Christmas Greeting

Let the spirit and joy and peace of Christmas not only be to all our readers and friends everywhere, but the love and peace of Jesus Christ, our Savior, abide in you and be experienced in all the earth throughout the year.

GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN

Jesus Christ is the highest expression of God’s good will toward men. There have been and are many great expressions of God’s good will—good will that is so obvious it needs no pointing out. But the greatest is seen in Jesus Christ—the need and the need is emphasized and expressed:

"I bring you glad tidings of great joy, which shall be unto all nations. To you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. To you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. He is the propitiation for our sins: through him we have peace with God. Through him we have peace with God. All we, who believe, are justified by faith, through him who apprehended us to bring us to God. The one who suffers for the people, by a death to take away sins. For he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth; he is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth. He was taken from prison and from judgment; and who has ever seen such a thing? Who has heard such a thing? Who has seen such things?" (Isaiah 53:6–8). The divine proclamation which the angels announced was for all nations. "Fear not, for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be unto all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. He is the propitiation for our sins: through him we have peace with God. Through him we have peace with God. All we, who believe, are justified by faith, through him who apprehended us to bring us to God. The one who suffers for the people, by a death to take away sins. For he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth; he is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth. He was taken from prison and from judgment; and who has ever seen such a thing? Who has heard such a thing? Who has seen such things?" (Isaiah 53:6–8).

The kingdom of heaven has come near. Indeed, in the person of Jesus Christ we see God’s expression of good will to all men. He came to bring glad tidings of great joy, which shall be unto all people. Through him we have peace with God. All who believe are justified by faith, through him who apprehended us to bring us to God. The one who suffers for the people, by a death to take away sins. He was taken from prison and from judgment; and who has ever seen such a thing? Who has heard such a thing? Who has seen such things? He is the propitiation for our sins, through him we have peace with God. He is the propitiation for our sins, through him we have peace with God. All who believe, are justified by faith, through him who apprehended us to bring us to God. The one who suffers for the people, by a death to take away sins. For he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth; he is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth. He was taken from prison and from judgment; and who has ever seen such a thing? Who has heard such a thing? Who has seen such things? He is the propitiation for our sins, through him we have peace with God. He is the propitiation for our sins, through him we have peace with God. All who believe, are justified by faith, through him who apprehended us to bring us to God. The one who suffers for the people, by a death to take away sins. For he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth; he is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth. He was taken from prison and from judgment; and who has ever seen such a thing? Who has heard such a thing? Who has seen such things?

1941 WEEK OF PRAYER

"Men ought always to pray." Perhaps there never was a time when sincere, earnest praying was more needed in the world than now. We need not enumerate the tragedies of war, crime, and hopelessness that today exist. One has but to look about him, listen to the radio, and read the paper’s headlines.

Prayer keeps one close to God, and in spite of one’s weakness and inconstancy it is the best thing he can do. Prayer leads one to do his own bit more faithfully and completely.

One must not pray with the smugness of the Pharisee who was so thankful he was not as the other. The Pharisee sees to one’s own deficiency and leads him to penitence, both for personal sins and for corporate failure to make church, society, and nation what they ought to be.

In writing the introduction to the pamphlet on “Universal Week of Prayer,” Dr. Jesse M. Bader, chairman of the Federal Council of Churches, placed emphasis on “Our” in the Lord’s Prayer: "Our Father, "our" daily bread, "our" trespasses. He says, “Prayer is a fellowship—a fellowship with God in which we may enter into the deepest fellowship with men. In our relationship with God through Christ we are ‘members one of another.’ It is therefore fitting that in prayer we should be conscious of fellowship with all of Christ’s people. The Week of Prayer observed simultaneously in all the churches of America is a means through which this oneness is emphasized and expressed.”

We trust that every Seventh Day Baptist Church will as fully as possible observe this Week of Prayer. Some in recent years have given over the observance for various reasons, or they should call ourselves back to it. At whatever cost of personal comfort or social enjoyment, we ought not at this time, especially, let on to for the world. Through prayer "inexhaustible resources of creative power" are opened up to us. "Prayer is a means through which this oneness is emphasized and expressed."

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OUR CHRISTMAS STORY

The writer was in the Y.M.C.A. overseas service in France in the fall and winter of 1918 and until May in 1919. When he joined his unit—the 143rd Infantry—at the Y, he engaged in an advance movement in the Champagne section, not far from Rheims—he found H. R. Culley, whose story we tell here, a Y.M.C.A. secretary of the "Y" group of the 36th Division. A friendship sprang up between us which has grown through the years. Occasionally since, our lives have touched, while correspondence has kept us acquainted with each other.

Culley was always friendly, not only with the soldiers and his associates, but with the children and people of the villages and countryside. His "Christmas in France" reveals a true tendering heart.

When the editor learned that Culley was thinking especially about one of his Christmases overseas, he invited him to write the story for the Recorder. We are glad he did, and feel sure that its straightforwardness will be appreciated by our readers.

In many a "hot," canteen, or improvised hall, the Y.M.C.A. secretaries made Christmas real to homesick boys and men, and brought a bright spot to dreary lives of the people in occupied areas.

"WET CAMP"

While ministers and welfare agencies are banned from army camps, the liquor insteas and powers will see to it that plenty of beer will be there and stronger drinks easily available. Chaplains alone will be unrestricted.

A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM

(Christmas message by Miss Evalois St. John, Sab- baptist, evening, December 13, 1940, at the prayer meeting of the American Missionary Association in the Bowdoin Hall, N. Y.)

Some seven-year-old girls and I were talking about Christmas. They followed me as I recited from St. Luke's Gospel—"And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field; and a tender grace out of heaven was sent to them. An angel said, Good will toward men. A silence followed. Then a soft brown-eyed child spoke so wistfully out of her memory, "I had taken dishonestly. I did. All became clear to me.

I felt a new joy when I heard those words. I counted, my gift would mean so much. I praise the day that Jesus was born!"

Another approaches, erect and firm of step. "For thirty-eight years I lay on my cot, waiting always for someone to help me. I got into the habit of thinking that I could not do anything for myself. Then one day I lay in the sheep market, Jesus came by. Wilt thou be made whole?" he asked. He made me believe that there was a power I had never tried. Then he said, "Rise, take up thy bed and walk," and took me on his arms, carriers. I take my place in society. I praise the day Jesus was born!"

The tax gatherer comes out of the throng, his face alight. "Once I had no friends. Everyone one hated me. I was the Gatherer of taxes. Neither was I an honest collector for one took from them more than was due. Jesus met me and taught he would be like all the others—have not a thought or glance for me. But he picked me out of all that crowd. He called me by name just as though he were my friend, said he wanted to go home with me. As we talked together, Jesus and I, I began to feel that I was not the money I had taken dishonestly. I did. All became my friends. The good in me never came out until Jesus met Jesus. I praise the day he was born!"

It was a happy day when Jesus was born!"
The Sabbath Recorder

THE SABBATH RECORDER

To help make the world the right kind of a world.

"Peace in heaven, and glory in the highest," shout these with the multitude of Jesus' disciples.

True it is that in some places this Christmas Eve the harsh, cruel thud of the bomb and the shrill, clear whistle of the warning siren will drift down on the ears of the people, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." Let those of us who are privileged to look up into the deep blue sky of a December night, a sky of twinkling stars-let such as we—his disciples of today—join believing Braving, and kindly hands, and determined voices in the prayer of the man Jesus: "Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name, thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven." Let us remember too that Christ prayed to the Father: "Neither pray I for these alone (meaning his disciples), but for them which shall believe on me through their voices in the prayer of the man Jesus:

Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy word. Which shall believe on me through their prayer."

Let us remember too that Christ prayed to the Father: "Neither pray I for these alone (meaning his disciples), but for them which shall believe on me through their prayer."

THE SABBATH RECORDER

MORE ABOUT MISSIONARY SITUATION IN THE FAR EAST

Seventh Day Baptists are already aware that some of our missionaries stationed in China and that others are likely to come home later. A letter from Doctor Crandall, paragraphs from which are given in this department, gives information which helps us to understand the situation.

As stated some weeks past, our missionaries are acting in other capacities as missionaries, and in accord with the decision of most missionary boards promoting work in the Far East. In the Christian Evangelist for December 5, an article appears under the caption, "Twenty Missionaries Are to Return to America." While the article has to do with missionaries employed by the Disciples of Christ, it is a sample of what others are doing, and for this reason the readers of the Missions Department will be interested in the following quotation:

"Two years ago, one of the workers in our China field had visited the United States, and wasPersuaded by our Chinese workers to return, and the infant church was left without a pastor. The first years of the past decade had been marked by a growing, but not very rapid, increase in the numbers of the church. A matter of importance was the absence of a pastor, and the gatherings of the believers were not as they should be. Seeing this need, the former missionary, who had left us, returned to the United States, and after some months of study, returned to his old field, and took up the work of laboring among his people. For the past year, the church has been steadily growing, and is now nearly one hundred in number. At the present time, the church is in a prosperous condition, and has a pastor who is doing much to build up the church."

Due to the pressure of a number of circumstances The United Christian Missionary Society has determined to return to the United States a large portion of its mission staff located in China. Those to be returned include twenty adults and eighteen children. The cost is $15,700. To return these missionaries to the United States it will require adequate subsidizing by the foreign division of the United Society.

Five Reasons.—Five major reasons have entered into the decision to bring the missionaries back to the United States:

1. Pressure exerted by the Government of the United States to evacuate all of its citizens from China and the surrounding areas.

2. Danger of not being able to secure ships to evacuate workers in the event conditions should reach the proportions of general war. Three American ships have been sent for the purpose of evacuating American citizens who are citizens of the United States.

3. Intensified coastal blockade resulting in increases in cost of living and difficulty of securing type of food needed by American missionaries employed by the Disciples of Christ.

4. Number of educating children of missionary families, due to the fact that schools for American children may be closed soon.

5. Desire of Chinese Christians in occupied China and the International Stewardship Council for assistance in reaching the proportions of general war. Three American ships have been sent for the purpose of evacuating American citizens who are citizens of the United States.

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money has been sent by the treasurer and simply has not arrived. Maybe money will have to be sent by cable to the Mission's treasurer if we ever get any more. If I could get into free China, I think that mails would come through better than they do now, although they might be some slower. Of course, as long as air mail gets through, we could get it the other way, but it is not home for us. Even now air mail may be held up or destroyed right here in the Shanghai post office. The Japanese censor the mail here and they do what they please with anything. Why wouldn't they with our mail as well?

People from interior stations are coming out to Shanghai, and the roads near Shanghai are practically none from free China are leaving. Many are staying in Shanghai still because the government has not yet said that every mail must go, but it is very evident that the U.S. officials think it is pretty sure America and Japan will have a show down. In case of war, I do not think Shanghai would be at all a good place to be. I would hate to be in the power of any Japanese soldier. I feel strongly that it would be the height of folly to remain in Shanghai, with the thought that one could go to the concentration camp in case of war. I have no idea that there would be any mercy shown Americans if America were at war with Japan.

With kindest regards to Mrs. Burdick and your good self.

Very sincerely,
Grace I. Oldall.
Shanghai, China, November 19, 1940.

MISSIONARIES ARRIVE IN CALIFORNIA

From letters received, we learn that Dr. Rosa W. Palmberg, Mrs. Geroge Thorngate, and three children, and Marcia Davis arrived on the Pacific Coast the first week in this month. Their trip, as far as we can learn, was not at hand, but from previous letters, it is expected that Mrs. Thorngate and sons will in due time go to Dodge Center, Minn., to send the doctor in that part of the world. Thorngate's parents, Pastor and Mrs. Charles W. Thorngate, and that Marcia Davis will go to Alfred where her sister, Mrs. Burton B. Cran dall, lives.

Miss. Sec.

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CHRISTMAS IN FRANCE

By H. R. Culley

I well remember the Christmas of 1919. Previously I had been injured in an auto accident in a Russian camp, and was expected to return in ten days. After ten days, the Russian doctor sent a nurse to have my leg amputated. A ten-day stretch in bed with a nurse in attendance, and while hollering around with pain, without a friend to help me; and then on one of the few trains that ran back to Paris for reassignment. I was sent to a town in Brittany, to the only Russian hospital in France. Here the staff was Russian but the French army was in command, and was represented by a French captain, who was not all friendly toward the Russian patients. I had to go from one hospital to another, and was represented by a French captain, who was not all friendly toward the Russian patients. I had to go from one hospital to another, and was represented by a French captain, who was not all friendly toward the Russian patients.

During all this time no word of appreciation came to me from any source. I saw many old ladies and men sitting on real mattresses supported by another with one arm missing, men with heads and other parts of their bodies bandaged, men so far gone with consumptation they could hardly walk. They would sit down and look at the magazines, one after another, listen to the music provided the patient could hear it. I was at first an unhappy chap, but not even a smile or a hello greeted me when they passed.

Well, Christmas came along, and I wanted to do something. I talked to the French doctor, the nurse, and they, too, wanted to do something. The Russian Christmas comes a week later than ours, and a friendly Frenchman who had a large tree volunteered to let me have it for the hospital. We set it up, but had no ornaments with which to put the pieces of hospital cotton and some strips of bright colored paper which had come around hospital supplies. About this time Y.M.C.A. service had been discontinued in Russia and I had received word that a car-load of supplies would be dropped off at my station for use at the hospital. There were several cases of cigarettes and a lot of candy in this car, so I wrote for permission to give each man one pack of cigarettes and some candy. This was granted. The nurses had some money which had been collected from various sources, and the Russian Red Cross in Paris office issued some money for the soldiers. We set up a canteen with the aid of the Russian doctor, who spoke very limited French, and obtained the necessary permission. I wanted some boards to make a stage in one end. There were many boards lying around the grounds, but permission had to be obtained to use them. I wanted a stove to warm which to heat the place. Permission had to be secured to get the stove, of which there were several in the storeroom. The coal was furnished by the several hospitals, but the nurses had to bring their own to their own quarters. I bought oranges and gingers for them to eat. I went outside and tears rolled down my cheeks. That was their appreciation.

Bridgman, Mich.

WOman's WORK

GIFTS AND THE GIVERS

By Henry Rische

Pastor, Dunsmuir, Calif.

For this you bled upon the cursed tree,
For this you died, and thus released the soul.
A yard of tinsel ribbon bought and sold.
A gift of love? If so, 'tis to me.

It may be that for many the crimping of Christmas, as scored in Edna St. Vincent Millay's lines of irony, has fitting application, that for the world a real Christmas has been lost, and in its place, jesters, and trinkets and toys, glittering presents and French patchwork. Commercialism, the carnal keeping of the Christ day, has given poet and preacher a springboard for brittle advent cant, and 'tis the church that is now expected to furnish the commonalty with music furnished by piano, violin, and perhaps accordion. Was it for this, this knack-knock, necktie, nut exchange, the angels sang good will toward men? Well might old Scrooge say "Bah!" to all that.

But, none the less, all in its proper order, the giving of gifts has its place in the Christmas observance. It is not an institution to be credited to the commerce makers. It is an ancient tradition—"they presented unto him gifts." One cannot say "Bah!" to
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that. Theirs was the all-time crown piece of giving. Clean, no spoil to it. The costliness was only incidental.

The value of a gift is not set by the tag. An article so labeled as "Children can be pleased with little things." Not only children. There was an old maid aunt who loved to spoil the children and was reminded of the same by her nieces and nephews of it. Any little keepsake delighted her heart like a child.

The value lay in the remembrance.

The Christmas market might avoid some of the stigma of its greed by taking a cue from the oriental merchant, who is so sorry, when you enter his shop, that his business competes on the goods.

To atone for this most despicable circumstance of taking your money he insists that you buy for him a little gift. He finds great happiness in that. It makes the customer relationship so friendly. Probably it is just a cheap little celluloid rosette or decorated fibbonnc. That does not matter. It is the gesture that counts.

A young woman teacher in the Ghetto, surveying the Christmas evidences of good will will find on the average 6 bars of toilet soap (two slightly used), 8 bars laundry soap (some wrapped neatly in last year's tissue), 4 boxes of washing powder, 7 bottles of toilet water, 1 bottle of shaving lotion, 2 bath towels (price tag of 10c in prominent view), 1 towel embroidered (faintly visible Gold Medal Flour). It was an arms encumbering but heart-warming demonstration.

And over the other the brother thought to himself, "My brother must have a hard time of it. I have no wife and children to take care of. He must need much more than I do. I will go and take of the sheaves of my field and carry them over on his field." So both added to the other's goods in secret, until one night they met each other with arms laden. And there where they met, a church was built.

Christmas giving might seem a generosity in circle, but with the brothers and their sheaves. It is that which was not regretted only at its face value, but not where it is a vehicle for a meaning. Fathers knows who ways for the presents the children bring. But that is not the question. It is not the article so much as the meaning behind it that makes the real looked-for gift.

Some of the best in giving comes not in packages. Who is there that has memories of homely holidays but will not find responding notes in the American's depths? "Santa Claus" of Christmastime from an unnamed source: "It was our recourse in the advent days to ply father for a shilling or two. We even learned to build on the crop new greenback he gave to all when the hour struck. So we could not understand when one December there was no water in the pump. Came Christmas Eve there was no father at the parlor door. We found him in his office. Christmas was in the dark. Impatiently we called him, nor understood his words, 'Don't wait for me,' nor his dallying. But there in the furnace room below before he came. But now we understand.

"The world was in the dark age of a war. We had pendulums on errands, nickels saved from trolley fares, dimes from washing windows—all sunk in Christmas gifts. Some last minute bargains were we proud of. A tree for two shillings that looked grand with its crippled flank against a corner. But father had nothing to give that year. "Nothing to give? God bless his memory. He and mother opened to us treasures no moth nor rust can corrupt. Dollars—how few—dollars each for the tarnished, broken, sheveled. But the real gift had it outlasted all—even the giver. Nothing to give! He gave us bonne to some time spend the day together again. There won't be anyone missing. We'll all be there. We are determined. Even as his last word was witness. "—A faith—bomastic. That was his gift.

"For that your mother's heart was pierced with words. For that you came. For that exchanged a cradle for a cross. That was your gift."

—from Religious Digest.

LOYALTY TO OUR DENOMINATIONAL INTERESTS

(Given by Lelia P. Franklin at Central Association Convention July 10, 1920)

To be loyal to our denominational interests means, first of all, to be loyal to Christ and his teachings; this takes us back to the home and to the Bible school for a foundation upon which to build Christian character. The church and the Sabbath Recorder, which should have a representative to the churches to plead for funds for the work.

We must render an account of our stewardship, conducted by Rev. Harley Sutton. I hope everyone will read his address when it appears in the Recorder. All that we are and have is for time. We must render an account of our stewardship.

When we give for missions we are investing for eternity, but one's greatest investment is that of one's self in the kingdom of God. When our spiritual life has reached the high level which Christ meant for us to attain, there will be no need to send a representative to the churches to plead for funds to carry on the Lord's work. The SABBATH RECORDER, however, need to be kept informed as to denominational needs, and how better can this be done than through the Sabbath Recorder, which should have a representative to the churches to plead for funds.

If we can't afford to subscribe for more than one paper, let's make that one the Sabbath Recorder which all the family can enjoy.
In supporting the Sabbath Recorder we not only have the interesting and valuable information regarding our work at home and abroad, but we are also contributing to the work of the Sabbath School Society. While it is true that the present number of subscriptions does not meet publishing costs, I believe that another test of the value of the Sabbath Recorder as an asset to the spiritual growth and development of our children, we would find some way to provide this necessity as eagerly as we do the required text books for the public school.

It may mean the giving up of a movie, some pleasure trip, or luxury in order to start a fund for this purpose. If each member of the family helps to add to this fund by making some small sacrifice, all will feel a keen interest in its growth for we get out of a thing what we put into it.

Let's be loyal to our denomination by being loyal to our denominational paper which, I believe, can be self supporting if we all do our part, and the funds now needed to make up the deficit in its publication could be used for spreading the gospel by tracts and other literature we have made available.

I wonder if we who have always lived where we could attend church on the Sabbath can quite realize what it would mean to be loyal Sabbath keepers. We deeply regret that some of our number establish their homes where they are deprived of the blessings which come from worshiping together on the Sabbath. Sabbath keeping greatly needs the Sabbath Recorder to strengthen the ties of denominational loyalty. The Tract Society has generously made it possible, at a recent meeting, for college and seminary students to have the Recorder during the school year for one dollar.

I believe another test of our loyalty is in the way we observe the Sabbath. Do we encourage our children to feel that the Sabbath is a handicap or do we rejoice in the privilege we have of following Christ's example in this way, for "as his custom was, he went into the synagogue on the sabbath day" (Luke 4: 16). Could we not take a little more time on Sabbath morning for family worship and let the children repeat helpful passages regarding the Sabbath? There is much food for thought in Isaiah 58: 13, 14.

"If thou turn away thy foot from the sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day; and call the sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honorable; and shalt honor him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words: Then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord; and I will cause thee to ride upon high and they shall feed upon the heritage of Jacob thy father: for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it."

What shall we do on Sabbath afternoon? We find no hard and fast rules to cover specific cases of conduct, but if our motive is to "honor him" rather than "finding thine own pleasure," that should help us to decide the matter.

It seems to me that those of the teen-age group who were privileged to attend the recent Conference at Battle Creek and take part in the discussion of the Sabbath question, under the able leadership of Rev. Lester G. Osborn, were fortunate indeed. I was very much interested in the report of this part of Conference and of the pre-Conference camp given by one of our young people who attended. I hope this instruction may be continued in the future and reach many more of our youth; for who knows what such sacred hours mean in the lives of our boys and girls as they draw near to God? As Conference meets with the Denver Church next year, probably not many from the East will be able to attend. Wouldn't it be fine to bring this instruction to our young folks in this vicinity? Perhaps this may be worked out in connection with our Association next year.

I would like to call attention to an article in the Sabbath Recorder of September 23, by Mary Margaret Hummel of Boulder, Colo., regarding her "Partitions of Conference," and the one which follows it by Russell Langworthy. These give some idea of what these camps mean to the boys and girls.

How easy it is to shirk responsibility and leave important tasks to others! Jesus said, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you." In commenting on this verse one writer says, "Putting the kingdom of God first, other things are added to it" (Continued on page 445)

CHRISTMAS MESSAGE FROM THE RECORDER CO-WORKERS

Christmas and Light are so closely identified in our minds that we often fail to realize that Light is one of God's most glorious gifts to the world. At this time when the darkness of the abyss is creeping over the world, when the Lights of religion, humanity, reason, yes, physical Light itself are being quenched by bestial hands, we should more fully comprehend the connotations that the word Light has. Not without reason did primitive man dread the darkness. Darkness is the hiding place of fear, superstition, cruelty, horror, tears unknown, and therefore the more fearsome.

Let there be Light!

A candle in the window: how cheerful and welcome a sight to one in the outer darkness. Light is so precious a gift that it is with the utmost concern we see it being displaced by darkness. Physical and spiritual Light are being banished from a goodly part of the earth.

Let there be Light!

Blessed America can have Light in abundance: Light in the home, on the streets, in the church, the libraries, Light everywhere. Over all broods the great Light of that first Christmas, the Light rays of which still illumine much of the world. Do we fully sympathize with those other countries where the Lights have gone out, where all is sombre, cheerless, without the enfoldng Light of God and love? Every soul in America should give heartfelt thanks that this Christmas Light is still sent as a comforter to those in the midst of blazing Lights, without fear, without regret, and with a happy whole-heartedness that is born of a spirit of humanity.

Let there be Light!

Those who make the Recorder possible, week by week: the editor, his assistant, the manager and office force, as well as the mechanical department, all combine to greet you at this holy time of Light. We wish you all the season's greetings, and may your coming year be full of Light, and greatest of all may your life be blest by him who was called "The Light of the World."

Let there be Light!

(Continued on page 445)

(By James W. Bannister, linotype operator, representing the force, by request of the editor.)
These words, echoed by grateful voices in this nation, betoken mutual understanding and respect—not only during the holiday season, but throughout the year.

Our children of America hold in their hands the destiny of this country for which our forefathers bled and died. Will we remain a nation of tolerance, or become a bigoted, hate-infested people seeking to destroy the principles of religious and racial freedom upon which this country was founded?

Today we live in a world of unknown future. Race hatred and religious intolerance now sweep the dictator countries of Europe. Their hysterical hymn of hate will fall upon deaf ears if we but teach our children—tomorrow's citizens—to love one another, regardless of race or creed.

America will not suffer the poison of intolerance. Our churches will not be closed. Our right to worship as we see fit will not be denied us. Freedom of speech and freedom of thought are inalienable rights of every American.

"APPRECIATE AMERICA" as a nation of religious liberty, the land of the free.
CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS FROM EXCHANGES

THE STAR STILL SHINES

The Bethlehem star still shines today -
A troubled world to cheer;
Perplexity and fear darkned,
But Christ is ever near;
O radiant star of hope! lead on,
Illumine thou the way.
Till all life's varied scenes are lost
In God's eternal day.
-By Electa Robinson.

A CHRISTMAS PRAYER

Help us rightly to remember the birth of Jesus, that we may share in the song of the angels, the gladness of the shepherds, and the worship of the wise men. Close the door of hate and open the door of love all over the world. Let kindness come with the angels, the gladness of the shepherds, and the worship of the wise men.

Till all

Perplexity

To bring our hearts and offer them
Unto our King in Bethlehem!

Our

In God's eternal day.

I

Shield.

Earth's loneliest, darkest place;
But for the tender grace
Brought the child-

FORGETTING

That which is behind, and reaching for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.

The man turned and walked thoughtfully away, but suddenly he heard the boy calling, "Say, Master! Say, Master! I wanted to tell you he rose again." Yes. Jesus rose again, his disciples saw him, and their hearts rejoiced. And later, when he had gone back to his Father in heaven, they were left with the angels' promise that some day he would return. Because Jesus died and rose again, because he said that whosoever believeth on him should have eternal life, we, too, may look forward to seeing him some day. Because Jesus died and rose again, because he said that whosoever believeth on him should have eternal life, we, too, may look forward to seeing him some day.

Prayer—Dear Father, we lift our hearts in gratitude to thee for this promise. Help us to live always in the joy of it. Amen.

DAILY MEDITATIONS

(Prepared by Alice Annette Larkin, Ashaway, R. I.)

Sunday, December 29

John 8: 12-13 — Then spake Jesus again unto them, saying, I am the light of the world: he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life. (Read John 1: 1-9.)

There is a story of a little girl who won a prize at a flower show. She had nothing in which to grow her plant except an old cracked teapot, and only the rear window of an attic in which to put it. When asked how she could raise so perfect a plant in such a place, she replied that she always moved it around to where there was a sunbeam. Plants reach out toward the light.

It is interesting to see how quickly the leaves of some plants change their position. Turn them away from the window, and they droop. Turn them back, and soon the light draws them in that direction. We too, need the light, and Jesus is our light. The more we reach out to him, the more like him shall we grow.

Prayer—Our Father, we want to live each day in the light of thy love. Keep us from ever turning away. Amen.

Monday, December 30

John 16: 22-23, 25—16: 22—23 I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice. (Read Acts 1: 9-11.)

How disappointed and distressed the disciples must have been when they learned that Jesus was not going to set up his earthly kingdom, but, instead, was about to die. Someone has told us about a boy, who, seeing a man looking at a picture of the crucifixion, exclaimed, "That's Jesus." Receiving no answer, he continued, "Them Roman soldiers. They killed him." "Where did you learn that?" asked the man. "In a little mission school around the corner. The man turned and walked thoughtfully away, but suddenly he heard the boy calling, "Say, Master! Say, Master! I wanted to tell you he rose again." Yes. Jesus rose again, his disciples saw him, and their hearts rejoiced. And later, when he had gone back to his Father in heaven, they were left with the angels' promise that some day he would return. Because Jesus died and rose again, because he said that whosoever believeth on him should have eternal life, we, too, may look forward to seeing him some day.

Prayer—Dear Father, we lift our hearts in gratitude to thee for this promise. Help us to live always in the joy of it. Amen.

Tuesday, December 31

Philippians 3: 13, 14 — Forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus. (Read Hebrews 12: 1, 2.)

I went to the throne, with trembling heart, The year was done. 

I have spoiled this one!"

He took my year, all soiled and blotted, And gave me a new one, all unspotted, He took my

"Have you a new year for me, dear Master?"

"Do better now, my child." 

Author Unknown.
God holds the key to the new year. May we all be able to say with the Salvation Army lasse, "I don't know what is in the future, but I know that God is in the future, and I am in the Lord." Prayer—Father, thou hast been our guide and our protector throughout this year, and we thank Thee. Forgive us our sins and give us every step of our way. Amen. (The following are prepared by the editor—filling in the blanks)

Wednesday, January 1, 1941
Reading—Philippians 3: 13-16.

Thought for the day—"Forgotten those things which are behind ... I press toward the mark." At the beginning of the new year we recall failures and set. But they must in no way hinder us in earnest endeavor to reach the high aims and worthy goals of our best selves. "I press toward the mark" should be the mind of us all as followers of the Christ. Victories in the past should encourage the soul for the contests ahead. Failures should but put iron into the determination against mistakes in the future. "Be of good cheer," said Jesus, "I have overcome the world." With him we can overcome it.

Prayer—O God, help us each one to face the new year with courage and decision. We thank Thee for thy unfailing patience. Let us, this year, victoriously for thy glory. Amen.

Thursday, January 2

Thought for the day—And (Jesus) as his custom was, he went into the synagogue on the Sabbath day. (Luke 4: 16.)

Jesus it was who said, "The truest Christian's heart is, with reference to his Lord, "Oh, I want to be like him!" And the promise is that we shall be—when "we see him as he is. May the beauty of Jesus be seen in you and me today, and during the days of this year.

Prayer—O God, unto whom all hearts are open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid, speak peace to our troubled hearts and keep us set and steadfast and constant in the assurance of thy constancy and unchangeable love, so that we may reach in one safe a double portion of thy spirit to us, we beseech thee, and in the spirit of helpful and unselfish service. Help us to grow in grace and in the knowledge and the love of our dear Lord. So may we adorn the gospel of God our Savior, and to thy great Name we shall ascribe the praise. Amen. (Selected.)

Sabbath, January 4
Reading—Isaiah 58: 13, 14.

Thought for the day—And (Jesus) as his custom was, he went into the synagogue on the Sabbath day.

Jesus it was who said, "The truest Christian's heart is, with reference to his Lord, "Oh, I want to be like him!" And the promise is that we shall be—when "we see him as he is. May the beauty of Jesus be seen in you and me today, and during the days of this year.

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THE UNITED STEWARDSHIP COUNCIL

Value to Seventh Day Baptists in Belonging

By Rev. Harley H. Sutton

Stewardship has always been taught, more or less, in the Christian churches. The United Stewardship Council had its beginning in the early 1920's as an attempt to bring about a unified movement to promote stewardship.

During the Intercurch World Movement, 1919-20, representatives of different denominations met to discuss common problems of stewardship. The council is a result, and held its first meeting September 23, 1920. Bishop Ralph S. Cushman was the presiding officer.

In the past twenty years the council has held approximately forty stewardship conferences. A set of principles of stewardship, admirably adapted and proven, was devised. The council is a unifying factor in the circulation through the country. What was named a 'Business Man's Platform' was issued soon after. Later a long list of leaflets, pamphlets, and books was printed and circulated in numbers that have reached a few hundred thousand for several years. Two study books have been circulated interdenominationally. Thousands of study classes have been held in various parts of the country. A list of approved books on stewardship is issued every few years and is circulated among many people. Every January the council publishes the statistics of giving, with reference to the denominations in the various denominations. The Education Committee of the council co-operates with the interdenominational Sunday school on the provision of material for stewardship. Essay contests, poster contests, special material for different age groups the council has helped in promoting. Members of the council have met with leaders in Great Britain, Europe, and Asia to help promote stewardship in their countries.

We believe there is real value in Seventh Day Baptist membership in the council. In the first place, by membership Seventh Day Baptists are joined with twenty-four other Protestant denominations in the promotion of this very important phase of the gospel. It is not a plan for financing churches, but for teaching the stewardship of all of life.

In the second place, our denomination shares with other members the value of its compiled lists of stewardship materials. The Committee to Promote the Financial Program of the General Conference has used many of these recommended materials, and much good has been derived. Materials are sent often to the representative of our denomination in the council, and only that which limited funds permit can be sent out to pastors.

In the third place, there is the opportunity of spreading our own message, as our giving reports are sent in to the council, and as our representative meets with those of other denominations at conferences on stewardship and discusses with them our beliefs. In this regard our opportunity is as great as our participation. Therefore, from the selfish viewpoint of value get from other denominations as to the way to promote our financial programs, and the unselfish viewpoint of joining in this great interdenominational agency of promoting stewardship, our denomination receives much real value from membership in the United Stewardship Council.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

OUR LETTER EXCHANGE

I did not have anything to do so I thought I would write to you.

Our school will close Friday, December 20, for Christmas vacation, and take up again Monday, January 3, 1942.

Nancilu and Vic are going to bring Ruth down for Christmas. She is in school at Alfred. Vic's school closes Friday, December 20, too. They expect to get here on the twenty-second. We have to get a Christmas tree by the last of the week for them.

Mira Ann Bottoms, Uncle Ary's girl, lives about three miles from us. We are going to go up near by the Sabbath. We may get there tomorrow. One day we were going up to Mira Ann's and we locked Sparky, my dog, up in the house. When we got up on top of the mountain, we looked back, and he was running very fast behind us. Gilbert had turned him out. "Oh! What's the day?" Dan and Diddy were in Huntsville, and a policeman came up and caught Diddy by the arm and said, "Hey! Whose boy is this?" very gruffly.
I heard you which I have just heard over the radio. Your next letter. This time it is a Christmas story, which tell us how and where he was found in the lost boy. I hope so, and that you will.

Dear Betty:

He danced the sun-dance and five inches high. I named her Figaro for the dog comes first. He is a funny little dog. You may not think he is very little. He is about nine inches long and five inches high. She is black. I named her Figaro for the kitty in Pinocchio.

An Indian came to our school one day. He danced the sun-dance and the war-dance. He taught us how to talk a little of the Indian language. "Cocoo" means water in Indian.

I had better quit and eat supper.

Woodville, Ala.

Dear Betty,

I have enjoyed your nice long letter and had a good laugh at your father's and Dan's funny experience with the policeman, but I am wondering if they succeeded in finding the lost boy. I hope so, and that you will tell us how and where he was found in your next letter.

Now I have another short dog story for you which I have just heard over the radio. This time it is a Christmas story, which will tell in my own words.

Sincerely yours,

Mizpah S. Greene.

Bobbie and Dan went to help him hunt for the lost boy. He had thought Daddy had kidnapped Dan and that Dan was the lost boy. It was very funny.

Now I will tell you about my pets. My dog comes first. He is a funny little dog. He is about nine inches long and eight inches high. He is black and white and has a little tan on him.

Next comes my kitty. She is nine inches long and five inches high. She is black. I named her Figaro for the kitty in Pinocchio.

An Indian came to our school one day. He danced the sun-dance and the war-dance. He taught us how to talk a little of the Indian language. "Cocoo" means water in Indian.

I had better quit and eat supper.

Your friend,

Bobby Butler.

Woodville, Ala.

Dear Betty,

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Sincerely yours,

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Bobbie did not like to write letters; it was such hard work to spell the long words. There isn't any way out of it, he decided. He wrote his letter to Santa Claus ending with, "You do not need to bring me anything else for Christmas if you will only bring me a dog. Please, please, dear Santa, bring me a dog."

"Yes, we do have a dog now," said the father, stroking the dog's shaggy head. So Bobbie had his dog for Christmas, after all. It was a funny story.

At Christmas Time

When little children sit up straight and set at table as they should,
When rough eyes become sedate
And youthful minds are being good,
When coats and caps aren't left about
For someone else to put away,
Then you can know a dog
We're getting on to Christmas Day.
When little brother combs his hair
And washes his ears,
When no one answers: "I don't care"
Correctly assigned,
When children stop to close the door
As they scampers out to play,
Sanctify perfect proves once more
We're getting on to Christmas Day.
When little youngsters strive to be
Correct and polite
And do the pretty deeds which we
Insist on day and night,
When they rear their teachings wise recall
And tell their parents to display,
There isn't any doubt at all
We're getting on to Christmas Day.

As times I think the white see
Them doing as they should,
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churches of Europe; poverty, oppression, and humiliation to compromise with a worldly and secular theology. "In the face of these perils," Doctor Keller said, "it becomes the clear duty of Christians to preach the Word of God in order to maintain the spirit and institutions of Christian solidarity; to take care of refugees of which there are now as many as four million in the camps, the barracks, and under trees along the streets, not knowing what their future is, or whether or not they will starve."

At the Tuesday night joint session, Dr. Halford E. Luccock, of Yale University Divinity School, said: "One of the great liabilities of the Church remains the danger of a blackout on all kinds of social welfare in the name of National Defense."

In his presidential address at a joint banquet Wednesday night, Dr. George A. Buttrick, president of the Federal Council, made a plea for a ministry of reconciliation: "We move into the next biennium not knowing, or perhaps feeling, whether we are alone in the darkness, but not in defeat and not in despair. God lives. We are not alone."

H. C. V.,
Corresponding Secretary.

OUR PULPIT
CHRISTMAS SERMON

By Rev. L. O. Greene
Pastor, Albion, Wis.

Text: "And they departed into their own country another way." Matthew 2:12.

These words of Matthew, coming at the close of the Christmas story, have much radiance as did the star that was so bright and so near in the sky above them. They were soon to know that the Child they had worshiped would some day teach them the greater significance of the most splendid of all stars, the Star of Hope.

Power of the New Light

In their journey from the Holy Land, they had passed through a world of hardship and suffering, and with night-long solemn vigils to see a last faint glimmer of the star which had led them there, then the Child. All these things may have been for a spiritual guide and, stranger still, that they expected to find him in the form of a little child. All these things may have been to impart to its members, and especially to its leaders, "a new Christian interpretation of the Word of God in a dream not to see Herod again, for fear he might slay them, but to find the one they sought and then they went with a new purpose to serve a new leader, the Christ of Bethlehem."

Our Present Need

In a day of such anxiety, in a world so torn by strife, we need to know the power of the New Light. No matter how wisely we may think we are, we, too, must feel the need of a presence greater than ourselves, if we are to be saved. How great is that
need for one who can stimulate, enforce, inspire. This same Christ, and no other, can do exactly that for men today. We have nothing that is not better than a throne whose bequests we deem it an honor to obey and whose principles of living should guide us in every way, but we have not yet been taught how to live. Men are scarce, not in paths of waste and desolation, but Christ was to lead them through the ways of life, and plenty, roads blossoming with fruits and roses, ways in which men's hearts would find reason to rejoice, paths where men would be inspired by holy example to extend love and kindness to others and help bring peace to all the world, because there would be no occasion for enmity, or malice, and greed. This was the new way of the wise men. It was a way where men would want to bring their very best—gifts better than frankincense, yes, better than gold, even the gift of their own lives in a sacrificial loving for Christ and humanity. And ever since that day when men have learned to do great things they have sought this King who was first discovered in Bethlehem, and they have gone down this new road where nothing has hampered them. They have first given the greatest gift, their own lives, then they have been free to receive and worship the King had for them, and they have found joy in it because the way has been strewed with everything that makes men's souls happy. The wise men who marked out this new path little realized how much joy might come to the great throngs who would follow in their train down through the ages. We worship this King on this happy Christmas day.

The Way of Peace

It was the King of the Jews they came to find. How strange, for they were not Jews themselves. They were strangers to the commonwealth. If they were able to find much in this strange nation to fill them with a sincere faith and love which men had never known before. This was a nation which had been buffeted and cast adrift, not destroyed, a nation which had worshiped an unknown God with their psalms and invocations, a nation who might have said, "Who was this young child," and they were satisfied. They sought a king, but found a child. To us this might seem like a grave disappointment, and would have seemed so had they not been wise enough to see that their trouble in getting there was to teach them the great lesson the greatness of the world still awaits our understanding. Isiah had long before prophesied that "a little child should lead them. Apparently it did not enter their minds before this moment, to rule them. From that very day as they returned home another way their influence on them would ever increase to hold their loyalty. He was endowed with the same faith, simplicity, meekness, and love that any child should have in any generation. He was divinely appointed to use these qualities to lead all men into the same simple faith and love. Years later in his act of treachery they had to ask themselves, "Is there not a meek for them shall inherit the earth," and he had proved his right to live and teach men. So the wise men knew they had been free to follow in this new road where men would want to bring their very best—gifts better than frankincense, yes, better than gold, even the gift of their own lives in a sacrificial loving for Christ and humanity. And ever since that day when men have learned to do great things they have sought this King who was first discovered in Bethlehem, and they have gone down this new road where nothing has hampered them. They have first given the greatest gift, their own lives, then they have been free to receive and worship the King had for them, and they have found joy in it because the way has been strewed with everything that makes men's souls happy. The wise men who marked out this new path little realized how much joy might come to the great throngs who would follow in their train down through the ages. We worship this King on this happy Christmas day.

The Light of a New Day

We are told that the star on that eventful night led the wise men to a cradle in Bethlehem and they put frankincense, myrrh, and gold on the head of a little child, "and they were satisfied. They sought a king, but found a child. To us this might seem like a grave disappointment, and would have seemed so had they not been wise enough to see that their trouble in getting there was to teach them the great lesson the greatness of the world still awaits our understanding. Isiah had long before prophesied that "a little child should lead them. Apparently it did not enter their minds before this moment, to rule them. From that very day as they returned home another way their influence on them would ever increase to hold their loyalty. He was endowed with the same faith, simplicity, meekness, and love that any child should have in any generation. He was divinely appointed to use these qualities to lead all men into the same
which we must follow if we would arrive. Its beams never fail and it always points toward the Christ. The spirit of Christmas brings it to us. Men prefer this light to darkness when once it shines in the heart. It is the way for 1941. It cannot be neglected if we want "peace on earth, good will to men." May God let it so.

It must guide the world before we fall into the calamitous abyss from which there may be no rising. It must burn with a new glow in every Christian heart until the miraculous power of this Infant it will shine out where the drab scenes of destruction can see its gleam and take hope. It must penetrate the dark recesses of cruel, war lords of devastation until it mellows and brings back to life the strangled spirit which, we trust, God once placed there. There must be no need for future "blackouts." Let us follow the wise men.

DENOMINATIONAL "HOOK-UP"

Alfred, N. Y.

The report comes from the Mount Morris Hospital that Miss Miriam Shaw expects to be dismissed from the institution in two months.—Alfred Sun.

Salemville, Pa.

A farewell gathering was held in the church on Tuesday evening, November 19, for Mr. C. Van Horn, who left Monday, November 25, for Salem, W. Va., where Mr. Van Horn will be employed as pastor of Goshen Church. He began his duties the first of December.

A program in charge of Sherman Kagarise, chairman of the committee, was given. Two hymns, "There's a Wideness" and "My Father's World," were sung by the group. Scripture was read by Sherman Kagarise, after which Pastor Van Horn offered prayer. Professor P. G. Vonada and Marvin Foster entertained by rendering "Memories" and "Parents." The group was accorded accompaniment. This was followed by short talks by Rev. W. N. Stauffer, pastor of the Church of the Brethren; Rev. F. R. King, pastor of the German Seventh Day Baptists; and Rev. Mr. Van Horn. These were interspersed with a vocal duet, "If Christ Should Come Today" by Miss Florence Emery and Mrs. Melda Clapper, and the group singing, "Somebody" and "Lead Kindly Light." Rev. Mr. King pronounced the benediction.

The refreshment committee then took charge and served a lunch of sandwiches, pickles, cake, and coffee to approximately sixty-five of the parishioners and neighbors present.

Mr. Rev. and Mrs. Van Horn were district officers of the Bedford County Sabbath School Association. Mr. Van Horn was also a member of the Bedford County Ministerial Association, the Salemville Band, and the Salemville fire crew.

He was a Sabbath school teacher, director of the Vacation Union Bible School, teacher of the Fourteenth Training Class, and chorister of the church choir. He organized the Boy Scout Troop No. 61, acting as its leader.

Mrs. Van Horn was teacher of a Sabbath school class, was president of the Ladies' Aid society, helped to organize and was leader of the Girl Scouts, and was also superintendent of the Junior Endeavor society of the church.

Mr. Van Horn was pastor of this church for three years and five months. The summer of 1937, the members of the church furnished the parsonage. The Van Horns moved to the parsonage and served the church through July and August, returning to Alfred in September, in order that Mr. Van Horn may complete his work in the Divinity School.

The following winter he came down from Alfred once a month to hold week-end meetings. The spring of 1938, the church extended a call, which they accepted and moved into the parsonage in September of the same year, and have served the church very faithfully to this time.

In June, 1939, Mr. Van Horn returned to Alfred for a few weeks to finish work for his degree, remaining throughout the commencement exercises.

Miss Florence Emery, a consecrated member of our church, has accepted a position in the Girls Training School at Plainfield, N. Y. Owing to the bad weather and sickness our attendance is not as large as usual. However, our energetic pastor keeps the work moving. Friday evening Bible studies are being held each week at the church. Regular Sabbath services and Christian Endeavor are held on Sabbath day, besides the midweek meetings. Pastor Van Horn is thoroughly enjoyed by all who attend.

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It is the way for 1941. It cannot be.

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Ethel Bowen, daughter of Walter and Harry L. Bowen. To this union was born one son, G. Osborn. Intermemt was in the Shiloh cemetery.

Harris. — Eliza R. Harris was the oldest of eleven children born to David A. and Jeannette B. Randolph. She was born at Shiloh, N. J., on July 15, 1879, and passed away suddenly on December 5, 1940. She attended school at Shiloh, later attending Temple University in Philadelphia. For several years she was an instructor in the Training School at Vineland, N. J. In 1927, she was married to Frank Harris, and was deeply interested in his three sons who were left behind. In 1938, she retired from teaching and opened her home to many boys from the community.

Funeral services were conducted at the home on December 7, by Rev. Lester G. Osborn. Interment was in the Shiloh cemetery.

Jacques. — Courtland S. Jacques was born May 21, 1863, and died December 6, 1940. His parents were A. C. and Harriet Stillman Jacques.

He was married to Lois Wilbur Preston, June, 1883. To this union two children were born, Mrs. Stella Clarke and Flora Jacques, both living in Little Genesee. His wife died in March, 1933. Besides his daughters he is survived by two granddaughters, Mrs. Helen Burckof Murffreesboro, N. C., and Mrs. Hazel Granier of Whitesville, N. Y., one great-grandson; and one stepson, Archie Preston of Olean.

He had been a member of the Seventh Day Baptist Church at Little Genesee for years. He believed in its teachings, supported it, and studied the Bible faithfully. He will be missed by family and friends.

Funeral services were conducted by his pastor, Rev. Harley Sutton.

H. S. Thomas. — Abbie G., daughter of Edward A. and the late Mary B. Thomas, was born July 17, 1901, and died September 11, 1940. On December 26, 1913, she was baptized by Rev. James L. Skaggs and joined the Shiloh Seventh Day Baptist Church. The last twenty years of her life were spent in teaching school. The beautiful flowers, especially those from her pupils and fellow teachers, showed the high esteem in which she was held.

Funeral services were conducted by Rev. Lester G. Osborn, and interment was made in the Shiloh cemetery.

A man that heareth false witness against his neighbor is a maul, and a sword, and a sharp arrow. Proverbs.

OBITUARY

Bowen.—Etheh Glasper Bowen, daughter of the late L. Frank and Anna Ayars Glasper, was born at Shiloh, N. J., October 29, 1886, and departed this life December 1, 1940. On September 8, 1909, she was married to Harry L. Bowen. To this union was born one son, Walter. She joined the Shiloh Church December 24, 1901, and though unable to attend regularly and take a very active part for several years on account of poor health, she was always interested in its work.

Surviving her are her husband and son; a sister, Mrs. Bertha Johnson, of Pt. Pleasant, N. J.; and her mother, Mrs. Anna Glasper, ninety years of age, who has made her home with her daughter for several years.

Funeral services were conducted by Pastor L. G. Osborn. Intermemt was in the Shiloh cemetery.

NEW YEAR’S RESOLUTION

THY WORD

A Lamp unto my feet and a Light unto my path.

1941

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