Father, we pray that thy Spirit may so dwell within us and purify our hearts that from the life within may come forth good fruit to the honor and glory of thy name. Amen.

Tuesday, January 21

Read Matthew 7: 21-27.

It is much easier to be a **hearer, than a doer.** We enjoy the inspirational messages which we hear from the pulpits of our own churches. We are aroused by the sermons of Doctor Fosdick or some other great preacher, which come to us over the radio. Because our souls respond to their exhortations we are almost satisfied. Rather than that, we should never be content, as psychologists often tell us, till our aroused purposes or sympathies result in action. Our love and good will to be perfected must result in deeds of helpfulness. The principles of right action which we recognize must control our lives. "But be ye doers of the word and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves." (James 1: 22).

Prayer—O God, our Father, we would be humble and obedient. We recognize the authority of thy commandments and of the teachings of thy Son. Wilt thou help us to be doers of thy will. Amen.

Wednesday, January 22

Read Matthew 8: 1-3.

How quickly Jesus responded to the needs about him! A simple request, a touch of his garment, and the response was sure. It varied, it is true, according to the needs of the seeker. Not always, though often, was the cure immediate. Sometimes, in wisdom, a test must be made of the faith and willingness to obey.

We, too, are in need. We need guidance in our perplexities; we need courage when the way is dark; we need a spirit of humble submission to conditions and circumstances which are unavoidable. We need cleansing and a renewal of our faith. Jesus today is willing to hear our cry for help as he was of old among the sick and blind.

Prayer—O Jesus, we thank thee not only that thou didst walk among men as healer and friend, but that thou art with thy people still. Wilt thou cleanse our hearts anew this day and give us strength for our every need. Amen.

Thursday, January 23

Read Matthew 8: 14, 15 and Genesis 12: 1, 2. "And she arose and ministered unto them."

These words afford some comment upon the character of this woman who is known to us only as "Peter's wife's mother," and furnish also a hint as to the motive of the healing. She, when raised from her sick bed, returned to the household tasks which were her usual form of ministry. Though her tasks were lowly, when she was healed, she served. Abraham was blessed "to be a blessing." His service was the founding of a great nation. These two characters, far separated in time and circumstance, point for us again the lesson that blessings received are not for self alone but to prepare us for a ministry to others.

Prayer—Our Father in heaven, thou hast blessed us abundantly. We confess that we have been often selfish and used the good gifts thou hast sent for ourselves alone. Wilt thou grant to us the spirit of loving service, that in things both small and great we may minister in helpful ways to the needs of those among whom we live and work. Amen.

Friday, January 24

Read Matthew 8: 28-34. "They besought him that he would depart out of their coasts."

It is hard, nay, almost impossible to imagine that any people would beseech one who had performed a great and notable miracle to go away and leave them. Maybe they feared they might lose more property. Anyway, instead of bringing more needy ones to be healed while the opportunity was theirs, they begged him to depart. Do we realize how blessed is his presence? We may not actually want him to depart, but far too often we ignore his presence and forget him.

Prayer—O Spirit of Jesus, leave us not! In the fellowship and communion which is possible to those who love thee in reality, may we live today. Amen.

Sabbath, January 25

Read Matthew 10: 32, 33.

How shall we confess Jesus? By word and deed and faithful, consistent living. How deny him? Not only by word and deed, but by indifference and neglect. How hard it is to realize that "he who is not for me is against me." Today many will have opportunity to confess their faith by attendance, upon public worship. Every church bell that

rings, every humble worshiper who enters some house of God, every minister who proclaims a message of truth from his pulpit confesses Christ, the Savior. Every Christian who remembers the sabbath day to keep it holy.

Prayer—Dear Father, we thank thee for church bells that ring; for choirs and congregations that sing thy praise; for words of comfort and inspiration from thy servants in the pulpit; and for opportunity for quiet meditation and communion in our homes. Grant that today and every day we may faithfully confess thee and offer thee the sacrifices of a humble and contrite spirit. In Jesus' name. Amen.

MISSIONS

THE PLACE OF THE CHURCHES

During the first days of this month the attention of Christians has been called especially to the churches. It has been done through the Universal Week of Prayer for the Churches. If the Week of Prayer for the Churches did nothing else than this, it would have been much worth while.

The importance of the churches is generally underestimated by their members and leaders, as well as by worldly people. Perhaps the human mind cannot estimate the value of that institution which Christ founded and regarding which he said, "The gates of hell shall not prevail against it." The progress of the world the last two thousand years has come through Christ's churches. They survived the dissolution of the Roman Empire; they were not blotted out by the dark ages; they have been transforming all human institutions; and they have been carrying light, helpfulness, and joy to the ends of the earth. They are the hope of the world.

There are 240,000 churches in the United States and about 3,000,000 in the world. Some of these are large, with thousands of members, but the most of them are small. Though small, the hope of the world rests upon them in a large measure. The small churches are carrying on the work of establishing Christ's kingdom in their communities. Many of them need help in doing this. Their membership being small, they are not able to support pastors, and the work languishes. In our own land many small churches have died because they did not have the help which they needed, and on account of this the communities have become church-

less and are drifting back to godlessness. What is more, these little country churches are furnishing the larger city and other churches with their leading workers, lay and clerical.

Seventh Day Baptists face the new year with a large number of small churches which need help. What are we going to do? Are we going to let the cause of Christ languish because we do not give the help needed? We cannot afford to do this. We must recognize the place of Christ's churches and support them to the limit.

Miss. Sec.

INTERESTING NEWS FROM SHANGHAI

Dear Dr. Burdick:

On Sabbath of this past week, a friend, Mrs. Gasper, Doctor Crandall, Doctor Thorngate, Mr. Davis, and I made another visit to Liuho. It had been several weeks since anyone was able to reach there from the mission, as various bridges were out and there was no way to get around.

We left here at eight forty-five and did not arrive until a quarter past one. Under former ordinary circumstances, an hour would have been sufficient time to make the trip. The reasons for this were two: one, because the direct road is impassable from Shanghai to Da-Dzang; and second, we were detained at Lieu-Ka-hong, which is half way between Shanghai and Liuho, by the Japanese post there, who for an hour and a half refused permission to us to proceed. In other words, the insistence was that we should return to Shanghai.

Our passes were many among us, but at first they seemed useless. Mr. Davis reserved one pass, an anti-cholera inoculation certificate stamped by Major Otori, the liaison officer between foreigners and the Japanese forces, until the last. The men of our party listened with attention to all the refusals of the guard, then simply stated quietly that we had important affairs at Liuho and that we must certainly proceed to that place. Then we all sat back to watch. After a while all the passes were demanded, and again a refusal to allow us to pass. Finally, it was made clear that since Major Otori had issued and signed a pass and had personally given his consent, it would be necessary to return

to his office and ask for a second interpretation of Major Otori's pass, whereupon, we were bidden to wait a little, and in due time we were on our way toward Liuho.

At Liuho, we ate the lunch we had brought with us, then shortly went to the church where we held a very brief service. Flowers were in bloom in both the hospital and church grounds — heavenly bamboo, with its lovely red berries, chrysanthemums and narcissus by the quantity, and a dark red berry-bearing plant which we failed to remember by name. Lettuce and tomatoes and a few peas were available from the hospital garden. One of our important errands was to take money to our caretakers for the church and hospital. Need is great everywhere.

We reached home almost without incident shortly after six, thoroughly thankful for the day's blessings. I said "almost without incident," meaning we were so tightly wedged into the Ford, with people, books, lunch baskets, flowers, and vegetables, that we could scarcely get out when a Japanese sentry tried to open the car door and ordered us out before crossing a temporary bridge. This may have been a wise preventive measure, but we noted that a Japanese five-ton truck loaded to near capacity crossed without any hindrance. Two or three of the Japanese guard were very pleasant and affable young chaps, and upon the whole quite courteous.

Our winter is fortunately delayed. Coal is very expensive this year. We have had but one grate fire in the house so far this year.

Sincerely yours,

Mrs. H. Eugene Davis.

Shanghai, China,
December 9, 1940.

Dear Recorder Readers:

If all were as tardy about getting things done as I have been about writing this letter, not much would be accomplished. What was news a month ago has doubtless gone to you through other sources.

When the word came that all American women and children were to be given an opportunity to evacuate this part of the world, we were thrown into a state of uncertainty that was anything but conducive to calm thinking and efficient work (espe-

cially writing letters to the Recorder). But to some of us it gradually became clear that we might be called essentials, and so could keep on with our work. Doctor Palmborg had expected to return ere long anyhow, but it was hard to have to let Helen and the boys go when they had been here so short a time. For Marcia it was a bit different, for soon she would have to go anyhow to enter college. With the threatened prospect of closing the American school, we could not expect the young folks to stay. (Now the American school hopes to keep on until April, at least. However, most of the students have gone.)

By the time this leaves China, Doctor Palmborg, who sailed on the "Washington," and the Thorngates, who went the longer way by Australia, will have reached American shores. With the going of the editor-in-chief, we thought at first we could not put out our Mission Bulletin; but after we got calmed down, we reconsidered and chose Doctor Crandall to take that position. As a result she has done most of the work on the number which goes on this same mail. She has typed, got pictures ready, and generally supervised the work. We have now some five hundred on our mailing list. Whether all care for the bulletin and whether there are others who might better be included, we do not know. Your bulletin staff would welcome suggestions.

Others have written you of the death of Louie Wang. His little niece, Stephen's daughter, died of the same severe type of typhoid that took him. On Sunday we are to hold a memorial service. I need not tell you who knew him how greatly he is missed. It is a Chinese custom for friends of the family to give money when one of their number dies. The friends of Louie have been asked to make their gifts to an endowment for the science department of the Boys' High School—a lasting memorial to him. After the death of Louise Soo, teacher in the Girls' School, a scholarship fund was raised to help a child to study in the primary school.

On the tenth of this month the Yeu family expect to have a consecration service for the baby brother who has come to live in their home. We all think that this baby is very interesting and I say he should be a musician.

Many problems are coming up these days as a result of the political situation. The board of the Girls' School is meeting soon to consider some of the possible changes. We heard that our Girls' School is to be operated under the new Nanking government, but we feel sure that they have confused the name with that of another school. We have had no communication that such a move is to be made.

We all miss Doctor Palmberg very, very much and those who have been dependent upon her also miss her greatly. A more self-sacrificing person that she might be of help to others would be hard to find anywhere. We still feel that she may come back to China after a rest in America.

Those of us who are staying are doing so because we feel that in doing so we can continue the work that is ours. Some of it cannot be easily turned over to others. Mrs. Davis, Anna, and I have divided up the teaching that Helen was to have had. How we do hope that she may be back to take it up again next fall. We also need her for other work, so please do not let her stay too long in the homeland.

Yours sincerely,
Mabel L. West.

Shanghai, China,
December 6, 1940.

A LETTER OF TRAVEL

To the Sabbath Recorder
Plainfield, N. J.

This letter recites some of our observations and reactions gained on our trip to western North Dakota, which Mrs. Potter and I had the pleasure of taking by auto, this fall of 1940.

We left our home here in northern Wisconsin, near Washburn in Bayfield County, the morning of the twentieth of September. We were gone from home a little over one month, and drove a distance of approximately two thousand miles the round trip. We were making the trip to visit one of our daughter's family living in southwestern North Dakota, a few miles north of the state line of South Dakota, and six miles north of the little city of Lemmon, S. Dak. It was in this vicinity that we had filed on a home-

stead in 1906, three and one-half miles northwest of Lemmon, in what is now Adams County, N. Dak. We resided there until 1921, when we moved to our present residence in the northern tip of Wisconsin, a short distance from Lake Superior.

We had a most delightful trip and a wonderful visit with friends and neighbors of those pioneer days, many of whom we had not seen for nearly twenty years. The trip through northern Wisconsin and northern Minnesota through its wooded sections was delightful and most gorgeous with its setting of woods and lakes, with its varied tree-lined highways, a marvel of divine beauty and power. We stopped at Ferbus Falls, Minn., with another daughter's family, going out and returning. Fergus Falls is a very pretty city situated just east of the Red River flats of Minnesota, on the road to Fargo, N. Dak. From Fargo west to the Missouri River were broad expanses of rolling prairies; thence from Mandan, N. Dak., southwesterly towards the Lemmon, S. Dak., country, were broken valleys and rugged buttes, all breathtaking in their own particular beauty, that causes one to become impressed with the mighty power and majesty of our heavenly Father.

There have been many changes in this west river country of the Dakotas during these years of our absence. Many of the old friends and neighbors of those early days have gone, some beyond the skyline of life; others have moved elsewhere, like ourselves. But many are still carrying on to the best of their ability in the old homes. During the past ten years it has been a terrible test and tragedy for many of those remaining, for this locality was a part of the terrible dust bowl of which we read a few years back. How these people have endured and come through the ordeal of those devastating dust storms and endless winds and crop losses, with its attendant tragedy of hardships and privations—with smiling faces and a spirit of undying faith and hope—is a miracle that is beyond the power of the most gifted pen to portray. Many still live in those temporary homes of twenty years ago, almost without repair or addition since. Many others have had fair or good homes during the period; otherwise they also endured the hardships of these years.

In spite of all this adversity the average run of these settlers seemed to be of good spirits, happy, and looking forward to a better day for themselves and the countryside. Many of these people have raised families in these pioneer homes, that have grown to manhood and womanhood and married and gone to other locations. Many of the fathers and mothers are left alone on the old homes, growing white with the snows of life, still carrying on with that spirit of unconquerable courage and faith in God that is the most eloquent evidence of the quality and fiber of the average men and women who have followed the frontiers of our nation.

In these gloomy days of world conditions, when so much is being said about Hitlerism and its possible danger to our country, through invasion or fifth column activities, it should be a refreshing and encouraging subject for all fainthearted ones to contemplate this fiber of perseverance, hopefulness, courage, and faith in God that underlies the foundation quality of the men and women of our nation. And here is the most outstanding and illuminating feature about these folks of the western Dakotas: that through all the privations of crop failures and tragedies that life has handed them, they still cling to that unquenchable confidence and faith that God is with them through it all. And though their homes of twenty years ago may be more unsightly and drab from the vicissitudes of the years, their souls seem to be broader, brighter, and refined like gold tempered by fire, with a flowing consciousness that they have the Infinite One as their partner. Surely our heavenly Father as he looks down in his mercy on these settlers, and sees their faith, courage, and determination to carry on, full of confidence that the great Giver of all good will not desert them, will decide that such faithfulness and courage are deserving of reward, and will give it.

This season has been blessed with more moisture and a general improvement of crop conditions, and in their tired hearts there seems to be a refrain, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." Who knows but it may be the harbinger of a better day—that day when those prairies and hills will blossom again with their varied wild flowers, grasses, crops, and happy, contented people?

In closing, I believe if all of us who have had such experiences in our lives would go to our heavenly Father with our heartaches, despairs, and tragedies, and lay all before him, trustingly in faith and believing, we too would come forth refined and strengthened with a new courage and comforted with an abiding peace in our hearts that surpasses all understanding.

Mrs. Potter and I are nearing our sixty-eighth birthdays, and we are so thankful that through God's mercy we enjoy average good health and a host of friends. We miss the opportunity of a church of our belief, but we believe that that alone is not essential to true worship. We believe we can find the Lord in worship along with those who, may differ with us in some essentials.

God is good to us far beyond our ability to repay. We enjoy the weekly visit of the Sabbath Recorder, and like many others we would like to see it a larger magazine. However, it makes up for its physical size by being filled with much practical, spiritual dynamite, founded upon God's holy Word. Its editorials are concise and illuminating. The Daily Meditations column is a source of inspiration. The same can be said regarding mission letters and all departments. So, under the circumstances, we should all be thankful to our heavenly Father for his many mercies.

Sincerely,
Leon A. Potter.

Rt. 2, Washburn, Wis.,
November, 1940.

WOMAN'S WORK

GIVING

God might have used his sunset gold
So sparingly,
He might have doled his blossoms out
Quite grudgingly,
He might have put but one wee star
In all the sky—
But since he gave so lavishly,
Why should not I?

—Anonymous.

TURNING WHEELS FOR CHINA

By Ida Pruitt

Sixty million people bombed out of their homes and spread like human silt over the vast three fourths of China that is free, Would this silt be life-giving to the country

as the annual silt of the Nile, or was it coming in such a flood that, like the Yellow River, when the dykes break, it would be devastating and submerge the life of these western provinces? Sixty million refugees. The farmers did not need the refugees. There were enough farmers already.

China was faced with another great difficulty. Her coastal and big river valley cities in which eighty to ninety per cent of her modern industry was located were either destroyed or in the hands of the invaders. She was faced with a very serious shortage of the everyday goods of the everyday life of the people.

To give work to the people who had no work and to supply goods to the people who had no goods, and so help to keep up the morale of the country and help to strengthen the national economy, was the dream out of which was born the Chinese Industrial Co-operatives.

There were women in that original planning group which gathered around Rewi Alley in Shanghai: an American newspaper woman; Y.W.C.A. women, both Chinese and American; one woman whose husband is the chief organizer for the whole China Industrial Co-operative movement. Together they now work in the far northwest, building up the decentralized industry of China from grass roots, integrating it with the life of the farmer.

The refugees and the dispossessed people—I have seen them sitting in refugee camps, disintegrating as human beings. I have seen them working supporting themselves and doing their part in supporting what members of their families are with them. There is rarely, in present China, an entire family.

Typical of these men and women is the one whom we affectionately called "Mrs. Gumidge." She washed and mended for the staff at one of the regional headquarters, happy to have shelter and food. She came out of her little room, a half darned sock in her hands, to welcome me. After the gracious words that all Chinese know so well to say, I asked her where her home was.

"I am from Nanking," she said, "but I have no home now. My husband was killed and my sons were killed and my daughter-in-law lost. I am all alone in the world." She smiled up at me and went back to her mending.

She was wasting no energy in being sorry for herself or in railing at the enemy who had destroyed all that she loved and all she had. She was doing the job. There is a job to be done—the job of living—and all that is bound up in that concept. With many, with most, it is an instinctive process, perhaps so ingrained in the race that it seems inborn. There are also those who see the process of construction as the salvation of their country and of the world. These are the leaders. Such are the men and women who have gathered the refugees, the dispossessed, and formed them into industrial units, of which there are now over two thousand that are helping to make China's wheels go round, and are scattered in fifteen of China's provinces.

Adapted to Needs

The small industrial units are organized according to the goods to be produced, so in some of the units there are men only, in others, women only. But in most of them there are both men and women. They range in numbers from seven to thirty or forty to a co-operative.

In an old city in southeast China, I visited a co-operative that was making towels and socks. They had one big room. In the back were four or five towel looms operated by men. As hand and foot power must in most places still be the prime movers, at least until the war is over, it takes the heavier physique and strength of the men to operate the looms. A long table stretched the length of the room. At it were seated ten or a dozen men and women operating the small hand stocking weaving machines. Across the end of the room near the street was a counter, behind which was a show case stretching to the ceiling. A young man was there to sell the goods to any who might come. And on the sidewalk in front were an old woman and a young girl in her teens winding the yarn for the operators at the looms.

On the banks of the Yangtze in a bamboo hut I saw linen fiber being converted into absorbent cotton for the hospitals. There were the cutting machines, the soaking vats, and the machine out of which rolls the fluffy white "cotton," operated by men. The accountant was a woman.

In a village perched on the side of a Szechuan hill, miles from any city, men and women working together had rented rooms in a frame house and were turning out socks and stockings and toothbrushes.

In the Southeast Headquarters I watched the senior organizer, a graduate of Yenching University who had years of experience in the mass Education Movement in Tingshsein, talking patiently and explaining new methods to three unlettered women, wives of soldiers at the front. They were the committee to work out the plans for a co-operative to preserve meat!

Where refugees are concentrated the percentage of women is always high and the obvious thing is to organize them into sewing co-operatives. In the dry northwest, where the sun shines for most of the months of the year, the women spread their mats on the ground and make the green uniforms of the Chinese postal service, mattresses and clothes for the hospitals, as quickly as spinning wheels can be turned out by the CIC machine shops for them. They also work at woman's other traditional occupation. Sitting in their sunny caves or on the terraces in front of the caves, they spin the cotton and the wool that the men weave into cloth or blankets.

In the hot August days of 1938, when the Chinese government was preparing to evacuate Hankow to save unnecessary destruction and to make its seat in a place more defensible, Madame Chiang Kai-shek was thinking of the women of that great city of modern industry—of the spinners from the Hankow mills. She made arrangements for them to join the Chinese Industrial Co-operatives just starting in the loess hills of southern Shensi. There, in caves dug in the perpendicular loess cliffs, still wearing the aprons of the big mills, they are now spinning the yarn needed for the country. And their husbands, for whom there had been no work in the highly organized factories, now are doing something directly helpful to the national economy. They are banded into gold washing co-operatives and sieve the sand of the quick rushing northern rivers to increase China's gold reserve. These spinning women have their children around them, can stop any time they like to feed the baby. They can work in their own time and their own rhythm.

There are stories back of all this spinning and weaving. In these western provinces, where the people still live in the ways that were theirs in the Tang dynasty, the spinning was done with a stone at the end of the yarn. In one of the great universities, an American professor remembered the old spinning wheel in his mother's attic. He was an engineer. He took the spinning wheel and improved it and now it is being turned out by the thousands from the Chinese Industrial Co-operative machine shops. Men and women, growing boys and girls, are brought into the centers and taught how to use these wheels. They take them home to teach the men and women in their villages who have been formed into industrial units by the organizer who travels from village to village, from valley to valley. And some of these units have hitched their spinning wheels in platoons to a rushing river. It is a picture I carry always with me—women, thousands of women, spinning in small groups here and there, spinning — turning the wheels for China.

It is sometimes hard for us to realize that the women spinning in the caves of northwest China, the women sewing in the refugee camps all over the country, the women packing matches and drying meat in the southeast, are part of what is making our way of life still possible for us. It is hard for us to realize that should these women cease to turn the wheels of Chinese industry in their own time and in their own democratic way, then our freedom in the America we love is that much threatened. Only by uniting the forces of freedom can we all win against the forces of despotism. Our Chinese brothers and sisters do not need our fighting forces. They need our moral and financial help to be able to continue to help themselves. They are not waiting for it nor looking for it. Like my friend "Mrs. Gumidge," they have had the worst happen, they face their problem, they see what they can do, and they do it.

—From Church Woman.

(Miss Pruitt was for many years Chief of Medical Social Work at the Peking Union Medical College. She is now in America giving every assistance to interpreting the Chinese Industrial Co-operatives.)

"Kindness and helpfulness and loyalty are never fading flowers of life."

DENOMINATIONAL BUDGET

Statement of Treasurer, December, 1940

Receipts		December 1940	Total for 6 mos.
Adams Center	\$	65.15	\$103.75
Albion		10.00	69.72
Albion		10.00	69.72
Alfred, First		241.83	693.03
Alfred, Second			88.35
Associations and Conference			211.00
Battle Creek		141.40	350.70
Berlin			15.00
Boulder			46.35
Brookfield, First		34.33	74.08
Brookfield, Second		32.00	94.00
Daytona Beach			136.60
Denver		13.00	71.70
De Ruyter		17.00	110.50
Dinuba			11.30
Dodge Center		4.50	13.50
Edinburg		7.00	40.50
Farina		51.00	107.00
Fouke		25.00	27.75
Friendship		2.35	14.90
Gentry		1.00	6.75
Hammond		10.00	20.00
Hebron		3.41	19.19
Hopkinton, First		65.00	65.00
Hopkinton, Second			5.00
Independence		20.00	85.00
Individuals		106.00	574.97
Jackson Center		6.00	27.00
Little Genesee		46.94	179.23
Little Prairie		2.00	49.00
Los Angeles		5.00	15.00
Lost Creek		45.00	130.10
Marlboro		21.00	150.00
Middle Island		3.00	19.55
Milton		148.25	598.03
Milton Junction		97.83	282.32
New Auburn			7.00
New York City		48.00	229.10
North Loup			65.99
Nortonville			20.00
Pawcatuck		129.00	1,332.55
People's - Washington		5.00	10.00
Piscataway		79.00	100.73
Plainfield		156.35	922.60
Richburg		7.50	57.00
Ritchie		5.00	22.41
Riverside			293.10
Roanoke			5.00
Rockville		6.82	69.26
Salem		96.00	257.00
Shiloh		77.82	488.28
Stonefort			5.00
Syracuse		15.00	15.00
Verona		87.76	157.11
Waterford		10.00	60.00
West Edmeston			30.00
White Cloud		38.03	140.97

Comparative Figures

	This year	Last year
Budget receipts—December	\$1,684.91	\$1,279.98
Special receipts—December	332.96	252.97
Budget receipts—6 mos.	7,843.62	7,728.88
Special receipts—6 mos.	950.35	2,671.98

Disbursements

	Budget	Specials
Missionary Society	\$ 739.84	\$250.39
Tract Society	175.78	1.00
Seventh Day Baptist Building	111.01	
Woman's Board	14.79	5.00
Ministerial Retirement	92.48	
Historical Society	12.07	
General Conference	235.62	
Board of Christian Education	318.41	56.04
Miscellaneous - not denomi- national		20.53

Morton R. Swinney,
Treasurer.

Niantic, Conn.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

OUR LETTER EXCHANGE

Dear Mrs. Greene:

Santa brought me a typewriter for Christmas, so I thought I would type you a letter.

We had a nice tree and program at our church Sunday night before Christmas.

I read your page in the Recorder and I enjoy it very much. I see you haven't had many letters lately. I hope you get more letters from your many Recorder friends.

A Recorder friend,

Aubra Eugene Snider.

McWhorter, W. Va.

Dear Aubra Eugene:

I think a typewriter is a wonderful Christmas present and you are already using yours skillfully for you hardly made a mistake. Pastor Greene gave me one for my birthday a few years ago, to take the place of an old one which was thoroughly worn out after we had used it for a good many years, and I can tell you I was pleased, as I am sure you were.

Little Joyce had many Christmas presents, among them a fine big sled. But she had asked Santa to bring her a doll and a scooter. The doll came but not the scooter, but we found one for her birthday, which is today. She is just four years old.

Your sincere friend,

Mizpah S. Greene.

Dear Mrs. Greene:

We have only one week of vacation because we missed three weeks before school started.

I had a very happy Christmas. Christmas day we had dinner at Lima Center. Monday night the Burdick factory had their Christmas party in the high school and the children got boxes of candy. The church had their party in the church basement Christmas eve. I got a dial typewriter that I am writing my letter on, five handkerchiefs, a book, a small box of candy, and some other things.

Quite a few children around here have chicken pox, but I have had it.

I had perfect attendance in Sabbath school last year and this year.

We had quite a lot of snow here but it is nearly all melted. My brother and I made two snow forts and there is only a little left of the second one.

We have only six goats now, Polly, Molly, Dolly, Rosy, Posy, and Estrella are their names.

I cannot think of any more to write so I will close.

Your Recorder friend,

Milton, Wis.

May Burdick.

Dear Mrs. Greene:

For Christmas I got six handkerchiefs, a necktie, three boxes of candy and nuts, two books, a candy bar, a puzzle with a map of the United States of America on one side and a map of the world on the other side.

I will be twelve years old January 2.

The annual church dinner is Sunday, January 5.

Your friend,

Milton, Wis.

Oscar Burdick.

Dear May and Oscar:

I am writing a joint letter to you today so that I'll have room for one more letter on this page.

I am glad you, too, got a typewriter, May, and you are both pretty good typists for beginners. I am sure I made more mistakes than you when I first began to type and I still make them, to be perfectly truthful.

You were certainly well remembered at Christmas. I think I was, too. My most useful presents were an electric clock, a carpet sweeper, and a nice apron.

Your sincere friend,

Mizpah S. Greene.

Dear Mrs. Greene:

I am very sorry I neglected to write to you, and trust this letter will find you in the best of health.

I am learning to play the piano very well. Sometimes my sister sings while I play. We all have a good time in the Lord. My daddy just got a job. We all have been praying about it and our prayers were answered.

My sister now is four years old. She has grown very much since I have written to you, and I am very glad to be able to write to you. My sister likes music very much. If it's the Lord's will my daddy is going to buy her a violin, and she and I are going to play for the Lord. And we are going to do missionary work.

This will be all for now.

Anna Marie Fatato.

550 Manhattan St.,

Schenectady, N. Y.

Dear Anna Marie:

Will answer your good letter next week.

Sincerely yours,

Mizpah S. Greene.

OUR PULPIT

FRUITS WITHOUT LABOR

(Thoughts for a Communion Service)

By Harley Sutton

"Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them." (Matthew 7: 20.)

Fruit is the reward of labor, of growth. The business man measures his success by the increase of dollars over the number of dollars used in paying bills. The farmer measures the success of his crop by the number of bushels of corn harvested. What is more beautiful than a field of ripened grain, or an apple tree laden with ripened apples—the fruits of labor and growth?

A prophet died leaving his widow little besides a good name. This reputation is a priceless heritage. When the creditors had been paid the widow felt that she was penniless. In her distress she calls for help from the prophet Elijah. The first question he asks is, "What hast thou in the house?" This must have seemed mockery to the widow. But he was saying, "Find what you, have and use it." When you come to God

never say you have nothing, for from nothing comes nothing. What have you is the question, not what have you not. Dwell more on what you have and less on what you have not. Our strength lies in what we have. A rod in Moses hand, the mantle of Elijah, a few loaves and fishes plus God was enough and to spare. Find what you have and put it to use. Use begets increase, fruits. A visitor in a machine shop saw a magnet with a number of metal objects fastened to it and asked the keeper what he was doing with the magnet and he replied, "I am putting it to work. It has been lying idle and was losing its power. Now I will add new material to it each day and its power will increase as it works." There is a German proverb which says, "If I rest I rust." While we are working at our work, our work is working at us. As a man builds a house he is also building a man. If he puts only the best of materials into the house he will most likely be using the same kind of materials in his house of character.

We want to serve God but say that we have no talent. We think of those who can make great sermons, or go to foreign fields, or do some outstanding job. But there is other currency than silver and gold in the kingdom of heaven. A cup of cold water given in his name is not without its reward. Yes, if wishes were wings, we would all be angels. We must climb if we get to heaven.

The widow told Elijah that she had one small pot of oil. He asked her to bring the pot of oil and a number of empty pots, and begin to pour. This she did and there was plenty. The trouble with us is we want to see the oil before we begin to pour. But the increase comes by pouring. We say, "If I only had more help from God I would live a better life." Better make wise use of the help we already have from God if we desire more. "I would," is an impostor. He never built a church, or saved a soul, or gave a dollar. Don't count on what a person is going to give when he is making millions if he is not giving the right proportion of the pennies he is now earning. Unless we serve God in our weakness we will never serve him when we are stronger. "If I had I would," is empty air. What I have I will, brings the blessing.

If we expect rich fruit we should plant our own seed. From our ancestors we have

inherited belief in the Seventh Day Sabbath; from our parents we have inherited much of our good character, and development of our talents; from our nation we have inherited peace, and prosperity, and education. There is so much danger of drifting along on "Fruits without labor." Plant your own seed. Make your own Sabbath convictions, based on the past and present. Don't despise the little things. The home-made Christmas card is most welcome because it reveals individuality. Learn to stand on your own feet spiritually as well as economically, for use begets increase, and fruit. "I want to be thoroughly used up when I die, for the harder I work, the more I live. I rejoice in life for its own sake. Life is no brief candle for me. It is a sort of splendid torch which I have got hold of for a moment, and I want to make it burn as brightly as possible before handing it on to future generations."

The communion service is not a time to feel that Jesus paid it all, for there's a cross for everyone and there's a cross for me. Today we should pray for faith to begin to pour. We ought to find a cross to take upon ourself and bear it with the Christ who still struggles under his cross up Calvary. "Not everyone that saith unto me Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven." (Matthew 7: 21.)

Little Genesee, N. Y.

DENOMINATIONAL "HOOK-UP"

London, Eng.

A letter just received from Mrs. Gertrude E. Richardson, written under date of November 23, says that the home of her eldest step-son, Charles, was bombed about a month previous to that time, at four o'clock in the morning. The members of the family were entombed (Charles out on night duty), and not rescued for four hours. The wife and a friend of hers were dead. The others were uninjured. Charles and his son, and Mrs. Richardson's own son, Gilbert, were sleeping in the dining room of Gilbert's home, not far from the scene of the disaster. Mrs. Richardson, with Gilbert's wife and two children, was still at Minehead, in Somerset, where they expected to remain indefinitely.

Brookfield, N. Y.

In spite of heavy rains, about fifty people attended the Christmas exercises of the Seventh Day Baptist Sabbath school last Sunday night. The arrangements were in charge of a committee consisting of Miss Muriel Curtis, Miss Margaret Burdick, and Mrs. Francis Palmer. A program of recitations by pupils of the school was well carried out. There was also community singing led by Raymond Burdick, some musical numbers by "the Williamses," and a vocal solo by Kenneth Camenga. Gifts from the tree and refreshments brought a very pleasant evening to a close.

On January 1, Pastor and Mrs. Crofoot had open house. There were seventeen who dared the slippery roads. Chinese curios were shown and evinced a great deal of interest.

Correspondent.

Dodge Center, Minn.

December 8, the Ladies' Aid sponsored a birthday social at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Payne. There were twelve tables set, one for each month of the year, and decorated in keeping with the month it represented. Each person ate at the table representing his birthday month. There were about fifty present, and a fine time was enjoyed by all. The Sabbath school election was held after the dinner hour.

Tuesday evening (Christmas eve) the Sabbath school gave their annual Christmas program arranged by the committee, Mrs. Ethel Green, Mrs. Lottie Langworthy, and Mrs. Ardeth Green. The music was arranged for by Mrs. Thorngate. The church was nicely decorated and the committee deserves credit for giving us a fine program. At a particular point in the program the lights were turned out and candles were lighted at various places in the church while a Christmas playlet was rendered under the supervision of Mrs. Lottie Langworthy.

Last Sabbath Mrs. George Thorngate had charge of our morning service. She gave a very interesting talk on the conditions in China. We are all glad she and the boys made the journey home safely and are enjoying their stay with us.

Sunday, December 29, the annual church dinner and election was held in the com-

Mr. Charles H. Merryweather writes that, on a certain Sunday afternoon shortly before he wrote, he dropped into Westminster Abbey for the late afternoon service, which was attended by Prime Minister Churchill and members of his cabinet, when there was an alarm of an air raid. The minister in charge turned to the Prime Minister and asked what he should do. "Carry on," was the reply, and the service proceeded as usual, amid the sound of bursting bombs.

Mrs. Weeks, whose home was damaged by air raid, has gone to live with her daughter.

C. F. R.

New York City

Christmas began for the New York City Church at a carol sing held in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Royal Cottrell. In addition to singing by all, a group of soloists gave vocal and instrumental selections, and a very happy spirit prevailed. After the music a Sunday night buffet supper was served. The hostess is chairman of the social life committee of the church.

The Christmas Sabbath service is proclaimed the most beautiful ever held, and well that may be for it is something of a tradition improved and revised each year. Miss Virginia F. Randolph arranged and directed the presentation of "The Holy Nativity," and this formed the central part of the service after an act of preparation led by the minister. The service reached an emotional climax when the members of the congregation went forward and laid "white gifts" on the communion table in response to the invitation of an angel.

A musical setting for the play was provided by Mrs. Frances Terhune, organist; Mrs. Eleanor Anderson, soprano; Donald Prentice, cellist; and Albert Rogers, tenor. Unique was the fact that the host of angels included three pairs of sisters.

Seventh Day Baptists who may be in New York City on Sabbath day are urged to come to our service at 11:30 a.m., in the Judson Memorial Church, 54 Washington Square. It is easily reached by subway or by Fifth Avenue bus.

A. N. R.

munity room in the high school building, with about sixty present. Mr. Thorngate was called as pastor for another year. The God's Acre project that the Sabbath school attempted this past summer was a decided success. A patch of tomatoes for our local canning factory was raised. They picked and delivered something over four tons of tomatoes that brought a little over \$51.

The Christian Endeavor society is a busy lot of young people, with an attendance up to twenty. The society has been highly honored by having one of its members, Dorothea Payne, elected as an officer in the Southeastern District C. E. Association.

Our winter weather came early. We had the heaviest snowfall for December in history, it is claimed, but we are getting out of it very nicely by the help of warm weather that has melted most of the snow.

The Dodge Center people want to wish all Recorder readers a Happy New Year, and wish for ourselves that

"Some where, some way, some time, each day,
We'll turn aside and stop and pray
That God will make this church the way
Of righteousness to men."

Correspondent.

Fouke, Ark.

The Fouke Seventh Day Baptist Church had its annual Thanksgiving dinner November 28, at the hospitable home of Dr. and Mrs. W. J. S. Smith, with thirty-nine present, and ten dinners sent out to those not able to attend.

The church has sold the parsonage, the building formerly known as the "Teachers' Hall." A new parsonage has been built on the church lot, and it is hoped a pastor may be found to occupy it soon. The new building is 22 by 24 feet with porch both front and rear, the latter screened.

The Junior Christian Endeavor society under the direction of the superintendent, Mrs. Edgar Davis, presented a Christmas program during the regular hour of church worship, December 14. Decorations were of native pines, holly, and other Christmas trimmings. The young people, directed by Miss Ruth Joy Fitz Randolph, presented a Christmas program December 21.

As we enter the New Year, as a church we are looking forward to a brighter year than we have yet had.

Correspondent.

North Loup, Neb.

The annual church dinner of the Seventh Day Baptist people was held as usual in the church parlors January 1, 1941. In the neighborhood of one hundred fifty persons were seated at the tables, the waiters and helpers eating last.

The bad roads accounted for the fact that the number in attendance was not as large as usual—this, together with the fact that several families have moved away.

Varicolored candles in the new candle holders formed the decorations. Napkins in pastel shades were also used. Creating much comment was the sight at the doorway—a small plastic figure, labeled "1941," seated in a frying pan, over a seemingly hot electric grill.

As usual, the children were cared for in the balcony by Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Barber. About twenty-five were present, all enjoying a good time together.

Hot potatoes and gravy, with coffee, were prepared by the various committees. Families also brought sandwiches, dessert, and other food, and there was a great sufficiency for all.

Much time was spent in visiting and greeting friends. The quarterly church meeting was held at 2:00 o'clock. Dinner was served about 12.30.—North Loup Loyalist.

MARRIAGES

Nelson - Martinsen. — Erlo Nelson and Lela Martinsen, both of Milton, were united in marriage on Sabbath, December 7, 1940, at the Milton Seventh Day Baptist parsonage by Pastor Carroll L. Hill. The new home is at 411 S. Main Street, Janesville.

Seador - Bond. — Max Seador and Miss Leona Bond, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bond of Dodge Center, Minn., were united in marriage April 7, 1940, by Rev. Wallace A. Olson of Powderhorn Park Baptist Church, Minneapolis, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Carl Fritz, 2941 11th Ave., S., Minneapolis.

RECORDER WANT ADVERTISEMENTS

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

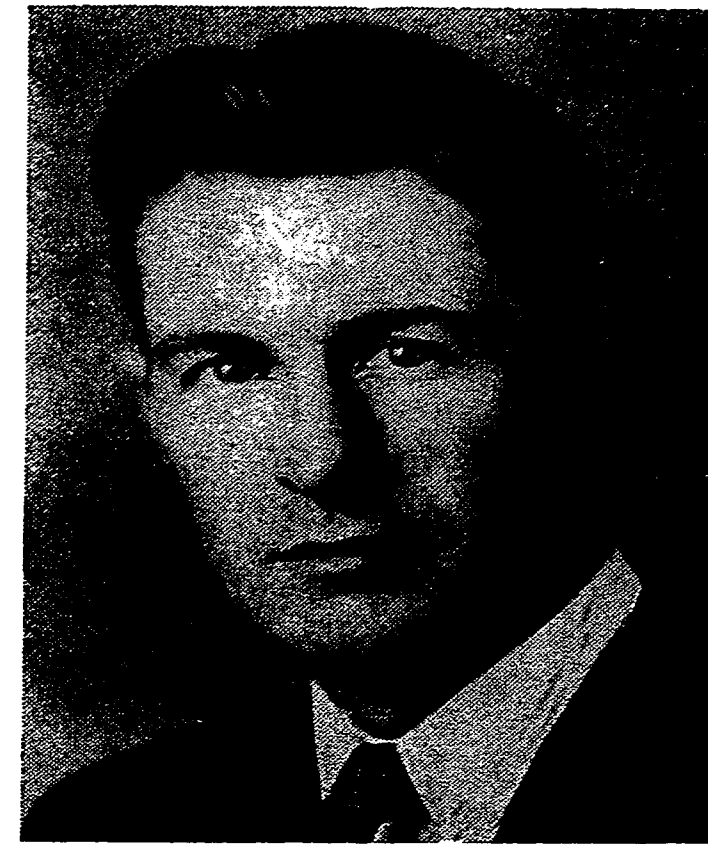
WANTED — Seventh Day Baptist farmer interested in renting dairy farm near Milton, Wis. Write Pastor Carroll L. Hill at once. 12-30-3w

The Sabbath Recorder

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No. 3



Earl Cruzan

Pastor at Waterford, Conn.

(See "Who's Who" in this issue of the Sabbath Recorder)

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