

he gave this strong testimony: "God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ," and the reason that he so gloried in the cross, was "by which the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world" (Galatians 6: 14).

IV.

The martyrs, as they went to the stake, sang praises to God because they were accounted worthy to suffer for his cause. So many of us are satisfied with so little an amount of God's blessings; and again, so many of us are ignorant of the blessings in store for us, that we know not what to ask for, because we are ignorant of what is held in store for us. Many farmers struggle through life, not knowing how best to conduct or manage their farms. They don't know that the Federal Government has hundreds of bulletins dealing with every phase of farming; and they can be had for the asking, without price. In fact, any one making request of the Department of Agriculture will receive a complete list of hundreds of bulletins published for the benefit of the farmer, that are free. God has given us an elaborate record of the blessings that we might enjoy, but we are not familiar with them. They are found in his Word.

A little boy was being taught the story of a blind man healed by the Master. The teacher had a picture of a blind man being led by a dog before his healing. The teacher asked the boy what he would ask for if he were blind, and met Jesus. The youngster replied, "I would ask him for a dog to lead me."

William Carey, on his way to India, was asked by an officer of the boat in a sneering way, "Do you expect to make any impression on that great empire?" Carey made a quick reply, "No, sir, but I expect God to."

Let us suppose that a representative of our government, in the early experiences of the northern regions, discovered a tribe of Eskimos who never had come in contact with a white man or civilization. Suppose he should, with the authority of the government, offer to give the Eskimos any gift they might ask for because of their kindness to Uncle Sam's explorers. Do you suppose they could make a wise choice of a gift? They knew nothing whatever of the conveniences

of civilization, not even to know the use of a wheel. But, if they were educated to know what civilization affords, or the conveniences of inventions and manufacture, then they might make a wise choice. No one is prepared to ask God for his abundant blessings without being familiar with his Guide Book where these blessings are recorded. Many of us are extremely trifling in our approach to God.

There is a beautiful story told of Abraham Lincoln while he was President; he visited one of the army hospitals and was quite interested in a young man, very thin and pale, apparently about eighteen years of age. He very pleasantly greeted the boy, and asked him if there was anything he could do for him. The boy requested him to write a letter to his mother. Lincoln asked for paper, sat down and wrote a lengthy letter telling the boy that he would mail it as soon as he returned to his office. Then he said to the boy, "Is there anything else that I can do for you?" Putting up his hand, Lincoln took hold of it, as the boy said, "Won't you stay with me; it feels so good to have you hold my hand." The President of the United States sat down by the boy's cot, holding his hand for two hours, until the boy fell asleep in death. God is more interested and tender towards us than Lincoln was toward the dying boy. Let us bear in mind that God is pleased to have us ask of him.

"Attempt great things for God.
Expect great things from God."

—Carey, in Gathering Call,
Sept.-Oct., 1943.

MARRIAGES

Crandall - Pirtle. — At the Seventh Day Baptist church in Farina, Ill., November 17, 1943, Pfc. Paratrooper Vane Crandall of Farina, Ill., and Miss Anne Pirtle of Chicago, Ill., the pastor of the church, Rev. C. L. Hill, officiating. After a brief leave of absence the groom returned to duty in North Carolina and the bride to her tasks as secretary in Chicago.

Fond Mother: "Tell me, Professor, do you detect any sign of genius in my son?"

Professor: "Madam, I am not a detective."

The Sabbath Recorder

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PLAINFIELD, N. J., DECEMBER 20, 1943

No. 25

Christmas

1943

For unto us a child is born,
unto us a son is given . . . his
name shall be called Wonderful,
Counsellor, The Mighty God
. . . The Prince of Peace.

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

And I, if I be lifted up from
the earth, will draw all men
unto me.

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EDITORIALS

THE FOURTH WISE MAN

"Behold, there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem." We are all familiar with the story of the three wise men, as told by Matthew, who came from the east to the manger in Bethlehem to pay homage to "the King of the Jews." Tradition has given us the names of these men, Gaspar, Belthasar, and Melchior. These men brought gold, a sign of his capital; incense, symbolizing his divine nature; and myrrh, signifying his humanness and suffering. But, it seems according to other traditions, that there was a fourth wise man whom the Bible does not mention, a Chaldean by the name of Artaban.

According to the story, when these wise men saw the star in the east which indicated to them the birth of the Divine Child, they agreed to meet at a certain temple in one of the cities of Babylonia. The first three met at the appointed time and after waiting days for Artaban, departed, leaving a note informing him of their departure and destination with the request for him to follow. He had been detained, it seems, on his way by a dying man who had been robbed and almost killed. He gave the wounded man first aid and waited on him till he was out of danger. Upon leaving, he gave him one of the jewels, intended for the "newborn king of the Jews," and hastened to join his friends, only to find that they had gone. Hastily he followed them.

In due time Artaban reached Bethlehem, only to find the newborn king and his friends gone. He found the city full of soldiers,

at the command of Herod, slaying all male children under two years of age. While passing one of the homes of the place, a desperate mother was trying to protect her child against one of the soldiers. Artaban, touched by the scene, gave the soldier the second of his jewels, a rich, purple ruby, and the child was spared to the mother.

Following the Christ Child and his parents into Egypt, whither Artaban learned they had gone, he roamed from place to place in search of the "newborn King of the Jews." Thirty years, according to the tale, he wandered from one country to another, until old, tired, exhausted, and disillusioned, he came to Jerusalem and asked again as he had done hundreds of times before, "Where is the newborn King of the Jews?" "Oh, yes," he was told by a jeering throng, "we are on our way now to see him crucified, who calls himself the King of the Jews."

Artaban followed in the direction of the mob but stayed on the outside of the crowd. There he saw a beautiful maiden chained to the arm of a leering individual who had taken her in payment of a debt her father could not discharge. Touched by the appeal of her eyes he offered his last remaining jewel for the help of suffering humanity which he had bought and cherished through the years, to offer to his King.

Frightened at the darkness which now came over the city and by the earthquake which shook its foundations, Artaban stood trembling till struck down by falling tile. He seemed to be in a new world, seeing a transcendent figure with white robes and piercing eyes, and a sweet voice saying to him, a voice that seemed familiar, "I was hungered

and you gave me to eat, I was in prison and you visited me, I was naked and you clothed me, I was sick and you came unto me." "No, Lord," he replied, "What I brought to give thee I have spent for others; I have never seen you, though long have I sought after you." The voice, filled with beauty and goodness, came back, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye did it unto me." His pilgrimage was ended. He had found the King of kings and Lord of lords.

There have been millions of wise men and women, who like Artaban—may their tribe increase—have been giving of their best that others might be fed and clothed and set free. The story of the Christ Child and this wise man challenge us today, at this Christmas season, to give and give in love, even as God gave his only begotten Son.

OUR CHRISTMAS HOPE

"Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise him," sang the Psalmist. When the angel chorus broke out above the shepherds on the lonely Bethlehem hills, their praise and glory song was winged with hope in the newborn Son of God. And that hope has not faded away even among the shadows and sadness of our global war.

It is well, as we come again to the season of year looked forward to by so many millions—old and young—to examine ourselves for the hope that is within us. Surely our faith should be as great as that expressed by the little cockney refugee as told by Wm. L. Stidger in the Christian Advocate.

It seems the little refugee was selling Christmas cards at an English benefit in Concord, Mass. The cards she was selling contained the stirring utterance made by the British ruler some years before the war: "I said to a man who 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.' So I went forth, and finding the hand of God, trod gladly into the night. He led me toward the hills and the breaking of day in the lone East. May his almighty hand guide and uphold us all."

Doctor Stidger read these words from the card to the simple little refugee girl so far

from her English home, and asked, "And what do you think of that in England now, my child?" Inspired by his sympathy, with tears in her eyes she replied, pointing to the Christmas card, "Our king says, sir, that there's 'ope ahead." The doctor's comment is still pertinent, "In this war-torn Christmas season no one could preach a better sermon than that."

Our papers are full of statistics on war productions—ships, planes, bombs, guns, provisions—but again and again has been exploded the theory that God is on the side of the biggest battalions. As much as our armaments encourage us—our hope is in the Lord who made heaven and earth and all that in them dwell. He cast down the proud and the arrogant and brings to nought the devices of the wicked.

Our hope is in him who came to bring ultimate peace and good will among men. In spite of the evil here and there and mixed motives of men's hearts, we believe in the rightness of our country's cause, and in the ultimate triumph of God's word, which will not return unto him void, but will accomplish his purpose. "There's 'ope ahead."

OUR CHAPLAINS' CHRISTMAS

We have just reread a last year's Christmas story about a young chaplain. He had expected to accompany one of the majors to a point where he would be able to spend the holiday with his young wife, before a long departure into some unknown field.

At the last minute a youthful farm lad, who was expecting father, mother, and young sister, cracked up on a low-ceiling landing, and the duty of the chaplain became clear. He stayed by to meet the boy's folks, arranged for their comfort, prepared them for the bad news, and took them to see their son. Their gratefulness on discovering their friend's cheerful self-forgetfulness, was quite apparent. "It doesn't matter," he said, "I don't think I actually expected to get away anyway. Besides, I did want to meet you folks."

On returning to his office he found disconsolate soldiers huddled there waiting for him—and there would be more of them tomorrow—fellows needing someone to help them. It had been foolish, he thought, to think a chaplain could leave his work on Christmas. "His work was Christmas." Truly, chaplains are like that, unselfish, self-

giving, always alert to be the most possible help at all times to their men.

We take no little satisfaction in knowing there are men of God who will do all possible to make this Christmas meaningful and helpful to the men in camp or on battle fronts. Among them are our own young chaplains, Wayne Rood, already in camp, and Leon Maltby, nearly ready for assignment. Their hearts and minds are full of desire to serve others by serving him who came, emptying himself to become servant to all—the Prince of Peace, and good will among men.

ANGELS SINGING YET

Christmas is so wonderful because in the manger there is still a Savior for us to discover. In the heavens the angelic hosts are singing yet. In the hearts of men there is a longing for his coming; in the world today there still is crying need for his message. Rejoice, then, for unto **you**, this day, in the city of David, is born a Savior who is Christ the Lord. Seek him until you find him. Serve him until you see him at last face to face. Love him until men see his radiance in your life. Hasten to his manger in Bethlehem and then follow him all the hard way, even unto Calvary. It is for us who rejoice upon his birthday so to live that ultimately the whole wide world will "give back the song, which now the angels sing."

—Selected.

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS FROM THE CONFERENCE PRESIDENT

By Albert N. Rogers

A lovely and laughable poem by Irene Hansing Wilson which came on one of our last year's Christmas cards is in my mind. It tells of the tiniest angel of all the host who felt badly that he was not allowed to polish stars and learn prayers with the others. I believe we are more aware of the importance of little things, little people, little countries, than we have been for many a Christmas past.

It is strange that the war experience we have been passing through should have so sharpened our sensitivities, but it is true. Not since the other war twenty years ago have human values been appreciated as they are today.

In the twenty years past dictators have come to dominate the stage of history and armaments on a scale vaster than ever before dreamed of have become the basis of our reasonable hope. But perhaps of even greater importance in this period was the development of the technical and social machinery which could provide daily religious broadcasts. The day when Dr. S. Parkes Cadman first proclaimed the unsearchable riches of Christ over the ether waves was a great day in modern history. Or take the day when penicillin for healing was discovered.

I have been stirred by the literature of the Lithuanian National Council which has been coming to my desk. Whether it will be possible to establish for that Baltic people a free and independent state in a post-war Europe we cannot tell as yet, but surely that is what this war is all about. In part this is what Christmas is all about too, for the incarnation of God's love and power in a son of a small buffer state showed twenty centuries ago that the size of a nation does not determine its importance.

Some of the letters which have come to me as Conference president from people in our churches show that their writers fear control and centralized authority even in the very mild form which they take in our denomination. I have been grateful for each of these letters and I may repeat what I have said in my acknowledgments, i.e., that the churches of the denomination, not its officers, boards, and committees, are its front-line of Christian service. This, perhaps, is also in keeping with the meaning of Christmas.

Probably nothing has stirred us as a people, if we may judge by the money sent to our Missionary Board treasurer, as the return to America on the S.S. Gripsholm of three of our missionaries. Because so many of us have known them personally we have prayed for their safety and wept happy tears at seeing them again. We are to be stirred even deeper as they go among us telling the good news of our mission in Shanghai and the Cause it represents. Missionaries have not often been regarded as the principal export of these United States.

I should like to take this opportunity of extending personally and on behalf of the officers of the General Conference our very sincere greetings to each member of every

Seventh Day Baptist church. We count it no small privilege to serve you in the name of Jesus Christ, born of Mary by the Holy Spirit.

The tiniest angel, in the poem to which I referred, became grown up by giving what he could to the Christ-child. It was only his toy lamb but radiance flooded the place as he leaned over gently to place it under the covers. You and I, too, small as we are in the scheme of things, will be made great as we give our best to the Christ.

Yonkers, N. Y.

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.

THE CALL OF CHRISTMAS

Though we do not know the exact date of Christ's birth, and though there is no command to celebrate his birth annually, it is highly fitting that we commemorate the event each year. In the busy rush of life we are likely to forget what his birth means to the world. While it is impossible for us to comprehend the full meaning of his birth, the Christmas season helps us to appreciate what he has done for us.

First of all, the coming of Christ to earth in the form of man was the greatest missionary project known in the universe of God. It was foretold in the Garden of Eden, and for four millenniums preparation was made for his coming to earth. During his life he arranged for the carrying out of his great missionary program and told his followers to go into all the world and make disciples of all men. This they did, and the call is to this generation to carry the work forward.

In the second place, the Christmas season is a call to complete an entire dedication on the part of every follower of Christ. In fact, it is more than a call to his followers, it is a plea that all men become his whole-hearted disciples; otherwise Christmas may become a mockery.

Third, Christmas is a call to strengthen the Church of Christ. His Church is the hope of the world and he has promised that the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. In

its principles are the solution of the world's problems and it is the organization which carries the light of the gospel, every generation, to all the world. Sixty-one million children are born every year and forty-one million of these are colored. In addition to the adults who have not accepted Christ, there is constantly to be added a vast throng—millions upon millions of boys and girls who must be gathered in and led to accept Christ's way of life. The Christmas season should strengthen the churches in bringing this about.

W. L. B.

DOCTOR GEORGE THORNGATE TO VISIT OUR CHURCHES

The Missions Department last week recorded the safe arrival on the Gripsholm of three of our missionaries from China. This glad news has been carried, also, by letters and local newspapers to many parts of our country.

After a few days' rest and visit with members of his family and friends in Plainfield, N. J., Doctor Thorngate, head of our mission in China, came to Rhode Island and met with the Missionary Board in executive session. He gave the board first-hand information regarding what had taken place, the conditions at present, and outlook for the future. Both the present and the future are more hopeful than most of us had thought possible.

During the session the board voted to ask Doctor Thorngate to spend several weeks visiting our churches, under the direction of the corresponding secretary, and this he consented to do. He has a thrilling and inspiring message, and the board wishes to share it with as many churches as possible. There has not been time yet to arrange Doctor Thorngate's itinerary, and if churches have any requests in the matter, they will be duly considered.

W. L. B.

THE RECORDER FRIENDS

I have been an interested reader of the Sabbath Recorder since boyhood and a subscriber more than threescore years. On invitation, it has been a pleasure at times to drop you a brief message; you have never been asked to wade through a long one.

If some word has given inspiration or pleasure to one of you, I am glad.

I am writing this on my ninety-second birthday. A dull scholar, to take so many

years learning life's lessons; let us hope that it will not require so long a time to forget all hindrances.

Already "Home Lights" brighten the way a few steps ahead.

Yes, you are on the right road. Dismiss those "dark valley" imaginings, and keep coming on. We shall expect you.

A. S. B.

MEN OF CHRIST'S MISSION

(Paper given by Mrs. Rodney North at the New Auburn Seventh Day Baptist church, on Men and Missions Sabbath, November 13, 1943.)

We Americans are united today in the solemn and terrible task of winning this war. But that is not enough. We must have spiritual faith in Almighty God as the ultimate ruling force in our lives and our destinies.

Faced by the effects of the most devastating war the world has ever known, we are becoming increasingly aware that only by the fullest acceptance of the principles taught by the lowly Man of Galilee can the nations of the earth ever hope to escape recurring war. Developments of new modes of transportation and communication have reduced distances and enlarged our vision. We are no longer strangers to people thousands of miles away. We are their neighbors and they are ours. The injunction to love our neighbors as ourselves has taken on a new and deeper meaning. Since we are neighbors to the whole world, it becomes our duty as a Christian people to carry to all men the peaceful influence of a vital religion in the sincere hope that human understanding can be strengthened.

It was not the Christians of Japan who brought on this terrible war, but the military leaders who profess faith only in themselves and their military schemes. Christianity is deeply rooted in Japan and probably never could be crushed. When the war is over and the military clique is no longer in power, a great opportunity and responsibility will again be offered the churches.

Bishop Arthur J. Moore, president of the Methodist Board of Missions, has said, "Times like these do not discredit the Church. They demand it. In the course of the centuries countless crises have arisen and hindered, but not stopped the march of Christ's kingdom. The distance we have traveled in the right

direction seems only to bring into clearer perspective the vast distances we have yet to go to reach the goal of a redeemed world.

"We who call ourselves Christian are under the desperate necessity of Christianizing the world. No other plan holds any real hope for our distracted world.

"Ours is a missionary religion. It was born with the missionary motive. It lives because of the missionary motive. It will die if the missionary motive—its breath of life—passes from it.

"Millions of our brothers and sisters are freer, better, and happier because the Christian Church sent forth its sons and daughters to proclaim life here and hereafter for all who believe in and follow Christ. The results accomplished have been amazing, but we are not at the end of the missionary enterprise. We are only beginning. The Church must consecrate itself anew to the proclamation of the gospel at home and abroad."

"March, we forth in the strength of God
With the banner of Christ unfurled,
That the light of the glorious gospel of truth
May shine throughout the whole world.
Fight we the fight with sorrow and sin
To set their captives free,
That the earth may be filled with the glory of God
As the waters cover the sea."

EMERGENCY DEMANDS ACTION

The Conference Committee on Relief Appeals did not intend to break into print in the manner of this brief appeal, for in its field of endeavor the effort toward spiritual reconciliation takes first place. But Physical Emergency Relief has its place also, and an emergency of great magnitude has arisen.

In India, a great famine spreads disease and death through the land. There is a tremendous lack of staple grains. At present, only governments can secure and transport such quantities of produce. As always in famine, the children are among the chief sufferers. They fall ill and die. They have no food. The relief workers on the field say that milk—canned or dried—is their chief need. With it they can keep death from countless numbers of little children.

The American Friends Service Committee is one of the organizations by which funds for relief work raised in American churches

are administered. This organization is now appealing for a part of its share, \$300,000, in the budget of the Church Committee on Overseas Relief and Reconstruction, the interdenominational committee to which we are affiliated. They have received permission to ship 20,000 cases of evaporated milk to relieve the famine situation in India. The cost and shipping charges amount to about \$115,000, of which some \$35,000 is now in their possession. It is up to the churches of America—in some degree, it is up to Seventh Day Baptist churches of America—to supply food for starving Indian children.

Can you help? Can you give a little? Send your contributions through your church treasurer to our denominational treasurer designated for Indian Famine Relief or the American Friends Service Committee, and we will forward them. Act now! The need is now!

Christmas is here again. This is the time when we commemorate the arrival of the greatest gift the good God could send needy mankind. In



so doing, from grateful hearts we send gifts to needy men the world over. We must needs be careful to keep our own work progressing, but these times demand more than that. The CCORR and its affiliated organizations need money to minister to men. The field of service is wide. Money sent through the denominational treasurer to any of the following organizations will help: American Bible Society, American Committee for Christian Refugees, American Friends Service Committee, Central Bureau for Interchurch Aid, Church Committee for China Relief, International Missionary Council, Orphaned Missions, World Student Christian Federation, Y. M. C. A. - War Prisoners' Aid, Y. W. C. A. - World Emergency Fund. These are suggested uses for your special Christmas gift offering. Bless others with gifts in the name of God's great gift to us.

—The Committee on Relief Appeals in Our Churches, Victor W. Skaggs, Chairman.

UNIVERSAL WEEK OF PRAYER

By Jesse M. Bader, Executive Secretary
Department of Evangelism
Federal Council of Churches

Perhaps there never has been a time when Christians needed to pray more than during these days of suffering and conflict. Christians need to pray for themselves, that they may be true to Christ and the Church. Also, they need to pray fervently for others. United prayer helps to bind Christians of the world into an unbreakable fellowship. While there are many things that Christians are prevented from doing because of circumstances over which they have no control, yet there is always one thing they can do—they can pray. "Men ought always to pray" for one another in times of war as well as in times of peace.

The Universal Week of Prayer, which is to be observed around the world during the week of January 2-9 of next year, offers an opportunity for the churches to engage in united and simultaneous prayer. This is a world fellowship of prayer.

The writer of *Universal Week of Prayer Topics for 1944 is Rev. J. Harry Cotton, President of McCormick Theological Seminary of Chicago. The general theme for the week is, "The Power of God." The daily subjects developed by Doctor Cotton are: Power in Evil Hands, Evil's Hour in God's Eternity, The Self-Restraint of God, The Gospel of Power, God's Strong Use of Human Weakness, Strength for the Day, The Final Triumph.

The Universal Week of Prayer, coming as it does at the very threshold of the new year, offers to the churches one of their greatest opportunities to have fellowship across denominational lines at the deep levels of our Christian faith. Wherever possible, the Week of Prayer should be observed unitedly by all the churches of a community, under the sponsorship of the Ministerial Association or the Council of Churches.

Last year the churches of Tarentum, Pa., for the third time, held their Week of Prayer in the homes of the community. The first year there was an attendance of 2,183 in 96 meetings; the second year, the attendance was 2,346 in 116 meetings; last year's attendance was 2,323 in 124 meetings. What

this community has done, others may do, also.

The President of our nation for the third consecutive year has proclaimed next New Year's Day a National Day of Prayer. He and other leaders of our nation are looking to the churches across the country to be responsible for the carrying out of all plans for the making of this first day of the new year, a day of united prayer.

It is to be greatly desired that the churches and ministers of all our Protestant denominations will take responsibility in making plans for the fullest possible observance of the day. Since the time is short, prompt action is necessary. It is to be hoped that all of us will think in terms of our possibilities and not of our limitations, in making this period of prayer one of the most far-reaching spiritual experiences in the life of our several communities.

It is suggested that, wherever practicable, the **National Day of Prayer and the Week of Prayer be planned for together. Many, if not all communities, will want to begin the Week of Prayer on Saturday—New Year's Day. The churches acting separately or unitedly will feel that they should begin these eight days of prayer with a watch-night service on New Year's eve. This will provide a way by which men and women may welcome the new year in a Christian, rather than a pagan way.

These days of prayer are an answer to the desire of many serious-minded Christians who have wanted to see something done unitedly in prayer by the churches during these dark days. "It is better to walk with God in the dark than alone in the light."

* The Week of Prayer booklets may be ordered from the Department of Evangelism of the Federal Council of Churches, 297 Fourth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y. Price 5c per single copy; \$2.50 per 100 copies, postpaid. Send cash with order.

** A pamphlet has been prepared containing helpful materials for use in preparing a program for the New Year's National Day of Prayer. It is not an order of worship. It contains materials and suggestions for the local committee in the preparation of their own order of worship. Order from the Commission on Worship, 297 Fourth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y. Single copies sent free upon request. Quantity orders at the rate of 2 cents per copy. Send cash with order.

SABBATH SCHOOL LESSON FOR JANUARY 1, 1944

Jesus Begins His Ministry. Scripture—Mark 1: 1-22.

Golden Text—Mark 1: 15.

WOMAN'S WORK

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

MEDITATION

Christmas in a world of total war! Here is the paradox that staggers us, almost paralyzes us. How can we say "Merry Christmas" in a world so full of misery and horror? How can we keep a feast which tugs at our hearts with all the pull of playtime, in the midst of such anxiety and fear? Ah, but that is the secret of Christmas, if we can find it.

The first Christmas dawned in the days of Caesar, the Dictator, in a hard old Roman world. Jesus was born, one of the children of the year, among a subject people, in an occupied land, under iron military rule. Yet, somehow, in a way beyond our knowing, he brought a new joy and hope to humanity. The contrast between faith and fact was as ghastly then as it is today. . . .

Today in a world dark with brutality and destruction, we must rediscover Christmas, not only its picture, but its deep and simple faith—as deep as the home and the family—that the human soul is a cradle in which the love of God may be born anew, to bless us with its beauty and melt the hardness of our hearts and heal us of all hatred.

A Baby to make a woman cry, lovely but frail he seemed at first, came into the world on Christmas day. Yet he is stronger than steel; he has outlived ages of agony, by the strange power which men call weakness. Something warm, winsome, and wonderful entered the life of man when Jesus was born, dividing time into before and after, as it can divide our fear-haunted lives, drive away our dreary doubts and dismays, and set us free of soul.—From "A Christmas Devotion," by Joseph Fort Newton.

KEEPING FAITH

By A. F. Whitney

From towering cathedral—from tiny cross-roads church—from robed choir—from little groups bareheaded in the snow of city street and country village, there will rise this Christmas eve man's most loved songs of tribute and of reverence.

Each of us in his own way will lift his eyes toward the heavens and seek to find some expression of thankfulness.

To millions of us thrice blessed shall come upon this evening as it has upon many a lesser evening, a privilege rare indeed in this turbulent world—for the simple prayer of a child is life as we are seldom privileged to see it—life stripped of its shams, its pretenses, its petty hatreds, and its cruelties.

In the sound of that small voice is heard the mighty symphony of man's faith through the ages—in it is heard the supreme indictment of little men drunk with power and greed—little men seeking to stamp out truth under the tread of marching feet—the roar of bombs—the fury of their own impotent voices screaming epithets at the heavens.

Through wars and chaos—through all the man-made catastrophes that have gone before—through all those yet to come, truth and faith shall endure—even as they have always endured.

And if, in some small way, we to whom a child must look for guidance, can serve through quiet sacrifice to keep alive in one child's heart the fullest meaning of faith—if we can, by living the truth as we see it, teach an even greater truth, then we too shall have kept faith.—The Railroad Trainman, Dec. 24, 1941.

UNDER THE CHRISTMAS SPELL

Observe a little boy at a Christmas-dinner, and his grandfather opposite him. What a world of secret similarity there is between them! How hope in one, and retrospection in the other, and appetite in both, meet over the same ground of pudding, and understand it to a nicety! How the senior banters the little boy on his third slice! And how the little boy thinks within himself that he dines that day as well as the senior! How both look hot and red and smiling, and juvenile. How the little boy is conscious of the Christmas-box in his pocket (of which, indeed, the grandfather jocosely puts him in mind); and how the grandfather is quite as conscious of the plum, or part of a plum, or whatever fraction it may be, in his own! . . .

Finally the old gentleman sees his own face in the pretty smooth one of the child; and if the child is not best pleased at his proclamation of the likeness (in truth, is horrified at it, and thinks it a sort of madness), yet nice observers who have lived long enough to see the wonderful changes in people's faces from youth to age, probably discern the

thing well enough, and feel a movement of pathos at their hearts in considering the world of trouble and emotion that is the cause of the changes.

That old man's face was once like that little boy's! That little boy's will be one day like that old man's! What a thought to make us all love and respect one another, if not for our fine qualities, yet at least for the trouble and sorrow which we all go through! . . . Grave thoughts, you will say, for Christmas. But no season has a greater right to grave thoughts, in passing; and, for that very reason, no season has a greater right to let them pass, and recur to more light ones.

So a noble and merry season to you, my masters; and may we meet, thick and three-fold, many a time and oft, in blithe yet most thoughtful pages! Fail not to call to mind, in the course of the 25th of this month, that the divinest Heart that ever walked the earth was born on that day: and then smile and enjoy yourselves for the rest of it; for mirth is also of Heaven's making. . .

Leigh Hunt.

CHURCH WOMEN GO ON RECORD

Church women in 764 communities in forty-six states favor by a vote of fifty-nine to one the participation of the United States in a world organization and the continuance of postwar regulation if necessary. The ratio is based on ballots cast on November 11, when World Community Day observances were held by church women in thousands of American communities, as reported in the national headquarters of the United Council of Church Women in the first week after the meetings. Returns are still coming in from all parts of the country and suggest that not all of those present voted. Many reported inter-faith and community wide meetings, with Catholics, Jews, and Protestants participating. A number were interracial, reports thus far received indicating the presence of Negroes, Japanese, Chinese, and whites.

Attendance at the meetings ranged from ten or twelve, despite reported snow and sleet, to gatherings attended by thousands, as in Washington, D. C., where 4,100 favored world organization and 3,900 voted for postwar restrictions, with no negative votes. Some protested the balloting as "too political." Another wrote: "We do not think any

good can come from regimentation." Other reports were enthusiastic; one woman sent her ballot from her hospital bed in order to be included. From Cleveland, Ohio, came the expression, "This is exactly what is needed—small discussion groups that will give some sound thinking to these problems and opportunities that affect the whole world."

Returns from the ballots, after being sent to the New York office of the United Council, will be sent to members of congress, indicating to each the vote of church women in his constituency and perhaps representative in its entirety of the most accurate cross-section of public opinion of church women registered in this country.

Speaking of the observance, Mrs. Ruth Mougey Worrell, executive secretary of the United Council, said, "We are extremely gratified at the way church women are responding to their responsibility, in this war-torn world, for an enduring peace. With many groups, the meeting marks only the beginning of continued study of the material presented." Mrs. Emory Ross, one of the council's vice-presidents, said, "In the air is a feeling of something significant happening. There is evidence that many eyes are turned on church women to see what they really believe and how far they are determined to go to obtain it. There is further evidence that church women united can move in a powerful stream of influence."

Decision was made to hold the observance last June, in Calumbus, Ohio, women representing their denominations registering their belief that women united in a community could "move with power, could stimulate real thinking and influence decision and life in a nation and the world." According to Mrs. Ross, "they set a day, November 11, and agreed to bestir the women of their denominations to unite with others in the community in studying 'The Price of an Enduring Peace.' They decided to ask for specific decisions after study and set up the two questions for the ballot. About 90,000 copies of the program were sent forth and perhaps because faith was lacking programs were lacking too, and several thousands who sought copies of the program were disappointed when the supply was exhausted."

—Release by United Council
of Church Women.

NUNC DIMITTIS

Often forgotten in relation to the nativity is an old man by the name of Simeon. In the Bible, we find only ten verses about this man who was apparently so old that he was given the freedom of the temple precincts to come and go as he pleased. Some folks undoubtedly regarded him as a garrulous oldster who was to be humored in his queer ideas, particularly when he began talking about his conviction that he would not die until he had seen the Lord's Messiah. Simeon claimed the Holy Spirit had assured him of this, and no one seriously disputed the matter with him for the simple reason that no one believed it to be true. How long Simeon was under the influence of this conviction we do not know, but that he was sustained in vigor of life by the anticipation of the birth of Christ is a fact beyond doubt.

It takes little imagination to visualize the one consuming purpose of Simeon's old age. There was little that he was allowed to do officially in the routine of daily sacrifices in the temple. By the powers-that-be he was considered just another retired preacher, relishing the repose of ease as he puttered around the holy shrine doing insignificant trifles. But those in power had no way of knowing that Simeon, while retired, was nonetheless renewed in spirit and strength from day to day.

"Who knows," he kept repeating to himself, "maybe it will be today that the Messiah will come. Lord, forget not thy promise to thy humble servant." And every day ended with a momentary feeling of disappointment. Then came the unbroken resolution to abide the Lord's time: "Well, if it is not today, why, perhaps it will be tomorrow!"

You can understand quite sympathetically how this aged servant of the Lord felt, if you have ever waited hopefully and longingly for something good to happen—maybe the arrival of a long-expected letter, the ring of an awaited phone call, or the realization of the hopes and fears of the years of toil and preparation. Yes, you would understand perfectly how Simeon felt, if ever you have had a child tugging at your knee and asking imploringly, "Daddy, when will Christmas be here, anyway? When?"

We can see at once that Simeon added something to the Christmas story, something

necessary to every joyous Christmastide, namely, the quality of anticipation. I am always sorry to hear about people who cannot wait until Christmas day, but who must give up the secret of their preparations before that day arrives. But this chagrin is nothing when compared with the sorrow that inevitably strikes us when we see people who come up to Christmas without the slightest anticipation of joy or gladness because it is Christ's birthday and Christ is the center of all its festivities.

Whatever men may have thought of Simeon as he waited around in the courts and corridors, they sadly misjudged him if they did not perceive in his eye and heart the unvanquished spirit of anticipation—that he would not die until the Messiah had come.

What has been said already concerning Simeon is for the most part only surmising, but what remains to be said is plainly written in the Scriptures. When at last on that glorious day for which Simeon was expectantly waiting, the Holy Family brought the Christ Child to the temple for the rite of circumcision, there was among all the others supposed to be there this one retired preacher, pacing back and forth—waiting.

The moment his eyes lighted on the holy Child, in the arms of Mary, an exultant joy exploded in the pent-up heart of Simeon. Tenderly taking the young Child in his trembling arms, he blessed God, and said, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word: for mine eyes have seen thy salvation, which thou hast prepared before the face of all people; a light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of thy people Israel."

When he had finished his lyric of joy and his paean of thanksgiving, Simeon turned to the astonished parents, gave them his blessing, and then said to Mary, "This Child is set for the fall and rising again of many in Israel; and for a sign which shall be spoken against (yea, a sword shall pierce through thy own soul also); that the thoughts of many hearts may be revealed."

How prophetic Simeon was we now know only too well. The Holy Spirit was of a surety speaking through this dutiful patriarch. Among all the things which Simeon uttered the most significant seems to be his cry of discovery, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy

word: for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." Having discovered at last the promised Messiah, he had no need to wait longer; no cause to be busy further about the kingdom's business.

We doubtless have all stood beside some cradle and have looked down into the innocent eyes of a baby, and what hopes we have had! When that mother sometime ago exclaimed on hearing that her boy had become a murderer, "I never expected my boy to turn out like this," she was making articulate for many parents the bitter realization that our hopes are often brutally shattered.

All the more tremendous, then, in the light of our experience is this one of garrulous old Simeon, who pattered and muttered about the temple until men let him alone, but who, when the great day came, was the one man who had perception to see God's salvation, and having seen it was ready to close his ledger and receive his reward from the Father Everlasting.

The shepherds heard the message of good will and peace, and the Wise Men saw the star of hope, but it was left for an old man, decrepit in years and beyond the strength of usefulness, to discover in this holy Infant the wells of salvation. Perhaps it was part of the economy of God that the complete story of the nativity was not narrated on a postcard, but rather on the tables of human hearts, each heart adding a different phase of the glad tidings—and in particular the heart of Simeon, trained in the Scriptures, devout in his ministry, and righteous in his conduct, bringing to expression the divine purpose of the Messiah's incarnation.

It is to Simeon's credit that he was the first to sense the spiritual implications of the nativity. It is this reverential submissiveness to the Father's will that distinguishes Simeon from so many people. Simeon had every reason to grow bitter, to turn sour, to be disillusioned. He would have been more than justified, judging by the conduct of others, neither to anticipate good nor to desire salvation. If he had disintegrated, as so much of life does when it grows old, spiritually and morally, no one would have been surprised. The amazing fact is that nothing like that happened to Simeon, and the reason is that Simeon had reverentially submitted himself to the will of God—and waited!—John W. McKelvey, in *Christian Advocate*, 1942.

FROM CORRESPONDENCE

Every Seventh Day Baptist should have our church paper . . . especially those who are unable to attend their church. Bible study is also more inspiring to me since I also read the *Helping Hand*, and the *Sabbath Recorder* on the Sabbath.

Our church paper is to be commended for its splendid editorials, sermons, and temperance articles. It is good to read how interested the young folks and children are in the beauty and simplicity of God's Ten Commandments, and the Savior's Golden Rule.

—Dwight, Ill.

Ask for every Seventh Day Baptist who has a son, husband, sweetheart, or friend in the armed service who is a Seventh Day Baptist to send me their latest address, as I want an album of our boys. . . .—Mrs. Cecil Wharton, Columbus, Miss.

We are enclosing five dollars . . . and pray that the good work you are doing may be a continued great help and blessing to many. . . . Our pastor is giving helpful, earnest sermons and service. . . .—Nortonville, Kan.

Please find enclosed check for \$2.50 and kindly renew my subscription for the *Recorder*. I don't know how I could get along without it. My father, Col. D. M. Crandall, always subscribed for it from its beginning until his death in 1880. I have also renewed in advance the subscription every year since. I am in my ninety-second year, so cannot anticipate many more years of our *Sabbath Recorder* help.—Westerly, R. I.

Dear Mr. Van Horn:

It was indeed a pleasure to get your letter recently, and to hear that we continue to support the Federal Council. I did not know that the Conference supported it last year, but the reason I asked about the present was because one of our churches seems to have withdrawn its support deeming it (the Council) modernistic. Of course, this is just an instance of the democracy of the individual church, and the proper thing to do if they feel that way.

My feeling is that . . . our duty is to throw the weight of our influence toward the right. Certainly we will never help it or the world either if we hold ourselves aloof from

the place of need. A candle always shines the brightest in the dark.

Then, too, it is written that "by their fruits ye shall know them," and Jesus said, "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father." It seems that here is the determination of our testimony to the world. Whether or not we are about doing good because we love the Savior, either compliments or disproves our faith.

It is my prayer, Mr. Van Horn, that some day the way may be open for me to do work of a missionary nature. A few opportunities to train have come my way, but still I see the need of much more. . . .

My conversion came seven years ago this Christmas, and really it is only since then that I have come to live. In Christ we truly become "new creatures," with old things passing away and with our desires being changed. It was only a short time afterward that the truth of the Sabbath came to me, and a desire to follow him in all things has prompted me to keep it as the day of rest since that time. . . .

The desire to seek a church home has led me to find our church. . . . Knowing of the church at White Cloud, I wrote there to get some information about the beliefs of Seventh Day Baptists. Mr. Maltby has been very kind in explaining all about our denomination, and sending me some literature. . . . Then I realized here was the church for which I had been seeking. . . .

Sincerely in Christ,

Mechin Nida,

Sykesville, Md.

LET US THINK OF JESUS, THE LITTLE REFUGEE

By Ralph C. Abele

The Christ Child was still quite tiny when his parents had to flee with him to save his life. King Herod had heard of a new king that should come to set the people free. He was angry and jealous, and resolved to prevent it by killing all the Hebrew babies he could find. Then there was great mourning in the land, mothers and fathers weeping for their children who had been snatched away from them, never to return. God had hoped

to help the world by sending his very own Son. But a tyrant-king wanted to run the world in his own way. Thus innocent children lost their lives and homes were wrecked and ruined. We call the little children who were slaughtered in the search to capture the Christ Child, the Holy Innocents.

An artist, William Holman Hunt, painted a picture of them, called "The Triumph of the Innocents." The picture is a blend of cruel reality and consoling imagination. It is night—but starlight. Joseph is leading a donkey with Mary astride and the Christ Child in her arms. The frightened foal of the donkey prances alongside. They are going as fast as Joseph's legs and the laden donkey will go. Joseph looks anxiously behind to see if pursuers may be in sight. Mary's face is full of wonder and her arms are occupied with the Child, who is very much alive and aware of more than his mother.

They are not alone. Little cherubs go before and beside and follow after. Who are they? They are the Holy Innocents, the victims of Herod's murderous sword, now entered and entering into the Kingdom of God's Angels. Both Joseph and Mary seem unaware of their angelic company. But not the Christ Child. He seems to be seeing nothing else. Joyfully he holds out a handful of wheat-ears to them. He knows that he has been the innocent cause of their untimely death in the world. But now they have life that will never end, in the world of the Spirit, in company with him. This is their triumph and his joy.

"The body they may kill,
God's truth abideth still."

Again it is Christmas in a world that is night. The Prince of Peace is still a refugee. The slaughter of the innocents goes on unabated. Tomorrow the wielder of the sword may invade your home and mine. But God is still Immanuel: he is with us. Living or dying or dead, we are his. Goodness will triumph. Herod is doomed to defeat. Christmas is in that little sheaf of wheat which the Christ Child holds out to you and me. Let us take it. It is the Bread of Life.

—The Messenger.

Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and God in every thing.—Shakespeare.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

Jeanett B. Dickinson, Editor
Route 3, Bridgeton, N. J.

Please send all material and suggestions to the
above address.

ANGEL OF LIGHT

By Rev. Trevah R. Sutton,
Rockville, R. I.

[This short Christmas play will not only be good reading material during this holiday season, but will be a help to you who are already thinking about Christmas programs for next year.—J. B. D.]

SCENE—The garden of Jesse near Bethlehem on the Jerusalem road.

TIME—Night.

STAGE—The back and two sides draped in white curtains with exits at each side. Sheets may be used. At center back is a low bench and a pile of sticks over an amber light (not lighted at first) and a supply of wood near by. The stage is lighted with blue.

CHARACTERS—

Angel of Light—Dressed in long white robe with headband of shining tinsel. If possible, a girl with long dark hair hanging loose down back. Carries scroll.

Ruth and Miriam—Natives of Jerusalem—dark robes of Bible designs.

David—A shepherd lad.

Reader—Off stage.

MUSIC—While choir or quartet may be used, an electric player would be more effective. Use selections of soft music and Christmas carols.

(As play opens soft music is heard—volume decreases as reader begins, but continues throughout the reading very softly.)

Reader—(Reads Genesis 1: 1-3; John 3: 16-21; Matthew 5: 15, 16.) (Music now increases.) (Enter Angel of Light from left.) (Spot light.) (Angel of Light moves slowly to center stage and speaks.) (Music fades out entirely.)

Angel of Light—I am light. By me darkness passes away. I am seen by day in the sun, and by night in the moon and stars. Without me there would be no life. Likewise is this so with man. His soul is dark without light; but God has given man the

light of Truth. All who believe in him may receive eternal life. This night in Bethlehem is born a Savior, Jesus Christ, the Son of God.

(Music begins and increases in volume.)

(Angel of Light moves slowly to right and exits.) (Spot light off.) (Pause.) (After a few moments music fades out.) (Enter Ruth and Miriam from left.)

Ruth—Let us stop here and rest a few minutes, Miriam.

Miriam—What a lovely place, Ruth.

Ruth—Yes, and I am told that Jesse, the merchant, prepared this resting place for travelers. (Ruth and Miriam sit on the bench.)

Miriam—Look, here is some wood, and there are still some coals on the fire. Let us warm ourselves. (Bends over and places some wood over fire.) (Fire lights.)

Ruth—A fine idea, for there is a chill in the air tonight, and we are so weary. It has been a hard day in Bethlehem, and we have a long walk back to Jerusalem.

Miriam—I am glad we do not have to register often. Caesar is a hard man.

Ruth—Yes, but I have hope of a better day when the Messiah comes. Yet, I sometimes wonder if his kingdom is of this world or is it of the spirit.

Miriam—Of the spirit? What do you mean?

Ruth—I mean that he will show mankind a better way of living; that there will be peace and love rather than selfishness. Listen! Someone is coming. (Enter David from left.) (Ruth and Miriam rise.)

Miriam (in soft tones)—It's a shepherd boy. (Louder) Where are you going my lad? (David approaches group and stands by fire.)

David—I am going to the fields over this hill. My mother sends me with a message to my brothers who are tending sheep. My name is David. I hope sometime to help my brothers and be like the David of long ago. But I must hasten with the message. Mother is excited about an unusual event at the inn.

Miriam—What has happened?

Ruth—Do tell us!

David—Well, it seems that some Joseph and Mary came to Bethlehem from Nazareth to register. There was no room at the inn so they went to the stable. There in a manger

a baby was born. Mother saw this child, and she believes that he is the Messiah.

Ruth and Miriam—The Messiah!

David—Yes. But I must go and tell my brothers. (Exit at right.)

Miriam—Can it be the Messiah has come?

Ruth (looking skyward)—O Lord, if this be true, help me to believe. (Red lights on stage.) (Music, "Joy to the World" or some other carol—softly.)

Ruth (looking to right)—I hear singing.

Miriam—It comes from over the hill. (Pause.) Look at the light! (Ruth after a pause turns and looks to left.) (Star at left above lights.)

Ruth—But look toward Bethlehem! See that star! What does it mean? (Miriam turns toward left—then both move slowly toward that side.)

(Enter Angel of Light from right.) (Spot light.) (Music fades out.) (Red lights off.) (Ruth and Miriam turn to face Angel of Light.)

Angel of Light—Be not afraid. A Savior has been born this night in Bethlehem, who is Christ the Lord, and his name shall be called Jesus. Joy has come to the world for the Lord has come! (Exit at right.) (Spot light off.)

Ruth—I do believe.

Miriam—The Lord be praised! (Enter David from right.)

David—It is true! It is true! The Messiah has come! As I reached my brothers a bright light shone upon us and an angel appeared and we were afraid, and the angel said unto us, "Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Savior, which is Christ the Lord." Come, let us go into Bethlehem! My brothers have started by another way, but I came this way to tell you.

Ruth—Thank you, my lad. We heard the angel's song even here. Then the Angel of Light appeared unto us. But come, let us go to Bethlehem. (Exit at left.) (Music begins and plays softly.)

(Angel of Light enters from right and moves to center, faces front.) (Spot light.)

Angel of Light—"For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life." Years have come, and years have gone. There is yet

much darkness in the world. Oh, listen, ye peoples of the earth, the voice of Jesus still calls to us, saying, "Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me."

(Exit at left slowly.) (Spot light off.) (Music stronger and plays a moment and then fades out.)

THE SABBATH COMES BUT ONCE A WEEK

By David Clarke

"Christmas comes but once a year" is the watchword of those who would make the most of Christmas giving, and of merry-making. If you say to your Mother or Dad, "You shouldn't have done so much for me this Christmas," you're apt to get this reply from them, "Christmas comes but once a year." It takes only a little of the Christmas spirit to make you overreach your common habits of giving and spending for the other fellow.

The fact that Christmas is on Sabbath day this year will add new significance to your celebration of the Birthday of the King. It occurred to my feeble thought-factory that Dad and Mom might appropriately paraphrase the saying about Christmas to: "The Sabbath comes but once a week." They'd say that when they made extra effort to prepare for the Sabbath, work "overtime" to have your clothes clean and pressed, and make such a fuss that you'd wonder why they're going to such a bother for you. It takes only a little of the Sabbath spirit, too, to make you rise above your common, everyday spirit and truly see God on the Sabbath.

To go out of your way to get things finished before sundown on Friday night is one way to give yourself and your family a boost in contentment. If everyone can discipline himself to have things finished and ready for the Sabbath, the whole family will be more than filled with the spiritual happiness of Sabbath worship and rest. Using the sunset-to-sunset day we go to bed in the spirit of the Sabbath worship of God. Elmo Randolph taught me the importance of the working of the subconscious mind on a person who's gone to bed ready for the Sabbath. Why can't we apply that to every day in the week—go to bed with accounts settled with God and ready for the next day's work?

But, it's easy to slip up on Friday, what with our busy lives and a 12-to-12 day. We don't have things finished by Friday at sunset. That takes away from our Sabbath content and from the true worship and praise of God on his holy day. We worry about Sunday keepers gadding about till 12 o'clock or later before their day of worship, but do we take full opportunity of our Sabbath eve (Friday night)? It's only as our Sabbath does something extra for us that Sunday keepers will come to value the Sabbath of the Bible.

If the Sabbath came only once a year as Christmas does, we might overdo ourselves more often, as Christ did, to worship God and do good to our fellows. But it comes once a week by divine command, and there are six days to prepare to worship God just as much as there is one day to rest and get spiritual preparation for the six days of labor.

What can you do in your home and in your community to prepare for better Sabbath worship?

HOPEFULLY POSSESSING

By Ethel Dickinson

(The last of four articles suggested as supplementary material for young people's society meetings during December.)

"Christ, the hope of glory."

"I must catch up on my correspondence—and term papers—with this new pen." "I can hardly wait to wear the new dress, which Dad and Mother gave me, to church." "Thank you, dear, for this Bible. It is just what I need, now that I am teaching a Sabbath school class."

Such remarks of appreciation are plentiful on Christmas day. Notice that each time as possession is taken, hope also is expressed. The boy who receives the pen doesn't intend to leave it in its box. He sees the possibilities of its usefulness.

The assurance of eternal life to those who believe in Christ as Savior and Lord is God's precious gift. To the Seventh Day Baptist young people who may have just accepted him goes the question, What are you going to do with your new faith? Those who have accepted Christ before this year, What have you been doing? What are you going to do from now on? What hopes have you all for the future? Do you look forward to a life of joy and use-

fulness here on the earth preceding an endless life in the presence of Christ? Christ dwelling within is the hope of glory. (See Colossians 1: 27.) Such hope, if possessed and shared, bears marvelous fruit.

What can hope do?

1. Hope purifies. "And every man that hath this hope in him purifies himself, even as he (Christ) is pure." (1 John 3: 3.) The hope that John speaks of here is that we shall be like Jesus, even in all his purity, when he comes again. (See verse 2.)

2. Hope consoles. Look up Titus 3: 9, 13. Paul tells Titus to exhort servants to obey their masters, all the while "looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Savior Jesus Christ." No trial or affliction is too hard to bear when the promises of God are hopefully possessed.

3. Hope stabilizes. Hope is the "anchor of the soul both sure and stedfast." (Hebrews 6: 19.) Take the hope of Christ's appearing with you if you go to college. It will be an anchor in the storm of doubt. Include that hope in the building of a new home. A sure defense will be needed to meet responsibility. "And of his kingdom there shall be no end," said the prophet. (Isaiah 9: 6, 7.) The long view of hope stabilizes.

4. Hope inspires. "Now the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing, that ye may abound in hope through the Holy Ghost." (Romans 15: 13.)

"Rightly dividing the word of truth."

Discover more about hope by reading and studying these verses: Ephesians 4: 4; 2: 12; 1 Corinthians 15: 19; Romans 4: 18, and Psalm 42: 5.

Don't forget to pray.

Pray that you may do your part in presenting Christ, the hope of the world, to the world.

Going caroling?

Of course you are! Proclaim the glad tidings of the Savior's birth in song. Going on Friday night? Pray about that. If you do go then, remember to be reverent, for it is the Sabbath. Had you thought of going caroling on Sabbath afternoon? Sabbath keepers in their homes will appreciate hearing Christmas music.

BIBLE STUDY

(Continued)

By Rev. L. G. Osborn, Shiloh, N. J.
JUDGES — THE BOOK OF BACK-SLIDINGS

Part I—History Under the Judges—Chapters 1-16. Seven Apostasies. Seven Servitudes. Seven Deliverances.

This section records the deliverances of the people through men called of God and equipped by him.

Part II—Corrupt Social Conditions—Chapters 17-21. Micah's Idolatry. The Crime at Gibeah. Civil War.

This section gives us an insight into the degradation caused by the people's unfaithfulness.

Judges is not an orderly and connected history of the nation. The tribes rather than the nation are in view. Israel seems to have been a loose confederation of tribes, aware of their common origin, but with no combination for common ends. The religion of Jehovah was intended to bind them together—one law, one high priest, one sanctuary, the seat of the ark and the center of an annual pilgrimage.

But they fall away and take up Baalism. The cause of their whole trouble is the breaking down of the line of separation (compare chapters 3: 5, 6; and Exodus 22: 31-33). They start out well—"asked of the Lord" (1). But they fail to obey God by not driving out the inhabitants of the land. This "mixed multitude" brought on them their trouble.

The whole history is summed up in five words—cycles of R's: rebellion, retribution, repentance, restoration, rest.

The stories at the end tell how low the people, even the Levites, have fallen into immorality. We see in Judges the decay of the priesthood, the growth of a spirit of individualism, and the spread of immorality. The whole trouble is summed up in the last verse, "Every man did that which was right in his own eyes." (Compare Isaiah 53: 6.)

WHO'S WHO AMONG SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST YOUNG PEOPLE?

David S. Clarke

"Dave" is editor of our Seventh Day Baptist young people's monthly publication, the Beacon; is a member of the Board of Direc-

tors of the S. D. B. Board of Christian Education, Inc.; is on the Young People's Work Committee of this board; and is chairman of Alfred's Conference Committee for Young People's Activities.

Dave's birthday is on March 3 and he is a member of the First Alfred Church. He has been a Seventh Day Baptist for twelve years. He was graduated from Alfred High School in 1937 and from there attended one year at Kansas State College of Agriculture and Applied Science, studying entomology. In 1938, he enrolled at Alfred University where he studied social science and philosophy. He received his B.A. in 1941. From there he spent one semester at Oberlin Graduate School of Theology, but is now a member of the Alfred University Graduate School of Theology, and plans to finish in 1944. While in high school he was active in basketball, orchestra and band, and won a Loyalty award and was valedictorian of his class. During college he continued playing in the orchestra and band and joined the Pi Gamma Mu and Eta Mu Alpha. His main interests and hobbies are carpentering, swimming, leather working, and reading. His wife is the former Frances Polan of Alfred.

REBUILDING OF BOMBED CITIES

A recent number of the Spiritual Issues of the War, published by British Information Service, reports an address given by the Provost of Coventry before a group of citizens of Plymouth, England. The Provost, the Very Reverend R. T. Howard, took for his theme, "The Spiritual Foundations of Our New Cities." His address throws light on the constructive and creative thought which is being given by Christian leaders to the problems and opportunities created by the partial devastation of British cities.

After the felicitations of introduction he spoke as follows:

I begin by presenting you with that question which is far and away the most important one to be asked when city planning is in view—What is the purpose of the city you are going to build? For cities in their form and structure express the purpose for which they have been built. For nearly a thousand years there have been towns and cities in England. They have expressed the purpose for which city builders have thought a city ought to be built. Once upon a time there were walled cities, built for the purpose of safety from marauding bands or foreign armies; then they grew into palatial and broad avened cities for the

glory and display of victorious princes and their armies marching in procession; then in the last one hundred fifty years they have become huge, conglomerate masses of factories, docks, streets, and business houses and suburbs built for the purpose of industrial progress and efficiency and profit and commerce. And what cities they have been! Grand in many ways—London, Liverpool, Manchester, Plymouth, Coventry; but in other ways so bad, as we all have to admit: smoke-laden, ugly, drab, congested, slum-infested, poverty-stricken, unhealthy, uncultural, unsociable, unspiritual. No wonder we cry with eagerness for a new Coventry, a new Plymouth. In so far as they were bad, they were bad because the purpose for which they were built was not the true, the right, the best purpose for which cities can and ought to be built. What is that purpose to be? The true purpose of a city is that it should be a city for people to live in. It is for the full, rich, personal life of every individual, at every level of his existence, of all ranks and all ages; and also for the rich social life of the community, which is made up of the many individuals and groups of persons within the city. The new City of Coventry and the new City of Plymouth must be for that. Any other purpose must be subservient to that main purpose: the good life of all the persons in the city.

The Physical Side

Let me elaborate this a little. It must be a good, healthy, physical life, for the body is the basis of the good life. God took a human body and lived embodied in it. So there **must** everywhere in our new city be plenty of space and air, indoors and out of doors, good sanitation and water supply for the humblest citizen. Workers must not have to exhaust their energies in long journeys to and from their work. Factories must be grouped away from dwelling houses, yet near enough to be easily reached.

It means good recreational life: facilities for games for the whole body of citizens, and the city never so big that a citizen can't walk out into the green-belted depths of the country outside and back again in an afternoon.

The good life means good cultural life: schools and colleges, of course, for all the young as long as they are young, and schools for adults—for in a proper city the cultural life of the people will grow and develop all through life until old age. Thus the people will know what true beauty is, and naturally demand that everything in their city should be beautiful.

The good life means good family life: there will be such homes for all the people so that they can have the children they need, and bring them up with due regard to health and work and play and leisure time. The city must be so planned that the chief citizens may be content to make their homes within their city instead of being compelled to escape from its sordidness far into the country.

Development of Community Feeling

The good life means a good social life. The city will be carefully planned so that smaller portions of it (say, each group of 10,000 people) may develop a close-knit neighborliness and sense of community feeling, with a full equipment of

community buildings and rooms. The average city dweller of today has not yet even dreamed of the happiness of city community life, because our cities have not been built to make it possible. In our new cities we must never again segregate the people into areas all of one wage group, but thoroughly mix up the homes of all grades.

The Ultimate Purpose

Finally, the city must be planned for the eternal life of every citizen. For that is the end and object of all life here upon earth, that in and through his daily life—all of it—a man may learn to have fellowship with God, his eternal Master and Father and Savior and Lord. That, of course, means that our churches must stand at the center of every neighborhood-unit, calling and gathering the people to the communal worship of God. It means that factories should have their places of worship, where daily work is hallowed to the honor and glory of the Eternal. It means perhaps that in every street, perhaps within a hundred yards of every house, there should be a little oratory into which the people of that tiny neighborhood can easily drop for prayer and quiet which is so easily denied us in our homes. And nothing that happens in man's ordinary activities must make it difficult or impossible, as it so often is now, to live the spiritual life which is his true nature.

These are just indications of that good life which it is the basis and primary purpose of every city to develop. Utopia? No. I protest that if it was possible for men to plan engines of destruction, based on every invention of modern science, in order to make your city and my city actually a city of death, then it is possible to use the same science to make our cities cities of the good life—if we will that it shall be so.

We must deliberately seek to apply to our cities of stone and brick and cement, our cities made up of factory, house, and civic building, that which applies to the City of God in heaven the archetype of all earthly cities, "God is in the midst of her." If we can do this, the new Coventry and the new Plymouth may each be worthy to be called a City of God on earth.

MY ADVOCATE

I sinned. And straightway, posthaste, Satan flew Before the presence of the Most High God, And made a railing accusation there. He said, "This soul, this thing of clay and sod, Has sinned. 'Tis true that he has named thy Name, But I demand his death, for thou hast said, 'The soul that sinneth, it shall die.' Shall not Thy sentence be fulfilled? Is justice dead? Send now this wretched sinner to his doom. What other thing can righteous ruler do?" And thus he did accuse me day and night, And every word he spoke, O God, was true! Then quickly one rose up from God's right hand, Before whose glory angels veiled their eyes; He spoke, "Each jot and tittle of the law Must be fulfilled; the guilty sinner dies! But wait—suppose his guilt were all transferred To me, and that I paid his penalty! Behold my hands, my side, my feet! One day I was made sin for him, and died that he Might be presented faultless, at thy throne!" And Satan fled away.

—Shiloh Bulletin, Sept. 11, 1943.

Christmas Verse

HOW FAR TO BETHLEHEM?

"How far is it to Bethlehem town?"
Just over Jerusalem hills adown,
Past lovely Rachel's white-domed tomb—
Sweet shrine of motherhood's young doom.

It isn't far to Bethlehem town—
Just over the dusty roads adown,
Past Wise Men's well, still offering
Cool draughts from welcome wayside spring;
Past shepherds with their flutes of reed
That charm the woolly sheep they lead;
Past boys with kites on hilltops flying,
And soon you're there where Bethlehem's lying.
Sunned white and sweet on olived slopes,
Gold-lighted still with Judah's hopes.

And so we find the Shepherd's field
And plain that gave rich Boaz yield;
And look where Herod's villa stood.
We thrill that earthly parenthood
Could foster Christ who was all good;
And thrill that Bethlehem town today
Looks down on Christian homes that pray.

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 homes of folks like me and you.

—Madeline Sweeny Miller.

"HOLY NIGHT"

A winter day; a city street;
The sound of many hurrying feet . . .
Hark! Over all there rises sweet
The carol, "Holy Night."

The mellow church chimes, true and strong,
Above the busy, careless throng
Peal out the old, beloved song—
The "Silent, Holy Night";

And tired faces brighten, clear;
And strangers smile at strangers near,
Because the Christmas-time is here
And bells play "Holy Night."

Some of the Star's eternal light,
The angels' song and glory bright,
The mystic hush of Judah's night—
The "Silent, Holy Night"—

Seem caught in the familiar lay.
It holds in a peculiar way
The spirit of each Christmas day
Since the first Holy Night.

Oh, may its soft strains, poignant, sweet,
The Christmas message still repeat,
Until our wondering eyes shall greet
His bright, eternal day.

—Grace T. Gaskell, in
Watchman Examiner.

IN BETHLEHEM

While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
And darkness veiled both land and sea,
An angel came, and glory bright
Shone on this earth supernally.
The shepherds, awed and seized with fear,
As night was changed to shining day,
Knew not that heaven had drawn so near—
E'en down to earth with conquering sway.

No shepherds yet so blest had been:
Such splendor ne'er was seen by night—
Judea bathed in glistening sheen
Of God's own pure Shekinah light.
And, wafting from realms on high,
Angelic host on Judean plain,
In sweet, seraphic symphony,
Sang, "Peace on earth; good will to men."

"A Savior born!"—of virgin birth—
God's only Son, to sinners given
To banish sin's dark night from earth
And span the chasm 'twixt earth and heaven.
A wond'rous love that brought him down!
Oh, soundless depths of mystery
That he should die and sin atone
On rock-ribbed, blood-stained Calvary!

Oh, gracious story new, not old,
"The Lamb of God for sinners slain,"
But "not the half has yet been told"
Of sinners cleansed from crimson stain
And robed in God's own righteousness
To conquer death through grace, and "reign
As kings." And earth, and heaven itself possess,
When Jesus comes to earth again.

In Bethlehem, as heaven drew near
And shepherds watched by night their fold,
"A Savior born!" and shepherds hear
The sweetest story ever told.

—H. C. Hopewell, in
Western Recorder.

CHRISTMAS WILL FIND ME ON THE HILLS

Christmas will find me on the hills again,
For nowhere else is starshine quite so clear;
Nowhere are distances so vast that men
May stand tiptoe upon those crests and hear
The voices of the winging white-robed choir,
And see the heavenly chancels etched with fire.

The night will find me on the hills, for I
Have missed the things that I have needed so!
My ears will be attuned to catch the high
Sweet song that rang out centuries ago.
I must go out alone this Christmas night
If I would see the Christ Child's holy light.

My weariness will leave me then, I know;
My grief will be a strange forgotten thing.
Light-hearted I shall travel, I shall go
Across wide fields to climb the heights and bring
My gratitude to God that from a hill
I can behold the Christ's star shining still.

—Grace Noll Crowell.

BETHLEHEM AND CALVARY

A light
Of heavenly splendor shines amain
On Judah's upland plain;
And wondering shepherds, sore beset by fears,
Behold a gleam that still shines down the years.
Aflame on land and main.

A song
Supernal opes the sky and thrills
With echoes o'er the hills—
"Be not afraid, I joyful tidings bring
To people all, that mortal man may sing
Triumphant over ills."

A child
Enwrapped in swaddling clothes, royal
Among the beasts of Stell;
A child of wondrous birth—acclaimed in song
As Savior, Christ the Lord, to shepherd throng;
To all, Emmanuel.

A life
Full-orbed, mid folk and flower and tree,
In far-off Galilee;
That life, unique, on Calvary's cross did vade,
As Christ, God's only Son, atonement made
To quicken you and me.

—Harry Heffner Price, in
Methodist Protestant Recorder.

CHRISTMAS AT BABBITT'S

On Christmas eve they filled the house, some fifty
guests all told.
(O little Lord of Christmas, were you left out in
the cold?)

They ate and sang, played cards, and danced till
early morning light.
(O little Lord of Christmas, did they think of you
that night?)

Next morning came the presents on glittering
Christmas tree.
(O little Lord of Christmas, was there any gift
for thee?)

The dinner was a Roman feast, and how those
guests did eat!
(O little Lord of Christmas, were you hungry
in the street?)

Then came some teas, a movie, and at night the
last revue.
(O little Lord of Christmas, what have these to do
with you?)

By midnight all were tired and cross and tumbled
into bed.
(O little Lord of Christmas, did they think that
you were dead?)

They all woke up with headaches and no joy
to work or play.
(O little Lord of Christmas, did they mark your
birth that day?)

The love, the joy were good, no doubt; the rest
a pagan spree.
(O little Lord of Christmas, let us keep the day
with thee.)

—Henry Hallam Tweedy.

THE WONDERING CHILD

When Christ was born in Bethlehem
And darkness turned to light,
And angels in a shining host
Went singing through the night;
I wonder, oh, I wonder,
If any child like me
Waked up with music in his ears,
The angel throng to see.

The shepherds little Jesus found,
And knelt beside his bed;
The kings who came to worship him
By God's own star were led;
But I wonder, oh, I wonder,
If any child that day
Peeped in the stable door to see
The Baby in the hay.

The Wise Men laid their precious gifts
Before the Savior's feet,
Their costly caskets filled with gold
And incense rare and sweet;
But I wonder, oh, I wonder,
If any little lad
Brought something that he loved himself
To make the Christ Child glad.

—Maud Lindsay, in Child Life.

A CHRISTMAS GIFT

By Grace Harner Poffenberger

The great station, that for the last two
weeks had been filled with sounds of eager
voices, hurrying feet, and the bumping of
baggage, was almost empty now, and very
still.

It was after midnight on Christmas eve—
it really was Christmas morning! Those
who had homes to go to were very much
occupied with the trimming of trees, and
the numerous other mysterious tasks that are
a part of the night before Christmas.

The station was almost deserted, except
for the night staff, and a forlorn and non-
descript figure huddled in a seat near a
radiator.

A little mouse ventured out to look around,
then boldly scampered about in search of
crumbs that might have been dropped by
some sleepy child.

On closer inspection, the figure near the
radiator proved to be a stooped and aging
woman; shop-worn from long hours of em-
ployment in department store basements—
selling cheap and second-rate articles to
others as poor as she.

She was a familiar figure here. Daily, dur-
ing the severely cold weather, she could be
seen sitting there, reading discarded news-
papers, and watching the people come and go.

It was warm and cheerful, and much more
"sociable," as she called it, there in the sta-
tion, than in her small unheated cubby-hole
of a room at Mrs. Henschley's. It was also
her one diversion—the one bright bit of
excitement in a drab and colorless life.

Once in a while she found a newspaper
from her little home town, and hungrily read
it from cover to cover. The local papers,
too, she read very carefully, never missing a
single item that might contain the name she
was constantly looking for. Sometimes she
found it! Feverishly she would read and re-
read every line in the article, eventually
tearing it out and putting it reverently into
her shabby bag.

There was much one could learn from
newspapers.

Tonight, even though she had read them
all, and it was long past her usual bedtime,
she still lingered in her corner.

"Aren't you up a little late tonight, Mary?"
the night attendant asked in a kindly voice
as she passed the slight figure.

"Yes, it is a little late for me," she an-
swered; "but—you see—I must wait for the
next train. I—I expect someone I know."

"Poor old Mary; she's crazy as a bedbug,"
the woman said as she passed the porter.
"Told me she was expecting someone she
knew on the next train, and said it as if she
really believed it, too!"

At 12.49, when the train from the west
drew in, Mary sat up, straightened her faded
hat, drew her shabby coat more trimly about
her, and moved to a seat near the track en-
trance.

Alert and eager-eyed now, she watched the
few who struggled through the gates. Weary
trainmen, mail clerks and a few odds and ends
of humanity headed for home, and then her
heart stood still! Yes, it was really he!
She remembered every line and feature of
the last picture she had found in a paper,
and kept so carefully. It had headed the
article telling of his election as president of
the Kiwanis Club. She knew now that it
had looked just like him!

Tall and handsome, well dressed and bear-
ing in his straight and confident figure the
unmistakable marks of a gentleman!

True, he was no longer young, forty-two
last month; but he still wore the determined
look of youth. She was glad of that! Men
and women so often lost that look, and

showed the hopelessness and disillusionment
that follow repeated disappointments; but
not her John!

"Thank God," she murmured under her
breath, "He hasn't been beaten by life like
I have."

As he swung by her seat, almost touching
her coat as he passed, he glanced down cas-
ually into her face. A swift look crossed his
own—almost as if he had recognized her as
some one he knew; but that was impossible!
He had never seen her since that day so
long ago, when she had tenderly unclasped
his chubby hand from her finger, and stum-
bled out of the "Home," blinded by her
tears. Babies of a few weeks surely couldn't
remember.

With her heart fluttering within her
breast, like a young girl in love who sud-
denly comes face to face with her sweet-
heart, she watched him stride over to the
ticket window.

He dropped his bag on the floor, and
reached into his pocket, drawing out his
wallet.

"Surely he's not going somewhere else
tonight—his home is here!" whispered Mary
to herself, as she watched him slide a note
under the wicket.

He spoke a few words quietly to the agent,
with a nod back over his shoulder, picked up
his bag, and with a louder, "Thanks a lot
for your trouble—Merry Christmas!" was
gone.

For a moment or two Mary sat quite still
—not yet sure that it had not been a dream.
She could scarcely believe such good fortune
had been hers.

What a Christmas! She could go home
now, warmed not only in body, but in heart,
as well. She had a son—a son who was
handsome and strong, who was successful
and prosperous, a man of whom any woman
would be proud. Her son!

If only she could tell the truth to the
others at Mrs. Henschley's, could boast a
little . . . but no, that was impossible. She
must be fair to him, and never let him guess.
Never had she wavered in her firm resolu-
tion to see that he had a better chance in
life than she had had.

With face transfigured, she got up slowly
and started toward the door. Nothing could
hurt her now—not even Christmas! Nothing
could reach down and quench that fiercely

burning fire of pride and joy in her heart; and nothing could ever take it away—it was hers—her Christmas gift!

Across the marble floor behind her resounded the footsteps of some one—hurried steps they were, but Mary neither saw nor heard.

“Mary, Mary, wait a moment!” Turning then, she saw the ticket agent hastening toward her.

“Mary,” he said, holding out a ten dollar bill, “a man left this for you a few moments ago—oh no—you cannot refuse to take it! It belongs to you—I could neither keep it nor return it, for I don’t know the man from Adam!” Then, as he saw her startled face, he added gently, “Listen, Mary, he said it this way: ‘Will you do me a favor? This is Christmas eve—I have no mother. Mine died when I was a baby; but for the sake of my mother, will you give this to the woman sitting back there, who seems to be lonely? It is just a Christmas gift to a mother I never had!’ ”

Proudly, as though she were receiving a badge of honor, Mary straightened her shoulders, and accepted the bill with a murmured, “Thank you,” to the agent, and turned away; but not before he had seen the tears coursing down her faded cheeks.

“She’s sure a queer one all right,” he said to himself as he walked back to the office. “You’d think she would be happy over getting an unexpected ten-spot instead of crying.”

—The Messenger.

ROUND-THE-WORLD CHRISTMAS ALBUM

This is the title of a collection of splendid Christmas carols and songs from many nations that recently came into our hands.

Compiled and arranged by Felix Guenther, and English adaptations by Olga Paul, the neatly designed album makes an attractive gift for anyone loving Christmas music.

In the publishing of this new anthology the effort has been to show through the selections given what Christmas means to the various peoples in different parts of the world.

The Nativity concerns plain people and the Christmas songs all over the world reflect the conditions and thinking of common people.

The album contains forty or more outstanding selections from some twenty-six lands, including Austria, Belgium, Czechoslovakia, Denmark, Holland, Germany, Italy, several countries in the Western Hemisphere, and others.

Besides many old carols familiar to many of us, as “Silent Night” (Austrian), “O Come All Ye Faithful” (English), there are “Happiness the Sun Is Bringing” (Croatian), “Echoes Are Sounding” (Polish), Christmas Carol “Pagk A-Tao” (Philippine), and “At Christmas Time When All Is Gay” (Norwegian), to mention only a few of the less common pieces.

Round-the-World Album is published by Edward B. Marks Music Corporation, New York City. Price 50 cents.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

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

Dear Recorder Children:

This is our Christmas number, so although I have received three fine letters, I must leave them until next week, since they are not Christmas letters, but because when I write again Christmas will be over for this year, I wish you today a very Merry Christmas.

Last night I was surprised to see on the front page of the Buffalo Evening News the picture of a pretty little girl whose name is Merry Kathryn Christmas. She is the daughter of Pvt. and Mrs. Lee Christmas of Los Angeles, Calif. What does she think about Christmas, I wonder?

My little granddaughters who are here this week-end have been reciting the Christmas verses they have learned for the Christmas exercises at the Independence church the Thursday evening before Christmas. Here are Joyce’s verses:

On Christmas eve I’m put to bed
By grown-up folks who say,
“If you don’t go to bed right off,
Santa Claus won’t come this way.”

And so we go, my dog and I,
And every time we wake,
We hear them tearing papers up,
No matter if it’s late.

And still next morning there are gifts;
It doesn’t seem quite right,
A tree, and gifts for grown-ups, too,
Who stayed awake all night.

Gretchen’s piece is much shorter, for she will not be four until April third, but she wants me to put it in the Sabbath Recorder. Here it is:

Mary lived in a home like this.
An angel came one day
To bring a message from above.
God told her just what to say.

As Gretchen speaks she shows a picture of a house like the one in which Mary, the mother of Jesus, lived.

Perhaps you would like to know the real beginnings of some of our Christmas customs. Let us begin with the Christmas tree. According to old Arabian stories of the tenth century, on the night when Christ was born, all the trees in the forest, despite snow and ice, bloomed and bore fruit. This story spread all over Europe, and so many people in olden times began to cut branches of hawthorn and cherry trees and place them in warm water in the house so they would bloom on Christmas day. Sometimes whole young trees were made to bloom in the house by placing them in large pots and tending them carefully. The change from these trees to our modern Christmas tree was probably made in old German towns about the seventeenth century, for an unknown English writer of that time wrote as follows: “At Christmas time they set up fir trees in the parlors at Strasbourg and hang thereon roses cut out of many colored paper, apples, wafers, gold-foil, sweets, etc.”

The custom of hanging Christmas stockings began in Belgium, where the children used to put their wooden shoes or leather boots close to the hearth. They filled them with oats, carrots, or potato peelings to feed the horse of St. Nicholas. On Christmas morning the children found the furniture in the parlor all topsy-turvy. The food they had left in the shoes for St. Nicholas’ horse was gone, but in its place were sweets and gifts for the good boys and girls, and bits of coal and birch rods for the naughty ones.

The practice of burning candles in the windows on Christmas eve comes from an old Irish custom. There was an old story that the Christ Child walked through the countryside on Christmas eve and the burning candle was to light his way through the cold night.

The burning Christmas candle was also a common custom in Norway, where the people

believed it radiated many blessings. They spread out many things, including clothes and food, so that the light of the candle might fall upon them and bring blessings to the owners.

The following poem was sent me from Texas by Mrs. Angeline P. Allen, sister of the writer, some time ago, and I have saved it for this Christmas number. But before I send it on to you, my dear Recorder boys and girls, again I wish you the best of Christmas joys, and best of all, a deep love in your hearts for Jesus our Savior whose birthday it celebrates.

Sincerely yours,
Mizpah S. Greene.

A SMALL BOY REMEMBERS JOSEPH

By Elaine Prentice Boehler

We know the Christmas story well;
We’ve often heard it told;
And whether it be read or sung,
It never will grow old.

But no one speaks of Joseph—much.
They ought to (to my mind),
For I think he was good and wise,
And always very kind.

He found a shelter in a barn,
Outside the crowded inn,
And there arranged his little camp;
There was no room within.

He stayed with Mary, till the Babe
Was born that night, they say.
Perhaps he held him in his arms,
And placed him in the hay.

Then while the shepherds lowly knelt
Before the Baby King,
And Wise Men brought their gifts of gold,
And many a precious thing—

Old Joseph, too, was kneeling down,
Unnoticed by the crowd;
It may be, of those worshipers
He was the one most proud.

He knew that God had chosen him
To guard that Child, so sweet.
That he must teach those hands to work,
And guide those little feet.

Then through the burden of his prayer,
Light came to end the gloom.
He, too, beheld the glory there
In that small stable room.

So Joseph was important, too;
And when you talk about
The “Christmas Tale of Bethlehem,”
Please don’t leave Joseph out.

412 W. VanWeek St.,
Edinburg, Tex.

THOUGHTS ON CHRISTMAS AFTER READING THE PAPERS

By Francis John Schmuck, S.T.M.

I have just read the papers and finished a book on Christmas customs and traditions. Some customs and traditions, to be sure, spring from pagan sources, but most of them deal with and flow from the "Babe of Bethlehem." They deal with "God's goodness and love to man," with "the angels' paean of praise and peace and good will," and with "giving as a pure act of love."

Christmas—Christmas everywhere! In the heart and upon the hearth; in the home, the school, the Church! Christmas for young and old! Down through the ages the spirit of the Christ Child has permeated all of life. Christ has been the hot-point of Christmas. All people have felt the throbbing, spiritual pulse of the "Festival of Joy and Happiness." It broke down barriers, it equalized classes, it united families and people, it brought out the best in man—it has been a glorious, continuous power flowing from the spiritual dynamo of eternity—God.

But what of Christmas now with nations in the death-grip of war, with the fury of hate let loose, with pestilence and disease stalking the hungry, and with the hungry and starving growing more bitter and cynical and godless? Can Christmas be Christmas in a bomb-shelter, in a droning bomber, around a diplomat and statesman-infested (?) conference table where selfishness is the supreme motive—can Christmas be Christmas where the "black-out" has taken the place of the "lighted tree" and the "glowing hearth"? Can it be Christmas even in the lull of a hypocritical temporary armistice?

"O Little Town of Bethlehem," have you not become a laughing mockery? "Silent Night, Holy Night," has been changed to endless nights of terror and horror. "We Three Kings of Orient Are," no longer come to bring gifts—the new rulers bring destruction with cold steel and high explosives. "It came upon the midnight clear, that glorious song of old,"—but the modern, glorious (?) song that pierces the "midnight clear of 1940" is the frightful drone of motors bearing missiles of agonizing and frightful death. "Joy to the World, the Lord Is Come,"—Ha! Joy! What joy? Ye monsters of hell, what have ye done to this "joy that came

to the world"? The Romans crucified only him, legally, though in ignorance, but you—you are crucifying him again with the lives of millions of innocents and you call it honor, courage, bravery, and even say peace and joy come by that bloody road—What "joy to the world"?

But we still are determined to live in a hopeful, prophetic atmosphere. And this is the prophecy that makes us hopeful: "No matter what you do or say, no matter how much your temporal power may grow, you will hear to your dying days the eternal strains of "Adeste fideles, adeste adoremus." The faithful, the hopeful, the believing will come, they will keep coming, and you'll not be able to kill as fast as they are born. You may choke the voice of men for a while, but none of you are yet God that you can still the voice of angels, singing, SINGING still, above the din of your battle-cries and the moaning of starving, dying women and children. And as long as the angels sing, "Glory to the new-born King," so long will they listen.

That young man in his flying monster of death, pulling a lever to send forth death to fellow-humans he otherwise loves—down in his heart he hates it all because Christmas WILL be Christmas to him in spite of everything. There are thousands like him in every land and, wherever he may be and whoever he may be, our Christmas spirit, to be real, must fly on the wings of light and love to him. Then some day, and that day will come, men and women and little children will again look up, not as we see them look up now in China and England and Germany, but they will look up and hear all creation sing again, "Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth receive her King!"—her rightful King, her Christmas King. Faith and hope and love have not yet been battered into oblivion.

—The Messenger.

THE MEANING OF CHRISTMAS

By Rev. William C. Kernan

The world will never be the same again. Christ was born here.

If men ever thought that life here was futile, self-defeating, a maze of wandering from despair to despair to inevitable death, they can think so no longer. Ours is not that kind of world. It is the kind of world

in which the sick can be healed, and sin forgiven, and the dead raised. It is the kind of world in which Christ was born and in which he must reign. Men who believe can become "more than conquerors" through him who loved them and gave himself for them.

Let us not surrender the world to the devil. Let us rather affirm with every breath our right to pray, "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." For this is Christmas, and Christ has been born in Bethlehem. The Light shines in the darkness, and the Eternal Word of God manifests himself in our midst in power and great glory. We belong there, with him, on the side of power and glory. We do not belong to the devil. He is not our master. Christ is.

Let us, therefore, as the servants of God, "cast away the works of darkness and put upon us the armor of light now in the time of this mortal life in which our Lord Jesus Christ came to visit us in great humility."

Let us begin to rebuild the world. There are men enslaved by fierce passions who must be released from them, and men in dungeons to be set free. There are children who cry from fear and from hunger whose tears must be dried. There are women who watch for the dawn of that day which will justify their sacrifice of husbands and sons in the war. And they must not watch in vain. There is a world to be redeemed and rebuilt, free of fear and free of hate.

We need not despair about that. It can be rebuilt. We are not without resources to do it—the resources of God who can "cast out our sin, and enter in," and be born in us this day. Nothing is impossible with God who, Christmas assures us, is with us. We are not alone. Christ has been here and abides here. The Light shines and God reigns. This is the meaning of Christmas.

NEWS IN THE WORLD OF RELIGION

By W. W. Reid

The exchange ship, "Gripsholm," brought to the United States on December 1 and 2, some 366 missionaries representing forty-six boards, agencies, and churches of the United States and Canada. Since Pearl Harbor they had been enemy aliens in Japan-controlled areas. While some of them had suffered malnutrition during their stay in concentration

camps or prisons, no atrocity stories were heard. Most of them are expecting to return to missionary service when the war is over.

Six young missionaries (three married couples) were recently added to the missionary forces of the Presbyterian Church of the U. S. A. in Mexico by its Board of Foreign Missions and two other couples have been commissioned and will soon be in service there.

The Friends (Quaker) Ambulance Unit, serving in China, has sixty-five Britishers, seventeen Americans, and eighteen Chinese—all of whom are volunteers and receive no salaries. They represent a number of Protestant denominations. Most of these ambulance drivers are engaged in transport work, carrying medical supplies to hospitals in all parts of China, and serving the Chinese National Health Administration, the Chinese Red Cross, and the International Relief Committee. Practically all trucks run close to the Japanese lines, and are often fired upon, as they travel far north to the Gobi Desert, and east almost to Shanghai.

A western Pennsylvania corporal now on duty overseas, recently wrote to his pastor: "Since I have been out here and have been entertained in the homes of Presbyterian missionaries and have seen the work they are doing, I admit I was altogether wrong (in opposing missionary work). When I return home, you will have no more loyal supporter of foreign missions. From what I have seen, they are a grand group of men and women, and are doing a magnificent job."

"The Universal Week of Prayer," sponsored by the World's Evangelical Alliance, London, Eng., will be observed from January 2 to 9, with special services on both Sundays. The Department of Evangelism of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ is promoting the observance in the United States. When possible, it is planned that one or more days shall be observed by all churches within a community uniting for at least one service; in other communities, especially where transportation is a problem, it is planned that the observance shall take the form of a series of cottage prayer meetings.

OUR PULPIT

LEARNING THE SONG OF THE ANGELS

By Rev. Neal D. Mills

Pastor, New Auburn (Wis.) Seventh Day Baptist Church

Scripture: Luke 2: 8-14; 1 John 4: 7-21.

"Glory to God in the highest, And on earth peace among men . . ." Luke 2: 14.

The Gospel of Luke has been called the most beautiful book ever written, and certainly the most beautiful part of the book is the story of the birth of Jesus. Matthew, Mark, and John do not tell us when Jesus was born, the significance of its being in Bethlehem, or when he began his ministry. Luke is valued for these historical items but it is most loved because it is dressed in exquisite literary beauty.

You can count nine poetical passages in Luke. Some are quoted from Isaiah, the Psalms, or other Old Testament books, and some perhaps are original with Luke. The Magnificat, the song of Mary, is quoted from 1 Samuel 2. It is the song of thanksgiving which Hannah sang at the birth of Samuel. It is a very old poem. There are five great Latin hymns which came from Luke and have been sung by the Church through the centuries. The Magnificat is one and Gloria in Excelsis, the song of the angels, is another. Probably the study of music and poetry as a part of Luke's Greek education prepared him to tell the story of Jesus in a charming literary style.

Did you ever wonder why only a handful of shepherds heard the angels sing that first Christmas night? Perhaps it was because their hearts were tuned to the voice of the Spirit and they were not dulled by the noise of the world.

Not many, I fear, will hear the angels sing this year. The air is again too full of the shouts of war, the songs of hate, and the cries of pain. God is just as ready now to lift the veil of heaven and flood our souls with music, but the world is engrossed in war and cannot stop even for Christmas. Our beloved America is fighting two wars and cashing in on the profits of both. Many more knees are bowing before mammon this year than before the manger.

I.

The greatest war being fought today is not the one for domination in Europe nor the similar one in Asia. It is the conflict between religion and pagan materialism. Is man a spiritual being with an eternal destiny or is he just a high grade animal living on the earth a few years to get what he can of physical comfort and then to die like a dog? America has been living largely on the animal level, practicing the old jungle law, the survival of the fittest, and calling it "rugged individualism." We rode the backs of the poor, as E. Stanley Jones put it, until we had ten million of them on relief riding our backs. That's God's way of reversing things.

The answer of Christmas to materialism is that we are all children of one Father, with spiritual natures made in his image, and that God is love. Every human being is of infinite value. If the world, even the so-called Christian world, really believed that, we wouldn't be getting the ghastly news that comes to us these days.

It is not strange that those simple, child-like shepherds saw a vision and heard singing; the miracle is that it was such a vision and such a song. It reveals the surprising faith of the shepherds that the Messiah was to be not a king of the Jews so much as a Savior of all men and a Prince of Peace. That was truly a revelation of God.

It may be a long time yet before the world learns to sing, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace among men." Yet more and more men with tuned hearts are catching the vision and picking up the strains of that angelic anthem. We must not lose faith that some day the song will come true.

For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet-bards foretold,
When, with the ever circling years
Comes 'round the age of gold;
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world give back the song
Which now the angels sing.

II.

Christmas is a time when pagans give each other presents and celebrate, while true Christians give expression to their faith in the Prince of Peace and rededicate their lives to his service. We cannot sing of peace on earth with any depth of conviction until we understand something of what it implies.

Peace is far more than the absence of war. Dr. T. Z. Koo, the great Chinese Christian leader, illustrates the positive meaning of peace by using the three Chinese words for peace.

The first word is "Ho," made up of two signs, one meaning "rice" and the other meaning "mouth." When there is rice in the mouth there is peace. That is the economic basis for peace. When some people in a nation are very rich and the masses have no rice in their mouths a true state of peace does not exist. Again, when some nations have a monopoly on raw materials and others are prevented from getting them the economic basis for peace is absent.

The second word for peace is "An," made up of the sign above meaning "a roof," and the one below meaning "a woman." Some wag has said that when there is only one woman under a roof there is peace. But the true meaning of "a woman under a roof" is a person who has a home and a place in society, that is, security. So "An" stands for the social conditions of peace. When there is unemployment, poverty and class inequalities, the social conditions for peace are lacking. When a nation demands independence and "a place in the sun" it is demanding a roof over its head. If all nations, big and little, cannot feel that there is a place for each in the family of nations, there can be no peace though there may not be open war.

The third word for peace is "Ping." It is also formed of two signs. Two horizontal lines stand for the numeral "two" and the other sign means "heart." The idea of this word is that when two hearts are level with each other there is another important condition for peace. When one heart holds a grudge or nurtures a grievance against another they are not level and there is no peace. Likewise when one nation harbors ill will toward another, or feels endangered by another, the stage is set for war, not for peace.

The word "Ping" stands for the kind of peace Jesus had in mind when he said to his disciples, "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you." That is inner peace built on faith and trust in God and love and good will toward fellow men.

When we come to understand peace as living together in such a way that all mouths

will have rice in them, all women will have roofs over their heads, and all hearts will be level, how rich in meaning the word becomes! Here, too, are suggested positive lines along which to work if we would achieve peace.

The world's conception of peace and good will is a sort of sentimental, friendly feeling to be held toward others as long as it doesn't cost anything. At best it is just a beautiful ideal, a condition too far off to be of any practical importance now. In times of war such sentiment quickly evaporates and is replaced with hate and distrust.

As Christ would have us understand it, peace and good will are based upon the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of all men. Since the love of God for us is a present fact, the attitude of good will must be not a distant ideal, but a present fact in our lives, motivating our present conduct toward all men. Good will grounded in this fundamental conception of God is not stopped by racial, class, or national barriers. It engenders a fellowship that cannot be broken by war. A splendid example is the fellowship between Christian students in China and Japan, continuing through the war and expressed in the observance of a common day of prayer for both countries.

We Christians have a great contribution to make to the world if we can maintain the integrity of our faith against the pressure of the pagan society around us. Let us resist the temptation to see a God of wrath and judgment standing over our enemies, while a God of mercy and compassion watches over ourselves. That would be making of our religion a cloak with two pockets, one for the God to whom we would pray for our enemies, and one for the God to whom we would pray for ourselves. And what a multitude of sins that cloak would cover!

By holding fast to our Christian faith in the brotherhood of man we can lay the foundation of peace in the new world order to be built after the war. In these tragic and trying days and in the hectic days of reconstruction to come we can feel the power of a faith that has kept its integrity; and we may have the song of the angels ringing true and strong in our hearts:

"Glory to God in the highest,
And on earth peace among men . . ."

INTERNATIONAL BIBLE SCHOOL LESSONS

By Rev. Erlo E. Sutton

Although Seventh Day Baptists have been officially connected with the organized religious education movement in the United States from almost its beginning, first with the National Sunday School Association, then with the larger organization formed by the merger of this with other similar organizations, "The International Council of Religious Education," most of our people are not very familiar with the work being done.

The work of the Council, with its various committees and departments, is so generally used in our churches as to be taken as matters of course. For example, it provides training programs in which three hundred thousand volunteer church leaders participate annually; promotes Vacation Bible Schools and textbooks that are used in thousands of schools each summer; sets in motion and promotes the United Christian Youth Movement, in which tens of thousands of young people of many denominations are participating; provides the United Christian Adult Movement, furnishing courses of study and vital programs of worship, social action, and service; has a united field program, giving assistance to the denominations, and state, provincial, and city councils in their many inter-church services to local communities; plans specific guides in visual education, many of them in connection with lesson studies; promotes a public relations program of education and interpretation through press and radio; conducts thoroughgoing research and studies in various phases of Christian education; publishes an outstanding magazine for lay and professional leaders, the International Journal of Religious Education; and among many more things, it furnishes, through the Lesson Committee, weekly lesson outlines for most Protestant denominations of North America. In fact, there is probably no other interdenominational organization so vitally connected with our churches.

With no work or department of the International Council of Religious Education are we so vitally connected or interested in as the Lesson Committee. This committee had its beginning in 1872, and was merged with the Council when the merger mentioned above was formed. From almost the beginning,

Seventh Day Baptists have had an active member on this committee, and have used the lesson outlines it provided.

Many changes have taken place in the Lesson Committee since its beginning, and in the work it has been delegated to do. At first its lesson outlines were little more than lesson titles, Scripture lesson, and golden text. Gradually topics for older age groups were suggested as well as daily home Bible readings. Some years ago the committee was divided into two sections, one on "Improved Uniform Lessons," and one on "Group Graded lessons." Two or three years ago, after a careful survey of the co-operating denominations as to needs and desires, the International Council voted to approve a plan for a comprehensive curriculum to be known as the International Bible Lessons for Christian Teaching, and the Lesson Committee was divided into three sub-committees as follows: the Committee on the Uniform Series, the Committee on the Graded Series, and the Committee on the Curriculum Guide for the Local Church.

It is with the Committee on Uniform Series that we are concerned, as we do not write or publish closely graded lessons, and few denominations are likely to do so in the future, for the new plan provides group graded lessons within the Uniform Series. This is done by choosing a large block of Scripture related to the general subject for the week, from which shorter passages are selected for the various age groups, namely, primary, junior, intermediate-senior, young people-adult, each group having its own special topic. This provides suitable Bible material for each age group as well as special topics. This series will come into use in 1945. Naturally this has greatly increased the work and importance of the Lesson Committee, which is made up largely of editors and writers of lesson material.

Denominations actively co-operating in the work of the Council, and of the Lesson Committee, have free use of all this material. Independent writers and publishers of Bible school lessons and non-co-operating denominations must pay a royalty for the use of all or any part of this material. As we have actively participated in the preparation of this material for between forty and fifty years by having a member attend the meetings of the committee, we have free use of all out-

lines and materials produced. Even if at times it seems difficult to find funds for the necessary expense of sending our representatives to the meetings of the Council and Lesson Committee, we can ill afford not to do so for our own sakes and the sake of the co-operative work in general. We are entitled to two members (not delegates) on the Council, and one on the Lesson Committee. The latter, I believe, must be one of the regularly appointed members of the Council. Such members have considerable work to do in the Council and committee throughout the year, as many matters are referred to them, to which they must give time and labor.

Denver, Colo.

SANTA HAS CONTROL TROUBLE

By H. I. Phillips

We found Santa Claus in a complete state of unpreparedness, befuddlement, and general exasperation. He begged to be excused from an interview, pleading a bad headache.

He was in a bathrobe, his clothes draped across a chair. They looked pretty dilapidated.

"Got to make 'em last through the winter," he explained. "Can't get anything new. Priorities, you know."

"But you're in an essential business," we argued.

"Not to those boards. They're too old. I wish there were some kids among 'em."

"How's the transportation situation with you?" we asked.

"Looks bad. Reindeer control and all that sort of thing," he replied wearily.

"Don't tell me you are having reindeer trouble!"

"Plenty. Been notified I can't keep more than five deer. Got to turn over others to somebody named Jeffers."

"How many deer do you require?"

"Eight. Prancer, Dancer, Comet, Vixen, Dander, Donder, Cupid, and Blitzen. Always used 'em."

"What shape are they in?"

"Not any too good. No pep. Not getting enough vitamins. Hay rationing, etc. And they always liked lump sugar. Can't get it any more."

"There must be some misunderstanding. Surely you can get extra consideration."

"Nope. I've only got an 'A' card."

"It seems impossible. If anybody deserves a 'B' and 'C' card, you do."

"Yes, but you know how those ration boards are. If you're on the level and really need consideration you get nothing. It's the politicians and the boys with the big front who get the extra allowances."

"Did you tell them who you were?"

"Yes, and this is what hurts. They asked me how to spell my name!"

"Did you explain the nature of your work?"

"In detail. I told them I was in the gift distribution business, that I had to make deliveries all over the world, and that it was a must proposition."

"What did they say to that?"

"They wanted to know if I couldn't do it by bus."

"It's incredible," we exclaimed again.

"I explained that my work called for speed, and they wanted to know if I had tried to organize a share-the-ride club. That was a hot one."

"What did you say to that?"

"I tried to make 'em understand that for hundreds of years my work had required special equipment, that I had to be able to operate through the skies, up and down mountains, up walls and across roof tops and regardless of the weather. I spent an hour going into all this and do you know what the chairman said? He said, 'That's what they all say, Mister Kraus.' He kept calling me Kraus instead of Claus."

"But didn't he understand you had to have eight deer?"

"Nope. I even drove them in and showed 'em, but he wanted to lock me up for hoarding venison. What was worse, I had brought 'em in on a meatless Tuesday."

Santa was downcast as another hundred sacks of mail arrived from children everywhere. He buried his head in his hands and wept. "The poor kids," he moaned. "They don't understand that if they are to get anything in their socks this year they've got to have coupons."

—Associated Newspapers.

We shall prosper in proportion as we learn to dignify and glorify labor and put brains and skill into the common occupations of life.—Booker T. Washington.

DEACON JAMES ALDRICH SAUNDERS

James Aldrich Saunders, son of Charles and Sally (Stanton) Saunders, was born in Westerly, June 29, 1862. At the age of fifteen he was baptized by Rev. Christopher C. Stillman and united with the First Westerly Seventh Day Baptist Church (Dunn's Corners). By that church he was elected deacon and ordained to that office more than fifty years ago. As services at Dunn's Corners have been discontinued, Deacon Saunders united with the Pawcatuck Seventh Day Baptist Church in June, 1916. He was made a deacon of this church in 1929. He was a man of strong convictions, faithful, and conscientious. He had been a member of the Board of Managers of the Seventh Day Baptist Missionary Society for a good many years.

Deacon Saunders' first wife was C. Belle Witter. To this union were born two daughters: Susie Belle, Mrs. Clarence V. Beebe of Westerly; and Emma Marguerite, Mrs. Edwin Whitford of Brookfield, N. Y. His second wife was Iva A. Davis of Salem, W. Va. Three sons were born to them: Milton A. of Buffalo, N. Y.; Stanton C. of Westerly; Carl W. of the U. S. Army Air Force.

Besides his wife and children, Deacon Saunders is survived by eleven grandchildren and three great-grandchildren.

Funeral services were held at the church on Friday afternoon November 12, and interment was in River Bend Cemetery. Pastor Harold R. Crandall officiated. H. R. C.

A CHRISTMAS MEDITATION

By Roger T. Nooe

In a world, unknowing, blind, and unconsoled, let us thank God for Christmas. It remains a mark of everlasting light that no darkness can put out. It is a song on the air that all the winds of hate cannot silence. They bear its message even as they try to destroy it.

Christmas is the unveiling of God with us, a trysting time with a song, a star, and a Savior. Still there are those who are dismayed by the coming of this season with its overflow of happy surprises and running laughter. Only those whose hearts have known sorrow and loneliness can understand. Yet, though merriment be denied, all of us with open hearts may receive blessedness in the peace that passeth understanding and the

purpose for living that links our lives with the Eternal. The shepherds were afraid until they heard that unto them a Savior was born.

We cannot make Christmas. It is beyond all human architecture. Our hands did not fashion him who from everlasting to everlasting is God. Our lips did not speak the Eternal Word into existence that became flesh and dwelt among men. Christmas, however, can make us as our minds are renewed in the freshness of its spirit. It never really comes until in adoration to the Highest and service to the lowliest we find that better than our plans and stronger than our frustrations is the purpose of the Eternal for our lives.

One of the tenderest stories in the Gospel of the Nativity is that of Simeon who waited long to see the salvation of the Lord in the promised One. At length there dawned the day when his very eyes saw the young Child in the temple, and his own arms held him as he said, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word: For mine eyes have seen thy salvation, which thou hast prepared before the face of all people: a light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of thy people Israel."

We may, for our profit and even the world's advantage, ask what we would like to live to see. Our swift and easy answers would run the gamut of hopes and hates. We all would like to live to see the end of the war, but beyond this is the making of a great peace. We all would like to live to see tyranny over the bodies and souls of men broken forever, but beyond this is the exploring of new paths of freedom through the highways of the world.

Christmas reveals the ideal as real. Its spirit is in the structure of the universe. Its truth is plowed into history. This Christmas would take us deeper and be different if we make answer to the question of what we would like to live to see in the light of the season we celebrate. Then as we come adoringly to the Holy Child of Bethlehem we would hallow in our thought and action the children of all races and nations of the world. Here is a possible clue to the wisest statesmanship. Here is judgment upon all the Herods of war and peace who for vaulting ambition or selfish gain slaughter the innocents by slow or swift degree. These little ones of the earth who have no language but a cry and no power to order the world into

which they are brought sorely need friends who have the spirit of him who said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." All our social schemes and all our plans for a brave, new world may well be tested by what they do for children of all races. For every child to have a fair chance to grow lithe of limb, nurtured of mind, illumined of spirit, unafraid of the terror by night or the destruction that wasteth at morning as well as noon-day is the logic of civilization and the fulfillment of the love of our Lord.

If the song of the angels is not to mock us and leave us cold, we have need to see as in an undying dream and devotion a world made safe for children, infused with good will and established in righteousness.

Christmas is both a gift and a goal. By so much as we receive him who gives us power to become and to overcome, God is with us. By so much as we give ourselves to the goal that all the forces of destruction cannot countermand, God is for us.

O Prince of Peace, thou bringer of good tidings,
Teach us to speak the word of hope and cheer,
Rest for the soul, and strength for all men's striving,
Light for the path of life, and God brought near.

—World Alliance for International
Friendship Through the Churches.

A MESSAGE TO THE CHURCHES OF AMERICA

By President William Green,
American Federation of Labor

This is a time when all those concerned with the well-being of the people of our nation should make earnest efforts to strengthen the spiritual ideals of our entire community.

Many of the ideals for which some ten millions of our sons and daughters are enrolled in the armed services to defend against foreign aggression are ideals which are sorely lacking right here at home. Christian civilization is based primarily on the freedom and responsibility of the individual conscience. The sanction of law is the self-discipline of the community which delegates authority to some and responsibility to all. Respect for the rights of others is a mandate of good citizenship.

Over a period of years, however, the glamor of wealth, the power of privilege, the

vice of prejudice, the success of self-seeking, the abuse of statutory law, and the denial of community responsibility have all combined to distort the image of good citizenship in our land.

War strips away with savage hands the superficial vices of combatants and assays the true worth of the individuals and the community. Today, after two years of war, America and Americans can see the victory ahead, and with profound and grateful humility join in saying that the heart of the nation is sound. The essential test of our manhood has been and is being made, and the triumph is clearest where the test is hardest. In the ordeal of battle, the unselfish heroism proves the brotherhood of our citizen soldiers.

We cannot afford to let those ideals revealed anew on the fire of battle tarnish or dim when the fire is extinguished. A way must be found to keep the ideals so constant and clear that no excuse can again be found for rekindling anew the fires of war.

That is why I believe it so important now to ask the churches of America to lead the way to a lasting peace and an enduring revival of the democratic spirit of Christian civilization.

Democracy must be made to work. It must be made a reality in the social life of neighborhood and nation. The dignity of the common man and the self-discipline of plain people demand that our free way of life must be fashioned to express the will and serve the needs of the people themselves.

The defeat of our enemies will prove that the apparent efficiency of dictatorship fails to serve the needs of the people, and the consent of the governed comes clearly only out of participation in all of the basic processes.

The American Federation of Labor represents a bulwark in the process of democracy in the economic life of working people. Joined with the representatives of organized industry, with the government as arbitrator, the American Federation of Labor provides the basis of the economic democracy which our nation needs to shape the pattern of social justice in the years ahead.

Progress toward the goal, so desperately needed to prevent an overburdened political machinery from resorting anew to the error of dictatorship, can come only by an awak-

ening of our people to the acuteness of the need and the soundness of the procedure.

The churches of our nation, which know so well the need for a functioning faith in the functioning of democracy, and which serve the spiritual needs of working people and employers alike, can furnish the forum where the pattern of economic democracy can be expounded without the partisanship of special interest.

If we practice the brotherhood of Christianity we can go far toward avoiding strife at home and abroad. We shall succeed if we will remember that spiritual values arise from the unselfish devotion of man to mankind. The cry, "Am I my brother's keeper?" must ring forever in the Christian conscience and it can be answered only in the spirit of service, which will be truly in keeping with the higher destinies of mankind.

MARRIAGES

Langworthy - Phelps. — Roy Langworthy, son of Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Langworthy of Dodge Center, Minn., and Miss Joyce Phelps, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Will Phelps, also of Dodge Center, were united in marriage, November 22, 1943, at the home of the bride by Pastor Charles W. Thorngate.

OBITUARY

Coon. — At Ballard Vale, Mass., November 14, 1943, Fred Munroe Coon, aged 78 years.

Mr. Coon was the son of Franklin Coon and was born at De Ruyter, N. Y. His wife, who preceded him in death was Ida Ames of De Ruyter. Their three sons survive: Howard of Andover, Mass.; Raymond of Needham, Mass.; Willard of Bradford, R. I. He is also survived by nine grandchildren. The family lived in Westerly for twenty-five years. Mr. Coon's home of late had been with his son Howard. He was a member of the Pawcatuck Seventh Day Baptist Church.

Funeral services were held at the Harvey W. Buckler Funeral Home on Wednesday afternoon, Pastor Harold R. Crandall officiating. Interment was in River Bend Cemetery. H. R. C.

Greenman. — At her home on Greenmanville Avenue, Mystic, Conn., November 7, 1943, Ann Eliza (Bowler) Greenman, aged 101 years.

Mrs. Greenman, daughter of William Lewis and Eliza Frances Bowler, was born at Little Genesee, N. Y., October 13, 1842. On June 13, 1864, she was united in marriage at Little Genesee, with George Henry Greenman of Mystic. She and Mr. Greenman enjoyed more than seventy years of

life together, before his death about eight years ago. Her home since marriage has been in Mystic—twenty-nine years in one house and fifty years in the home in which she died. Mrs. Greenman was a loyal Seventh Day Baptist, a member of the Greenmanville Seventh Day Baptist Church until it disbanded some years ago.

Six children were born to Mr. and Mrs. Greenman, four of whom survive: William Greenman of Philadelphia, Pa.; George Greenman, Elizabeth Greenman, and Mary (Mrs. Herbert S.) Davis of Mystic. Also surviving are seven grandchildren and six great-grandchildren.

Funeral services were held at her late home on Wednesday afternoon and interment was in Elm Grove Cemetery. Rev. Harold R. Crandall, pastor of the Pawcatuck Seventh Day Baptist Church at Westerly, officiated. H. R. C.

Lance. — Helen Whitford Lance was born in New Market, N. J., on May 8, 1903, the daughter of Myron J. and Minnie Drake Whitford, and died November 25, 1943, at Muhlenberg Hospital in Plainfield.

She was baptized and joined the Piscataway Seventh Day Baptist Church in 1916, and has been faithful in that relationship. On October 1, 1927, she was married to Irwin Lance. To this union were born two children, a son, David, and daughter, Carol.

She is survived by her husband, Irwin Lance; her son and daughter, David and Carol; two sisters, Mrs. Harold Spicer and Mrs. Russell O. Burdick; and two brothers, Mr. Adelbert Whitford and Mr. Raymond Whitford.

Funeral services were conducted on November 29 by her pastor at the Runyon Funeral Home in Dunellen, N. J. Interment was in Hillside Cemetery, Plainfield. V. W. S.

Saunders. — At his home, 14 Chestnut Street, Westerly, R. I., November 10, 1943, Deacon James A. Saunders, aged 81 years. (A more extended obituary elsewhere in this issue.)

CHINA LETTERS

Written by

Dr. Rosa W. Palmborg

Seventh Day Baptist Medical Missionary
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A NEW YEAR

A New Year dawns—
Part of the vast eternity
That swings us on our way,
Fraught with new hopes,
With new ambitions, and an added faith
Vibrant with new life, and a diviner contact
With that great Oversoul that leads us up—
Source inspiration of all good.

New freedom from the pettiness that fetters,
New charity, new tenderness, new faith,
New glory in our days,
Our souls new flooded with the light divine
That lifts and purifies.

New peace, new brotherhood,
New opportunity to live our best,
New swelling of the heart,
Thrilled with the love of God.

New trust—
New letting go of cares that fret and cark,
Newness of life, a rapture new—
New Year.

—Lena B. Ellingwood.