and Mrs. Harold Carr sang, "O Love That Will Not Let Me Go," and Miss Florence Agne sang, "My Own United States." Several letters of sympathy were read by Mrs. Howard Davis and words of appreciation and consolation were read by Mrs. O. H. Perry, in the absence of Principal Alfred Perry of Galway High School, where Dighton was teaching when he enlisted. Several large baskets of beautiful flowers from the family and many friends were in evidence on the rostrum.

A father and son banquet was held in the church parlors on the evening of November 7. The tables were attractively decorated in red, white, and blue. The toastmaster, William Arthur, introduced Rev. F. E. Morey of Galway M. E. Church, who gave the address of the evening. A trumpet solo was played by David Williams, and Garth Warner was song leader.

The community Thanksgiving service was held in our church Thursday evening; Rev. Theo. Schrader delivered the sermon and the music was furnished by the combined choirs for the Red Cross.

Dr. Geo. B. Shaw gave us a fine sermon Sabbath morning, November 28.

Our community was much shocked on Sabbath morning, November 21, to receive the news of the death of Lieut. Dighton Polan, "killed in action." The changes in the hymns and other parts of the church service of the morning, and especially the pastor's prayer for comfort for the sorrowing widow and parents, touched the hearts of all; for Dighton grew from boyhood to manhood in our church. He enlisted for the Red Cross, several years ago, and was a general favorite.

Open house was held at the home of Deacon and Mrs. Leslie P. Curtis, Monday afternoon, November 23, in honor of the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage. About thirty-five of their relatives and friends called to extend congratulations and best wishes. A beautiful wedding cake was one of the main features of the occasion. The immediate family were all present except a son, Gleason and family of Riverside, Calif., who remembered the event by sending the unique and appropriate decorations, comprising bronzed cones and twigs of California native trees and shrubs, including a beautiful basket centerpiece of the bronzed eucalyptus with wedding bells and yucca candlesticks. Those present added to the decorations with gorgeous chrysanthemums and other flowers.

In the evening the family with Pastor and Mrs. Crofoot enjoyed a bountiful supper and pleasant social time together.

Our Women's Missionary Society held a picnic luncheon at the parsonage, Thursday, December 3. Five members who braved the gale of wind and storm of that day, together with their husbands enjoyed a pleasant social time, after which the business meeting was held. The public dinners have been discontinued for the present, but thanks to the faithful few, we are still continuing our pledge to the Women's Board, also our pledge of $50 a year to the Denominational Budget, besides paying $20 to the church treasurer for general expenses.

Correspondent.

MARRIAGES

Campbell - Davis. — Francis E. Campbell of Marlboro, and Marian E. Davis of Shiloh, N. J., were united in marriage at the Marlboro Seventh Day Baptist church on the evening of November 20, 1942, by Pastor Herbert L. Cottrell. They will make their home in Shiloh, N. J.

OBITUARY

Cummings. — Edna Cummings was born in Farmington, Minn., December, 1874, and passed away November 24, 1942, at Dodge Center, Minn. She is survived by four sisters: Fannie Cummings of Virginia, Minn.; Ada Drake of New Richmond, Minn.; Clara Seibel of Janesville, Wis.; and Pearl Frederand of Benidred, Minn.; and one brother, Mell Cummings of Shevlin, Minn.; also a number of nieces and nephews. The most of her life has been spent at New Richmond, Minn. She attended Milton College and was united with the Milton Seventh Day Baptist Church, of which she was a member at the time she passed away.

Funeral services were conducted by Pastor Chaun Thorngate. Burial was in the old Trenton, Minn., cemetery.

Polan. — Dighton Lewis, of Verona, N. Y., December 10, 1917 — October 15, 1942. (See elsewhere in this issue.)

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

St. Luke 2:14
THE SABBATH RECORDER

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fear, and dread darken the night. Oh, the need of some good tidings; some message of hope and cheer!

But there was a night also blacker than many previous centuries. Though stars of heaven shone in brightness undimmed above Palestine, a pall of political, economic, and spiritual night engulfed the land of God's chosen people.

Then shone "the glory of the Lord." Into the heart of that black night came a radiance so dazzling that its effect upon the hillside shepherds was of added fear. "They were sore afraid," because the darkness had been so suddenly dispelled.

Their fears were layed only by the message from above, of one saying, "Peace be not, I bring you good tidings."

What was that good news? It was not of a great on-moving army to bring relief from foreign oppression; not of an opulent, paternal ruler who would ensure security from want, or bring relief to economic embarrassment. No such mighty forces were promised, people. The announcement of "a babe, wrapped in swaddling clothes and laying in a manger."

Is this not a parable of life? Is it not a way good news often breaks in the midst of darkness, dread, and despair? So often we fail to recognize the goodness of such news. Certainly of the Christian, Christ was born there was failure to recognize its great implications and world-wide influence. It has ever been so.

Read again the story of the "Dark Ages" of the Church and the centuries following, when good, devoted men from within sought to awaken the Church from its apathy—little candles bringing small glimmers of light into the darkness of superstition, corruption, selfishness, special privilege, widespread ignorance, and multi-national immorality.

Never, perhaps, was an era so black and in need. Then in that dark hour came a humble priest, the Friar of Wittenburg, flashing forth as a meteor, bringing good tidings again to men that "the just shall live by faith. That was the dawn of liberty, enlightenment, and opportunity to cultivate the Christ spirit in the place of outward authority of an institution. It was the news of the rebirth of Christ within his Church.

Let it be the news heralded abroad today. Let it be the message of Christmas to hearts aching and perplexed. Christ is born again—for our age—in hearts and homes and church and nations where there is longing for peace and good will among men. The night will pass. The dawn breaks. God still is, and watches above his own.}

TAKE HEED HOW YE HEAR

The Bible has for many years had the distinction of being the "best seller." The Church owns the largest distribution of the Bible, in whole or parts, ever experienced. There is some evidence, too, that it is having a wider reach than usual. Accounting for this is the fact of the war and the resulting service from usual tasks and conditions of life so that life is often being lived seriously on life's problems and destinies. Another reason is that many at home and abroad are confronted with a need to find something basic and enduring in a world rendered chaotic by the selfishness and self-centeredness of peoples and nations. There is an awakened sense of need to know God, and a feeling of self-inadequacy. So we find healthful reactions in many turning to the Bible with faith renewed or strengthened, that here in the Book is found God's highest and best revelation of himself and life to man today. It shows the way to find so much spiritual poverty as revealed in today's spiritual illiteracy.

The Bible is all answers to life's.
It is a time of opportunity for the church when people are asking about the Bible and about methods of reading it. Jesus said one time to his followers, "Take heed therefore how ye hear. Well may be ye hearing, but how God has led and is teaching men to work out their destinies helpfully, or how their determined disobedience serves as warnings to others. Here he is led into the social problems, the economic and political. In Christ he finds the assurance of God's love and the answer to his own great need. How careful, therefore, should be his reading habits so far as the Bible is concerned.

For some purpose, portions, and problems should be the directing guidance in Bible reading—not to find out more about the Bible, but more of what is in it related to us. If we pass through the Christmas season, how should we have related to us the Bible before the thought that he who was cradled in Bethlehem came to minister, we lose that which is most valuable for us. Christ's entire life is a flaming evidence that he came to minister. If we had been choosing the advent "of the King of kings" to the world, there would have been ministered unto, but to minister and to give his life a ransom for others. He gives other reasons, but this is one. If we are endeavoring to serve others, do we do it with groanings, murmurings, and complaining, or do we do it willingly and joyfully and in Christ's spirit? Whatever may be our state of mind regarding this example of the Christ, it is not a way to read is with mind open to truth.

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THE SABBATH RECORDER

THE GROWING EDGE OF RELIGION

By Albert N. Rogers

"first the blade, then the ear"

"A warless world will have its beginnings in what each of us does in his own community."

Under the cover of war production, child labor laws are being persistently evaded. Ten charges Kate the National Child Labor Committee as she calls attention to the bills placed before a number of state legislatures to amend present regulations. The drafting of eighteen and nineteen-year-old boys will be used as further excuse for this practice. Our job is to see that no children under fourteen are "sneaked in" as a part of the labor force, that fourteen and fifteen-year-old children are kept in school and their work outside strictly eschewed.

"... the proposal of the New York Daily Times to rally round the purpose of postwar Christian history. Enlisted men ask for it. So God makes the wrath of men to praise his world tour they urged the Republican Party to do to eliminate, by decree, the system of child labor, and to continue following until freedom is given a chance to prevail again.

PEACE ON EARTH

A Story in Race Relationship by Duane Hurley

"I'm back again, teacher!"

Miss Naylor looked up from her book into the brown, mischievous eyes of Jonathan Strode.

"I was wondering where you were," she said, smiling.

"It was the paper route," Jonathan explained, perhaps a bit nervously.

"I'm trying to sell this," she said. "Are you not going to school tomorrow?"

"I'm not," he replied.

"Well, I'm glad to see that."

"I'm not," he repeated, with a grin.

"I see."

"I'm not," he insisted.

"I'm glad you're not," she said, her usual authority returning.

"I'm not," he said again.

"Are you going to work?"

"I'm not," he said, and left the room.

CHRIST IN CHRISTMAS

By Duane Hurley

Christmas, 1942, finds the world in need of putting CHRIST back into CHRISTmases. This holiday season is a time of extremes. With many workers in lucrative jobs, there is money not had before to buy the gaudy, expensive articles to make Christmas bright. Yet shortages will deprive many people of that satisfying, but temporary, happiness. Contrasting this period of plenty with the poverty of the spiritual realm, where plenty of money fails to buy plenty is the condition now of salaried peoples. Once comfortably able to celebrate in the customary American way, they find themselves "paupers" in the high costs of living. Christ's great equalities alone can balance such inequalities.

Many individuals around the world must worship Christ in secret on his birthday this year. To reveal any regard for the Infinite One would mean death. The men have been foolish in thinking themselves big enough to eliminate, by decree, God's power. That portion of the Almighty in each human soul will follow the Star of Bethlehem just the same, and continue following until Christ's freedom is given mankind once again. Christ's love will not be hidden.

According to the American Bible Society, "the Bible is in greater demand than ever in the Christian world. Enlisted men ask for it. The Chinese have fallen in love with it. Refugees and prisoners of war are hungry for it." So God makes the wrath of men to praise his name in a tenement house, and hopes that some kindly wind would find its way to the city of Bethlehem just the same.

"I'll be fine Christmas present," she assured him, remembering that Chadd's father was still unemployed, and that there would be little Christmas for a pale, thin boy from the South.

As Christmas drew near, Miss Naylor couldn't help worrying about her boys. She knew how little they would have. She worried, too, about the continuing hostility to the church. Tony, the Italian, had joined Chad in his shunning of Jonathan. Little French Andy quarreled with Tony, and thereafter spoke to him with cold politeness. Despairingly Miss Naylor would think about her boys, but she was powerless against the flood of world hate that had somehow found its way into the little Christmas for a pale, thin boy from the South.

One day, not long before Christmas, she closed the book as the class half hour came to a close.

"Boys," she said, "I've some news for you. Saturday afternoon we're going to take you..."
all uptown to see the big Christmas tree. And we're all having lunch together, with turkey and plum pudding. Of course, it will cost money and so we will have to ask you to bring a quarter each for the trip. Then you'll have the whole day to look in store windows and go on a spree. Be sure and bring your quarters by Frisky.

There were loud cheers. Just going uptown was a treat for most of them, and Tony had been chattering loudly to Jonathan, saying, "Why, yes. Miss Naylor, it's all having lunch together, with turkey and bring your quarters by Frisky."

"Plenty," Miss Naylor said, her blue eyes suddenly happy. "In fact, I bet I can tell you the name of the boy who went in Jonathan's place. It was Chad."

"How'd you know?"

But Miss Naylor only smiled and shook her head.

It was the last class before Christmas, and no one could sit still. The tree stood at the front of the room, laden with packages. Every one had to look it over, even to the back. Chad, holding proudly to his finished windmill, said, "This isn't as big as the tree uptown, but it's prettier. What are all those packages, Miss Naylor?"

"We'll find out in a minute," she promised.

First, "I've a story to sell you." They gathered round, Chad holding tightly to his precious windmill. "It's my own Christmas present," he said to Willie, showing him his little window of the tree.

"Once upon a time," Miss Naylor began, "there was a boy just about your age. He didn't have much to give for Christmas, but he had a star shining brightly in the sky. The little lad was very much interested in the Christmas spirit and decided to go on a trip uptown to see the big Christmas tree and have a real Christmas dinner."

The boys began to look at one another. Miss Naylor went on, pretending not to notice. "This boy had a quarter for the trip, but he knew another fellow who was quite as poor as he, and a Christmas present! So he turned in his quarter, and asked that the other boy have the trip and the dinner."

They all listened. Then Tony broke in. "I know," he said flatly. "You're talking about us. Who was it that gave the quarter, Miss Naylor?"

"We were all there but Jonathan," Hansen broke in. "It must have been him. But who was it that got the trip for his present, Miss Naylor?"

She waited a moment, looking at them.

"Jonathan," Miss Naylor drew him to her side, "why did you give Chad this present? You're doing it all by yourself, don't you?"

Jonathan wiggled uncomfortably. "Well," he said, twisting his foot, "I've been uptown before. But he's new here, and he's never seen a city at Christmas time."

"But you wanted to see it too, Jonathan."

"Yes'm," Jonathan nodded. "But he wanted to go more. But I didn't want to go, so we've been telling us, Miss Naylor, about how everybody are brothers. I'd do that for a brother."

There were loud cheers. Just going uptown was a treat for most of them, and Tony had been chattering loudly to Jonathan, saying, "Why, yes. Miss Naylor, it's all having lunch together, with turkey and bring your quarters by Frisky."
in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

When God gave his Son it proved his love to all nations, and for all individuals in those nations. So wherever man is found we can point to Calvary's cruel cross and say, "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

Whoever you may be, God loves you! Oh, glorious fact, that the clear eyes of children have discerned! And many whose eyes were dim by reason of age have also at last learned the same blessed fact—not in the starry sky but in the blackness and darkness of Calvary, when he who was ever the delight of the Father's heart, "was wounded for our transgressions, and bruised for our iniquities," that we "with his stripes might be healed" (Isaiah 53:5). Wonder of wonders, it pleased God to bruise him that we might go free!

All for me! All for me!
Lord, was it all for me?
From the throne to the manger,
From there to the cross,
Yes, it was all for me!

Yes, everybody may say for me, after reading the text that proves it to be so:

"For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." (John 3:16).
—Taken from The Christian Digest.

THE PROBLEMS OF LASTING PEACE

By Herbert Hoover and Hugh Gibson

The American people are concentrating with desperate purpose on the winning of the war. But beyond our inevitable victory must lie the building of a peace which will guarantee us and the rest of humanity against the worldwide chaos of a future conflict.

Nearly two score Federal agencies and two hundred organizations are now registered as working on plans for the future world order. To them and to the American public, The Problems of Lasting Peace will be of inestimable value.

This book is a new approach to the entire problem. Both Mr. Hoover and Mr. Gibson, through their long public careers, bring to this objective study an outlook at once dynamic and scholarly. The authors are convinced that postwar problems will become insuperable unless we begin to plan now; that otherwise we shall merely run the danger of sowing the seeds of new hates, new discord, and more war; that, unless the next peace be made durable, this war will have been fought in vain.

The Problems of Lasting Peace is notable for its presentation of historical analysis and for its concrete experience. It builds up cogent conclusions as to the foundations essential for lasting peace. It presents the alternative plans for preserving that peace and, finally, outlines the methods by which peacemaking should be conducted.

Thoughtful and provocative, this may well prove a landmark in the literature that presents the epochal problems of war and the peace to which each war must lead.

Herbert Hoover, thirty-first President of the United States, brings to this study of the problems of lasting peace a threefold background which gives him unique authority on this controversial question. His professional engineering work from 1895 to 1913 gave him an intimate, first-hand knowledge of economic problems on a world-wide basis. Then, beginning with 1914 and extending to today, the whole panorama of war and peace was spread before his eyes. Mr. Hoover, during all these years, has dealt personally with the people who bear the brunt of war; he sees the problems of this peace, which we must win, through the eyes of a citizen of the world, through the eyes of a statesman.

Hugh Gibson has had a unique career as diplomat and public servant. There is probably no other living diplomat who has had such extensive first-hand experience with the problems discussed in this book. Entering the diplomatic service in 1908, he served as American minister to Poland (1919-1924), to Switzerland (1924-1927 as ambassador to Belgium (1927-1933), (1937-1938), and he also served for four years as ambassador to Brazil (1933-1937). He worked closely with Mr. Hoover during and after the last war in the conduct of European relief, and he brings to this book his vast experience as head of many American delegations to any international conference and other international conferences.

(Doubleday, Doran and Company, Inc. Price $2.)
of miles away, and the enemy blockade made some things such as sugar, rare and precious.

The local sweet dates, Mme. Sun reports, are most often used as a substitute for sugar. Only a small amount of cow or goat's milk is available in this region, and this must be saved for weak, ill, or undernourished children. The other babies and children drink soy bean milk. Chicken soup is a luxury that the nursery children have only once a week, and even then the broth from one fowl must serve twenty children.

Every day the Chinese children in the Border Region nurseries get meat, the daily ration for each amounting to about one ounce. They have lots of fruit juices and vegetables and congee (rice gruel). Both jam, and custards. suits of rough homespun. Although there is a pie menu sent by Mme. Sun in the courtyards, · Mme. Sun characterizes it as she says: "the stone, every wisp of

an object of great interest. But when it rains can make are dolls and animal figures of clay, the series consist partly of the children's own

hospital for three months' training of that vast section of China after the war. The Northwest is historically China's main door to the outside world. Marco Polo's silk route went through it many years ago. The opening of sea routes forced the Northwest into oblivion, but the importance of the northwest route into Russia has made this area a highly strategic one for China. Development of new roads into China's interior, introduction of new dairy products into the Border Region are expected to make this region of permanent value to China.

CHRIST COMING AGAIN

Christmas anticipates the return of Christ. Have you noticed how the Scriptures connect his two appearances? For example, in Hebrews 9:26-28 it is written, that once at the interlocking of the ages he was manifested to put away sin by the sacrifice of himself. Then immediately it is added, that having been once offered to bear the sins of men shall appear a second time, apart from sin.

His two advents are alike in three points: literal and visible; more distant than at first thought; the delay in both cases intended to discipline faith. The two advents are unlike in three points: his return will be in glory, not humiliation; he will come to reign, not to suffer; he will judge, not be judged.

The world's history has swung round two great hinges. One is the hopefulness of coming, the Christ of the cradle and the Christ of the clouds. It would seem that men today have largely lost the consciousness of the one and their faith in the other. Looking backward to the supernatural birth, let us also lift our faces toward the glorious appearing.

In the crimson of the morning, in the whiteness of the noon,

In the silver glory of the day's retreat, in the midnight robed in darkness, or the gleaming

of the morning star, I listen for the coming of his feet.

-Watchman-Examiner.

MARY'S CHRISTMAS GIFT

(Prepared by Mrs. A. G. Churchward, Chetek, Wis.)

"Peace on the earth—good will to men,"

The shining angels sang,

Abounding in joy, the valleys
The heavenly chorus rang.

And wondering shepherds left their flocks
For Bethlehem's crowded way.

To bow before the manger crib
Wherein the Child of Glory lay.

The Star-like men knelt to give
Their incense, gold and myrrh—

But Mary's Christmas gift was
Hid in the heart of her child.

-M. P. Recorder.
flcient and now we are thrown back on God's mercy and love. It's well said, "There were no atheists in the fox holes of the war." They called on God. Men who never prayed before pray now.

Prayer—"Oh, God, help us now in our distress. May right win. We know it will, and help us to put our all into the great struggle for victory that will heal the wounds of this world, and give us strength to go on to the victory of peace and reconstruction. Amen.

SABBATH SCHOOL LESSON
FOR JANUARY 2, 1943

THE FLIGHT OF THE SILVER WING
By Frances McKinnon Morton

It was Christmas morning and Janie came down the stairs with an enormous bumpy package held in both of her arms. Her eyes were shining and her cheeks were pink with excitement.

"It is for you, David," she said to David who was watching her, "and I had to give it to you myself, I gave it to me first and then gave it to you. It's for-yourself present; and you can do your own choosing."

David could hardly wait to get all of the knots of string untied from around the bumpy package. He did get them untied though, and all of the folds of paper unwrapped. Then there they were, two graceful little airplane models, and among them were the "Silver Wing," the name printed plainly on the side of each plane.

"Now," said Janie happily, "you can keep one and give one to Gordon. Then you can both go to the Playground Field this afternoon and fly your planes with the rest of the boys.

"I am going to keep the Silver Wing," said David proudly, "because I love its name and it reminds me of you, Janie. I know one thing, and that is no boy in the world has a better sister than I have. I think Christmas gifts are the nicest things, and I wonder how people ever got started giving them."

"Why David," answered Janie, "of course you mean the birth gift of Jesus and he gave us the best Christmas gift of all. He gave us himself to show us how to live; and mother says when we really give Christmas gifts we always give part of ourselves with them."

David looked thoughtful. Janie had given some of the best of herself to him and to Gordon when she told him that she should have waited and bought two airplanes to give them happiness instead of spending her money for something that would interest only herself. One should think of that at Christmas time.

But that was all before David began playing with his airplane and broke one of its silver wings. He knew he should have waited to fly it until he was out in an open field where there was plenty of room instead of trying to fly it in his own little back yard. Janie had told him it would be better to wait and he knew that anyway, but still he had wanted so to try it that he did. The little plane went tearing out across the garage, "I'll take this out with me and get my mechanic to fix it up as good as new and a little better. Then you'll probably be the only boy on the Playground Field with an airplane repaired by a real mechanic."

David thought that would be fine; and after the airplane ride and the good Christmas dinner they agreed it was a course they would not have been able to save for another Christmas present. So they went out to fly and Gordon took their new planes and went to the field to fly them.

David came home beaming with happiness. The Silver Wing won the long flight, he said; "the man who fixes it and doctors it put a new propeller on it and it can fly longer than any of the others. The Blue Bird won the high flight, and isn't Christmas splendid?"

Janie smiled. She knew and David knew that Christmas would not have been a happy time if he had done the wrong and selfish thing he had thought of doing when he started to give his friend the broken plane.

In Presbyterian Advance.

WHY CHRISTMAS
By Mizpah S. Greene

Dear Recorder Children:

I have several fine letters this week, but since this number of the Recorder is to be a special Christmas number, I'll have to save these letters until next week.

A little girl once asked me, "Why do we have a Christmas day?" The children are asking that same question, so to tell you the reason for our beloved Christmas day I'll relate to you the most wonderful true story in the world:

Jesus Comes to Bethlehem

About seventy-five miles from the beautiful city of Bethlehem was the little town of Nazareth, lying on a gentle hillside at the end of a little valley, with low mountains all about it and its pretty white houses gleaming among green trees and vines.

In it lived a good man named Joseph with his lovely wife Mary. As our story begins, Joseph and Mary were summoned to Bethlehem to have their names enrolled for taxation, for the Emperor Rome had commanded that "all the world should be taxed."

So Joseph and Mary started on their journey riding on a donkey and Joseph walking by her side. It wouldn't take us long to make such a journey by auto, but to them it was long and tiresome, taking them three or four days to and, they were very tired when they reached Bethlehem. When they reached the inn where they expected to take lodgings and that so many others had arrived before them that there was no room for them. The only place they could find for lodging was a rude stable, but they were very happy because they knew there was a manger there, and there was a blanket spread on the hay in a rough manger, Jesus, our Savior, was born.

Now, about a mile from Bethlehem, some shepherds were tending their flocks on the hillsides sloping down to the valley, for they must protect the sheep from the fearsome beasts. As they were watching, a bright light shone around them, and looking up, they saw a beautiful angel coming from the sky directly toward them. They were very much frightened at first, but he looked lovingly at them and said, "Fear not, for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy and gladness to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Savior, who is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you, ye shall find a babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger."

Then suddenly hundreds of angels joined him, singing, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

This is the song which we and all who love Jesus sing over and over again, especially at Christmas time.
CHRISTMAS EVE, U.S.A., 1942

By Victor Skaggs

The thin bleat of war, let us not leave Unhallowed doors, nor touch the king In unsung splendor, nor should we Mock those who hold Him. Ours is the duty to maintain Our home, and all the homes of Christ, His peace and good will; He be, forsooth, cannot enjoy His voice with ours, nor lend the cheer, I am convinced, no matter where. He is tonight—his heart is here.

(Reprinted from "Sunshine").

Christmas again! Here it is that greatest of holidays and sweetest of holy days. It is here again with its warmth and friendliness, its beauty and cheer, but with this added gift—kindness and love. Here is Christmas again with its peace and good will to all men, ringing out over a world at war.

Christmas again! In the hearts of men and women and children the whole world around, at their homes or far distant, Christmas means and symbolizes a place of the giving and receiving of gifts. It is not just a time for reunions of families and friends. In addition to these, it is a time of reaffirmation of our love for family, friend and man in general; God; a time of rededication of life to active useful service. For at this time our minds and hearts turn to a holy Babe, born in a manger, cradled in a manger; brought up as a Jew; a love of God to men; living now as God lives, with active useful service. For at this time our love of God to men; living now as God lives,

Christmas again! This Christmas let our prayer be that of the composer who wrote in prayer to the Christ:

"Brightest and best of the sons of the morning, Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid; Star of the East, the horizon adorning, Guide where the infant Redeemer is laid."

Alfred, N. Y.

PEACE - GOODWILL

Clifford A. Beebe, Pastor Pouke and Little Prairie Churches

Zech. 9: 12—"Turn to you the strong hold, ye prisoner of hope, the holy hill of the righteous.

I heard the bells on Christmas day
Their old familiar carols play,
Sang of the Saviour's birth,
Of peace on earth, good will to men.

And in despair I bowed my head—
"There is no peace," I said, "for hate is still alive and mocks the song Of peace on earth, good will to men."

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep:—
"God is not dead, nor doth he sleep; The wrong shall fail, the right prevail, With peace on earth, good will to men."

Henry W. Longfellow (1863).

Only twice in recorded history have there been times of universal peace.

THE SABBATH RECORDER

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When Darius came to the Persian throne in 521 B.C., he found an empire already spread to the confines of the known world, and the various peoples, the result of ages of war and greed, ached to find a unifying world religion. The rules of the Persian organization and of tolerance, to make conquered peoples, who had never known religion, feel respected, to think of their yoke. He succeeded so well that for about ten years (until he tried, unwisely, to gather Greece into his empire, until the prophet Zechariah could hear, in his vision the words, "All the earth sitteth still, and is at rest. But it was not a peace that was pleasing to God. "I am very sore displeased with the heathen that are at ease." (Zech. 1: 15)."

And when Augustus Caesar had wandered through blood to the imperial seat of Rome, there came a brief space of universal peace, "peace is the duty to maintain the peace as Caesar, the tyrant Herod, rule and led the people in the story of the birth of Jesus, we like to pass over hurriedly the account of the slaughter of the babies of Bethlehem, as breaking the harmony of that lovely scene; but that bloody massacre was only an incident in the day's work to the master Herod. While Jesus was born, he has said, "there was music in heaven, and murder upon earth."

Peace on earth—an unwelcome peace for Caesar, the world's peace, good will, ill will—among men. We have the ill-will aplenty today, and if Hitler and his allies could only find some branch of peace. The tragedy is that, internationally, the world has progressed so immeasurably, and we again find the same brand of peace. The tragedy is that, internationally, the world has progressed so imperceptibly, and we again find peace and good will, though prisoners, are not dead.

But "turn to you the strong hold, ye prisoners of hope." The angels did sing their song in vain. Although man has not yet learned to live with his fellow-man in peace, Christ is and Peace and Good Will, though prisoners, are not dead. And when the third period of universal peace comes, we will not, thank God, come through force as did the others, but from the strong hold of God's throne and his eternal love, and will set free imprisoned Peace and
THE SABBATH

The Sabbath was made for man (Mark 2: 27a)

The Sabbath for Man

By Rev. James L. Skaggs

Jesus said, "The Sabbath was made for man. Revelation 1: 2, 3.

God blessed and sanctified the seventh day. Do not call the Sabbath a holy day, but- that's' 20: 8. God commanded its observance. Exodus 58: 13.

No promises, all of our large and prosperous religious bodies began as churches of the disinterested. This was true of Christ's disciples and of the early church kept it. Its observance is God's will for us. Philo, N. J.

ANOTHER WAY

It was said that the wise men after visiting the King in the manger "went back another way." No one can really see Christ and go back the way of a human king. "Life does become different from that hour." And the wise men are the. An answer, be careful lest you generalize unfairly. Another one of the Jehovah's Witnesses was quoted as saying, "I have come eleven hundred miles, but that's a short distance when you are on God's way."

SUCCESSFUL LIVING

"When You Ain't Got Nothin'" By Edgar DeWitt Jones

Jehovah's Witnesses to the number of twenty thousand held a convention in Detroit recently. They came from the rural sections, small towns, the hill country, and the dust bowl region. They were plain, earnest people, not in sympathy with some of the beliefs of this sect, and they would probably regard me as quite beyond the
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pale of the faithful. All the same, I say the devotion, loyalty, and sacrificial adherence of these people to their tenets put most of us "respectable" believers to shame.

I used to hear a grand old gentleman say, "Talk's talk, but it takes money to buy a farm." By the same sign "Talk's talk, but it takes heroic action to make religion effective and the faith victorious.

I pose this question: Does God look good to you quite apart from whether you have something or nothing?

—Selected.

LAW AND ORDER
By H. N. Wheeler

Naturally we all will speculate to some extent on what will come about after the main war is over. In the early pioneer days in the Middle West, and later in the Far West, the gun was the law in settling boundary disputes. People were killed over line fence disputes. Law finally came; the surveyors were called upon; boundary lines were established; the courts were resorted to; and the guns were discarded. Law must finally be the deciding force between nations and must be respected and feared. All nations have policemen, traffic cops, and state patrolmen to see that the local and state laws are obeyed. The League of Nations failed because there was no force but public opinion back of it. Public opinion is necessary, but there must be enforcement agencies back of it. We are still human.

Two thousand years ago the angel chorus broke on the frozen air near Bethlehem:

"Proclaiming to the lowly, humble shepherds,

The glad news of peace on earth to men,

To follow where the Prince of Peace doth lead,

Warfare and strife still take their toll of millions,

Prompted by human selfishness and greed.

Two thousand years have passed since that infant,

There came to earth the mighty Prince of Peace.

It seemed that warfare's death-knell had been sounded—

That strife 'twixt mankind would forever cease.

Yet men made in God's image still are butchered;

Men still go forth to cripple and to kill;

And there are those who feel that in so doing

They carry out their Father's holy will.

Oh, God, how can it be we are so blinded,

How can we be so slow to learn the will of God?

The voices of ten million slaughtered humans

Cry out their protest from beneath the sod.

Oh, God, grant that the Church the Master founded,

Shall strive to cause all war and strife to cease,

Hasten the day when men of every nation,

Acclaim the Lord as the great Prince of Peace.

—In Christian Education.

GREETINGS TO YOU FOR THE NEW YEAR

"I said to a man that stood at the gate of the year, 'Give me a light that I may tread safely into the unknown,' and he replied, 'Go out into the darkness and put your hand into the hand of God. That shall be to you better than a light and safer than a known way.'"

—Selected.