A CHRISTMAS PRAYER

Father of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ, and ours, we thank thee for the return of this day which calls us back to the thoughts of peace on earth and good will among men. Not lightly do we turn away from earth's sorrows and war's commotions, but we are deeply impressed again with our need of re-establishing our touch with the Infinite. Many are the blessings vouchsafed unto those who love thee and keep thy commandments. Cleard our thou hearts, take from them all bitterness, covetousness, and unrest; fill them with peace and a longing ever to love and practice justice and mercy and truth.

Thou hast truly sent us good tidings, but we have too often been so selfish. Bless again the many who in many lands gather again around the same and praise thee. Hasten the day when all shall find the Savior and the peace he came to bestow. Hasten the day when the implements of war shall become the peace he came to bestow. Hasten the day when the implements of war shall become the peace he came to bestow. Hasten the day when the implements of war shall become the peace he came to bestow. Hasten the day when the implements of war shall become the peace he came to bestow. Hasten the day when the implements of war shall become the peace he came to bestow. Hasten the day when the implements of war shall become the peace he came to bestow. Hasten the day when the implements of war shall become the peace he came to bestow. Hasten the day when the implements of war shall become the peace he came to bestow. Hasten the day when the implements of war shall become the peace he came to bestow. Hasten the day when the implements of war shall become the peace he came to bestow. Hasten the day when the implements of war shall become the peace he came to bestow.

MERRY CHRISTMAS

The Sabbath Recorder, its editor, and its staff—some twenty-five of us in all—wish our readers, everyone, a very Merry Christmas. The department editors have caught the spirit and purpose of making this a real holiday number and their contributions are of unusual and timely interest.

We are sure you will like the cover page, the design and quotation at bottom of the page being suggested by our foreman, Mr. Nathan Alitin, who with all the others of the Recorder Press, is interested in the appearance, content, and influence of the Sabbath Recorder. You will enjoy and appreciate the special Christmas messages from the president of General Conference and the presidents of the various boards. By some unintentional oversight of the editor the president of the

MEMORIAL BOARD, Mr. Nathan E. Lewis, did not get a chance to furnish the greetings from this board, and the message was, at a rather late date, supplied by its secretary, Mr. Bagley. The editor apologizes, not for the message, but for his oversight.

The willingness of these officials to cooperate and lend a hand in the preparation of this edition is a joy and delight. We wish we were in position to send a copy to every Seventh Day Baptist family in the land. In the words of Tiny Tim, "God bless us every one."

To you all—Merry, Merry Christmas.

PEACE, PEACE

People, the world over, are crying for peace. In war stricken countries the rank and file of men and women are against war. This we must believe if we accept the testimony of those who have been in touch with these lands. Even in minds embittered by injustice and misled by false propaganda, there is no hate for those across their borders.

The reason for this is not hard to find. It is the same reason that Santa Claus, the evergreen, and international boundaries. Roswell P. Barnes, recently appointed associate secretary of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America, before a group of Plainfield ministers told of a tense moment last July in the Geneva meeting. German delegates felt compelled to withdraw, because of harsh judgments of a certain speaker. But late in the night, one of their leaders, in prayer, felt the bitterness leave his soul, and the delegation remained in person and heart in place of bitterness of soul. "The peace of God that passeth all understanding."

The pessimist cries, "Peace, peace—there is no peace!" But the optimist, while mindful of all the hatreds, experiences, and realities of war, holds on to his faith and believes peace is possible. But it is not an easy, self­ish peace. This peace can be realized only by the establishment of international boundaries and by acceptance of the principles of love and service of the Prince of Peace. Pray for your enemies, for those who spitefully use you, was the advice of Jesus, who practiced what he preached.

Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do. That prayer is needed today in thousands of lives, in countries not at war as well as in the stricken lands. We believe it is the prayer of countless hosts in many countries. That prayer makes for peace.

Quiet tranquility of mind or conscience or heart, is attainable, even in a war-torn world. But it is, as above intimated, bestowed upon the followers of our Lord and Savior, as revealed by the promise, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee." Such peace—in its highest and most enduring forms—is the peace of God that passeth understanding.

YEAR BOOK—1939

Your Conference Year Book for 1939 is off the press and ready for distribution among the churches. Indeed, before you read this, perhaps you have had the book in your hands and perused the rank and file of men and women, the families of these whose acquaintance and correspondence you have enjoyed. One earnest young woman already in our presence has remarked on its appearance in beauty and compactness. Pleasurable anticipation yields to glorious realization. The writer is always thrilled as he has opportunity to examine such a book with its minutes, reports, budgets, and appearance.

The reception of the 1939 Year Book has been no exception. The temptation—only partly yielded to—was to disregard everything else and read it through. One might do worse. In other words, it would be a good thing if one would read the book through at one sitting, where possible, from cover to cover. Such perusal would give one a definite, connected view of the activities of Seventh Day Baptists as nothing else would. Such a view should quicken interest and en­large support and loyalty, one feels sure.

On receipt of this book, one notices at once that it is thinner—smaller—than usual. This does not mean that less work has been done the past year. That difference, rather, is in the elimination of a good many pages devoted to figures and statistics, which have seemed out of place in the past. This decrease in size may stimulate more people to read it through. We have not studied the book critically yet, but we believe the recording secretary of the Commission on Religious Life Committees, Miss Virginia M. Jones, has done a good job.

We find ourselves enjoying the reading of the Conference minutes with various committee reports. Attention should especially be paid to the reports of the Commission, the Finance, and Religious Life Committees. In the latter we
note that forty per cent of Seventh Day Bap-
tist and Jehovah’s Witnesses (p. 19) do not vote. Why not increase that in 1940 to twenty-
five per cent? In this report we commend the committee’s recommendation (1) on Chris-
tian Religious Instruction, and (2a) on In-
dividual Worship, and (3) on Sabbath Loy-
alty and Sabbath Extension (p. 20); nor do we vote to omit (2b) Worship, or (3) Evangelism (on page 21). The Denomina-
tional Budget treasurer’s report needs study (p. 22). The report of the Committee on Com-
petitive Evangelism (p. 24) is interesting and encour-
ging. It should be given a careful reading, since now our boards con-
cerned are voting officially on the matter. The various societies and board reports are of unusual interest, and merit careful attention. They are the agencies of the Confer-
ence, and their activities and problems are of con-
tact to all.

Important information is contained in the report of the Board of Trustees of the Mem-
orial Fund (p. 82). "Total funds now held in trust are $639,901.10.

Reports of Missionary, Tract, and Education Societies are full of interest, information, and inspiration. They don’t fail to read them, nor those of the Woman’s and Sabbath School Boards.

Last but not least in importance and sig-
nificance is the report of Young People’s Con-
ference Activities (pp. 68, 69).

What is the total membership of our churches? These figures are found in the re-
port of the corresponding secretary of the General Conference.

MESSAGE FROM RECORDER PRESS

It gives the employees of the Recorder Press great pleasure to have the privilege of address-
ing you, the readers, through the press to all readers of the SABBATH RECORDER.

Amid the present world strife and confu-
sion it is good to be able to look across one broad land and see the dark shadow of war is absent. This fact should give every dweller in the United States of America an additional incentive for joy and happiness at this season. Furthermore, we should make it a time of better to express ourselves at this the holier season, and at the same time, most joyful season of the year.

Sabbath Recorder Employees.

COMPANY FOR CHRISTMAS

By Alice Annette Larkin

For hours it had been snowing and as yet there was no sign of a full in the storm. A heavy white blanket seemed to cover every stone wall and fence along the highway, and through the trees and bushes as white as the front of the house.

In the high-powered car parked in front of a rambling old house a short distance back from the highway, a girl suddenly broke the silence that was becoming oppressive. "Well, Mother, what are we going to get Uncle Tom for Christmas this year?"

"I don’t know," returned the girl. "But we are going to get you a new fur coat.

"You know it cost Dad plenty o’ bucks. Better remember that when you’re adding up your grievances."

"Well, you didn’t have to furnish the bucks, as you call them, Don Williams," the girl returned. "You’re just sore because Dad wasn’t presented you with the swanky new car you’ve been telling all your friends you’re going to have, now you’re sixteen. As for this coat, it’s not so wonderful. Joyce Trum-
man’s is a lot more mod, you know."

"Children! Children!" came a plea from the back seat of the car. "Nancy and Don, why do you quarrel when you know my head is just splitting?"

"Oh, I’m sorry, Mother," said Nancy, "but why do we have to go to Cloverville every Christmas?"

"Because your mother and Uncle Bill and Aunt Ruth and the other folks there have to cele-
brate with concerts and trees for the little ones and the children and Dotties in the neighbor-
hood, and Sabbath morning and a big family dinner."

"I don’t know, dear. Let’s hope a good supper will help them.

There was no dining room in the little brown house, so tonight the table had been set in the living room where a Christmas tree stood. It was a six-foot one, and a gay red candle burned in each window. And across the room from the tree came the big stove in which a wood fire burned brightly. Half an hour ago everything had been ready for supper. Muriel, the little girl whose feet could hardly touch the floor because of the great happiness in her heart, had taken her place. Ralph Miller, her father, had rolled his wheel chair to the table and opened the Bible that lay near his plate while his wife put Baby Jimmie in his high chair.

It was then that the loud knock on the front door had startled them. Mrs. Miller had hurried to answer it, and soon she had returned with two young people who introduced themselves as Mr. and Mrs. Frank Knowles. They were stranded in the storm and asked only to be allowed to stay until it abated and they could get through to the city. They intimated that they could use the extra plate and napkins and food while they warmed themselves, and Muriel had followed her. Now everything was once more ready. But, as had happened before, so it happened again—a sudden knock, a hurried reply—"Mrs. Miller returning with un-
expected guests—this time four instead of two. With many apologies for intruding, they introduced themselves as the Williams family. And there was no room for them anywhere. Now everyone had to be seated around the table that stormy Christmas eve.

"Oh, we can’t impose on you so terribly," Mrs. Williams had said. "If we might just sit in the kitchen or wherever we won’t dis-
turb you, we’ll be eternally grateful. It’s a shame there was no room in the inn."

There is room at our table and this is Christmas eve," Mr. Miller replied. "Please sit right down. Always on Christmas Eve, even ever since Mrs. Miller and I have been mar-
ried, we have related the Christmas story from the second chapter of Luke. It is a time of grateful story and it has helped us many times when things were hard," and opening his Bible, Mr. Miller began to relate:

And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. And, lo! the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them; and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them, Fear not, for be-
hold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you: Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the
Ralph Miller read on to the end of the story, then he prayed:

Dear Father in heaven: We thank thee for another Christmas with all its blessings. We thank thee for the Christmas message of joy and hope and peace that in spite of trials and disappointments thou hast sent. And in spite of wars and rumors of wars, thou art still our Father and thy Son who came to earth as a little child is our Saviour and Friend we will never forget. But sometimes we have forgotten this. Bless our guests and our loved ones. Grant thy peace in our hearts and throughout the whole world. In Jesus' name we ask it all with thanksgiving. Amen.

Ralph Miller was just recovering from a serious accident and money had been scarce in the little brown house, but the supper was delicious and there was plenty for all. Little Jimmy fell asleep in his high chair, a gay Christmas cookie clutched in his hand. His mother started to take him away from the table, but Mrs. Knowles begged to be allowed to hold him just a little while. Having secured permission, she took him to a chair near the stove and sat looking down at his sweet little face.

"You bet it is." Outside the little brown house the snow continued to fall and occasionally a gust went to the window to look anxiously out. In every heart was deep thankfulness for this safe shelter.

For several minutes Mr. Williams had said little. He had been watching the young couple and thinking of a time when he and his wife had been stranded in a little Dutch town, almost as small, almost as far recovered from a long illness. They had found friends there, too, among kind-hearted strangers. Suddenly turning to Frank Knowles, he said, "I heard you say you have worked on a newspaper but lost your job because the paper ceased publication. I had that experience before I owned a paper.

"Yes, but I hope to get another job soon—some kind of a job." "Well, you don't live far from my town. Suppose you come to my office soon after Christmas. The Tribune may be able to use a good man. Here's the address." Frank Knowles tried to express his thanks in words, but the look of gratitude on his face was sufficient for a paper.

Suddenly, from a small radio that had come as a Christmas gift from friends to Ralph Miller just before the storm, and which he now turned on, came the song:

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

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Christ Is Truth For The Intellect

Man's mind was made with an affinity for truth; the reason a child asks so many questions is because this is truth. Man's mind was made for the truth and truth for the mind, as was the air for the bird, and Christ furnishes this truth to the mind. When Christ, who was before Pilate, he was asked if he was king. He admitted that he was, and then breaking abruptly out, "as if he had something of vaster import," he says, "To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth." He had said the short time before that he was the truth. "I am the way, the truth, and the life." He was not merely the witness of the truth, he was and is the truth. He was not simply the truth in the sense that the way he taught was true, this was the fact but in the sense that truth came from him, is a part of him. This is a vaster conception. He who ignores truth ignores God, and he who tramples truth under his feet knowingly tramples Christ under his feet.

This universe with its infinitude is teeming with the relations of Christ as God and one with God the Father established all this and is it all. From the greatest thing in the universe, from the largest planet or sun, to the tiniest leaf, flower, or spear of grass, all is teeming with truth, but Christ made them all and is in them all. He is the truth for the greatest man though man does not recognize it. O ye scientists who deal with the facts and relations in physiology, or ye philosophers who have to do with universal laws correlating all facts, O ye musicians who have to do with the facts and relations in melody and harmony, O ye artists who have to do with planes, forms and light, do you see Christ in all these? If you do not it is because you are not up to the pace of the truth. This is a true light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world. He was in the world, and the world was made by him, and the world knew him not.

He came unto his own, and his own received him not.

Christ Cleanses And Transforms The Soul

The cleansing and transforming Christ produces in us is not by necromancy, but by his power and grace. We have a long way to
go before we are what God intends us to be and if we ever attain unto that glorious exalted state, it is only that the Christ within and the transforming power of Christ. The late President Henry Churchill King of Oberlin College pointed out in one of his books that that part of our environment upon which we fasten our attention, and that only, influences us and molds our lives. If the segment of our environment upon which we fasten our attention in Christ, then we become like him; if it is something low and vile, then we become low and vile. Christ’s miraculous power helps us to turn away from sin, but there is no cleansing till we turn to the good and fix our attention upon it. The reason we are not cleansed is because we do not turn away from the low and vulgar and give our attention to the loving character of Christ with its purity and holy zeal; we have our minds fixed on our business and its success, our clothes and their show, our pleasures and their fleeting enjoyment; or we are looking to other people instead of Christ the Lamb of God. Let us not to any mortal man, but to Christ, take him as your guide, fasten your attention upon that segment of your environment and you will be transformed. Christ is supreme because he is the only one who can cleanse and transform us.

Christ Is The Only Safe And Supreme Guide

There is an automatic judgment seat in man’s soul. To this he is summoned every morning, every evening, every hour of the day. We sometimes become killed by this conscience. This judgment seat commands him to do the right. But where can he find laws that will direct him aright? Men in all ages have committed the darkest and most loathsome deeds known to men in the name of virtue and religion, believing all the time that they were right, having the approval of the automatic judgment seat in the soul, and all because the laws furnished the soul were wrong. How infinitely important then that the laws furnished the soul be true. Where then will man find the true law for conscience? Will we look to him who made the soul and the truth, or to another? We cannot look to Joseph Smith, for he was a trickster of unspeakable wickedness; nor to Mohammed, for he lacked love and taught fatalism, polygamy, slavery and the suppression of free speech; nor to Buddha, the powerful rival of Christ today, for he knew no personal God; nor to the best of human teachers, for they all err; we must look to Christ, the laws be taught, and the life he exemplified. Your heart approves the teaching that he gave in word and deed; you can find no flaw in any guide in none other; if you look to any other source, you are bound to be led astray. Christ is supreme because he is the only infallible guide, law to the conscience and authority to the will.

Christ Is Love Supreme For The Heart

Man needs a worthy object to love; this is in accord with the law, already mentioned, that man’s life is molded by that part of his environment upon which he fixes his attention; if he loves that which is noble, he becomes noble; if he loves that which is vulgar, he will become vulgar. The life of Dante, the great poet, was shaped by his love for Beatrice, a maiden to whom he very seldom spoke, and though she married another ignorant of Dante’s love and died at an early age, his love for her, though dead, was the inspiration of his whole life. There are certain things essential in man’s life and among them is something to do, something to hope for and something to love. The soul demands something to love. Man’s nature demands an object of love.

Man’s soul not alone demands an object of love, but that object should be a worthy one. There should be in life, a high, holy, and lovable personality about which one’s affections may twine. This demand is met fully only in Christ; all others are imperfect. If we love anyone else more than Christ, we are making a mistake; he should have the place of supreme affection in every heart; only by giving Christ this place can we bring out the noblest and best in us.

Christ Gives Supreme Certainty To Hope

Hope is desire, with expectancy. We have said that man must have something to do and something to love; he also must have something to hope for. Without this he is paralyzed, withers away and dies. It has been said that discarding man is the easiest tool of the devil on earth.

There are two classes of hopes, the fading and fadless. The fading ones are those that fade away, though the object hoped for is realized, it in a short time slips away. The fadless ones are those that are sure of realization, and when the thing realized is ours, it is ours forever. Many of the fading hopes are right, but they wither away. You are right in hoping to acquire something of this world’s goods, but it is a fading hope because you may never realize it, and if you do, the property will fade away. You are right in hoping to build a home, but it is a fading hope, because if you do, it will be broken up. Are there any hopes that fade not away? Yes! Where can they be found? Only in Christ.

Where are your hopes today? Are they in Christ or are they in the perishing things of earth? Do you love Christ more than all else? Is he all in all to you? Hail Christ as your king! Hail him as the supreme personality! Hail him as truth for the intellect, cleansing for the soul, authority for conscience, love for the heart, and hope for immortality! Hail him and by God’s grace lead others to him, for by so doing you promote missions, dear to his heart.
light face,” she had been mistress of his heart of hearts. That was more than three months ago. How well he remembered the day!

His mother had washed him hourly, and had taken him into the big red school, so familiar from the outside, but so full of unknown terrors within. After his dusty little shoes had stumbled over the threshold he had passed frigidly between the ranks until, at last, he was torn in mute and white-faced despair from his mother’s skirts.

Down upon the floor he dropped, and walked, and wept, and kicked. It was then that he heard, for the first time, the voice which now he loved. A hand was forced between his aching body and the floor, and the voice said:

"Why, my dear little chap, you mustn’t cry like that. What’s the matter?"

The hand was gentle and the question kind, and these, combined with a faint perfume suggestive of drug stores and barber shops—buts—nicer than either—made him uncover his face. "Kneeling beside him was a lady, and he forced his eyes to that perplexed ascent; from shoes to skirt, to skirt to jumper, the face, they trailed in dread uncertainty, but the face they stopped—they had found rest.

Morris allowed himself to be gathered into the lady’s arms and held upon her knee, and when his sobs no longer rent the very foundations of his pink and wide-spread tie, he answered her question in a voice as soft as his eyes, and as gently said:

"I ain’t so big, and I don’t know where is my mama."

So, having cast his troubles on the shoulders of the lady, he had added his throbbing head to the burden, and from that safe retreat had enjoyed his first day at school immensely.

Thereafter he had been the first to arrive every morning, and had lasted the least to leave every afternoon; and under the care of Teacher his liege lady, he had grown in wisdom and love, but not in size. None of these was love. And now, when the other boys and girls were planning surprises and gifts of teacher for the morning, Morris and Teacher turn quickly to see Morris, her dearest boy charge, with his poor little body dressed in a bewitching rising inflection of his soft and plaintive voice; "I know you got something feeling by me, and I couldn’t to tell even how I got that feeling by you. Only it’s about that kind feeling I should give you a present. I didn’t”—with a glance at the crowded desk—"I didn’t have to have any more, for ladies. Over yesterday on my papa, how he is polite! My mama, she couldn’t to buy none by the store; but, Teacher, I’ve got something awful nice for you by present."

And what is it, deary?” asks the already rich and gifted young person. "What is my new present?"

"Teacher, it’s like this: I don’t know; I ain’t so big like I could to know—and, truly, I don’t know how to get it. I can’t it ain’t for boys—it’s for ladies. Over yesterday on the night comes my papa on my house, and Teacher, it gives me my mama the present. Sooner she looks, sooner she glad; in her eye stands tears, and she says, like that—out of Jewish—"Thanks, un’ she kisses my papa and me. And my papa, how he is polite? He says—out of Jewish, too—You’re welcome, all right, un’ he kisses my mama a kiss. So my mama, she sets and looks on the present, and the other fellows buys her a glove, and a hat, and a lady’s shirt."

WOMAN’S WORK

A CHRISTMAS PRESENT FOR A LADY

By Myra Kelley

(CONDENSED)

It was the week before Christmas, and the First Reader Class, in a lower East Side school, had, almost to a man, decided on the gifts to be lavished on “Teacher.” She was quite unprepared for any such observance on the part of her small adherents, for her first study of the roll book had shown her that its numerous Jacobs, Isidore, and Rachels belonged to a class to which Christmas day was much as other days. And so she went serenely on her way, all unconscious of the stirred-up storm and the strict relation between her manner and her chances.

But Morris Moglewsky, whose love for Teacher was far greater than the combined loves of all the other children, had as yet no present to bestow. That his “kind feeling” should be without proof when the lesser loves of Isidore Wishnewsky, Sadie Gonorrowsky, and Bertha Binderwitz were making the tangible but surprising forms which were daily exhibited to his confidential gaze was more than he could bear. The knowledge saddened all his hours, and was the more maddening because it could in no wise be shared by Teacher, who noticed his altered bearing and tried with all sorts of artful beguilements to make him happy and at ease. But her efforts served only to increase his unhappiness and his love. And he loved her! Oh, how he loved her! Since first his dreading eyes had clung for a breath’s space to her “like man’s shoes” and had then crept tim-idly upward past a black skirt, a “from silk” apron, a red “jumper,” and “from gold” chain to her

Kirts, neither; your papa could to have a madam."

"Teacher ain’t no Krith, said Morris scantly; "all the other fellows buys her presents, and I’m loving her, it’s polite I gives her presents then, while I’m got such a kind feeling over her."

"Well, we ain’t got no money for buy nothing," said Mrs. Moglewsky sadly. "No presents, you know."

"Now, Teacher," said Morris, "I says to myself, and Teacher turns quickly to see Morris, her dearest boy charge, with his poor little body dressed in a bewitching rising inflection of his soft and plaintive voice; "I know you got something feeling by me, and I couldn’t to tell even how I got that feeling by you. Only it’s about that kind feeling I should give you a present. I didn’t”—with a glance at the crowded desk—"I didn’t have to have any more, for ladies. Over yesterday on my papa, how he is polite! My mama, she couldn’t to buy none by the store; but, Teacher, I’ve got something awful nice for you by present."

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Meanwhile the rush of presentation goes on past a black skirt, a “from silk” apron, a red "jumper," and "from gold" chain to her...
"Teacher, no ma'am; she didn't say like that un', she didn't say not like that. She didn't to know how it was for ladies un'. I didn't to have no soap. You could to look on it. It ain't for boys.

And here Morris opens a hot little hand and disclose a tightly-folded pinkish paper. As Teacher reads it she watches her with eager, furtive eyes, dry and bright, until hers grow suddenly moist, when his promptly follow suit. As she looks down at him, he makes his moan once more:

"It's for ladies, and I didn't to have no soap."

"But, Morris, dear," cries Teacher unsteadily, laughing a little, and yet not far from tears, "this is ever so much nicer than soap. Thousand times better than perfume and you're quite right, it is for ladies, and I never had one in all my life before. I am so very thankful."

"You're welcome, all right. That's how my papa says: it's polite," says Morris proudly. And truly he takes his place among the very little boys, and loudly he joins in the ensuing song.

Late that night Teacher sat in her pretty room—for she was, unofficially, a great pampered young person—and reviewed her treasures. She saw that they were very numerous, very touching, very whimsical, and very precious. But above all the rest she cherished a frayed pinkish paper, rather crumpled and a little soiled. For it held the love for the very little boys, and loudly he joins in the singing.

"For those who don't hang stockings, he had taught me napping at my desk, the little elf-like man sitting on the edge of my dictionary, swinging his buckled shoes and watching me with twinkling eyes. It had been reverent of him, I thought, not to sit on the Bible that stood next to the dictionary."

"I thought that perhaps when Christmas is over," he said, as if he were making a comment about the weather.

"You are a very good supposer, little friend," I answered.

"No need to give your reasons. They wouldn't be any different from most people's," he said rather briskly. "I thought that perhaps you would be different."

"Different? What do you mean?"

"Well, you've arranged to wish every one a Merry Christmas in the approved style. You have taken care of most of your Christmas obligations and you've trimmed the annual tree, but . . ." he seemed to be uneasy. "You don't hang up your stocking any more, do you?"

"Of course not," I said, ready to laugh at the little man's seriousness.

"I forget that you humans are literalists," he remarked noticing my enjoyment. "What I mean is that you don't expect anything from the Christmas season any more."

"You say the Christmas season has something special to give me?" I asked rather doubtfully.

"Well, if it doesn't, you aren't very sincere in wishing others a Merry Christmas," was his simple reply.

"But I'm so busy," I objected.

"We all have time for the things we believe in." He said it with a smile and started to jump from the top of my dictionary, but before he reached the desk he had vanished.

—The Moravian.

LIGHT IN THE HEART

Hast thou a light, a precious light,
Put in that heart of thine
By him for whom all Christmas tides are named,
And did he say, who gave it thee?
Some soul hath need that light to see?
May it shine on!

—Adapted by Lois Fay Powell.

Alfred, N. Y.

CHRISTMAS BELLS

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

I thought how, as the day had come,
The belfries of all Christendom
Had rol'd along the unbroken song
Of peace on earth, good will to men!

Then pealed the bells of Christendom
And wild and sweet the words repeat
Of peace on earth, good will to men!

—Longfellow.

A glace across at our friends on other
continents should bring to us a new and
larger conception of the significance of the
life, teaching, and sacrifice of Jesus.

Let us show our sincerity by making
Christmas a time of service for our
denomination. Some of our most
honorable positions are vacant, and
the taking must be curtailed unless we give more
generously for their support. An excellent
description of such giving is found in the
following poem:

"For giving is living, the angel said,
'Go feed in the hungry, sweet charity's bread'
And must I keep giving again and again?
My selfish and stunted reason says
'Oh, no!' said the angel, piercing me through,
'Let the Moravian, thy gift, giving go.'

May every Seventh Day Baptist heart and
home ring out a true echo of the shepherd's
song, 'Peace on earth, good will to men.'

Ben R. Crandall, President.

MESSAGES FROM THE BOARDS

THE TRACT BOARD

The press-room of the American Sabbath
Tract Society extends a cordial Holiday Greet
ning to all the readers of the SABBATH RE
ORDER, to those in the home land who are
missing a reasonable degree of social and
civil peace and happiness, and to those be
yond the seas, especially to those in lands torn
by bloodshed and famine, by poverty and war, and to the
greeting to them is added the devout prayers that "On earth peace, good will toward men may
speedily triumph over greed, dissension and strife." The
message of peace and good will which the Savor's birth proclaimed is carried in word or spirit, or both, in each issue of the
SABBATH RECORDER. It is to that end that the
READER addresses itself in the confident
hope that it contributes its share, small though

FOR THOSE WHO DON'T HANG STOCKINGS

He had taught me napping at my desk, the little elf-like man sitting on the edge of my dictionary, swinging his buckled shoes and watching me with twinkling eyes. It had been reverent of him, I thought, not to sit on the Bible that stood next to the dictionary.

"I thought that perhaps when Christmas is over," he said, as if he were making a comment about the weather.

"You are a very good supposer, little friend," I answered.

"No need to give your reasons. They wouldn't be any different from most people's," he said rather briskly. "I thought that perhaps you would be different."

"Different? What do you mean?"

"Well, you've arranged to wish every one a Merry Christmas in the approved style. You have taken care of most of your Christmas obligations and you've trimmed the annual tree, but . . ." he seemed to be uneasy. "You don't hang up your stocking any more, do you?"

"Of course not," I said, ready to laugh at the little man's seriousness.

"I forget that you humans are literalists," he remarked noticing my enjoyment. "What I mean is that you don't expect anything from the Christmas season any more."

"You say the Christmas season has something special to give me?" I asked rather doubtfully.

"Well, if it doesn't, you aren't very sincere in wishing others a Merry Christmas," was his simple reply.

"But I'm so busy," I objected.

"We all have time for the things we believe in." He said it with a smile and started to jump from the top of my dictionary, but before he reached the desk he had vanished.

—The Moravian.
CORDER is in your homes you will be in the presence of those you love. In other lands, are giving themselves gladly for the earth, there will, at least, be and abide out the earth, there will, at least, be and abide. The Tract Society is made up of readers of the Bible. By the time this issue of the \( \text{RECORDER} \) is published, the Board of Trustees will have made thanks to Almighty God for the reason of this land be drafted into the service. of the army. To meet these and problems the youth of this and other lands art: no lack of funds for the salaries of our missionaries. and the gladness that is in your souls today will abide and increase as the year advances. Harold R. Crandall, President.

**THE EDUCATION SOCIETY Education and Freedom**

Throughout the centuries the almost universal cry of mankind has been for freedom. The true educator has at heart the lives of the young people of this land. The Lord made to teach us the way to happiness. And it happens that multitudes of young people in our colleges and universities now are in search of freedom and the abundant life. The true meaning of Christmas is the property of the \( \text{SABBATH SCHOOL} \) Recorder. We can say of the Babe of Bethlehem, 'In his name there is no evil of life. His message was peace, peace, peace. It was this: But there is one question which the youth of this and other lands are asking themselves: In the study of the Bible, we learn the true meaning of Christmas. Christmas without Santa Claus would be a disappointment to thousands, and we all expect his appearance each Christmas if he is a real person. To think that we are told the Christmas story and learn war no more. Edgar D. Van Horn, President.

**THE SABBATH SCHOOL BOARD**

Christmas Greetings are extended to the readers of the \( \text{RECORDER} \) by the Sabbat School Board. The special task of this board is that of presenting Bible study, and is directly connected with the true spirit and understanding of Christmas, for from the study of the Bible alone do we discover the true meaning of Christmas. Christmas without Santa Claus would be a disappointment to thousands, and we all expect his appearance each Christmas if he is a real person. To think that we are told the Christmas story and learn war no more. Edgar D. Van Horn, President.

**MISSIONARY BOARD**

By the time this issue of the \( \text{RECORDER} \) is in your homes you will be in the midst of the glad Christmas season. You will be enjoying the presence of those you love and having some pleasures a little out of the ordinary in your day-by-day lives. This is a season of sharing, and giving, and sacrificing, all done gladly, because of thinking of others before self. Gifts to the world is turned the thoughts of people outward as has no other event.

For a number of years it has been noticeable that contributions for kingdom work have been larger in December. Though some may attribute this to one reason and others to other reasons, I have liked to think that this greater generosity is prompted by the spirit of the season.

Following the example of our Lord, men and women of all lands and of all races, are giving themselves gladly for others. They are not "making a living" by their labors. They are doing your work, and their "living" depends upon you. Will you allow the singing of bombs from the sky, the machine guns, or the howling wind, to rob you of the happiness of Christmas? Or will you turn to the true meaning of Christmas in your hearts, and, in your lives, allow the spirit of generous love, good will, and pity. It was this:

\[ \text{"Peace on earth and good will among men."} \]

Many in the war-torn areas of our unhappy world are longing for hope and for the assurance that life is worth living. In the study of the Bible, we learn to \( \text{think}\) and \( \text{prayer}\) in the thought for others to possess you all and allow the spirit of generous love, good will, and pity. It was this:

\[ \text{"Peace on earth and good will among men."} \]

May God bless our Sabbath schools this Christmas season.

**THE WOMAN'S BOARD**

We are all familiar with the story of the three wise men who started out as soon as they learned of the birth of the long-expected King, to find him and lay before him their richest gifts. Have you read the "Story of the Three Kings"? I like the verse by Dr. Edgar D. van Dyke? Its message is meaningful for these days.

He started out with the others, taking with him also precious birth King. But day after day, his heart was touched by human suffering and his journey delayed that he might help a needy stranger. And one by one he parted with his treasures to save the life of one in distress. His companions, eager to look upon the face of their King, passed by, envying their richest gifts, left him far behind to make the treacherous journey alone. More than thirty years passed and the other wise man was still seeking the King. At last, near death, as he feebly slept, he heard to say, "Not so, my Lord. When saw I thee a stranger and took thee in? Or naked, and clothed thee? When saw I thee sick or in prison and came unto thee?"

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HISTORICAL SOCIETY

The president of the Seventy-Day Baptist Historical Society is the editor of the Sabbath Recorder for his gracious invitation to extend his greetings to the readers of the Recorder. Such greetings are due the many other friends, too, of the society, of whom there is rapidly forming a wide circle among non-Seventy Day Baptists. These friends, already with an active interest in knowing about Seventy Day Baptists, and the Sabbath; and ask for, and carry away with them, literature on these subjects. Thus the Historical Society adds its mite, as an important by-product of its activities, to the cause of Sabbath promotion.

The society is gradually becoming better known among Seventy Day Baptists, too, as both the principal repository of denominational records, both manuscript and printed, as well as otherwise. In its vaults, for example, are the records of many extinct churches, as well as the older and more precious records of some of the most active churches. The records of a large number of other extinct churches may well be stored there, too.

Pastors and other church officers ask for information not found elsewhere, except with difficulty, if at all. The Federal Government must keep archives of the society. This service is free for all; and it is expected that it will grow. Records fail of their purpose except they be used.

President's greeting, then, carries with it a message of devout thankfulness for the prosperity of the society in the past, and the difficulties that have happened to have caused it.

Our prayer this season might well be that we might be able to look forward to a day when the foundations were laid, and we all shouted for joy!

Burton B. Crandall, President.

MEMORIAL BOARD

The Board of Trustees of the Seventy Day Baptist Memorial Fund appreciates this opportunity, furnished by the editor of the Sabbath Recorder, to bring greetings to you and to wish each and every one of you a Happy and Soul Satisfying New Year.

With warm greetings and personal love in your hearts, we are as busy as angels gathering in from the four winds, and a great white throne. With stirring bird singing, we have heard the angels singing in the sky. And the tears rolled thick and fast down the cheeks of the little angel. Pax wept, and could not help it. "But what will he do down there, dear Pax," asked Ariel.

"I do not know," replied the other. "I heard someone say he was to be born! Born! Born! What's that?" exclaimed Ariel.

"I've no idea," replied Pax. "It seems to be something that happens to the beings down there!"

The little angel's eyes grew wider and wider. "You don't mean to say that he is going to be like them, and take the same body that they have?"

Pax nodded his head sorrowfully. "Apparently that is what it is," he said, "but I cannot understand it at all."

"Little angels were silent for a while, and then Ariel asked, "When does this strange thing come to pass, dear Pax?"

"I think it is what they call tonight, down there," his friend declared, "any time now, I suppose."

"Then we had better hurry back to the city," Ariel said. "Perhaps we can learn more about it in the morning." Let us go, said Pax.

There was a great commotion in the city when the two little angels returned. Messengers were hurrying to and fro, and there was a blowing of trumpets, and the whole air was filled with the soft rustle of wings as angels gathered in from the four winds. The angel of Heaven was among them. Row upon row, rank upon rank, angels and a great white throne assembled before the great white throne. With a terrible sinking feeling in their hearts the two little angels saw that the Throne was vacant and their beloved Lord was gone. "He is gone, he is gone," wailed Pax. "I told you so. Suddenly they heard their names called, and Gabriel ordered them to come in. They both took their places at the end of the row, and thought all the time as to what was required.

While they yet wondered Gabriel held up his hand, and there was silence in Heaven. Then in clear tones as sweet as the sound of the angel's voice he said, "You are gathered together to listen to the most wonderful proclamation ever made in the eternal ages in which we live. Our beloved Lord, the only human offspring of the Father, has left us."

The voice of the great angel trembled, and a concentrated sob burst from the lips of the
When it comes it is as a market place thronged with busy shoppers and cluttered with wrapping paper and tangled ribbon. Here and there a lonely postcard waiting, tries eagerly to speak of a cheery and happy season, but finally it finds its way wearily to the waste basket. Is the start and the celluloid angel we have left of the heavenly host?

Have we seen anything? Nothing. Not anything in the way of a moving picture in the ordinary. And here lies our rebuke. We haven't seen anything exciting at the show. Why, there are shepherds without sheep. One of them lays a warning finger to his lips, companionably. "Peace, my baby sleeps.

A Babe! Only a baby, and a king was sought. Only the vision was true, and a child must grow in wisdom and stature, and life must pass before the vision could be fully comprehended. But they had seen his star in the east and had followed it till it came and stood where the young child lay. They had come to worship him, being obedient to the heavenly vision.

M. C. V.

SALEM COLLEGE BROADCAST
The Ebret Outdoor Theatre
By M. C. Linthicum

Good evening, ladies and gentlemen, and special greeting to all who are interested in drama.

May I tell you how much I want to take you on a brief journey to the Ebret Outdoor Theatre in Salem, Va., on a summer evening. Facing us as we sit, is a large stage—large that four hundred persons could walk on it without crowding. We are in a great semicircular enclosure, seating three thousand persons. Walls of sandstone twenty-five feet high rise around us; and, behind the stage, the overpowering rock curves into a perfect sounding board, so that even conversational tones can be heard far away.

Though the heat outside is unpleasant outside, we must button up our coats for the air is cool. A deep blue sky above us, set with stars like gems on blue velvet. The surrounding hills shut out the sound of cars and passing trains.

Suddenly, flood lights illuminate the dark stage. Four young men advance and sound a fanfare of trumpets. The program has begun—a pageant showing fifty years of Salem College history.

First come the native inhabitants of the land, Indian maidens, who steal from the shadows and begin a dance, chanting their song to the Great Spirit. Their dance is broken off as they see a group of white men, women, and small children approaching. These persons are the first settlers who came in 1769. Wake home, in what is now Salem. Their first act is a prayer of thanksgiving, an appeal for guidance in educating their children.

The scene changes to a century later. Descendants of those settlers meet to establish a college. Each person contributes whatever he can: a few acres of land, lumber, a small sum of money, or the work of his hands. Their burning desire for an education for their children impels them to great sacrifices and they leave the meeting joyful over the future college.

We watch as the story unfolds: the founding of the college, the symbolic presentation of art and science, the coming of students from half of the states in the Union, their torches at Salem's Torch of Knowledge. Each carries the flag of his state and, as they march, the colors and insignia of each state stand out boldly against the dark background of the rocks.

Then Salem calls her graduates to tell what they have accomplished, to answer to her call: lawmakers, editors, college teachers, doctors, nurses, missionaries. Our hearts grow gay as we see across the stage, march a company of soldiers, alert and eager, they pass to their homes. Walls and person. Walls of sandstone twenty feet high rise around us; and, behind the stage, the overpowering rock curves into a perfect sounding board, so that even conversational tones can be heard far away.

Though the heat outside is unpleasant out-
announced the coming of "taps" and a remnant of that group returns — limping, blinded, wounded, too weary to carry a stretcher on which lies a still form. 

Soon comes the final tender scene, when mothers dedicate their babies to the future of the college, and all Alumni raise their arms to Salem with the ringing words of the Alma Mater Song. The song fades. Then, led by the choir, three to lead, actors begin their symbolic march from the stage.

All during the pageant, we have wondered how such a perfect setting for its presentation could have been constructed. Persons around us also have marveled, for only a few months before, the theatre had been heaps of dirt, and flowers and woodland creatures. 

I have tried to see what is now the floor, had been part of a hilly farm given to Mr. Frank Gribble, Darwin M. Davis, and Oscar Andre. 

Toward the completion of the theatre, men and women had labored, the rubbish removed, the floor levelled, and tons of earth moved to the west end to form the stage.

But how had all this work begun? How was the property acquired? The theatre is part of a hilly farm given to Salem College by the late F. J. Ehret, who was one of the members of the Board of Directors.

For years I had wanted to see a theatre in the quarry; and, when the need of a site for the pageant arose, I talked over my hope with Mr. Frank Sanders, recreation specialist at Oglebay Park. One December day, he and I stood in a snow storm on the hill overlooking the quarry and planned the theatre.

The theatre is beautiful, and I have watched its growth with pride. The first year, young men and women labored, working within the roofless walls. But before long the walls were built, and the stage had been completed. Now, looking back, I realize how wonderful the work has been.

The songs of the choir were beautiful, and the stanzas of the pageant were skillfully composed. The song "Taps" was especially touching, and the words of the Alma Mater were remembering the old Alma Mater Song, which had been sung at the dedication of the Salem College building.

The theatre was dedicated in October, 1938. The day was lovely, with blue skies and a gentle breeze. As the sun set, the stage was illuminated with colored lights, and the pageant began. 

The Ehret Outdoor Theatre has been the scene of various recreational activities. It is a fairy godmother who can supply the funds necessary to its development. Such a benefactor would have a beautiful memorial in this project, a memorial which would contribute to the pleasure and the education of many communities.

The Ehret Outdoor Theatre is a good example of a community project sponsored by a college. Salem College leased the farm free to the city of Salem, and paid the expense of materials and other costs of construction, while Salem and individuals of Clarksburg, with some of the officials of the state provided the workmen under the W. P. A. and N. Y. A. The plan was for the community to take a difficult job of grading and construction. Among citizens of Clarksburg who contributed to the success of the project through advice and assistance are the Mears. Earl Brane, Dominic Deset, F. Y. and Charles Hornor, A. Petito, I. D. Frantz, L. L. Tonkin, W. B. Curtis, Hiram D. Davis, and Oscar Andre. 

Mr. T. E. Davis of the college was chairman of the committee in charge of construction and responsible for the execution of the plans.

On May 30, 1938, the theatre was dedicated by the ancient "sod and twig" ceremony—dedicated to the promotion of music, drama, and recreation in the community and Salem College. It is jointly governed by the college and the city of Salem.

Since the pageant on the evening of the day of dedication, the theatre has been the scene of some memorable programs. Last spring the high school bands of central West Virginia gathered there for a concert at the end of their music festival in Salem. Massed on the stage, spring young musicians under the direction of Professor Curtis Jannsen of Ohio State University, swept all before them. The students sang with a freshness of spirit which is rare today.

They were singing "Suddenly," a song of hope and beauty. The audience was charmed by their skill and the beauty of their voices. The students sang with a freshness of spirit which is rare today.

Once upon a time, on the slopes of the valley east of Bethlehem, some shepherds were tending their flocks. They had to watch the sheep very closely, especially at night, for they were near the city of David. But all was not so pleasant for there were many wild beasts, which sometimes came out and killed sheep. So the shepherds worked in shifts and some of their number kept watch all the time.

One night the shepherds who were keeping watch noticed a bright light shining all around them. They were so frightened that they soon forgot their fears and began to rejoice at the good news he brought them. They were filled with joy and praised God, saying, "This is the very thing we were expecting!"

We in the Ehret Outdoor Theatre have had the opportunity to see many wonderful sights. We have seen the pageant of "Easton," the play of "Midsummer Night's Dream," and the beautiful pageant of "The Sound of Music." We have enjoyed the beauty and culture in the community. We have seen the beautiful mental recreation park with the fountain and a memorial arch at the stadium.

We have enjoyed the beauty and culture in the community. We have seen the beautiful mental recreation park with the fountain and a memorial arch at the stadium.

I hope to see the theatre as a future center of music, prayer, and the old Biblical play of "Abraham and Isaac," performed by the public speaking class of the college summer school. The voices of the choir, accompanied by an organ, are beautiful. On the stage is a large screen, which is a reminder of the importance of our theatre.

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As the angel finished speaking and the shepherds turned to look up with wonder and great joy, suddenly there were many other angels with him, all praising God and singing.

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

Since that time, so very long ago, many people all over the world who have loved the dear Savior have sung this beautiful song over and over again.

As soon as the angels had gone, the shepherds said to one another, "Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us." As soon as the gates of the city were open to them, the shepherds went and found the little baby Jesus, lying in the manger, just as the angel had promised them, with his happy mother, Mary, close beside him.

With hearts full of joy and thankfulness the shepherds bowed before the Babe of Bethlehem, the Son of God, and worshiped him. Then they went back to tend their sheep, telling everyone they met about the wonderful things they had seen; about the beautiful angels and the baby Jesus in his manger bed. And all they that heard it wondered at those things which were told them by the shepherds.

**VISITING THE SICK**

By Nancy D. Underhill

It is thought to be a Christian duty to visit the sick. A century ago, and longer, sick people were usually dependent upon their neighbors for such kindness as they might need. In a few places that custom still prevails. Especially among the poor it may still be a gracious privilege to go to the home of the sick member, ascertain what may be done for him or her, and cheerfully do it. However, among those who are able to employ a nurse, if a person is very sick, visitors who ask questions and expect to be entertained are not to be encouraged or tolerated.

The sick one needs rest and quiet. A competent nurse will anticipate his needs and supply them. There are certain classes of sick people who need occasional visitors. They are the chronic invalids who, being unable to go out, are dependent upon others to bring them a change of thought. There are people who do not outwardly appear to be sick, yet they are troubled inwardly. They have internal ailments which do not appear on the outside. Because they are unable to do something which well folks do, they seem to be expected to explain why they are unable. This they patiently try to do, and so get the reputation of being chronic complainers.

No one enjoys hearing a person tell of his ailments, yet some will go frequently to see the invalid, and by the very telling only intensifies the sufferer. How she wishes her guest would find something else to think of and talk about and let her mind rest awhile from its pain and anguish.

Probably the guest goes away and reports that "Mrs. S is a chronic complainer." Yet the invalid does not wish to complain, but because of her interrogator, she is forced to speak of her unpleasant experiences. The only person who has a right to ask a sick person how he feels is the doctor, parent, or nurse; and the nurse usually has better judgment than to do so.

When visiting the sick, instead of reminding them of their ailments and intensifying their misery to think about them, we ought to bring some happy thought, some bit of good news; or relate some happy incident, some pleasant reminiscence; tell them of some pleasant occurrence which we have seen, heard, read, or experienced. The guest should take the initiative in conversation and tell something; perhaps never anything grue-some) and seek to bring a smile to the invalid's countenance. Be a ray of sunshine entering a dark room, and don't stay after your cheerful message has been given. It is then time to go home, unless the invalid is unable to have an employed nurse, in which case the visitor may ascertain (of the caretaker, whomsoever) what is needful to be done, and should be ready to do (without thought of pay) whatever may be needed, promptly, cheerfully, graciously.
of those who read the decree. I went to the public square opposite and tried to enter into conversation with persons that I met there. I did not succeed except that one old lady with a kindly face did say to me, "Young man, do you manage to live a little longer you will learn better than to try to talk to strangers."

So I sat down on a park bench and tried to think the whole thing all out by myself. What? No Christmas? There might admittedly be some advantages in that. Could I strike a balance between the gains and losses of such a drastic change? Among the gains I could list: No last minute shopping rush; no exchange of grudges; a commercial spirit; no disappointment that we had not given as much as we meant good as we sent them; no overworked postmen and delivery boys; no paying of installments on the gift that spouse had given to spouse, so much down and so much per week; no bribing of employees by Christmas boxes, nor of purchasing agents by means of gifts from salesmen; no advertising of beer and liquors so much down and so much per week;

Or Phillips Brookes' carol:

The small town of Bethlehem
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee tonight.

But we who speak the tongue of Shakespeare and of Milton do not furnish all the Christmas songs we have written. We must write the songs we get from the Germans, including Luther's,

Away in a manger, no crib for his bed
The little Lord Jesus laid down his sweet head.

And we surely could not omit Joseph Mohr's,

Silent night, holy night.
All is calm, all is bright.
Round you Virgin Mother and Child.

But perhaps the widest known of all is Adele Pideles,

O come, all ye faithful, joyful and triumphant.
O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem.

This was written by an unknown writer in France in the Latin language in the early part of the eighteenth century. It has been translated into more than seventy-five languages, and it can hardly be more than a congratulation to say that today it is sung everywhere.

In the words of one of Phillips Brookes' carols,

Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas tonight!
Christmas in lands of the fir tree and pine,
Christmas in lands of palm tree and vine,
Christmas when streets stand solemn and white,
Christ's where confedels lie sunning and bright.

No! Christmas has not been abolished.
No dictator can do that. Some world state might stop its observance for a time as the puritans did once. It may be temporarily eclipsed in some countries by godless men,

Because the good old rule
Sued them, the ancient plan
That they should take who have the power
And they should keep who can.

But any such stoppage must be temporary. Any world state founded on fear and force cannot stand. Like the Pax Romana or the empires of Alexander, Caesar, and Napoleon, its existence must be brief. A world state to permanent must be founded on love, on the Prince of Peace, on the Holy King of Bethlehem.

Thank God we still have the liberty to believe it. And thank God we still have the privilege of working and praying for it, not by hating and killing people, but by loving them and serving them.

But may there not be a danger that we shall let dictators deprive us of the Christmas spirit? I sometimes hear people wishing for the assassination of Hitler or of Stalin. I arrived in Rome on the day of one of the attempts to assassinate Hitler. Some people thought he should be killed rather than let him have his way in Ethiopia. But is that the spirit of Christ? I hear it said that the allies made a mistake twenty-two years ago in not punishing Germany more severely. Personally I believe that the mistake was in the opposite direction. I think that more mercy might have meant peace now. But be that as it may—and I may easily be wrong—certainly no follower of Jesus will be dominated now by fear and hatred.

The imaginary decree is right in one respect. No world state can tolerate divided loyalty. The true world state, when it comes, must give its undivided allegiance to the Lord Christ. Every must bow to his will. But we must guard against the exaggeration that Jesus Christ is Lord to the glory of God the Father. May this Christmas day do something to that shall make us more like him whose birthday we celebrate today!
with our harvest of grain and bounteous fruits of the earth, and wanted to share our blessings and show our appreciation of our pastor and wife for the faithful work which they are doing. We are thankful not only for the material blessings but for our spiritual blessings, and also that we have a place to worship in a church like this.

Some new improvements are being made. The water line is completed with water and a new one in the parsonage. The garage has a new roof, the platform in the church was made larger to increase our facilities for worship. Our church and parsonage have been wired for electricity. We are happy because we have found something new which makes our light to shine for Jesus. It is something which will always be with us and will help us to walk in a more earnest way of spreading the gospel in our community. A dedication service for the lights was held on Sabbath eve, December 4. We all enjoyed singing and praising God for our new lights.

Much credit is due our pastor and wife for the installation of the lights, as they have worked very hard and made many trips to the city for the necessary equipment. We want them to know through this letter that it is appreciated by the members of the church.

Correspondent.

WHAT SHALL WE SAY?

There are certain questions relative to religious life that need more clear and definite answers for the good of the rising generation. Some of these questions have an infinite bearing upon the religious life of the older and more active in the church of today, as well as that of the younger generation.

We have all been greatly encouraged because of the reports of Conference this year, and especially so with respect to the attendance, plans, and work of the young people. We have not seen the interest in the Sabbath and in denominational life and work.

However, a question was raised in my mind by the report of a young person who has had meager associations with Seventh Day Baptist people, and who attended Conference for the first time. In a description of the young people who were present said that in one meeting held, when the matter of the Sabbath and the reasons why we keep it were under discussion, it was pretty well agreed by the older people who kept it because they were brought up that way. There seemed to be no other real reason given for keeping the Sabbath.

It was also stated that this was the opinion expressed by the children of pastors as well as those of other walks in life. This being the exact reason given me by a pastor some time ago with this thought — I am led to ask this question: Is it not time that this matter should be looked into, and the nature, importance, and value of the Sabbath to the personal religious life of each one be so thoroughly established in the minds of the children in our homes, that the religious life of our young people is safeguarded and the exodus from our Sabbath-keeping forces be halted? There is no other thing than a conscientious conviction of a "thus saith the Lord," that will hold the mind of the individual to the tenets of the gospel and the principles of the Sabbath teachings, and the loss in denominational growth and life.

If there is no greater reason for keeping the Sabbath than that "we were brought up that way," then there is no real ground for one to make the sacrifices necessary, in the worldly pursuits of life, in keeping the Sabbath.

There must be a higher, a better reason for keeping the Sabbath, if the Sabbath is to be to us what God intended it to be. One cannot keep the Sabbath truly, as God intended it to be kept, without a more worthy reason than that "we were brought up that way."

Let us be more wise than were they of Thebes, and "search the Scriptures daily," that we may know what it is and what is God's thought of the Sabbath, for his thought is therein revealed. Jesus, "he that loveth me keepeth my commandments." He said again, "Remember the sabbath day to keep it holy." He also said, "The Sabbath was made for man and not man for the sabbath."

Think on these things.

Observer.

"Stewardship of material resources is best taken care of by a regular program of giving."
THE SABBATH RECORDER

MARRIAGES

Davis-Misson.—Albert Gilbert Davis, son of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar S. Davis, and Miss Nellie Lorette Misson both of Fouke, Ark., were united in marriage at the home of the bride, November 18, 1939, by Rev. Wallace Ealey, pastor of the Baptist Church.

Mitchell-Kenyon. — Ramona Orline Kenyon, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Orla Kenyon of Nortonville, Kan., became the bride of Jack Mitchell of Denver, Colo., on November 30, 1939. The ceremony was performed by the bride's pastor, Rev. Lester G. Osborn, at the Nortonville Seventh Day Baptist church.

Saunders-Stephan. — Lila Margaret, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Claude Stephan, of Nortonville, Kan., and Francis Saunders, son of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Saunders of Boulder, Colo., were married at the Nortonville Seventh Day Baptist church on June 11, 1939, by the bride's pastor, Rev. Lester G. Osborn.

OBITUARY

Baton. — Hattie M., daughter of Albert and Phebe (Carpenter) Baker, was born in Chariton, Mass., October 15, 1879, and died at St. Elizabeth's Home, Providence, R. I., November 27, 1939.

She joined the Second Hopkinton Seventh Day Baptist Church in 1895, and was a faithful member and devout witness for Christ. She was the wife of the late William Baton of Canonchet, R. I., where she made her home until eight months ago when she was taken to the St. Elizabeth's Home, for treatment and care during her lingering illness. She leaves an uncle, Albert E. Brown of Ashaway, and a wide circle of friends. Funeral services were conducted by Rev. Everett T. Harris at the Avery Funeral Home in Hope Valley, and interment was in Rockville cemetery.

Frisbie. — Letitia B. Schellinger Frisbie was born March 23, 1862, at Fabius, N. Y., and passed away November 11, 1939, at the home of her daughter in Oakdale, Pa.

Since her marriage to her second husband, Mr. M. G. Frisbie, her home has been in Truxtun, N. Y. She was a faithful exponent and observer of the Sabbath, and a loyal member of the De Ruyter Seventh Day Baptist Church.

She leaves four daughters and two sons, all by her first husband, Mr. Schellinger; and a number of grandchildren.

The funeral service was conducted in her late home by her pastor, Rev. Neal D. Mills, and burial was in Truxtun Rural Cemetery.

Hoxie. — W. LeRoy, son of Harry and Lida (Bellamy) Hoxie, was born in Bradford, R. I., October 7, 1894, and died at the Westerly Hospital, November 15, 1939.

He and Leora Crandall were united in marriage on October 30, 1915, and made their home in Ashaway. To them were born three children, Howard B., Bernice E., and Roland W., all of Ashaway.

Farewell services were held at the Buckler Funeral Home, Westerly, R. I., conducted by Rev. E. T. Harris, and interment was in Oak Grove Cemetery, Ashaway.

E. T. H.

Lynch. — Emma Gallup, daughter of Peleg and Clarinda (Main) Gallup, was born in North Stonington, Conn., May 31, 1850, and died at her home on the Boom Bridge Road, North Stonington, November 16, 1939.

She was baptized and joined the First Hopkinton Seventh Day Baptist Church in 1889, where she retained her membership until the time of her death.

Besides her husband, John Lynch, she leaves a daughter, Mrs. Sarah Arnold of North Stonington; a son, Alonzo Coon of Washington, R. I.; three grandchildren and eight great-grandchildren.

Funeral services were conducted by her pastor, Rev. E. T. Harris, at the Buckler Funeral Home, Westerly, R. I., and interment was made in the Oak Grove Cemetery, Ashaway.

E. T. H.

Randolph. — Thomas Arlington, son of James F. and Emily Sutton Randolph, was born near Greenbrier, W. Va., August 27, 1874, and died at his home in Salem, December 3, 1939.

On December 24, 1896, he was married to Olelia Davis. To them were born two daughters, Mrs. Mandella Barnett, Detroit, Mich., Mrs. Virginia Walsh of Roxboro, N. C.; and a son, Carol of Shinnston. For forty years a carpenter and contractor, he served for ten years as manual training instructor in the Salem High School.

At an early age Mr. Randolph became a member of the Greenbrier Church, later removing his membership to Salem, where he continued an active worker, serving the church as treasurer for ten years.

Besides the immediate family he is survived by a step-mother, a brother, one sister, two half sisters, five grandchildren, nieces and nephews.

Funeral services were conducted by Dr. Walter E. Hancock in the absence of Pastor James L. Skaggs. Interment was made in the Odd Fellow Cemetery.

W. E. H.

Titsworth. — Emily Bently, daughter of Benjamin and Mary Maxson Bently, was born at Westerly, R. I., December 29, 1852, and died at Plainfield, N. J., December 9, 1939.

At about the time of her marriage she united with the Seventh Day Baptist Church of Piscataway at New Market, N. J., where she has been a member for sixty-four years. She was married to Lewis T. Titsworth in 1875, who has preceded her in death. She is survived by a daughter, Mrs. A. W. Vars of Plainfield; and two sons, Ralph B. Titsworth of Trenton, and Ferdinand L. Titsworth of Providence, R. I.

Farewell services were held at the home of her daughter December 11, conducted by Rev. Treva R. Sutton, pastor of the New Market Church, and Rev. Hurley S. Warren, pastor of the Plainfield Church. Burial was at Hillside Cemetery, Plainfield.

T. R. S.