A large number of our church people attended the yearly meeting of the New Jersey and eastern New York churches held at New Market, October 21 to 23. The meetings were very helpful and the meal-time sociability was much enjoyed.

There was a good attendance at a waffle breakfast held in the Sabbath school room on the morning of October 30; and the full dinner given by the women's society added a substantial sum to their treasury.

On the evening of November 8, Rev. and Mrs. H. C. Van Horn invited a few friends to their home for a farewell reception for Rev. and Mrs. Luther W. Crichlow, who sailed the following morning for their new work as missionaries in Jamaica. We feel that Mr. and Mrs. Crichlow are well fitted for this work and our prayers and best wishes go with them for their success.

A number of persons from the Plainfield Church went to Alfred to attend the funeral of Mrs. Alva J. C. Bond, November 13. The Bond family have been very dear to us at Plainfield, and our sympathy and prayers go out to them in their bereavement.

OBITUARY

JOHNSON—Gertrude Witter was born at Dakota, Wis., November 18, 1852, and died at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Burdick, in Farina, Ill., October 24, 1891, who preceded her in death two and a half years. Seven children survive her: Bert, Pearl, Edgar, Lily, Archy, Jay, and Alice; also two brothers and one sister, besides many grandchildren and great-grandchildren and other relatives and many friends. Burial was made in the Cemetery at North Loup.

Dr. W. W. Davis told this Civil War story at a meeting in Old John Street Church: General Grant was campaigning over in Virginia and in his ride he came across a little Virginia lad. The lady commander thought that he could get some information from him. "Can you tell me where the Confederate soldiers are?" he asked. The lad's lips shut tight. Grant tried again and again but still not a word. At last he started off and the little fellow called out, "Mister, where are you going?" Grant replied, "Mr. historian is going to Fredericksburg, perhaps to Richmond, and maybe I am going to heaven." The boy shouted, "You can't go to Fredericksburg, there are too many Confederate soldiers there; and you can't go to Richmond cause General Lee is there, and you can't go to heaven because Stonewall Jackson has gone there."

—Selected.

Denominational Treasurers—Addresses

General Conference—James H. Coon, Milton, Wis.

Denominational Budget—Morton R. Swinney, Niantic, Ill.

Missionary Society—Karl G. Stillman, Westerly, R. I.

American Sabbath School Society—Mrs. William M. Stillman, 210 Watchung Ave, Plainfield, N. J.

Sunday School Society—Rev. Alfred, N. Y.

Historical Society—Mrs. William M. Stillman, 210 Watchung Ave, Plainfield, N. J.


Women's Board—Mrs. S. Orestes Bond, Salem, W. Va.

Young People's Board—Miss Nellie Bond, Alfred, N. Y.
The Sabbath Recorder

Six American Vol.

We Need Not Be

Matters like these should bring renewed

In the report referred to there is every

The trouble with so many of us— with eyes

American Tract Society, Plainfield, N. J.

Sabbath Tract Society

The SABBATH RECORDE

We Need Not Be If anyone is over-inclined

London. — Many young Japanese Christians

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Mr. Alby of St. Mary's, W. Va., operates a

According to Religious News Service, a

The Sabbath Recorder

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The Sabbath Recorder

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Each believes that religious elements are essential in religion. Each believes in the capacity of human nature to grow and develop religiously.

Each group believes in the general sacredness of human life. Each believes in the necessity of worship. Each sees the need for religious education.

All have social service programs and emphasize such factors as economic and racial justice and world peace.

—Religious News Service.

CONFERENCE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

OVERDRAFTS AND OVERWRITERS

Within two months after the close of General Conference, the Missionary Board was startled by a heading in the Missionary Department of the SABBATH RECORDER, titled "Facing an Overdraft." It had been many months since the Missionary Board had faced such a situation, but as is too often the case, there was a marked falling off of gifts for the Denominational Budget about Conference time and for the months since, with the result that the Missionary Board found it necessary "to withhold over $600 of salaries and allowances due our representatives as of December 1, 1938, and for the first time since April, 1937, the dreaded overdraft has made its appearance again," so writes the corresponding secretary of the Missionary Board in a letter to the Conference asking it to consider this problem as promptly as possible, "but not later than the Conference, as an endeavor that we have been given relief from the crisis confronting us." For the same reasons other boards are facing similar conditions.

The writer has long been of the opinion that ap­peals for special purposes except in times of great emergencies, such as was forced upon the Missionary Society last year by the war in China, for almost invariably if a fund is raised for some special purpose outside the budget, there is an immediate falling off in its support, with the result that other emer­gencies are created which are as serious as the one it was sought to relieve.

It seems to us that the sensible thing to do in the emergency we face is, in the words of our slogan at Conference at Plainfield last August, with "Vision, Courage, Loyalty, ready to the support of the budget and send our "rithes and offerings" at once to Mr. Morton R. Swinney, Niantic, Conn., treas­urer of the Denominational Budget, and do it at such a rate that all overdrafts caused by our slackness will be wiped out before the Christmas and New Year meeting of the Commission, that we may all rejoice in a work well done.

The General Conference is held nearly two months after the beginning of the Conference year; it is not possible to get new plans orga­nized and under way much before the new year. Let us, therefore, pay our bills for the first half of the Conference year, then following the plan suggested by the Council-Conference Committee on Financial Methods (See reports of the Council-Confer­ence Committees, page 22, "church pledges.") let the churches that have not done so, under­write, on this basis, its share of the budget for the Conference year of 1939-1940 in advance of the General Conference to be held in Milton, Wis., next August, and then plan to carry on only the work that these pledges plus the income from invested funds will permit us to do, expanding the work in the future only as funds are underwritten in this manner.

We feel that if the plans suggested by the Council-Conference Committee on Financial Methods are carried out, which is very reason­able and possible without undue effort in most of our churches, it will not be necessary to curtail any of the work we are now doing and in a few years it will be possible to ex­pand.

What do you say, friends? Shall we pay up our bills for 1938, then following the sug­gestions of our committee which gave much study to the problem, move forward in the Lord's work on this new, sound financial basis?

Your servant,

ERLO E. SUTTON,
President of Conference.

"Go, make thy garden fair as thou canst,
Thou workest never alone;
Put his whose plot is next to thine
May see it and mend his own."

—Christian Recorder.

THE OLD RUGGED CROSS

(Term delivered by Rev. Everett T. Harris, Sabbath morning, November 12, 1938.)

Text: Rev. 1: 1, 2, 3 - "If any man will come after me let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me."

In recent years a survey of our country revealed that "The Old Rugged Cross" is one of the favorite hymns of the nation. However, we are tempted to ask if people would not prefer to sing about the old rugged cross rather than help carry it. As we see nominating Christians weeping, sighing and wholesale, we are bound to wonder what is the matter.

The cross is pictured with lilies growing over it and every attempt is made to beauti­fy it and take away the stark terrifying aw­fulness of it. It seems to be the tendency of the day to hide rather than show beauty and flowers. We act as though we want to for­get the grim significance of the cross in every Christian's life.
par to spring, the ocean draws back before a tidal wave. As the full meaning of it dawned on him, he began calling in a weak treble voice, but no one of the workers below heard it. It was no use to call. Behind him stood his thatched house containing all his worldly goods. With quick, terrifying steps he ran to the pile of rice straw which was his bed and set fire to it. The heat and flames set off the thatch and a pillar of fire was roaring upward. Some people in the valley saw it and shouted. Then another, then the whole group came running. The old man saw the gray outline of a mountainous wave coming but the people were coming too. Then as the last one reached high ground the huge wave struck, covering the rice fields, licking to the very top of the people standing on the high point. Then the people realized what the old man had done. He had burned his house and lost all his worldly possessions that he might save their lives. And, so goes the story, they went to their temples and worshiped the Spirit which had animated the old man. They, too, recognized that giving of oneself for others is of the essence of divinity. It is a universal language that all can understand. It is the victory of the cross.

If the cross meant these things to Christ, what does it mean to us today? A good luck charm to be worn on the vest? Certainly not. "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross daily, and follow me." I once heard of a woman who said, "I know I have a terrible temper, but I try to bear my cross bravely." Does she have any idea of what it means to bear the cross? Does she know that Jesus bore a crown of thorns as well as the cross? The fruit of drunkenness is seen in hospitals where people are fed children. The fruit of quarreling is seen in divorces. The fruit of immorality is seen in hospitals where the children are born blind and crippled because of the sins of their fathers and mothers. The cross signifies that self-abasement which is to be practiced in his name. But the world would not believe until he was put there, and the world will not believe today that sin is real and awful until it has run its course and see Christ on the cross again.

Cross-bearing, self-denial, and sacrifice are the way to victory in God's work. We can try to conquer the world in the face but men do not understand until they see it enacted before their very eyes. The drawing power of God's love has brought us here today; it will draw all men as it is preached and lived aright.

May well and come in the healing, forgiving presence of God because you and I have not done our part—
notcontent for God, we have not carried our cross as we should.
Only a short time ago a young woman Com- munist in China was arrested, tried, and condemned for treason. When the trial was finished, the judge asked her if she had anything to say before he pronounced her sentence. She replied, "I am dying for a cause, what are you living for? I am trying to prove something. What are you living for? Until Christianity presents a challenge as convincing and all possessing as Communism, our country, and for that matter the cause of Christ in the world, is in danger. There was a time when Christ challenged men to give their all, but we have grown soft and easy. Instead of being sentimental about the 'Old Rugged Cross,' let us face the matter squarely. Let us have the will to carry the cross and play daily for strength to deny ourselves and carry our share of the burden.

There is an answered thrill in our hearts as we read the challenging words of the last verse of the beloved hymn by Isaac Watts:

"Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
'Twas for thee, my God, that I was won;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all."

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THANKSGIVING

BY A FRIEND

Thanksgiving once again is here.
A time for peace and love.
We are thankful for the blessings
From our dear God above.
We've had a lot of comfort,
Friends and loved ones to care for;
We've had trials and disappointments,
Often we were wrong, we must confess.
But we've had a lot of blessings,
We've had some hard times, so glad
I think we would be thankful
For the many joys we've had.
And as Thanksgiving does draw closer,
We're looking forward to a wonderful time.
When we have a happy gathering,
A day of joy and play.

Let us think of those who haven't what we have,
In the same place as others are living or working,
In our worldly accomplishments or possessions,
We know that whatever good we ever did
WOMAN'S WORK

WORSHIP PROGRAM FOR
DECEMBER, 1938

MRS. T. J. VAN THORN

"Pray for the peace of Jerusalem; they shall prosper that love thee."

Prv. 12:2-6.

Prayer—"O little town of Bethlehem."

PRINCE OF PEACE

A great prophet whose lips had been touched with a coal from off the altar speaks: "For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given: and the government shall be left unto you and your children, a house is left unto you a great calm.

A little lad in Nazareth is speaking:

Mother dear, today I saw a little bird calling her chickens away from danger. She ruffled her feathers and covered the tiny things out of sight and soothed them with her tender sounds. It was like the psalm you have been teaching me, about our Heavenly Father's care: "He shall cover thee with his feathers and under his wings shalt thou trust; his truth shall be thy shield and buckler."

On a hillside above the proud city's turmoils, a young man stands, eyes full of deepest yearning, as he murmurs: "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, which kill the prophets, and stonest them that are sent unto thee; how often would I have gathered thy children together, as a hen doth gather her brood under her wings, and ye would not. Behold thy house is left unto you desolate."

A storm-tossed lake, a battered boat, a frightened crew, a confident Voice bids the tempest, "Peace, be still"—and there was a great calm.

At the crisis of his life, death stalking him, he speaks with utmost assurance of his ultimate triumph: "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

High on a mountain top, a statue of the Prince of Peace keeps silent watch between two nations, today.

A 1918 battle-field at night; dead bodies lying where they fell; guards at watch between two "Christian" armies catch a vision of a sad-faced Christ who slowly makes his way across the scene; Children, my children, what are you doing? Did I not teach you that love, not hate; peace, not strife, must rule the world?"

O women, with tender eyes and trusting hearts, is your Christ a victorious Christ? You do believe that "He shall reign till he hath put all enemies under his foot"? Then "—Pray for the peace of Jerusalem. They shall prosper that love thee."

GOALS

BY EVAHIS ST. JOHN

When you read for the first time the goals presented to us by the Woman's Board, perhaps they seemed to you as they did to me—a list of "things to do." Studying them over, however, one sees that there is something more than a "list of things to do."

First, to appreciate their significance we must realize that these are the suggestions of the women of the denomination—not of a small committee. There must have been a very definite feeling generally that individuals needed a new experience, or a new awareness of God's love; and that to make that new experience or awareness a vital, pulsating part of us we must share it with others.

There is great trouble and stress and strain in the world today. There is bitterness and hatred and fear and a general lack of understanding and uncertainty. Perhaps the greatest service that women can render today is to be calm and assured in this turmoil, and to help create and foster in those about them a consciousness of and a faith in the heavenly Father. To help us feel that deep confidence ourselves, the Woman's Board has asked us to make Psalm 91 our own. He that dwelleth in the secret place of the most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty. I say will he of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress; mine heart is lifted up in him whom I trust. They have asked us to learn the hymn—"Take time to be holy, speak oft with thy Lord; . . . spend much time in secret with Jesus and watch Him in His life. The hymn suggests expressed mission study in this way—"Make friends with God's children."

The chairman of the Conference Committee on Woman's Work—Mrs. Elizabeth F. Davis—closes her recent letter to the women's societies of the denomination thus: "May God help us to 'be' first, what he would have us to 'do,' and then to 'do' what he would have us to 'do.'"

Daily communion with Jesus Christ is the first step toward a new appreciation of God's love; it is the first move toward being what God would have us be. And how much could be accomplished by any society if each member dedicated herself to the task of becoming what God would have her become?

If one looks over the records of nearly a hundred years ago, one finds the churches of the denomination observing a certain day in November "as a day of fasting, devout as a day of penance, a day of prayer, and for the observance of a religious fast, . . . and for the observance of a religious fast, . . . and for the observance of a religious fast, . . ." But one finds the General Conference in their session the following year passed another resolution that the "first day of January next be observed as a day of fasting, devout assembly, and prayer for our nation, and of fasting in behalf of the church, and the work of the church." It was not until 1839 that the denomination at its annual session of that year approved the new resolution for observing a day of fasting, devoted prayer and self-denial for America "in order that the Church may be enabled to stand as a witness for the church of God in the world." This was the first step toward a new appreciation of the fact that the church could be used by God to accomplish something for society.

When my steps have slipped and I have known the bitterness of sin, my church has believed in me and wooingly she has called me back to live within the heights of myself. Now have come the children dearer to me than life itself, and my church is helping me to make those words of my service and my loyalty."

My church calls me to her heart. She asks my service and my loyalty. She has a right to expect me to do for others what she has done for me. In this place in which I live, I will help her keep afield and aloft the torch of a living faith.

—William Henry Bondy, D.D.

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MY CHURCH

Before I was born my church gave to my parents ideas of and a place in which they that made my place a home of strength and beauty. In helpless infancy my church joined my parents in consecrating me to Christ and in bringing me into the family of God. My church enriched my childhood with the romance and religion and the lessons of life that have been a part of my soul. Sometimes I seem to have forgotten and then, when else I might surrender to foolish and futile ideals of life, the truths my church taught became radiant, insistent, and inescapable.

In the stress and storm of adolescence my church heard the surge of my soul and she taught me not to turn my spirit to foolish and futile ideals of life, the truths that dwelleth in the secret place of the most High I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

When first my heart knew the strange awakenings to love, my church taught to me chaste and spiritualize my affections; she sanctified my marriage and blessed my home. When my heart was seamed with sorrow, and I thought the sun could never shine again, my church drew me to the Friend of all the weary and whispered to me the hope of another morning.

When my steps have slipped and I have known the bitterness of sin, my church has believed in me and woosingly she has called me back to live within the heights of myself. Now have come the children dearer to me than life itself, and my church is helping me to make those words of my service and my loyalty."

My church calls me to her heart. She asks my service and my loyalty. She has a right to expect me to do for others what she has done for me. In this place in which I live, I will help her keep afield and aloft the torch of a living faith.

Mrs. Ahva J. C. Bond

Ora Van Horn, daughter of William B. and Elsie Kennedy Van Horn, was born at Lost Creek, W. Va., September 8, 1879. When she was in her early teens her parents moved to Salem where the older children could attend Salem College. She was graduated from Salem College with the Bachelor of Arts degree in 1903. A week after graduation, June 17, 1903, she was united in mar-
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riage to Ahva J. C. Bond of Roanoke, W. Va., a member of the same graduating class.

In the autumn of that year they began house-
keeping in Alfred, where Mr. Bond entered the School of Theology. During all the years since, she has been to him a wise counselor, a devoted companion, and a constant support and inspiration.

To them were born six daughters: Elizabeth Pearcy of Plainfield, N. J.; Virginia Sper-
cer of Alfred; Wilna, a teacher in Ohio; Nellie, at home; and Ahvagene, a student in New York University.

Besides her capacity to love people and to win their love, perhaps her chief characteris-
tics were those of sincerity, devotion to all that is best, and a love of genuineness and purity. These she sought to possess for herself, and she tried to cultivate them in others, especially in her own family.

While she entered whole-heartedly into the life of the community wherever it was, she had the lot to live, her constant interest was in her family. Her first concern for her children was that they be Christian in thought and conduct, and that they be happy to belong to the church. In this she was interested in promot-
ing their happiness and the good of others. She encouraged them in their school work and gave them every opportunity within her means to develop as far as possible.

This did not express all she had got from her garden, so she wrote another which she called "My Garden in Autumn." This illustrates her literary ability and also her spirit and ideals.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

RAIN

So many people have written about rain and rainy days that I hesitate to do so. But I see so many people who become fretful and fearful when it rains, even when it doesn't interfere with a planned outing, that I, too, determined to say something. Why do we worry about those things over which we have no power? My mother once taught me a saying and so persisted in it and its obligations to its youth, it will lose many of them. These statements are not ut-
ered by way of criticism or by way of self-criticism, but as a gentle rain, some way of attraction of its young people, which should give the older ones of the young people the opportunity that belongs to the present generation of adults.

A closer bond of fellowship will mean much during the formative years of the young people.

Second we would suggest that the church should give the older ones of the young people a planned and carried out interest in the activities of the church. This will give them a greater interest in the struggles and problems of the church. Knowledge begets in-

The reason we suggest that the young people be given honorary positions, as stated above, is to train them for those positions when the proper time comes. Then the older members may relinquish these tasks to younger persons. In the professions one must pass through a period of apprenticeship before he can qualify for admission to a given profession.

Third, we would suggest the planning of more programs for the young people. The work of the committee on youth will be justified as soon enough. The church should be the center of attraction of its young people, which is far from true today. Unless the church awakens to the opportunity that belongs to it and its obligations to its youth, it will lose many of these statements are not ut-
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THE CHURCH AND ITS YOUNG PEOPLE

(An address at the annual meeting of the New Jersey and eastern New York Seventh Day Baptist Churches at New Market, N. J.)

BY FREDERICK J. BAKER

"Let no one look down on you because you are young, but set you an example in the spirit and faith.

It seems, a gentle rain, some way

Presents the world—a whole

With something so new and we say

There's something in a rainy day

That's related to my soul." M. V. H.

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drops glisten on the leaves,

Then splatter on the walk.

And dropping from the eaves

Present the world—a whole

And sounds a somber harmony.

And sounds a somber harmony.

And sounds a somber harmony.

And sounds a somber harmony.

And sounds a somber harmony.

And sounds a somber harmony.
THE SABBATH RECORDER

C H I L D R E N ’ S P A G E

OUR LETTER EXCHANGE

Dear Mrs. Greene:

I am glad to see many letters on the Children’s Page. I enjoy reading them and like to write them, too. Dorothy and I write letters to each other, now that she is in White Cloud.

I am in the sixth grade in school and John E. is in the second grade. Arthur is four years old and Philip will be two in February. It is fun to hear him trying to talk. John E. wants to write, too, so this will be enough for me.

Your Recorder friend,
Naoma Blake.

Biteley, Mich.,
R. F. D. No. 2.

Dear Naoma:

Letters are surely a great comfort when we are parted for a time from our friends and loved ones. So I know you and Dorothy must enjoy writing to each other when you cannot be together every day. She will be home for Thanksgiving vacation, will she not, and of course you will both enjoy that more than letters. How do you spend Thanksgiving? We attend our annual community Thanksgiving dinner at Independence, and also a union Thanksgiving service of all the Andover Protestant churches, which is in the First Day Baptists and one in Grand Rapids. But I think I had better close now and leave room for the rest. Sincerely,
Dorothy Blake.

Biteley, Mich.,
R. F. D. No. 2.

Dear Providence:

I have not stopped writing to you and neither have I lost interest in the “Children’s Page.” In fact it becomes more interesting to me as I grow older and especially now since I have begun to get letters from some of the writers. I received one from Mary Alice Butler this week.

This has been an unusually nice autumn in Michigan. We have a bouquet of phlox and columbine on our table which we picked out of our garden today.

The nice weather has made it possible for me to come call. I go home with my parents on Sabbath when they come to church and they take me back to Rollessa’s on Sunday afternoon.

My three little brothers are growing up and write me such funny little letters. I had two interesting trips this summer, one to Grand Rapids and one to LaPorte. I think I had better close now and leave room for the rest. Sincerely,

Dorothy Blake.

Biteley, Mich.,
R. F. D. No. 2.

Dear Providence:

Your letter was very welcome and I am very, very glad you have not stopped writing for the Recorder. I am always sorry when any of my RECORDER boys and girls begin to lose interest in the “Children’s Page.” I am glad you and Mary Alice are corresponding. I enjoy her letters, too. I know of at least two of my RECORDER girls who have become close friends through correspondence, having first learned of each other from our Recorder Page. I have no doubt that others have made friends in the same way. I hope you and Mary Alice will be among the number.

Sincerely,

Laimei J. Blake.

Biteley, Mich.,
R. F. D. No. 2.

Corners

“You in your small corner. And I in mine.”

This is part of the chorus of a song sung in a service where the writer was taken when a very little girl. When the song was finished the superintendent spoke of the significance of those words, pointing out the fact that each person is doing his special work as he lives and works at whatever employment he may be engaged in, no matter what it is, or where it is; we each fulfill this fact: “You in your small corner. And I in mine.”

The impression made upon my mind has lasted through life, often coming forcibly to mind as a bright light in a dark place, and always it has been helpful. We, each one, have a special mission to engage our time.

“Your in your small corner. And I in mine.”

Church News, German S. D. B., Salemville.
radio messages declare the first day of the week as holy and sanctified time. This is very confusing, and surely both cannot be right, or true.

Then I hear someone saying that the command to observe and keep the seventh day of the week as the Sabbath does not literally satisfy our God, as rest can be had on another—all of these ideas having their origin to it, some resting on one day, and some on another—of all these ideas having their origin with four men.

Then I hear someone saying that Jesus was resurrected on the first day of the week, and that sacredness was thereby transferred from the seventh to the first day of the week. If this is true, or if any of the statements referred to above are true, God's Word, "which is truth," must somewhere tell it about.

Matthew, chapter twenty-eight, does not say that our Lord was resurrected on the first day of the week, and I do not find it elsewhere in the Bible, and so I have very serious doubts about it. Even if he did rise from the dead on the seventh or the first day of the week, I do not understand that this would nullify God's Word as regards the time-keeping of the Sabbath. Then what is the authority for first day observance? Our Bible tells us, "Let God's word be true, and every man a liar." I want the truth, and I want it from the Bible, and I am very serious on this matter. That the church fathers (among whom are Clement of Rome; Ignatius; Justin Martyr; Irenaeus; Tertullian; and Constantine, who gave an edict regarding it A.D. 321) gave sanction to it, means nothing to me. What I want is truth, and that from God's Word, the Bible.

What I have written is not for argument or controversy. No one reading this need mention it to me as such. I do not despise, but if from God's Word, "which is truth," anyone has a chapter and verse which authorizes a change from the seventh day to the first day of the week for the Sabbath, transferring to the first day of the week all of the sacredness and holiness which God gave to the seventh day of the week; and then I will read a letter stating the facts, chapter, and verse, will be all that I want. Anyone having such facts and information will, I am sure, be very glad to give it to me.

I am sure that this is not asking too much, for if asked to do so, I will gladly give what I know about this important and much discussed question, and I feel that anyone having facts as stated above, will in turn be very glad to assist me.

If, on the contrary, they who read do not give to me from God's Word (the Bible) what I ask, shall I not take it for granted that they do not have such proof, and that the Word of God as taught to me from childhood, stands?

White Cloud, Mich.

O U R  P U L I T

The sermon this week will be found in the Missions Department. "The Old Rugged Cross." Don't miss it.

DENOMINATIONAL "HOO-KUP"

DAYTONA BEACH, FLA.

Your recently appointed correspondent has been a member of the Daytona Beach church congregation for six beautiful Sabbaths, and it is a great pleasure to see the keen interest in the activity of this not-so-small band of worshipers.

No little credit is due our pastor who is uniting in her efforts for service. Her enthusiasm is very contagious to all her helpers. Throughout the summer months, while Pastor Randolph was in the North, the church appointments were kept up by Rev. T. J. Van Horn. These appointments included the regular morning service, the Bible school, and prayer meeting each week.

As most of the children of the Bible school live too far to walk, the three or four cars belonging to the adults go out in diverging paths of the city and pick up the children. Mr. Van Horn comes in each Sabbath with four to eight children tucked into his car; other cars likewise. It is a great and satisfying work. Pastor Randolph, Miss Ruth Frances, and several others deserve praise and credit for their untiring efforts and patience and zeal. The mileage is recorded and the Bible school reimburses the drivers for the gas.

Pastor Randolph and her strong co-worker, Rev. Mr. Van Horn, have a high goal toward which they, with the help of the entire church, are working. There are very few children belonging to the members of this church. The average attendance of a church is in its youth; so a canvass was made of the homes in which were children having no connection with any church or church school. With the permission of their parents, these children were invited to come to the Bible school of the Seventh Day Baptist church. The average attendance of the primary and junior departments is about twenty; forty-eight different children have been in attendance.

November marked the completion of two years' work toward this goal. On that day both the church service and the Bible school hour were made a "Recognition Service" of the two years' achievements by and with the children. There were twenty-seven children and young people of school age and under, who demonstrated to an assembled audience of nearly thirty, what they had done and learned this past year. They received appropriate recognition in the form of cards, promotion, and grading.

This special work with the children has led to baptism and church membership, and several baptisms are being planned for the near future.

RUTH MARION CARPENTER,
Correspondent.

NORTONVILLE, KAN.

The Intermediate C. E. is putting on a letter-writing campaign. Two every or three-weeks names of those members who are away are selected. Each one receives a name in supposition to write at least one letter to that person before the next name drawing occurs.

Miss Helen Titchmarsh of Lawrence attends church at the Seventh Day Baptist church last Sabbath. —Nortonville News.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

Miss Ada Keith has accepted the position of director of woman's work with the Covenant First Presbyterian Church, one of the larger churches of the city. She resigned from her position as teacher in the Religious Work Department of the Church Schools to accept this appointment.

Her work is that of planning and directing the women and girls' activities of the church, directing the junior department of the Bible school and calling in the homes of needy families. She has had family responsibilities, with enlarged salary. Her address is: Covenant First Presbyterian Church, 8th and Elin Streets, Cincinnati, Ohio.

A. T. BOTTOMS.

AFRICA

Alexander Makwina, reported leader of Seventh Day Baptist work in East Africa, writes that they are now ready at Chekunda, Nyasaland, to burn their own brick for a church building. The work started there by Seventh Day Baptists a third of a century ago, though for many years unsupported by them officially, still carries on.

CORRESPONDING SECRETARY.

ANDOVER, N. Y.

More than two hundred were in attendance at the semi-annual meeting of the Seventh Day Baptist churches of Allegany County, N. Y., and the Conn. Co., Pa., held with the latter church, November 11 and 12.

Friday evening the meeting began with a devotional service led by Elmo F. Randolph of Alfred, in which a vocal solo was given by Miss Martha Bennett, N. Y. The sermon of the evening was by Dr. George B. Shaw of Alfred, who has recently retired from a successful pastorate at Salem, W. Va.

A full house gathered for the Sabbath morning worship service in charge of the local pastor, Rev. Walter L. Greene, who was assisted by Rev. Herbert L. Polan of Brookfield, N. Y. Special music was rendered by the Alfred Station choir of twenty-five voices under the leadership of Mrs. Summerson, who also directed the junior choir.

Many new members were reported as having been accepted by Miss Leta Crandall of Little Genesee. The sermon of the morning was given by Dr. Edgar D. Van Horn of Alfred, who was a pastor of the local church during his student days.

The meeting closed with the afternoon session which was in charge of the young people of the association. This program was finely presented and well received by the large audience.

It included a worship service led by Miss Leta Crandall, assisted by Miss Lottie Snyder of Coudersport and Earl Cruz of Alfred, special music by the Seventh Day Baptist orchestra of Hebron, a flute duet by Kenyon Clarke and Huber Watson of Alfred, and a tenor solo by Winthrop Davis of Alfred.
Three timely addresses, developing three phases of the topic of "Indifference" were given by Crandall Cowles of Richburg, Edward Crandall of Independence, and Miss Betty Jane Crandall of Friendship.

Tureen lunch, served cafeteria style, was held in the church dining room between the morning and afternoon services.

—I Andover News.

MY GARDEN IN AUTUMN

By Ora Van Horn Bond

As individuals with equal charm and personality differ, so my garden in summer differs from my garden in autumn. The autumn garden does not speak to us of new life and blossoming flowers, of singing birds and warming sunshine; but the patches of brown and yellow found in the hedge and among the tree branches remind us that soon the leaves will be dancing across the lawn, chased by the cool, crisp breezes.

Our garden will then become a fairy garden with little leaves like little children running here and there in a game of hide and seek, or in a much-loved frolic of leap-frog over the grass, landing in a heap at the foot of a tree.

The tall, brown stems of the flower beds tell us of a task accomplished in that bios, the tree branches remind us that soon the blossoms have been plucked to brighten by the cool, crisp warming sunshine; but the patches of brown and yellow found in the hedge and among the tree branches remind us that soon the leaves will be dancing across the lawn, chased by the cool, crisp breezes.

The much-admired cat-tails whisper to us of a tall vase placed in a choice spot within a lovely home where they hope to reside during the long winter months. With a superior air they tell us about the cat-tails of years ago which stopped on a high mantel with dust-covered decorative figures in a musty parlor, to be enjoyed only by an occasional visitor who was permitted to enter.

The bare limbs seen here and there remind us of a task finished, resting, waiting for the new life, the loveliness of which he knows little, but from which he expects much.

Now, my garden, I bid you adieu. May the snows of winter protect you and keep you until the warmth of spring bids you awaken.

Alfred, N. Y.

Who is the happiest of men? He who values the merits of others, and in their pleasure takes joy, even as though 'twere his own.

—Goethe.

O B I T U A R Y

BOND—Ora Van Horn Bond, daughter of William B. and Elsie Kennedy Van Horn, was born at Lost Creek, W. Va., September 8, 1895, and died at her home in Alfred, November 11, 1938. She had been in failing health for several weeks.

Funeral services were conducted by her pastor, A. Clyde Kerr. Burial was in the Alfred Rural Cemetery.

For obituary see details on another page.

—A. C. E.

VINCENT.—Russell E. Vincent, son of Edward and Lydia Maxson Vincent, was born at Farina, Ill., March 21, 1870. When he was a child they moved to Nortonville, Kan., where he had his home until coming to Gentry, about 1905. In 1911, he married Lizzie Huffman Fuller, who preceded him into eternal rest.

As a boy, he accepted Christ, and after baptism united with the Seventh Day Baptist Church of Nortonville, later moving his membership to North Loup, Neb.; then in 1925, together with his wife, removed to the church in Gentry. In 1930 he was ordained to the office of deacon, which he creditably filled until he departed to be with Jesus, September 20, 1938.

Farewell services by his pastor, with burial in the local cemetery.

E. B.

Denominational Treasures: Addresses

Brookdale Baptist Church—Karl C. Gudeman, Brookdale, Pa.
American Sabbath Tract Society—Miss William M. Still, Gentry, Wis.
Gentry Baptist Church—Karl C. Gudeman, Gentry, N. Y.

A Thousand Tongues—Wanted.—Ordination at Skidb, N. J.

THE SABBATH RECORDER

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A Marvelous Achievement

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