result that father soon pulled himself together and climbed farther along the road that leads to God, the Christlike God. Oh, it's hard. It's challenging, this business of believing in the Christlike life.

Then beyond believing in the Christlike God there is living the Christlike life. There is the business of cultivating the spirit of forgiveness and love for both friends and enemies. Not seven times, but seventy times seven; not love and forgiveness and sympathy for certain people, but for everybody. Otherwise we are no better than the publican and the sinner. How easy it is to find things to criticize in people of whom we are a little bit jealous, and to let fly those nasty little sarcastic remarks. Sometimes it is hard to forgive, but it is just those times when we must forgive! For those are the times when we are judged by the world. It is because we sometimes fail, that the world refuses to accept what we teach and profess. It continually says to us, "You do not live what you teach.

Actions speak louder than words." That is why Jesus said, "Ye therefore shall be perfect."

The Christian is not only responsible for his own personal conduct, but he has his share of responsibility for the conduct of the social groups to which he belongs, for public opinion in his community, and for the conduct of government—local, state and national. It is the business of everyone who calls himself a Christian to stand always for Christian principles in every human relationship, private and public. The true Christian cannot be a hermit. In this world of war and greed, of national, racial, and class jealousy we must stand for justice and peace. It is not enough just to admire Jesus and his teachings, or to worship him however devoutly; we must follow him, and that takes courage and heroism. "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father who is in heaven."

Have I set the standard too high?—After all these are just the things that we profess as Christians. I'm only pleading that we live the principles that we profess. But I hear someone saying, "Then there's no hope for a weak stumbling Christian like me. I can't even make my own conduct perfect, and I haven't the wisdom or ability to take part in public affairs." To such a one I would say that we never know how much we can do till we have tried very hard, perhaps many times; and our influence may be far greater than we think. Then if our goal is very high we will achieve far more than if it is low. If the goal of perfection seems to discourage anyone, let him remember the words of Paul, "I can do all things in him that strengtheneth me."

I realize it isn't easy, and it isn't popular to be thoroughly Christian in this pagan world, in politics, in society, or in personal relationships. But as someone has said, "We are called to build temples not to whistle sticks." It was Jesus himself who set the goal for us when he said, "Ye therefore shall be perfect, as your heavenly Father is perfect." Isn't it challenging, inspiring, and heroic, this business of being a Christian?

DENOMINATIONAL "HOOK-UP"

Berlin, N. Y.

We have been working quite a good deal in the church this summer redecorating. We took off the paper and painted the interior a very light rose. The woodwork is, of course, white enamel. Our floors are golden oak. The wainscoting is yet to be varnished, but we have decided to wait for warm weather before beginning that part of the work. The seats are also to be sandpapered and revarnished. We also changed the covers on the cushions in the pews. We think that our church now looks wonderfully nice. We are so glad to be able to have the work done. We didn't hire any labor, and all of us worked together, and really had a grand time working in the "Lord's House."

One night after the Sabbath we had a working party in the church. We had coffee and sandwiches together up in the balcony. The occasion was to be a farewell for Mrs. Julia Dobbs and Ellen, since Ellen is teaching home economics in the Knox-Berne Central School in Berne, New York; and the birthday of Mr. Arlie Bentley. They also gave Pastor and Mrs. Maxson an envelope containing $60.25 in appreciation of the work they did in the church.

Last night, November 25, we had a surprise birthday party for Julia Dobbs at the home of Arlie Bentley. About thirty-five were present. The evening was spent in playing games, socializing, and eating coffee. We served. We also discovered that it was the birthday of Delmar Ellis, so we had a double celebration.

Correspondent.
RECRUTS FOR THE MINISTRY

Lack of men preparing for the ministry should give us grave concern. The diversion of young men just out of high school from entering college and to armed service accounts for some. We are not, here, seeking the reasons or the encouragement toward the ministerial calling, but wondering if there is not an opportunity in the war situation to seek promising recruits from the ranks. Probably there will be merited federal help for youth to complete educational training. Our young men will be making life decisions for impost, labor, industry, science, and medicine will be making bids for the best men. Why shall the church not be alert to its responsibility of recruiting the ministry from among our own?

The opportunity is being seized by the Episcopalians, especially, we understand Bishop Tucker is in the picture. George Tucker is chairman of a committee of the National Council of the Protestant Episcopal Church that is now doing the thing we are suggesting. The committee is seeking "good material for the ministry" from among its members in the armed forces of the United States and will endeavor to pass them as prospective postwar students for the Episcopal ministry.

Why should not the president of our Council and the president of the National Council undertake a similar endeavor for the Seventh Day Baptist minister? Such an effort, coupled with the interest and encouragement on the part of the church, Sabbath school, and interested friends should bear fruitful results.

THE SCHOOL OF PATIENCE

It is comforting to find people who would like to be doing things, have been thwarted, but who are still cheerfully and humbly filling their niche. Really, they are accomplishing more than they may think, and the influence and cheerfulness of their light extend farther than may be known.

It would not be human or surprising were one not sometimes tempted to feel the futility of his hopes and efforts. A father whose life has been fragrant with patience and worth while service writes that she sometimes wonders if God schools us to be faithful in little things as well as larger things when he places us, so far as we know, where no eye but his own can see. We think he does, however, take note of the faithfulness of his children in these smaller matters. And he adds that the carving of a capstan is more important than physical labor of safety and permanently putting it in place.

A story is told of an unknown worker who applied for a place in a great building where he could carve a figure to beautify the temple. Though for a time refused, he at length was granted his wish and was given a niche in an obscure corner. Patiently and unencouraged and unnoticed he wrought. At last someone noticed and engaged him to continue, and he was not long passed in and out with the others. No one knew where he had gone, or none knew and he came. But, investigating, someone discovered a beautifully-done figure, and when the rays of sun bathed it—as it did at a certain hour of the day—it became glorious and glowed like the whole room in which it was located. It may be just a tale, but it points to the truth that human labor, provided for Christ in whatever obscenity wrought will glorify the cause for which he lived and died. Nothing is lost, and "he that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much."

So we say to our friend—be not discouraged. The courses in God's school may be hard. The lessons of patience are among the hardest we have to learn. Elijah found it so, but discovered his further mission and the power he possessed when he found what he called "small voice" sending him on in quiet, humble, unspectacular service.

OBservATIONS BY THE CORRESPONDING SECRETARY

The observer closed a two-weeks' vacation by moving into Milton, Wis., from the cottage on Thiebeau Point, Lake Koshkonong. Some helpful contacts were made here and at Allouez, Wis., and they will result in fruitful service.

We were pleased to note improvement of Mrs. H. Eugene Davis, recently released from the hospital at Madison. Dr. Davis keeps up cheerfully and looks forward to duty in the old parish.

Last month he visited and spoke in the Chicago Church—accompanied by his daughter Marcia. They plan to return to Alfred early in December.

A privilege was granted the writer to visit and be conducted through the Oldsmobile plant at Janesville. There we witnessed war production from the cold steel bar to the finished shells used in war planes, 75s and 105s. It was an impressive sight to see the men, old and young, back of the war effort. They stay by their jobs in great shifts that make the progress of Eisenhowser and other leaders possible.

Another unusual privilege was the witnessing of a beautiful church wedding where a Milton lady became the wife of an Albion farmer and church worker. Tied together by a college president, a pastor, photographed, and the service recorded in detail we are sure there should be no break in this union. A church wedding—church in more than name—should help stabilize the future of our country.

The day of this writing I heard "Lucky," a Baldwin's, auxiliary of the second largest church in this country, say that 85 per cent of the criminals in this prison come from broken homes.

At this meeting Dr. A. F. Bromley of Moody Bible Institute gave a Bible study, an interpretation of the current International Bible Lesson on the Christian View of Labor. He pointed out the value and responsibility, both in relation to the workman and others. The Christian view of industry is that it must not be self-served but for others. Man needs not only physical bread but spiritual sustenance. The Christian point of view is the development of the whole man.

The Bible study was attended in the YMCA hotel on South Michigan Avenue, Chicago; the secretary is staying here while visiting the Chicago Church. Our people worship at 64 East Lake Street in a pleasant room on the seventh floor. Once a month some minister of the Quarterly Meeting (Southern Wisconsin and Chicago), or some preacher of the Christian Church, is conducted by members under the supervision of a local committee led by Dr. Allison Burdick.

The church is attempting to make a pastor who will work in the field with faith and enthusiasm.

There is a great need here and splendid opportunity. With many people back to rural sections—into grass root conditions, we must not neglect those who find their livelihood in the city. Let us remember the opportunity that enters the church in the city; let us remember that Paul and other early Church leaders went to the great white cities, other people from world-wide districts came: Antioch, Athens, Corinth, Ephesus, Rome. Here at the great centers were opportunities to touch a whole world with the gospel of Jesus Christ. Certainly we should man our churches in New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, and build new in San Francisco, Appeton, and Denver.

It was a pleasure to bring the message to the group in Chicago. Visitors were present last year from Boulder, Milton, and Battle Creek. Following this year's successful promotion was taught by a young man, Stanley Ramsussen of Boulder, Colo., who is being governmentally trained in a special chemical
course. It was good to see folks helpfully and loyally working in this church whom we knew equally zealous in Minnesota, New York, and elsewhere.

CONFERENCE PRESIDENT’S MESSAGE

First Things First

My first word of that special guest, Rev. William G. Burnts, Seventh Day Baptist Missionary Project I believe is worth passing on to you. Early this year the church building was offered for sale to the highest bidder. The bids were very satisfactory we are told. Those who are planning to attend the last service of the church and the last day of the church are asked to be present at this time.

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Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Burns were employed by the Women’s Board, and they held their first meeting there, November 18. Peo.

WHY BE A DEFEATIST?

Defeatism is proclaiming the defeat of the cause one is supposed to promote. But why should one dwell on the arid land of the world? W. L. B.

Several of the articles in the Home Missions Issue of last month told about the work of our other days have been done. This was one of the most helpful things the writers could do.

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime."

It was planned the work of Elder Samuel D. Davis in West Virginia should be covered by Dr. Corlisa F. Randolph, but the article was belated.

Elder Davis was a gifted man and, through consecration and the leading of the Holy Spirit, did a magnificent work. My regret is that of his work Dr. Randolph witnessed, and the fine article given in this issue is the result of personal knowledge as well as records.

When the corresponding editor saw that the article did not appear, he regretted it very much; but it may be better that it did not, for by publishing it now it keeps the importance of home missions before the church.

ANOTHER FINE ARTICLE ON HOME MISSIONS

A Concise Sketch, With a Brief Appraisal, of His Life Work

By Dr. Corlisa F. Randolph

For a full half of the nineteenth century, the leading Seventh Day Baptist minister in West Virginia was Rev. Samuel Davis, famous as "Uncle Sammys Davis"; or, if one wanted to be a bit less informal, "Elder Sammys Davis." He was, so to speak, at the nod and beck of any and every call, on any and all occasions, for ministerial service, whether to preach a sermon on a given occasion, make an address at a funeral, conduct a funeral, or perform a marriage ceremony, all that aside from his regular duties as a pastor. In this era, his greatest work was in evangelistic work, in which he was so successful and a marked degree.

He was born, July 6, 1824, near what is now the village of Lew, in Lewis County, W. Va. He was the son of Jacob and Sarah (Hoffman) Davis, and a grandson of Rev. Jacob Davis, the founder of the Shrewsbury Seventh Day Baptist Church, at Mansasquan, N. J. Rev. Jacob Davis was a chaplain in the Revolutionary War, and went with the Shrewsbury Church when it migrated in a body to western Virginia, in 1789, and there became the present Salem Church, of Salem, W. Va. Fourth Jacob had a grandson of Rev. William Davis who was the founder of the Shrewsbury Church in 1745. This strain of blood, that was flowing, was continued, and I am writing this, in the impressive array of Seventh Day Baptist ministers, of whom "Uncle Sammy" was one of the most outstanding, both as a successful evangelist and as a beloved pastor.

Left fatherless at the age of three and a half years, the son, the oldest child of a family of seven children, as was able to do the lightest of farm chores, he joined his widowed mother in her well-nigh frantic struggle to maintain her family, and, as the family grew, his burdens rested more and more heavily on his young shoulders, burdens which he bore cheerfully and without flinching.

At the age of sixteen years, he was the subject of an unusual religious experience, following which he was baptized by Elder Peter Davis, the sixth pastor, Elder Coon, to Salem to engage in a series of evangelistic meetings—a series which proved richly successful. Five years later, or the age of twenty-three, he was ordained by Elder Peter Davis and Elder Azor Estee, primarily as an evangelist, though he had virtually been pastor of the Lost Creek Church since the departure of Elder Bond, who had gone to Wisconsin some time before.

He was now fully launched upon his life calling as an evangelist and pastor, though he was without means of livelihood, save as he literally wrung it by hard manual labor from the soil, of the farm which he had taken over from his mother, often toiling till midnight to catch up with work which had been temporarily laid aside because of his ministerial duties, for he never permit his occupation as a farmer to interfere with his evangelistic or pastoral obligations. The Lord's calls have always answered freely, and he trusted the Lord to give him physical strength to provide the material needs of himself and family; nor did the Lord fail him. Evangelistic and pastoral activity, his life, the loves of those days, even though St. Paul had said, "The laborer is worthy of his hire."

In the days of his youth, for an education were very meager; but a determination to acquire one, a determination to which were added diligence and persistence, brought him a modern education. He was a good student; a good student throughout his long life. His diligent study of the Bible equipped him with a masterful vocabulary, a masterful reasoning skill. He was a masterful, masterful scholar. He was a masterful, masterful scholar. He was a masterful, masterful scholar. His natural readiness of speech, a readiness which soon grew into full fruition of facility of expression, made him an eloquent and appealing messenger of the gospel which he so dearly loved to proclaim.

At the lost Creek Church, with the impressive ceremony of imposition of hands with a consecrating prayer, and the right hand of fellowship, with Elder Stillman Coon, who was visiting in western Virginia at that time, officiating.

At the age of sixteen years, he became active in the church work as a deacon, pastor, Elder Richard C. Bond; and the church soon formally called him to preach. When he was eighteen he was appointed his pastor, Elder Coon, to Salem to engage in a series of evangelistic meetings—a series which proved richly successful. Five years later, or the age of twenty-three, he was ordained by Elder Peter Davis and Elder Azor Estee, primarily as an evangelist, though he had virtually been pastor of the Lost Creek Church since the departure of Elder Bond, who had gone to Wisconsin some time before.

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S. Orlando, survived early childhood. But after five years of happy married life, his wife died. In April, 1853, he married Rebecca, daughter of Eli and Amelia Bond, who passed away in October, 1861, without issue. On September 25, 1862, he married Elizabeth of Jesse and Elizabeth (Gillis) Pitts Hart, to whom he was married in his old age and who bore him four sons, one of whom died in childhood. The three remaining were, Boothie Colwell, Morton Wardner (both of whom have now passed on), and Samuel Hoffman.

Amid the afflictions in his home, Uncle Sammy remained inordinately kindhearted, with a full trust in his heavenly Father, even when the clouds were darkest.

From the beginning his evangelistic message was full of lowing and it grew steadily in the power of its presentation and in its results as the years passed, until, within a radius of some fifty or sixty miles of his home, he came to be recognized as the leading evangelist in all that area, irrespective of denominational affiliation. But he went beyond those limits, and labored even in other states, notably at Jackson Center, Ohio, Shelbyville and other points in Tennessee, and in Fayetteville and near-by points in North Carolina, at all of which points his preaching of the Eternal Message bore fruit. Indeed, after closing his life work at the beginning of last spring, he wrote in his Autobiography:

My evangelistic work from the beginning has been greatly blessed of God. I have had a great variety of experiences and have witnessed some very remarkable demonstrations of the power of the Spirit and his omnipresence. I have had put forth that was protracted which was not a glorious success.

His evangelistic work resulted in the creation of several churches; and his pastorates were marked by growth in grace and in membership in the churches which he served. At one time he was only active minister in the bounds of the Southeastern Association, including the church at Salemville, Pa., and he was virtually pastor of all this group of churches.

His was an engaging personality. He was tall and imposing of stature; and, after middle life, with a full head of white hair and a full, white beard, with his stately, but modest, unaffected bearing, he never failed to give an impression of grace and dignity, as he stood in the pulpit. And his pleading tones and his directness of speech, as he proclaimed the message of salvation, easily reminded one of the aesthetic understanding of the beloved disciple, and the ringing earnestness of the apostle to the Gentiles.

JESUS' BIRTHDAY

By Rosalie West

Abner Hearst knew he should have had more sense than to let it get under his skin. Here he was, in the choicest front pew, watching the Christ Child, the One which he had done more to boost than any other citizen of Middletown; he had the prospect of Helen's usual scrumptious Christmas dinner before him—the children home, and all. But Neil Benson's lack of responsiveness somehow spoiled the whole program for him.

Neil was the new chap from the office whom he had brought home with him out of the sheer goodness of his heart. The boy had nobody belonging to him, it appeared, short of an uncle in California, and might have put in a lonely day.

He had led his young friend up the aisle, exuding a mellow glow of Christmas cheer that embraced all mankind. He saw Neil look about at the decorations, and his own enjoyment was twofold. And when they had seated themselves to welcome warmth, with a churchful of happy faces around them and the bedecked platform in front, Hearst relaxed and banded at his grace.

"Pretty good, eh?" he whispered, his fat face aglow behind his big tortoise-shell-rimmed glasses. "Middletown's a small place, but we can put on quite a decent show when we try."

He nodded towards the massed evergreen borders along the aisle with their sparkling line of walls, centered with glittering stars; the life-like shepherd figures by the steps at the left of the pulpit, balanced by startlingly magnificent starry figures by the steps at the right. The platform, arranged for the pageant, was edged simply, as was the pulpit desk, with a canopy of moss and moss, and held only rough wooden crib filled with straw, to represent the manger. He had sent his own team to bring this greenery from the woods and were hard at work the last night superintending its arrangement. That explained his wistful longing for Neil's appreciation.

"Very effective," returned his companion, looking about him. But Abner thought the whole scene, indeed, was much better than he had expected.

Neil was a big, handsome chap, with strength of character written large in his square jaw and in the deep, steady gaze of his brown eye. He gave great promise at the office. He was dependable, teachable, yet keen as a razor. And his pleading tones in the pulpit were marked by growth in grace.

The pageant was a huge success. The madonna was sweet and pure as an angel. The poor, blind, and sick crept up the steps and murmured adoration as they knelt around the manger. Abner glanced at Neil. His own eyes were wet with tears; Abner was always profound; so touched by Christmas pageants. But Neil sat there like a stone, his jaw set hard, almost as though he did not want to be there at all.

The pageant over, a young lady sat by a window and soliloquized with her father, who seemed to take little interest.

"He's used to grand city churches," thought Abner. "I suppose all this seems childish to him."

Abner thanked him absently, just wondering. But as time went on he forgot all about it.

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soldiers in cocked hats and bayonets marching above it right around the hall. Here's a little model of Valley Forge that I've made; we can put it up in a place. Wise Men and Shepherds at the Christmas service, you know—standing in that alcove near the platform. For the stage itself, I thought we might have a holly-cherub tree motif. Have this chain of hatchets draped over the edge of the platform and around the pulpit or wherever we get a space. We'll put up a life-size tree on the wall over at the left, and a real honest-to-goodness hatchet sticking in a block. I thought we might work up a nice little pageant about—er—telling the truth and conserving our forests, don't you know—it could be made most touching and inspiring. Something like the Christmas pageant at Christmas. Then right in the center have this figure of a mother and child—since it's a birthday, of course, you've got to have a mother and baby somewhere, hasn't you?

Neil paused. He had placed his exhibits one by one on a little table before the fire, and stood gazing lovingly at them, straightening the little soldier's bayonet, pulling out the wee hatchets till they stood out from the green paper bags.

"We could send out invitations in the form of hatchets—or cherries—or plain cards edged with Delaware Rivers in red, white, and blue. Well! I'm waiting for the applause."

For the first time he turned to look at the two men.

They were staring at the figures on the table. John Brodie's forehead was puckered in a puzzled frown. He was trying to think of something to say. He couldn't words come. Abner Heart's face had said volumes already. His jaw had dropped when he saw Neil's Birthright, cardboard shepherds and camels, tinsel stars, Madison's, madonnas. And you gave sentimental verses and plays about babies and angels.

Neil nodded. "Why, of course. That's an entirely different thing. No comparison at all. Christmas—why, it's always been a part of the world's life. We're not doing anything new. They're symbols—very precious symbols. We couldn't do without them."

"Oh! What we've done is the standard, is it? I see. That's the principle you work on at your office downtown, I suppose?"

Neil stood up, picking up his poor crumpled toys, began to rearrange the suit- case. Abner stood watching, ruffling his hair, feeling his beard. It was his habit to measure the eye. But the minister had leaned forward, and was gripping the arms of his chair, a great light upon his face.

"Just exactly. Neil set aside the suitcase shut and faced them again—"just what is it that you want to put across at the Washington service?"

"Why," bellowed his host, "the greatest ideals that Washington stood for: his passion for liberty, his courage, his endurance, his implications of a new nation's development. Surely you must feel that the depth, the grandeur, of these ideals demand a different setting from this—er—tomfoolery. It's absurd, childish, this parade of cardboard toys—cherry trees!"

Neil's voice trailed off into incoherence. He turned and sat down violently in his chair. The minister still sat leaning forward, his hands tense upon the chair arms, his eyes fixed on Neil. He had not liked Neil. Neil asked, "But it's all right for Jesus, of course." The young man had dropped his air of amused detachment. With set jaw and flashing brown eyes he let them have it. "Tinsel stars, woolly lambs, humpy camels. One can be cheap, with Jesus. On his birthday we can sit and stuff over old legends, cry over sugary sentimentalities about babies and stables. George Washington? Oh, no; it's a Christmas All-sanity on his birthday. It isn't dignified. But Jesus—when it comes to his birthday it doesn't matter about the granadeur of the ideals he stood for, the crushing power of his life that made men over, the incredible newness of his teaching that smashed through the hollowness around him. We're thinking him with sickly songs about angels and madonnas. For centuries of Christmas peoples have ourselves in sugar-coated fripperies that bear no relation whatever to the honoring of a great man's birthday—to the real significance of his life."

"Abner, do you know what I've done? I'm trying to do what a Christian worker in this town. How would you express it, in a sentence or two, as you did with Washington, the one great ideal, the supreme purpose, that blazed out from Jesus' life?"

Neil hesitated. "Why—er—ah—well— I don't know as I can say, right off the bat. Give me time."

"Well, even you will admit, I'm sure, that it didn't much to do with camels and stars and sheep."

There was a long silence. Abner wasn't angry now, but very much bewildered. He ventured one feeble, "We've always done it that way, you know."

Then the minister leaped to his feet, strode to Neil and took both his hands in a tight grip.

I get you, man. I get you. It's great. Simply就可以 they try it out—next Christmas. Dare I? Could I go through with it?"

"Those words, Mr. Brodie—I can—I dare—aren't the ones above all others that we Christians of today need to shove up to the top of our vocabulary.""

"I'll do it, by gum," said Brodie, excitedly. "I'll try it. Next Christmas. Will you help me?"

"Will I?" grinned Neil Benson. "Will I?"

—The Christian Leader.

Woman's Work

AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY

Excerpts from the One Hundred and Twenty-eighth Annual Report, 1944

Some day the war will be over. We shall be standing on the threshold of a new world. AsWar stands unrolled, we visualize some cities reduced to rubble, nations bankrupt, disillusionment, hatred, reprisal, revenge, disgrace. And all the innocent children in Britain will be matching themselves with the colossal problems which their forebears have created.

But reconstruction will be on the way. Reconstruction is always in process. Reconstruction is of God. The Creator is always creating, re-creating. Nature is never idle. The poppies continue to grow on every "Flanders field," even while the war rages.

Wiseman are not waiting till the armistice to make their plans for tomorrow's world. They are making them now. Tentative plans they are, but none the less constructive. Business is doing it. Education is doing it. Our government is doing it. The Christian Church is doing it, and the Chinese write "tomorrow" as two word characters meaning "bright day." Tomorrow's world will offer new opportunities, new challenges to those who would embrace Christ. It will be a more compact world. Its "uttermost parts" will be less than three days' journey from any "Jerusalem" which served forth its messengers of redemption. Trade will be greatly extended and simplified. Communication will enable the nations, and kindreds, and peoples, and
tongues, not only to talk with one another, but through television to see one another in action.

Tomorrow's world will be a more literate world. Millions in Russia, India, Africa, China, Latin America, in the islands of the sea, will be learning to read, and eager to roam afar in their new-found freedom. In tomorrow's world, the Bible will be within the sphere of use by tens of millions of people, whose teachers have cured them of "book blindness.

Tomorrow's world will present staggering new dangers. The points of friction between nations, races, classes, and cultures will be greatly multiplied. Misunderstanding, suspicions, and jealousies will increase faster than in the past, and the need for a Bible--and for a message of reconciliation--will become more urgent and pressing than ever before. What was true once, will be true ten times over.

The preparation must be of two kinds. We must increase among those who know the Bible, their devotion to its daily reading. This will call for vigorous campaigning while the war continues. It will call for unflagging ministry to our men at arms, who will play so large a part in the shaping of tomorrow's world. It will call for that warm, cordial response to the eagerness of our Latin American neighbors to possess the Scriptures. It will call for supplying the Book through every channel, however restricted, to the impoverished nations of Europe and the Far East. All this, and much more, must we do for today's staggering world.

The other kind of preparation, however, must not be delayed. It calls for the publication of Scriptures in many tongues, wherever they can be published now: in India, in Scandinavia, in Switzerland, where the Bible is apparently plentiful and printers ready; in Switzerland; in Brazil; in Mexico; in the Argentine; in India—laying in stocks for the future, when the doors to the homes of the people of the future, when the seas have been opened. It calls for a wide-scale preparation and distribution of printed matter and for the spreading of the Gospel through all channels of the public speaking ministry—through the radio, the press, and the printed page.

The most significant new departure in this service for 1943 is the distribution of over 40,000 New Testaments in waterproof containers. The idea of a "life-buoy" for the Gospel was born in war and is a release from the anxiety of램butes that we have in heaven. The purpose of the "Life-Buoy" is to "seeds the Bible to persons who otherwise might not have them." This is an almost perfect embodiment of the words of Jesus: "You will receive whatever you ask in my name because this is the will of my Father that you should receive whatever you ask in my name.

Week after week throughout the year, the Gospel must be made known to those whose souls are starved and shrunken.

The challenge of tomorrow's world is that they must hear. Without delay, the Word of our Lord must be made available now to guard the nations from the vast, sprawling, impoverished, and bewildered millions who will walk out into the sweet but pathless silence of the day of armistice.
The SABBATH RECORDER

RURAL YOUTH - WHEN TOMORROW COMES

By Don Sanford

This was the theme of the conference sponsored by the Youth Section of the Country Life Association and held at Fredonia State Teachers College, Fredonia, N. Y., October 25-28. About two hundred fifty rural young people from nearly twenty states stretching from Georgia to Wisconsin, from Kansas to Massachusetts, Canada, and one from Argentina, were delegates to this annual meeting.

The afternoon discussion period Wednesday afternoon was in two sections, "Program Methods" and "Leadership." I chose the latter which dealt with the problems of a rural leader and how we could improve the living standards of many of our rural districts and bring rural life into its own.

After the evening meal at White Inn, Mr. George Raynor gave us a verbal tour of New York State. Mr. Raynor represented the Chautauqua County Historical Society. After this address the group met again at the main building for an open forum entitled "America's Rural People." Special emphasis was placed on the state of rural life and the need for better churches and schools in the rural districts.

The prosperity of a community is in direct relation with the prosperity of its center, the church.

The entire delegation was divided into twelve smaller groups to encourage more individual participation in the Thursday's dis-
I wish to deeply express my appreciation to the New York Youth Council of the New York State Council of Churches who sponsored this conference as one of their speeial projects. Although the two hundred fifty some members of the conference were the leaders of every club, chapters, and local communities, I am sure each one of them received the same general ideals, enthusiasm, and power through leadership to carry back with them whether it be Rural Life Clubs, Four H. Clubs, Future Farmers of America, Student of Home Economics, Junior Dairymen’s League, or rural church councils.

The aim of this Youth Section of the American Country Life Association is to sponsor a balanced program to foster pride in farming, improve rural living, and develop youth leadership. “Rural Youth—When Tomorrow Comes,” was the topic and a great challenge in itself.

A panel discussion made up of several young people each representing different organizations from different states with a topic, “America’s Rural People,” broadened our conception of other peoples and ideas, then together with the answers of many other contributors the implications were presented by the small groups were called back into the assembly to join the conclusions during the morning.

I am sure that nearly everyone left the banquet Friday evening. We enjoyed the Friday morning discussions.

Prepared by Dr. Ronald Bond. The Primer on Power Procedures, chapters written by RosweU ‘Birch” Associates to the Federal Council, was used as an introductory text in preparing this report. The Central Office, Church of God,-sent me to this conference as one of the delegates. I am sure that nearly everyone left the banquet Friday evening. We enjoyed the Friday morning discussions.

[...]

I felt that in small groups everyone had a chance to express his own views and ideas, then together with the other members to consider methods or answers to questions arising from the statements pertaining to the subject that had been discussed. This was presented as an adult leader. I feel that in small groups everyone had a chance to express his own views and ideas. The group discussion made up of several young people each representing different organizations from different states with a topic, “America’s Rural People,” broadened our conception of other peoples and ideas, then together with the answers of many other contributors the implications were presented by the small groups were called back into the assembly to join the conclusions during the morning.

I am sure that nearly everyone left the conference enriched by the feeling that we are from the countryside and we are proud of it. Little Geneseo, N. Y.

By Lyle Palmer

It was my supreme opportunity to attend this conference. It is my pledge and sincere hope that I can help report on and carry out the ideals of this conference not only in our local church activity but in every rural community in America.
Dear Mrs. Greene:

I have just come home from school. I have a dog named Porky, a kitty named Puff, and a bunny named White Tail. I have been the oldest Junior class in Christian Endeavor. The little folks are learning some Bible verses.

We have charts. Mrs. Osborn passes out our charts, and then we paste our pictures on them.

Good-by now,

Your friend,

Arah Mae Davis.

R. D. 3, Bridgeton, N. J.

Dear Arah Mae:

It was nice of you to write me a letter when you had just returned from a long day of school work and perhaps would have liked the chance to play until supper time, so I appreciate your letter all the more.

We are beginning to have some real winter weather, starting the very last day of November, and when we woke up the first day of December there was not more than twelve inches of snow. The boys and girls are already beginning to coast, and I saw a horse and sleigh go by this morning. A flock of birds came up on our front porch yesterday and gathered up the bread crumbs I scattered for them. One was a robin, and the rest, I think, were thrushes. It would have been nice to call them my pets now since we had to lose the neighbor's dog which had been a nuisance all year around town since he wouldn't stay at home. The twelve year old daughter, Nedra, says she is going to have a nice little black puppy, but I do not know what kind.

I feel sure Shiloh children must enjoy their Junior work very, very much, since it is made so interesting for you. It is helping you to study the Bible in such lovely ways and to grow in Christian graces. I congratulate you on your promotion into the older Junior group.

Your sincere friend,

Misiah S. Greene.

On BEING SORRY FOR YOURSELF

By Rev. Jay W. Crofoot

Text: 1 Kings 19: 4

The eighteenth chapter of 1 Kings contains the very spectacular answer to prayer in the triumph of the prophet Elijah over the priests of a false religion, a triumph which one prophet had been hoping for years. What a moment of exaltation it must have been for him when, after the fire fell and consumed the offering and the altar, his glad ears heard the cry of the people saying “Jehovah, he is God; Jehovah, he is God.” This chapter also contains the antithesis: Elijah, the big as Daddy, so big that he could collect the fares, he proudly took out one nickel, so Billy could take a nickel, so Billy forgot he had a nickel for a cream cone. He was a man of spirit and to grow in spirit, he discovered that great spiritual revivals are not accomplished by one stroke however decisive that, a spectacular revival as apt to be followed by a slump. Elijah under the juniper tree is a proverbial expression of dis- content, depression, want of hope, mental irritation, and hungry, mentally overfatigued; spiritually exhausted; feeling homesome and abandoned; the discouraged prophet prayed that he might die. The fierce oath of a wicked and vengeful woman, added to his other troubles, had proved too much for him, and he was sorry for himself.

How many another wearied saint, worn out with labor and disappointed at apparent failure, has exclaimed, “I wish I were dead.” But God comforted Elijah and showed him that he was not alone and that the work of the Lord would go on after he was gone.

Sometimes we feel glad and grateful that the saints of old were subject to such fits of depression as we experience. Men like Elijah and Peter were ready to give up to despair, thank God they did not. We must get them—the habit of being sorry for ourselves.

To be sorry for oneself is perilously easy, but most of us have known brave souls that refused to be sorry for themselves—or at least if they sometimes felt that way they kept it to themselves. Some of us have become acquainted with uncomplaining invalids who have lain on beds of pain for long years and whom we have never heard to murmur. But some of us cry out in complaint if we have some slight ailment.

S. Parks Cadman tells of visiting a blind veteran of the Civil War and asking him: “What do you do in these days of darkness?” The veteran replied, “I thank God, Doctor, that for fifty years I had my sight; that I saw Abraham Lincoln.” Now I review his story in imagination, and that drives away dullness and despair. My lost sight seems to give me new powers of memory.

It is told of Dr. Kidd a famous Scotch clergyman that at the celebration of the Lord’s Supper he was walking along the street with some who had assisted him in the service. He suddenly stopped, and someone passing by heard him say something like this: “How is it that, though I am, I think, able to bear hard things as well as other things, little things irritate me so and trouble me so much?” One of the other ministers replied, “Is it not that you take your great burdens first to Mother and Daddy about the joke on the conductor.”

(The To be continued)
Many years ago I heard Susie M. Burdick tell a story like this: A missionary from India was returning to his own country on furlough, but was disapproved at not being met at the wharf on arrival. He was also irritated by the difficult formalities of landing and getting his baggage through the Customs Office. When he and his family finally arrived at the landing place. Later his host said to him: “You have been subjected to grave perils and great privations, but you will find life here has its perils too. I understand that in India a few hundred people are killed by tigers each year; but thousands are killed by snakes, which do not appear so dangerous. Now let me warn you that you will find snakes here.” “Yes,” replied the missionary, “I saw one in your garden this morning.”

Aren’t we all in greater danger from what seem like little temptations than we are from those that are evidently great ones? Often the most religious missionary I have heard it said, “She bears really difficult things nobly, but she lets little things get her down.”

But the chief danger, perhaps, is that we shall be sorry for ourselves, not for physical pain, or grief, or sorrow for what we feel comes from our heavenly Father, but what we feel can be blamed on our fellow Christians— the misunderstanding, criticism, and ill treatment from those who misunderstand, think, or are used to treat us with love and sympathy. I suppose I shall never forget how a former teacher of mine—a great teacher and great man whose whole life was a benediction—made a sorry spectacle of himself by a public complaint of the way in which he had been misunderstood and maligned. I suppose I shall never have his chief supporters. How sorry he was for himself, and what a shock it was to us who loved and honored him!

Our fault in these cases is that we forget the words of Pope: “To err is human, to forgive divine.” We forget that when Peter was asked why he denied the Lord, and was n’t he the brother of my brother against me, and I forgive him?” Jesus told the story of the man who owed the king ten million dollars and who, when forgiven all that great debt, refused to forgive a fellow servant who owed him twenty dollars. Read that story again as you find it in the eighteenth chapter of Matthew, and think how it applies to you or not. Four hundred ninety pardons seem too many to us, but our Master said not. My heavenly Father does also unto you, if ye from your hearts forgive not every one your brother their trespasses.” I sometimes wonder that we are willing to pray “forgive us our debts as we also have forgiven our debts,” especially when we remember that the Lord added in the same breath, “if ye from your hearts forgive not every one your brother their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses.”

Yet we say such things as these: “He told lies about me. I can never work with him again.” “She thinks I know how well, let her do it herself!” “He fooled me once, and once is enough. He’ll never have another chance.” “She is very unfaithful.” I suppose I’ll have to forgive him, but I can never forget it;” “What I do is not appreciated, and I’m through.” “They’re all down on me, and I’m going to leave.”

Does anyone like to listen to someone who parades his own grudges? We would rather listen to a woman who boasts of her opera performance, or of the hard work she has done than to hear them complain of their pains and their tasks, and how they get no credit for them, but on the contrary they are misunderstood and criticized and lied about.

How many patients are in hospitals for the insane because they are afflicted by a “persecution complex”? How many more of us have the same malady in a lesser degree?

Let us go back to the New Testament. When Paul suffered from the dangers of the sea, he was not the subject of persecution by some ungodly people, from false brethren, did he? Nay, rather he gloried in tribulation. But we have an even higher authority than Paul. Let us think of the “Man of Sorrows.” Was he a complainant? He was sometimes moved with indignation, because of unbelief or when he was accused of performing cures by the power of Satan. We hear him say “My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death.” Can’t you hear him say, “Now is my soul troubled; but for this cause came I unto this hour.” Is that a selfish complaint?

Does one who can say, as the cruel nails enter his quivering flesh, “Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do” sound like a man who is sorry for himself? After his death and resurrection we hear him say, “Go and tell my disciples and Peter, he goeth before you into Galilee: there shall ye see him.” Can you imagine that the angel’s message was “Go and tell Peter, and tell the other disciples that if he will come and apologize, I will give him another trial”? No, you can’t imagine that at all. It was later he Peter who wrote “Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example, that ye should follow his steps.”

Who, when he was reviled, reviled not; when he suffered, he threatened not: but committed himself to him that judgeth righteously: Who in his own self bare our sins in his own body upon the tree, that we, having died unto sins, should live unto righteousness: by whose stripes we were healed.”

He is our example as well as our Saviour, yet how have men treated him? If any one has reason to be sorry for himself, didn’t he? Yet Peter did. May God help us to be like him in this, as well as in other ways. Amen.

Brookfield, N. Y.
Bassett. — Esther Austin, daughter of William and Phoebe Bassett, of Milton, N. Y., and died at her late home in Independence, N. Y., November 26, 1944. She was married to Henry K. Bassett, November 7, 1877, and came to live on the Bassett home place in Independence. Her husband died in 1921. She is survived by her son Millford who lives on the old homestead and her family, two grandchildren, one great-grandchild, and a number of nieces and nephews.

Funeral services were held at the home and at the Independence church, November 26, 1944, conducted by Rev. Walter L. Greene of Andover, Mass., the pastor. The large attendance at these services witness to the respect with which she was held in the community.

W. L. G.

Bevin. — Beulah B. Coon, daughter of Rev. and Mrs. D. Burden Coon, passed away at the Glenwood Springs Hospital, Glenwood Springs, Colo., on November 1, 1944, at the age of forty-three.

Her health has been poor for a number of years. Only a few months ago her husband was called into the armed forces of our country, and she moved from Atcik, Kan., to Gypsum, Colo., to be with her mother and sister, Mrs. Gladys Hemminger.

Funeral services were held at the Howe Mortuary in Boulder on November 4, 1944, and internment was made at Green Mountain Cemetery near the lot where her father is buried. The service was conducted by Rev. Earl Cruzan, pastor of the Boulder Church.

E. C.

Green. — Alice E. Rose, adopted daughter of Nancy and Nathaniel Rose, was born January 17, 1863, at New Milton, W. Va., and died at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Orville Rasmussen of Boulder, Colo., October 24, 1944.

In the absence of her pastor the funeral service was conducted by Rev. Earl Cruzan, pastor of the Boulder Church.

E. C.

How Bible Can Serve Daily Needs

When you find passages in the Bible that have a strong appeal, read them slowly, lingering over them till fruitful, practical thoughts begin to come. Then mark these passages. That is one way to make the "wonderful words" of life serve your daily needs.