The Sabbath Recorder
Wishes You All
A VERY HAPPY NEW YEAR
It SUGGESTS For Us All
RESOLUTIONS FOR 1932

RESOLVED For This Year:
- A finer consecration to my Master.
- A larger loyalty to my church.
- A closer touch with the activities of my denomination.
- In the achievement of these aims
- I am resolved to make a larger use of the Bible; to be a Regular reader of the Sabbath Recorder and to promote its interests in every way I can.
- I will, if at all possible, send in at least one new subscription.

Signed........................................

THE SABBATH RECORDER
$2.50 per year
PLAINFIELD, N. J.
SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST DIRECTORY

THE SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST GENERAL CONFERENCE

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Corresponding Secretary—Edward L. Colby, 114 Main Street, Westerly, R. I.
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Coastal Press, Los Angeles, Calif.

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The Sabbath Recorder

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WHOLE NO. 4,531

A WONDERFUL WELL

Dwight L. Moody used to tell of a most extraordinary well—a well said to be very good, except that it had two faults; it would freeze up in winter, and it would dry up in the summer.

Most extraordinary indeed. But a frozen well is like "frozen assets" of a bank, and a dry well is like an exhausted bank account. Neither condition holds comfort or assurance; both are discouraging and disappointing.

Are there not many wells like it? Are there not many people like that—folks who are good and dependable at times? Some seem to be good "in spots." With everything favorable, they appear to be all right and dependable; but with circumstances unfavorable or difficulties appearing overwhelming, their well is dry. There is nothing there to depend upon. Happy the pastor and blessed is the church in its people whose wells run not dry nor are easily frozen over. Their presence is a benediction in every service, and all know something is wrong when they are absent.

Gold Christians in the parish make a cold and unsatisfactory pastor, and unresponsive wells do not kindle the pulpit. Fire in the preacher is dependent, in no small measure, upon the kindling furnished by the people. Many are the wells in life upon which depend that prove "dry holes" or "frozen" pools in time of need. Wells of success, pleasure, wealth, culture will prove vain and unsatisfying at the last. But there are dependable, unfailing sources of living water.

"The fear of the Lord is a fountain of life," says the wise man, while the prophet declares, "And there shall be a fountain opened in the house of David, and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem for sin and for all uncleanness." (Zechariah 13:1.) "And he shall give them living water ... who soever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall become a well of water-springing up unto eternal life." (John 4:14.) And the Spirit and the bride say come. And he that heareth, let him come: and he that is athirst, let him come: he that will, let him take the water of life freely. Wonderful, open, ever-flowing well!

Prevention of Blindness has been given to the training of the blind and helping them to be happy and self-supporting. It is wonderful what has been done for this class of unfortunate, and even more remarkable that millions of people have been able to accomplish. It is practically only in more recent years that thought has been given and scientific means used for the prevention of blindness.

The National Society for the Prevention of Blindness had its beginning in 1915. It is based on the fact that children who might be saved from blindness or impaired sight by a little preventive care. It is now generally conceded that half of all blindness is preventable. What a calamity to the individual and to society to neglect the possibility of saving this large percentage to the happiness of vision.

We shall learn that in the past twenty-one years "sightlessness among infants has been reduced two thirds," and that nearly all the
states now have laws to aid in assuring a large per cent of births against blindness.

Since these classes for, and pool children are being formed in many states where correct habits of study and reading are pronounced, and many mistakes are corrected. In our colleges students oftentimes unwittingly impair their eyesight and are incapacitated for the rest of their lives.

READERS OF THE SABBATH RECORDER should interest themselves and become informed as far as possible in the matters of blindness and the prevention of blindness. All should interest themselves and become in many years, and I think I speak the sentiment of many of our political leaders. This is especially gratifying, indeed, to the people of the older membership of the House who have been associated with him, when I say he is one of the most dependable men that has ever been elected to this body. It will be a great pleasure for me to co-operate with him in the service of the country.

We may assist, at least, and be profited by observing the following suggestions sent out from the society's office at 450 Seventh Avenue, New York City:

Read with a clear, good light falling from above, over your left shoulder.

Hold your book about fourteen inches from your eyes.

Always read with your head up.

Avoid spots of light, especially in small type, or on glossy paper.

Rest your eyes frequently.

If your eyes ache, or if you have trouble the day of the fiscal year.

Incidentally, the national deficit is projected as no more than 100,000 dollars, which is certainly not a large amount in view of the expenditures of the government. Suggestions, however, were made of reductions up and down the lines in the Estimates of the Year. That the Proposition will be closely scrutinized goes without saying, and what eventually will become of it, I leave to the hands of prophecy. Extreme care should certainly be observed when it comes to decision of methods. People are human and are noisy against increased taxation. But when the thinking people of this country realize that bonding the government to pay current expenses is not only poor financial policy, but that by encouraging extravagance in private and general utilities will be weakened, business will still further depressed, and unemployment be still further extended, it is apparent that people must and will say, "impose the taxes."

On the other hand, I am inclined to believe that the next fiscal year will pass without a national deficit, and the government will be able to maintain its standing in the world, and will be able to take care of its obligations.

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I wish you the best of health and happiness.

J. S. Hough, Speaker of the House.
According to his reasoning, the issue of new bonds would lower the value of government bonds held by railroads, banks, and insurance companies. Existing bonds would become less valuable. The danger in this lies in the peril of the loss of national credit. "Why," Mr. Shipman asks, "do men like Mr. Mills of the telegraph offices persist in maintaining the national credit, that is on keeping government bonds at par?" In answer to the question it is shown that a large part of the bonds are owned by railroads and insurance companies. These bonds have always been looked upon as the safest way to keep money, which banks and insurance companies invest the depositors' money lose fifteen per cent of their value, it is a serious loss. Consequently the institutions where people borrow to carry on their business do not care to lend freely, as they see their assets shrink. As a result business declines, wages are reduced, and men are laid off. It is obvious that we cannot stand such more unemployment.

We should therefore most jealously protect government credit. Only by such protection can the government help railroads and banks and through them the farmers, the business men, and the wage earners. "The only way the government can make its credit perfect is to stop borrowing to pay its expenses." Rigid economy, sane budgeting, and necessary taxes are the safe way out.

Is the Calendar? There are many questions Worth While? of policy in arriving at desired results constantly coming before our boards and their leaders. The writer believes leaders wish to do what our folks want done. We must forthwith put effort to carry out the desires of the people. That this cannot always be done on account of the lack in our contributions must be quite evident.

Shall we decide when funds are not forthcoming or when a publication is not adequately supporting itself? The decision is the disaster. Are we satisfied and want such part of the work discontinued? The office is confronted with an element of such a problem at the present time. Following this editorial is a word from the Committee on Distribution of Literature concerning the Denominational Calendar. The Sunday School Index, containing six hundred forty-six calendars for 1932 has been ordered. Does this low figure mean the people do not want them? Does it suggest that their publication should be discontinued? We are hardly justified, we believe, in so concluding. We must realize that this is a year of unusually "close times." Folks are calling to their aid from rigid economies and must count every penny.

The committee also has taken into consideration that no commissions have been allowed this year and that the return of unsold copies has been discouraged. The committee who has the sales in charge may have "made a mistake in ruling out commissions and "return," but the cause of this is simply because of the limits of human wisdom and a zeal for promoting the work efficiently. It will be noted in reading the article of the committee, already referred to, that unsold copies may be returned and proper credit given plus the postage.

We desire to have the headquarters not only in making our books balance, but in getting our publications into the hands of the people where they may be used and do some good. Many have expressed their pleasure and appreciation of the new calendar. It is usable and suitable for wall or table. It should be in every Sunday School and Day Baptist home for ready reference and source of information. In the judgment of many it is a needed service being rendered by the Truly Board. We trust the calendar for 1932 will be taken into every home among us and prove helpful to all.

1932 CALENDAR

MESSAGE FROM DISTRIBUTION COMMITTEE

We learn from the Recorder office that not many orders for the Denominational Calendar and Directory have come in, as yet. This calendar has been prepared and printed at considerable expense, and the committee feels sure every Seventh Day Baptist home will want one or more. Unless many more are sold the Truly Board will be faced with a financial loss which it can ill afford just now.

As a way out, we are sending to each whose church has not already received a shipment, the same number ordered last year. If this should be insufficient for local needs, more can be had until the edition is exhausted.

The price has been made at the same figure as last year, twenty-five cents (25c). If any pastor or representative receiving for the church wants more than it, they may be returned and proper credit will be given, the price of each calendar plus return postage.

The committee trust that we are not asking too much of the pastors that they push the sales of the calendars at once. Thanking you and wishing you all a happy New Year,

Sincerely yours,

Jesse G. Burdick,
Chairman.

For and in behalf of the Committee.

CHRISTMAS TREES

BY H. N. WHEELER
Chief Lecturer, United States Forest Service

(A radio talk presented Friday, December 29, 1932, by the United States Service on the Columbia Broadcasting System.)

O, Christmas Tree,

Dear Christmas Tree, How evergreen thy foliage! Not only in the summertime But in the snowy wintertime O, Christmas Tree, Does every snowflake on thee, How evergreen thy foliage?

O, Evergreen,

Dear Evergreen,

The tree can say teach a lesson, For blessed hope and constancy Bring joy and comfort o'er to me O, Evergreen, Dear Evergreen, How faithful is thy foliage.

"O Tannenbaum!" thus freely translated by my good wife, is an appropriate introduction to today's message.

The United States Forest Service brings you greetings, this most glorious of all holidays—Christmas with its fellowship and good cheer and, best of all, the Christmas tree and the Christmas tree song. This tree has been decorated by man for the joyous occasion, "but only God can make a tree." Science has never unraveled the mystery of the origin of life. We do not understand all the action taking place in the tree as it grows, but we do know it comes into being by natural processes. Through its roots it takes in the soil and through its trunk, limbs, roots, and leaves until we have the tree in all its symmetry and loveliness. But your Christ- mas tree has more in it than just the chemistry and physics involved. There is that breath of the great outdoors. In its make-up is the noonday sun, the darkness of midnight, the pale moonbeam, and light and shadow of early dwarf. It has in it, the breath of the summer wind, the roar of the winter blizzard, the flash of the lightning, the reverberation of thunder peals, the song of birds, the rustle of the snowflake, the chatter of the squirrel, the gurgling of the waterfall, the aroma of flowers, the cry of the snow bird to the pack, and the tender feel of the doe to her young. Such is the Christmas tree breathing out joy and gladness, peace and hope. It is more than a pleasant thing to children. It is "present for it speaks of the future life eternal." Tomorrow it will go to destruction and decay, but today it is magnificient and glorious. In its death, it will disintegrate into those elements necessary for producing other trees.

It has done its part in spreading good cheer, happiness, and joy, and is especially welcome in this age of general adversity for it has helped to bind rich and poor into a common brotherhood, making us true brothers and sisters instead of carrying on against all discouragements.

Here in Washington, D. C., the wonderful living community Christmas tree is more beautiful than ever, if that is possible. The President of the United States lighted it last night and a great concourse of people sang Christmas carols in the glow of its radiant beauty. It will shine forth, bringing joy and good cheer to great numbers of people till after New Year's day, when its decorations will be removed and it will be placed in its appointed place till next Christmas.

Throughout the land thousands of these living outdoor trees are decorated by patriotic citizens, and their beauty is shared with
all who see them. Other smaller nursery-grown living trees, in pots and tubs, are used inside the house for family Christmas trees.

But millions of other trees, used at this happy Christmas time, are cut from forest and hillside; they are grown, but mainly from Canada, the New England States, the Lake States, the Rocky Moun-
tains. All the way from the Northwest, where the Christmas tree business is a major industry. Trees properly harvested bring an income to the owner and the lone woodsman, to tiller pines, spruces, cedars, and firs come up so thickly in places, they are unable to grow rapidly and must be thinned if the whole soil is to produce lumber and wood pulp. Those trees removed in this thinning process may very properly be sold for Christmas trees. Some timber land owners purposely plant trees thickly, with the intention of later taking out the unnecessary ones and marketing them at Christmas time. In New England this harvest begins in October when trees are cut and tied into bundles ready for shipment. The return is great but helps in making the living at a time of year when other work is scarce. Trees are produced on ground, for the most part, unsuitable for the production of crops, which makes it possible for the land owner to secure a quick return from his land instead of waiting forty to sixty or one hundred years before realizing any income from his woodland or acres, abandoned because not profitable for farming. By marketing co-operatively, the Christmas tree grower is able to secure a reasonable wage for his labor and a fair interest on his capital investment.

The harvesting, shipping, wholesale, and retail marketing, and distribution, of from six to ten million Christmas trees in the United States employs thousands of people. The gathering of holly, cedar, pine, and spruce boughs, mistletoe, red berries, juniper berries, poinsettia, and other greenery, and the making of wreaths and other decorative pieces furnishes labor and money to thousands of others. So when we buy a Christmas tree, flowers, and greenery, we are helping solve the unemployment problem and are actually giving bread and butter, at least in a minor way, to hungry people. Some people decry the cutting of Christmas trees and the gathering of greenery, believing it to be a waste of life, but if such trees are properly selected and limbs of standing trees are removed as they should be, the forest and even the individual trees benefit. As a rule, trees that are cut here and there from their trees each year, at a profit to themselves, and with no detriment to the forest. Those people who fear the holly to pieces and destroy other greenery wantonly and with no thought of a future supply should be denied the freedom of the forests. Many people still prefer to cut their own trees and gather their own Christmas greens, but usually they own no forest land or have enough land to secure a Christmas owner to enter the woods. Such practice should be discouraged. By going to the market or the street vendor and selecting the tree and other greenery as to size, shape, showing it was taken by permission of the owner. Each tree removed from a national forest has such a tag that says to the owner, each tree brings a Christmas greeting and was cut not in a destructive way, but to give room for neighboring trees to grow faster and better.

With four hundred million acres of land east of the Great Plains neither growing crops, nor pasture for the farms, and primarily one quarter of the land will not raise trees at a profit for lumber and other wood products, nor are they needed for Christmas trees, but must be kept in timber, brush, or heavy sod to regulate the streams and prevent the washing away of soil. They will serve this purpose, and all there will produce little trees that may be removed and used for the Christmas decoration.

Each year more trees are cut and put on sale than the market can absorb, with serious loss in labor and money to growers, harvesters, and distributors, and thousands of trees are turned into junk or dumps or are scattered over vacant lots, adding in no way to the beauty of the landscape. Some effort might well be put forth to determine if an approximate number of trees the community will require and gauge the number to be harvested by the amount needed. The desire to cut a Christmas tree can easily be done if the cities issue permits for only the approximate total number of trees that are ordinarily sold. When the quota for each city is full, issue no more permits. It will be necessary for the permits to be issued for more days or more land and so dealers may order the number each one is to handle.

When the chill wind of winter brings rain, snow, and bitter cold, much settling down and roads are icy, or wet and muddy, and the heat from furnace, stove, or fireplace is welcome, then comes the joyous Christmas season. We have the grind of a work-a-day business, forget the worries of the moment, and seek out those who have felt the Christmas cheer, and try to bring sunshine and happiness into their lives. This Christmas season is an occasion for pure joy and thankfulness that life is not just a brief, unhappy struggle for existence, but that a bright and joyous future awaits us and this apparent deadness of nature, shortly and forever to retreat before the glad awakening of spring. This Christmas greenery helps us to keep faith and live with a determination not just a brief, unhappy struggle.

The other holiday, the Yuletide, the decorations are packed away ready for another season. But Christmas, but the tree has fulfilled its mission and is cast into the discard. Often it is thrown on the rubbish heap or left in the back yard or alley, far from unsightly. It may add further to our pleasure if decently disposed of, in furnace or bonfire where it will create the aroma, tingling off of a wonderful aroma, a delight both to the eye and our sense of smell. This is one way the burning Christmas tree is buried, and as such it adds beauty to the world and the earth.

Unfortunately, many millions of beautiful little trees are burned in the woods by the carelessness of some and thus perish before they have served any useful purpose. Fire in the woods always does damage and destruction.

Trees properly used, whether manufactured into lumber and other wood products, or used for Christmas trees, prove to be a great blessing to mankind, and no service is greater than that of the Christmas tree. Often the sorest effort for economic reason, to the unfortunate, will result in crops of trees, such as pines, firs, and spruces, being cut and treated with success. The saddest effort for social reason, will result in the most profitable return to the wood owner. The pines, firs, spruces of the Northwest, bring a quick return to the owner, and a quick profit is made.

Yes, past gladsome childhood, innocent, bright, Past joyous youth, eager, restless, sincere, Past may be sold unless it is marked with a tag, brings a license and subject his wares to regulation. All cities regulate the sale of trees and timber for wood production and industry, but helps in making the world better and happier.

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DOING THE WORK OR HOLDING OFFICE

There is a thirsting in every heart for reality. There is also a desire to appear well. These two are often in conflict. Not always, but sometimes one must sacrifice reality if one appears well. Though this state of affairs may be the result of circumstances beyond one's control, it generally is not. There is a temptation to appear learned where one is poor, skillful when one is a blunderer, gracious when one is ill-tempered, unselfish when one is self-seeking. The desire to appear well is often much stronger than men realize and determines much more of their conduct than they think.

In one can have both reality and appearance, it is well and good; but if one cannot, appearance should be sacrificed for reality. This is not to say that a man is poor, skillful, modest, gracious, unselfish when he is conscious of it or not, what the soul wants most is ability to do and serve. For an imbecile to be made king might please his vanity, but the consciousness of inferiority would corrode all.

Men seek position in church and mission work who are not fitted for the work; but the things most to be desired are ability and mind of quality which will enable them to perform their work acceptably and efficiently. It is better not to be a missionary unless fitted for the duties of such a life; it is better not to be a missionary secretary unless adapted to meet the problems of the office; it is better not to be a member of a denominational board unless competent for such responsibility; it is better not to assume to be a minister of the gospel unless called of God.

Owing to physical, mental, and spiritual limitations and imperfections men must always have some contacts with a church not perfectly fitted for a given task in the world evangelization, and yet they may feel called to the work because no one offers himself. Under these circumstances God has in all ages used the humble, submissive, and consecrated, though weak, to confound the mighty and to accomplish his work. It is not position that we should covet. The thing that we should long for most and work and labor for with all our might is to be used by the Master in the world's redemption. The lowest place of service for our Lord is a kingly place, and we should humbly fit ourselves for its duties and perform its tasks with the most painstaking diligence at whatever cost.

STUDENT VOLUNTEER MOVEMENT

ELEVENTH QUADRENNIAL CONVENTION

The Eleventh Quadrennial Convention of the Student Volunteer Movement was held at Northfield, Mass., forty-four years ago. Its purpose was to secure volunteers of the colleges in America for the mission fields, and in that work it has had a marked success. Thousands of missionaries have come from the ranks of the volunteer movement all who have joined the Volunteer Movement have become missionaries, but it is safe to say that one hundred or less, out of receiving a great uplift. To go to the colleges for missionary recruits was the most natural thing, for missionaries must have been trained. Missions are preeminently a class in training.

There were about two thousand in attendance at the recent convention, and it is thought that, had it not been for the financial stress, there would have been twice as many. Having heard so much about the revolt of youth, doubtless others besides the writer went to the convention wondering what attitude would be shown by these young people from every quarter of the United States and Canada towards world evangelization and life in general. The impression gained from mingling with the delegates was that a changed mind was favorable to them. They were quiet, thoughtful, sincere, and markedly prompt. Their dress and bearing were such as become those who are preparing to undertake the greatest task of the ages. There was a consideration for others, though strangers, seldom seen in so large a group.

Among the speakers were some of the foremost men in the mission and other fields, for the San, R. T. Speer, Kirby Page, and T. Z. Koo. John R. Mott has been a leader in the movement from its beginning in Northfield. There were also many speakers not yet so well known, and among them were missionaries who had brought things to pass in various lands.

Among the subjects discussed were: "Present day motives and methods in foreign missionary work: the construction of the missionary enterprise”; "Christian missions and the nationalist spirit”; "Christian missions as an agency in reconstructing the modern world”; “Latin America in the world situation.”

What the outcome of such a convention will be in the way of future results it is difficult to say. A number of the young people present will undoubtedly find their places in the mission field among the foreign, and through these, multitudes of men of all races will be led to Christ.

A STATEMENT

YEARLY STATEMENT OF GENERAL MISSIONARY IN THE SOUTHWEST

To the Seventh Day Baptist Missionary Society,

The Board of Managers,
Ashaway, R. I.

Greetings:

As your servant on this, the southwestern field, comes my rather embarrassing duty to report in brief summary that which has been undertaken and the little which has been accomplished. Need I tell you it is

with very real grief that I report the failure, for the most part, of that which has been undertaken?

This, the odd year, has been devoted to the work among isolated families of Arkansas, and the various fields of Arkansas and Oklahoma where we have established interests. Every opportunity has been taken to work among the isolated families of Arkansas. In all years the established work is kept up as best we can.

Meetings have been held at Nady and Bloomfield, hence Gentry has had all the services possible to give which we have been able to give.

I attended the Southwestern Association at Fouke, and have made some more or less successful efforts to aid a number of colored churches who are Sabbath keepers, and not Baptist, who are located in Louisiana, Arkansas, and Texas.

The board has consisted for the most part of W. A. Wathen, Cook, and responsibilities as Bible studies over two hundred, addresses over one hundred fifty, and some two hundred calls outside the local parish.

There have been twelve Sabbath conventions in Arkansas, some have been needed, and some have been attended by those whom we have hoped to reach in some other manner.

We trust that some have been helped of the isolated who we have visited and that some have been reached by our declarations shall follow later, but of those things we cannot and do not speak as definite results.

The local church here is, we are very sure, experiencing a steady and very definite development spiritually. The attendance is above the average for churches of which we have knowledge as to percentages. More than half the meetings are attended by the very residents of the Sabbath mornings, and not more than four have been absent at one time from any of the Sabbath services.

For these good things we praise only the people and the God of all, whose great work it is. The failures are mine and solely upon
my part, for he is ever ready to give us victory if we will only meet his require-
ments. May he forgive, and you bear with my weaknesses and mistakes.
Fraternally yours,
E. R. Lewis,
General Missionary.

Gentry, Ark.
December 31, 1931.

NEWS LETTER FROM EDDINGB, TEX.
Nothing has appeared in the Home News department from Eddingb for some time. Indeed there is little news to write, but some may be interested to hear about our little group.

The Rio Grande valley, in common with other localities, is suffering somewhat from our弱点 and mistakes. 

ments.

other localities, is suffering somewhat from a little group.

as well as the children, than usual, which made them very happy. The children did very well, considering the tender ages of most of them. A number of them had never spoken or performed in public before. We have very few of the between age—the best for such programs—but a nice group of little ones too. The primary class on the Sabbath school roll.

The primary class is doing good work under Mrs. Boehler's efficient methods. The members are interested, enthusiastic, and faithful in attendance. Not the least active among them are two Jewish children, very bright and gifted, whose parents are very nice people.

Though we have few numbers, we are trying to uphold the light of truth. People often ask about our denomination and pecu-

lar beliefs. There are many little things to be done among our neighbors. May we be faithful to our trust.

PRESS CORRESPONDENT.

Edinburg, Tex.
December 30, 1931.

ALASKA PAYS
When the United States paid Alaska $72,000,000 for Alaska just 63 years ago we really got a gold mine. Since gold was discovered at Juneau in 1880 that territory has produced $700,000,000 of gold. Since the discovery of gold, copper and silver have been the byproducts. Alaska is rich in minerals. The Geological Survey has estimated that the placer gold reserve there is worth $900,000,000 not to mention the gold in veins that cannot be estimated. All summer Geological Survey parties have worked in Alaska exploring for gold and other minerals. They report the discovery of exceptional deposits of gold and other metals.

THE SABBATH RECORDER

my part, for he is ever ready to give us victory if we will only meet his require-
ments. May he forgive, and you bear with my weaknesses and mistakes.

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ments.

other localities, is suffering somewhat from a little group.

as well as the children, than usual, which made them very happy. The children did very well, considering the tender ages of most of them. A number of them had never spoken or performed in public before. We have very few of the between age—the best for such programs—but a nice group of little ones too. The primary class on the Sabbath school roll.

The primary class is doing good work under Mrs. Boehler's efficient methods. The members are interested, enthusiastic, and faithful in attendance. Not the least active among them are two Jewish children, very bright and gifted, whose parents are very nice people.

Though we have few numbers, we are trying to uphold the light of truth. People often ask about our denomination and pecu-

lar beliefs. There are many little things to be done among our neighbors. May we be faithful to our trust.

PRESS CORRESPONDENT.

Edinburg, Tex.
December 30, 1931.

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THE SABBATH RECORDER

WOMAN'S WORK

MRS. ALBERTA DAVIS RAYTON
Contributing Editor

WALWORTH LADIES' AID SOCIETY

The Walworth Ladies' Aid society of the Seventh Day Baptist Church, although greatly interested in the work of the Woman's Board and in all the departments and activities of our denomination, appreciating as well the value of the Sabbath Recorder, has not felt that as a society it could report anything that would be of interest to other societies.

Our society, because of death and removals, is reduced to five active mem-

bers, which fact necessarily limits our activities very materially. This is a great contrast to the status of the organization in the early years of our work, both in membership and scope of work. We were organized in 1872 as the Woman's Missionary and Benevolent Society, with eighty-three members the first year. Three of our present active members belong to that original number. Also, one of our sustaining members now in Florida, Mrs. DeEtte Randolph.

In recent years, because of our limitations, we have functioned simply as an Aid society.

And the needs of our local church have seemed to us to call most loudly for our aid, and through the church we have contributed to the General Movement (for Woman's Board work) as usual. Our only source of income at present is our dues and quilting, and with the latter we have been very successful.

Our officers are: President, Mrs. Eva McLean; secretary and treasurer, Phoebe S. Coon.

THE HELPING HAND SOCIETY OF WALWORTH, WIS.

[Your contributing editor is much pleased with the reports that are coming in from the various societies who contribute to the idea that they are few in numbers and consequently can give nothing of value to any other society, but all reports that have come in for a few days have been extremely interesting and show interest in the work of the denomination and in local needs, and all plans of importance. To the Lord. I am sure that this is occasion of this page are finding the reports of the activities of the various ladies' organizations interesting and helpful. May we not hear from many more?]

Beginning the year with July 17, 1930, and closing with July 30, 1931, the Helping Hand society has held thirty-three meetings with an average attendance of six.

The largest number present at a meeting was nine and the smallest number was four. The attendance varied.

The work of the year has been making aprons, tying comforts, and quilting. We have had only one food sale.

On May 17, our society was invited to meet with the Congregational ladies. A program was given and refreshments served. All had a very pleasant time.

We have had birthday surprises for four of our members.

On December 11 we had a little Christmas party for the ladies of our church—the party being held in the parsonage. Luncheon was served and there was an exchange of inexpensive gifts followed by a social time.

In December we sent packages of little cakes and cookies to the children in our county home.

MRS. E. A. WITTER,
Walworth, Wis.

GOLD STAR MOTHERS

A PILGRIMAGE (Continued)

BY MRS. HATTHE B. WEST

Sunday in Paris was that preceding Memorial day, and though the mothers were at liberty to attend any church they wished, the most common destination was to attend the services of the American Church, maintained by the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America. Here they were guests of honor, together with Ameri-

can Ambassador Edge and members of his staff, the American Consul General, the Benjamin Franklin R., and the Woman's Auxiliary of the
American Legion, and the American Chamber of Commerce.

We entered at the entrance to the church by young girls with trays of red poppies and each mother was asked to wear one. The services were of a high order, with the American Legion program, giving a Litany of Remembrance and special hymns. The message was given by the pastor, Rev. Wilson. He referred to the difficult task of exalting the soldier dead and making a plea for peace. The anthem sung was Kipling's "Recessional. 'There Is No Death' was sung as an offertory solo.

"I tell you they have not died, They live and breathe with you; They walk here day by day. They tell you things are true. They know! They see! They tell you things are true.

The last stanza of the closing hymn was: "O risen Lord, O Shepherd of our dead, Whose cross has stood by us in every need. Grant not in vain their sacred blood be shed."" It was followed by the last stanza of "America."

"A deal was made and offering taken for the work of the Woman's Auxiliary of the American Legion, who are caring for two hundred seven children, representing one hundred twenty service men's families, American, not French. Some of the families, alas, that it should be so, have been taken away by death, and some of the children by both parents. A large proportion of the expense of this work is met by the annual poppy sale in France; and postcards sent us here evidence from this time on to Memorial day and later.

After four days in Paris, we were taken to Verdun to see the site of the battle forty miles from Paris, that marked the farthest advance of the Germans in their efforts to take that city the first year of the war. It was to this point that the French General Gallieni rushed his troops in thirty thousand taxis of Paris and by a surprise attack prevented further advance by the enemy.

We stopped for lunch at the historic tavern which was once the headquarters of General Pershing, and some ter staggers. "We were on the "Via Sacra," the "Sacred Way" over which four hundred thousand French soldiers who never came back had passed on their way to defend that city.

Verdun was never taken by the enemy but the war memorials and cemeteries of that region bear the enormous cost at which it was defended.

Every day as we drove out from Verdun we saw on a distant height overlooking the city the great French memorial at Douaumont. Here the remains of these four hundred thousand French soldiers are placed in separate graves in a huge, covered separate tombs, according to the sectors in which they fought. One who morns a loved one may kneel, not at his grave, but at one of the hundred tombs, in the hope that his remains may be there. Alas, the pity of it! The awfulness of such slaughter staggered us.

Each day in going to and from Verdun we were taken over a different route, that we might be shown as much as possible of the area over which the soldiers fought who took part in the great Meuse-Argonne struggle, which is called by some, not only the greatest battle of the World War, but of all wars. We have done much "to obliterate its scars. Most of the land has been reclaimed and the ruined villages rebuilt, but there are all too many evidences of the awful ravages of

About the heights of Douaumont, to which our buses climbed through what was known to the over-war-tired as "Poppie-land," must have been a beautiful spot. An oriole was singing in the wood as we passed a moment on the slope, and flowers were blooming in the height of May, but the marks of war prevented any enjoyment, even of the remaining beauty of the valley.

One day our route took us to Montfaucon, the Thirty-first Division Memorial, held by the Germans, and one of the greatest objectives of the allies in the Meuse-Argonne offensive. This height has been bought by the United States and a great memorial to our soldiers is in process of construction. The village which formerly occupied the height has been completely destroyed and has been built about two miles distant. The lookout tower of the Crown Prince and the ruins of the church which dominated the height are being left, mute testimonials to the destructiveness of war.

During the war we read much about the ruthlessness of the Germans in the destruction of cities, but when we arrived in Captain Louisell, when possible, included these places, through it sometimes took us off the historic city, where these German spots, the buses stopped and our kind nurse, Miss King, got out and picked some flowers for us, for everywhere along the roadsides and in the edges of the fields were blooming great yellow buttercups, daisies, and lilies of the valley. The thick underbrush of the edges of the wood shut off from view the interior of the fields, which during the war held so many horrors. It is as if the land were trying to forget. But among the other flowers almost nowhere, where the scarlet poppies showed beside the daisies and the buttercups, and even in the fields.

Every day we passed cemeteries, thick with graves, where French soldiers rested beneath white wooden crosses; English cemeteries, American, marked with black crosses; even German cemeteries; but none so beautifully cared for as our American cemetery.

(To be continued)

FROM THE COMMISSION ON THE CHURCH AND SOCIAL SERVICE

A joint statement on unemployment was issued Friday by the Social Service Commission of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, the Department of Social Service of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, and the Social Justice Commission of the Central Conference of American Rabbis. Representa-
on the subject.

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MESSAGE FROM CHINA

MESSAGE FROM CHINA

INTERMEDIATE TOPIC
For Sabbath Day, January 23, 1932

INTERMEDIATE TOPIC
For Sabbath Day, January 23, 1932

WE ADMIRE

CHRISTMAS MASS MEETING

Christmas is drawing nigh, and I am re­

 reminded that I made a resolution at Confer­

ence time to try to keep in touch with you

all at least twice a year; and in that resolu­

tion, I thought Christmas would be a fine
time for the first message.

We have been back in China nearly two
months and our time in America seems
much like a dream. For the most part it is
a very happy dream, and you and your
fine spirit of loyalty to Church, and denomi­
nation, makes it more than a dream. It
becomes a great comfort to me.

When we were looking forward to Con­
ference at Alfred, I predicted that we could
not have a more successful World Fellowship.
The Conference number was one hundred
thirty-one, and since that time more have
joined, so that we now have two hundred
and nine members. I can send the happiest
Christmas and New Year's greetings.

I have wondered much about the great
numbers who are not in this fellowship and
who ought to be there.
THE SABBATH RECORDER

I heard a very fine sermon this morning, on the subject, “The Bible.” The speaker dwelt much on “The Living Word,” translation, the Bible living spirit of the Bible into life. I am sure that is what we all personally desire to do. Can we help to do it for our churches and denomination, and thus throw out the kingdom building for which Christ gave his life? I wish I might in some way help you in your problems. We all have them in these days, but if I can, in some way, make you desire to “carry on” to heights we older young people have not attained, I shall be happy.

Are there some very definite things we might do together? For instance:

Could we push the subscription list of the Recorder?

Have a definite part in soul winning in our church and community?

Be represented on a foreign field by some native of that land?

England Christian endeavor is doing. How about the rest of us? I have in mind a young man in China who ought to be in Christ but is not. He will be home soon. Would our Fellowship like to do something with this fellow who studied in some way?

How about the denominational budget? Shall we ourselves, not only lift but shall we actively work to put it across this year and lessen the debt? All in favor say “I.”

The I’s have a real part in the kingdom.

Shall we hold a fellowship grow in numbers? Is it too much to expect by next year that we shall have five hundred in the group? It largely depends on our efforts. Will you endeavor to pass on the names and addresses to the Young People’s Board and to H. Eugene Davis, 23 Route de Zhikawei, Shanghai, China.

I have absolute faith in your purpose to be useful, helpful followers of our Lord, Jesus Christ, and in the spirit of the World Fellowship Pledge I send you this message.

H. EUGENE DAVIS.

THE RIVER

By Frank A. Buck

The village had always trusted to the river. To them it was a good and beneficent force. In the spring it came swelling past them on its way to the sea, rich with its burden of silt and clay, torn from the upper lands through which it rushed. This water rose in the canals and the creeks, and the village waited for it year after year, and seized the good tide and turned it into the rice fields, the fields brought forth harvest, and there was no fear for the old men and women and the little children and for the strong, lean men and women days were the strength of this generation. Yes, this was a good river.

The good river! This year it has deceived the village. The spring tide came high and full as ever it did. But when summer came there was no silt at all. The villagers looked at each other at first in surprise, then in consternation. What was the matter now? It swelled to higher tides; it began to eat into the land it had always fed; it rose to flood. The villagers were frightened. Some of the oldest men and women were not too sure how when they were young they had heard their own grandfathers, now dust for many a year, tell them how the river once betrayed the ones who trusted to it. But there was a very long ago and they had forgotten until now that there had even once been such a tale told.

The river rose steadily. Hour after hour, day after day it rose, swelling silently in the night. The villagers ran to the dyke several miles away. At the spots of the great, wide dyke which had been a bulwark for generations, beyond which had stretched low, fertile rice lands to the river’s brim, now held back a brimming flood. The river had covered the low rice lands and was now pushing against the dyke. The villagers hung to that dyke’s edge, stared down into the swirling, yellow, ugly river, which was tearing and pulling away clods of the earth even as they stared. At the crack of a moment, it would break through.

“We must make the dyke higher—we must watch for breaks!” Thus spoke one of the younger men, the son of the village head.

But his father was wiser. He answered somberly, “And can we in this sudden hour mend five hundred miles of dyke, and guard every break? Ten thousand men cannot prevail against the river when it turns evil?”

The young man would not give up. He argued that if they all—if all the villages—had their water moving back in silence, they might have collected their few belongings, their winter clothing, as much grain as they could carry, their wives and children, their oxen and calves, and they would swim up their way across the fields of unripe grain to the highest, strongest part of the dyke. Well they knew this grain would never be cut but they, nor any harvest be theirs this year.

Upon that narrow edge of high built dyke they pitched rude camp, twisting a few reed mats into shelter, tying their cattle to the sparse trees that grew there. The good river had turned against them.

Nor had they come a day too soon. The river rose yet further, and exerting its strength, tore its way triumphantly through a break in the long dyke. Within a few hours all the farm land was a sea of yellow water. From the dyke the villagers watched the yellow wall of water break and roar and crash over the land, and swirled even to the soil when the river beasts were tied. Would it overwhelm them all? But the river could not quite reach them. Its strength was spent, and they lay there like a malicious wild force, having cornered the villagers in this spot.

What then? Then nothing. There was nothing to do but to look out over the sea and anchor the grains rotting at the bottom; nothing to do but kill the snakes and rats that swarmed up out of the water and fought to share this spot of dry land with the humans; nothing to do but to eat up the grain and the cattle they had saved.

Weeks have passed. Months have passed. The river roared. At the foot of the bit of ground where the villagers are en-camped. Their grain is gone, their beasts are eaten. There are not even rats and snails left. This only food the villagers have is the shrimps they catch out of the river. Having no fuel, they eat them raw. Rainy summer storms draw near in chill nights and in sudden cold winds out of the north. Raw shrimps—is it not better to leap into the water, seeing that death must come and the river will not abate?

Raw shrimps again—there are many ill and many who have died, and they can but be thrown into the water. One old woman mutters over and over again.

That river—it is not satisfied with dead; it wants us living.

Sometimes one says, begging for hope, “I have heard it said that sometimes in a famine time, women and children wear cast-off—clothes—at least I have heard it said.”

Can this be so? Another is suddenly buoyed by the thought and cries, “If they are going to live, then can’t it wait in the distance? Does it come this way?”

They all stare out over the yellow, spreading water. It is a fair day and the water lies sparkling under the clear sunshine and rustling under the keen wind. They can see a long way, since there is nothing to hinder their vision except a few tops of trees. A boat? They gather and clamber a little to see the boat.

But there is no boat. Over the sparkling, cruel sea a boat comes.

This story, by Pearl S.-Buck, the author of “The Good Earth,” was written prior to any shipments of American wheat. Since then the loads of wheat have reached the scene of the flood, and have been distributed by the National Flood Relief Commission. Relief authorities have announced that the entire quantity of American wheat will not be sufficient to feed the millions of Chinese men, women, and children who were affected by the flood which was the worst in China’s history. Mrs. Buck sent this story for Flood Relief in China, constituted by the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, the Foreign Missions Conference of North America, and China Famine Relief U. S. A., with 15 East Forty-second Street, New York City, to aid in bringing to the attention of the American public the real tragedy that has befallen the Chinese—the need for extending mercy—Editor.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT

Whereas, it has been the will of our heavenly Father to call home our sister, Mrs. Stella Babcock, a faithful and true member since the organization of the society, an untriring worker, and an efficient officer; and while we mourn our loss...
and miss her keen interest, sound judgment, and kindly spirit among us, we were glad to have known her as a friend and companion in the work of the Master. Wherefore be it—

Resolved, That we bow in humble submission to the will of our heavenly Father and that we tender our deepest sympathy to the lonely husband and children, and that a copy of these resolutions be presented to the family, one placed on record, and one forwarded to the Sabbath Recorder.

The Nellie B. Shaw Missionary Society of the North Loup Seventh Day Baptist Church, By the Committee.

A CALL TO PRAYER

The Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America invites the churches throughout the country to observe Sunday, January 31, 1932, as a nation-wide day of prayer for the Divine blessing on the World Disarmament Conference. The day will be similar to any others, in response to the proposal of the Universal Christian Council on Life and Work.

The Disarmament Conference convenes, after years of preparation, at a time of grave anxiety. Many serious problems are facing the nations and their leaders. The spirit of unrest, of distress, and in many places almost of despair grips the life of the world and causes profound misgivings for the future.

The great need of the world today is a deepening of the spiritual and moral life of the peoples and earnest devotion to truth, righteousness, and brotherliness. These are the primary essentials for individual, for national, and for international welfare. Every vexing question confronting the peoples of the world needs to be brought to the bar of righteous judgment and to be dealt with by methods of justice and good will.

The nations have renounced war as an instrument of national policy. The time has come for them to set themselves with all seriousness and determination to renounce the implements of war.

Whence is this spirit to come if not from above — from the Source of all spiritual life? How can this spirit arise unless millions of earnest souls open their hearts and minds to the Divine will and pour out their prayers and their hopes before the universal Father for his guidance and blessing?

The Federal Council of the Churches, therefore, appeals to the churches of the United States to join with men of prayer in this and other lands in an intercessory prayer on God to the day preceding the opening of what may, under his blessing, be an epoch-making Conference.

Let us pray that the creative spirit of God may move among the peoples and may guide their leaders in the Conference at Geneva, that unselfish motives and wise counsels may prevail. Let us pray that we, as a nation may be zealous to know and to do God’s will in our relations with other nations and to take our full part in bringing in the day when war shall be no more.

Signed
FRANCIS J. McCONNELL, President,
SAMUEL McCREA CAVERT, General Secretary,
Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America.

QUARTERLY MEETING AT MILTON

The next session of the quarterly meeting of the churches of southern Wisconsin and Chicago will be held at Milton, January 15 and 16.

The meeting will open at 7.30 p.m., January 15, with Rev. E. A. Witter, of Walworth, in charge.

At the service Sabbath morning at 10.30 the sermon will be preached by Rev. E. E. Sutton.

Mrs. Minnie G. Churchward of Chetek, Wis., has been asked to have charge of the afternoon session Monday, January 15, and her service will be followed at 3 o’clock by the young people’s hour.

The business session will be held at 7.15 p.m., followed by the evening service at 8.

W. K. DAVIES, Secretary.

“Every branch that beareth fruit he cleanseth it, that it may bring forth more fruit.”

THE LAND WHERE JESUS LIVED

ACTS 7: 24; 24: MATHews 2: 1-6

Junior Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath School, January 15, 1932

BY MRS. NETTIE CRANDALL

Nazareth, the boyhood home of Christ, is about sixty-six miles north of Jerusalem, fourteen miles from the Sea of Galilee, and twenty-one miles from the Mediterranean Sea. One of the great caravan roads goes through the city and upon its streets can be seen men of all nationalities.

Climbing the hill back of the town, Jesus could see the snow-capped Hermon to the north; to the west, Mt. Carmel; to the southwest, was the Great Sea studded with many sails; to the south the plain of Esdraelon; and to the east the wooded height of Tabor.

As he climbed the hill and looked out upon these scenes, I imagine he longed to visit them. And later, during his ministry, he became very familiar with all of these places.

Let us go with Christ on some of his journeys, and as we go let’s find the places on the map. First we will go with him on one of his yearly trips to Jerusalem. Luke 2: 41.

Just over the hill is ... where we enter a home where Jesus was always welcome. Luke 10: 38. Can you tell this story?

Next we will visit the village of Cana, located four miles from Nazareth, on the road to Lake Galilee. What did he teach there? John 4: 5-15.

Now we will go to Capernaum, a city on the lakeside. Here Jesus spent much time during his ministry. He often ... the people there and sometimes from a ... pushed out a little from the shore.

There is one more place that we must visit — Mt. Hermon to the north where Jesus took Peter, James, and John, and where they rested for the night. Tell the story. Why did Peter want to stay there forever? Christ’s work of ministering to the sick and needy called him down into the lowlands. Why can we not always live on the mountaintop with Christ?

OUR LETTER EXCHANGE

Dear Mrs. Greene:

As this is my first letter, I do not have very much to write. I am writing this letter during Christmas vacation.

I am ten years old and am in the fourth grade. We had our program Friday, the eighteenth.

My sisters’ names are Lorene, Agnes, and Myrtle Lawton. My teacher’s name is Miss Carley. I like my teacher. She is very fine.

We came from Texas to Minnesota this fall.

I guess I will have to close. Christmas wishes,

Temissa Lawton.

Glencoe, Minn., Route 4

December 20, 1931.

Dear Temissa:

I’ll have to tell you how near your letter came to being left out altogether. I was directing Christmas cards at the dining room table when Eleanor came in with the mail and before I had time to see your name someone of the family tipped a bottle of ink over it, blotting out your name and all the address except “sola,” which of course didn’t tell me much; but luckily you had written your letter in lead pencil, so I quickly dipped it in a liquid called “solvex,” which took out the ink and your writing was as good as ever. My! but I was glad. It would hardly have done to put in a letter with neither beginning nor end, would it? “Oo!” took all the ink out of my tablecloth, too.

It is too late for me to return your Christmas wishes, but I do hope you had the very merry Christmas and happiest New Year’s imaginable. We did, but it was a snowless one. Our first real snowstorm came night before last. The next morning everything
I am so glad you have written and hope you will do so often.

Yours sincerely,
MIZPAH S. GREENE.

DEAR MRS. GREENE:

I haven't written to you for quite a while. I will tell you a little about our Sabbath school class. We have six members including the teacher, but one doesn't come very often, so our regular record is five.

I will be glad when January comes because I will be a junior in Sabbath school. I am also a member of our Junior society.

Our school vacation begins Thursday. We had our program on Monday night. We had quite a crowd and some men had to stand up.

We are going to have our church program on Sabbath evening.

Well, I think I have written enough.

Yours truly,
LORNA PAYNE.

December 23, 1931.

DEAR LORNA:

I was very glad to hear from you again. I have often wondered if you received your photo all right, which I sent so tardy in September. I hope you have grown quite a bit since then.

I expect you had a fine, snowy Christmas. Mr. Greene was born and brought up in Minnesota and he has often spoken of the cold, snowy winters there, and how often they were snowed in for weeks at a time.

School starts here tomorrow. Probably yours does, too. Are you glad or sorry vacation is over? Eleanor thinks she is both glad and sorry.

I hope you will not wait so long before your next letter.

Your true friend,
MIZPAH S. GREENE.

DEAR MRS. GREENE:

I have not written to you for a long time, and I thought I would write to you now.

We have a pet lamb. It is very frisky and mother is afraid of it, but it only wants to play with her. When we play with it, we run and it chases us, hitting on all four feet at the same time. It runs with its head down. Its name is Topsy.

I got up enough subscriptions to get me a writing outfit. It has three parts to it and is full of pencils and things.

Santa has just come and brought me a handkerchief, a belt, two pairs of stockings, a pair of mitts, a ball, some candy, a tablet, and two pencils.

I have a little black kitty. I call it Blackie.

I am only five years old but I am going to school and I have not missed a day yet. I am almost like my teacher fine. His name is Mr. George Bland.

I got my daddy to write for me.

I got four handkerchiefs for Christmas, a kindergarten set, a tablet and two pencils, a candy Santa, a pair of stockings, a pair of gloves, good for a new suit, and candy.

I go to Sabbath school most every Sabbath. My teacher is Miss Lucy Sutton.

ELSTON LEON DAVIS.

New Milton, W. Va.,
December 28, 1931.

DEAR ELSTON LEON:

Please thank daddy for me for helping you to write this nice letter, for it pleased me very much. It will not be long before you can write to me all yourself, will it, since you are doing so well in school? I'm sure you are a fine boy in school since you like your teacher.

Christmas was certainly good to you for your presents were all very nice. I hope your new suit will soon be done so that you can fully enjoy it. My big girl, Eleanor, said the main thing she wanted for Christmas was new clothes. How about you?

I hope you remember Blackie at Christmas.

Our cat Skeezix thinks a good, thick piece of liver is the best Christmas gift.

Your sincere friend,
MIZPAH S. GREENE.

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We have a pet lamb. It is very frisky and mother is afraid of it, but it only wants to play with her. When we play with it, we run and it chases us, hitting on all four feet at the same time. It runs with its head down. Its name is Topsy.

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THE SABBATH RECORDER

CHRISTMAS AT PLAINFIELD
The Plainfield Church began preparations for a special Christmas eve service by appointing a committee to have the whole matter in charge, in co-operation with the pastor and the superintendent of the Sabbath school. The committee met early, and consisted of Mrs. Nathan E. Lewis and Miss Evalos St. John. This committee did some thinking, some planning, and much work, and the result was that the Plainfield congregation voted this Christmas season one of the best in their memory.

The first notice the people in general had of Christmas preparations was the receipt of the following letter, the purpose of which, as may be seen, was to create the proper atmosphere to bring the Christmas spirit into our homes.

Christmas will soon be here. May it be joyous — joyous because we are rich in love of family and friends. May it be peaceful, because we know the abiding love of the One whose birthday we celebrate.

Perhaps this year, more than ever before, we are deeply concerned about conditions in the world around us. The Christian is planning our church Christmas as if there is a church group in every family, doing together as families to celebrate in a wholesome, joyous spirit this Christmasmas. Christmas afternoon, when people are invited to worship with the children around the manger scene which they have built, and to bring an offering for those less fortunate than ourselves. The Sabbath services will be as usual. On Sunday evening, at 6 o'clock, let us all come together for a yuletide party, reviving some of the customs of the Old English Christmas, and adding the wish of the wait, the bringing in of the "yule log," etc. There will be supper at a nominal charge.

So that all may get the most from such a celebration, we suggest that as families we try to get into the old-time Christmas spirit, whether by singing carols at home, reading a bit of Dickens, or any other way. The main thing is that the real Christmas comes from the joy of simple things and the spirit within us, rather than from the material around us.

In the words of Tiny Tim—

"God bless us every one."

According to schedule, a goodly number gathered with the children about the manger on Christmas evening this year, of course, was the Sabbath eve. The service began with Christmas carols played on piano and 

[cotemporary typeface]

Christian Endeavor Prayer Meeting
"Silent night!" said the废气re. "We are here, and our cheeks seemed bright with the cold, and their quaint lanterns bobbed gaily about. The whole group looked as if they had come off a Christmas card. And if, now, that were all the dear old carols we love so well!

And after them came supper, and what a supper! It was borne in from the kitchen by a long line of merry serving men, in knee breeches, coarse white aprons, bright colored jerkins, and white caps. The distinguished chief cook, with a tall white cap on his head, pranced nimbly along, bearing high a great platter with the boar's head. Then came a serving man with a tray of burning raisins shooting up their weird blue flames, and then followed an endless procession of trays of brilliant fruit, rolls, meats, puddings.

The jolly chief cook placed the boar's head in the center of the big square table in the middle of an immense holly wreath. The group grouped their platters round in till the whole thing was a perfect picture. And then the supper was served to the appreciative guests. (All but the raisings, which seemed somehow to have had the better air lest they set everything afire!) After a very delightful meal, prepared and cooked by those good fairies who preside over the destinies of our kitchen and never really get enough credit for the miracles they perform, the guests settled down to a happy hour's conversation. A select group of girl singers in the gallery and others beloved solo singer. For a whole joyous evening we recaptured the days of Christmas past. There was no talk of the "depression" nor of salary cuts, nor the thousand and one hateful things that make up our difficult daily lives. Great thanks is due to the committee who spent so many weeks in bringing this occasion to its perfection. It was a truly beautiful party and no little of its success lay in the fact that everybody had some part in it, however small, and it seemed somehow to draw us closer and fill our hearts with genuine Christmas cheer.
turn with interest to this description of the life of an eastern herdsman:

"Beneath the burning skies and the clear starry nights of Palestine, there grows up between the walls of the village and the black rocks a community of attachment and tenderness. It is the country where at any moment sheep are liable to be swept away by some mountain torrent or carried off by robbers, or even torn by wolves. Their protector may have to save them by personal hazard. David tells how in defending his father's flock, he slew a lion and a bear."

Jesus describes himself as the Good Shepherd. The idea suggested is not so much virtue as excellence, not moral quality but excellence in the work of a shepherd. A man might have a good character but be unable to manage a flock of sheep. Excellence is revealed by comparison. Jesus shows his meaning of a good shepherd by contrasting him with the thief, the hireling, and the stranger.

First contrast—the thief. The thief comes not, but that he may steal, and kill, and destroy; I am come that they may have life, and may have it abundantly.

The thief creeps up at night, slips over the wall, steals, and kills. Jesus was thinking of false teachers, who hurt and destroy souls. How different is Christ's treatment of the flock. He was not to destroy life, but to give it. The truth is even greater than the illustration. A shepherd can feed a sheep only when he has the sheep. Jesus came to give eternal life and then sustaining the life by abundance. The good shepherd leads his flock to luxuriant pastures, where food is plentiful. As our Shepherd, he is ever near us—a Shepherd for green pastures and still waters, as well as the valley of the shadow of death.

A shepherd's comment on Psalm 23 is worth quoting here: "A sheep lies down when it is satisfied." "He maketh me to lie down in green pastures." Here is something worlds wonderying by dissatisfied souls today. Jesus satisfies. None but he can satisfy the desires of the spiritual nature. He is indeed the Good Shepherd.

"The good shepherd layeth down his life for the sheep. He that is a hireling, and not a shepherd, whose own the sheep are not, beholdeth the wolf coming, and leaveth the sheep, and fleeth; and the wolf snatcheth them, and scattereth them; he fleeth because he is a hireling, and careth not for the sheep."

The hireling may be better than the thief, for he does not attack the flock. He tends it after a fashion, but only because he is paid, or out of necessity. When the wolf comes he flees, fearing to risk his life in defense of the sheep.

Jesus did not flee when the wolves came. He could have escaped death, but he would not desert his people and his cause. Though he knew that the Jewish authorities were waiting like a pack of hungry wolves to get at him, he saw it was necessary for him to bear his testimony at Jerusalem, and he went and bore that testimony, knowing it was the way to the cross. He laid down his life for the sheep.

Other shepherds have followed their Lord's example in that they did not flee when the wolf came. The story of missions in China contains many instances of missionaries who stayed at their posts and suffered, even unto death. These were not hirelings, but true shepherds who planted their footsteps in those of the Good Shepherd who laid down his life for the sheep.

Third contrast—the stranger. "A stranger will they not follow, but will flee from him, for they know not the voice of strangers."

Thief, hireling, stranger! As the hireling only lives on the thief, so the stranger may be better than the hireling. The thief intended to do harm; the hireling was not faithful and cowardly; but so far as the shepherd is concerned, he may be faithful and true, well disposed and brave. Still, the very fact that he is a stranger puts him at a disadvantage. "They know not the voice of strangers."

Thompson, the famous writer on the Holy Land, illustrates this by the experience of a traveler who asserted to a Syrian shepherd that the sheep knew him by his dress and not by his voice. To test the matter, they exchanged their outer garments. It was in vain the stranger called. The old shepherd recognized his voice, but not the voice of the stranger.

Jesus stressed this point of intimacy. "The sheep hear his voice, and he calleth his own sheep by name, and leadeth them out. When he hath put forth all his own he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him; for they know his voice. And a stranger will they not follow, but will flee from him, for they know not the voice of strangers. I am the good shepherd; and I know mine own, and mine own know me, even as the Father knoweth me, and I know the Father; and I lay down my life for the sheep."

In the army, you had a number. On the voters' list, you have a number. At home, with those who know you intimately, you have a name. So Jesus knows his sheep. There is intimacy between them. Is Jesus that to you? Are you that to him? To be a Christian is to know Jesus and be known of him. It is to listen to his voice and to refuse to follow when other voices call. His sheep can distinguish his voice from others, and a stranger will not follow. The sheep know their shepherd. By companionship, a knowledge of the shepherd's voice is cultivated. By daily companionship in joy and sorrow, we learn to know his voice.

"I am the good shepherd; and I know mine own, and mine own know me."

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S GREETINGS

to the members and friends of Seventh Day Baptist Church, Washington, D. C.

Once more we are privileged to enter into the joyous happiness of another Christmas and New Year's tide. The thought of our Christ lifts us out of the humdrum of toil and burden bearing, to a season of re-frencing, refreshment, and gaiety.

The very thought of God's great gift brushes aside the problems and the sad side of our daily life, and instead we hear the voices of joy and peace, which thrills our very souls.

This silent messenger is sent, because I cannot call in person on each of you; however, I give my heartfelt personal greetings.

My prayerful wish is that the love of God may abide with you throughout the
new year. May you have strength for every duty, wisdom for every problem, comfort for every sorrow, guidance in every hour, and always the blessed consciousness of the Divine companionship of our Elder Brother. May our heavenly Father, in his infinite love, abide with you, bless you, hold you securely, and safely guide you through the coming year, and thereby make you a blessing to your home, your church, and his kingdom.

I offer you a pastor's devotion, a brother's fellowship, and a sister's loyalty. Your servant in His stead.

LEWIS C. SHEAFE.

A LETTER FROM THE MIDDLE ISLAND CHURCH

Our series of revival meetings began on October 16, with Brother Erlo E. Sutton doing the preaching. Every sermon during the entire series of meetings was inspiring and filled with the spirit of God. As a result of these burning messages there was a great awakening among the Christian people. Our people were moved as I had never seen them before. I feel that a sermonic message of this type would be a great spiritual inspiration to any church and community.

We regret that Brother Sutton's program of work would not permit him to remain with us longer. I feel that one more week would have been of more value in winning souls into the kingdom than the two weeks we spent in the meetings. There was quite a good interest demonstrated by the non-Christian people. However, we had only four conversions and one addition to the church.

We sympathized with Brother Sutton because of the physical hardship under which he labored during the first week of services. He was forced to rewrite a portion of the series of Sabbath school lessons which were, with his suitcase, lost from a baggage car while on route from New York.

In spite of the extra work of the evangelist and the college work the pastor is trying to do, it was possible for us to call in practically all of the elders and members of the church to minister in the services. The characteristic hospitality with which we were received in each of the homes cannot be surpassed.

One of the most interesting phases of the meetings was the children's part of the service. The small section of seats centrally located in the church was practically filled each evening, with children under fifteen years of age, numbering about thirty-five. The children's service consumed about twenty-five minutes of time and was spent in singing, reading of Scripture, prayer, or a sermonette, by someone. Each of the sermonettes had a Scriptural text. We are very fortunate in that we have several young women and little girls who are excellent in this type of work. To these people the evangelist and the pastor are very grateful.

To our chorister, Mr. Forest Groah, and pianist, Miss Blonda McClain, we are very grateful. Mr. Groah sang a solo occasion ally, which gave variety to the music and was appreciated by all. These young people are of far more value to our services than they can imagine.

We are praying for knowledge and Divine guidance that we may rightly direct these many promising children. Most of this group of children should develop into Seventh Day Baptists, as either the father or mother came from Seventh Day Baptist homes.

As I view the situation now, the future of the old Middle Island Church is very promising. However, without careful pastoral care and constructive work for the next five to ten years it may not develop into any stronger church than it is today. The economic depression, for the past two years, has rendered it impossible for our people to do what they would like to do in a financial way. But we are thankful that this type of depression does not result in spiritual weakness.

E. H. BOTTOMS, Pastor.

Blandville, W. Va.
December 10, 1931.

NEWS LETTER FROM WALworth

It is sometime since anything has appeared in "Home News" from the Walworth Church, and naturally the church and the community feel a little neglected. It is rather because it is not easy to find one who is willing to do the writing, aside from the pastor, and he feels that some one else should do it.

Last night, December 22, something happened of a nature to lead the pastor and his wife to feel they had been richly and abundantly blessed. By vote of the Helping Hand society, some time ago, it was decided to have a Christmas party for the ladies of the church some time in December. On December 22, they were to exchange gifts and have a social get acquainted time together for the sake of good fellowship. Some thirty-six women and little daughters gathered at the appointed time. Each came with something of a package. A royal good time was had till about four o'clock, when the president called the ladies all into the living room to open their presents. Mrs. Witter remained in the back to see that all had chairs. Soon the call was heard, "Here is one marked for Mrs. Witter." Due acknowledgment was given to the announcement, but Mrs. Witter remained in the back looking after the interest of others. Soon the president called, "Here is another marked, Mrs. Witter," and quickly the statement was made, "All are marked for Mrs. Witter, or for Pastor Witter and his wife."

Imagine the surprise that seized upon Mrs. Witter. She was dispatched to look up her husband. He was just returning to the house from visiting a sick man. You have heard tell of one being brushed out with a feather duster, or it or not, this is true. In particular Mr. Witter, pastor of these people, felt that but little more than a feather was needed to put him out, as with his wife he is open to all avenues and realized that the women of the flock were giving him a real "pointing."

It is possible that they felt that the pastor was too sour, or too tart in his ministrations, for there were sugar, nuts, preserves, well suited to overcome sourness. Yes, and there were various kinds of food stuff, poultry, and eggs, with sugar and gold, a good warm comfort for cold winter nights. Surety the heart would be hard and cold that did not see in these things, in this occasion, the expression of love and appreciation.

The real significance and worth of the demonstration is not to be found so much in the monetary worth as in the sweet, the heavenly fragrance that emanates from these expressions of confidence. Not only is hunger averted but the heart is warmed, the tasks are made lighter, life is sweetened, and fellowship deepened by such expressions. May this be a precious prelude to the Christmas tide.

May the Father of all mercies comfort and bless the women who have been led to give this extra demonstration of confidence, is the sincere prayer and desire of Pastor Witter and Mrs. Witter.

DENOMINATIONAL "HOOK-UP"

ALFRED, N. Y.

The annual business meeting and cafeteria supper of the First Alfred Church will be held in the parish house on Sunday evening, January 10. Supper will be served as soon after six o'clock as possible. Each family will bring sandwiches and one dish to pass. Coffee and milk will be furnished.

A cordial invitation is extended to all residents of the village to attend this meeting and supper.

ALFRED STATION, N. Y.

The annual church dinner of this church will be held next Sunday at noon, January 3. This is a community dinner, open to every one, and every one will be welcome.

The annual church and business meeting will follow the dinner at two in the afternoon. Annual reports and election of officers will be the regular order of the day. Sis.

ASHAWAY, R. I.

Mr. and Mrs. Alonso Kenyon quietly observed their fifty-seventh wedding anniversary on Friday, New Year's day. Mr. and Mrs. Kenyon were married by Rev. Arthur E. Main, in the house now owned by A. L. Vaill, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Taft, and Miss Daisy Kenyon of Westerly called on Mr. and Mrs. Kenyon Friday. They also received gifts and cards. The church and business meeting of the church will be held in the parish house Sunday, January 3. A cordial invitation is extended to all church members and guests of their families, and friends of the church.

The dinner which is being served by the men will be at noon. The business meeting will follow the dinner.
THE SABBATH RECORDER

Word has been received of the death of one of the former residents of this town, Herbert C. Babcock, whose death occurred at the home of his son, Lawrence Babcock, in Philadelphia. For many years Mr. Babcock served as deacon of the First Hopkinson Seventh Day Baptist Church, holding the office at the time of his death. Mr. Babcock’s funeral will be held in the church Sabbath afternoon at 2 o’clock.

—Westerly Sun.

BROOKFIELD, N. Y.

Pastor Herbert L. Polan and family took Christmas dinner with Pastor Paul S. Burdick and family of Leonardsville, N. Y.

—Courier.

DOODGE CENTER, MINN.

The members of the Seventh Day Baptist Church held their all day picnic and annual meeting at the M. H. Adams home Wednesday. The meeting was well attended and all present enjoyed a nice time.

—Star.

DE RUYTER, N. Y.

When Christmas brought you the most greatly desired and totally unexpected gift you ever felt did you just not find the right words to say?

Did you enjoy in the gift and in the lovely thoughtfulness of the givers a lump into your throat?

Did you wish you could say “thank you” in such a way that it would seem adequate to yourselves and to those whose kindness had thus been shown? And did you have to admit that you did not know how to do it?

Then you understand just how Pastor and Mrs. Van Horn feel about the beautiful radio that DeRuyter friends presented to them. They can only enjoy each and all and come to the DeRuyter “Lamb” just any old time. God bless you all and bring you the happiest new year.

—Gleaner.

INDEPENDENCE, N. Y.

A company of friends and neighbors to the number of about forty gathered at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Spicer on the eve of December 27. The event was one of more than ordinary interest. Our esteemed and much loved friends, Mr. and Mrs. Maxson A. Crandall, were celebrating their sixtieth wedding anniversary.

Many congratulations and expressions of esteem were extended to those who have traveled life’s way so long together, whose works of love and usefulness have brightened many lives.

—Alfred Sun.

LITTLE GENESSEE, N. Y.

December 29—A Christmas entertainment was given by the children of the Sabbath school at the church Wednesday evening.

Professor Harold Burtick and family of Alfred, spent Christmas with his sister; Mrs. M. R. Sanford.

A reception in honor of their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary was given Mr. and Mrs. Ferris Whifford at the hall, Sunday evening. A musical program and an original poem by Mrs. Dora Maxson were given during the evening, and Mr. and Mrs. Whifford were presented with a token of remembrance. Among those present were Professor and Mrs. H. O. Burtick, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Coon, and Mr. and Mrs. Lynn Vars of Alfred; Principal and Mrs. George Place and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Patterson of Salamanca; Mrs. Mary Chaffee and daughter Fannie, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Burtick and children, Mr. and Mrs. Clifford DePew and children of Nile; Principal and Mrs. J. F. Whifford and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Lewis, and Mr. and Mrs. George Andrews of Bolivar.

NILE, N. Y.

Rev. and Mrs. Harley Sutton left Wednesday for a week’s vacation with relatives at Parsons, W. Va.

The annual church dinner and business meeting of the Seventh Day Baptist Church will be held Sunday, January 3. All members of the church are urged to attend this meeting.

—Alfred Sun.

THE SABBATH RECORDER

were heard for the fine quality of music rendered. Requests that the program be repeated were favorably considered and the opportunity will be afforded those who desire the performance. The program will also be given at the Scotia M. E. church next Sunday evening.

—Loyalist.

WESTERLY, R. I.

The meetings to be conducted here by speakers from the All-Fairay tour will be repeated Friday night, at the church, the home of the late Thomas Davis, who was superintendent of the combined schools of North Attleboro and Attleboro and afterwards in a similar capacity at Pawtucket, R. I. He came to Plainfield in 1891, retiring in 1926.

On the time he was head of the local school system, Doctor Maxson continued to raise the standard until at the time of his retirement it was recognized as one of the best in the country.

Dr. and Mrs. Maxson were married in Westerly, R. I. They have one daughter, Mrs. James W. Aughtill of 661 West Seventh Street.

Mrs. Maxson, as well as her husband, has been active in educational and social betterment work. She attended Wellesley College, and served in official capacities in the New Jersey State Congress of Parents and Teachers, with which organization she has been identified for fourteen years. She was one of the founders of the Women’s Auxiliary of the Y. M. C. A. and a former president of the Monday Afternoon Club. She is also a member of several other clubs.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Maxson have long been active members of the Seventh Day Baptist Church and are teachers of Bible classes in the Sabbath school. The Board of Education has honored Doctor Maxson by naming the Maxson School in East Seventh Street for him.

—Courier News.

THE SABBATH RECORDER

NEW MARKET, N. J.

Rev. Ralph H. Coon, pastor of the Boulder (Coly.) Seventh Day Baptist Church and who both were teachers of Bible classes in the Sabbath school. The Board of Education has honored Doctor Maxson by naming the Maxson School in East Seventh Street for him.

—Courier News.

GUTHRIE, OKLA.

This town lost a mighty fine citizen in the untimely death of Tom Davis.
DEATHS

FOGG.—Emily Mary, daughter of Charles D. and Anna M. Fogg, was born December 12, 1860, at Bound Brook, N. J., and died at Shiloh, Litchfield, N. H., last week, lacking seven weeks of being 48 years old.

She received her education in the public schools of Bound Brook, N. J., and Shiloh in Cumberland County, N. J. After attending Shiloh High School and Normal School, Mercer, N. J., for the past ten years she has been principal of the Swedesboro Grammar School, Swedesboro, N. J.

Miss Fogg was regarded as a very successful teacher and possessed many pleasing qualities and a likeable personality. She was a member of the Order of the Eastern Star at Swedesboro. She had further prepared herself for advancement in her chosen profession of teaching by attending summer schools. She had traveled considerably, having made several western trips, and in 1925 made a tour in Europe.

On February 19, 1928, she was baptized and united with the Shiloh Seventh Day Baptist Church, of which she was a faithful member until her death.

Besides her mother, with whom she made her home, Miss Fogg left a brother and a sister, Clarence Fogg, Bridgeton, N. J.; Edward Fogg, of Bound Brook, N. J.; and many relatives and friends.

The funeral services were conducted by Rev. Herbert L. Greer, pastored Church of Dayton, Ohio; and Rev. Dr. Ralph Hughes of Dayton, Ohio; and Rev. Dr. J. P. Mitchell of Dallas Coleman, Fla., who conducted the services. Interment was made in the Shiloh cemetary.

H. L. C.

HATTON.—James Herbert died at Riverside, Calif., December 22, 1931, at the age of sixty-eight years.

He was united in marriage to Bevise Babcock in 1922, and to this union was born one child, Benny. His wife and son both survive him.

Funeral services were conducted by Rev. Hiram T. Day, of Riverside's Church of Christ, December 24, 1931, where the final service was heard.

Interment was made in the Olive Cemetery.

G. H. D.

LANGWORTHY.—William Potter Langworthy, only son of William and Julia Langworthy, was born at Preston, Conn., April 12, 1851, and died at the Halifax District Hospital, Halifax, Va., December 17, 1931, after a brief illness.

His only sister, Mrs. Jarius Stillman, died when a young woman, leaving but one child six weeks of age, now Clara Stillman Burdick of Milton, Mass., the only child of this union, and four of their grandchildren. The children are: Lulu, Mrs. Lottie Clear, of Watch Hill, R. I., and Bertha, Mrs. George C. Minor, of Watch Hill, R. I., and Mrs. H. L. Jones of New York City, from which he was graduated in the class of 1896. He had been interested in New York City library work till 1890. At that time he gave up his connection with Shiloh, where he had devoted much attention to his father and mother and little nieces, at Watch Hill, R. I., in the summer, and at Daytona Beach, Fla., in the winter. On October 14, 1896, he was married to Lucy P. Green of Berlin, N. Y. She joined him in this unfailing devotion to his father, his mother having died, and he continued to spend their winters in Daytona Beach and summers in Watch Hill, R. I. and N. Y. He was a member of the City Seventh Day Baptist Church.

As expressed by Dr. A. E. Main of Alfred, "Doctor Langworthy, like his respected father, led a quiet life but a life of loyalty to truth and duty as it was given him to serve.

Funeral services were conducted by Rev. Elizabeth Randolph, at Daytona Beach, Fla., and burial services were conducted by Rev. Harold Cottrell, pastor of the Marlboro Day Baptist Church, Ashaway, R. I.

E. P. R.

PORTER.—Mary Elizabeth Porter was born in England, March 29, 1847, and died at her home, 1931, at the age of 84 years.

She was the wife of Rev. Andrew J. Porter, who was ordained to the gospel ministry by the Waterford Seventh Day Baptist Church and served them faithfully for twenty-five years, until the time of his death, when they parted to pay their last respects to "Aunt Lizzie," some friends having the honor to attend the funeral services, especially Rev. Mr. Douglass, pastor of the Waterford church of New York City, who spoke tender words of loving tribute to her memory.

Funeral services were conducted in the Waterford Church, and the body was laid to rest in the Home of Peace.

W. J. Randolph of Battle Creek, Mich.; Mrs. Elizabeth Randolph of Columbus, Ohio; Mrs. C. H. Jones of Dayton, Ohio; and Merle Maxwell of Illinois. Mrs. W. J. Randolph of Battle Creek, Mich.; Mrs. E. S. Jones of Mr. Guyon of Dayton, Ohio; and Mrs. J. P. Shuster of Exeter, Pa., were present.

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SABBATH SCHOOL LESSON IV—January 22, 1932

Golden Text: “Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.” 1 Timothy 1: 15.

DAILY READINGS
John 4: 1-10.
January 20—Ezekiel 47: 1-10.

(For Lesson Notes see Helping Hand)

An Interesting Pamphlet

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THE SABBATH RECORDER

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REV. H. C. VAN HORN, M. A., Editor

L. H. NORTH, Business Manager

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