THE SABBATH RECORDER

paniment arranged and played by Mrs. W. G. Johnson.

After the drawings, came the gift exchange, in which gifts were numbered and given out, Mrs. A. H. Babcock and Mrs. J. A. Barber, dressed as a gypsy, being in charge. Several boys and girls assisted in giving out the presents.

In keeping with the season, members of the choir of the Seventh Day Baptist Church presented in the regular services time Saturday morning the anthem, "The Christmas Glory," under the capable direction of Mrs. Harlan Brennick. Mrs. W. G. Johnson was at the piano and Mrs. A. H. Babcock at the organ.

Bonf in a letter from her daughter in Fairton, N. J., December 1, 1940.

She was married to Charles T. Fisher and to Mrs. W. G. Fisher, a retired farmer, passed away at the home of his son, Harry M. Babcock. Babcock, Mich., December 7, 1940.

Babcock, a son of Samuel L. and Almyra (Burdick) Babcock, was born in Adams Center, N. Y., June 16, 1849. After he had grown to manhood he went to Nortonville, Kan., when that state was just emerging from the pioneer stage. So he intimately knew the vicissitudes and hardships of the early settlers who developed those prosperous sections of the West. About thirty-five years ago he came to Battle Creek, which has since been his home.

On December 18, 1869, she was married to Miss Amy Green of New York State. Of the children born to them there are four sons who survive: Estes, of Atchison, Kan.; Dr. Ralph W. of New York City; Sheldon O. and Harry M. of Battle Creek.

Mr. Babcock was a member of the Three-quarter Century Club of Battle Creek, having been one of the charter members and secretary for a number of years. This club, the first of many which adopted the idea, was started by Dr. John Harvey Kellogg of the Battle Creek Sanitarium and was composed of persons who were seventy-five years old or older. He was also a member of the Seventh Day Baptist Church, first at Nortonville, later at Battle Creek.

Funeral services were conducted by Dr. Henry N. Johnson, chaplain of the sanitarium. Burials were made in Bedford, Mich.

H. N. J.

Fisher. — Mrs. Elizabeth McPherson Fisher, daughter of William and Mary McPherson, was born March 22, 1854, and died at the home of her daughter in Fairton, N. J., December 1, 1940.

She was married to Charles T. Fisher and to this union were born three daughters. She was baptized January 12, 1878, and joined the Maryland Seventh Day Baptist Church.

She is survived by two daughters, Mrs. Albert Gadd of Philadelphia, Pa., and Mrs. Adelia Gandy of Fairton, N. J.; three sisters, Mrs. Margaret Drummond, Mrs. Ella Booser, Josephine McPherson; and one brother, David M. McPherson.

Funeral services were conducted by her pastor, Rev. Herbert L. Cottrell. Interment was in the Marlboro cemetery.

H. L. C.

RECORDER WANT ADVERTISEMENTS

Please state to the Recorder for what line you want, and advertisement of a like nature, will be run in this column at

one cent per word for each additional insertion.

Cash must accompany order.

WANTED — Seventh Day Baptist farmer interested in renting dairy farm near Milton, Wia. Write Pastor Carroll L. Mill at once. 12-30-41

The Sabbath Recorder
Vol. 130
PLAINFIELD, N. J., JANUARY 13, 1941
No. 2

SONG OF A PILGRIM SOUL

March on, my soul, nor like a laggard stay!
March swiftly on. Yet err not from the way
Where all the nobly wise of old have trod—
The path of faith made by the sons of God.
Follow the marks that they have set beside
The narrow, cloud-swept track to be thy guide;
Follow, and honor what the past has gained,
And forward still, that more may be attained. . . .

—Henry van Dyke.
EDITORIALS

HITHERTO

We are only a little way from New Year's day, when we think about fresh pages of life before us, unsold and white. New Year's day is a kind of milestone. We find milestones in the Bible—there was Jacob's ladder and Kadesh-barnea. There was Samuel's Ebenezer. For Israel's complaints against God for their own failures and defeats Samuel had urged them to repent for, said he, "ye do return unto the Lord with all your hearts . . . and serve him only; he will deliver you." (1 Samuel 7: 31.)

The story says they repented and the Lord gave them victory over their enemy. Presently the same stone was taken and called it Ebenezer—the stone of help—and said, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us." (1 Samuel 7: 12.)

It is always well to pause and think of what God has done for us. The new year is a good time to look back, to look up, and look ahead. The backward look is one of review, of the counting of one's many blessings, of taking account of mistakes and failures. But, like Paul, then "forgetting the past," so far as failure, success, or blessing may hinder us or slow us down, we must press on toward the ideals and larger life in Christ Jesus.

This is involved in the "look up." The significant word here is "Lord." "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us." The great sin of our day is that of forgetting God. Loss comes not only from denying deity, of lack of faith in deity, but of forgetting God, ignoring him in our plans and purposes. "See what my hands have got me," said we. Now "Soul, take thy ease," or whatever you are able to take. This is the attitude of men and nations. But remember, "God is not mocked, for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." (Galatians 6: 7.)

Today the world is reeling in the whirlwind. Can we drive home to God, "Hitherto the Lord." Up to this point the Lord has blessed and helped us. He will not forsake his own in the days to come. "Lo, I am with you alway." (Matthew 28: 20.) A recent meditation of the Upper Room quotes a little-known English author: "I said to the man who stood at the gate of the city, 'Give me the stone that may treat me safely into the unknown,' and he replied, 'Go out into the darkness and put your hand into the hand of God. That shall be better to you than a light, and safer than a known way.' Yes, let us put our hand in the hand of God, which will be safer than any known way.

Herein we will find courage and strength to "look forward." We need not be discouraged by the past. A splendid heritage is ours—but we must not be bound by it. It is a springboard from which we are helped to start ahead. We are not to be disheartened by the situation around us. Look up.

In looking and going forward, we will find much to be done and opportunity on every hand to shed a bit of light on the pathway of others. A Chinese proverb recently came to our attention: "It is better to light a candle than to curse the darkness." This very fact is the candle of faith, of hope, of love, of service.

Let us light these candles in any darkness we may encounter with courage and adventure with God into the unknown of 1941, remembering our Ebenezer—"Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.""
DAILY MEDITATIONS
(Prepared by the Committee on Ven. Horn)

Sunday, January 19
Read Matthew 7: 7-11.
"Ask and it shall be given."

Another precious promise! But we shall mistake, I believe, if we think there are no conditions to this promise. For Jesus said again, "If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you." (John 15: 7.)

There is no need to lose faith in God if we ask for that which we do not receive. Perhaps we have not yet learned to abide in him. Or we may not fully understand the meaning of these words as Jesus intended. It would seem that he was speaking of asking according to his will; otherwise we are poor in spiritual riches because we do not with persistence ask and seek and knock.

Prayer—Our heavenly Father, we thank thee for the "riches of grace in Christ Jesus." We confess that we have not always sought nor asked for the blessings for which the Christian should supplicate. Will not any poor, broken-in spirit of mercy and bless our striving, after good till we shall be satisfied only with fellowship with thee. Amen.

Monday, January 20
Read Matthew 7: 15-20.
Last summer in a Wisconsin park I found a tree with a sign identifying it as iron wood or "hop horn bean." After this, the fruit will cause me to know it. I'm sure it is the same tree that resides on a small property owner who plants trees for fruit bearing anxiously awaits the first crop, that he may be sure that he has trees produces fruit. Discouraging the fruit the sinner is no escaping the "fruit test." We should often like to think that the words and deeds of which do not measure up to the Christian standard of life under the stress of some unusual stress and do not reveal the real trend of our thought and purpose. This may be true occasionally. In fruit or flower there is sometimes a "sport" for which no reason can be found. In the main, however, the fruit reveals the tree, the vine, or plant upon which grows. "A good tree bringeth forth good fruit."

Prayer—O God, our Father, we would be humble and obedient. We recognize the authority of thy commandments and of the teachings of thy Son. We henceforth ask thee to be doers of thy will.

Wednesday, January 22
Read Matthew 8: 1-3.
How quickly Jesus responded to the needs about him! A simple request, a touch of his garment, and the response was sure. It was thus easier to the father of the sick who love thee in reality, may we live today.

Prayer—O Spirit of Jesus, leave us not! In the fellowship assembled, what a possible blessing! For those who love thee in reality, may we live today. Amen.

THE SABBATH RECORDER

Thursday, January 23
Read Matthew 13: 1-27.
And she arose and ministered unto them.

These words afford some comment upon the character of this woman who is known to us as "Mary, Peter's wife's mother," and furnish also her motive of one great healing. She, when raised from her sick bed, returned to the household tasks which were her usual form of work. Thru the very act of the ministry. Though her tasks were, when she was healed, she served. Abraham was blessed "to be a blessing." His service was the founding of a great nation. These two characters, far separated in time and circumstance, point for us again the lesson that blessings received are not to be selfish but to prepare us for a ministry to others.

Prayer—Our Father in heaven, thou hast blessed us abundantly. We confess that we have been often selfish and used the good gifts thou hast sent for ourselves alone. With thou grant to us the spirit of loving service, that in things both small and great we may minister in helpful ways to the soul of those among whom we live and work. Amen.

Friday, January 24
Read Matthew 8: 28-34. "They besought him that he would depart out of their coasts."

It is hard, nay, almost impossible to imagine that any people would beseech one who had performed a great and notable miracle to go away and leave them. Maybe they feared that he would destroy their peaceful way, instead of bringing more needy ones to be healed while the opportunity was theirs, they besought him to depart. In reference to the example, do we realize how blessings may not be our desire at first. We may actually want him to depart, but far too often we ignore his presence and forget him.

Prayer—O Spirit of Jesus, leave us not! In the fellowship assembled, what a possible blessing! For those who love thee in reality, may we live today. Amen.

Sabbath, January 25
Read Matthew 10: 32, 33.
How shall we confess Jesus? By word and deed and faithful, consistent living. How do we deny? Not only by word and deed, but by our indifference and neglect. How hard it is to realize that "he who is not for me is against me." Today many will have opportunity to confess their faith by attendance, upon public worship. Every church bell that
MISSIONS

THE PLACE OF THE CHURCHES

During the first days of this month the attention of Christians has been called especially to the churches. It has been done through the Universal Week of Prayer for the Churches. If the Week of Prayer for the Churches did nothing else than this, it would have been much worth while.

The churches are generally underestimated by their members and leaders, as well as by worldly people. Perhaps the human mind cannot estimate the value of that institution which their membership being small, they are not generally to the ends of the earth.

Their membership is small, they are not establishing Christ’s kingdom in their communities. Many of them need help in doing this. Their membership being small, they are not able to support pastors, and the work languishes. In our own land many small churches have died because they did not have the help which they needed, and on account of this the communities have become churches and are drifting back to godlessness. What is more, these little country churches are furnishing the larger city and other churches with their leading workers, and lay clergymen.

The institutions of the world, we were thrown into a state of uncertainty that was anything but conducive to our work. We were thrown into a state of uncertainty that was anything but conducive to our work. We noted that a Japanese post there, who for an hour and a half refused permission to us to proceed. In other words, the insistence was for choirs and congregations that we could scarcely get out when a Japanese sentry tried to open the car door and ordered us out before crossing a temporary bridge. This may have been a wise preventive measure, but we noted that a Japanese five-ton truck loaded with cattle was whisked through without any hindrance. Two or three of the Japanese guard were very pleasant and affable young chaps, and upon the whole quite complimentary.

Our winter is fortunately delayed. Coal is very expensive this year. We have had one grate fire in the house so far this year. Sincerely yours,

Mrs. H. Eugene Davis

Shanghai, China
December 9, 1940.

Dear Recorder Readers:

If all were as tardy about getting things done as I have been about writing this letter, not much would be accomplished. What was news a month ago has doubtless gone to you through other sources.

When the word came that all American women and children were to be given an opportunity to evacuate this part of the world, we were thrown into a state of uncertainty that was anything but conducive to calm thinking and efficient work (especially writing letters to the Recorder). But to some of us it gradually became clear that we might call the children, and so could keep on with our work. Doctor Palmborg had expected to return ere long anyway, but it had been hard to have to let Helen and the boys go when they had been here a short time. For Marcia it was a bit different, for she would have to go anyhow to enter college for the ninth year. I note next week the death of Louie Wang. His little niece, Stephen’s daughter, died of the same type of typhoid that took him. On Sunday we held a memorial service. The only thing that did not tell you who knew him how greatly he is missed. It is a Chinese custom for friends of the family to give money when one of their number dies. The friends of Louie have been asked to make their gifts to an endowment for the science department of Boy’s High School, to be named in his honor. After the death of Louise Soo, teacher in the Girls’ School, a scholarship fund was raised to help a child to study in the primary school.

On the tenth of this month the Ye family expect to have a consecration service for the baby boy who has come to live in their home. We all think that this baby is very interesting and I say he should be a musician.
Many problems are coming up these days as a result of the current political situation. The board of the Girls' School is meeting soon to consider some of the possible changes. We heard that our Girls' School is to be operated under the new Nanking government, but we feel sure that they have confused the name with that of another school. It's hard to imagine that such a move is to be made.

We miss Doctor Palmberg very much, and those who have been dependent upon her also miss her greatly. A more self-sacrificing person that she might be of help to others would be hard to find anywhere. We still feel that she may come back to Chicago at some time.

Those of us who are staying are doing so because we feel that in doing so we can continue the work that is ours. Some of us cannot easily turn over to others. Mrs. Davis, Anna, and I have divided up the teaching that Helen was to have had. Had we known that her stay would be so short, we would have planned differently. Those who are staying now are facing the same problems as many others have faced in the past, resulting in a feeling that they are not able to continue the work that is ours.

We had a most delightful trip and a wonderful visit with friends and neighbors of those pioneer days, many of whom we had not seen for nearly twenty years. The trip through northern Wisconsin and northern Minnesota through its wooded sections was delightful and most gorgeous with its setting of woods and lakes, with its varied tree-lined highways, a marvel of divine beauty and power. We stopped at Fergus Falls, Minn., to visit with friends who had gone out and returning. Fergus Falls is a very pretty city situated just east of the Red River flats of Minnesota, on the road to Fargo, N. Dak. From Fargo west to the Missouri River were broad expanses of rolling prairies; thence from Mandan, N. Dak., southwesterly towards the Lemmon, S. Dak., country, were broken valleys and rugged buttes, all breathing in their own particular beauty, that cannot be expressed with the mighty power and majesty of our heavenly Father.

There have been many changes in this west river country of the Dakotas during these years of our lives. Many of the old friends and neighbors of those early days have gone, some beyond the skyline of life; others have moved to other places, others have moved to the city. But many are still carrying on to the best of their ability in the old homes. During the past ten years it has been a terrible test and tragedy for many of those who remain behind. For this locality was a part of the terrible dust bowl of which we read a few years back.

How many people have endured and come through the ordeal of those devastating dust storms and endless winds and crop losses, with its attendant tragedy of hardships and privations—with smiles and a spirit of undying faith and hope—is a miracle that is beyond the power of the most gifted of human beings, even in temporary homes of twenty years ago, almost without repair or addition since. Many others have had fair or good homes during the period; otherwise they also endured hardships of these years.

In spite of all these adversity the average farmer has tried to keep the settled spirit, happy, and looking forward to a better day for themselves and the country. They also have raised families in these pioneer homes, that have grown to manhood and womanhood and married and gone to other locations. Many of our old friends are left behind on the old homes, growing white with the snows of life, still carrying on with that spirit of uncomplaining courage, and faith in God that is the most eloquent evidence of the quality and fiber of the average man and women who have followed the frontiers of our nation.

In these gloomy days of world conditions, when so much is being said about Hitlerism and its possible danger to our country, through the unfavorable conditions, on the human aspect, it should be a refreshing and encouraging subject for all fainthearted ones to contemplate this fiber of perseverance, hopefulness, courage, and faith in God that underlies the foundation quality of the men and women of our nation. And here is the outstanding feature that impresses us in the last days. We see folks of the western Dakota: that through all the privations of crop failures and tragedies that life has handed them, they still cling to that unquenchable confidence and faith that God is with them through it all.

And though their homes of twenty years ago were so unsightly and dash from the vicissitudes of the years, their souls seem to be broader, brighter, and refined like gold tempered by fire, with a flowing consciousness that they have the Infinite One as their partner. Surely our heavenly Father as he looks down in his mercy on these settlers, and through this great conflict and determination to carry on, full of confidence that the great Giver of all good will not desert them, we feel that he has prepared for them the beauty and comfort beyond all the privations of crop failures and tragedies. How many have such experiences in our lives would probably not be able to continue the work that is ours.

In closing, I believe if all of us who have had to experience the poor we have lived through, the hardships we have had to bear, we too would come forth refined and strengthened with a new courage and comforted with an abiding peace in our hearts that surpasses all understanding.

Mrs. Potter and I are nearing our sixty-eighth birthdays, and we are so thankful that through it all, with all the hardships, the many good health and a host of friends. We miss the opportunity of a church of our belief, but we believe that that alone is not essential to true worship. We believe we can find the Lord in worship along with those who, may differ with us in some essentials. God's good will to all be disposed to repay. We enjoy the weekly visit of the Sabbath Recorder, and like many others we would like to see it a larger magazine. However, it was based upon such as being filled with much practical, spiritual, and uplifting material, founded upon God's Holy Word. Its editors have done a splendid job.

The Daily Meditations column is a source of inspiration. The same can be said regarding mission letters and all departments. So, under the circumstances, we shall continue to be thankful to our heavenly Father for all his mercies.

Sincerely,
Mabel L. West
Shanghai, China
December 6, 1940.

THE SABBATH RECORDER

A LETTER OF TRAVEL

To the Sabbath Recorder,
Plainsfield, N. J.

This letter recites some of our observations and reactions gained on our trip to western North Dakota, which Mrs. Potter and I had the pleasure of taking by auto, this fall of 1940.

We had been home here in northern Wisconsin, near Washburn in Bayfield County, the morning of the twentieth of September. We were gone from home a little over one month, and drove a distance of approximately two thousand miles the round trip. We were making the trip to visit one of our daughter's families in southern Wisconsin, near Washburn in Bayfield County, the morning of the twentieth of September. We were making the trip to visit one of our daughter's families in southern Wisconsin, near Washburn in Bayfield County, the morning of the twentieth of September. We were making the trip to visit one of our daughter's families in southern Wisconsin, near Washburn in Bayfield County, the morning of the twentieth of September. We were making the trip to visit one of our daughter's families in southern Wisconsin, near Washburn in Bayfield County, the morning of the twentieth of September.

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Sincerely,
Leon A. Potter
Rt. 2, Washburn, Wis., November, 1940.

THE SABBATH RECORDER

WOMAN'S WORK

GIVING
God might have used his sunset gold so sparingly.
He might have strewed his blossoms out quite grudgingly.
He might have given us one wee star in all the sky—
But since he gave so lavishly, Why should not we?

TURNING WHEELS FOR CHINA

By Ida Pruitt

Sixty million people bomed out of their homes and spread like human silt over the vast three fourths of China that is free. Would this all be life-giving to the country
as the annual silt of the Nile, or was it coming in such a flood that, like the Yellow River, when the dykes break, it would be devastating and submerge the life of these western provinces? Sixty million refugees. The farmers did not need the refugees. There were enough farmers.

China was faced with another great difficulty. Her coastal and big river valley cities in which eighty to ninety per cent of her modern industry is either destroyed or in the hands of the invaders. She was faced with a very serious shortage of the everyday goods of the everyday life of the people.

To give work to the people who had no work and to supply goods to the people who had no goods, to help up the morale of the country and help to strengthen the national economy, was the dream out of which was born the Chinese Industrial Co-operatives.

There were women in that original planning group which gathered around Rewi Alley in Shanghai: an American newspaper woman; Y.W.C.A. women, both Chinese and American; one woman whose husband was the chief organizer of the whole China Industrial Co-operative movement. Together they now work in the far northwest, building up the decentralized industry of China from grass roots, integrating it with the life of the farmer.

The refugees and the dispossessed people themselves—"I have seen them sitting in refugee camps, of their families are with them. There is disintegrating as human beings. I have seen the farmers did not need the refugees. There was faced with a very serious shortage of the everyday goods of the everyday life of the people.

"I am from Nanking," she said, "but I have no home now. My husband was killed and my sons were killed and my daughter was killed. I am all alone in the world." She smiled up at me and went back to her mending.

She was wasting no energy in being sorry for herself or in railing at the enemy who had destroyed all that she loved and all she had been doing the job. There is a job to be done in the soil of the world. These are the leaders. Such are the men and women who have gathered the refugees, the dispossessed, and formed them into industrial units, of which there are now over two thousand that are helping to make China's wheels go round, and are scattered in fifteen of China's provinces.

Adapted to Needs

The small industrial units are organized according to the goods to be produced, so in some of the units there are men only, in others, women only. But in most of them there are both men and women. They range in numbers from seven to thirty or forty to a co-operative.

In an old city in southeast China, I visited a co-operative that was making towels and socks. They had one big room. In the back were four or five towel looms operated by men. As hand and foot power must in most places still be very destructive and to make its seat in a place more defendable, Madame Chiang Kai-shek was thinking of the Chinese woman, that great city of modern industry, of the women in the Hsin-Hsing mills. She made arrangements for them to join the Chinese Industrial Co-operatives just starting in the loess hills of southern Shensi. There, in caves dug in the perpendicular loess cliffs, still wearing the aprons of the old days, they were spinning the yarn needed for the country. And their husbands, for whom there had been no work in the highly organized factories, now are doing the heavy work of winding the yarn for the looms.

On the banks of the Yangtze in a bamboo hut I saw linen fiber being converted into absorbent cotton for the hospitals. There were the cutting machines, the soaking vats, and the machine out of which rolls the fluffy white "cotton" operated by men. The accountant was a woman.

She was wasting no energy in being sorry for herself or in railing at the enemy who had destroyed all that she loved and all she had been doing the job. There is a job to be done in the soil of the world. These are the leaders. Such are the men and women who have gathered the refugees, the dispossessed, and formed them into industrial units, of which there are now over two thousand that are helping to make China's wheels go round, and are scattered in fifteen of China's provinces.

In a village perched on the side of a Szechuan hill, miles from any city, men and women working together had rented rooms in a frame house and were turning out socks and stockings, and ingredients for the making of soap.

In the Southeast Headquarters I watched the senior organizer, a graduate of Yenching University, presenting a plan to the mass Education Movement in Tinghsein, talking patiently and explaining new methods to three unlettered women, wives of soldiers at the front. They were the committee to work out the plans for a co-operative to preserve meat!

Where refugees are concentrated the percentage of women is always high and the obvious thing is to organize them into sewing co-operatives. In the dry northwest, where the months of the summer, the winter, and the summer of the year, the women spread their mats on the ground and make the green uniforms of the Chinese postal service, mattresses and clothes for the hospitals, as quickly as spinning wheels can be turned out by the CIC machine shops for them. They also work at weaving hats and other traditional occupations. Sitting in their sunny caves or on the terraces in front of the caves, they spin the cotton and make the green uniforms that the men weave into cloth or blankets.

In the hot August days of 1938, when the Chinese government was preparing to evacuate all, Madame Chiang Kai-shek was thinking of the Chinese woman, that great city of modern industry, of the women in the Hsin-Hsing mills. She made arrangements for them to join the Chinese Industrial Co-operatives just starting in the loess hills of southern Shensi. There, in caves dug in the perpendicular loess cliffs, still wearing the aprons of the old days, they were spinning the yarn needed for the country. And their husbands, for whom there had been no work in the highly organized factories, now are doing the heavy work of winding the yarn for the looms.

In one of the great universities, an American professor remembered the old spinning wheel in his childhood, a real engineer. He took the spinning wheel and improved it and now it is being turned out by the thousands from the Chinese Industrial Co-operative machine shops. Men and women, growing boys and girls, are brought into the centers and taught how to use these wheels. They take them home to teach the men and women in their villages who have been formed into industrial units by the organizer who travels from village to village. In the course of a day some of these units have hitched their spinning wheels in platoons to a rushing river. It is a picture I carry always with me—women, thousands of women, spinning in small groups here and there, spinning—turning the wheels for China.

It is sometimes hard for us to realize that the women's spinning wheels all over the country, the women packaging and drying meat in the south and east, are part of what is making the only way of life still possible for us. It is hard for us to realize that these women cease to regard the food on the table, their own time and in their own democratic way, our freedom in the America we love is that much threatened.

Only by uniting against this force of evil can we defeat them.
I had a very happy Christmas. Christmas day we had dinner at Lima Center. Monday night the Burdick factory had their Christmas party in the high school and the children got boxes of candy. The church had their party in the church basement Christmas eve. I got a dial typewriter that I am writing my letter on, five handkerchiefs, a box of small candy, and some other things.

Quite a few children around here have had chicken pox, but I have not had it. I had perfect attendance in Sabbath school last year and this year.

We had quite a lot of snow here but it is a good cold. We have had two snow storms and there is only a little left of the second one.

We have only six goats now, Polly, Molly, Dolly, Rosy, Posy, and Estrella are their names.

I cannot think of any more to write so I will close.

Your Recorder friend,

Milton, Wis.

May Burdick.

Dear Mrs. Greene:

For Christmas I got six handkerchiefs, a necktie, three boxes of candy and nuts, two books, a candy box, a puzzle with a map of the United States of America on one side and a map of the world on the other side.

I will be twelve years old January 2. The annual church dinner is Sunday, January 5.

Your friend,

Milton, Wis.

Oscar Burdick.

I am writing a joint letter to you today so that I will have room for one more letter on this page.

I am glad you, too, got a typewriter, May, and you are both pretty good typists for me. I expect you to make more mistakes than I when I first began to type and I still make them, to be perfectly truthful. You were certainly well remembered at Christmas. I think I was, too. My most useful presents were an electric clock, a carpet sweeper, and a nice apron.

Your sincere friend,

Mizpah S. Greene.

THE SABBATH RECORDER

DENOMINATIONAL BUDGET

Statement of Treasurer, December, 1940

Receipts

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>December 1940</th>
<th>Total for 6 mos.</th>
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<tr>
<td>Adams Center</td>
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<td>White Cloud</td>
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Disbursements

| Missionary Society | $739.84 | Specials | $250.39 |
| Tract Society      | $175.78 |          |
| Seventh Day Baptist Building | $111.01 |
| Woman's Board      | $92.48  |          |
| Ministerial Retirement | $12.00  |
| Historical Society | $325.62 |
| General Conference | $318.41 |
| Board of Christian Education | 56.04 |
| Miscellaneous - not denominational | 20.53 |

Morton R. Swinkney, Treasurer.

Niantic, Conn.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

OUR LETTER EXCHANGE

Dear Mrs. Greene:

Santo brought me a typewriter for Christmas, so I thought I would type you a letter. We had a nice tree and program at our church Sunday night before Christmas.

I read your page in the Recorder and I enjoy it very much. I see you haven't had many letters lately. I hope you get more letters from your many Recorder friends.

A Recorder friend,

Aubra Eugene Snider.

McWhorter, W. Va.

Dear Mrs. Greene:

I think a typewriter is a wonderful Christmas present and you are already using yours skillfully for you hardly made a mistake. Pastor Greene gave me one for my birthday a few years ago, to take and type you a letter. I have used it for a good many years, and I can tell you I was pleased, as I am sure you were.

Aubra Eugene Snider.

McWhorter, W. Va.

Dear May and Oscar:

I am writing a joint letter to you today so that I'll have room for one more letter on this page.

I am glad you, too, got a typewriter, May, and you are both pretty good typists for me. I expect you to make more mistakes than I when I first began to type and I still make them, to be perfectly truthful. You were certainly well remembered at Christmas. I think I was, too. My most useful presents were an electric clock, a carpet sweeper, and a nice apron.

Your sincere friend,

Mizpah S. Greene.

THE SABBATH RECORDER

Mrs. Greene: I am very sorry I neglected to write to you, and trust this letter will find you in the best of health.

I am learning to play the piano very well. Sometimes my sister sings while I play. We all have a good time in the Lord. My daddy just got a job. We all have been praying about it and our prayers were answered.

My sister now is four years old. She has grown very much since I have written to you, and I am very glad to be able to write to you. My sister likes music very much. If it's the Lord's will my daddy is going to buy her a violin, and I want to go to play for the Lord. And we are going to do missionary work.

This will be all for now.

Anna Marie Patato.

350 Manhattan St.

Schenectady, N. Y.

Dear Anna Marie:

Will answer your good letter next week.

Sincerely yours,

Mizpah S. Greene.

OUR PULPIT

FRUITS WITHOUT LABOR

(Thoughts for a Communion Service)

By Harley Sutton

"Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them." (Matt. 7:20).

Fruit is the reward of labor, of growth. The business man measures his success by the increase of dollars over the number of dollars used in paying his debts. The farmer measures the success of his crop by the number of bushels of corn harvested. What is more beautiful than a field of ripened grain, or an apple tree laden with ripened apples—the fruits of labor and growth? A prophet died leaving his widow little besides a good name. This reputation is a priceless heritage. When the creditors had been paid the widow felt that she was pennyless. In her distress she calls for help from the prophet Elijah. The first question he asks is, "What hast thou in the house?" This must have seemed mockery to the widow. But he was saying, "Find what you have and use it." When you come to God
never say you have nothing, for from nothing comes something. What have you is the question, not what have you not. Dwell more on what you have than on what you have not. Our strength lies not in what we have. A rod in Moses hand, the mantle of Elijah, a few leaves and fish plus God was sufficient for the prophet. What you have and put it to use. Begets increase, fruits. A visitor in a machine shop saw a magnet with a number of small metal objects fastened to it and asked the keeper what they were doing. He was making the magnet and he replied, "I am putting it to work. It has been lying idle and was losing its power. Now I will add new material to it each day and its power will increase as it works." There is a Germinating Oil. "If I rest I rust." While we are working at our work, our work is working at us. As a man builds a house he is also building a man. If he puts only the best materials into the house he will most likely be using the same kind of materials in his house of character. We want to serve God but we do not know that we have no talent. We think of those who can make great sermons, or go to foreign fields, do so outstanding job. But there is other currency than silver and gold, keeping with in the kingdom of heaven. A cup of cold water given in his name is not without its reward. Yes, a good faith, and it will all be angels. We must climb if we get to heaven.

The widow told Elijah that she had one small pot of oil left. He asked her to bring him the pot of oil and a number of empty pots, and begin to pour. She did this and there was plenty. The trouble with us is we want to see the change come, that’s the central part of the service after an act of preparation led by the minister. The service reached an emotional climax when the members of the congregation went forward and laid "white gifts" on the communion table in response to the invitation of an angel. A musical setting for the play was provided by Mrs. Frances Terhune, organist; Mrs. Eleanor Aderson, soprano; Miss Muriel Prentice, 'cellist; and Albert Rogers, tenor. Unique was the fact that the host of angels included three pairs of sisters.

Seventh Day Baptists who may be in New York City on Sabbath day are urged to come to our service at 11:30 a.m., in the Judson Memorial Church, 54 Washington Square. It is easily reached by subway or by Fifth Avenue bus.

A. N. R.

Mr. Charles H. Merryweather writes that, on one certain Sabbath day, shortly before he wrote, he dropped into Westminster Abbey for the late afternoon service, which was attended by Prime Minister Churchill and a number of his cabinet, when there was an alarm of an air raid. The minister in charge turned to the Prime Minister and asked what he should do. "Carry on," was the reply. Many of the service proceeded as usual, amid the sound of bursting bombs.

Mrs. Weeks, whose home was damaged by air raid, has gone to live with her daughter.

C. F. R.

New York City

Christmas began for the New York City Church with a carol sing held in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Morgan, in addition to a group of solists gave vocal and instrumental selections, and a very happy spirit prevailed. After the music a Sunday night buffet supper was served. The hostess is chairman of the social life committee of the church.

The Christmas Sabbath service is proclaimed the most beautiful ever held, and well that may be for it is something of a tradition improved and revised each year. Miss Virginia F. Randolph arranged and directed the presentation of "The Holy Nativity," a dramatization of the central part of the service after an act of preparation led by the minister. The service reached an emotional climax when the members of the congregation went forward and laid "white gifts" on the communion table in response to the invitation of an angel. A musical setting for the play was provided by Mrs. Frances Terhune, organist; Mrs. Eleanor Aderson, soprano; Miss Muriel Prentice, 'cellist; and Albert Rogers, tenor. Unique was the fact that the host of angels included three pairs of sisters.

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A. N. R.

Brookfield, N. Y.

In spite of heavy rains, about fifty people attended the Christmas exercises of the Seventh Day Baptist Sabbath school last Sunday night. The arrangements were in charge of Mr. and Mrs. B. L. Davis. Miss Mural Curtis, Miss Margaret Burdick, and Mrs. Francis Palmer. A program of recitations by pupils of the school was well carried out. There was also a program by Mrs. Raymond Burdick, some musical numbers by the Williamses, and a vocal solo by Kenneth Camenga. Gifts from the tree and refreshments brought a very pleasant evening to a close.

On January 1, Pastor and Mrs. Crofoot have been with the Pastor who dared the slippery roads. Chinese curies were shown and evinced a great deal of interest.

Correspondent.

Dodge Center, Minn.

December 8, the Ladies Aid sponsored a birthday social at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Payne. There were twelve tables set, one for each month of the year, and decorated in keeping with the month it represented. Each person ate at the table representing his birthday month. There were about fifty present, and a fine time was enjoyed by all. The Sabbath school election was held after the dinner hour.

Tuesday evening (Christmas eve) the Sabbath school gave a Christmas program arranged by the committee, Mrs. Ethel Green, Mrs. Lottie Langworthy, and Mrs. Ardet Green. The music was arranged for by Mrs. T. A. H. The church was nicely decorated and the committee deserves credit for giving us a fine program. At a particular point in the program the lights were turned out and candles were lighted at various places in the church while a Christmas Carol was sung under the supervision of Mrs. Lottie Langworthy.

Last Sabbath Mrs. George Thorngate had charge of our morning service. She gave a very interesting talk on the conditions in China. We are all glad she and the boys made the journey home safely and are enjoying their stay with us.

On Sunday, December 29, the annual church dinner and election was held in the com-
munity room in the high school building, with about sixty present. Mr. Thorngate was called as pastor for another year. The God's Acre project that the Sabbath school attempted this past summer was a decided success. A patch of tomatoes for our local canning factory was raised. They picked and delivered something over four tons of tomatoes that brought a little over $31.

The Christian Endeavor society is a busy lot of young people, with an attendance up to twenty. The society has been highly honored by having one of its members, Dorothy Payne, elected as an officer in the Southeastern District C. E. Association.

Our winter weather came early. We had the heaviest snowfall for December in history, it is claimed, but we are getting out of it very nicely by the help of warm weather that has melted most of the snow. The Dodge Center people want to wish all Recorder readers a Happy New Year, and wish for ourselves that "Some where, some way, some time, each day. We'll turn aside and stop and pray That God will make this church the way Of righteousness to men." Correspondent.

Fouke, Ark.

The Fouke Seventh Day Baptist Church had its annual Thanksgiving dinner November 28, at the hospitable home of Dr. and Mrs. W. J. S. Smith, with thirty-nine present, and ten dinners sent out to those not able to attend. The church has sold the parsonage, the building formerly known as the "Teachers' Hall." A new parsonage has been built on the church lot, and it is hoped a pastor may be found to occupy it soon. The new building is 22 by 24 feet with porch both front and rear, the latter screened.

The Junior Christian Endeavor society under the direction of the superintendent, Mrs. Edgar Davis, presented a Christmas program during the regular hour of church worship December 26. Decorations were of native pines, holly, and other Christmas trimmings. The young people, directed by Miss Ruth Joy Fitz Randolph, presented a Christmas program December 21.

As we enter the New Year, as a church we are looking forward to a brighter year than we have yet had. Correspondent.

North Loup, Neb.

The annual church dinner of the Seventh Day Baptist people was held as usual in the church parlor January 1, 1941. In the neighborhood of one hundred fifty persons were seated at the tables, the waiters and helpers eating last.

The bad roads accounted for the fact that the number in attendance was not as large as usual—this, together with the fact that several families have moved away.

Varicolored candles in the new candle holders formed the decorations. Napkins in pastel shades were also used. Creating much comment was the sight at the doorway—a small plastic figure, labeled "1941," seated in a frying pan, over a seemingly hot electric grill.

As usual, the children were cared for in the balcony by Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Barber. About twenty-five were present, all enjoying a good time together.

Hot potatoes and gravy, with coffee, were prepared by the various committees. Families also brought sandwiches, dessert, and other food, and there was a great sufficiency for all.

Much time was spent in visiting and greeting friends. The quarterly church meeting was held at 2:00 o'clock. Dinner was served about 12:30.—North Loup Loyalist.

MARRIAGES

Nelson Martinson, Erlo Nelson and Lela Martinson, both of Milton, were united in marriage on Sabbath, December 7, 1940, at the Milton Seventh Day Baptist parsonage by Pastor Carroll L. Hill. The new home is at 411 S. Main Street, Janesville.

Seador Bond, Max Seador and Miss Leona Bond, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bond of Dodge Center, Minn., were united in marriage April 7, 1940, by Rev. Wallace A. Olson of Foundernorn Park Baptist Church, Minneapolis, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Carl Fritz, 2941 11th Ave., S., Minneapolis.

RECORER WANT ADVERTISEMENTS

For Sale—Help Wanted, and advertisements of a like nature, will be run, in this column at half cent per word for each additional insertion. Cash must accompany remittance.

WANTED—Seventh Day Baptist former interested in renting dairy farm near Milton, Wis. Write Pastor Carroll L. Hill at once.