Christian Fellowship

THE WEEKLY SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

The Golden Text

I John 1:3—"Our fellowship is with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ."

By DR. ALVIN E. BELL

(The International Uniform Lesson on the above topic for Dec. 12 is I John 1:1-7 and Revelation 21:1-7, the Golden Text being I John 1:3, "Our fellowship is with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ.")

AT THE creation of man Jehovah, his Creator said, "It is not good that the man should be alone; I will make him a helpmeet for him." Having been made in the image and likeness of God he was like God in that his nature called for fellowship through which he might express his love.

Jesus and Fellowship.

Our Lord Jesus recognized this need of fellowship when he "sent his disciples by two and two." The early church recognized the same in sending forth Barnabas and Saul, Paul and Silas, Baranabas and Mark, Peter and John, etc. This "knitting of the soul of Jonathon with the soul of David" is an expression of one of the most deep-seated and universal characteristics of human nature. And our Lord was so thoroughly human that he shared this trait with us. So we hear him saying to his disciples, "with desire I have desired to eat this passover with you before I suffer"; and again, "my soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death: abide ye here and watch with me." As Son of God he enjoyed fellowship with his Father from eternity. John says, "That which was from the beginning, that which we have heard, that which he have seen with our eyes, that which we beheld, and our hands handled of the word of life. And the life was manifested, and we have seen, and bear witness, and declare unto you the life, the eternal life, which was with the Father, and was manifested unto us."

The Disciples' Fellowship.

Our Lord's eternal fellowship with his Father, which he extended to include his first disciples is still further broadened to include all who will accept it through faith in him: "That ye also may have fellowship with us: yea, and our fellowship is with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ." The privilege of such a fellowship should move us to want to fit ourselves for it by bringing our lives into harmony with the Divine: "In him is no darkness at all. If we say that we have fellowship with him and walk in the darkness, we lie, and do not the truth: but if we walk in the light, as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus his Son cleanseth us from all sin." Continual striving after holiness must result from our desire for fellowship with God, to be with him is to be like him. Fellowship begets likeness. Light has an affinity for light and darkness for darkness. Fellowship with the good will strengthen the good within us. So Christ established his church for the strengthening effect of its fellowship upon his disciples. Together the coals burn with light and warmth, while scattered to themselves the fire goes out.

Death does not destroy this fellowship. It persists beyond the grave in the church triumphant: "He shall dwell with them, and they shall be his peoples, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God; and he shall wipe away every tear from their eyes; and death shall be no more; neither shall there be mourning, nor crying, nor pain, any more: the first things are passed away. Behold, I make all things new."

What's Doing in the Churches

FIRST METHODIST EPISCOPAL.
Rev. Robert E. Brown, pastor.

9:45 a. m., The church school, J. W. Sanders, superintendent.

11 a. m., Morning worship. Sermon by the Rev. Dr. Trela D. Collins, of Durham, Executive Secretary of the North Carolina Council of Churches.

Dr. Collins is coming in the interests of a Conference of Preachers and Laymen to be held soon in Raleigh. He is a former pastor of the Temple Baptist church of Durham.

The evening service will be omitted on account of the program of Christmas music to be held at the high school at five o'clock.

FIRST METHODIST PROTESTANT.
Rev. T. J. Whitehead, pastor.

9:45 a. m., Sunday school. A. H. Nuckles, superintendent.

11 a. m., Morning worship. Sermon subject: "The Bible and the Ideals of Life."

There will be no services in the evening.

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN.
Rev. James A. Jones, pastor.

9:45 a. m., The church school. J. Harry Bryan, general superintendent. Departments of worship and classes of study for all age groups. Dr. Trela Collins will speak to the Adult Bible classes.

11 a. m., The morning worship. The minister for the service will be the Rev. Donald W. Richardson, D. D. of Union Theological Seminary, Richmond, Va.

7:30 p. m., The evening worship. Sermon by Dr. Richardson, U. T. S., Richmond, Va.

Due to the Christmas Cantata in the high school auditorium at 5 p. m. the meeting of the Young People's Forum will be suspended.

ST. PAUL'S CATHOLIC.
Montgomery and College streets.
Rev. Leo G. Doetterl, pastor.

Sunday mass and Sermon: at 8 a. m. on every first, third, and fifth Sunday of month. At 10:30 a. m., on second, and fourth Sunday of month.

Sunday evenings, 7:30; sermon, devotions, and Benediction with the Most Blessed Sacrament.

All week-day Masses are at 7:30 a. m.

You are always cordially welcome at all the services.

CONGREGATIONAL - CHRISTIAN.
Rev. J. Everette Neese, pastor.

9:45 a. m., Sunday school under the leadership of John Allen Hall. Mr. Hall and his nine teachers invite you to come and discuss the Sunday school lesson with them Sunday.

11 a. m., Morning worship service with sermon by the pastor. The morning subject will be "Bible Lies." The scripture lesson will be Acts 5:1-11. We extend to you an invitation to worship with us Sunday.

6:45 p. m., Senior and Junior Christian Endeavor meetings at the church

7:30 p. m., Evening worship service. The pastor's evening message will center around the subject "The Thief In The Church." The scripture lesson will be taken from Rev. 3:15-16. We welcome you.

HOLY INNOCENTS.
Rev. I. W. Hughes, rector.
Third Sunday in Advent.
7:30 a. m., Holy Communion.
9:45 a. m., Church school and Young Women's Bible class.
10:00 a. m., Men's Bible class.
11 a. m., Morning sermon.
6:30 p. m., Young People's Service League.
7:30 p. m., Evening prayer and sermon.
2 p. m., St. John's Mission, North Henderson. Church school.

FIRST BAPTIST.
Rev. Albert S. Hale, pastor.

You are cordially invited to come to the services of our church tomorrow.

Sunday school opens 9:45 a. m. P. E. Pinnell, general superintendent. Attendance last Sunday 410 a fine start for December. Come and help us make tomorrow's attendance bigger than that.

Morning worship service 11 o'clock. This service will feature the ordination of deacons, a fuller announcement of which is made elsewhere. The pastor will speak on the "The Dignity of Being a Deacon."

There will be no B. T. U. meeting due to the vesper service at the Henderson high school.

The evening worship service 7.30 o'clock. We shall have as our guest Dr. Trela Collins, formerly pastor of the Temple Baptist church in Durham, now Executive Secretary of the North Carolina Council of Churches. You are invited to hear him.

Today's Church — Message —

By REV. J. EVERETTE NEESE.

ADVERTISING.

..Mark Twain had a letter from one of the subscribers to a paper he edited saying he had found a spider in his paper and he wanted to know whether it was a sign of good luck or bad. Mark Twain replied: "Finding a spider in your paper was neither good luck nor bad luck for you. The spider was merely looking over our paper to see which merchant is not advertising, so that he could go to that store, spin his web across the door, and live a life of undisturbed peace afterwards."

Do you advertise your church?—Tell people of its virtues and its achievements? Try it. Be a good church member as others are good business men—advertise.

Christian Fellowship — ILLUSTRATED SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

Scripture—I John 1:1-7; Revelation 1:1-7.

By the Rev. Alvin E. Bell And Alfred J. Buescher

John, "the disciple Jesus loved", enjoyed the closest fellowship with Jesus. He says, "That which we have seen and heard declare we unto you also, that ye also may have fellowship with us."

Of this fellowship John says, "Our fellowship is with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ . . . If we say that we have fellowship with him and walk in darkness, we lie."

In his old age as an exile on the Isle of Patmos, St. John was given a vision of the continuance of this fellowship in "a new heaven and a new earth."

From God's throne he heard a voice saying, "Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he shall dwell with them . . . and God himself shall be with them." (GOLDEN TEXT—I John 1:3)

No. 10

Dickens' Christmas Carol

ADAPTED BY C. D. VORMELKER

Illustrated by Alfred J. Buescher
CENTRAL PRESS ASSOCIATION

THE NOISE BECAME MUCH LOUDER ON THE FLOORS BELOW. CAME UP THE STAIRS. STRAIGHT TOWARD SCROOGE'S DOOR. RIGHT THROUGH IT AND INTO THE ROOM! IT WAS MARLEY'S GHOST!

"I AM HERE TO WARN YOU THAT YOU HAVE YET A CHANCE OF ESCAPING MY CHAINED AND FETTERED FATE. YOU WILL BE HAUNTED, EBENEZER SCROOGE," CONTINUED THE GHOST. "BY THREE SPIRITS."

"EXPECT THE FIRST SPIRIT TOMORROW, WHEN THE BELL TOLLS ONE, A SECOND THE NEXT NIGHT AT ONE, AND THE THIRD THE FOLLOWING NIGHT AT TWELVE." WITH THESE WORDS THE GHOST BOUND UP ITS JAWS, MOVED BACKWARD TO THE WINDOW AND FLOATED THROUGH IT.

AFTER THE SPECTRE HAD DEPARTED, SCROOGE LOOKED OUT AND SAW COUNTLESS PHANTOMS WANDERING ABOUT; MOANING AND LAMENTING. MANY HAD BEEN KNOWN TO SCROOGE WHILE THEY WERE ALIVE.

To be continued

AIRPLANE STOCKS LEAD TODAY'S LIST

New York, Dec. 11.—(AP)—Spurred by a call for bids on a new fleet of huge trans-Atlantic passenger planes, airplane stocks held most of the buying attention in today's market.

Boeing, Douglas, Consolidated, United and Glenn Martin set up as much as two points or more on the belief that several million dollars would be spent on building the ocean flyers.

While a few steel rails and specialties displayed mild recovery tendencies, many leaders were unable to get into forward stride, and there was a wide assortment of fractional losers at the close. Dealing were quiet throughout, transfers approximated 400,000 shares.

American Telephone	149
American Tob B	65
Anaconda	31 7-8
Atlantic Coast Line	27
Atlantic Refining	20 3-4
Bendix Aviation	13 1-8
Bethlehem Steel	56 5-8
Chrysler	56 1-2
Columbia Gas & Elec Co	9 1-4
Commercial	7 7-8
Continental Oil Co	9 1-2
Curtiss Wright	3 3-4
DuPont	115 1-4
Electric Pow & Light	13 1-2
General Electric	43 1-8
General Motors	34 1-2
Liggett & Myers B	87
Montgomery Ward & Co	34 1-2
Reynolds Tob B	41 3-8
Southern Railway	14 1-4
Standard Oil Co N J	44 1-2
U S Steel	57 1-2

COTTON IS STEADY ON QUIET MARKET

New York, Dec. 11.—(AP)—Cotton futures opened steady unchanged to three lower. Hedge selling was absorbed under the foreign buying. March eased from 8.12 to 8.08 and shortly after the first half hour sold at 8.09 when the list stood unchanged to three points net lower. Cotton futures closed steady three to five lower. Spots quite, middling 8.17.

	Open	Close
May	8.15	8.12
July	8.18	8.18
December	8.05	8.05
January	8.05	7.99
March	8.12	8.08

Quota For Cotton Boosted In Senate For Next Season

(Continued from Page One.)

Democratic leader, predicted the Senate would approve early next week a farm bill different from the House measure in only two effects: The degree of compulsion and the method of aiding farmers financially when prices are depressed.

The house meanwhile will begin consideration Monday of the wage-hour bill, which has aroused even greater controversity than the farm program.

Low Cost Dinners For More Humble

(Continued from Page One.)

dinners, jointly with the executive committee, should it be decided to hold them.

A dinner and dance will be given the Y. D. committeemen tonight by the Winston-Salem club. Mr. Allen also said.

Invitations have been sent by Mr. Allen to all local clubs of the Young Democratic organization, urging them to attend the session today and to express their views on the question of holding Jackson Day dinners. The executive committees alone will decide the matter.

Impetus has been given the movement for Young Democratic-sponsored dinners in March by announcement by the senior party organization that the campaign to raise $12,500 for use in the Congressional campaign of 1938 will be conducted in an effort to get 500 subscriptions of $25, no more, no less. The Y. D. leaders feel there are many who haven't that much to give, who are just as enthusiastically for the party as those who have. It was also pointed out by Mr. Allen that the Jackson Day dinners were originally sponsored by the Young Democratic organizations. National Committeeman Lon Folger and State Chairman Gregg Cherry, of the senior party group, will attend today's sessions. They have both told Mr. Allen they approve the plan to have March dinners.

Congress Fearful Off FDR's Policies

(Continued from Page One.)

can depend on him.

Does He Know Channel?

In short, the national pilot, in Congress' opinion, is trying to steer a course of which he is none too sure.

The old-time Mississippi river helmsman kept himself pretty well informed as to the channel ahead. He knew of impending snags and bars and swung his wheel cleverly around them. But if he had no notion what was coming, he was likely to pile up on one of these obstructions; at least to miss them only by a bee's-knee, keeping all on board constantly in a twitter.

The administration's congressional crew surmimes that Pilot Roosevelt is unfamiliar with his channel—briefly, that he hasn't a clean-cut government philosophy, but everlastingly is guessing.

Politicians Frightened.

Indeed, he has said so; has declared for a policy of experimentation.

Few politicians like this, as a regular thing. First the leftist bunch are gratified at each leftward twirl of the wheel, but the rightists are terrified. Then there is a twist to the right and the leftists holler. Finally both groups decide that the whole thing is wobbly and mutually are scared.

Politico-economists are not experimentalists; they are one way or the other.

All that Pilot Roosevelt has back of him is a little crew of do-or-die New Dealers—and even they are scary.

Wouldn't it give anyone a toothache?

Insurgents Claim Big Air Victory

(Continued from Page One.)

ships. The insurgent dispatched on the Zaragosa air battle said Francisco's planes, concentrating from various airdromes in the Aragon, pounced on a fleet of 25 government ships flying up the Etro valley toward Zaragoza. The battle lasted 12 minutes, the insurgents said.

Wife Preservers

If you like your linens scented and use scented soaps, store the soap, unwrapped, in the drawers of the linen closet.

PEACOCK FEATHERS

By Temple Bailey

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CHAPTER 27

AT THE Veiled Prophet's ball Mimi carried a fan of peacock feathers—the one which had been painted in the portrait, and I heard a woman behind me say, "Mimi Le Brun must want bad luck. I wouldn't wear peacock feathers for anything in the world."

"I am not superstitious," was the cold response.

"It means death, my dear, or some dreadful trouble. Oh, you may think I am silly. But I had an old black Mammy . . ."

They passed on . . . and I smiled to myself. Death and Mimi? . . . the thing was preposterous . . . ! She was as brilliantly alive as a spring morning! And as beautiful.

I made my way through the crowd. The Queen had been crowned, and in a few moments there would be dancing. I wanted to get as soon as possible to Mimi. I had been promised a dance.

Mrs. Le Brun sat with a group of matrons, many of whom like herself had been former Queens. I spoke to her, and to my surprise she rose and drew me away from the others. "I want to talk to you a bit, Jerry—" she was sparkling, secure, dangerous, "about Mimi."

I was at once on guard; but I said with an effect of composure, "Not any of them could hold a candle to her, could they? She should have been Queen."

"She might have been had her grandfather lived."

"She should have been anyhow."

She did not continue the theme. She had other things on her mind. Her voice was clear, incisive, as she said, "Jerry—you mustn't fall in love with her."

"I have already fallen in love."

"You know of course that she can't marry you."

"I know that whether I marry her or not, my life is at her feet."

She laughed, lightly, "Surely you don't believe that any man is at any woman's feet for life."

"I don't know about other men. I know myself."

She stopped and we stood there with that careless crowd surging about us. Yet we might have been marooned on an island in an empty sea for all that anyone else mattered.

"It isn't quite fair to Mimi, Jerry, for you to talk high romance when you can't talk marriage."

"I would talk marriage if she would listen."

"But you haven't anything to marry on."

"I have my allowance from my Uncle Jerry, and I am his heir."

I flung the statement at her as I had flung it at Lionel in college. I felt that it might modify her attitude. And in a sense it did.

"Is he very rich?" she demanded.

"He hasn't millions, if you mean that," I admitted. "But there would be enough."

"Enough for what? Not for Mimi's future. And anyhow it may be years before you inherit. Don't you see how impossible it is, Jerry? Poverty is dreadful. I won't have Mimi poor."

There was an almost hysterical fierceness in her way of saying it, yet she kept her voice to a low key. "If my father had not married again, we should have lived in his house, have had everything. He thought he was in love," she swept the possibility away with a scornful gesture. "And you think you are in love. Men are like that . . . They want what they want. But you aren't thinking of Mimi's happiness. Only of your own. Don't you call that a bit selfish, Jerry?"

Well, it was natural for a mother to fight for her young. She was like a sleek and shining cat defending her kitten.

"I won't have her winter spoiled by you, Jerry. It is the most important winter of her life. Yet you've caught her fancy. Such things never last with her. You are something new — different. That's all there is to it."

"There is more to it than that," I said, "there is Fate and our faith in ourselves."

The words were an echo of the things my father had often said to me. Only he would have put it "Faith in God and in ourselves." But in neither case would Mrs. Le Brun have understood. She simply stared and said in a level voice, "People who live in the clouds, Jerry, are sure to get hurt . . . I'm sorry . . ."

The music was sweeping in great waves over us. The dancing had begun. A distinguished and gray-haired man came to claim Mrs. Le Brun. She did not present me to him. She left me high and dry on the shores of her displeasure!

The next morning I had a letter from Mimi. She sent it by messenger and I opened it with a premonition of disaster.

"Mother has made me promise not to see so much of you, Jerry. She says it can't come to anything, and that it is simply unsettling me. And perhaps she is right. I don't know. Anyhow she came into my room last night and begged me to give you up. I wouldn't promise that I wouldn't see you at all. But I agreed not to ask you to come here, and not to make engagements with you. I shall miss our walks together, Jerry, and our talks. But perhaps I am not all the wonderful things you say I am. If I were really the woman of your dreams, I would think the world well lost, wouldn't I? And I don't. So you are not to think of me as Juliet on a balcony, or that I'd cut myself up in little stars . . . I am like the young women in the nursery rhyme . . . just 'ribbons and laces' and my face is my fortune, Jerry.

"This isn't the kind of letter mother expects me to write. But it is the best I can do. I am not the heroine of a play. I am not the heroine of anything. I am awfully human, though you won't believe it.

"It has been wonderful to have you for a friend. It will always be wonderful to remember. And of course this isn't 'Goodby, forever'—like Tosti's song. Only you mustn't hope any more, and I mustn't dream —and that's all there is to it. It won't be the same but it will be something."

I spoiled many sheets of paper before I answered her. So I can reproduce what I wrote in part. I filed it away with her note, and the yellow pages seem even now to flame with a living fire.

"You are Juliet on a balcony. You are the Blessed Damosel bending down. You are Beatrice to be worshiped. You are Rachel to be waited for. If I do not see you, you will still be in my heart. Remember that, Mimi. There has never been any other in my life, there will never be. If the play succeeds, I shall have something to offer you. But whether it succeeds or not, I shall work for you, wait for the perfect moment when I can call you mine."

High-flown. Well, call it that if you wish. But I was sincere. As a boy I had thought in terms of chivalry. I had been fed on King Arthur, and his Round Table Knights. I had copied in my notebook such things as this:

"A glorious company, the flower of men,
To serve as model for the mighty world,
And be the fair beginning of a time . . .
. . . To love one maid only, cleave to her,
And worship her by years of noble deeds,
Until they won her . . ."

I had read my Bible, and of Jacob and his seven years; I had read Ruskin, and his challenge to the youth of his day to serve like Jacob.

You see, my ideals of womanhood had been formed by my father, and they had been modified very little even by my adoration of Uncle Jerry and his swashbuckling methods, or by contact with my mates at college, who refused to put femininity on a pedestal and who held that the girls with whom they danced and flirted and to whom they made love had as many human faults and frailties as themselves.

So in a passion of devotion I dispatched my letter, and it was not until several days had passed without a glimpse of Mimi that I began to feel the reaction. I had a sort of boyish dignity, of pride if you will, which made me refuse to put myself in her way when she had forbidden it. But I was filled with an intolerable ache for her. For the first time in my life I could not square my optimism with the thing which had happened to me. In desperate despair I turned to my work. I shut myself up in my room and wrote. I refused invitations. It seemed to me that if I saw Mimi I should fall on my knees and beg her to give me hope. Yet I would not ask again for what she would not give. And always I waited for the moment when the acceptance of the play would make it possible for me to lay my laurels at my lady's feet.

Then, suddenly, like a crash of thunder from a clear sky, or the sickening swing of an earthquake on a golden day, a letter came from our agent. He was sorry, he said, but a reading of the manuscript had convinced him that it would have no chance whatever with producers, and he did not feel justified in offering it to them. It had merits, but it showed plainly our lack of technical knowledge of the stage. And he was returning it!

(To Be Continued)