

brought a number of new pairs of roller skates to town.

I'm sorry to hear of Pastor Wing's eye trouble, but glad that his sight is improved.

I wish I could have heard you play "The Holy City" on your violin. I love violin music, and especially "The Holy City." If I ever have the good fortune to visit Schenectady perhaps you will play it for me.

Sincerely your friend,
Mizpah S. Greene.

DENOMINATIONAL "HOOK-UP"

Waterford, Conn.

The Waterford Church held its annual business meeting on January 3, 1942.

As has been the recent custom, a light supper was served in the fellowship room of the church, after which the business meeting was conducted. Both were well attended and the following slate of officers was elected:

Moderator, Morton Swinney; secretary, Helen Maxson; treasurer, Ruth Swinney; deacons, Charles Gardner, Albert Brooks, Morton Swinney; deaconess, Mary Brooks; organist, Josephine Avery; assistant organist, Mary Brooks; ushers, Morris Briggs, Virgil Neff, William Dickinson.

At this meeting the problem of calling a new pastor was also discussed. The present pastor, Rev. Earl Cruzan, and family, will leave for their new pastorate in Boulder, Colo., on the twenty-fifth of January. The very best wishes of this church go with them to their new field of service.

Correspondent.

Little Genesee, N. Y.

For many months the members of the Sunshine Society have been working on various projects, both individually and collectively, in preparation for the annual bazaar and harvest supper held at the hall, November 4. A goodly sum was netted. A new kitchen range has recently been purchased and installed by this society, which will greatly aid the workers upon all such occasions. This society's "Lord's Acre" project for the past year has been bake sales, held in either this town or that adjoining, and these have proved very popular and hence successful. One division of this society sponsored a most enjoyable "Sunshine Christmas Party," one afternoon at the home of Miss Nettie Wells.

A community entertainment and party, held at the town hall on Tuesday night before Christmas, was well attended. Another high light of the season was a cantata, "Peace on Earth," rendered by the choir of twenty voices under the direction of our chorister, Mrs. Thompson, former director of music in the Bolivar Central School. Our annual "White Christmas" service was held Sabbath morning, with the presentation of many gifts for worthy causes. With the holding of a "Twelfth Night" party at the hall, our Christmas festivities came to an end. We publicly thank all those who have helped to make this a most enjoyable season, marred only by the thoughts of those suffering in this war-torn world. May we never lose sight of the Star of Bethlehem!

Correspondent.

Nortonville, Kan.

The Nortonville church building has had needed work done on it this fall and early winter. New shingles were put on half of the roof, and the interior has been cleaned and re-decorated.

The Friday night prayer meeting hour is being used for the present for a series of studies concerning the Sabbath and Sunday, both from the Bible and from history.

A number of our young people who are away at schools and elsewhere were home during the holiday season. Also one of our boys who is in the army, Osman Babcock, visited his parents and friends here for about two weeks.

When Pastor Wilson had a birthday anniversary the first of December, a church party was held for him in the church basement. Surprisingly enough, it was a complete surprise to him, as he was deeply occupied in his study discussing colleges and college courses with a prospective college student while the crowd gathered at the basement. When it was learned that Mrs. Wilson's birthday came shortly after Christmas, an attempt was made to surprise her likewise, but was not entirely successful. However, a very enjoyable social time was had, and every one seemed happy.

Because of the young people, the "New Year's Dinner" of the church was held on the last Sunday of 1941, with program and quarterly business meeting in the afternoon.

Correspondent.

The Sabbath Recorder

Vol. 132

PLAINFIELD, N. J., JANUARY 26, 1942

No. 4

"A CERTAIN SAMARITAN"

By GRACE NOLL CROWELL

Because of his compassion for his kind,

He lives who never would be known at all
Had he not stopped his journeying to find

The roadside sufferer, who was too weak to call
Aloud for help and pity. Mercy shown,

And noticed by our Lord, has brought him fame,
Although through centuries no one has known

Where was his dwelling-place, and what his name.

"A certain Samaritan," enough is told

In three brief words to bring a scene to view
Of beautiful compassion on the old,

Old road to Jericho. . . . God, may we too
Become immortal through some shining deed

Rendered to meet today's great human need!

—From Christian Advocate.

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The Sabbath Recorder

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EDITORIALS

THE BIBLE IN THE HOME

We can never tell how much the Bible means in the home where it is read daily and its teachings put into regular practice. Parents who wish the best of everything for their children, physically, mentally, and spiritually, will not overlook the Bible as a character forming agency. Too often, however, there are those who furnish every other cultural material and neglect to emphasize the place of the Bible in the family life.

Through the centuries in Christian homes the Bible has been recognized as a bulwark and cornerstone. In the first Christian century, where the houses were the first meeting places of the church, the Word of God had large place, though the Bible as we know it was yet unknown. We can see young Timothy getting his early impressions from the teachings through the influence and faithfulness of his mother Eunice and grandmother Lois.

Not a few of our readers remember their earliest impressions from the Bible on Mother's lap or in Father's hands.

OBSERVATIONS BY THE CORRESPONDING SECRETARY

The secretary has been having some interesting and somewhat unusual experiences during the past few days. In Washington good friends were visited, and more was learned about work with shut-ins and the Sunshine Society from one who devotes much time and strength to it. She scatters

sunshine among many whom she personally calls upon and others with whom she corresponds. She told us of one who, though crippled and unable to get about, writes helpful verses and thereby cheers many. This Mrs. W. C. Miller lives in Los Angeles, has more than one book of poems to her credit, and is a writer well known to many. Perhaps few, comparatively, know that she is an invalid.

The beautiful verses entitled "Weavers" follow:

We are all weavers on life's great loom;
Sometimes we weave in a darkened room.
Sometimes the pattern of life runs high
And we weave in colors blue as the sky.
But often the threads are all one to me,
For my eyes are wet and I cannot see.
But, oh, when the roses bloom in spring
The colors run riot, the shuttles sing.
If I only had more of these colors bright
I should not mind if he came tonight,
For the Master Weaver would surely love
These colors bright for the home above.

The Master came, turned the web to the light
And, lo, the colors I had thought so bright
Were somber and gray, for I did not know
That turning the web would change it so.
And the threads I used when my eyes were dim
Seemed brighter than all the rest to him.
" 'Tis not the fair roses, my child," said he,
"But the way you worked when you could not see."

One is helped by the philosophy and faith of these verses, and we trust others may feel some of the same inspiration. All honor and praise for these workers who create a sunshine even amid the clouds of pain and heartache.

Another observation is born out of a case of frustration. A friend for many years has felt called to the ministry, to preach the

gospel of Jesus, and during the years came to the Sabbath truth. Handicapped by lack of education and having to obtain a living for himself and a large family by the hard way, he has not succumbed to discouragement or become embittered by experience. His faith is still strong and he improves whatever opportunity comes his way of speaking to others about their salvation and concerning the Sabbath truth. A participant in the first World War, he found many chances to live a true Christian life and to help some of his fellows in their perplexities and fears. At home in the years since, while opportunity to speak publicly has not often offered itself, he has not failed to create opportunities to witness for his Lord, and has done a little helpful, creative writing.

No one caring for a wife and seven fine children, if faithful in providing for their physical and spiritual well-being, needs to feel that he is missing the mark in the service of the Lord, certainly if he is doing the best he can, as he goes along, to answer God's call. These of his family who would be hungry and sick and possibly in prison were he not faithful to his trust are truly of those mentioned by Christ when he said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto me." Let no one be discouraged or weary in well doing—the man behind the counter or desk, the farmer at the plough, the youth at his books, the housewife at her dishes or darning the stockings—remember that in due season "we shall reap if we faint not." Our Lord knew the common people and their common, lowly toil, and commended fidelity. "He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much." The world needs the preached word; just as greatly or more it needs the preaching of a consistent, witnessing life.

A LESSON FROM MOZART

The life of the famed musician, Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, is an amazing story. One hundred eighty-six years ago tomorrow (January 27) he was born, one of the great dates of musical history, since this Wolfgang Mozart became one of the supreme geniuses in music of all time.

The thing which particularly intrigues us is the early development of his genius. When but four years of age he composed by himself—as our youngsters build block houses—

a concerto, one most difficult to play—with notes on the keyboard of the clavier which his own chubby hands could not reach. As reported, when his father discovered his scores and exclaimed over the difficulty of the concerto the child said, "Yes, Papa, of course it is hard. That is why it is a concerto. One must practice it many times before he can play it perfectly."

It stretches one's imagination and credulity to believe the story but such it is, and apparently on good authority. At least it is told by James Gordon Gilkey in his book, "A Fact to Affirm."

But the concomitants of the story are of especial interest and point a lesson to us as parents. There were many things—a world of things—in the midst of which this child lived and with which he had to become acquainted. The houses of his village, the stream and its bridge, his playfellows—a thousand and one things.

But as the writer of the story points out, there was another world, one of equal importance. That was "a world of music," which included "the melodies and harmonies which the musicians of the past had created, the instruments on which those melodies and harmonies could be played, and the profound emotions which rose in human hearts whenever that music sounded." It was into this world that his parents led the child Mozart.

They were themselves musicians of no little talent and they themselves lived in this "world of music," as real to them as the world of material things around them. Deliberately they exposed this child to the influence of music—"letting their boy listen as they and their friends created music." Also they gave him a chance to express himself in music, permitting him to use violin and clavier, and even to write something of his own. They gave him careful instruction, as he grew older, in the history and technique of music. They invited other musicians to their home, and took him to the great music hall. The result we have already told.

Well, what of it? Perhaps the writer should stop here and let the reader make his own application. One or two things, however, may be pointed out. There is the spiritual world in which we live as well as the material. Ignore it who will, it is as real and valid as the world of things.

If we would lead our youth into this higher realm we must ourselves be conscious of it and live in it. We must expose our children to it and its values, its techniques and instruments. Our associates must be largely those who breathe this atmosphere and operate under its laws. Also our children must be instructed in the principles and truths of this spiritual world. Finally, children should be taken to church, very early, where this spiritual music in its highest form is being produced and those "profound emotions" of the soul are deeply stirred.

Dr. Boothe Colwell Davis, President Emeritus of Alfred University, passed away January 16, 1942, at Holly Hill, Fla.

DAILY MEDITATIONS

(Prepared by Mrs. Anna L. Rood, Waterford, Conn.)

Sunday, February 1

What We Receive

"The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want."

A sure cure for a blue day is to review one's reasons for being happy. In the topsy-turvy world of today, an enumeration of the daily gifts that are showered on us will remind us of a love and a generosity beyond any comprehension.

For Christ and all he means to us, for life, for love, hope, and the Giver, himself, let us renew our thanks this month.

Read Psalm 103.

Monday, February 2

The Giver

"Every good and perfect gift cometh from above."

In a child's innocent reasoning, he arrives at the idea that the money, at least, for his gifts from Santa Claus must have come originally from Father or Mother. Even so, we may trace our blessings to the original source—a Father above. The quality of those gifts proves their divine source. The quantity we receive proves their limitlessness. The regularity of their arrival, though unmerited by us, proves the divine generosity that prompts their giving.

Read Psalm 148.

Tuesday, February 3

The Gift of Christ

"For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son."

Christ was sent to live among humans as a messenger and interpreter of divine love. Without his life on earth, we would have no example of perfection, and would come much farther from attaining a good life than we do. It means so much to us that Christ lived a life similar to ours—that he bore earthly troubles and temptations. We are encouraged to try to attain to the physical fineness, purity of character, and keenness of mind that endeared Jesus to his friends on earth. Because he was human as well as divine, we have the privilege of striving for perfection.

Read John 1: 1-14.

Wednesday, February 4

Gifts in Nature

"The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiwork."

"A commonplace life," we say, and we sigh; But why should we sigh as we say? The commonplace sun in the commonplace sky Makes up the commonplace day; The moon and the stars are commonplace things, And the flower that blooms, and the bird that sings: But dark were the world and sad our lot If the flower failed and the bird sang not; And God, who studies each separate soul, Of our commonplace lives makes his beautiful whole.

—Susan Coolidge.

Read Psalm 24.

Thursday, February 5

The Gift of Love

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

We often speak of the sacrificial love of Sydney Carton (hero of Charles Dicken's moving story, "Tale of Two Cities") who crowned his worthless life, in death for a friend during the French Revolution. Yet how un-understandable is the love of One who gave his perfect and complete life for thousands yet to be. It is a portion of that gift of love in us when we forgive a wrong, refuse to snub an outcast, lift a load, or take the time to be kind to someone. For, "if ye do it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Read John 15: 9-17.

MISSIONS

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

Correspondence should be addressed to Rev. William L. Burdick, Secretary, Ashaway, R. I. Checks and money orders should be drawn to the order of Karl G. Stillman, Westerly, R. I.

FELLOWSHIP OF PRAYER FOR 1942

For many years past churches have used the Easter season for special evangelistic efforts and one phase of this has been the promotion of "The Fellowship of Prayer," the six weeks before Easter.

The Commission on Evangelism, as in other years, has prepared a booklet to aid in daily devotions during the Lenten season, which begins February 18. This help may be used in private and family worship, and it is helpful in public meetings. A copy of the booklet is being mailed to the pastors and church leaders. Other copies may be secured at the rate of \$2 per hundred by addressing the Department of Evangelism, 297 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

Doubtless many pastors and churches have been planning to hold a Preaching Mission or make some special evangelistic effort during the Easter season. The Fellowship of Prayer has been found to prepare the way for and to aid in such efforts.

W. L. B.

NO FURTHER INFORMATION FROM SHANGHAI

In the Missions Department, January 5, was a statement regarding missions and missionaries in Shanghai to the effect that all were safe. The date of the cablegrams referred to in that article was December 16, and nothing definite has been heard since.

The articles from Misses Anna and Mabel West which appear this week were written the first week in November, and were a long time reaching this country. They give information regarding schools and other matters and are full of interest, though nearly three months old.

W. L. B.

THE GIRLS' SCHOOL

Either in spite of or because of the high cost of living, there were plenty of parents who thought it best to keep their girls in boarding schools this fall, for we were besieged with requests. Some of these were from refugees from the Ningpo schools,

Friday, February 6

The Gift of Hope

"Happy is he that hath the God of Jacob for his help, whose hope is in the Lord his God."

I like the word "hope." It is a happy word, a cheerful and helpful word held out to lead us into tomorrow. But it is more than that! It gives meaning to today. When we make rash blunders, when our day seems empty of accomplishment, when sorrow enters our lives, hope reminds us that tomorrow will come, and with it a clean, new leaf in our record, and a chance to make today worthwhile. Then, too, hope "sends a shining ray far down the future's broadening way." We cannot overlook our instinctive hope for something beyond life on earth. Hope carries with it the optimism of promise.

Read 1 John 3: 1-3.

Sabbath, February 7

The Gift of Life

"The Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul."

The fact that God has given us life makes all life sacred. Love, hope, faith, happiness may be blotted out and return again. Life is considered by God to be so precious as to be given on earth only once. We learn that we are made in God's own image. How much he depends on us, then, to make this life fruitful!

Wouldst thou fashion for thyself a seemly life? Then do not fret over what is past and gone; And spite of all that thou may'st have left behind Live each day as if thy life were just begun.

—Goethe.

Read Ecclesiastes 12: 1-7.

SABBATH SCHOOL LESSON FOR FEBRUARY 7, 1942

A Busy Sabbath in Capernaum. Scripture—Mark 1: 21-34; Luke 4: 31-41.

Golden Text—Revelation 1: 10.

THAT WORD—"ECUMENICAL"

A friend of the ecumenical movement has provoked many a smile by his characterization of the word itself. He said that it is "phonetically execrable and logically questionable, but etymologically incontestable, psychologically estimable, and pragmatically inevitable!"

driven out by the occupation there in the spring. We stretched our elastic walls until we tucked away ninety-eight girls in all, two sharing the porch with me. In all the grades from kindergarten through senior high there are some five hundred forty pupils.

Our first task after the opening of school was physical examinations, which showed a majority of children suffering from trachoma, about fifteen from scabies, about thirty whose lungs were in questionable shape, and over twelve per cent undernourished. This is part of the harvest of crowded living conditions. Since then there has been the daily eye clinic, daily yeast feeding (Yeast furnished by the school. We have urged the parents to give them calcium and cod liver oil), and the frequent treatment of scabies, until we are not sure whether our job is nursing or teaching!

Yesterday was a red-letter day when some one hundred of the alumnae and many of their children came back to help me enjoy again the memories of my thirty happy years in this land. There are twelve of the twenty-four pupils enrolled in 1911 still in Shanghai, and ten were with us for the celebration. We hunted out many old photos and had pictures on the walls of all except one or two of the graduating classes. Then there was a bulletin board filled with "brides," another of my grandchildren, and one of teachers, past and present. I was interested to find that we have "grandchildren" in all but two of the fourteen grades of the school.

I have had to give over most of the visiting among the old students except on the sick these last few months, so it was an especial pleasure to have so many return.

When school began in September I felt quite well, but these last two weeks I have had a return of the pain such as I had in the spring. The doctors say I must wait ten days or more before I can take more X-ray treatments to relieve it. I had hoped not to have this third series but it seems very necessary.

The high school students have continued to carry on a free school for the needy children whose parents cannot afford to pay tuition in a regular school. The enrollment at the beginning was about one hundred but it quickly dropped to seventy, which number have been very regular in attendance. Twelve high school girls compose the teaching staff, in addition to which there are a principal and others on the executive staff. The teacher who acts as superintendent says it is a fine

school, much better than that of last year. The "teachers" are very much interested in their work and so are the pupils. A little party this week showed improvement in manners. They study Chinese and mathematics every day, general science three times per week, and singing and physical culture once each week.

There is a strong Christian group among the students and another among the teachers and so we give thanks for that, the great aim of our work.

Anna M. West.

MISS MABEL L. WEST WRITES REGARDING CHURCH AND LOCAL CONDITIONS

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

Dear Secretary Burdick and Members
of the Missionary Board:

Since we have another opportunity of sending you news by one returning to America, we are each writing a little about things as they are, that you may be more fully informed about your work and workers here.

As but few boats are crossing the Pacific now, we have almost no news direct from relatives and friends. Few letters get to us when the boats do come. But this is war. However, when salaries are so far behind, it is indeed difficult to meet the demands for the "where-with-all" to get the necessary supplies for the simplest of living. However, we have not starved yet, and we are still hoping that the board has found some way of getting the funds through to those so badly needing them. J. H. Coon sent \$100 to me through the Hongkong Shanghai Banking Corporation which has an office in New York City. Since our mission account and some of our personal accounts are in that bank here, it seems a very easy way to send money.

With the swift advance in prices and some extra expense connected with the running of the Shanghai Seventh Day Baptist Church, they found a depleted treasury with salaries to the workers still unpaid after the middle of the month (Oct., '41). A committee worked out a plan whereby in less than a week's time over \$1,000 was raised. The church members were notified as to the regular needs of the church. We are hoping that more will be giving larger amounts, and these more regularly. We do not expect to

be caught again in arrears. The church has assumed the salary of the recently ordained pastor, as well as that of the Bible woman and the partial support of two other workers. This year we have a caretaker for the church, which is much more satisfactory than the previous arrangement, but more expensive as his board is also furnished. Rice advanced thirty per cent over what it was last month and everything is going up accordingly. Were it not that there is no rent to pay, these good people could not begin to live on what is given them by the church.

It is not that food cannot be had; but rice, fuel, and all native products are being hoarded. The people have to pay. Foreign goods cannot come in in any large amounts, if at all. Some things are prohibited. Woolens, yarn, machines, canned goods, cheese, kodak supplies, to say nothing of a tube for my small radio, are so expensive that we gasp and turn away at the thought of so much money.

The poverty about us is appalling. Recently one hundred bags of cracked wheat and rice from America were delivered at the Davis home from the American Red Cross Committee, for us to distribute to the very needy in this section. One of these poor has come to me several times asking for rice. We asked Mrs. Koo to look into the need, which she found to be sore indeed. The old lady herself is almost blind. Her son is dead. The daughter-in-law can earn but little, forty cents a day, and there are three children one of whom brings in a little. The landlord gives them their rent. Her case is but one in thousands. Last week over seven hundred dead bodies were picked up from the streets in the two concessions, a half of whom were children. The winter has not yet begun.

In spite of the uncertainty, the difficulties in getting food, and the larger number who are sick, schools are carrying on with even more in attendance than in previous years. We are glad for work in times like these and we ask your prayers that we may have the physical and moral strength to carry on as the Master would have us do.

The China Mission Bulletin No. 22 was sent out from our hands early in July. A large bundle was mailed to be distributed at Conference, as usual. We have heard from no one as to having received them, so we

fear that they may never have left China. Boats were few this summer, for one thing.

Yours sincerely,

Mabel L. West.

Shanghai, China,

November 5, 1941.

TREASURER'S MONTHLY STATEMENT November 1, 1941, to November 30, 1941

Karl G. Stillman, Treasurer,
In account with
The Seventh Day Baptist Missionary Society

Dr.	
Cash on hand November 1, 1941	\$1,114.13
Plainfield, N. J., Woman's Society, China Relief Work	10.00
1st Hebron, Pa., Church	25.00
Reta I. Crouch, Albuquerque, N. M.	3.00
Reta I. Crouch, Albuquerque, N. M., H. E. Davis China Relief Fund	2.00
Riverside, Calif., Jamaica	10.00
Farina, Ill., Church, Dr. Grace Crandall	6.70
Verona, N. Y., Church	7.50
New York City Church, China Relief	12.50
1st Alfred, N. Y., Church, China	5.00
Grace Barber, Portville, N. Y.	5.00
Friendship, N. Y. (Nile) Church, Anna West ..	100.00
Rev. and Mrs. S. S. Powell, Little Prairie, Ark.	3.25
Central Association, bicycle for Rev. W. A. Berry	1.00
Mary E. Thorngate, Dodge Center, Minn.	15.00
Milton Junction, Wis., Ladies' Aid Society, Acct.	25.00
Anna West's salary	15.00
Mrs. James J. Stillman, Houston, Tex., to be cabled to China	15.00
Dolly B. Maxson, Milton Junction, Wis., Miss West and Miss Woo	30.00
New Auburn, Wis., Church, Thanksgiving offering	5.00
Mrs. George R. Boss, Milton, Wis., H. E. Davis Relief Fund	1.00
Mrs. Irene Hulett, Milton, Wis., H. E. Davis Relief Fund	1.00
New Auburn, Wis., Church (B. P. Mattison) ..	2.50
Golda Gerat, Dwight, Ill.	10.00
Rev. George B. Shaw, Alfred, N. Y., China Relief	5.00
November share Denominational Budget	348.16
Transferred from Permanent Fund income	296.23
Transferred from Debt Fund to apply on loan ..	250.00
\$ 80.71	
Cr.	
Foreign Missions Conference	\$ 8.00
Rev. W. L. Burdick:	
Salary	\$112.50
Rent	25.00
Travel	128.29
Supplies	13.39
Clerk	33.33
312.51	
Rev. R. J. Severance	33.33
Pastor Charles W. Thorngate	25.00
Rev. Ellis R. Lewis	25.00
Rev. A. L. Davis	10.00
Rev. Orville W. Babcock	25.00
Rev. Verney A. Wilson	16.67
Rev. Clifford A. Beebe	37.50
China payments:	
Rev. H. E. Davis, salary	\$ 75.00
Principal Boys' School	25.00
Boys' School	12.50
Incidental Fund	18.75
Anna M. West	31.25
George Thorngate, salary \$75; child allowance \$37.50	112.50
Rosa W. Palmberg	30.00
Grace I. Crandall	31.25
336.25	
Grace I. Crandall, Farina, Ill., gift	6.70
Rev. Luther W. Crichlow:	
Salary	\$ 83.33
Rent	20.83
Native workers	39.59
143.75	
Heinrich Chr. Bruhn, work in Germany	41.67

Treasurer's expense, clerk	30.00
Payment on loan	250.00
Interest	33.75
Interest saved on note transferred to Debt Fund	12.98
Debt Fund share November Denominational Budget receipts	48.60
Net overdraft November 30, 1941 (Amount due missionaries and others for salaries and allowances but unpaid)	1,316.00
	\$ 80.71

WOMAN'S WORK

Mrs. Okey W. Davis, Salem, W. Va.

DESCRIPTION OF AN ASHRAM MEETING AT BLUE RIDGE

(Excerpts culled from a family letter written by
Frances Rogers.)

Dear Ones:

The big event of this week, and one which will always remain a great influence in my life, was hearing Dr. E. Stanley Jones at Blue Ridge, on Sunday morning. To most of you, he needs no introduction. To you who have never had the privilege of hearing him, or reading one of his books, I feel the loss is great, and I hope it won't be for long. With such a big family circle, when one speaks of God and religion, it probably arouses as many ideas and beliefs as there are people; thus, what is said has many interpretations. But E. Stanley Jones has such a clear, clean-cut, down-to-earth, simple, factual approach. He looks more like a business man than he does a missionary, a firm jaw, kind eyes, and his face lights up when he smiles. The meeting was one of a series held for two weeks at Blue Ridge. They call the series an Ashram, which is an Indian word, I think, meaning, a spiritual meeting, held in the woods.

Well, Blue Ridge is an ideal place for it. I'd never been there before. You'll remember Dave went to school there, Lee School for Boys. That's all there is there, a few buildings with Robert E. Lee Hall, the paramount one. It nestles back against the hill, looking like a miniature "White House" from the highway. Then you lose it from view as you climb upward, until you round some trees, and come upon it, white, stately, towering. It's at least four stories high with the tall columns going to the top. We stood on the wide steps and looked out over the trees to the mountains beyond, range after range, stretching. I don't remember ever seeing such a view. And when I found words I mentioned some-

thing about it. Aunt Mabel, who was standing by me, said, "It is the loveliest view of mountains I have ever seen with the exception of the range, as seen from Darjeeling." I should remember the name of the range; she told me twice. It's part of the Himalayas, a nearer range to Darjeeling than the one in which Mt. Everest is. That range is in the background.

Then we wandered down to the auditorium, and at 10.30 E. Stanley Jones spoke. He wanted it to be a family circle, so he sat, while he talked, and welcomed any interruption or discussion, though none came. It seems, last year, at the Ashram, they worked out some points together, which he made into a book—we're reading it now. (Belongs to Marion Van Horn. A. M. has a copy too.) This year he wanted a sequel to "Victorious Living," a book written several years ago—made up of daily readings, I think. He wanted to call this new book, "Abundant Living," and he wanted to begin working it out.

We took notes, but we haven't compiled them yet. Perhaps I can give you a brief sketch, here, and later we can send you a copy.

He felt that we knew almost everything about life except how to live it. We learn about it in the schools, and yet, know nothing. We analyze until we paralyze. We know all, except how to live it victoriously. This is a more honest generation than the one before, but a more confused one. Given everything except the key to life. Some few are able to strike resources beyond the rest, and they go on to become the pioneers, etc. Some people feel it is a strain, a drain, to keep up, to strive. Others find the resources, the communion with God, his strength, his rest, the abundant life.

The framework for abundant living—what is it? A doctor once said that "a healthy life is rhythmical." If we are to live it abundantly, rhythmically, etc., we must find out the setting first. We must have a world view. What is our world view? The framework? The paralysis of this age is its meaninglessness. God is taken out of things. It is like walking on a vast treadmill, getting nowhere. No goal, no purpose, no meaning.

Like an old Greek proverb, "Whirl is king, having driven out Jesus"; having driven out God, we put fierce activity in. This empti-

ness that has come into men; this feeling of no meaning must be cured, if we are to go on.

The question comes, is there a purpose, a meaning, does it care? Is there a mind which responds to my mind? A love that responds to my love? Is there God?

When God fades out, we put something else in his place. That's the reason for Nazism. It isn't primarily economic or military, but religious. To a people who were lost, it gives something to command them, to give meaning and direction.

We take the half gods; God becomes marginal. The greatest thing this age needs is to discover God. Is there a God? If there isn't, then this life is the tale of an idiot. All this longing, trying, striving, working—and the answer is nothing. Like the professor who was filling the blackboard with a mathematical problem. He kept writing and finally, at the end, the answer is X equals zero. "All that work," said a student, "and the answer is nothing."

I. If there isn't a God, how can we explain things?

We have a universe of order, of plan. At first, in the things which we couldn't understand or which were unknown, we put God. God was in the unexplained mysteries. Then, science explained, and God was in the order itself, the law-abidingness. Did the universe come by chance? If so, we would have to spell chance with a capital "C."

Someone asked a printer once how long it would take to throw type in the air and have it come down in a poem of Shakespeare, and he replied, "The type would wear out first."

It has been worked out that the chance of this universe being created by chance is the figure, the numbers of which would go around the earth thirty-five times, to one. Get it? The number is so big that the figures would go around the earth thirty-five times. That number to one is the chance.

I pick up a newspaper; it comes out of an intelligent mind. I pick up the universe; it come out of intelligence.

When we say "God," we mean The Highest. The person who wants to live victoriously senses that there is a purpose and that he must align himself with that. For instance, India doesn't feel life is real. It

is an illusory world to her. Thus, the reforms she would establish break upon that inner life of hers.

II. What kind of a God is there? What is his character?

The only way we can know is to have God reveal himself to us. He does so:

1. Through nature.

A sunset, sunrise, procession of seasons. God is law, hard, unbending, unforgiving law. But that is not enough. Being a son, I want a Father. Without, it is impersonal, incomplete. Personality, we say, is that which thinks, feels, wills, and has self-consciousness. In other words, intelligence, feeling, a will, and self-consciousness. These make a person. These are spiritual qualities, not physical. Therefore, nature is not enough.

2. Through prophet and teacher.

This limits it. Because the prophet and teacher are the mediums, it must go through them, and the medium may not always be true. Therefore, that is not enough.

3. Through a book.

This, too, cannot be complete. A book cannot rise higher than the surrounding life. For instance, if the word "home" were used, to one reader it would mean a very beautiful place, harmonious, love-filled. To another it might mean the opposite. Thus, a book cannot rise higher than the surrounding life. If God wrote a book, it wouldn't be complete. If he said "love," I would pull it down to my definition. It would be a book of me, of my conception, not of God.

4. Through a life that came among us, a divine life, to be an illustration of these words. In the person of Christ, God has given the meaning of his words.

Love—praying for enemies on a cross.

Purity—stainless.

God—what I see in the face of God; Jesus is God, speaking in the language of the man of the street.

What kind of a God is there? What is his character?

A Christlike God, good, trustable; one who loves like him, gives like him. We can transfer all Christ's qualities to God, and he loses nothing. The universe is not only friendly, but redemptive. It cares. It is redemptive in Christ. The universe is as good as we are, plus.

If you are a father, you know how much you would do for your son, your daughter. There are no limits to what you want to do. So it is with God. As the poet said, "Would I suffer for one I love? So would'st thou."

Like the story of the boy on the train, a nervous youth who was the only other occupant in the car besides a minister. The latter observed that he became more and more nervous, going from one seat to another. Finally, the minister went over to him and asked him the trouble. But the boy wouldn't say anything. The minister told him he was a minister and wanted to help, but the boy shut up more than ever, until at last he told his story.

"I ran away from home a long time ago. I've wanted to come back, and wrote to my Father asking him to forgive me. I waited but there was no answer, and I realized there was no forgiveness. But I wanted to go home, so I wrote Mother and told her I was not waiting for an answer; I was taking a train and if they'd take me back, to hang a white rag on the apple tree in the corner of the pasture down near the railroad. 'I'll be on the train' I wrote her. 'If I see a white rag I'll come home; if not, I'll go on with the train.' And I am so afraid to look, for fear the white rag won't be there; I don't know what to do."

"Son," said the minister, "you just shut your eyes, and tell me all about that apple tree. Describe it so I'll know it, and I'll look and tell you."

Suddenly, they flashed by the pasture, and the minister gripped the boy's knee. "Why, son, there's a white rag on every limb of that tree!"

If I can relate myself to the love, the redemption, the purpose of God, of life; if I can align myself with him, can link myself with divine resources—can I?

E. Stanley Jones left it there. It's the introduction of "Abundant Living."

In his prayer he did something he'd never done before and might not ever do again. He asked all who wanted to align themselves with Christ, to do so, to acknowledge the desire in their hearts, to link their lives with his purpose. He's not an emotional speaker. He wasn't then. He's natural and kind and clear-cut in reasoning. You feel his earnestness, his desire to find the truth, whatever it may be, and you, inspired, follow with him.

In his closing prayer, he prayed for the world, for the wars which are a result of our problems unfairly settled, for the President and his leaders, for China, and he said, "We have seen the face of God in the face of Christ, and we realize how far we are from that."

It was a most inspiring morning. The mountains—Dave, you must have loved it there at school. And the talk. It made you realize the privilege we have in Christ.

Then we strolled through the ground floor of Lee Hall, glimpsed the paintings in passing (they had an art exhibit), and stopped in the huge lobby. Then Doll arrived in the car, and with a last look at the mountains, we drove down.

One more word to those who are deeply interested in world affairs. Doctor Jones believes in mediation, not war. He thinks peace cannot be talked with Hitler, but that he can be destroyed from within his own country. And toward an eventual peace, he thinks it must be based on a society of peoples, with no race, creed, national, or sex distinction. All peoples. "Union Now," leaves out China and India, and sows the seeds of racial uprising. You'll say it cannot be done. No, not now, perhaps; but it's the only thing that has a chance to work, really, and we're nearing it all the time. Besides, it shows the keen, interested person that he is. He feels that co-operation is taking the place of competition (which had its worth for a time). Naziism is a form of co-operation, but limits it to the Aryans. Communism limits it to class. We limit it to race—have alien laws against the orientals, and have suppressed the blacks. He feels, when men go against the kingdom of God, they break themselves, not the kingdom. All this is from his book, "Is the Kingdom of God Realism?" You may not call it "God." Moffatt calls it "The Eternal." But, whatever it is, it's what Christ lived, and taught us.

Oteen, N. C.,
August 5, 1941.

FROM VOCATIONAL COMMITTEE

Any Seventh Day Baptist interested in purchasing an exceptionally desirable farm would do well to write to Mrs. Flora B Warren, De Ruyter, N. Y.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

Victor W. Skaggs, Alfred, N. Y.

ONE OF LIFE'S LITTLE LESSONS

(Contributed by Allen Bond, Nortonville, Kan.)

One day I noticed that the watch on my desk was at times ticking noticeably, and that after a few seconds I did not notice it at all. The mystery was soon solved, however. On the dresser sat a large alarm clock which had a much louder tick than the small watch. The small watch, however, was ticking slightly faster than the clock, and when its beat was in time with that of the clock, it was not noticed, but as soon as it got "out of step" it was quite noticeable.

How often do we as Christians, desiring to be noticed by others, get "off the beat" so far as our harmony with the plan that God has for us. But if we are truly in time with him, we will go unnoticed, except that we will resemble him more closely, and the world will see Christ living in us.

"Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven."

THE ART OF LIVING

The dictionary might say that matter is living if it has life, but that definition takes living from the realm of the arts and places it in the realm of occupations. Surely, those who practice the art of living must have life, but they must also be imbued with the spirits which press man forward, the spirits of joy and service. Men not so imbued become but little higher than the animals and a great deal lower than the angels. They are not living, and they exist only as burdens to their fellows and to themselves. They know nothing of the beauties of level plains, or of gently rolling hills stretching away for miles and miles, drenched in the glow of the setting sun; they know nothing of the joys of human companionship, of parents and children, husband and wife, lover and sweetheart, friend and friend; they know nothing of the joy of working to help their fellows; for they work for the money that they receive and not for the joy in the expenditure of effort toward the completion of a good task which will benefit all. The man who exists has no hopes; he is lost eternally in himself.

The art of living does not always follow the path of personal gain (according to pres-

ent standards), for often it follows the pathway of self-denial and duty. If a man would live fully, he cannot be self-centered. This art which we would all learn follows the path of righteous service, for service to fellow men is a prerequisite to living. Service makes friends, and friends make life.

The true art of living is the road to true success. True success is not measured in terms of dollars and cents; it can only be measured in the love of human beings toward the one attempting to succeed. One other gauge of success is possible, and it is possible only to the individual himself. He must seek his peace with God, and if he finds that "peace which passeth all understanding," he has found the key which has already unlocked the door and led him in the pathway of success.

Success is the aim of the art of living. Any man, no matter how poor he may be, may aspire unto it, and may, if he persevere in the ways of love, kindness, and service, find and accomplish it. Any man, no matter how rich he may be, may find it. It may be difficult for him, but that peace is for him also. A convict in prison for the worst of crimes may obtain unto it if he be but willing and helpful and repentant.

Success is in the reach of every man today living on God's earth. It lies not in wait, but seeks diligently for those who would find it, and though there is neither height nor breadth nor thickness nor weight nor feeling to it, the art of living will show us the way to success eternal.

EDUCATION FOR TITHING

Any church can now put on a ten weeks' course of tithing education, in the midst of its other activities, and at a very small cost, according to the Layman Tithing Foundation, 740 N. Rush Street, Chicago, Ill. This philanthropic organization, which has distributed millions of pamphlets on the tithing, now announces an attractive new series at so low a price that distribution to an entire church through ten weeks costs only 3½ cents a family. A set of samples and full particulars are offered free of charge upon request, but this company asks that persons writing, after seeing this announcement, state their denomination, and also mention the Sabbath Recorder.

Address Layman Tithing Foundation, 740 North Rush Street, Chicago, Ill.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

Mrs. Walter L. Greene, Andover, N. Y.

OUR LETTER EXCHANGE

Dear Mrs. Greene:

I am sorry I did not write to you before. I read some of your letters to the children in the Sabbath Recorder and enjoy them.

I also enjoyed your little talk that you gave to the boys and girls at the Shiloh church last summer and I wish you would come back and talk to us some more. That talk wasn't long enough. Will you come again some time? We would all like to have you.

Our class has a new Bible school teacher now. She is Mrs. Charles Harris. We did have Mrs. Osborn, but the work was too much for her as she has our Junior Christian Endeavor and it keeps her busy.

We still have Mrs. Osborn for our Junior Christian Endeavor. We are learning Bible verses now for awards and we are all working very hard for them.

I like our Sabbath school and Christian Endeavor. Our leaders are working hard to make it interesting for us and we like it. Our Sabbath school teacher gives us report cards now and if we don't study our lesson we get a poor mark and that makes us feel bad. It makes us try harder for good marks.

Do you teach a Bible class? Are they big people or little ones? The girls in our class are about nine or ten years old. Don't you think our teacher has her hands full? We try to be good, though.

Have you any snow up where you live? We have had skating here this week, but now it is snowing and I guess we will have more sledding. Did you like snow when you were a little girl? All the boys and girls I know like it.

Well I guess I will say good-by now and write some more another time.

Yours very truly,

103 New St.,

Bridgeton, N. J.

Ruth Ayars.

Dear Ruth:

I surely will come back to Shiloh, not only once but many times, not only because of the fine, friendly people there but especially to be with that big boy of ours, Doctor Greene, and his good wife. Yes, and I'm not forgetting that cute dog of theirs, Dusky. Of

course if I get an invitation I'll gladly talk to the boys and girls, for that is one of the things I like to do.

Yes, I have a Bible class of intermediate girls of the Andover Church—fine Christian girls and I enjoy teaching them. I used to have a class in Independence, but what do you think, those girls are grown up now, all but one is married, and she is teaching in Andover Central School. Can it be that I am getting old? Only as old as I feel, and that is young.

Yes, we have had quite a bit of snow and cold weather, but it is much warmer today and the snow is fast melting away. I liked snow when I was a little girl and I still like it, but I'm not so fond of cold weather. Snow with average weather suits me fine.

Sincerely your friend,

Mizpah S. Greene.

Dear Mrs. Greene:

I have written to you once before. I am seven years old. I will be eight in March. Mother had Doctor Greene in to see my two brothers, my sister, and me last winter when we had whooping cough. I liked him. I had chicken pox during Christmas holidays.

It's cold here. Daddy took us skating today. I am just learning to skate and I think it is fun.

Our puppy's name is Mickey. He is black and white mostly. He and our cat, Timmy, play together a lot. We are learning verses in C. E. I go almost every Sabbath day. We will get a prize if we go regularly. Mrs. Osborn gives us flannel board picture stories; even the big folks like these.

I hope you are well.

Goodby,

Shiloh, N. J.

Frederick Davis.

Dear Frederick:

Whooping cough one winter followed by chicken pox the next is not much fun, is it? I wonder what you'll have next winter. Whatever you have I hope it will not come at holiday time. However, it's a good thing to have them over with. Last winter little Joyce had the measles and now she has the mumps, which she doesn't like a bit. She is afraid her little dog, Blackie, will catch them, but I never heard of a dog having mumps; did you? Blackie is a very mischievous little dog but he is only a puppy and will, we

hope, outgrow it. Little Gretchen brought her bedroom slipper to me with a very sober face and showed me how Blackie had torn off the top, and a sofa pillow top which her mother was making was almost torn apart by the same naughty dog. I hope your pets be have better.

Your sincere friend,

Mizpah S. Greene.

THE AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY

By Rev. Ahva J. C. Bond

Member of the Advisory Committee

An entire issue of the Sabbath Recorder would not afford sufficient space in which to make an adequate report of the year's work of the American Bible Society as given by the secretaries and officers of the society at the annual meeting held in the Bible House in New York, December the third. In making a brief statement concerning its activities one scarcely knows where to begin.

The Advisory Council of the American Bible Society consists of one representative from each of some forty denominations, and this council is called to meet in New York in December each year, at the expense of the society, "on the presumption that delegates remain for the entire day." So reads the final notice of the meeting. And that means a strenuous day as one is led into all the varied ramifications of the society the world around. The meeting was called to order at 9.30 in the morning, and carried through to five in the afternoon, with time out for lunch together at a hotel just a few doors from the Bible House. If anyone became restless during the long day filled full with reports by the secretaries and the treasurer, the Seventh Day Baptist member of the council did not notice it. It was quite possible that he was too absorbed in these reports to notice what others did, but from the number present at the close, there could have been but few early withdrawals, if any.

The work of the society consists of translating, printing, and distributing the Bible, with more emphasis recently on methods of encouraging the reading and studying of the Word. The Bible, including portions, has been translated into more than a thousand languages and dialects, and in many instances this has been accomplished through the encouragement and aid of the American Bible Society, co-operating with the foreign missionaries.

The widespread ramifications of the work of selling and otherwise distributing Bibles is no less than amazing. It is something for which every Christian should be devoutly thankful if he appreciates at all the power of the Word of God to create a society loyal to its principles, centered in the life of the Son of God whom it reveals.

It brings some light into the murky atmosphere of a warring world to realize how much is being done to distribute Bibles in concentration camps and among refugees. And the most encouraging thing in connection with that type of work is the reception given the Word of God on the part of these multitudes of people forcibly confined and expatriated. Just now the society is engaged in printing and distributing attractive and appropriately bound editions of the New Testament for the use of American boys in the navy, the army, and the air service.

The work of the society on behalf of the blind is in itself an inspiring story. For some time the Bible in braille has been published and distributed. A new feature of the work for the blind is the making of victrola records of books and of portions of the Bible. Eighty-four different records are now available.

Readers of the Recorder may be interested to know where the money comes from to carry on this world-circling enterprise. We were told that sales and returns from Scriptures donated account for just one-third of the money used by the society in its great work. The largest amount from any one of the three sources comes from past donors (investments, annuities, etc.) which equals 38.5%. From living donors (churches, individuals) the society receives 28.4% of its funds.

Receipts from the denominations show that in a list of thirty-eight denominations Seventh Day Baptists stand fifteenth in per capita giving. These figures are for the year 1940. Already this year the amount given by Seventh Day Baptists is more than double the amount given last year. These facts are presented in no sense for the purpose of giving Seventh Day Baptists a feeling of satisfaction. The American Bible Society in distributing the Bible is doing a work which all Christians should support generously and gladly.

Alfred, N. Y.

OUR PULPIT

A RADIO SPEECH

(Given at Daytona Beach by Rev. E. A. Witter)

"The Lord is in his holy temple: let all the earth keep silence before him." As we face life in this troubled world; as we look into our own personal conditions and those of the world about us this morning, is there within us the feeling of quietness of soul that evidences unfailing faith in God and confidence in the final triumph of God's righteousness that should be ours?

As you stand in the presence of God this morning, dear listener, how is it with you? Can you meet God with a bright smile, as you would a personal friend, and feel at rest in your inner spirit? As you look out upon the beauties of the world about you, are you seeing the smiles of God and feeling like singing his praises because of his manifest nearness? Are you feeling the hush of his Presence?

These experiences are the privilege of everyone, not only of the soul newly born into the kingdom of God, but it should be more real to one of long experience in the service of the Master.

Real heartfelt service enriches companionship, sweetens fellowship, and makes firmer the tie that binds the life to God. Life's companionships are an unfailing source of richness and inspiration, if those companionships are centered in God.

There often comes to me the knowledge that some personal follower of Christ has failed to find in life the joy and comfort he had hoped and sought for. He has become discouraged. He has become indifferent to service and thought in his devotional life. He is feeling that the burden of life is greater than he can bear; that some way God has failed him. Such a one appeals to our sympathies, we are sorry for him, we seek to comfort him. The Lord help us to remember that sympathy without revealing some way, or means, of helping to change conditions is of no real value.

Here is a story that may help such a one to find the needed remedy. One evening a man and his wife stood raking among the ashes where their home had been burned that day, with all its contents. Their faces were shadowed with a look of despair. As they looked up they declared they had lost all—

everything was gone. A passing friend suggested that they get away for a time from the scene of their grief. "But where can we go; what can we do; don't you see we haven't a thing left? We have lost everything." No, said the friend, you haven't lost a thing by this fire but the house in which you lived and its contents. Your gloom, your depression, comes from the attitude of your minds. You have yourselves; you have your strength and ability to begin all over again. You need to get away and change your viewpoint for a time. This announcement aroused their faith and courage and stirred within them thoughts of the possibilities that lay before them. After a night's rest and thoughtfulness they were found the next morning looking over the premises and planning the building of a more satisfactory home on a more suitable part of the lot. Their viewpoint had changed. They had more than they realized. This was an essential need, that they might find themselves.

If there is within the sound of my voice anyone who is feeling that he has lost, from any cause, a close contact with God through faith in Jesus Christ, I would point out to such a one the way by which he can find darkness changed to light, loss changed to gain, sorrow and unrest of soul changed to joy and happiness of life. James, in the fourth chapter and eighth verse, gives counsel for such a change. Listen: "Draw nigh to God, and he will draw nigh to you." I would also recommend for your thoughtful consideration the words of Isaiah 41: 10 and 13: "Fear thou not; for I am with thee; be not dismayed; for I am thy God. I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness. For I the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, Fear not; I will help thee." Can you find greater power for comfort and quickening of life than is given here? No, my friend. What is needed to help you change the attitude of your life toward God that you may bask in the sunlight of his love and presence is to lift up your eyes, your nature, toward the hills of God's eternal love, from which cometh your life.

Jesus gave most worthy counsel for possessing and cultivating a saintly character when he said, "Walk in the light while ye have the light." Needed light is always available if the avenues of your life are kept open

toward God. Dear, tried one, lay all your trials and cares at the feet of the Master. In fullness of faith draw near to God. Put your hand in his, lay your heart alongside of his great heart of love, and fear not, but let him lead you out of darkness into a light full of glory. Such a course will enable you to begin all over again your Christian life, and give to you a new appreciation of what it is to be a child of God.

Today we are a part of the great war that is going on. We are subjected to strife in world affairs more than ever before. The need of the power of sustaining faith is great. Let me lead you to the fountain of life, to the One who comforted Peter in the time of his need with these words, "I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not . . . when thou art converted, strengthen the brethren."

Tried, restless one, seek anew the comfort and strength of Christ's unfailing presence.

Dear Savior, make us strong, keep us sheltered in thy love. Amen.

DENOMINATIONAL "HOOK-UP"

New York City, N. Y.

Our church has sustained a great loss in the death of Mrs. Esle F. Randolph, who joined the Church Universal on January 5, after almost forty-five years of active service in the New York City Church. She was never absent from Sabbath services unless forced to be; she took more than average interest in the work of the Woman's Auxiliary society, and her home was always open to entertain guests of the church.

We rejoice to have with us for a time Dr. and Mrs. E. E. Whitford of Brookfield, N. Y., who were members of our church for many years. -Doctor Whitford assisted in the communion as deacon last Sabbath.

A special meeting was called January 4, to transact the business usually done at our annual meeting. The election was largely a re-election, as is often the case in many of our churches. Generous gifts by some members made it possible to close the books for the year with all bills paid.

Correspondent.

Brookfield, N. Y.

A church night gathering was held in the parish house November 16. After a substantial supper, the main dish of which was delicious chicken chop suey prepared by our

pastor's wife, we all enjoyed seeing the motion pictures of our mission schools and workers in China. Pastor Crofoot explained the pictures, which made them very interesting and more real to all of us. We also enjoyed listening to Mr. and Mrs. Clifton Curtis tell of parts of their trip to Riverside, Calif., and back this fall.

December 4, 1941, the Women's Missionary Aid society served an oyster supper to the public, which netted a little over \$17.

A Christmas party was held in the parish house on the Sunday evening following Christmas, with about forty attending. A short program was presented by the young folks, which was much enjoyed, and an exchange of ten cent gifts was a source of fun and laughter. A nice lunch of sandwiches, cake, and cocoa was served.

Correspondent.

Farina, Ill.

The final church social for the year was enjoyed last Sunday night by about forty persons, who gathered for the games, the gift exchange, and the plate lunch. At an hour not too late Christmas carols were sung and the year of socials was closed with prayer by the pastor.

Our social committee has been very faithful and resourceful in the entertainment planned and we thank them for their helpfulness and for the pains they have taken that we might enjoy these seasons of relaxation and friendship.

We owe a vote of thanks to our committee who prepared the Christmas program and the committee on decorations. The two large pine trees beautifully decorated with lights gave just the right setting for the parts given by our children, their little play, "The Tiniest Star," and the play given by our ladies, "The March of the Nations." At the close of the program, gift packages were distributed to each child in the house.

The church dinner at the parish house last Sunday was not so largely attended as some have been, because several of our families were called away by family gatherings. However, there were more than enough to fill one long table and a very happy time was had at dinner. Following dinner and the washing of the dishes the annual church meeting was held. Matters vital to the interests of the church were discussed and officers were elected to serve for the year

1942. The present pastor was extended a unanimous call to remain for another year as pastor of the church.

Other business enactments were the granting to the trustees the right to sell any part of the block that lies just across the street from the church.

Discussion was had concerning the lawn about the parish house and the best way to care for it, and will likely lead to a better kept landscape about the church buildings this year.

One of the very hopeful features of the meeting was the fact that all debts were paid and some funds showed a substantial balance.

We owe much to our "absent members" for our fine financial showing. They have been very faithful in their support of the church.

So we close the year. We look with encouragement toward the new year. And "Looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith, let us run with patience the race that is set before us."

The parsonage family wish for every one who reads these lines a new year filled with the choicest blessings of God.—Clipped from newspapers.

Albion, Wis.

There was a good attendance at the annual dinner of the Albion, Wis., Church, and much interest in the meeting that followed. Rev. L. O. Greene was asked to remain as pastor, and an increase of salary was voted. These church officers were re-elected: moderator, W. M. Babcock; clerk, Charles Williams; and treasurer, Mrs. Fred Walters.

Rev. L. O. Greene has returned from the meeting of the Commission, held at Plainfield, N. J. Professor D. N. Inglis of Milton occupied the pulpit in the absence of Pastor Greene.

The Sabbath school begins another year with Mrs. L. O. Greene as superintendent.

Correspondent.

Coudersport, Pa.

The "Lord's Acre" at Hebron

A committee of the First Hebron Church, with Don Stearns chairman, was asked to promote the "Lord's Acre." This was two acres of potatoes planted on the Sheldon farm. The use of the land, the seed potatoes, and cash in the sum of \$6.50 were donated.

The Coudersport "Co-op G.L.F. store" gave one thousand pounds of 8-16-16 fertilizer.

The young men of our community were very loyal in getting fertilizer on the plot, also in preparing the soil and planting. One bright afternoon in early June, friends both young and old gathered at the field to cut seed potatoes and help in planting. It was a happy time because we felt we were doing something together for the Master.

Cultivating, weeding, and spraying were done by different members and friends. The plot was dug by friends and members of the church. The teacher excused some of the boys and girls from school so they could help.

The potatoes were graded and sold and the church realized a profit of \$212.73, but all felt the Christian fellowship could not be measured. Correspondent.

MARRIAGES

Crandall - Dietsch. — At the home of Mr. and Mrs. O. D. Crandall, Hammond, La., on December 13, 1941, Mr. Ned L. Crandall and Miss Beatrice Mary Dietsch, of Ponchartroula, La., were united in marriage, Rev. Rolla J. Severance officiating.

The new home will be in New Orleans, La., 1310 Soniat St.

Fogg - Randolph. — On December 3, 1941, Miss Margaret Randolph, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Randolph, became the bride of William Fogg, son of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Fogg, at the home of her parents. Pastor Lester G. Osborn, of the Shiloh Church, of which both young people are members, officiated.

OBITUARY

Maxwell. — Vienna C. Kenyon was born June 29, 1888, at Shinglehouse, Pa., and died at Good Shepherd Hospital, in Syracuse, N. Y., September 9, 1941.

She was a daughter of Rev. George P. Kenyon and Mary Burdick Kenyon. As a girl she was baptized and joined the First Hebron Seventh Day Baptist Church of which she was a member at her death. She was married to Frank S. Maxwell, June, 1915.

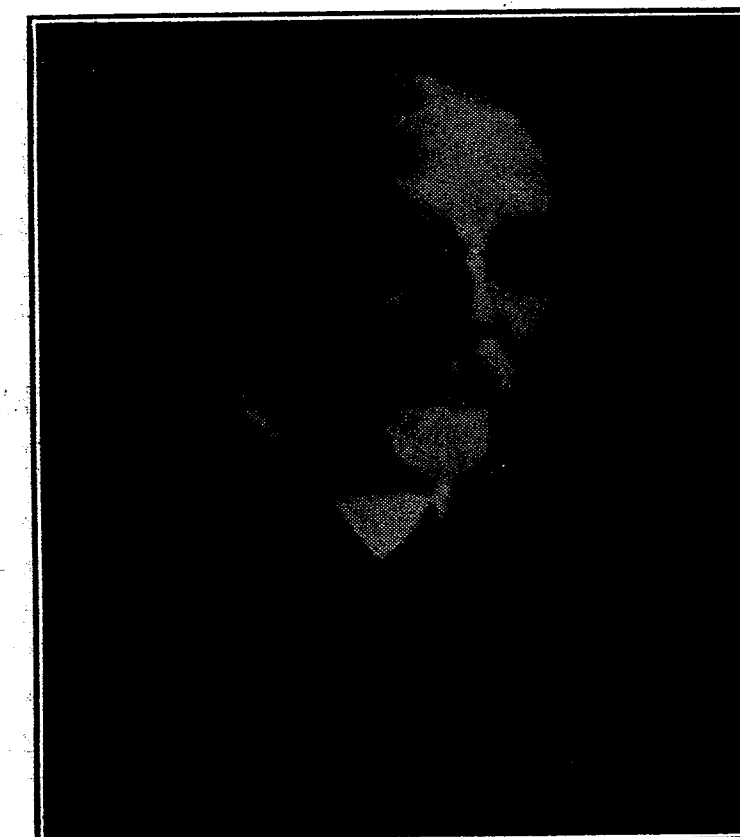
She is survived by her husband, of Minoa, N. Y.; four children: Mrs. Marion Cole, Frank Parke, Jean, and Dorothy; also her mother, Mrs. Mary Kenyon; a brother, L. A. Kenyon; and two sisters, Mrs. Floyd Reed and Mrs. Robert Foster. Burial was at Franklinville, N. Y. M. K.

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Dr. Boothe Colwell Davis,
President Emeritus of Alfred University

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