

and Mrs. Harold Carr sang, "O Love That Will Not Let Me Go," and Miss Florence Agne sang, "My Own United States." Several letters of sympathy were read by Mrs. Howard Davis and words of appreciation and consolation were read by Mrs. O. H. Perry, in the absence of Principal Alfred Perry of Galway High School, where Dighton was teaching when he enlisted. Several large baskets of beautiful flowers from the family and many friends were in evidence on the rostrum.

A father and son banquet was held in the church parlors on the evening of November 7. The tables were attractively decorated in red, white, and blue. The toastmaster, William Arthur, introduced Rev. F. E. Morey of Verona M. E. Church, who gave the address of the evening. A trumpet solo was played by David Williams, and Garth Warner was song leader.

The community Thanksgiving service was held in our church Thursday evening; Rev. Theo. Schrader delivered the sermon and the music was furnished by the combined choirs of the two churches. A collection was taken for the Red Cross.

Dr. Geo. B. Shaw gave us a fine sermon Sabbath morning, November 28.

Brookfield, N. Y.

Our community was much shocked on Sabbath morning, November 21, to receive the news of the death of Lieut. Dighton Polan, "killed in action." The changes in the hymns and other parts of the church service of the morning, and especially the pastor's prayer for comfort for the sorrowing widow and parents, touched the hearts of all; for Dighton grew from boyhood to manhood among us, was a member of our church for more than a dozen years, and was a general favorite.

Open house was held at the home of Deacon and Mrs. Leslie P. Curtis, Monday afternoon, November 23, in honor of the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage. About thirty-five of their relatives and friends called to extend congratulations and best wishes. A beautiful wedding cake was one of the main features of the occasion. The immediate family were all present except a son, Gleason and family of Riverside, Calif., who remembered the event by sending the unique and appropriate decorations, comprising

bronzed cones and twigs of California native trees and shrubs, including a beautiful basket centerpiece of the bronzed eucalyptus with wedding bells and yucca candlesticks. Those present added to the decorations with gorgeous chrysanthemums and other flowers. In the evening the family with Pastor and Mrs. Crofoot enjoyed a bountiful supper and pleasant social time together.

Our Women's Missionary Society held a picnic luncheon at the parsonage, Thursday, December 3. Five members who braved the gale of wind and storm of that day, together with their husbands enjoyed a pleasant social time, after which the business meeting was held. The public dinners have been discontinued for the present, but thanks to the faithful few, we are still continuing our pledge to the Women's Board, also our pledge of \$50 a year to the Denominational Budget, besides paying \$20 to the church treasurer for general expenses.

Correspondent.

MARRIAGES

Campbell - Davis. — Francis E. Campbell of Marlboro, and Marian E. Davis of Shiloh, N. J., were united in marriage at the Marlboro Seventh Day Baptist church on the evening of November 25, 1942, by Pastor Herbert L. Cottrell. They will make their home in Shiloh, N. J.

OBITUARY

Cummings. — Edna Cummings was born in Farmington, Minn., December, 1874, and passed away November 24, 1942, at Dodge Center, Minn.

She is survived by four sisters: Fannie Cummings of Virginia, Minn.; Ada Drake of New Richmond, Minn.; Clara Seibel of Janesville, Wis.; and Pearl Fredendall of Bemidji, Minn.; and one brother, Mell Cummings of Shevlin, Minn.; also a number of nieces and nephews.

The most of her life has been spent at New Richmond. She attended Milton College and was united with the Milton Seventh Day Baptist Church, of which she was a member at the time she passed away.

Farewell services were conducted by Pastor Chas. Thorngate. Burial was in the old Trenton, Minn., cemetery.
C. W. T.

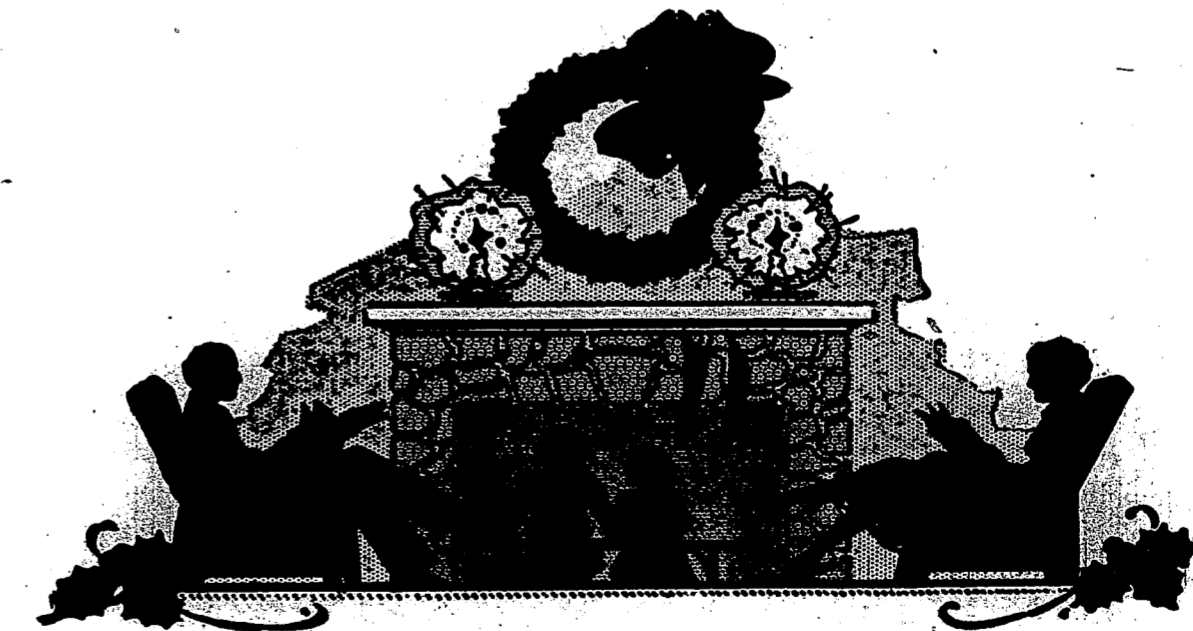
Polan. — Dighton Lewis, of Verona, N. Y., December 10, 1917 — October 15, 1942. (See elsewhere in this issue.)

The Sabbath Recorder

CHRISTMAS NUMBER ~ 1942

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

St. Luke 2: 14



The Sabbath Recorder

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Christmas

Greetings!

The Sabbath Recorder—editor, staff, and employees—
unite in wishing a Merry and Joyous Christmas to all
our patrons and readers, everywhere.

The time draws near the birth of Christ;
The moon is hid; the night is still;
The Christmas bells from hill to hill
Answer each other in the mist.

—Alfred Tennyson.

EDITORIALS

CHRISTMAS

Nineteen hundred years ago occurred the world's greatest event, one that has changed life, history, and the reckoning of time.

In a common little village, amid uncommonly humble surroundings, a child was born, a son was given whose name should be called "Wonderful, Counsellor, The Mighty God, The Everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace." And a virgin "shall bring forth a son, and thou shalt call his name Jesus; for he shall save his people from their sins. . . . Emmanuel, which being interpreted is, God with us."

It is the birth of this Friend of man that this season commemorates. What matters, though the exact date is unknown? That it occurred is a historic fact; that it has changed the complexion of life is well known, and self-evident. So we ring the bells of Christmas, even in the dark days of the worst war the world has ever experienced, in love and honor, praise and worship of the Christ, the Prince of Peace.

" . . . BROUGHT GIFTS"

The wise men who came to find the young child set a good precedent. They worshiped him and "presented unto him gifts, gold, frankincense, and myrrh," symbols of the very best they had.

Out of our poverty or wealth we should bring our best as our gifts of love and service. "All my silver and my gold; not a mite will I withhold," we sing as an offering and dedication song. People, in their best moods mean

it, too. But all too often they drop in their level of gifts and service, bringing but second or less best. In spite of "white gifts" for the King and emphasis laid upon self-less Christmas, as Christians we do less than honor our Lord by much of our Christmas shopping and giving. The season is so commercialized that folks are in danger of being traded out of its spirit and intent.

There are unfortunates all about us who offer opportunity to honor the King of kings—the Red Cross, Salvation Army, and various other service organizations. There may be one next door, or on the street back; a helpless shut-in, or discouraged soul—and well may we be encouraged by "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these . . . ye have done it unto me."

"GOOD TIDINGS"

How the world today needs good tidings! The clouds of war darken the entire horizon. Setting aside the horrors of warfare conducted on recognized international principles, the inhumanity to mankind—exemplified in ruthless bombings of hospitals, the mowing down of helpless women and little children in the streets, the wholesale murder of expatriated citizens of conquered countries, the demoniacal attempt to wipe out an entire race—outranks the martyrdom of the early Christians, the horrors of the Spanish Inquisition.

Hearts are made sore in numberless homes overseas and increasingly in American homes on whose inmates the call to fight has taken toll. Hundreds of thousands, if not millions, are homeless, cold, and hungry. Uncertainty,

fear, and dread darken the night. Oh, the need of some good tidings; some message of hope and cheer!

But there was a night also black more than nineteen centuries ago. Though stars of heaven shone in brightness undimmed above Palestine, a pall of political, economic, and spiritual night engulfed the land of God's chosen people.

Then shone "the glory of the Lord." Into the heart of that black night came a radiance so dazzling that its effect upon the hillside shepherds was of added fear. "They were sore afraid," because the darkness had been so suddenly dispelled. Their fears were allayed only by the message from above, of one saying, "Fear not, I bring you good tidings."

What was that good news? It was not of a great on-moving army to bring relief from foreign oppression; not of an opulent, paternal ruler who would ensure security from want, or bring relief to economic embarrassment. No such mighty forces were promised—but only the announcement of "a babe, wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in a manger."

Is this not a parable of life? Is it not a way good news often breaks in the midst of darkness, dread, and despair? So often we fail to recognize the goodness of such news. Certainly on that night Christ was born there was failure to recognize its great implications and world-wide importance. It has ever been so. Read again the story of the "Dark Ages" of the Church and the centuries following, when good, devoted men from within sought to awaken the Church from its apathy—little candles bringing small gleams of light into the darkness of superstition, corruption, selfishness, special privilege, widespread ignorance, and gross immorality. Never, perhaps, was an era so black and in need. Then in that

dark hour came a humble priest, the Friar of Wittenburg, flashing forth as a meteor, bringing good tidings again to men that "the just shall live by faith." That was the dawn of liberty, enlightenment, and opportunity to cultivate the Christ spirit in the place of outward authority of an institution. It was the news of the rebirth of Christ within his Church.

Let it be the news heralded abroad today. Let it be the message of Christmas to hearts aching and perplexed. Christ is born again—for our age—in hearts and homes and church and nations where there is longing for peace and good will among men. The night will pass. The day breaks. God still is, and watches above his own.

TAKE HEED HOW YE HEAR

The Bible has for many years had the distinction of being the "best seller." The past year shows the largest distribution of the Bible, in whole or parts, ever experienced. There is some evidence, too, that it is having a wider reading than usual. Accounting for this is the fact of the war and the snatching from usual tasks and conditions of life so

many who are faced with necessity of thinking seriously on life's problems and destinies. Another reason is that many at home and business are confronted with a need in their lives to find something basic and enduring in a world rendered chaotic by the selfishness and self-centeredness of peoples and nations. There is an awakened sense of need to know God, and a feeling of self-inadequacy. So we find healthful reactions in many turning to the Bible with faith renewed or strengthened, that here in the Book is found God's highest and best revelation of himself and life to mankind. It's a sad thing to find so much spiritual poverty as revealed in today's spiritual illiteracy.



It is a time of opportunity for the church when people are asking about the Bible and about methods of reading it. Jesus said one time to his followers, "Take heed therefore how ye hear." Well may he be saying to us today, "Take heed how ye read."

From the very beginning the Word of God tells of man's relationship to God; his very existence is set "against an eternal background." In reading the Bible one discovers not only this, but how God has led men to work out their destinies helpfully, or how their determined disobedience serves as warnings to others. Here he is led into the social problems, the economic, and political. In Christ he finds the assurance of God's love and the answer to his own great need. How careful, therefore, and earnest should be his reading habits so far as the Bible is concerned.

Definite purpose, portions, and problems should be the directing guidance in Bible reading—not to find out more about the Bible, but more of what is in it related to one's own life and needs. Regularity of reading will mark the successful reading and study. Each must find for himself the method or methods most suited to his spiritual need.

Let one take heed lest he read merely to justify some doctrine or creed, or for sake of maintaining some position taken. A safe way to read is with mind open to truth revealed, and a will dedicated to doing the duty involved. Here is a truth to be believed; in the light of this truth—what is my duty? Take heed, therefore, how ye read.

BETHLEHEM

By Rev. William L. Burdick,
Secretary of Missionary Board

There is no place on the map of the world any better known than Bethlehem of Judea. For centuries the Hebrews had with longing expectancy looked toward it as the place where the Messiah should be born, and for nineteen hundred years all christendom has turned its eyes toward it with holy reverence as the place where he (the Messiah) was born.

Though politically, geographically, and socially obscure, it was the most fertile region in the entire province as both names, Ephraim (fruitful), its earlier name, and Bethlehem (house of bread) indicate. It was here a

thousand years before Christ that David, the great poet and musician, the mighty warrior, the renowned statesman and king, and the devout follower of Jehovah was born; this was the home of Naomi and the place to which she returned with Ruth her daughter-in-law, who married the chief man of the place, Boaz; and here nearly 1800 B.C. Rachel, the beloved wife of Jacob, died. But that which has made Bethlehem the most famous is the fact that it is the birthplace of our Lord and Master.

We may pass by the birth in the Bethlehem manger, the appearing of the angels to shepherds watching their flocks by night, the visit of the shepherds, the visit and adoration of the (wise men) Magi, the flight into Egypt, and the slaughter of the children, and ask ourselves, Why all this? Why the advent of Christ? Christ answered the question when he said, "Even the Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister and to give his life a ransom for many." His birth, his life, his death were that he might minister unto men. He gives other reasons, but this includes them all.

If we pass through the Christmas season, however joyous it may be, and do not keep before us the thought that he who was cradled in Bethlehem came to minister, we lose that which is most valuable for us.

Christ's entire life is a flaming evidence that he came to minister. If we had been choosing the advent "of the King of kings" to earth, he would have come clothed in resplendent glory; but his mother was the lowly, humble Mary. Had we been choosing his surroundings, it would have been a palace, he himself clothed in purple and fine linen, surrounded by a host of servants who stood ready to minister to every want; but instead of that he was born in a stable and wrapped in swaddling clothes, and in after years toiled with his father, the carpenter. Had we been directing his education, the most famous teacher would have been brought to be his tutor; but it was his to mingle with the poorest peasants in one of the wickedest cities in Galilee. Had we been arranging the journey of a mighty King, it would have been in a chariot trimmed with gold and drawn by horses gorgeously caparisoned; but he trudged on foot, depending on charity. Had we planned the death of such a one—if he must die—it would have been in some magnificent palace surrounded by loving friends, living

in joy till his last hour, giving up his spirit without pain, stress, or struggle; but it was his to die in shame, after the most awful torture, in the hands of his enemies, mocked to the last. All this shows that he "came not to be ministered unto but to minister."

It teaches us also that it is ours not to seek that others minister unto us, but that we are to minister unto our fellow men, as did Christ our Master. Are we seeking in our life that others minister unto us, or are we making it the principle of our life that we serve others? If we are endeavoring to serve others, do we do it with groanings, murmurings, and complainings; or do we do it willingly and joyfully and in Christ's spirit? Whatever may be our state of mind regarding this example of Christ's, let us remember that unless we make our lives like his in ministering to others, it will be vain to have lived; and let us at this Christmas time consecrate our lives anew to the service of our fellow men.

To do this is to have life and to have it most abundantly. Bunyan's body lies in Bunhill Fields, but he lives in Pilgrim's Progress; Elizabeth Fry lives in the prison reforms she instituted; David Livingstone's heart lies in Africa and his body in Westminster Abbey, but he lives in the tidal wave of missions which has swept over Africa. He who gives his life to his fellow men lives forever.

There is another thought, perhaps most important of all. Christ not only came to minister to those in his day, but to us. He is saying to us, "I came not to be ministered unto, but to minister." We sometimes wish we had lived when Christ was here in the flesh, that we might have seen him, followed him, taken our children to him, and hung on his marvelous words; but he is here now and ready to minister to us, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

He ministers unto us in physical things. We are looking towards a Christmas dinner, and there may be hung on the wall a motto saying, "Christ is the unseen guest at every meal." Not so! He is not guest. He is host and we are the guests. He spread before us all our temporal blessings which we enjoy at this Christmas time.

He ministers, or would if we would let him, in intellectual things, providing for mental development libraries, magazines, schools, and teachers.

But, above all, he is here to minister to us in spiritual things, to take away our sins, our

moral stupidity and hatred, make our crooked lives straight, and clothe us with the Christian graces. If he is not ministering unto us, it is because we will not let him.

"O little town of Bethlehem
How still we see thee lie,
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by;
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee tonight.

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

WHY CHRISTMAS?

Has Christmas lost itself? Generations ago one day of our year was dedicated to Christ, the world's Redeemer. It was given his name, and because of that, by man it was held sacred. Hundreds of other days in the year gave sufficient time for money making sports. Worshiping congregations and united family groups did revere the "Name above every name."

Christ came to us to make known the Creator as our forgiving Father; never again let us deny our Lord by substituting an "X" which universally represents an unknown quantity. One says it pictures to us the cross of Calvary; it does not!

During last holiday season, scanning closely one Rhode Island daily newspaper of wide circulation, we did not notice one Christmas "ad" irreverently printed with the "X."

What an inspiration if all newspapers in our fair land would take the hint and discard the "X," as all Christian people should do, in this year of our Lord, 1942! A. S. B.

A CHRISTMAS WISH

The Christmas time of joy and cheer
Brings friends of passing days so near,
That we may almost hear their voice
As they bid us "Be Glad, Rejoice!"
For Christ, who came our souls to save,
Who rose in victory o'er the grave,
Shall come again in glory bright
To make an end of earth's dark night.
May you who now endure hard things
Be crowned with him, the King of kings!
—Selected.

THE GROWING EDGE OF RELIGION

By Albert N. Rogers

"... first the blade, then the ear"

"A warless world will have its beginnings in what each of us does in his own community."

Under the cover of war production, child labor laws are being persistently evaded. So charges Kate Clugston of the National Child Labor Committee as she calls attention to the bills placed before a number of state legislatures to amend present regulations. The drafting of eighteen and nineteen-year-old boys will be used as further excuse for this practice. Our job is to see that no children under fourteen are "sneaked in" as a part of the labor force, that fourteen and fifteen-year-old children are kept in school and their work outside strictly limited, and that too many sixteen and seventeen-year-old young people do not sacrifice their education because of the intoxication of high wages.

Republican readers of this column, and there are undoubtedly many, will do well to eschew the proposal of the New York Daily News, in our opinion. In a recent editorial attacking Wendell Willkie for his report on his world tour they urged the Republican Party to rally round the purpose of postwar "Nationalism" as opposed to "Internationalism." The message of the New Testament is "Co-operate and Live."

According to the American Bible Society "the Bible is in greater demand than ever in Christian history. Enlisted men ask for it. The Chinese have fallen in love with it. Refugees and prisoners of war are hungry for it." So God makes the wrath of men to praise him.

Anti-Semitism is growing in the United States. I may be wrong—hope I am—but there are signs of it. Will you do what you can to nip it in the bud wherever you find it? Study again last Sabbath's lesson in the Helping Hand. (Colossians 3: 1-17.)

The Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America met in Cleveland last week. In its opportunity to gird American Protestantism to the tasks of evangelism and recon-

struction during the years to come, it rivals perhaps the church councils of the post-apostolic era which shaped the course of Christian history for five hundred years. Let us pray for our leaders, in the churches as well as in government and industry.

CHRIST IN CHRISTMAS

By Duane Hurley

Christmas, 1942, finds the world in need of putting CHRIST back into CHRISTmas!

This holiday season is a time of extremes. With many workers in lucrative jobs, there is money not had before to buy the gaudy, expensive articles to make Christmas bright. Yet shortages will deprive many people of that satisfying, but temporary, happiness. Contrasting this paradox where plenty of money fails to buy plenty is the condition now of salaried peoples. Once comfortably able to celebrate in the customary American way, they find themselves "paupers" in the high costs of living. Christ's great equalities alone can balance such inequalities.

Many individuals around the world must worship Christ in secret on his birthday this year. To reveal any regard for the Infinite would mean death, because little men have been foolish in thinking themselves big enough to eliminate, by decree, God's power. That portion of the Almighty in each human soul will follow the Star of Bethlehem just the same, and continue following until Christ's freedom is given a chance to prevail again. Christ's love will not be hidden.

When members of families gather for the holiday festivities at home, many places will be left vacant this year. Transportation difficulties will keep some loved ones away. Others are gone away—never to return. Only Christ can adequately fill the gaps in family circles.

Pagans, in ancient days, put a spiral of lights around their Christmas trees. That was symbolic of the dragon which brought happiness. During the Christmas season they wanted assurance of gaiety and joy. We Christians, for these many years, have been equally superficial in seeking Christmas cheer. We decorate trees, we exchange gifts, we mail cards, we eat feasts, we attend special services. Why should we continue to depend on these tinsel baubles and fleeting remembrances when Christ's birthday heralds an eternal gift of contentment and satisfaction?

Let's add Christ to this Christmas—and keep him the year around, that he may be established once more the world around.

Marysville, Calif.

"PEACE ON EARTH"

A Story in Race Relationship

By Dorothy Black

"I'm back again, teacher!"

Miss Naylor looked up from her book into the brown, mischievous eyes of Jonathan Stone.

"I was wondering where you were," she said, smiling.

"It was the paper route," Jonathan explained. "I changed it. Now I'm selling the 'Sentinel' before school, so I can come to class."

"We're doing woodworking this year, too. You'll like that."

"Yes'm," Jonathan's eyes glowed. "Shall I sit in my old place?"

Miss Naylor nodded, then an instant later realized her mistake.

For as Jonathan sat down on the bench, the boy next to him arose and said with decision, "I won't sit next to no nigger!"

There was thick silence. Miss Naylor groaned inwardly. Why hadn't she remembered that Chad had but recently come to the city from the South? She motioned to Jonathan.

"Since you were here last year, maybe you can help me," she said. "So you sit up here at the front."

Jonathan came forward and took the seat she designated, but in the brown eyes, no longer mischievous, she saw that he understood.

After that nothing seemed to go right in the junior boys' afternoon class in this city mission church. Only a few days later Willie Jung stood by Miss Naylor's desk.

"I won't work with Hansen any more," he said. "His people are fighting mine. We're enemies."

Miss Naylor looked from Chinese Willie to Japanese Hansen.

"In America we're all friends," she said gently.

But Willie shook a stubborn head. "I'm moving my tools," he maintained. "My father says all Japanese are our enemies. His uncle is fighting in China."

Miss Naylor was young, and she had had

great hopes for this year's class in the downtown mission church. Now, silently and sadly, she watched Willie move his tools from the bench he had once occupied with Hansen, just as she had watched Chad move to the farthest corner of the room from Jonathan.

Perhaps, she thought, I can teach them brotherliness. So from books and magazines and, of course, the Bible, she picked out tales of men who had worked that all might be brothers. Sometimes she spoke to them singly. But Willie kept away from Hansen, and Chad avoided Jonathan. Rather than force an issue, she went on with her regular routine, the half hour of stories and questions, the other half hour of woodworking. At least, she sighed, they were safe from the city streets.

"Look, Miss Naylor," Chad said one day. "This is going to be a windmill. When it's finished, I'll put it on my window sill and let the wind make it turn."

She thought about Chad's tiny home far up in a tenement house, and hoped that some kindly wind would find its way to the city to turn Chad's windmill.

The fall grew colder, and the boys came into class with reddened ears and chapped hands, and sometimes with shoes that were worn pitifully thin. When the first snowfall came, Chad looked up from the windmill he was polishing. "It'll be done by Christmas," he confided. "I'm going to give it to myself."

"It'll be a fine Christmas present," she assured him, remembering that Chad's father was still unemployed, and that there would be very little Christmas for a pale, thin boy from the South.

As Christmas drew near, Miss Naylor couldn't help worrying about her boys. She knew how little they would have. She worried, too, about the continuing hostility in the class. Tony, the Italian, had joined Chad in his shunning of Jonathan. Little French Andy quarreled with Tony, and thereafter spoke to him with cold politeness. Despairingly Miss Naylor knew something should be done, but she was powerless against the flood of world hate that had somehow found its way into the little home mission church.

One day, not long before Christmas, she closed the book as the class half hour came to a close.

"Boys," she said, "I've some news for you. Saturday afternoon we're going to take you

all uptown to see the big Christmas tree. And we're all having lunch together, with turkey and plum pudding. Of course, it will cost money, and so we will have to ask you to bring a quarter each for the trip. Then you'll have the whole day to look in store windows and see the trees, and have lunch. Be sure and bring your quarters by Friday."

There were loud cheers. Just going uptown was a treat for most of them, and with turkey—well, that was really Christmas. Only Chad didn't join in, but sat back in his seat, looking thoughtful.

"Here's my quarter, teacher," Tony announced the next day.

"Take it to Mr. Peters after class, Tony. He's the one in charge."

After class there was a general exodus toward Mr. Peters' office, and Miss Naylor smiled to herself. In the excitement, Chinese had forgotten to draw away from Japanese, and Tony had been chattering loudly to Jonathan.

Miss Naylor didn't go with the group uptown. She stayed at the mission church and began trimming a tree with glistening blue and red balls, with tinsel, and a silver star for the highest branch. Then she took out tissue paper and ribbon and began wrapping packages—presents she had bought her boys from her own small store of money.

"There," she thought at last, sitting tired and dirty on the floor, "they'll have some Christmas in spite of unemployment and wars and tenements."

Mr. Peters found her there when he came back from uptown, tired and dirty himself.

"They had a grand time," he said, sitting down beside her on the floor. "Honestly, Nancy, it's pitiful to see the way their eyes bulge at the people and the things in the stores. And how they ate! I'm glad they got one good meal for Christmas, even if we will be short of money for awhile."

"How do you like my tree?" Miss Naylor demanded.

"Very pretty," Mr. Peters said absently. His mind was quite evidently on something else. Finally he turned to her. "You know, Nancy, a queer thing happened. Don't you have a little Negro boy named Jonathan Stone in your junior class?"

"Why, yes. What's he done? He's one of the very nicest of the boys—only, of course, they're all nice."

"Well, he came to me Friday and gave me a quarter for the trip. Then he waited until the other boys left, and explained that he wouldn't be going himself, but that the quarter was for someone else. Then he begged me to make the arrangements and tell the other boy he was to go, but not let on who gave the quarter. It was getting pretty mixed up by that time, but the kid was so earnest that I promised to do as he asked. As it happened, I didn't need to explain to the other chap. He was so excited at getting to go that he never questioned me. What do you make of all that?"

"Plenty," Miss Naylor said, her blue eyes suddenly happy. "In fact, I bet I can tell you the name of the boy who went in Jonathan's place. It was Chad."

"How'd you know?"

But Miss Naylor only smiled and shook her head.

It was the last class before Christmas, and no one could sit still. The tree stood at the front of the room, laden with packages. Everyone had to look it over, even to the back. Chad, holding proudly to his finished windmill, pranced up and down the room.

"This isn't as big as the tree uptown, but it's prettier. What are all those packages, Miss Naylor?"

"We'll find out in a minute," she promised. "First, I've a story to tell you."

They gathered round, Chad holding tightly to his precious windmill. "It's my own Christmas present," he said to Willie, showing him a safe distance from it.

"Once upon a time," Miss Naylor began, "there was a boy just about your age. He didn't have much to give for Christmas, but he did want to give someone a present. Now, he belonged to a group of boys who went to class in a mission church, like this one, and one day he heard that they were going on a trip uptown to see the big Christmas tree and have a real Christmas dinner." The boys began to look at one another, but Miss Naylor went on, pretending not to notice. "This boy had a quarter for the trip, but he knew another fellow who didn't. Here was a chance to give someone a Christmas present! So he turned in his quarter, and asked that the other boy have the trip and the dinner."

There was silence. Then Tony broke in. "I know," he said flatly. "You're talking about us. Who was it that gave the quarter, Miss Naylor?"

"We were all there but Jonathan," Hansen broke in. "It must have been him. But who was it that got the trip for his present, Miss Naylor?"

She waited a moment, looking at them. Then Chat spoke up, a little defiantly. "I was the one."

"Jonathan," Miss Naylor drew him to her side, "why did you give Chad this present? You don't know him very well, do you?"

Jonathan wiggled uncomfortably. "Well," he said, twisting his foot, "I've been uptown before. But he's new here, and he's never seen a city at Christmas time."

"But you wanted to see it too, Jonathan."

"Yes'm," Jonathan nodded. "But he wanted to go more. I don't know him so well, but you've been telling us, Miss Naylor, about how everybody are brothers. I'd do that for a brother of mine."

Ten pairs of eyes looked steadily at Miss Naylor. Then Willie spoke up abruptly. "That's right," he said soberly. "Brothers! You've said that all along. Say, Miss Naylor, after Christmas—can I have the bench with Hansen again?"

Miss Naylor looked at him proudly. "Of course you can, Willie. Now we'll have our Christmas story, and after that the tree."

The boys went back to their seats, Chad the last one. Miss Naylor went to get her book, and in doing so she passed the tree. There, hanging among the tissue-wrapped packages, was something she hadn't tied on. It was a windmill, and on it fluttered a piece of torn tablet paper: "To my pal, Jonathan, from Chad."

She sat down at her desk and looked over her boys—Chinese, Japanese, Italian, French, American, Negro—all races and nationalities, now once more friends. She opened the Book and began to read: "And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude, saying: 'Peace on earth—'"

—Christian Advocate, 1937.

THE CHRISTMAS MESSAGE

Chime on, chime on, oh, Christmas bells!

The Christmas spirit is whispering its message of love and hope and cheer and awakens a chord that the advent of no other occasion can stir.

It whispers hope for attainments and for blessings, for our loved ones, and for weights to be lifted from over-burdened shoulders. It whispers love and cheer to us that we may

help keep the star of hope shining in other lives.

May all peoples seek the Christmas star that is shining for all nations and all people who will seek and find.

Wise men long, long ago followed the gleam of the Star and the Christmas spirit is proclaiming that this same Star is shining today to guide to the King of kings.

This old, old story that is ever new, continues to roll adown the years of endless time.

The voice of the Christ child echoes across the world, "Peace, good will."

—Selected.

WOMAN'S WORK

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

GOD HAS A STAR IN HIS WINDOW

It is told of Sir Harry Lauder, that while he was in Melbourne, Australia, and had just sustained the loss of his only son, who had fallen at the front, he related the following beautiful incident:

"A man came to my dressing room in a New York theater," he said, "and told of an experience that had recently befallen him. In American towns, any household that had given a son to the war was entitled to place a star on the window pane. Well, a few nights before he came to see me, this man was walking down a street in New York accompanied by his wee boy. The lad became very much interested in the lighted windows of the houses, and clasped his hands when he saw a star. As they passed house after house he would say, 'Oh, look, Daddy, there's another house that has given a son to the war! And there's another! There's one with two stars! And look! There's a house with no star at all!'"

"At last they came to a break in the houses. Through the gap could be seen the evening star shining brightly in the sky. The little lad caught his breath. 'Oh, look, Daddy,' he cried, 'God must have given his Son, for he has got a star in his window.'"

"He has indeed!" said Sir Harry Lauder, in repeating the story. But it took the clear eyes of a little child to discover that the very stars are repeating the glorious fact that "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son" to die, not for any favored nation but for all, and now "whosoever believeth

in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

When God gave his Son it proved his love to all nations, and for all individuals in those nations. So wherever man is found we can point to Calvary's cruel cross and say, "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

Whoever you may be, God loves you! Oh, glorious fact, that the clear eyes of children have discerned! And many whose eyes were dim by reason of age have also at last learned the same blessed fact—not in the starry sky but in the blackness and darkness of Calvary, when he who was ever the delight of the Father's heart, "was wounded for our transgressions, and bruised for our iniquities," that we "with his stripes might be healed" (Isaiah 53: 5).

Wonder of wonders, it pleased God to bruise him that we might go free!

All for me! All for me!
Lord, was it all for me?
From the throne to the manger,
From there to the cross,
Yes, it was all for me!

Yes, everybody may say for me, after reading the text that proves it to be so:

"For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." (John 3: 16).

—Taken from *The Christian Digest*.

THE PROBLEMS OF LASTING PEACE

By Herbert Hoover and Hugh Gibson

The American people are concentrating with desperate purpose on the winning of the war. But beyond our inevitable victory must lie the building of a peace that will guarantee us and the rest of humanity against the world-wide chaos of a future conflict.

Nearly two score Federal agencies and two hundred organizations are now registered as working on plans for the future world order. To them and to the American public, *The Problems of Lasting Peace* will be of inestimable value.

This book is a new approach to the entire problem. Both Mr. Hoover and Mr. Gibson, through their long public careers, bring to

this objective study an outlook at once dynamic and scholarly. The authors are convinced that postwar problems will become insuperable unless we begin to plan now; that otherwise we shall merely run the danger of sowing the seeds of new hates, new discords, and more war; that, unless the next peace be made durable, this war will have been fought in vain.

The Problems of Lasting Peace is notable for its presentation of historical analysis and for its concrete experience. It builds up cogent conclusions as to the foundations essential for lasting peace. It presents the alternative plans for preserving that peace and, finally, outlines the methods by which peacemaking should be conducted.

Thoughtful and provocative, this may well prove a landmark in the literature that presents the epochal problems of war and the peace to which each war must lead.

Herbert Hoover, thirty-first President of the United States, brings to this study of the problems of lasting peace a three-fold background which gives him unique authority on this controversial question. His professional engineering work from 1895 to 1913 gave him an intimate, first-hand knowledge of economic problems on a world-wide basis. Then, beginning with 1914 and extending to today, the whole panorama of war and peace was spread before his eyes. Mr. Hoover, during all these years, has dealt personally with the people who bear the brunt of war; he sees the problems of this peace, which we must win, through the eyes of a citizen of the world, through the eyes of a statesman.

Hugh Gibson has had a unique career as diplomat and public servant. There is probably no other living diplomat who has had such extensive first-hand experience with the problems discussed in this book. Entering the diplomatic service in 1908, he served as American minister to Poland (1919-1924), to Switzerland (1924-1927), as ambassador to Belgium (1927-1933), (1937-1938), and he also served for four years as ambassador to Brazil (1933-1937). He worked closely with Mr. Hoover during and after the last war in the conduct of European relief, and he brings to this book his vast experience as head of many American delegations to disarmament and other international conferences.

(Doubleday, Doran and Company, Inc. Price \$2.)

WHITE GIFT OPPORTUNITY

China's Guerrilla Babies, Born Into Life of Daily Danger, Are Growing Up to Sights and Sounds of Warfare

New York, N. Y.—China's real "war babies" are the children of her guerrilla families in the Northwest border region. They were born into a life of constant danger, in an isolated mountain region hemmed in on three

children five years ago. Thanks to her continuous efforts, sixty day nurseries are in operation in this Border Region, and today more than one thousand small guerrilla children are now being looked after. The fathers of most are guerrilla soldiers and most of the mothers work in war industries.

Mme. Sun has just sent to China Aid Council, a participating agency of United China Relief, a five-year report on her guer-

WANTED: A HOME



This little Chinese orphan walked a long distance before he found refuge in one of the northern orphanages run by Mme. Sun Yat-sen and partly supported with funds sent from America by United China Relief. There are many thousands of youngsters in China today who have lost homes and parents, and orphanages are hard put to it to provide shelter, food, clothing and schooling for all of them.

sides by the enemy, and they are growing up to the sights and sounds of warfare. Strangely enough, these Chinese war babies are thriving on danger. From the looks of them, in photographs just arrived, they are the plumpest and the rosiest of all China's children.

Mme. Sun Yat-sen—second of the famous Soong sisters and widow of the founder of China's Republic—interested herself in these

rilla nurseries, in which she gives credit to American donations for the chubbiness of her small charges.

"My children are the most fortunate of all the ten million inhabitants of the Border Region," she writes. "Their living conditions are many times better than those of adults. But in this region of semi-desert, their food-stuffs often must be brought from hundreds

of miles away, and the enemy blockade made some things, such as sugar, rare and precious."

The local sweet dates, Mme. Sun reports, are most often used as a substitute for sugar. Only a small amount of cows' and goats' milk is available in this region, and this must be saved for weak, ill, or undernourished children. The other babies and children drink soy bean milk. Chicken soup is a luxury that the nursery children have only once a week, and even then the broth from one fowl must serve twenty children.

Every day the Chinese children in the Border Region nurseries get meat, the daily ration for each amounting to about one ounce.

They have lots of fruit juices and vegetables and congee (rice gruel). The babies and older children get an egg a day. A sample menu sent by Mme. Sun mentions date jam, and custards.

Thanks to the sheep that abound in that region, the guerrilla babies have warm winters, each one in Mme. Sun's nurseries equipped with two padded woolen suits, and sweaters. For summer, each child has two suits of rough homespun. Although there is no uniform in the nurseries, each child is provided with two white aprons to guard his clothes. "When they are playing together in the courtyards," Mme. Sun writes, "these little aprons make the children look like a swarm of white-breasted ducklings."

"In warm weather," Mme. Sun reports, "the children play out of doors, where every stone, every wisp of grass, and every insect is an object of great interest. But when it rains in winter, the staff has a hard time keeping the kiddies amused or interested. Good pictures are hard to get, and there are few materials to produce them. The only toys we can make are dolls and animal figures of clay, wood, or rags.

Nursery staffs for these Border Region nurseries consist partly of the children's own mothers, and partly of outside workers. All are sent first to the First International Peace Hospital for three months' training in child care and child hygiene. Some are given courses in kindergarten education.

The children in China's Border Region today will probably be pioneers in the rebirth of that vast section of China after the war. The Northwest is historically China's main door to the outside world. Marco Polo's silk route went through it many years ago. The opening of sea routes forced the Northwest

into oblivion, but the importance of the north-west route into Russia has made this area a highly strategic one for China. Development of new roads into China proper and introduction of new industries into the Border Region are expected to make this region of permanent value to China.

CHRIST COMING AGAIN

Christmas anticipates the return of Christ. Have you noticed how the Scriptures connect his two appearances? For example, in Hebrews 9: 26-28 it is written, that once at the interlocking of the ages he was manifested to put away sin by the sacrifice of himself. Then immediately it is added, that having been once offered to bear the sins of man he shall appear a second time, apart from sin.

His two advents are alike in three points; literal and visible; more distant than at first thought; the delay in both cases intended to discipline faith. The two advents are unlike in three points: his return will be in glory, not humiliation; he will come to reign, not to suffer; he will judge, not be judged.

The world's history has swung round two great hopes—the first and the second coming, the Christ of the cradle and the Christ of the clouds. It would seem that men today have largely lost their consciousness of the one and their faith in the other. Looking backward to the supernatural birth, let us also lift our faces toward the glorious appearing.

In the crimson of the morning, in the whiteness of the noon,

In the amber glory of the day's retreat,
In the midnight robed in darkness, or the gleaming of the moon,

I listen for the coming of his feet.

—Watchman-Examiner.

MARY'S CHRISTMAS GIFT

By Mildred M. North

"Peace on the earth—good will to men,"

The shining angels sang;

Above the dark Judean hills

The heavenly chorus rang.

And wondering shepherds left their flocks

For Bethlehem's crowded way,

To bow before the manger crib

Wherein the Christ Child lay.

The Star-led wise men knelt to give

Their incense, gold and myrrh—

But Mary kept each wondrous thing

Hid in the heart of her.

—M. P. Recorder.

DAILY MEDITATIONS

(Prepared by Mrs. A. G. Churchward, Chetek, Wis.)

Sunday, December 27

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." John 15: 13.

We just received a letter from a nineteen year old marine. He wrote, "I am fighting for a great cause and I am willing, if need be, to give my life, that those I love may keep what they have." He is only one of our great army. It may well awe us at such courage, love of country, and sacrifice.

Are we on the home front doing all we can? Do we belt the globe with prayers for help and to watch over and care for our loved ones, not only ours but all, that peace may come? Do we follow our prayers with all we can do to help bring peace? Are we safeguarding what is more precious, their spiritual welfare? We must let our protests against liquor and immorality be definite and sure, to protect these young soldiers of ours, that may die for us.

Prayer—Lord, we thank thee for these brave boys. Care for them and save them. Amen.

Monday, December 28

"Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy." Exodus 20: 8.

What a wonderful provision the Lord made for us when he made the Sabbath.

Through the week we toil and often are in valleys of care and distress, but the Sabbath comes; we pause and rest our bodies, and take time to think and thank God for all his mercies.

"Now let us repose from our care and sorrow,
Let all that is anxious and sad pass away,
The rough cares of life lay aside till tomorrow,
And let us be tranquil and happy today."

Prayer—The words of this poet are our prayer. Amen.

Tuesday, December 29

"Christ loved the church, and gave himself for it; that he might sanctify and cleanse it, with the washing of the water, by the word, that he might present it to himself a glorious church." Ephesians 5: 25-27.

A church is like a flower garden, full of many kinds of lovely flowers—the modest forget-me-not, lovely lily, and every variety that produces harmony. A beautiful garden requires loving care and much work or thistles and weeds will grow, choking and killing the weaker and crippling all, until, if not given

a good overhauling, they will be completely killed. We are all a part of the church to which we belong. Do we help nourish and care for it? Is it a credit to the members?

Prayer—Our Father, we thank thee for the church, its help and influence for good. Help us to be faithful. Amen.

Wednesday, December 30

"Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." Hebrews 11: 1.

There is only one way, the road of faith, to enter heaven. Each step of the way is by faith and in faith: we live day by day by faith, do all our work by faith, and die by faith.

Our theologies will never save us. Great learning will help us little, unless we have faith to carry us through where all these great things, admirable as they are, fail. After all, what are we? God made us from the dust of the earth, his image. All the elements are in the human body, nothing is lost, even the material elements go back to the earth. If God made us, he will care for us and keep us always. Paul said, "Now faith is the assurance of things hoped for—the proving of things unseen."

Prayer—Dear God, give us the faith of a little child. Help us to trustingly follow each day as we are led. Amen.

Thursday, December 31

"My heart was hot within me; while I was musing, the fire burned." Psalm 39: 3.

These words in Psalm 39 are a fitting text for the last day of 1942.

If we could be alone by an open fire and think over the past year, as David was thinking of his life, a struggle with his soul—much of the past is bound to come to our minds in such a mood, the good and bad: Tender memories of our father and mother, their struggles and desires and sacrifices, that we might become useful men and women. The old home and friends, our babies, and some of our sorrows and disappointments are woven in until we are back in the present. The fire has burned low. Here is reality. What has happened to our nice world, our country and our homes? There is heartache and sorrow all about us and grim days ahead.

The things we thought so important shrink to insignificance, and we are down to the realities. Our ideals, homes, and very existence are in danger. We thought we were so suf-

ficient and now we are thrown back on God's mercy and love. It was well said, "There were no atheists in the fox holes of Bataan." They called on God. Men who never prayed before pray now.

Prayer—Merciful God, help us now in our distress. May right win. We know it will, and help us to put our all into the great struggle for victory that will heal the wounds of this world, and give us strength to go on to the victory of peace and reconstruction. Amen.

**SABBATH SCHOOL LESSON
FOR JANUARY 2, 1943**

**The Glory of the Son of God. Scripture—John 1: 1-18.
Golden Text—John 1: 14.**

THE FLIGHT OF THE SILVER WING

By Frances McKinnon Morton

It was Christmas morning and Janie came down the stairs with an enormous bumpy package held in both of her arms. Her eyes were shining and her cheeks were pink with excitement.

"It is for you, David," she said to David who was watching her, "and I had to give it to you myself. It is a 'give-away present' and a 'keep-for-yourself present'; and you can do your own choosing."

David could hardly wait to get all of the knots of string untied from around the bumpy package. He did get them untied though, and all of the folds of paper unwrapped. Then there they were, two graceful little airplanes, the "Blue Bird," and the "Silver Wing," the names printed plainly on the side of each plane.

"Now," said Janie happily, "you can keep one and give one to Gordon. Then you can both go to the Playground Field this afternoon and fly your planes with the rest of the boys."

"I am going to keep the Silver Wing," said David proudly, "because I love its name and it reminds me of you, Janie. I know one thing, and that is no boy in the world has a better sister than I have. I think Christmas gifts are the nicest things, and I wonder how people ever got started giving them."

"Why David," answered Janie, "of course you know. Christmas is the birthday of Jesus and he gave us the best Christmas gift of all. He gave us himself to show us how to live; and mother says when we really give

Christmas gifts we always give part of ourselves with them."

David looked thoughtful. Janie had given some of the best of herself to him and to Gordon when she took her own money and bought two airplanes to give them happiness instead of spending her money for something of her own. One should think of that at Christmas time.

But that was all before David began playing with his airplane and broke one of its silver wings. He knew he should have waited to fly it until he was out in an open field where there was plenty of room instead of trying to fly it in his own little back yard. Janie had told him it would be better to wait and he knew that anyway, but still he had wanted so to try it that he did. The little plane went sailing out across the yard and then went "bump" against the corner of the garage. A splintering sound followed and then the graceful little Silver Wing dropped to the ground.

David looked around but there was no one in sight. He was out in the yard alone. He picked up the plane and smoothed out the wing until the crack hardly showed at all, except that one wing drooped a little. Something hurt him inside of his heart; and he began thinking of giving the broken Wing to Gordon and keeping the Blue Bird for himself.

"They are both mine," he told himself, "and if I give this one to Gordon he will not notice the crack at first and then he will think that he broke it himself. Nobody saw me break it and anyway I have a perfect right to choose whichever one I want."

So David wrapped the crippled Silver Wing carefully and started over to Gordon's with it. He meant to give it to Gordon; but somehow he could never go all of the way. He kept thinking about Christmas and how it means giving something of yourself to those you love.

Sadly he turned round and came back. Janie met him at the door.

"Oh," she said, "I knew you would come back. I saw you break it and then start over to Gordon's, but I knew you would come back because you are not the kind of boy to do a mean thing."

"It would have been mean, wouldn't it?" admitted David.

"I think so and you think so," said Janie, "and that is what our minds are given to us

for, to think what is right and wrong, and what is best and worst."

But before they could finish talking there was a knock at the door and Uncle Dick came in with all his flying togs on. "Who wants to bundle up and go for an airplane ride in the Silver Wing?" he asked eagerly, for he had brought a new plane with him and his new plane had the very same name that David's had.

Of course they wanted to go and then Uncle Dick said there would be plenty of room for Gordon, so when David went over to take the Blue Bird to Gordon, he carried also an invitation for him to ride in Uncle Dick's plane.

"And I'll tell you what," Uncle Dick said when he saw David's broken plane, "I'll take this out with me and get my mechanic to fix it up as good as new and a little better. Then you'll probably be the only boy on the Playground Field with an airplane repaired by a real mechanic."

David thought that would be fine; and after the airplane ride and the good Christmas dinner he and Gordon took their new planes and went to the field to fly them.

David came home beaming with happiness. "The Silver Wing won the long flight," he said; "the man who fixed it put a new propeller on it and it can fly longer than any of the others. The Blue Bird won the high flight, and isn't Christmas splendid?"

Janie smiled and nodded her head to say she agreed. She knew and David knew that Christmas would not have been a happy time if he had done the wrong and selfish thing he had thought of doing when he started to give his friend the broken plane.

—In Presbyterian Advance.

WHY CHRISTMAS

By Mizpah S. Greene

Dear Recorder Children:

I have several fine letters this week, but since this number of the Recorder is to be a special Christmas number, I'll have to save these letters until next week.

A little girl once asked me, "Why do we have a Christmas day?" Perhaps some of my youngest Recorder children are asking that same question, so to tell you the reason for our beloved Christmas day I'll relate to

you the most wonderful true story in the world:

Jesus Comes to Bethlehem

About seventy-five miles from the beautiful city of Bethlehem was the little town of Nazareth, lying on a gentle hillside at the end of a little valley, with low mountains all about it and its pretty white houses gleaming among green trees and vines.

In this little village lived a good man named Joseph with his lovely wife Mary. As our story begins, Joseph and Mary were summoned to Bethlehem to have their names enrolled for taxation, for the Emperor of Rome had commanded that "all the world should be taxed."

So Joseph and Mary started on their journey, Mary riding on a donkey and Joseph walking by her side. It wouldn't take us long to make such a journey by auto, but to them it was long and tiresome, taking them three or four days to travel, and they were very tired when they reached Bethlehem. When they reached the inn where they expected to stay they found that so many others had arrived before them that there was no room for them. The only place they could find for lodging was a rude stable, but they were so weary that they were glad to get even that, and there on a blanket spread on the hay in a rough manger, Jesus, our Savior, was born.

Now, about a mile from Bethlehem, some shepherds were tending their flocks on the hillsides sloping down to the valley, for they must protect the sheep from wild beasts in the forests nearby. As they were watching, a bright light shone around them, and looking up, they saw a beautiful angel coming from the sky directly toward them. They were very much frightened at first, but he looked lovingly at them and said, "Fear not, for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Savior, who is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger." Then suddenly hundreds of angels joined him, singing, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

This is the song which we and all who love Jesus sing over and over again, especially at Christmas time.

After the angels had gone back to heaven, the shepherds hurried to Bethlehem to see the baby Jesus. As soon as the gates of the city were opened, they went, and found the baby Jesus, lying in the manger, just as the angel had told them. With glad and thankful hearts the shepherds bowed before this little babe, the Son of God, and worshiped him. Then they went back to their flocks telling everyone they met about the angels and the baby Jesus. "And all they that heard it wondered at those things which were told them by the shepherds."

Also three wise men came and brought wonderful gifts to show their love for the baby Jesus, and Christmas day is the special day set aside for people everywhere to show their love for Jesus, and their friends and loved ones, for Jesus' sake.

AN ODD PRESENT

Now, boys and girls, I am going to tell you about the odd Christmas presents my brother and I received one Christmas when we were quite small. We had visited a little friend who had quite a number of white rats and we wanted some, too, and made our wants known over and over to our parents. So when Christmas came they gave us a pair of these white rats. They were wonderful pets at first and we had great fun playing with them. Then there were baby rats and they were fine pets, too. But in less than two months more baby rats arrived and our father had to give us a woodbox to keep them in. Soon we had so many white rats that they began to run all over the house. They would run up our sleeves and other places too numerous to mention. They were as cute as kittens when they were young, but as they grew old they were as destructive as any common rat. Instead of saying, "Pigs are pigs," we all began to say, "Rats are rats." Finally one night a rat crawled into my father's pillow and he said very emphatically, "No more rats!" So our white rats were packed into the woodbox and taken to the very back part of the farm. I might tell you more about those white rats but this is supposed to be a Christmas story, so I'll close by saying that the next Christmas we each received a pet kitten and cared no more for rats.

M. S. G.

Andover, N. Y.

CHRISTMAS EVE, U.S.A., 1942

By Victor Skaggs

Tho' this be war, let us not leave
Unhollid doors nor trees unhung
In tinsel'd splendor, nor should we
Neglect those carols he has sung.
Ours is the duty to maintain
His home, and all traditions he
Held sacred, undefiled until
He's gained that total victory.
Tho' he, perforce, cannot enjoin
His voice with ours, nor lead the cheer,
I am convinced, no matter where
He is tonight—his heart is here.

Jos. R. Cushing,
(Reprinted from "Sunshine").

Christmas again! Here it is that greatest of holidays and sweetest of holy days. Here it is again with its warmth and friendliness, its beauty and cheer. It brings with it goodness and kindness and love. Here is Christmas again with its peace and good will to all men, ringing out over a world at war.

Christmas again! In the hearts of men and women and children the world around, at their homes or far distant, Christmas means much. It is not just a time of the giving and receiving of gifts. It is not just a time for reunions of families and friends. In addition to these, it is a time of reaffirmation of our love for family, friends, men in general, God; a time of rededication of life to active useful service. For at this time our minds turn to a holy Babe, born in a stable; cradled in a manger; brought up as a Jew; living, not as a Jew, but as a member of the human race; serving and saving; dying, and rising from the dead to bring the saving love of God to men; living now as God lives, guiding and leading. That is the picture of Christmas. That holy birth, as song tells us, came upon a midnight clear. While shepherds watched their flocks, herald angels sang of the Savior whom the kings of the Orient were seeking.

Christmas again! It is a beautiful picture. It is the basis of Christianity. It is the prelude to the love for men that Christ lived and taught. It is of no use now, for men to say, "We are at war—let's skip Christmas." Christmas cannot be skipped. It is out of the hands of men to skip Christmas, for it means so much it cannot be obliterated from the souls of men by decree.

The Christ, in each stage of his growth, revealed God. As he lay a Babe in his

mother's arms, he showed God's love for men. He showed God's trust in man. I have no doubt but that God knew that man would not (for he did not) keep that trust: him they reviled and persecuted. I fear that today we ought to ask ourselves, "Do we keep God's trust in us?" Do we? or are we prone to revile and persecute him today?

"Christmas again! With its peace and good will and wonder." Here it is again. What does it mean to you? Does it mean only that this year you will not gather as formerly? Carry your sunshine with you. That is what Christ did for he knew that in fair or foul weather he must go on.

Christmas again! in a world of hate and war and greed. They do not match. They cannot be reconciled. We are at war and we cannot stop until it is won, but let us retain in our homes for men away and for men to be, the spirit of love and brotherhood. Let us keep faith with God for the peace and happiness and sanity it will give us, and for the hope it offers for the future in this world and the next.

Christmas again! This Christmas let our prayer be that of the composer who wrote in prayer to the Christ:

"Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where the infant Redeemer is laid."

Alfred, N. Y.

PEACE? — GOODWILL?

Clifford A. Beebe, Pastor Fouke and Little
Prairie Churches

Zech. 9: 12—"Turn you to the strong hold,
ye prisoners of hope."

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

And in despair I bowed my head:
"There is no peace on earth," I said,
"For hate is strong and mocks the song
Of peace on earth, good will to men."

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

Henry W. Longfellow (1863).

Only twice in recorded history have there been times of universal peace.

When Darius came to the Persian throne in 521 B.C., he found an empire already spread to the confines of the known world, and set about by a wise policy of governmental organization and of tolerance, to make conquered peoples, who had never known real freedom anyway, contented with their yoke. He succeeded so well that for about ten years (until he tried, unwisely, to gather Greece into his empire) there was peace, until the prophet Zechariah could hear, in his vision the words, "All the earth sitteth still, and is at rest." But it was not a peace that was pleasing to God: "I am very sore displeased with the heathen that are at ease." (Zech. 1: 15).

And when Augustus Cæsar had waded through blood to the imperial seat of Rome, there came a brief space of universal peace, with the iron heel of Rome grinding down on the necks of conquered peoples—just such a peace as exists today in Poland, in Czechoslovakia, in Holland, in France, and which Hitler, too, would enforce on a conquered and stricken world if he could, and a more blood-thirsty vassal of Cæsar, the tyrant Herod, ruled in Judea. When reading the beautiful story of the birth of Jesus, we like to pass over hurriedly the account of the slaughter of the babies of Bethlehem, as breaking the harmony of that lovely scene; but that bloody massacre was only an incident in the day's work to the monster Herod. When Jesus was born, as one has said, "there was music in heaven, and murder upon earth."

Peace on earth—an unwelcome peace enforced with the sword; not good will, but ill-will among men. We have the ill-will aplenty today, and if Hitler and his allies could win, we would have again the same brand of peace. The tragedy is that, internationally, the world has progressed so imperceptibly since Cæsar's day. No wonder if, like Longfellow, we bow our heads in despair.

But "turn you to the strong hold, ye prisoners of hope." The angels did not sing their song in vain. Although man has not yet learned to live with his fellow-man in peace, God is not defeated, and Peace and Good Will, though prisoners, are not dead.

And when the third period of universal peace comes, it will not, thank God, come through force as did the others, but from the strong hold of God's throne and his eternal love, and will set free imprisoned Peace and

Good Will. Therefore, in hope, let us pray the Lord's prayer, "Thy kingdom come on earth as it is in heaven," and listen for the song of the angels over this stricken world.

"Woe and mourning fill the lands
That should hail the Savior's birth,
And the night that hath no stars
Closeth round the stricken earth;
Come, sweet angels, sing again
'Peace on earth, good will to men.' "

—Mary E. H. Everett (1917).

ON GOING HOME FOR CHRISTMAS

He little knew the sorrow that was in his vacant chair;
He never guessed they'd miss him, or surely he'd have been there;
He couldn't see his mother or the lump that filled her throat,
Or the tears that started falling as she read his hasty note;
And he couldn't see his father, sitting sorrowful and dumb,
Or he never would have written that he thought he couldn't come.

He little knew the gladness that his presence would have made,
And the joy it would have given, or he never would have stayed.
He didn't know how hungry had the little mother grown
Once again to see her baby and to claim him for her own.
He didn't guess the meaning of his visit Christmas Day
Or he never would have written that he couldn't get away.

He couldn't see the fading of the cheeks that once were pink,
And the silver in the tresses; and he didn't stop to think
How the years are passing swiftly, and next Christmas it might be
There would be no home to visit and no mother dear to see.
He didn't think about it—I'll not say he didn't care—
He was heedless and forgetful or he'd surely have been there.

Are you going home for Christmas? Have you written you'll be there?
Going to kiss the mother and to show her that you care?
Going to greet the father in a way to make him glad?
If you're not, I hope there'll never come a time you'll wish you had.
Just sit down and write a letter—it will make their heart strings hum
With a tune of perfect gladness—if you'll tell them that you'll come.

—Edgar A. Guest, in Salem Herald.

THE TIME OF CHRISTMAS

There was a time in the history of the Christian Church when the birth of the Savior was not given a special time for its recognition and celebration. About three hundred years after the Savior's birth Christians in Africa set the day for its celebration on December 6. A little later Christians in Europe decided to observe December 25. By a compromise effected between these two dates and a feeling of real need for consideration of the significance of the Savior's birth by Christians, the four weeks before Christmas were at last determined as the Season of Advent. They receive emphasis in this manner: the first week the Second Coming of Christ is the particular theme; for the second week the Bible; the third week it is the Ministry; and the fourth week it is the Incarnation of Christ. Our Sabbath services for the coming weeks will follow these themes.—Ritchie Church Bulletin (Berea).

THE SABBATH

The Sabbath was made for man (Mark 2: 27a)

The Sabbath for Man

By Rev. James L. Skaggs

Jesus said, "The Sabbath was made for man." Sometimes we hear people say, "the Sabbath is a Jewish institution and not necessarily for all men." But Jesus did not say the Sabbath was made for the Jews. But suppose he had said that. Then there would be no question about it. No other provision is made for a Sabbath. So the Christian Church and the Gentile world would have no Sabbath. But nowhere in the Bible is it said that the Sabbath was made for the Jews. Jesus said, "The Sabbath was made for man."

People who are acquainted with secular history know the Sabbath is definitely found in records long before there was a Jewish nation. Traces of the seven-day week, ending with the Sabbath, are found in widely separated sections of the ancient world.

Marcus Dodds, writing in the Expositor's Bible (Genesis, p. 85), discusses the religious environment in which Abraham spent his early life. Among other statements by Doctor Dodds we find this, "Certainly he (Abraham) was taught with the whole community to rest on the seventh day." Abraham left his home community two generations before

the beginning of the Jewish nation and many generations before the giving of the law to Moses.

Dr. A. B. Davidson, Expositor's Bible, Deuteronomy, pp. 70, 71, says, "It is now no longer possible to maintain that the Decalogue was part of a purely Jewish law, binding only upon Jews and passing away at the advent of Christianity as the ceremonial law did. Of course this view was never really taken seriously in reference to murder or theft, but it has always been a strong point with those who wished to secularize the Sunday." We Seventh Day Baptists would add that it is often a strong point with those who wish to substitute another day for the Sabbath of the fourth commandment.

When God made the Sabbath for man, he made it for us and for all men. We should cherish the Sabbath as a great gift from a loving Father, and reverently use it for our physical and spiritual welfare.

Facts About the Sabbath

The seventh day is the Sabbath. Exodus 20: 10.

God instituted it at the creation. Genesis 2: 2, 3.

God blessed and sanctified the seventh day. God calls the Sabbath his holy day. Isaiah 58: 13.

God commanded its observance. Exodus 20: 8-11.

God promised a blessing for its observance. Isaiah 58: 14.

Mentioned over fifty times in the New Testament.

Over eighty specific Sabbaths mentioned. Jesus kept the Sabbath.

Paul and the early church kept it. Its observance is God's will for us.

Shiloh, N. J.

H. C. V. H.

ANOTHER WAY

It was said that the wise men after visiting the Babe in the manger "went back another way."

No one can really see Christ and go back the same way. Life does become different from that hour.

As we have come to the manger again at this Christmas time, let us go back another way. Let us leave our hates there and go back the way of persistent good will; let us

leave our racial prejudices there and go back the way of a human brotherhood that will transcend all distinctions of color and class; let us leave all half-way responses, all compromises, and go back to be abandoned to him and to his kingdom.

Another day—another way!

—E. Stanley Jones.

WHERE

It isn't far to Bethlehem town!
It's anywhere that Christ comes down
And finds in people's friendly face
A welcome and abiding place.
The road to Bethlehem runs right through
The home of folks like me and you!

—Madeline Sweeney Miller.

SUCCESSFUL LIVING

"When You Ain't Got Nothin' "

By Edgar DeWitt Jones

Jehovah's Witnesses to the number of twenty thousand held a convention in Detroit recently. They came from the rural sections, small towns, the hill country, and the dust bowl region. They were plain, earnest people, expecting criticism, even persecution and, I suspect, welcoming it.

According to the local press, an expectant mother from South Carolina in a cheap cotton dress was asked how she happened to join the sect and come way to Detroit to attend the convention. This was her answer, "Honey, when you ain't got nothin', God looks good."

That's something to think about. It is a fact that many, perhaps most of our large and prosperous religious bodies began as churches of the disinherited. This was true of the Methodists, also of the Baptists. It is true today of the Nazarenes, the Church of God, and others that might be named.

If God looks good "when you ain't got nothin'," why should he not look better when you have something, at least a little? Does poverty make for piety and riches for unbelief and godlessness? Before you answer, be careful lest you generalize unfairly.

Another one of the Jehovah's Witnesses was quoted as saying, "I have come eleven hundred miles, but that's a short distance when you are on God's business."

Now, I am not in sympathy with some of the beliefs of this sect, and they would probably regard me as quite beyond the

pale of the faithful. All the same, I say the devotion, loyalty, and sacrificial adherence of these people to their tenets put most of us "respectable" believers to shame.

I used to hear a grand old gentleman say, "Talk's talk, but it takes money to buy a farm." By the same sign, "Talk's talk, but it takes heroic action to make religion effective and the faith victorious."

I pose this question: Does God look good to you quite apart from whether you have something or nothing?

—Selected.

LAW AND ORDER

By H. N. Wheeler

Naturally we all will speculate to some extent on what will come about after the main war is over. In the early pioneer days in the Middle West, and later in the Far West, the gun was the law in settling boundary disputes. People were killed over line fence disputes. Law finally came; the surveyors were called upon; boundary lines were established; the courts were resorted to; and the guns were discarded. Law must finally be the deciding force between nations and must be respected and enforced. All nations have policemen, traffic cops, and state patrolmen to see that the local and state laws are obeyed. The League of Nations failed because there was no force but public opinion back of it. Public opinion is necessary, but there must be enforcement agencies back of it. We are nearly all law breakers. We do not stop at the stop sign or the red light. We want other people punished, but want special privilege for ourselves. The same is true of nations. There has been much said about the "have" and the "have nots." The idea seems to be that those who have things should give them to those who have not. Christ said we would always have the poor with us. Of course, we will, and we must help them. The best way is to help them to

help themselves. People, except real indigents, rarely appreciate things given to them. So with nations. Plans can be worked out in international channels for all people to secure materials for comfortable living. These international bandits are trying to increase their populations and then invade other countries, kill the people or make slaves of them so as to make room for their own people. Such ideas and actions must be eliminated if there is ever to be peace among nations. When there is universal acceptance of Christ as a Savior by individuals, and nations adopt his teachings as the basis of national and international law, then there will be hope of everlasting peace. But even then there must be law and enforcement agencies, for we are still human.

Washington, D. C.

THE PRINCE OF PEACE

By J. Britain Winter

Two thousand years ago the angel chorus
Broke on the frosty air near Bethlehem;
Proclaiming to the lowly, humble shepherds,
The gladsome song of peace on earth to men.
But, oh, how slow the world has been to listen;
To follow where the Prince of Peace doth lead;
Warfare and strife still take their toll of millions,
Prompted by human selfishness and greed.

Two thousand years have passed since as an infant,
There came to earth the mighty Prince of Peace.
It seemed that warfare's death-knell had been
sounded—

That strife 'twix mankind would forever cease.
Yet men made in God's image still are butchered;
Men still go forth to cripple and to kill;
And there are those who feel that in so doing,
They carry out their Father's holy will.

Oh, God, how can it be we are so blinded,
How be so slow to learn the will of God?
The voices of ten million slaughtered humans
Cry out their protest from beneath the sod.
Oh, God, grant that the Church the Master
founded,
Shall strive to cause all war and strife to cease,
Hasten the day when men of every nation,
Acclaim the Lord as the great Prince of Peace.

—In Christian Education.

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*Greetings
to you
for the
New Year*

"I said to a man that stood at the gate of the year, '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 to you better than a light and safer than a known way.'"

—Selected.

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