

result that father soon pulled himself together and climbed farther along the road that leads to God, the Christlike God. Oh, it's hard, it's challenging, this business of believing in the Christlike God!

Then beyond believing in the Christlike God there is living the Christlike life. There is the business of cultivating the spirit of forgiveness and love for both friends and enemies. Not seven times, but seventy times seven; not love and forgiveness and sympathy for certain people, but for everybody. Otherwise we are no better than the publican and the sinner. How easy it is to find things to criticize in people of whom we are a little bit jealous, and to let fly those nasty little sarcastic remarks. Sometimes it is hard to forgive, but it is just those times when we must forgive! For those are the times when we are judged by the world. It is because we sometimes fail, that the world refuses to accept what we teach and profess. It continually says to us, "You do not live what you teach. Actions speak louder than words." That is why Jesus said, "Ye therefore shall be perfect."

The Christian is not only responsible for his own personal conduct, but he has his share of responsibility for the conduct of the social groups to which he belongs, for public opinion in his community, and for the conduct of government—local, state and national. It is the business of everyone who calls himself a Christian to stand always for Christian principles in every human relationship, private and public. The true Christian cannot be a hermit. In this world of war and greed, of national, racial, and class jealousy we must stand for justice and good will to all. It isn't enough just to admire Jesus and his teachings, or to worship him however devoutly; we must follow him, and that takes courage and heroism. "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 who is in heaven."

Have I set the standard too high? After all these are just the things that we profess as Christians. I'm only pleading that we live the principles that we profess. But I hear someone saying, "Then there's no hope for a weak stumbling Christian like me. I can't even make my own conduct perfect, and I haven't the wisdom or ability to take part in public affairs." To such a one I would say that we never know how much we can do till

we have tried very hard, perhaps many times; and our influence may be far greater than we think. Then if our goal is very high we will achieve far more than if it is low. If the goal of perfection seems to discourage anyone, let him remember the words of Paul, "I can do all things in him that strengtheneth me."

I realize it isn't easy, and it isn't popular to be thoroughly Christian in this pagan world, in politics, in society, or in personal relationships. But as someone has said, "We are called to build temples not to whittle sticks." It was Jesus himself who set the goal for us when he said, "Ye therefore shall be perfect, as your heavenly Father is perfect." Isn't it challenging, inspiring, and heroic, this business of being a Christian?

#### DENOMINATIONAL "HOOK-UP"

Berlin, N. Y.

We have been working quite a good deal in the church this summer redecorating. We took off the paper and painted the interior a very light rose. The woodwork is, of course, white enamel. Our floors are golden oak. The wainscoting is yet to be varnished, but we have decided to wait for warm weather before beginning that part of the work. The seats are also to be sandpapered and revarnished. We also changed the covers on the cushions in the pews. We think that our church now looks wonderfully nice. We are so glad to be able to have the work done. We didn't hire any labor, and all of us worked together, and really had a grand time working in the "Lord's House."

One night after the Sabbath we had a working party in the church and then had coffee and sandwiches together up in the balcony. The occasion was to be a farewell for Mrs. Julia Dobbs and Ellen, since Ellen is teaching home economics in the Knox-Berne Central School in Berne, New York, and the birthday of Mr. Arlie Bentley. They also gave Pastor and Mrs. Maxson an envelope containing \$60.25 in appreciation of the work which they did in the church.

Last night, November 25, we had a surprise birthday party for Julia Dobbs at the home of Arlie Bentley. About thirty-five were present. The evening was spent in playing games. Sandwiches, coffee, and cake were served. We also discovered that it was the birthday of Delmar Ellis, so we had a double celebration. Correspondent:

# The Sabbath Recorder

Vol. 137

PLAINFIELD, N. J., DECEMBER 11, 1944

No. 24



#### NATION-WIDE BIBLE READING

From Thanksgiving to Christmas

(The recommended passage for Christmas day is the second chapter of Luke's Gospel.)

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# The Sabbath Recorder

A Seventh Day Baptist Weekly Published by the American Sabbath Tract Society, Plainfield, N. J.

HERBERT C. VAN HORN, D.D., Editor

L. H. NORTH, Manager of the Publishing House

William L. Burdick, D.D.

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

Mrs. Walter L. Greene

Mrs. Okey W. Davis

Harley Sutton

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## Editorials

### RECRUITS FOR THE MINISTRY

Lack of men preparing for the ministry should give us grave concern. The diversion of young men just out of high school from entering college and to armed service accounts for some. We are not, here, seeking the reason for so few looking toward the ministerial calling, but wondering if there is not an opportunity in the war situation to seek promising recruits from the ranks. Doubtless there will be merited federal help for youth to complete educational training. Our young men will be making life decisions for employment. Labor, industry, science, medicine will be making bids for the best men. Why shall the church not be alert to its responsibility of recruiting the ministry from the ranks?

The opportunity is being seized by the Episcopalians, especially, we understand Bishop Henry St. George Tucker is chairman of a committee of the National Council of the Protestant Episcopal Church that is now doing the very thing we are suggesting. The committee is seeking "good material for the ministry" from among its members in the armed forces of the United States and will endeavor to enroll them as prospective post-war students for the Episcopal ministry.

Why should not the president of our Conference and the Commission undertake a similar endeavor for the Seventh Day Baptist ministry? Such an effort, coupled with the prayers and encouragement of home, church, Sabbath school, and interested friends should bear fruitful results.

### THE SCHOOL OF PATIENCE

It is comforting to find people who would like to be doing things, have been thwarted, but who are still cheerfully and humbly filling their niche. Really, they are accomplishing more than they may think, and the influence and cheerfulness of their light extend farther than may be known.

It would not be human or surprising were one not sometimes tempted to feel the futility of his hopes and efforts. A friend whose life has been fragrant with patient and worthwhile service writes that she sometimes wonders if God schools us to be faithful in little things as well as larger things when he places us, so far as we know, where no eye but his own can see. We think he does, and that he who notes the sparrow's fall takes notice of the faithful and loving performance of his children in these smaller matters. And who shall say that the carving of a cap stone is more important than physical labor of safely and permanently putting it in place.

A story is told of an unknown workman who applied for a place in a great building where he could carve a figure to beautify the temple. Though for a time refused, he at length was granted his wish and was given a niche in an obscure corner. Patiently and unencouraged and unnoticed he wrought. At last some one observed that this stranger no longer passed in and out with the others. No one knew where he had gone, or none knew whence he came. But, investigation discovered a beautifully done figure, and when the rays of sun bathed it—as it did at

a certain hour of the day—it became glorious and glorified not only the niche but the whole room in which it was located. It may be just a tale, but it points to the truth that humble, patient labor for Christ in whatever obscurity wrought will glorify the cause for which he lived and died. Nothing is lost, and "he that is faithful in that which is least" will be honored by his Lord when he comes in his kingdom.

So we say to our friend—be not discouraged. The courses in God's school may be hard. The lessons of patience are among the hardest we have to learn. Elijah found it so, but discovered his further mission and the power of God in "the still small voice" sending him on in quiet, humble, unspectacular service.

### OBSERVATIONS BY THE CORRESPONDING SECRETARY

The observer closed a two weeks' vacation by moving into Milton, Wis., from the cottage on Thiebeau Point, Lake Koshkonong. Some helpful contacts were made here and at Albion.

We were pleased to note improvement of Mrs. H. Eugene Davis, recently released from the hospital at Madison. Dr. Davis keeps up cheerfully and looks forward to further service. Last month he visited and spoke in the Chicago Church—accompanied by his daughter Marcia. They plan to return to Alfred early in December.

A privilege was granted the writer to visit and be conducted through the Oldsmobile plant at Janesville. There we witnessed war production from the cold steel bar to the finished shells used in war planes, 75s and 105s. It was an impressive sight to see the men, old and young, back of the war effort. They stay by their jobs in great shifts that make the progress of Eisenhower and other leaders possible.

Another unusual privilege was the witnessing of a beautiful church wedding where a Milton lady became the wife of an Albion farmer and church worker. Tied together by a college president, a pastor, photographed, and the service recorded in detail we are sure there should be no break in this union. A church wedding—church in more than name—should help stabilize the future of our country. The day of this writing I heard

"Lucky" Baldwin, chaplain of the second largest prison in this country, say that 85 per cent of the criminals in this prison come from broken homes.

At this meeting Dr. A. F. Broman of Moody Bible Institute gave a Bible study, an interpretation of the current International Bible Lesson on the "Christian View of Labor." It was a practical and helpful address in which he stressed the value of labor and its responsibility, both in relation to the workman and others. The Christian view of industry is that it must not be self-served, but for others. Man needs not only physical bread but spiritual sustenance. The Christian point of view is the development of the whole man.

The Bible study was attended in the YMCA Hotel on South Wabash Avenue, Chicago; the secretary is staying here while visiting the Chicago Church. Our people worship at 64 East Lake Street in a pleasant room on the seventh floor. Once a month some minister of the Quarterly Meeting (Southern Wisconsin and Chicago), or other, preaches. Other services are conducted by members under the supervision of a local committee led by Dr. Allison Burdick. The church is attempting to locate a pastor who will work in the field with faith and enthusiasm.

There is a great need here and splendid opportunity. While we are trying to get people back to rural sections—into grass root conditions, we must not neglect those who find their livelihood in the city. Let us remember the opportunity and responsibility of the city; let us remember that Paul and other early Church leaders went to the great cities—whither people from world-wide districts came: Antioch, Athens, Corinth, Ephesus, Rome. Here at the great centers were opportunities to touch a whole world with the gospel of Jesus Christ. Certainly we should man our churches in New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, and build new in Des Moines, Detroit, and Washington.

It was a pleasure to bring the message to the group in Chicago. Visitors were present from Boulder, Milton, and Battle Creek. Following the preaching service the adult class was taught by a young man, Stanley Rasmussen of Boulder, Colo., who is being governmentally trained in a special chemical

course. It was good to see folks helpfully and loyally working in this church whom we knew equally zealous in Minnesota, New York, and elsewhere.

### CONFERENCE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

#### First Things First

My first report of the old Welton, Iowa, Seventh Day Baptist Church Missionary Project I believe is worth passing on to you. Early this year the church building was offered for sale to the highest bidder. The bids were very satisfactory we are told. Those whose job it was to consider these bids finally rejected all in hope that special work might yet be carried on and a new organization be built to use the old church building.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Burns were employed by the Women's Board, and they held their first meeting there November 18. Peo-

ple wept at the sound of the old bell again calling to Sabbath worship. Twenty-four were in attendance at this first Bible school and church service. A father and mother with their seven children showed their interest by all being present. Brother Burns gave a splendid sermon using as a subject, "The Little Things of Life."

To me a most hopeful feature is that the people are praying and asking your prayers. They wish you to pray for the work generally, and too, they are asking special prayers for specific people. Will you join with those making these requests in praying for the work at Welton? While you pray will you not also open your purse, and through your church treasurer and the Denominational Budget make some substantial, special contributions to the Women's Board which has taken this extra work as a "faith project."

P. B. Hurley.

## Missions

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

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

### WHY BE A DEFEATIST?

Defeatism is proclaiming the defeat of the cause one is supposed to promote. But why should one dwell on the dark side of things?

Why tell a sick man he cannot get well? There is hope as long as there is life, and people pronounced incurable sometimes get well.

Why tell a dull student he never will amount to anything? Some people who have accomplished the most were not brilliant in school.

Why tell the church, the denomination, and Protestantism they are dying? Have you nothing better to preach?

Why proclaim from the housetops that Christian missions are a lost cause? Did not Christ say, "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." W. L. B.

### ANOTHER FINE ARTICLE ON HOME MISSIONS

Several of the articles in the Home Missions Issue of last month told what the workers of other days have done. This was one of the most helpful things the writers could do. As Longfellow said:

"Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime."

It was planned the work of Elder Samuel D. Davis in West Virginia should be covered by Dr. Corliss F. Randolph, but the article was belated.

Elder Davis was a gifted man and, through consecration and the leading of the Holy Spirit, did a marvelous work. The last years of his work Dr. Randolph witnessed, and the fine article given in this issue is the result of personal knowledge as well as records.

When the corresponding editor saw that the article did not appear, he regretted it very much; but it may be better that it did not, for by publishing it now it keeps the importance of home missions before us.

W. L. B.

### REV. SAMUEL DAVIS DAVIS

#### A Concise Sketch, With a Brief Appraisal, of His Life Work

By Dr. Corliss F. Randolph

For a full half of the nineteenth century, the leading Seventh Day Baptist minister in West Virginia was Rev. Samuel Davis Davis, familiarly and affectionately known as "Uncle Sammy Davis"; or, if one wanted to be a bit less informal, "Elder Sammy Davis." He was, so to speak, at the nod and beck of any and every call, on any and all occasions, for ministerial service, whether to preach a sermon on a given occasion, make an address at a Fourth of July celebration, conduct a funeral, or perform a marriage ceremony—all that aside from his regular duties as a pastor or as an evangelist; but his great joy was in evangelistic work, in which he was successful to a marked degree.

He was born, July 6, 1824, near what is now the village of Jane Lew, in Lewis County, W. Va. He was the son of Jacob and Sarah (Hoffman) Davis, and a grandson of Rev. Jacob Davis, pastor of the Shrewsbury Seventh Day Baptist Church, at Manasquan, N. J. Rev. Jacob Davis was a chaplain in the Revolutionary War and went with the Shrewsbury Church when it migrated in a body to western Virginia, in 1789, and there became the present Salem Church, of Salem, W. Va. Rev. Jacob Davis was a grandson of Rev. William Davis who was the founder of the Shrewsbury Church in 1745. This strain of blood, it may be noted, has produced an imposing array of Seventh Day Baptist ministers, of whom "Uncle Sammy" was one of the most outstanding, both as a successful evangelist and as a beloved pastor.

Left fatherless at the age of three and a half years, the only son and the youngest child in a family of several children, as soon as he was able to do the lightest of farm chores, he joined his widowed mother in her well-nigh frantic struggle to maintain her family; and, as he grew older, the family burdens rested more and more heavily on his young shoulders, burdens which he bore cheerfully and without flinching.

At twelve years of age, he was the subject of an unusual religious experience, following which he was baptized by Elder Peter Davis, the pastor of the Salem Church. Subsequently he was received into membership of

the Lost Creek Church, with the impressive ceremony of imposition of hands with a consecrating prayer, and the right hand of fellowship, with Elder Stillman Coon, who was visiting in western Virginia at that time, officiating.

At the age of sixteen years, he became active in church work, under the eye of his pastor, Elder Richard C. Bond; and the church soon formally called him to preach. When he was eighteen, he accompanied his pastor, Elder Coon, to Salem to engage in a series of evangelistic meetings—a series which proved richly successful. Five years later, or at the age of twenty-three, he was ordained by Elder Peter Davis and Elder Azor Estee, primarily as an evangelist, though he had virtually been pastor of the Lost Creek Church since the departure of Elder Bond, who had gone to Wisconsin some time before.

He was now fully launched upon his life calling as an evangelist and pastor, though he was without means of livelihood, save as he literally wrung it by hard manual labor from the soil of the farm which he had taken over from his mother, often toiling till midnight to catch up with work which had been temporarily laid aside because of his ministerial duties, for he never permitted his occupation as a farmer to interfere with his evangelistic or pastoral obligations. The Lord's calls must be answered first, and he trusted the Lord to give him physical strength to provide the material needs of himself and family; nor did the Lord fail him. Evangelists and pastors served without salary in those days, even though St. Paul had said, "The laborer is worthy of his hire."

In those days, facilities for an education were very meager; but a determination to acquire one, a determination to which were added diligence and persistence, brought him a modicum of learning which stood him in good stead throughout his long life. His diligent study of the Bible equipped him with a magnificent vocabulary and a fund of matchless rhetoric. These, added to his natural readiness of speech, a readiness which soon grew into full fruition of facility of expression, made him an eloquent and appealing messenger of the gospel which he so dearly loved to proclaim.

Meanwhile, he married; first, in February, 1847, Elizabeth, daughter of Albert Ford, who bore him three sons; but one of whom,

S. Orlando, survived early childhood. But after five years of happy married life, his wife died.

In April, 1853, he married Rebecca, daughter of Eli and Amelia Bond, who passed away in October, 1861, without issue.

On September 25, 1862, he married Elizabeth, daughter of Jesse and Elizabeth (Gillis) Fitz Randolph, who lived to comfort him in his old age and who bore him four sons, one of whom died in childhood. The three remaining were, Boothe Colwell, Morton Wardner (both of whom have now passed on), and Samuel Hoffman.

Amid the afflictions in his home, Uncle Sammy bore a stout, courageous heart, with a full trust in his heavenly Father, even when the clouds were darkest.

From the beginning his evangelistic message won a successful hearing, and it grew steadily in the power of its presentation and in its results as the years passed, until, within a radius of some fifty or sixty miles of his home, he came to be recognized as the leading evangelist in all that area, irrespective of denominational affiliation. But he went beyond those limits, and labored even in other states, notably at Jackson Center, Ohio, Shelbyville and other points in Tennessee, and in Fayetteville and near-by points in North Carolina, at all of which points his preaching of the Eternal Message bore fruit. Indeed, after closing his life work at the behest of failing physical infirmities, he wrote in his Autobiography,

My evangelistic work from the beginning has been greatly blessed of God. I have had a great variety of experiences and have witnessed some very remarkable demonstrations of the power of the Spirit. I do not remember of an effort I have put forth that was protracted which was not a glorious success.

His evangelistic work resulted in the creation of several churches; and his pastorates were marked by growth in grace and in membership in the churches which he served. At one time he was the only active minister in the bounds of the Southeastern Association, including the church at Salemville, Pa., and he was virtually pastor of all this group of churches.

His was an engaging personality. He was tall and imposing of stature; and, after middle life, with a full head of white hair and a full, white beard, with his stately, but modest,

unaffected bearing, he never failed to give an impression of rather saintly majesty as he stood in the pulpit. And his pleading tones and his directness of speech, as he proclaimed the message of salvation, easily reminded one of the sympathetic understanding of the beloved disciple, and the ringing earnestness of the apostle to the Gentiles.

### JESUS' BIRTHDAY

#### A Before-Christmas Story

By Rosalie West

Abner Hearst knew he should have had more sense than to let it get under his skin. Here he was, in the choicest front pew, watching the Christmas pageant which he had done more to boost than any other citizen of Middleford; he had the prospect of Helen's usual scrumptious Christmas dinner before him—the children home, and all. But Neil Benson's lack of responsiveness somehow spoiled the whole program for him.

Neil was the new chap from the office whom he had brought home with him out of the sheer goodness of his heart. The boy had nobody belonging to him, it appeared, short of an uncle in California, and might have put in a lonely day.

He had led his young friend up the aisle, exuding a mellow glow of Christmas cheer that embraced all mankind. He saw Neil look about at the decorations, and his own enjoyment was twofold. And when they had seated themselves in the welcome warmth, with a churchful of happy faces around them and the bedecked platform in front, Hearst relaxed and beamed at his guest.

"Pretty good, eh?" he whispered, his fat face aglow behind his big tortoise-shell-rimmed glasses. "Middleford's a small place, but we can put on quite a decent show when we try."

He nodded towards the massed evergreen borders along the aisles; the wreaths on the walls, centered with glittering stars; the life-like shepherd figures by the steps at the left of the pulpit, balanced by startlingly natural wise men on camels at the right. The platform, arranged for the pageant, was edged simply, as was the pulpit desk, with a tracery of ferns and moss, and held only a rough wooden crib filled with straw, to

represent the manger. He had sent his own team to bring this greenery from the woods and had worked like a horse till late last night superintending its arrangement. That explained his wistful longing for Neil's appreciation.

"Very effective," returned his companion, looking about him. But Abner thought the words sounded a bit forced.

Neil was a big, handsome chap, with strength of character written large in his square jaw and in the deep, steady gaze of his brown eyes. He gave great promise at the office. He was dependable, teachable, yet keen as a razor. He thought his problems through, then marched ahead with full faith in his solutions.

"He's used to grand city churches," thought Abner. "I suppose all this seems childish to him."

The pageant was a huge success. The madonna was sweet and pure as an angel. The poor, blind, and sick crept up the steps and murmured adoration as they knelt around the manger. Abner glanced at Neil. His own eyes were wet with tears; Abner was always profoundly touched by Christmas pageants. But Neil sat there like a stone, his jaw set hard, almost as though he disapproved. Queer guy, thought Abner.

The pageant over, a young lady sat by a window and soliloquized with great pathos about the meaning of Christmas, clasping her hands about her knees and gazing out at (supposedly) falling snow. Everybody wept at this—everybody but Neil. Abner couldn't really enjoy the soliloquy for wondering what was eating the chap, anyway. He actually looked bored.

Then the gifts for the poor were brought up, and Abner thought, of course he won't like this. But strangely enough, the young man came to life, dug enthusiastically into his pocket and laid a five-dollar bill on the collection plate—a queer fellow, and no mistake.

"Well," smiled Abner as they put on their coats, "pretty good, eh?"

"Great stuff, this sharing Christmas cheer with the poor," said Neil, earnestly. "But it's a pity we do it only once a year. Every week would be better."

They walked home through the snow. The air was clear and sparkling—perfect Christmas weather.

"A wide-awake little place, Middleford," Neil remarked. "Patriotic too, I suppose?"

"Oh, rather! Right on the job when it comes to good citizenship."

"Celebrate Washington's birthday?"

"You bet. The time will soon be here again. The weeks do fly. I usually help with the program, but celebrations have been a trifle stale lately; the same old dry speeches, you know. Got any new ideas?"

Neil considered. "Well, I may have. Do any decorating?"

"Oh, a bit, with bunting and flags. The usual thing."

"A community with talent like that shown in today's service should do wonders with Washington's birthday," murmured Neil. Abner glanced up at him quickly, but his eyes were studiously fixed upon the snow, and it was impossible to tell whether he was making fun or not.

"Tell you what, I'll come round a couple of weeks before the twenty-second, and perhaps I'll be able to help."

Abner thanked him absently, just wondering. But as time went on he forgot all about it.

\* \* \*

On the evening of February the eighth, Abner was sitting by his fire chatting with the pastor, Rev. John Brodie, when Neil Benson was shown in. He carried a small suitcase and had a brisk, businesslike air.

"About that Washington's birthday celebration," he began.

"Oh, yes, yes! You've brought some suggestions. John, Mr. Benson's going to help us with plans for the twenty-second. Yes, yes, that's fine. Mighty good of you to remember."

John Brodie liked this earnest young fellow, as did most of Middleford. He admired the independent way in which he made his decisions and chose his friends. No shilly-shallying, no wirepulling.

Neil smiled, set his jaw, and slowly opened the suitcase.

"The life of George Washington was a very colorful one," he began, "and offers great possibilities in decoration. Here, for instance"—he drew out a twisted piece of pale blue cardboard—"is the Delaware River. We can get yards and yards of this made, and have it winding all over the walls, with a continuous stream of these jolly little

soldiers in cocked hats and bayonets marching above it right around the hall. Here's a little model of Valley Forge that I've made; we can have it much larger—like the Wise Men and Shepherds at the Christmas service, you know—standing in that alcove near the platform. For the stage itself, I thought we might have a hatchet-and-cherry-tree motif. Have this chain of hatchets draped over the edge of the platform and around the pulpit or whatever it is—see?—with a life-size tree over at the left, and a real honest-to-goodness hatchet sticking in a block. I thought we might work up a nice little pageant about—er—telling the truth, and conserving our forests, don't you know—it could be made most touching and inspiring. Something like the one you had at Christmas. Then right in the center have this figure of a mother and child—since it's a birthday, of course, you've got to have a mother and baby somewhere, haven't you?"

Neil paused. He had placed his exhibits one by one on a little table before the fire, and stood gazing lovingly at them, straightening the little soldier's bayonet, pulling out the wee hatchets till they stood out from the green leaves of the paper chains.

"We could send out invitations in the form of hatchets—or cherries—or plain cards edged with Delaware Rivers in red, white, and blue. Well! I'm waiting for the applause."

For the first time he turned to look at the two men.

They were staring at the figures on the table. John Brodie's forehead was puckered in a puzzled frown. He was trying to think of something tactful to say, but no words would come. Abner Hearst's face had said volumes already. His jaw had dropped and his eyes bulged when that absurd Delaware River came on. An angry flush had hailed the appearance of the hatchets. As Neil finished and stepped aside, he jumped to his feet, strode to the table, swept the little figures on to the floor, and stood facing the young man in a perfect passion of rage.

"Are you crazy? Are you completely daft? Or is it merely a lack of—of good taste? Have you no more sense of the fitness of things than to come here with your claptrap collection of falderals and expect me to take you seriously? Hatchets! Cherry trees!! Mothers and babies!!! What

under the sun . . ." He stopped, sputtering, and panting. "Sorry, didn't mean to hurt your feelings, but I couldn't help it. I'm not a profane man, but—see here—this is Washington's birthday, you know, the father of his country—our country. One of the greatest ideals we have. You can't cheapen it like this with pasteboard soldiers and rivers. We've got to have the thing dignified, and solemn, and—oh, well—what's the use of talking if you've got no sense of values."

Neil's face was flushed, too, but he looked past the gesticulating old man to the pastor, and John Brodie noted with a start of surprise that the corners of his mouth were twitching, and there was an unmistakable twinkle in his eye.

"So you don't like my decorations."

"I'll be glad," puffed Abner, mopping his brow, "if you'll take them all—further."

"But they're exactly the sort of decorations you had at the Christmas service—cardboard shepherds and camels, tinsel stars, mangers, madonnas. And you gave sentimental verses and plays about babies and angels."

Abner snorted. "Why, of course. That's an entirely different thing. No comparison at all. Christmas—why, it's always been done that way. These things all mean something. They're symbols—very precious symbols. We couldn't do without them."

"Oh! 'What we've always done' is the standard, is it? I see. That's the principle you work on at your office downtown, I suppose?"

Neil stooped and, picking up his poor crumpled toys, began to repack the suitcase. Abner stood watching, ruffling his gray hair, feeling that there was more behind this than met the eye. But the minister had leaned forward, and was gripping the arms of his chair, a great light upon his face.

"Just exactly what, then"—Neil snapped the suitcase shut and faced them again—"just what is it that you want to put across on Washington's Birthday?"

"Why," bellowed his host, "the great ideals that Washington stood for: his passion for liberty, his courage, his endurance, his wise foresight in the planning of a new nation's development. Surely you must feel that the depth, the grandeur, of these ideals demand a different setting from this—er—

tomfoolery. It's absurd, childish, this parade of cardboard toys—cherry trees!—"

Abner's voice trailed off into incoherence. He turned and sat down violently in his chair. The minister still sat leaning forward, his hands tense upon the chair arms, his eyes on Neil's face.

"But it's all right for Jesus, of course." The young man had dropped his air of amused detachment. With set jaw and flashing brown eyes he let them have it. "Tinsel stars, woolly lambs, humpy camels. One can be cheap, with Jesus. On his birthday we can sit and sniff over old legends, cry over sugary sentimentalities about babies and stables. George Washington? Oh, no; it's insulting to his memory to flutter hatchets on his birthday. It isn't dignified. But Jesus—when it comes to his birthday it doesn't matter about the grandeur of the ideals he stood for, the crashing power of his life that made men over, the incredible newness of his teaching that smashed through the hollowness around him. We thing we're honoring him with sickly songs about angels and madonnas. For centuries of Christmases we've wrapped ourselves in sugar-coated fripperies that bear no relation whatever to the honoring of a great man's birthday—to the real significance of his life.

"Mr. Hearst, you're the leading Christian worker in this town. How would you ex-

press, in a sentence or two, as you did with Washington, the one great ideal, the supreme purpose, that blazed out from Jesus' life?"

Abner hesitated. "Why—er—ah—well—I don't know as I can say, right off the bat. Give me time."

"Well, even you will admit, I'm sure, that it hadn't much to do with camels and stars and sheep."

There was a long silence. Abner wasn't angry now, but very much bewildered. He ventured one feeble, "But we've always done it that way, you know."

Then the minister leaped to his feet, strode to Neil and took both his hands in a tight grip.

"I get you, man. I get you. It's great. Simply great. Say, I'd like to try it out—next Christmas. Dare I? Could I go through with it?"

"Those words, Mr. Brodie—I can—I dare—are the ones above all others that we Christians of today need to shove up to the top of our vocabulary."

"I'll do it, by gum," said Brodie, excitedly. "I'll do it. Next Christmas. Will you help me?"

"Will I?" grinned Neil Benson. "Will I?"

—The Christian Leader.

## Woman's Work

Mrs. Oroy W. Davis, Salem, W. Va.

### AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY

Excerpts from the One Hundred and Twenty-eighth Annual Report, 1944

Some day the war will be over. We shall be standing on the threshold of a new world. At our feet will be unprecedented chaos: cities reduced to rubble, nations bankrupt, disillusionment, hatred, reprisal, revenge, distorting men's souls. Little human intellects will be matching themselves with the colossal problems which their follies have created.

But reconstruction will be on the way. Reconstruction is always in process. Reconstruction is of God. The Creator is always creating, re-creating. Nature is never idle. The poppies continue to grow on every "Flanders field," even while the war rages.

Wise men are not waiting till the armistice to make their plans for tomorrow's world. They are making them now. Tentative plans they are, but none the less constructive. Business is doing it. Education is doing it. Our government is doing it. The Christian Church, thank God, is doing it.

The Chinese write "tomorrow" as two word characters meaning "bright day." Tomorrow's world will offer new opportunities, new challenges to those who would enthrone Christ. It will be a more compact world. Its "utmost parts" will be less than three days' journey from any "Jerusalem" which would send forth its messengers of redemption. Trade will be greatly extended and simplified. Communication will enable the nations, and kindreds, and peoples, and

tongues, not only to talk with one another, but through television to see one another in action.

Tomorrow's world will be a more literate world. Millions in Russia, India, Africa, China, Latin America, in the islands of the sea, will be learning to read, and eager to roam afar in their new-found freedom. In tomorrow's world, the Bible will be within the sphere of effective use by tens of millions of people, whose teachers have cured them of "book blindness."

Tomorrow's world will present staggering new dangers. The points of friction between nations, races, classes, and cultures will be greatly multiplied. Misunderstanding, suspicion, jealousy, "incidents," war—yes, even vaster and more ghastly war—may be in the making. "One World" will not automatically become one in spirit and in purpose.

Here lies the challenge to the Christian Church. In its hands is a book. On the pages of this book lies good news—the way of salvation for men and nations. Once this book served only little scattered groups in the crumbling empire of Rome. Then it spread to all of Europe and the Mediterranean basin, bringing hope and more abundant life wherever it was courageously accepted and followed. It remolded the spirit of England and created in America a new kind of nation.

In the greatest of all the centuries England, America, and other Western nations carried this book to every continent, and put it in the tongues of all the great peoples of the earth. Today the Bible has become potentially the world's one book. Nine tenths of mankind might now have the Pentecostal experience of hearing in their own tongues the wonderful works of God. It is this hearing that opens the doors to redemption, as it did that day when Peter declared his faith. It is the hearing of this word that alone will bring salvation to mankind. It is a great achievement that they might hear. The challenge of tomorrow's world is that they must hear. Without delay, the Word of our God must be made available now to guide the stunned, staggering, blinded, impoverished, and bewildered millions who will walk out into the sweet but pathless silence of the day of armistice.

When that day comes, it will be too late to begin to set type and prepare plates, and

print and bind, and ship and distribute to the scattered nations their guidebook to understanding and enduring peace. We who know and love God's Word know assuredly now, as well as we will ever know, that the Bible will serve as no other instrumentality we can think of, to build a better world tomorrow. Now is the time, then, to be preparing.

The preparation must be of two kinds. We must increase among those who know the Bible, their devotion to its daily reading. This will call for vigorous campaigning while the war continues. It will call for unflagging ministry to our men at arms, who will play so large a part in the shaping of tomorrow's America. It will call for the largest possible response to the eagerness of our Latin American neighbors to possess the Scriptures. It will call for supplying the Book through every channel, however restricted, to the impoverished nations of Europe and the Far East. All this, and much more, must we do for today's staggering world.

The other kind of preparation, however, must not be delayed. It calls for the publication of Scriptures in many tongues, wherever they can be published now: in this country; in Sweden, where paper is apparently plentiful and printers ready; in Switzerland; in Brazil; in Mexico; in the Argentine; in India—laying in stocks for the avalanche of need that will come from every quarter when destitute men and nations are again within our reach. When at last the guns are stilled and the slaughter ceases and the paths between the nations are again open and safe, we who still have the resources to publish the Bible must be ready to send along with the food and the clothing and the medicines and messengers of healing, tons and tons of Bibles and Testaments and little Gospel portions for the widest possible distribution to those whose souls as well as bodies are starved and shrunken.

The rehearsal in these brief pages of the achievements of the American Bible Society in 1943 gives an account of a stewardship that has not been for a moment unaware of the heavy responsibility that lies at our door, to enlist the American people in a great crusade to make the Bible the Book for Tomorrow's World.

### The War Emergency Fund

War needs fall into four main categories: the supplying of Scriptures to the men and women of our own armed forces; the needs of civilians in Europe and elsewhere made destitute by the war; the serving of prisoners of war, wherever they may be interned, and to whatever nation they may belong; and the largest possible program of publishing Scriptures for the occupied countries of Europe and elsewhere, not only for their current needs where opportunity is afforded to meet them, but also for the wider use of Scriptures, immediately their freedom is restored to them.

Through chaplains in the army and navy and air forces and other key persons, there were distributed throughout the year to men and women in the armed forces and Merchant Marine, 48,193 Bibles, 1,254,045 Testaments, and 364,880 Gospels, without expense to them. This brings the total of such issues during the war to 71,605 Bibles, 2,161,343 New Testaments, and 779,470 Gospels. To these again must be added the provision this year of 566,661 additional New Testaments purchased by churches and others for service men and women in their own constituencies.

The most significant new departure in this service in 1943 was the furnishing of over 40,000 New Testaments in waterproof containers for the lifeboats, liferafts, and rubber rafts of the Merchant Marine and navy vessels and larger navy airplanes and the Flying Fortresses. If one states in the single sentence the society's basic purpose that it "seeks to supply the Scriptures effectively to persons who otherwise might not have them," then here is an almost perfect embodiment of that purpose.

Week after week throughout the year, Bibles and Testaments and Gospels in more than a score of languages have gone out from the Geneva, Switzerland, office of the society to prisoners of war in Germany, France, and Italy. At first concentrated in the large camps, this distribution has now extended out into the smaller work units; and to the Geneva office, in turn, comes a constant flow of letters of gratitude and further requests.

During the year the rise in the number of prisoners held on the American continent has been met by the issuance of 14,483 Bibles,

28,425 Testaments, and 33,304 Gospels, principally in German and Italian.

As the war progressed, the increasing shortages of Scriptures for the civilian population in Europe became more marked. Funds were provided for the printing and purchase of Scriptures in Geneva, and shipments were made from there to Belgium and France of French Bibles and Testaments, and of 1,000 German Bibles to Alsace. In addition, printing was under way on 6,000 Malagasy Gospels (for interned soldiers from Madagascar), 6,000 Bibles and 12,000 Testaments in Polish, and a like quantity in Italian.

No group has sent more grateful expression than the Japanese ministers and Christian workers in the relocation centers who were supplied with Scriptures both in Japanese and in English.

Rising ever greater during the year was the urgent necessity for large quantities of Scriptures for the quickest possible restoration and expansion of the religious life of the churches of the occupied areas as soon as they are freed. In country after country in Europe and the Far East, the printing of Scriptures has been stopped, or reduced to a mere trickle. The exhaustion of stocks, the destruction of paper-making and printing establishments, and the dispersion of the trained manufacturing personnel will make it impossible for any speedy supply of Scriptures to come from within these countries. As a beginning toward meeting this situation, the American and British Bible Societies are uniting to print in Sweden 105,000 Bibles and 270,000 New Testaments in French, Bulgarian, Czech, Estonian, Greek, Lettish, Polish, Rumanian, and Serbian. Some additional publication is being undertaken in the United States.

The society is profoundly grateful to all those, both local churches, church bodies, and individuals, who have made possible the rendering of these imperative emergency services.

Tomorrow's world will offer a new opportunity for the Bible, as did the Renaissance, the Reformation, the invention of printing, the evangelical revival, the expansion of world missions, each in its turn. For tomorrow will bring a new world consciousness, speed in travel, directness of communication, literacy, popular demands for freedom. In all these things the church has a stake, and in con-

nection with them she must first of all offer her great Guidebook of Salvation. For many years careful estimates have indicated that from 25,000,000 to 30,000,000 copies of the Scriptures have been annually distributed throughout the world. The utter inadequacy of such a figure in a world of two billion people, newly aroused to opportunities they never knew before, is apparent. The American people, led by the church, must sound the clarion call to meet this opportunity—and the call must be sounded now!—Secretaries of the American Bible Society.

### DENOMINATIONAL BUDGET

Statement of Treasurer, October 31, 1944

Receipts		Total for
October	4 Months	
Adams Center .....	\$ 81.00	\$ 81.00
Albion .....	31.40	31.40
Alfred, First .....	90.84	555.59
Alfred, Second .....		76.21
Associations and groups .....		579.20
Battle Creek .....	92.00	524.00
Boulder .....		92.83
Brookfield, First .....	6.00	77.25
Brookfield, Second .....		87.80
Chicago .....	14.00	80.00
Daytona Beach .....	26.00	47.00
Denver .....	18.00	65.00
De Ruyter .....		78.50
Des Moines .....		4.73
Dinuba .....		35.10
Edinburg .....	8.15	29.15
Farina .....	15.00	60.00
Fouke .....	8.00	98.31
Friendship .....	18.00	18.00
Gentry .....	13.00	38.90
Hopkinton, First .....		145.39
Hopkinton, Second .....	3.00	12.00
Independence .....		38.00
Individuals .....	19.77	83.77
Little Genesee .....	38.45	138.25
Los Angeles .....		25.00
Lost Creek .....	58.86	151.62
Marlboro .....	55.00	233.00
Middle Island .....	15.40	35.09
Milton .....	132.27	829.81
Milton Junction .....	47.39	266.67
New Auburn .....	10.00	10.00
North Loup .....	57.20	112.40
Nortonville .....	24.00	34.00
Pawcatuck .....	253.66	1,014.66
Piscataway .....	45.50	60.50
Plainfield .....	144.41	539.15
Riverside .....	83.65	246.65
Roanoke .....		6.00
Rockville .....		30.86
Salem .....	97.50	192.00
Salemville .....	14.15	35.45
Shanghai .....	4.00	18.00
Shiloh .....	122.00	366.00
Verona .....	118.00	201.10

Waterford .....	10.00	56.00
White Cloud .....	19.85	52.98
Disbursements		
Missionary Society .....	\$ 593.25	\$69.07
Tract Society .....	198.15	3.25
Board of Christian Education .....	320.25	8.00
Women's Society .....	10.80	83.00
Historical Society .....	27.00	
Ministerial Retirement .....	148.35	90.53
S. D. B. Building .....	67.35	
General Conference .....	134.85	
Overseas Relief .....		13.00
China Relief .....		5.00
American Bible Society .....		10.00
Bank of Milton, service charge .....		.83

### Now and Then

	1944	1943
Budget receipts for October	\$1,432.60	\$2,102.03
Special receipts for October	281.85	434.50
Total receipts for October	1,714.45	2,536.53
Budget receipts for 4 months	6,486.88	5,255.20
Special receipts for 4 months	1,107.44	1,685.90
Total receipts for 4 months	7,594.32	6,941.10

L. M. Van Horn,  
Treasurer.

Milton, Wis.

### MORNING MEDITATION

By Chaplain Hurley S. Warren

I am in an army chapel, the most beautiful army chapel that I have ever seen. It is the Post Chapel at Fort Bragg, N. C. To one who has been accustomed to holding services in a barracks classroom, this chapel lacks nothing. Yet, this very morning the electricians are here repairing and fixing—to make the appointments more complete. And to one who for over twenty years has been privileged to conduct worship in churches with beautiful appointments and symbolic architecture, — this experience is highly uplifting and most refreshing. It reminds me of those years.

Wouldn't it be wonderful if we could arrange for an hour during which the men of our unit might worship here! Even though that hour be on a week night! But to get the men to come—there's the rub! Religious services in the army are no more compulsory than in civilian life. And about as well attended, certain glowing reports notwithstanding! I am told that the nearer we get to the combat areas the larger will be the attendance of both officers and enlisted men upon religious services. There certainly is room for improvement in both categories! However, if and since religious interest improves the

closer combat we come, my immediate observation is, "It is too bad that it takes a war—danger, destruction, and death—to bring it about."

As I muse more about the appointments of this chapel I can see certain church organists at the organ and certain pianists at the piano and certain leaders and singers in the choir and certain worshipers in the pews.

Yet, as I meditate the more I realize that this is not for us. We are a field hospital and hospital means hospital and field means field. And the gratifying feature about this picture is that we have no regrets. We are content with our lot. We feel certain that God's hand is guiding and his Holy Spirit prompting every yielded life. When I think of Rood and Crichlow out there under rugged conditions and Maltby covering the desert sands, I am content. When I think of our own men on fifty fronts, I am more than content to be going toward some of them. And when I think of our consecrated ministers and faithful folks at home who are carrying on for Christ with ever-increasing effectiveness, I am satisfied. All of which is cause for great rejoicing in the Lord.

As I came into the chapel this morning I picked up the Army and Navy Hymnal. Strangely enough the book opened to No. 342, "Out of My Bondage." I believe that

the Lord is speaking to me through these words:

Out of my bondage, sorrow, and night,  
Jesus, I come, Jesus, I come;  
Into thy freedom, gladness, and light,  
Jesus, I come to thee;  
Out of my sickness into thy health,  
Out of my want and into thy wealth;  
Out of my sin and into thyself,  
Jesus, I come to thee.

Out of my shameful failure and loss,  
Jesus, I come, Jesus, I come;  
Into the glorious gain of thy cross,  
Jesus, I come to thee;  
Out of earth's sorrows into thy balm,  
Out of life's storms and into thy calm,  
Out of distress to jubilant psalm,  
Jesus, I come to thee.

Out of unrest and arrogant pride,  
Jesus, I come, Jesus, I come;  
Into thy blessed will to abide,  
Jesus, I come to thee;  
Out of myself to dwell in thy love,  
Out of despair into raptures above,  
Upwards for aye on wings like a dove,  
Jesus, I come to thee. Amen.

—W. T. Sleeper.

These words grip me. The subject of our sermon will be "The Glorious Gain of Christ's Cross." Text: "And he said to them all, If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me." Luke 9: 23.

November 15, 1944.

## Christian Education

Rev. Harley Sutton, Alfred Station, N. Y.

Sponsored by the Seventh Day Baptist Board of Christian Education

### RURAL YOUTH — WHEN TOMORROW COMES

By Don Sanford

This was the theme of the conference sponsored by the Youth Section of the Country Life Association and held at Fredonia State Teachers College, Fredonia, N. Y., October 25-28. About two hundred fifty rural young people from nearly twenty states stretching from Georgia to Wisconsin, from Kansas to Massachusetts, Canada, and one from Argentina, were delegates to this annual meeting.

Our first discussion period Wednesday afternoon was in two sections, "Program Methods" and "Leadership." I chose the latter which dealt with the problems of a

rural leader and how we could improve the living standards of many of our rural districts and bring rural life into its own.

After the evening meal at White Inn, Mr. George Raynor gave us a verbal tour of New York State. Mr. Raynor represented the Chautauqua County Historical Society. After this address the group met again at the main building for an open forum entitled "America's Rural People." Special emphasis was placed on the value and need of better churches and schools in the rural districts. The prosperity of a community is in direct relation with the prosperity of its center, the Church.

The entire delegation was divided into twelve smaller groups to encourage more individual participation in the Thursday's dis-

cussions on "Rural Youth Today and Tomorrow." The three main topics for discussion were "Learning for Earning"; "Preparing for Sharing," which dealt with home, Church, clubs and community life; and the third, "Planning for Building," which included community needs, town and country interdependence, international relations, etc.

In these discussions it was emphasized that we in the rural districts must keep our communities active and attractive so that those who have left for the armed service of our country or for jobs in the cities will have a desire to return to the farms and preserve the heritage of the country.

Thursday evening we enjoyed an evening of recreation at the College Lodge which overlooks Lake Erie and into Canada.

Friday morning the business session was held after which a group picture was taken.

After luncheon at one of the Fredonia churches we returned for workshops for the planning and using of available resources through such devices as discussion, techniques, climatic approach, group singing, parliamentary procedures, radio programs, and recreational teams and kits. I chose the section on group singing led by Marjorie Luh of the Rural Sociology Department of Ohio State University.

Although the conference was not over until Sabbath day at noon, we left after the banquet Friday so we could be home for the Sabbath.

The Youth Section of the American Country Life Association promotes the discussion of objectives and problems of rural young people, encourages co-operation among different groups, disseminates information for a better understanding and appreciation of country life, and fosters the improvement of home and community living.

I am sure that nearly everyone left the conference enriched by the feeling that we are from the country and we are proud of it.

Little Genesee, N. Y.

By Lyle Palmiter

It was my supreme opportunity to attend this conference. It is my pledge and sincere hope that I can help report on and carry out the ideals of this conference not only in our local church and community but in every rural community in America.

I wish to deeply express my appreciation to the New York Youth Council of the New York State Council of Churches who sent me to this conference as one of their delegates. Although the two hundred fifty some members of the conference were the "rural youth" leaders of most of our United States and neighboring nations, I am sure each one of them received the same general ideals, enthusiasm, and power through leadership to carry back with them whether it be Rural Life Clubs, Four H. Clubs, Future Farmers of America, Student of Home Economics, Junior Dairyman's League, or rural church councils.

The aim of this Youth Section of the American Country Life Association is to sponsor a balanced program to foster pride in farming, improve rural living, and develop youth leadership.

"Rural Youth—When Tomorrow Comes," was the topic and a great challenge in itself.

A panel discussion made up of several young people each representing different organizations from different states with a topic, "America's Rural People," broadened our conception of other peoples' problems in relation to those of our locality or state.

The second day was given to group discussion. There were three subjects discussed during the morning. Before the group was divided into smaller groups of twelve to fifteen, each subject was presented by an adult leader. I felt that in these small groups everyone had a chance to express his own views and ideas, then together with the other members form either some conclusions or answers to questions arising from the statements pertaining to the subject that had been listed for discussion. After a given time the small groups were called back into the assembly to join the conclusions and questions with the answers of our speaker. This gave each one individual participation and still received as nearly as possible in the short time the ideas of many other people both far and near.

The subject for the Sabbath morning meeting was "Our Responsibility Now for Our World Tomorrow." As has been reported we did not stay for that session.

Of course a conference without the trimmings isn't a conference. I would like especially to mention the banquets, the social group games, folk dancing, and get acquainted

sessions, which were, I am sure, very much enjoyed. The ladies of the local churches served noon lunches.

This conference was truly an experience I'll never forget. It is challenging to hear people, young people, interested in the very same goals as I from Georgia, Kansas, Michigan, yes even Canada and Argentina, and to know there is so much that unites us and so much to be done that challenges us.

It is my hope that this movement will be supported by all good American rural organizations and individuals so that young leaders may learn new ideas to promote better rural living, foster pride in farming, and develop more and better leadership.

I thank the State Youth Council for sending me. I hope that more rural church groups of our denomination may send representatives in the future.

Alfred Station, N. Y.

#### CHURCHES AND INCOME TAX

Fourteen frequently asked questions about the new income tax procedures effective in 1945 are answered in "A Primer on the Churches and the Income Tax" recently published by the Federal Council of Churches.

Prepared by Dr. Benson Y. Landis, Associate Secretary of the Department of Research and Education of the Federal Council, the "Primer" is designed primarily as an aid to ministers, lay officials of local churches, and church members for use in the local church.

In a foreword to the eight-page, pocket-sized pamphlet, Dr. Roswell P. Barnes, Associate General Secretary of the Federal Council, declared that "the introduction of the new simplified individual income tax returns imposes upon every minister and finance committee of a local church the responsibility to explain to the contributors the implications of the new procedure."

If this task is done adequately, he added, possibly the churches need not suffer financially, despite the new procedures which put the conscientious and generous contributor to an inconvenience to obtain his deduction while allowing the man who contributes nothing an unearned deduction.

The pamphlet was highly praised by one churchman recently as making the new income tax procedures "almost intelligible!"

Copies of the "Primer" are available at 297 Fourth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y. Single copies are 5 cents each, with rates on quantities for mailing to church members.

#### IS CHRISTMAS CHRISTIAN?

By H. N. Doerres

During the Christmas season most of our churches and Bible schools are preparing and rendering Christmas programs.

Would a Hindu, or any unbeliever, guess from these programs or from our conversation with our children, or from that which stands out foremost in our newspapers during this Christmas season, that we are preparing to observe on December 25 the anniversary of the Birth of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ?

There was no room for Christ to be born in Bethlehem's inn. Is there room for the Christ Child in our hearts and lives? in our homes? in our community relationships? Are we truly inspired with the Spirit of the Christ Child in preparing our gifts? Are we placing him at the center of our Christmas rejoicing? Are we reminding our children frequently that at this time of the year we are rejoicing in God's love to us in our Saviour's birth?—The Messenger.

#### POWERHOUSES FOR GOD?

By Allen Bond

That is what some of us have desired to be. But is this right? I have noticed that power companies usually have one central power station, and in the towns to be served there are substations. Yes, that is what we should be—substations, connected to God, the great central powerhouse.

In times of storm, substations sometimes fail to send on the current, and there is a blackout. Some Christian substations are like that—and produce spiritual blackouts. Be a substation that continues "in season and out of season," always in contact with the central powerhouse.

#### SABBATH SCHOOL LESSON FOR DECEMBER 23, 1944

The Ground of Universal Joy  
Scripture—Luke 2: 8-12; Hebrews 1: 1-4;  
John 1: 1-4  
Golden Text—Luke 2: 10



*Children's Page*

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

## OUR LETTER EXCHANGE

Dear Mrs. Greene:

I have just come home from school.

I have a dog named Porky, a kitty named Puff, and a bunny named White Tail.

I have been promoted to the older Junior class in Christian Endeavor. The little folks are learning some Bible verses.

We have charts. Mrs. Osborn passes out our charts, and then we paste our pictures on them.

Good-by now, Your friend,  
Arah Mae Davis.

R.D. 3, Bridgeton, N. J.

Dear Arah Mae:

It was nice of you to write me a letter when you had just returned from a long day of school work and perhaps would have liked the chance to play until supper time, so I appreciate your letter all the more.

We are beginning to have some real winter weather, starting the very last day of November, and when we woke up the first day of December there was at least twelve inches of snow on the ground. The boys and girls are already beginning to coast, and I saw a horse and sleigh go by this morning. A flock of birds came up on our front porch yesterday and gathered up the bread crumbs I scattered for them. One was a robin, and the rest, I think, were starlings. I'll have to call them my pets now since we had to lose our kitty Skeezics. You have some nice pets, and I imagine you have lots of fun with them. We have no dogs or cats in our neighborhood now since our next door neighbor has given away his dog which had begun to be a nuisance around town since he wouldn't stay at home. The twelve year old daughter, Nedra, says she is going to have a nice little black puppy, but I do not know what kind.

I feel sure Shiloh children must enjoy their Junior work very, very much, since it is made so interesting for you. It is helping you to study the Bible in such lovely ways and to grow in Christian graces. I congratulate you on your promotion into the older Junior group.

Your sincere friend,  
Mizpah S. Greene.

Dear Recorder Girls and Boys:

Since I have only one letter to answer this week, I do hope I'll have several next week. I'll have to tell you a little story.

Sincerely,  
M. S. G.

## That Inquisitive Old Chap

Billy Allen was a lively little boy, just nine years old the very day our story begins. He felt quite old and important that day and very proud of the fine pair of skates his father had given him, to his mind the best of his many presents. Another thing that added to his happiness was that a new family had moved in next door, and he had discovered that they had a boy about two years older than he. "Now I'll have a fine playfellow," he thought. He learned that the new boy's name was Harry French. He was quite a bit larger than Billy who thought that next to being as big as Daddy he'd like to be even as grownup as Harry.

Billy's birthday was also Washington's birthday, and of course a holiday. He and Harry were soon chumming together; and so when Billy's father, as a special treat, gave Billy two nickels to take a streetcar ride to town and back, he also gave the same to Harry.

When Billy saw the conductor coming to collect the fares, he proudly took out one of his nickels, for he loved to pay his fare. It was a sign he was growing up; almost as big as Harry. But he noticed that Harry didn't take out a nickel, so Billy slipped his nickel back in his pocket, but kept his hand on it so that he could take it out at the proper time like a grownup. But the conductor stopped to help a lame man off the car, and when he came back passed by the two boys without collecting their fare.

"Oh, Harry," cried Billy, taking out his nickel, "he forgot to take our fare. We must tell him."

"Oh, keep still," said Harry. "Now we'll each have a nickel for an ice cream cone."

"But it wouldn't be right to keep it," remonstrated Billy.

"Of course it is. It's the conductor's business to collect the fares. If he forgets us,

it isn't up to us to tell him. Besides think how good those ice cream cones will taste," was Harry's reply.

Harry seemed to know what he was talking about, and Billy wanted him for a chum,

so he put back his nickel. But that ice cream didn't taste as good as usual to him, and when he got home he didn't tell Mother and Daddy about the joke on the conductor.

(To be continued)

*Our Pulpit*

## ON BEING SORRY FOR YOURSELF

By Rev. Jay W. Crofoot

Text: 1 Kings 19: 4.

The eighteenth chapter of 1 Kings contains the story of a very spectacular answer to prayer in the triumph of the prophet Elijah over the priests of a false religion, a triumph for which the prophet had been hoping for years. What a moment of exaltation it must have been for him when, after the fire fell and consumed the offering and the altar, his glad ears heard the cry of the people saying "Jehovah, he is God; Jehovah, he is God." This chapter also contains the account of Elijah's prayer for rain as he sat on Mount Carmel and sent his servant to look for clouds. What a satisfaction it must have been to him to feel that the God whom he served had not only been recognized as the true God, but that the prophet himself had been recognized by God in the granting of the abundance of rain!

But the nineteenth chapter shows us another picture of Elijah. He was a man of moods. When he discovered that Baal had not been completely overcome, he was down in the dumps. Like many another preacher he discovered that great spiritual revivals are not accomplished by one stroke however decisive—that a spectacular revival is apt to be followed by a slump. Elijah under the juniper tree is a proverbial expression of discouragement. Weary, footsore, and hungry; mentally overfatigued; spiritually exhausted; feeling lonesome and abandoned; the discouraged prophet prayed that he might die. The fierce oath of a wicked and vengeful woman, added to his other troubles had proved too much for him, and he was sorry for himself.

How many another wearied saint, worn out with labor and disappointed at apparent

failure, has exclaimed, "I wish I were dead." But God comforted Elijah and showed him that he was not alone and that the work of the Lord would go on after he was gone.

Sometimes we feel glad and grateful that the saints of old were subject to such fits of depression as we experience. Men like Elijah and Peter were ready to give up to despair, but thank God they did not let the habit get them—the habit of being sorry for themselves.

To be sorry for oneself is perilously easy, but most of us have known brave souls that refused to be sorry for themselves—or at least if they sometimes felt that way they kept it to themselves. Some of us have been acquainted with uncomplaining invalids who have lain on beds of pain for long years and whom we have never heard to murmur. But some of us cry out in complaint if we have some slight ailment.

S. Parks Cadman tells of visiting a blind veteran of the Civil War and asking him, "What do you do in these days of darkness?" The veteran replied, "I thank God, Doctor, that for fifty years I had my sight; that I saw Abraham Lincoln. Now I review those scenes in imagination, and that drives away dullness and despair. My lost sight seems to give me new powers of memory."

It is told of Dr. Kidd a famous Scotch clergyman that after a celebration of the Lord's Supper he was walking along the street with some who had assisted him in the service to a large group of people. A lady passing by heard him say something like this: "How is it that, though I am, I think, able to bear hard things as well as other men, little things irritate me so and trouble me so much?" One of the other ministers replied, "Is it not that you take your great burdens to the Lord, but small matters you try to manage for yourself?"

The heart that boldly faces death  
Upon the battlefield, and dares  
Cannon and bayonet, faints beneath  
The needle points of frets and cares.  
The stoutest spirits they dismay—  
The tiny stings of every day.

And even saints of holy fame,  
Whose souls by faith have overcome,  
Who wore amid the cruel flame  
The molten crown of martyrdom,  
Bare not without complaint alway  
The petty pains of every day.

Ah! more than martyr's aureole,  
And more than hero's heart of fire,  
We need the humble strength of soul  
Which daily toils and ills require.  
Sweet Patience, grant us, if you may,  
An added grace for every day.

Many years ago I heard Susie M. Burdick tell a story that ran something like this: A missionary from India was returning to his own country on furlough, but was disappointed at not being met at the wharf on arrival. He was also irritated by the difficult formalities of landing and getting his baggage through the Customs Office. When he and his family finally arrived at the place where they were to be entertained one of the children fell down in the mud, and the missionary lost his temper and declared that he would not go to that place at all. His wife, however, just looked at him till he came to a better mind and proceeded to the house. He was courteously received, with apologies that he had not been met at the landing place. Later his host said to him: "You have been subjected to grave perils and great trials where you have been, but you will find life here has its perils too. I understand that in India a few hundred people are killed by tigers each year; but thousands are killed by snakes, which do not appear so dangerous. Now let me warn you that you will find snakes here." "Yes," replied the missionary, "I saw one in your garden this morning."

Aren't we all in greater danger from what seem like little temptations than we are from those that are evidently great ones?

Of more than one saintly missionary I have heard it said, "She bears really difficult things nobly, but she lets little things get her down."

But our chief danger, perhaps, is that we shall be sorry for ourselves, not for physical pain, or grief, or sorrow for what we feel comes from our heavenly Father, but what we

feel can be blamed on our fellow Christians—the misunderstanding, criticism, and ill treatment from those whom, we think, should always treat us with love and sympathy. I suppose I shall never forget how a former teacher of mine—a great teacher and great man whose very presence on the campus was said to be a benediction—made a sorry spectacle of himself by a public complaint of the way in which he had been misunderstood and maligned by those who should have been his chief supporters. How sorry he was for himself, and what a shock it was to us who loved and honored him!

Our fault in these cases is that we forget the words of Pope: "To err is human, to forgive divine." We forget that when Peter came and asked the Lord, "How oft shall my brother sin against me, and I forgive him?" Jesus told the story of the man who owed the king ten million dollars and who, when forgiven all that great debt, refused to forgive a fellow servant who owed him twenty dollars. Read that story again as you find it in the eighteenth chapter of Matthew, and think whether it ever applies to you or not. Four hundred ninety pardons seem too many to us perhaps, but our Master ended that story by saying: "So likewise shall my heavenly Father do also unto you, if ye from your hearts forgive not every one his brother their trespasses." I sometimes wonder that we are willing to pray "forgive us our debts as we also have forgiven our debtors," especially when we remember that the Lord added in the same breath "But if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses."

Yet we say such things as these: "He told lies about me. I can never work with him again"; "She thinks she know how so well, let her do it herself"; "He fooled me once, and once is enough. He'll never have another chance"; "If he comes and apologizes I suppose I'll have to forgive him, but I can never forget it"; "What I do is not appreciated, and I'm through"; "They're all down on me, and I'm going to let them alone."

Does anyone like to listen to someone who parades his own grudges? We would rather listen to a woman who boasts of her operations, or a man bragging of the hard work he has done than to hear them complain of their pains and their tasks, and how they get no credit for them, but on the contrary they

## DENOMINATIONAL "HOOK-UP"

North Loup, Neb.

Union Thanksgiving services were held Wednesday evening, November 29, in the Methodist church. Mr. Ehret was the speaker.

The basement of our church has been newly painted in ivory and green and presents a very nice appearance.

Under the leadership of Mrs. Harlan Brennick, the choir leader, and Dell Barber, rehearsals have started on the Christmas cantata, "The Star of Bethlehem," which is to be presented by the choir.

All of our service men, both overseas and at home have been remembered by Christmas gifts from the church and auxiliary societies.

The Woman's Missionary Circle have splendid meetings every other week, and quilting is done. Recently the ladies voted to give \$25 to the Helpers Fund.

Correspondent.

"Having therefore these promises, dearly beloved, let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God."

*Marriages*

**Megrew - Langworthy.** — Lt. Harold Richard Megrew, U. S. N., and Phylis Esther Langworthy, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Langworthy, were united in marriage on the afternoon of November 15 at the home of the bride's parents in Ashaway, R. I. The bride's pastor, Rev. Ralph H. Coon, officiated.

**Nida - Dickinson.** — Mr. Melvin G. Nida, son of Mr. and Mrs. William A. Nida of Downing, Wis., and Miss Jeanett B. Dickinson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence D. Dickinson of Bridgeton, N. J., were united in marriage Sabbath eve, November 24, 1944, in the Seventh Day Baptist Church at De Ruyter, N. Y. The bride's brother, Pastor C. Harmon Dickinson, officiated in the double ring ceremony. The bride continues in her former office position, and the groom is serving as hospital attendant at the Veterans Hospital at Lyons, N. J.

**Thorngate-Hoyt.** — Aviation Cadet Alton Keith Thorngate and Miss Norma Ruth Hoyt, both of Battle Creek, Mich., were united in marriage at the home of the bride's parents, November 10, 1944. Rev. Edward M. Holston officiated.

are misunderstood and criticized and lied about.

How many patients are in hospitals for the insane because they are afflicted by a "persecution complex"! How many more of us have the same malady in a lesser degree!

Let us go back to the New Testament. When Paul suffered from the dangers of the sea, from robbers, from persecution by religious people, from false brethren, did he quit? Nay, rather he gloried in tribulation. But we have an even higher authority than Paul. Let us think of the "Man of Sorrows." Was he a complainer? He was sometimes moved with indignation, because of unbelief or when he was accused of performing cures by the power of Satan. We hear him say "My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death." Can't you hear him say, "Now is my soul troubled; but for this cause came I unto this hour." Is that a selfish complaint?

Does one who can say, as the cruel nails enter his quivering flesh "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do" sound like a man who is sorry for himself? After his death and resurrection we hear his heavenly messenger say, "Go and tell his disciples and Peter, he goeth before you into Galilee: there shall ye see him." Can you imagine that the angel's message was "Go and tell Peter, who denied me with curses, that if he will come and apologize, I will give him another trial"? No, you can't imagine that. It is easier to remember that later it was Peter who wrote "Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example, that ye should follow his steps: Who did no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth: Who, when he was reviled, reviled not again; when he suffered, he threatened not: but committed himself to him that judgeth righteously: Who in his own self bare our sins in his own body upon the tree, that we, having died unto sins, should live unto righteousness: by whose stripes ye were healed."

He is our example as well as our Saviour, yet how have men treated him! If any one had reason to be sorry for himself, didn't he? Yet none of us would say that he was. May God help us to be like him in this, as well as in other ways. Amen.

Brookfield, N. Y.

## Obituary

**Bassett.** — Esther Austin, daughter of William and Hester Austin, was born in Bethlehem, N. Y., and died at her late home in Independence, N. Y., November 23, 1944.

She was married to Henry K. Bassett, November 7, 1877, and came to live on the Bassett homestead in Independence. Her husband died in 1921. She is survived by her son Milford who lives on the old homestead and his family, two grandchildren, one great-grandchild, and a number of nieces and nephews.

Farewell services were held at the home and at the Independence church, November 26, 1944, conducted by Rev. Walter L. Greene of Andover, a former pastor. Interment was in the Independence Cemetery by the side of her husband. The large attendance at these services witness to the respect with which she was held in the community. W. L. G.

**Bevlin.** — Beulah B. Coon, daughter of Rev. and Mrs. D. Burdett Coon, passed away at the Glenwood Springs Hospital, Glenwood Springs, Colo., on November 1, 1944, at the age of forty-three.

Her health has been poor for a number of years. Only a few months ago her husband was called into the armed forces of our country, and she moved from Attica, Kan., to Gypsum, Colo., to be with her mother and sister, Mrs. Gladys Hemminger.

Funeral services were held at the Howe Mortuary in Boulder on November 4, 1944, and interment was made at Green Mountain Cemetery near to the lot where her father is buried. The services were conducted by Rev. Earl Cruzan, pastor of the Boulder Church. E. C.

**Green.** — Alice E. Rose, adopted daughter of Nancy and Nathaniel Rose, was born January 15, 1862, near Rock River, Wis., and died October 28, 1944, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. William A. Thomas of Alfred, N. Y.

She married Thomas Vars Rogers of Milton Junction, Wis., and to them were born three children: Mamie E., Walter Vars, and Gladys A. Rogers. In later years she married Charles Green of Edgerton, Wis. She was a member of the Milton Seventh Day Baptist Church. Surviving are three children: Mrs. William A. Thomas, Walter Vars Rogers, and Mrs. J. Lane Beard; eight grandchildren; four great-grandchildren; and a sister by adoption, Miss Maude Rose.

Funeral services were held at the home of her daughter in Alfred and burial was in Alfred Rural Cemetery. Rev. Everett T. Harris, pastor of the First Alfred Seventh Day Baptist Church, officiated. E. T. H.

**Maxson.** — Phoebe Annah Goodrich, the sixth of eight children born to William Anson and Rebecca Crandall Goodrich, was born at Rock River, Wis., February 24, 1856, and died at her home in Farina, Ill., November 14, 1944, the last of her father's family.

The family moved to Farina, Ill., in the year 1861 where they purchased a farm; in the farm home the first services of which later became the Farina Seventh Day Baptist Church were held. A sister of Mrs. Maxson was the accompanist at these services, and the melodion used is now in the possession of a granddaughter of Anson Goodrich. On June 12, 1875, at Walworth, Wis., Annah was united in marriage with Dr. Joseph Maxson. To the union one child, Reginald, was born; he survives her.

She was a charter member of the Farina Chapter of the Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution, and was for many years a member of the Seventh Day Baptist Church of Farina. She was a beautiful character with her mind stored with knowledge which covered a wide range of subjects. She was a gifted conversationalist.

Funeral services were conducted at the Funeral Parlor in Farina Friday morning, November 11, 1944, by Rev. C. L. Hill, and burial was made in the family lot in the Farina Cemetery. C. L. H.

**Randolph.** — Adeline Wheeler, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joshua Wheeler, was born in Farmington, Ill., April 7, 1857, and died at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Orville Rasmussen of Boulder, Colo., October 24, 1944.

She was a member of the Seventh Day Baptist Church at Nortonville, Kan. For many years she was a lone Sabbath keeper at Brandon, Colo.

Funeral services were conducted at the Allardice-Kelso Funeral Home in Boulder on October 25, 1944. Interment was at Eads, Colo. The services were conducted by Rev. Earl Cruzan, pastor of the Boulder Church. E. C.

**Walker.** — Alversa M. Davis, a daughter of James B. and Emily V. Davis, was born January 17, 1863, at New Milton, W. Va., and died at Riverside, Calif., October 20, 1944, after a long illness.

On June 4, 1903, she was married to Jerome B. Walker. About three years after their union they moved to Riverside, where she has since resided. She was baptized at the age of eleven, uniting with the Middle Island Seventh Day Baptist Church. Since moving to Riverside she has been faithful and active in the work of the church till failing health put an end to her service.

She is survived by two sisters, Mrs. Geo. H. Trainer and Mrs. Benjamin W. Kinney and by one brother, A. Grantham Davis.

In the absence of her pastor the funeral was conducted by her former pastor, Rev. E. S. Ballenger. L. F. H.

### HOW BIBLE CAN SERVE DAILY NEEDS

When you find passages in the Bible that have a strong appeal, read them slowly, lingering over them till fruitful, practical thoughts begin to come. Then mark these passages. That's one way to make the "wonderful words" of life serve your daily needs.

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