

Old and new students saw many, many changes on the college campus. The social rooms in the basement of Main Hall, although not yet ready for occupancy, attracted much comment. Within a few days the interior trim in these rooms will be finished and painting and other last steps will be under way. On the ground floor of this building, which has been entirely rebuilt this past summer, will be a large social hall, a lunch room, a private dining room, and the necessary service rooms, including a large and modern kitchen, locker space for out of town students and toilets.

—Milton Junction Telephone.

Fouke, Ark.

There are twelve young people in the Fouke Church who have willingly taken turns in arranging the worship services and reading sermons or other religious articles at the regular Sabbath morning services. The Sabbath school and two societies of Christian Endeavor have kept up their usual work.

Rev. Trevah R. Sutton visited Fouke on his way to Conference from the Southwestern Association, and preached two sermons.

We are in hopes that we can have a pastor soon.
Hazel Scouten.

Plainfield, N. J.

Church services were resumed on September 7, after the August vacation. A number of our people had attended Conference and these brought interesting reports to us at that service. We enjoyed especially hearing the younger members of the Courtland Davis family. Their short talks showed that it pays for Conference to make a place for the children and young people on its program. These young folks had gained much and it was interesting to hear them express their point of view. The grownups who reported gave us much meat for thought.

On September 14, the Commission's report was ably presented by Mrs. H. C. Van Horn, Courtland V. Davis, Sr., and Pastor Warren. At several Friday night meetings Conference matters were considered, and on the evening of September 20, a basket supper sponsored by the Women's Society was held at the church, after which the Commission's report was discussed.

The Women's Society held a flower and harvest exhibit in the Sabbath school room on the afternoon and evening of September

19. A large number of our people cooperated and the result was a very beautiful and interesting exhibit. A silver offering was taken.

Rally Day was observed in the Sabbath school September 28, by a program and the promotion of three children to the intermediate department.

World-wide Communion Service of Sabbath-keeping Christians was observed October 5, at the morning service.

On the evening of October 5, a social was held in the Sabbath school room, sponsored by the social committee of the Women's Society. Each family brought enough sandwiches for its group; salad and coffee or cocoa were furnished at the church. Each family was supposed to bring snapshots or postcard pictures showing something of their vacation time. These were projected on the screen and a member of the family explained them or told unusual experiences they had. All was very informal and much fun and laughter resulted. One family seemed to get the greatest applause by their original skit portraying the head of the house as a fisherman and their plans for company with one small fish for dinner. Songs were sung with great spirit and a general good time was had.
Correspondent.

QUARTERLY MEETING

The quarterly meeting of the southern Wisconsin and Chicago churches will be held with the Albion Church October 18 and 19.

The program as tentatively arranged is as follows:

Friday—7.45 p.m., vesper service by the Albion choir; sermon, Rev. John F. Randolph.

Sabbath—10.30 a.m., worship in charge of Pastor Leslie O. Greene; sermon by Rev. C. Burchar Loofbourrow, alternate, Rev. Carroll L. Hill. Dinner at noon.

At 2 p.m., sermon by Rev. Carroll L. Hill, alternate, President J. G. Meyer. At 3 o'clock, program arranged by representative of the young people, Miss Virgie Nelson.

At 7.45 p.m., business meeting, Pastor L. O. Greene, presiding; 8 p.m., program by Mr. and Mrs. Donald Gray.

Robert Greene,
Secretary.

Spin cheerfully, not tearfully,
Though wearily you plod.
Spin carefully, spin prayerfully,
But leave the thread with God.

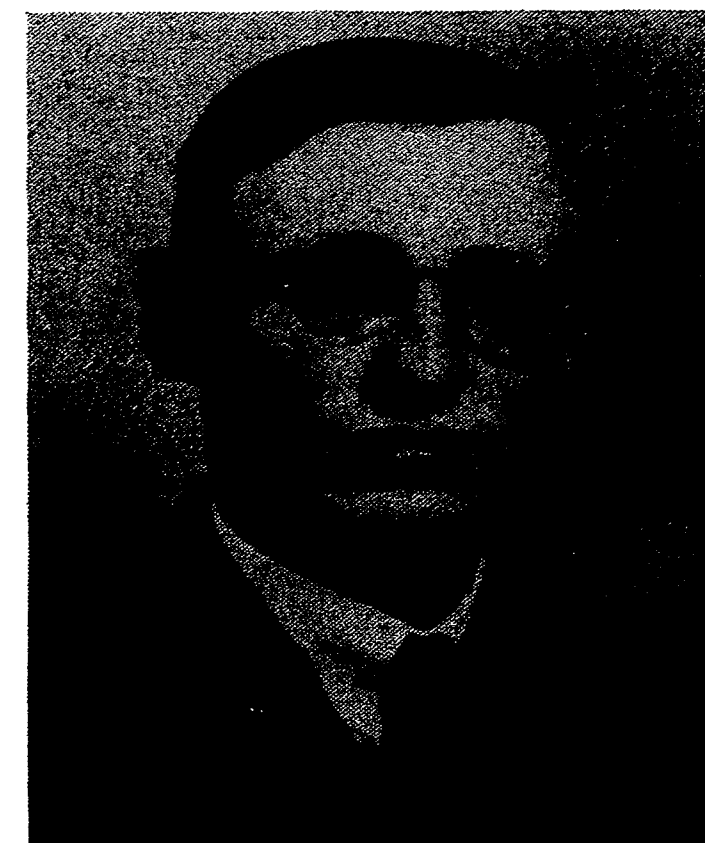
—Author unknown.

The Sabbath Recorder

Vol. 129

PLAINFIELD, N. J., OCTOBER 21, 1940

No. 17



Rev. Trevah Randolph Sutton
Pastor at New Market, N. J.
(See Who's Who in this Recorder)

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The Sabbath Recorder

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HERBERT C. VAN HORN, D.D., Editor

L. H. NORTH, Manager of the Publishing House

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

William L. Burdick, D.D. Mrs. Okey W. Davis Marlon C. Van Horn
Mrs. Walter L. Greene Rev. Erlo E. Sutton

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EDITORIALS

PIONEER PREACHERS

Mention has been made in the Recorder reports of Conference of the excellent paper of Miss Evalois St. John. We were thrilled—many of us—as we listened to what the pioneer preachers of early last century did, and of how men and women responded by accepting Christ, and of the later organization of Seventh Day Baptist churches.

Those pioneers perhaps did not hold high college degrees, but they were trained in the Scriptures and in the experiences of life. First of all, they were preachers of the Christian gospel, and likely enough their preaching was "not in excellency of speech or of wisdom," but "in demonstration of the Spirit and of power." As Paul of old, they were also "determined to know nothing save Jesus Christ and him crucified," as they penetrated the mountains and forests, and their preaching was not in vain. "They listened to God; God spoke, and men were changed."

We do not believe that the eagerness of the pioneers to attend religious meetings was merely because there was little else to occupy their attention. Grant that to be in part the fact; in addition, there was a heart and mind hunger to know the simple truth, and this the pioneer preacher was willing and able to declare.

These early missionaries, moreover, realized that the preaching of the gospel to those who might otherwise be left to perish in their sins in these primitive conditions, could not succeed or fulfill its highest usefulness without some kind of co-ordinating system

and program. So, here and there through Pennsylvania, Virginia, Ohio, and on westward, families and neighbors were organized into churches, and regular services of worship and Bible study were instituted. Without pastors, for the most part, these groups were helped by returning preachers and other visiting ministers and evangelists, from time to time.

When we think of the greater number of churches reported in our "Anniversaries and Year Books" of three fourths of a century ago, we may not realize that often they were composed of a half dozen or so members, only. Later, groups consolidated by members moving to the larger centers, as happened in Ohio—Jackson Center now being the only one remaining of the several reporting at one time. Not infrequently did these outpost churches furnish men for future distinguished Christian leadership, as Watson, N. Y., and Dakota, Wis., and Welton and Garwin, Iowa.

Thus did the early pioneer ministers labor, "giving diligence to keep the unity of the faith in the bond of peace." With such purpose the organized groups held a Biblical faith, simple and practical.

With our many more advantages of means and training, shall we not recognize yet a field in the wilderness of present day doubts and spiritual bewilderments, wherein earnest, consecrated preachers are needed for real pioneer work in a simple, loving, saving gospel? The word of Christ still is "Go . . . I am with you always."

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MINISTERIAL RETIREMENT

These are days in which much is being done to insure security for workers who are past the age of active employment and remunerative labor. Governments are doing much. Various panaceas are being suggested and old-age plans proposed.

Among us is the problem of caring for our aged ministers and their wives or widows. No class of workers has had fewer "breaks" than this class. For years a fund has slowly been growing for this need. But all too slowly. It must be increased soon or these worthy men and women, through no fault of their own, will be actual sufferers. The Lord has kept them humble, but our churches have kept them poor. This is not to point out the reasons for the need of retired ministers or to argue for the worthiness of their cause.

From the fund of the Memorial Board and a small fund in the Missionary Society seven men and seven widows are being cared for.

As a casual note—there are six ministers whose aggregate age is 485 years, 350 of which in all probability were spent in serving the Lord's churches. These men, with an average age of more than eighty years, are not mendicants. In our apportionment of funds we are not giving them something. We are merely making a deferred payment.

We realize how inadequate the payments are—thirty-five dollars per month to man and wife, half that to a widow.

Something must be done, and that has been proposed by our General Conference. It is suggested—on a voluntary basis—that pastors contribute two per cent of their salary, and the churches pay four per cent of salary to the Ministerial Retirement Fund. It is hoped that during the year pastors and churches will seriously consider this plan and arrive at such conclusions as shall make definite action by next Conference possible. Boards and secretaries and theological school and ministerial teachers may participate. As at present proposed, fifty per cent of the yearly income so derived will be used for current needs, and fifty per cent devoted to the permanent fund.

This will not be enough for mounting needs. Our whole United Budget of \$18,380 must be raised. In such case, full \$1,000 will be realized this year for retired ministers.

It is to be hoped that some able, consecrated, and interested person or persons may be found this year who will give generously to this need.

We can't knock these old men on the head. We ought not to break their hearts and let them suffer. We hope they will live many years yet to bless us with their faith, their prayers, and their wisdom.

CHRISTIAN RESPONSIBILITY

Christian citizens have one responsibility that can be met only upon Election Day. The right to vote, purchased with the lives of millions throughout the ages, is not merely and only a privilege, it is a duty. Religious freedom has been born through self-government and can be passed on by church members as a heritage to their sons and daughters through exercising the right to vote.

In times past, Christian citizens too often have been negligent of the duty to vote. In the election of 1936, more than 27 million eligible American citizens failed to perform this duty. We do not know how many of these citizens were church members. But according to the Federal census, there were 72, nearly 73, million eligible voters in 1936, of whom less than 46 million voted.

According to statistics, the adult church members exceeded the total votes cast by more than 18 millions. Even if every one who voted in 1936 had been a church member, there would still have been over 18 million church members who did not perform their simple civic duty to cast their votes.

Such a record looks bad. It is bad. It can be corrected next month if every Christian citizen faces his responsibility squarely and votes. Election Day is more than a holiday. The Fourth of July will have little meaning if we lose our freedom. It can be lost by our neglecting duties of citizenship. Why not make a determined effort for a one hundred per cent church membership vote?

A GRATIFYING RESPONSE

To the offer of the Sabbath Recorder at one dollar for the school year to students in colleges, universities, or professional schools away from home, a most gratifying response has already been had.

In spite of having the names of Seventh Day Baptist students from only one of our

registrars and but very few pastors or church clerks, a list of forty or more has been secured and to them the offer has been made. Some appreciative replies have been received, with thirteen new subscriptions. This is appreciated by the Tract Board making the offer possible, as well as by the secretary and editor.

Other registrars should be heard from and the co-operation of other pastors and clerks is solicited and urged. We feel confident that many others, especially in other schools than our own, will appreciate having the Sabbath Recorder and thus be able to keep in touch with our churches and other work.

Another encouragement is found in the interest of individuals and churches. Several such are subscribing for their students or students known to them.

We are so pleased with the response already made that we are publishing the names of these young people now receiving the Recorder on this plan. They are: Courtland V. Davis, Jr., Bethlehem, Pa.; Alton L. Wheeler, Alfred, N. Y.; Robert S. Langworthy, Oswego, N. Y.; C. Robert Curtis, Alfred, N. Y.; Bettie McWilliam, Whitewater, Wis.; P. H. Coalwell, Whitewater, Wis.; Victor Loofboro, Davenport, Iowa; Ethel Davis, Salem, W. Va.; Jeanett Dickinson, Salem, W. Va.; Carl Maxson, Milton, Wis.; William B. Cottrell, Alfred, N. Y.; C. Harmon Dickinson, Salem, W. Va.; Frances Polan, Alfred, N. Y.

We would like to see this list doubled at least. In fact, we wish every Seventh Day Baptist student away from home would take and read the Sabbath Recorder. The one dollar school year subscription puts it within the reach of practically every student.

MISSIONS

A JOYOUS MESSAGE

There are a number of things in the message which the ministers, missionaries, and all Christians are asked to proclaim to the world, and among them is the fact that the Christian life is one of joy. The first thing the angel said to the shepherds in announcing the birth of Christ was, "Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy." The Christian life is preferable to all others for many reasons, and one of them is the peace and happiness which it brings. The joy bells

ring throughout the New Testament. Paul urged Christians over and over to rejoice.

There is danger that neither preachers nor laymen emphasize the joyous side of the Christian life as they ought. It is entirely possible for the followers of Christ in their lives to be so critical and grouchy they give the impression that the Christian life is something that makes people miserable. Also, it is possible that those who find real peace and gladness fail to tell others about it as they should.

The ministry has been criticized because it spent so much time pointing out the mistakes of Christians. A young business man told his pastor and the evangelists that they pictured the church on the way to hell and then turned and asked sinners to come and join the church. Another layman is reported to have said, "Over and over again the minister of today ascends the pulpit for the purpose of telling his flock that they are miserable sinners." The cheapest kind of sermon is one that dwells on the faults of men. It is much easier to produce a sermon that discusses the imperfections of men than it is to unfold the great doctrines of the gospel. Doubtless these criticisms are overdrawn. Paul charged Timothy to reprove and rebuke when he said, "Preach the word; be instant in season, out of season; reprove, rebuke, exhort with all longsuffering and doctrine." Ministers have a duty in these matters. Sometimes they have been criticized for not reproofing. Whether or not they fail in rebuking sin, they ought to proclaim the goodness of God and the joy of the Christian life. Success in winning others to Christ depends upon showing that the Christian life is one of joy and peace. Elder John L. Huffman, the most efficient evangelist among Seventh Day Baptists a generation past, used to say when conducting evangelistic campaigns that there would be no conversions till Christians commenced to rejoice. The text for one of his evangelistic sermons was, "Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation, and uphold me with thy free spirit. Then will I teach transgressors thy ways; and sinners shall be converted unto thee." (Psalm 51: 12-13.)

Ministers, missionaries, and all true Christians have something the world does not have and their words and lives should proclaim the glad message. This is the most

effective way of sharing with others the unspeakable gift of Christ. "Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy."

Miss. Sec.

THE EVANGELISTIC OUTLOOK PROMISING

The work of the church is more or less interrupted by the summer vacation. On account of this the church year with its plans begins in September, and there are indications that the year upon which we have now entered is going to be a prosperous one for evangelism.

First, the way our churches entered into the plan for a World Wide Communion the first week in October is a favorable sign. This move was primarily evangelistic. The Lord's Supper symbolizes Christian fellowship, but this is not the great idea. The primary truth is the honoring of Christ as our Redeemer. Christ said, "This do in remembrance of me." Proclaiming Christ as the world's Savior is the paramount thing in evangelism. From the reports coming in it is evident that the most of our churches joined in this special effort to exalt Christ and to call attention to redemption through him.

Second, the Christian Mission for 1940-41 is another encouraging item. Four years past the Federal Council of Churches started the National Preaching Mission, a movement that united nearly all Protestant denominations in special evangelistic work. These missions have been continued every year since. The last two years they have been held in universities and have been called University Missions. This year they are called Christian Missions and their scope is broadened. A group of the leading evangelistic workers in the world will visit twenty cities and work for one week in each city. These missions are promoted by the Commission on Evangelism of the Federal Council with the co-operation of the International Council of Religious Education, the Foreign Missions Conference of North America, the Home Missions Councils, and the National Council of Church Women. In many of the states the State Council of Churches is backing the mission and plans to carry the work on when they close. By this plan it

is expected that the missions will not only reach the cities, but that their influence will extend throughout the states where they are held. The first mission, which was held in Kansas City September 29 to October 6, gives promise that the Christian Mission will have a tremendous influence.

Third, the way our pastors, churches, and other interests have entered into the plan of holding missions again this year is another item which gives bright hopes. There has been a unanimous sentiment in favor of holding them, the Missionary Board is promoting them, and churches are planning for them. Pastor Marion C. Van Horn of Salemville, Pa., is now helping our church in Middle Island, W. Va., hold a two weeks' mission. The Missionary Board, through its secretary, is again asking certain ones to help promote the mission by being regional directors, and there has been a quick and willing response to the most of these requests.

The prospects for evangelism as our churches enter upon another year of work are bright, but what the harvest will be depends upon the efforts and consecration of the churches, their pastors, and members.

Miss. Sec.

DOCTOR PALMBORG WRITES FROM SHANGHAI, CHINA

Dear Secretary Burdick:

It seems that I am the next on the list to write a letter to the Recorder, and as a steamer is going out today, I must make haste. This steamer carries away from Shanghai a number of people who have been good friends of mine for a long time, and I shall certainly miss them as they are probably going permanently. Several of them are leaving behind them evidences of their care for me, in provisions for my health in such a way that I cannot "give them away"! I hope they will help me to do some worthy work, perhaps longer than I otherwise could.

I am kept fairly busy with the superintendence of the industrial work and the afternoon clinic in the back of the church building. Shortly before Doctor Crandall's arrival, I had omitted it for two afternoons

DAILY MEDITATIONS

(Prepared by Rev. Neal D. Mills, De Ruyter, N. Y.)

Sunday, October 27

Acts 20: 28—Take heed to yourselves and to all the flock of which the Holy Spirit has appointed you guardians; shepherd the church of the Lord. (Moffatt.) (Read verses 28-32.)

Ministers, deacons, officers, and laymen are all guardians of the flock. Our task is the conversion of the whole world, by winning friends and neighbors, one by one, and by supporting our messengers to the far away lands. Only the gospel of Christ can redeem men or nations.

Prayer—

O Spirit of the Living God,
Thou Light and Fire Divine,
Descend upon thy Church once more
And make it truly thine!
Fill it with love and joy and power,
With righteousness and peace,
Till Christ shall dwell in human hearts,
And sin and sorrow cease. Amen.

—Henry H. Tweedy.

Monday, October 28

Exodus 34: 29b—Moses did not know, as he went down the mountain, that his face was in a glow after speaking to God. (Moffatt.) (Read verses 29-32.)

Why shouldn't Moses' face glow as he came down the mountain? He had been in the presence of God and he had a message for the people. But some people were more interested in his face than in his message, even though it came from God. So Moses found it necessary to veil his face. Do we let the incidentals distract us from the vital things? When we get a vision of God and put our mind on the message, the glowing face and heart will come without our knowing it, as it did to Moses.

Prayer—

Lord, with glowing heart I'd praise thee,
For the bliss thy love bestows,
For the pardoning grace that saves me,
And the peace that from it flows.
Help, O God, my weak endeavor,
This dull soul to rapture raise;
Thou must light the flame, or never
Can my love be warmed to praise. Amen.

—Francis S. Key.

a week, as I found it too hard for me to take it every day. Then she took it over for a month to give me a little vacation, as I had kept it up steadily for almost two years without a break. The rest from it did me great good, and now the letting up of the long hot summer brings added benefit. I have that work again now, but for only three afternoons a week, as Doctor Crandall is beginning to make weekly trips to Liuho and needs my principal helper one day, and the clinic has grown so that it would be too hard for me to try to do it with only the one untrained girl, though she has learned to do some things very well. Sometimes we have nearly seventy patients, and most of them are cases that need dressings of various kinds applied, as well as careful cleansing of sores. There are so many abscesses to be opened that I seem to have a knife in my hands most of the time during the more than two hours we devote to it. The sympathy with the poor victims exhausts one nervously, too, but the pleasure of seeing them improve as they are relieved of their distresses compensates for that.

The schools have begun again, with all the students it is possible to care for. There seems to be more sickness than usual, as many of the children have come from very unhealthy localities. Doctor Crandall is looking after the most of them, for which I am very glad.

This world of ours seems to be in a bad way, but perhaps these violent works of the devil may help to arouse people's consciences to a greater understanding of his constant insidious workings in our hearts in the line of pride, impurity, and selfishness, which are the roots for the more open ones.

It seems to me that it is up to the people of God humbly to serve the suffering and do all in their power to eradicate these roots of evil in themselves and others. May we each do as much as we can as long as we have opportunity, for "the time cometh when no man can work."

Sincerely yours,

Rosa Palmborg.

23 Route de Zikawei,
Shanghai, China,
September 11, 1940.

Tuesday, October 29

... for Jesus had passed out unnoticed, there being a crowd in the place. John 5: 13. (Weymouth.) (Read verses 1-13.)

What ingratitude! Could one who had been bedridden for thirty-eight years allow his healer to escape unnoticed and un-thanked? Perhaps it was on account of the crowd. That's no excuse! But wait; how often have I failed to give thanks for my abundant blessings? Yes, sometimes it was the crowd. I wanted to wait and thank my Benefactor in private. But the world knows about my blessings; why should I not express my gratitude before the world? "He preparest a table before me in the presence of my enemies." And how often the Christ passes by unnoticed, on the street, on the campus, in the place of business, in our homes!

Prayer—Our Father, forgive us for our indifference and cowardice. Give us the courage to acknowledge thee before the crowd and help us to be aware of thy presence throughout the day. Amen.

Wednesday, October 30

This man is worthy to die; for he hath prophesied against this city. Jeremiah 26: 11. (Read Jeremiah 26: 11-15; John 19: 5-9.)

The man who dares to rise above the common level of morality finds as much danger and opposition as he who falls below. Jeremiah, Jesus, Mary Trask, John James, and every preacher who dares to preach, "Woe unto you . . .," are all witnesses. When a congressman was excusing himself for having weakened under pressure, his accuser replied, "But, man, where were your inner props?" It takes plenty of moral stiffness to stand against the crowd, and one must be prepared to suffer.

Prayer—O God, be near to all who have caught a vision of the higher life and who dare to steer their course by it. Give them courage and patience to endure persecution. Amen.

Thursday, October 31

I will follow thee whithersoever thou goest. Luke 9: 57. (Read Luke 9: 57-62.)

There are many good people who want to be Christian but who will not pay the price. They must have the comforts and

luxuries in their homes that the "Joneses" have. They must belong to the social "set." And they spend their physical and intellectual powers, their time and their money until there is nothing left for the church or any Christian service. The world can be saved only through men and women who are convinced that "the Spirit of the Lord is upon them," and are passionately concerned for the kingdom of God. Such cannot be turned aside.

Prayer—

God, send us men of steadfast will,
Patient, courageous, strong, and true;
With vision clear and mind equipped,
His will to learn, his work to do.

God, send us men with hearts ablaze,
All truth to love, all wrong to hate;
These are the patriots nations need,
These are the bulwarks of the State. Amen.

—F. J. Gillman.

(Meditations for November have been prepared by Myra Thorngate Barber.)

Friday, November 1

Every good gift, and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning.—James 1: 17.

A whole new month, a new beginning! A gift of thirty days—four new Mondays to take up tasks, five Sabbaths of happy quietness, five Friday nights of peace! Why worry about what comes at the end of the day, the month, the year? Each day—today is before us—ours. Time, swift in its going, or slow in its passing, is a gift—not a menace. "This is my hour, my precious glowing jewel."

Prayer—Dear Father, we thank thee for November—this month of opportunity for service, for love, for happiness. Prepare us for the greater gift of thy infinite love. In Jesus' name and for his sake. Amen.

Sabbath, November 2

Master, we would see a sign from thee.—Matthew 12: 38.

This Sabbath day may be a sign to many of us, a sign of a commandment and a sign of the heavenly Father's love—one day in seven, that is his. Some of us ask a sign, else how can we understand? I read once of

a man who said he doubted a God, and yet he saw every day the sunset and the trees, the rose glow peculiar to Nebraska, and a mother holding her tiny baby.

Poor mortals we—a sign we beg
That he is Lord of all,
But we do not see the twilight arch
Or summer turning into fall.

What better sign can we have than the Sabbath? Can you remember the hymn, "Here afford us, Lord, a taste of thine everlasting grace?" Let that be our prayer today.

W O M A N ' S W O R K

PRAYER

Lord, make me an instrument of thy peace. Where there is hatred, let me sow love; where there is injury, pardon; where there is doubt, faith; where there is despair, hope; where there is darkness, light; and where there is sickness, joy. O Divine Master, grant that I may not so much seek to be consoled as to console; to be understood as to understand; to be loved as to love; for it is in giving that we receive; it is in pardoning that we are pardoned; and it is in dying that we are born to eternal life.

—St. Francis of Assisi.

CHRISTIAN CULTURE

In the first chapter of the second letter of Peter, we find this exhortation: "Yea, and for this very cause adding on your part all diligence, in your faith supply virtue; and in your virtue, knowledge; and in your knowledge, self-control; and in your self-control, patience; and in your patience, godliness; and in your godliness, brotherly kindness; and in your brotherly kindness, love. For if these things are yours and abound, they make you to be not idle nor unfruitful unto the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ."

If we turn to the thirteenth chapter of the Gospel of Luke, we find Jesus teaching by parable. The scene is most commonplace. A man had planted a fig tree and had tended it for years; and then, going out in season, he found no fruit. He was bitterly disappointed and instructed the gardener to cut it down.

A fruitless tree should not take up good garden space.

Of course Jesus was really talking about life. He wanted to see fruitfulness in his people. He would not have followers standing about as dead or sterile trees. On another occasion Jesus said, "By their fruits ye shall know them."

Christian culture carries its own proof, as indicated by St. Paul: "The fruit of the spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance, If we live in the Spirit, let us also walk in the Spirit." (Gal. 5: 22-25.)

Fruitfulness was and is the great objective. Jesus said, "Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit; so shall ye be my disciples." (John 15: 8.) Jesus clearly teaches that there must be culture and fruitfulness in life, as well as in a garden. The apostolic writers are in perfect agreement. Christian culture calls for the incorporation of the fine Christian graces in our own personal lives.

And this Christian culture is a thing of the individual heart. Jesus mingled with the crowds, sometimes spoke to large crowds, but he seems to have concentrated upon the individual or the small group. He seems always to have had time for one. He was conspicuously personal in his teaching, and was ever trying to bring the individual face to face with truth and duty. Some of his most important teachings were directed to single individuals. To Nicodemus he said, "Ye must be born again." To the woman at the well he said, "God is a Spirit: and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth." Clearly Jesus taught on the principle that his kingdom can come only as the heart of the individual is cultivated in righteousness. Jesus spent his time largely with a few disciples, cultivating, training, even as a great botanist might tend and cultivate rare and valuable plants, that he might bring them to fruitage.

This Christian culture as presented by Jesus and his disciples stands as the highest ideal for human life. Some lives are made wonderful by it. When we look upon it, perhaps we all feel, at least at times, that we would like to have it. Then why do not more of us have that fine Christian culture? Does it not cost more than most of us are ready to pay? It calls for an unreserved

surrender to Christ; it calls for careful discipline; it calls for moral surgery; and it seems that there are few who really are willing to pay the price. Christian culture may be likened to swimming up stream. That is hard work. It is so much easier to float down stream with all the filth and debris of a great river. It is also easier to float in a stagnant pool, to live all of life in a stagnant pool, to die in a stagnant pool, than it is to swim up stream. And here we find the reason why more people do not attain unto the high ideal of Christian culture.

This Christian culture is not an emotional experience, though one may sometimes be helped by an emotional experience of the right kind; it is not the putting on of a new morality, like putting on a new suit of clothes. It is a thing of the soul. "Ye must be born again." The divine seed must be planted in the heart, and that seed must have reasonable, sensible care and culture; the culture of faith, of prayer, of Bible study, a will to know the truth, the whole truth in so far as that is possible, and to live by that truth.

"If these things are yours and abound, they make you to be not idle nor unfruitful" (2 Peter 1: 8.)

WHO'S WHO

Rev. Trevah Randolph Sutton,
New Market, N. J.

Born at the parsonage at Rockville, R. I., December 15, 1907; father, Rev. Erlo E. Sutton; mother, Blanch Randolph Sutton. With father as pastor of Seventh Day Baptist churches, lived at Rockville, R. I., Andover, N. Y., Little Genesee, N. Y., Shiloh, N. J., and Milton Junction, Wis. Graduated from Milton Union High School 1927; Milton College with B.A. degree 1931 (Social Science major); employed one year in print shop of Sabbath Recorder, Plainfield, N. J.; graduated from School of Theology of Alfred University with B.D. degree 1935 (having attended the last year the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, Louisville, Ky.)

During most of high school and college years sang in choir, played in Sabbath school orchestra, and was secretary of Sabbath school, at the Milton Junction church. Played in the high school band three years

and orchestra two years; in college orchestra one year; sang in Milton Choral Union three years, in choir at Alfred, N. Y., two years, and seminary chorus at Louisville, Ky., one year.

Pastor of the Carlton Seventh Day Baptist Church, Garwin, Iowa, March to November, 1936, and of the Piscataway Church, New Market, N. J., since December, 1936. Besides duties as pastor: directed Vacation Bible School, Plainfield, four years; regular teacher of New Market Sabbath school class; participates in Plainfield ministers' association; and a member of the Tract Board.

Baptized by his father at Shiloh, N. J., at age of twelve, in 1920; ordained to the ministry at New Market, N. J., 1938; and married at Milton, Wis., 1939, to Mary C. Burdick, daughter of Merton and Bertha Lawton Burdick.

September, 1940.

Y O U N G P E O P L E ' S W O R K

CHALLENGE OF PERSONAL RELIGION

By Gwendolyn Crandall

(Given at the Young People's Hour, Battle Creek Conference.)

For a long generation a revolt has been in progress against old, familiar techniques of Christian living, such as private prayer, public worship, directed meditations, and family devotions. We liberal Christians in particular have grown accustomed thus to minimize "formalities." How many here habitually pray? In how many homes are there family devotions? How many customarily direct periods of solitary reading and thought to religious ends? How many have any kind of method whatsoever, cherished and faithfully practiced, for the nurture and discipline of their inner lives?

Commonly, when we consider the breakdown of Christian living, we think of prevalent denials of faith. As we see how many of us are men of faith in theory but not men of successful Christian life in practice, how can we keep our eyes off this realm we are thinking of today? Something is the matter with what the engineers would call our techniques. We are not implementing what we believe. We have faith, but we have thrown away the methods by which faith grows real. It may be there is some-

thing, after all, in that half-forgotten phrase of our fathers, "the means of grace."

When we turn from the spiritual life to consider any other realm, we have to stop condescending to method and technique. Method and technique are primary. In building a bridge three factors are indispensable: first, a great body of mathematical principles; second, an ideal, a picture in men's imaginations of a bridge that should be there because it is vitally needed; third, methods, patiently worked out and practiced by which the principles are implemented until they are given body and substance in the realized ideal. Millions of us in the Christian churches are failures, yet not for lack of Christian principles, which we never have denied, not for lack of Christian ideals—how deeply we sometimes desire that inner power by which trouble is surmounted, sin conquered, and life made adequate. We are failures because often unconsciously we have dropped out of our experience the methods by which spiritual life is nurtured.

In thinking of personal religion, let us consider the central preconditions of great spiritual life. Great spiritual life is never possible without **solitude**. We cannot live in the unrelieved din and confusion of the world and still grow a soul. There must be solitude, highly used, in the background of one's life, or there is no peace, no poise, no power. There must be some place familiar to our steps where, in Jesus' phrase, we can go and shut the door. That is the universal witness — no great thing ever dreamed or done except by men who knew the use of solitude "in deep mid-silence, open-doored to God."

Great spiritual life is never possible without **fellowship**. We are not merely individuals. Just as a single stick, if lighted, will go out; so a single soul, no matter how brightly kindled, in a world like this will be extinguished if it remains alone. We must be thrown together if we are to keep our fire, living as we do in a crowded life, where we meet teeming multitudes. "Where two or three are gathered together in my name," said Jesus, "there am I."

Great spiritual life is never possible without **disciplined habitual thinking**. Habitual thinking is the inner loom on which is woven the texture of our real life. For a man, therefore, merely to have faiths about life,

however high and Christian, is like having skeins of yarn lying idle on the shelf. Only by schooled and disciplined thinking are they woven into the texture and fabric of common days. If any one supposes he can do that weaving by haphazard, casual carelessness, he does not understand himself. That deep and inward matter requires thought, time, care, directed meditation.

A doctor, the chief of the staff in a great city hospital, stopped daily in a church for prayer and meditation while on his way home from his duties. A young clergyman, who had noticed him, at last made bold to say, "I suppose you pray for your patients." "Yes, somewhat," the physician replied gruffly, "but not mainly; I want to have a good look at myself." From him this clergyman, accustomed to guiding others in the spiritual life, learned something about the necessity of looking inward at his own life to see what motives controlled him, even while administering a cure to other souls. We all need to do this, and if there be lurking in dark corners some ugly things, they must be dragged out, placed in the light of God's presence, and abandoned.

Devotion to the will of God, interpreted as love, will provide a powerful motive for worthy human living because it brings to the individual assurance that he is co-operating with the ultimate spiritual forces of the universe. Indeed, this is precisely what the will of God means. The ends which the individual seeks are not merely his own private inventions to be accomplished with his own limited resources; they are the purposes of God who works with him to will and do his good pleasure. Such a conviction calls forth faith and hope to encourage endeavor.

We all possess this representative capacity, "Ye shall be my witnesses," given by Jesus to his disciples. A young child soon achieves interests and ambitions so distinctive that whenever you think of the child you think of them. And when the man is grown and such interests are confirmed, he has also identified himself with what he stands for, so that St. Francis of Assisi and saintliness, Napoleon and militarism, Captain Kidd and piracy, Florence Nightingale and nursing, are done up in one bundle of thought. A man has this mysterious power to accumulate personal suggestiveness, so that

when we think of him we think of that. What do we remind people of when they think of us?

The right use of this representative capacity is man's glory. I think of the two youths who had spent an afternoon at a theater. A fire broke out and instead of the boys rushing out of the fire exits to safety, they helped other people to safety. One was pushed off the landing by the mob and the other caught fire from the flames. "Don't cry," he said to his mother before his death three days later, "I have no regrets—I think I was the last to leave the theater alive." So it is with all of us—much, to be sure, that is deplorable in all of us—but yet much that is commendable when the right call comes. For the real worth of a man is not in himself alone; it is what he comes to stand for.

The least of us can stand for the greatest things. A lantern can represent the same cause of light that the sun stands for, and in its corner of the world a lantern can often do what the sun could never do. So no one of us can escape the question: What are we standing for?

If all things are to work together for good in any man's life, he must have within him a spiritual contribution of personal religion, of creative faith. Is life worth living? This is a question about the inside attitude of you and me. No one **finds** life worth living. A small boy sent out to pick raspberries is reluctantly trudging out to the berry patch wondering why he has to be the one to pick those old berries, thinking perhaps he is the most misused boy there ever was. And then he happens to think, "Wouldn't it be fun to pick two quarts of berries and surprise the family?" His reluctance turns to a thrill and pleasure. Is life worth living? No one finds life worth living—he makes life worth living.

In speaking of personal religion, it is a problem of me and myself. We have to do something with ourselves. We have ourselves on our hands. Other problems a man may shunt off, find proxies for, discover substitutes for, but not this. Here is one of life's inevitables—I have me on my hands. So in "The Green Pastures," Noah said to the Lord, "I ain' very much, but I'se all I got." So, "I'se all I got." With that much I was fitted out to start with, to see what

I could do with it, and I cannot do much at anything else if I fail in that primary commission—I, entrusted with me. What even the least of us does with himself makes a difference to the world. It makes a difference to you how you live with yourself. Moreover, it makes a difference to the world how you live with yourself—at any rate to some people in the world. Consider that through this truth lies one of the most fascinating approaches to practical living. We can explore the possibilities of ourselves and see what, by God's grace, we may succeed in doing with ourselves. That is within our reach. Regardless of John Smith's other responsibilities, first of all comes John Smith. What are you doing with yourself?

Let us resolve not to forsake God for worldly gain, not to neglect public worship and daily quiet hour. Let us take time to open our hearts to God, to examine ourselves, our motives, and to realize the eminence of God. Life may be what we make it. But why not let God be the architect and mold it? No life fails if God is the architect.

"Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are of good report: if there be any virtue and if there be any praise, think on these things."

CHILDREN'S PAGE

Dear Recorder Children:

Well, again I must write you a partnership letter, and I'm sure I'll not have to tell you why. As my father used to say, "A word to the wise is sufficient."

It has been another beautiful day and the trees are even more gorgeous in their autumn coloring than they were last week, but oh, how fast the leaves are falling! All too soon they will all be gone, but we will be looking forward to fresh green foliage in the spring.

These falling leaves make me think of a happy little song I used to teach my primary boys and girls in the schoolroom. Here it is:

"Come little leaves," said the wind one day;
"Come o'er the meadows with me and play.
Put on your dresses of red and gold,
For summer has gone and the days grow cold."

"Soon as the leaves heard the wind's low call,
Down they came fluttering, one and all.
Over the brown fields they danced and flew,
Singing the soft little songs they knew.

"Dancing and flutt'ring the little leaves went,
Winter had called them and they were content.
Soon fast asleep in their downy beds,
Snow laid a coverlid over their heads."

My children used to ask to sing this song over and over again, so you see they must have been fond of it; and I liked it so well that I have never forgotten either the words or the music during the thirty-six years that have gone by since my public school teaching days.

And now let us continue the story of Joseph.

Sincerely yours,

Mizpah S. Greene.

The Story of Joseph

(Continued)

Now Joseph's father was a shepherd, as were all his older brothers. In seeking good pastures, they often had to go a long distance from home. Once Joseph's brothers had taken their sheep far away from their home in Hebron to a country called Shechem. When they had been gone a long time, Jacob, their father, became worried about them and sent Joseph out to find them, saying, "Go, see whether it be well with thy brethren, and well with the flocks; and bring me word again."

It was more than fifty miles to Shechem and Joseph must walk every step of the way, but he gladly started on the long and tiresome journey for he loved his brothers and was as anxious as his father to learn whether they were safe and well.

When Joseph reached Shechem he was very tired and hungry, but he began to look all around for his brothers and their flocks, but they were nowhere to be found. At last a man who saw him wandering in the fields asked him what or whom he was looking for. And Joseph said, "I seek my brethren: tell me, I pray thee, where they feed their flocks." He was told that they had gone to Dothan, about fifteen miles farther on.

It was pretty hard for Joseph to have to go fifteen miles farther when he was only a boy and already very tired from his long

journey. But he went on bravely and at last found his brothers with their flocks on the hills near Dothan.

His brothers were still very angry with him and when they saw him coming they said one to another, "Behold this dreamer cometh. Come now therefore, and let us slay him, and cast him into some pit, and we will say, Some evil beast hath devoured him: and we shall see what will become of his dreams."

But Reuben, his oldest brother, urged them not to kill him, but to cast him alive into the pit. He thought he could come back later and take Joseph out and send him home safely. He was careful not to tell the others what he was planning to do.

When Joseph came near his brothers, so happy to see them and anxious to hear how they were, they met him with scowling faces and would not even speak to him. Joseph was surprised and frightened. "Why," he thought, "are my brothers angry with me?"

They seized Joseph, stripped him of his coat of many colors, and threw him into the pit, and left him there to die. How could they be so cruel when he had only come to help them?

(To be continued)

SEMI-ANNUAL MEETING

Our Minnesota-northern Wisconsin semi-annual meeting convenes October 25-27, at Dodge Center, Minn. The topic is "The Peace That Passeth Understanding." Ormund Bond is chairman and Mary Thorngate recording secretary.

Dorothea Payne,
Corresponding Secretary.

OUR PULPIT

WINDOWS OUTWARD AND UPWARD

By Rev. Carroll L. Hill

(Sermon preached at the Seventh Day Baptist Conference at Battle Creek, Mich., Sunday morning, August 25, 1940.)

Daniel 6: 1-14.

Except for his habit of opening windows, Daniel might never have had his place in the Bible. Except for opened windows, he could not have been the man he was, and we might never have heard of him. He made his choice, and met the consequences of it, as all of us must do. But he consistently

and persistently opened windows, not only in the room in which he lived, but also in his soul.

Any child learns the value of an open window in his room, but is not so sure to learn the value of an open window in his soul. The state says that we reach a majority and are ready to accept our responsibility to the state at the age of twenty-one. Religion says that we have reached the time of responsibility when consciously and continually we open the windows of our lives upward toward God and outward into the lives of others.

Roger Babson has pointed out that two per cent of the people in America write all the books, make all the discoveries, and manage all the factories employing twelve or more men; in short, do all the creative work. Some have concluded that only this two per cent is capable of creative work. Surely this is not so. Every man has more capacity for leadership than he uses. If we read the Reader's Digest, we are told that the leaders are the ones with more imagination than others. Perhaps it is only another way of saying it, but I believe that the leaders are those who have opened more windows in the soul, upward and outward. Such windows of the mind and soul bring light into life, light for men to live by. They are not windows of glass or parchment, but windows of attitudes, appreciations, loyalties, commitments, loves. These are the real windows that were opened in the life of Daniel.

This practice of opening windows is essential to any adequate conception of living. It is indispensable to anyone who expects to know God and have God operate in his life. We do not receive God's power by wresting it from him, but by making ourselves available to him. We do not get power from nature by conquering nature. No man can do that. He must make a friend of nature. No one who tries to conquer a pet has a pet that amounts to anything. He must make a friend of it. So—if we "open our windows" to the great world of nature it gives us health, gardens, electricity, radio, and many excellent things. And, when we open our windows to God, we receive that power that we have in no other way and from no other source, a power that makes us

what we should be, or restores us to that happy condition.

The Psalmist said of God, "He restoreth my soul." He does. Every night, mysteriously and marvelously our bodies are restored by sleep. It is torture to be sleepless. Our bodies are restored by a law of rest that fills the reservoirs of our energy—brings us in contact with vast resources of power outside ourselves. God "knits up the raveled sleeve of care." Silently as a fleeting moment God works out his miracles of restoration. It is so in a converted or restored life. Sometimes it happens rather suddenly, other times more slowly and imperceptibly. But as the windows of life open toward God, he restores men's souls. One of the most marvelous things in life is the recuperative power of body and soul. It is the gift of God.

I dare say that every man has more capacity for reverence than he uses ordinarily. There are other windows that he could open outward and upward. Jesus, added to a man's life by means of an opened window, means all the difference in the world.

Through the course of the summer my attention has been called to Osage orange wood. It is one of the best for making archers' bows. Someone discovered in it a marvelous tension and strength, that by the process of seasoning and preparation could be released, to send an arrow speeding to its mark. That is a parable of the place of Jesus in the life of man. He releases our limited powers in unlimited ways. That is to say, he does this marvelous thing when life's windows are opened toward him.

Recall the most serene, steadfast, and unimpeachable soul you know. What windows do you suppose he has thrust open in his life? Perhaps he has shared the conviction of the Psalmist:

Whither shall I go from thy spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence?
If I ascend up into heaven thou art there: if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there.
If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea;
Even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me.
If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me; even the night shall be light about me,
Yea the darkness hideth not from thee; but the night shineth as the day; the darkness and the light are both alike to thee.

Great personalities open large windows heavenward and outward.

But recall, also, and in great charity the most beaten, the most irritable, the most downcast person you have known. His life is turned in upon itself. He needs windows that will let heaven's light into his life.

The first book review that I was ever called on to write was a review of Robert Louis Stevenson's *Treasure Island*. I remember how I labored over it and wondered if it would be acceptable. As a boy I read *Treasure Island* and loved it, as boys always do. But since then I have read something of the life of Robert Louis Stevenson. There is drama in it that makes better reading even than his stories. As the story is told by Alice Bays, he was a sickly boy and spent months in bed. His father and grandfather were lighthouse keepers, but he was not rugged enough for that. The hours he spent in bed were peopled with fairies and goblins and tin soldiers. He sailed the seas in his imagination, and some of these trips were written up under the encouragement of his mother. He was seldom free from pain, yet he had a gaiety and courage seldom equaled. He grew to manhood in ill health, but his handicap did not keep him from writing cheerful books. One critic said that his books were far too cheerful for one who had known suffering.

Later in life, searching for a more healthful climate, he reached the island of Samoa. Many thought him foolish to bury himself there, but his health improved, and his exile added interest to his writings. Life here was fascinating to him. At first the Samoans were suspicious of him, but he won them by kindness until eventually they regarded him as a great chief and went to him with their problems.

A certain treaty of Berlin brought oppression to their lives. He counseled with them and sought to keep down internal strife. Finally a civil war broke out resulting in the imprisonment of many of them. His heart was with them in their imprisonment, and even though it endangered his health, he visited them in their dungeons and brought them news of their families and of the outside world.

When the war ended he begged for, and at last attained, the release of political prisoners. They were so grateful that they de-

termined to render him some service in return. They remembered his wish for a road from his house to the nearby highway. They decided to build it and keep it in repair. When they told him, he was the most surprised man in Samoa.

The work was not easy and they were weakened by their imprisonment, but they carried stones from the nearby mountain to sink deep into the mire for a firm road-bed. The heat was terrific, but they persisted until their work was done. At the entrance of the road they set up this inscription:

"Considering the great love of his excellency, the teller of wondrous tales, in his loving care of us in our distress in prison, we have prepared this splendid gift. It shall never be muddy. It shall endure forever, this road which we have built."

He did not live long to enjoy it. Soon his friends were cutting another road and the chiefs came and carried his body up on the mountain to bury it. On a stone they inscribed this epitaph which he had prepared:

Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie;
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me:
Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

We remember a great writer; they remember a great friend. We shall remember, too, that great windows opened out from his soul unto heaven, and unto those in prison and in want.

Wherever I have lived I have been much interested in the place itself, and now that I am living in Milton, I have read with great interest Fred Eastman's account of the life of John Milton, whose name was given to the village of Milton and to Milton College.

John Milton was one of the outstanding personalities of seventeenth century England. He was raised to believe in his own destiny, and early he showed great talent as a writer. He knew that he could write great things, but he was in no hurry. The times in which he lived were filled with the struggles between the Puritans and the Royalists. He championed the cause of the

Puritans, thinking to bring God's kingdom upon his beloved England. The pen of John Milton was wedded to the sword of Oliver Cromwell in the struggle. Milton worked at a tremendous pace, and after twenty or thirty years found his cause declining, his eyesight gone, and himself a fugitive. By all of our customary standards he was "done," a failure. But he refused to be a failure. He was sustained by two great faiths: faith in the ultimate justice of God, and faith in his own powers of expression. And then he wrote what has been called the most magnificent and sublimely audacious epic in the English language—"Paradise Lost" and "Paradise Regained."

Seven years he worked on "Paradise Lost," dictating to his daughters, for he could no longer see. These remarkable literary achievements are given to us because one man continually recited with himself this confession of faith:

"I believe in God." "I believe in myself."

Great windows they were. No one can appreciate the greatness of that name until he knows the greatness of those windows. It challenges us to open the windows of life wider to "that one face that far from vanishes, rather grows and decomposes but to recompose; becomes my universe that feels and knows."

We are talking in our Conference of a new vision for a new day. Many others have spoken of it. I have no detailed drawings for it. No blue prints. I am not sure that I have the specifications. I surmise that a new day will be conditioned upon the windows we open outward and upward. There is much in this world that gives us pause for thought, that makes faces at our supposed knowledge and sufficiency. But we can open greater windows outward and upward, and only we can close them to our hurt.

OUR EMMAUS

O Savior, who thyself hast trod
At eventide, the Emmaus Road,
And from the Word thou didst unfold
The written Truth from time of old;

Abide with us, with all thy grace;
Lord, make each home thy dwelling place;
As thou didst take and bless the food,
Take all our life, and make it good.

And when we reach the close of day,
And backward look, along the way
That seemed so toilsome, may we know
Thy presence made our hearts to glow.

May we such faith and reverence show
In all our ways, that all shall know
That we the Emmaus Road have trod,
That we have walked and talked with God.

E. M.

DENOMINATIONAL "HOOK-UP"

Salem, W. Va.

Two fine days of meetings in the Salem church were experienced the week-end of October 5. It was the occasion of the Annual Home Coming for the church. Good attendances marked every service, beginning Sabbath evening when five people were baptized. Participation was had in the World Wide Communion Service on Sabbath morning, and the service was repeated by the pastor at Middle Island in the afternoon. A young people's social was held the night after the Sabbath.

On Sunday the program was followed by the church dinner, and business meeting. There were more than one hundred forty communicants on Sabbath morning.

—From personal correspondence.

Plainfield, N. J.

A Milton College alumni dinner was held last evening in the Plainfield Seventh Day Baptist church, in the course of which there was a direct telephone broadcast of speeches at a dinner on the college campus, Milton, Wis.

Dr. Milton D. Davis was toastmaster at the Wisconsin dinner and the following speakers were heard in the broadcast: President Jacob G. Meyer; Dean John N. Daland; Carroll L. Hill, president of the board of trustees; and Miss Rachel Salisbury, author of several high school textbooks. The broadcast was closed by the singing of "Our Colors."

Rev. Albert N. Rogers of Yonkers, N. Y., then took charge of the local reunion dinner. Informal talks were given by Dr. Raymond Root, instructor in the City College of New York; Stanley L. Simons, New York; Mrs. H. C. Van Horn; Miss Etta M. North; Benjamin B. Levinson, New York; Charles H. North, chemist.

Also Miss Miriam E. West, teacher in the New Jersey College for Women; L. Harrison North, manager of the Recorder Press; Mrs. Trevah R. Sutton, Dunellen; and Rev. H. C. Van Horn, editor of the Sabbath Recorder.

Others present were Mrs. Albert N. Rogers, Yonkers, N. Y.; Rev. Trevah R. Sutton, Dunellen; Mrs. Charles Neagle, Miss Violet E. North, and Mrs. L. Harrison North. College songs were sung with Mrs. Rogers at the piano. — Plainfield Courier-News, (Oct. 8.)

WANTED

Correct addresses of:

Mrs. Dora Burdick, Earl Green, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Batson, Mrs. Dale Hinzman, Mrs. Charles Hughes, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Crabb, Mrs. Virginia R. Laphan, Iva Campbell, Frank England, William Bond, Mrs. Margaret Stokes, Marjorie Greene, Mrs. John Cosby, Mrs. Emory Dial, Everett Davis, Joseph Manning, Mrs. Louise A. Rawle, Sanford Randolph, Mrs. Dora Hurley, Yates Howard, Mrs. Earl L. Davis.

Editor.

MARRIAGES

Keister - Bower. — Mr. Harvey Keister of Milton Junction and Miss Virginia Bower of Milton were united in marriage at Dubuque, Iowa, on September 14, 1940. The new home is in Milton Junction, Wis.

Mosher - Fowler. — Margaret Nelle Fowler, daughter of Mrs. Nettie Fowler of Muskegan Heights, and Leon Eugene Mosher, son of Mrs. Georgia Mosher of Kalamazoo, were married with a formal church wedding in the White Cloud Seventh Day Baptist church on August 18, 1940, with their pastor, Rev. Leon M. Maltby, officiating.

Parker - Anible. — Maxine Anible, granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Branch of White Cloud, and Wayne Parker, also of this city, were married September 21, 1940, in the home of the bride, her pastor, Rev. Leon M. Maltby, officiating.

OBITUARY

Gunderson. — At her home in Albion, Wis., September 27, 1940, Mrs. Etta Wood Gunderson.

Etta Wood was born in Albion, August 21, 1864, where she lived all her life. She was one of six children born to Joseph and Eliza Saunders Wood. In 1877, she joined the Albion Seventh Day Baptist Church, where she has since retained her membership. On September 15, 1898, she

was united in marriage to Martin Gunderson. To this union, one son, Robert, now of Janesville, was born. Besides her husband and son, she leaves one sister, Mrs. James Herrington, of Albion, and several nieces and nephews.

Funeral services were conducted by her pastor, Rev. L. O. Greene. Burial was made in the Evergreen Cemetery. L. O. G.

Swiger. — Ottis F., son of Frederick M. and Olive Ford Swiger, was born May 15, 1884, at Salem, W. Va., and died August 9, 1940, at the home of his son Samuel, Mt. Dora, Fla.

He was married October 3, 1907, to Miss Mary Helen Witter, daughter of Rev. E. Adelbert Witter. The family home has been in Salem except for three years spent at Sardis, W. Va. Mrs. Swiger and the five children born to them are all living. The children are: Adelbert, Daytona Beach, Fla.; Paul, Weston, W. Va.; Samuel, Mt. Dora, Fla.; and Mary Helen and Ottis, Jr., at Salem.

Mr. Swiger had long served as a member of the Board of Directors of Salem College. He served one term as mayor of Salem, and a term as sealer of weights and measures in Harrison County. He served five years as postmaster at Salem, resigning the position last May on account of illness. He was a member of the Salem Seventh Day Baptist Church.

The funeral service was conducted by President S. Orestes Bond, assisted by Rev. Joseph Bailey and by Pastor James L. Skaggs. Mrs. Clarence M. Rogers was soloist. The body was laid to rest in the Odd Fellows Cemetery, at Salem. J. L. S.

Van Horn. — William Sherman, son of Lewis R. and Sarah Furrow Van Horn, was born December 20, 1868, in Logan County, Ohio, and died at North Loup, Neb., August 24, 1940.

He was married to Alice Adams of Humboldt, Neb., and a year later joined a band of covered wagons and moved to Farnam, Neb. Here he helped organize the Farnam Seventh Day Baptist Church. In 1910, he moved with his family to North Loup, where he has since lived as a good husband and father, a good friend and neighbor.

He is survived by the wife, five children, his brother Robert, two sisters, Mrs. Ella Davis and Mrs. Hannah Davis, and twenty-two grandchildren.

Funeral services were conducted by his pastor, Rev. A. C. Ehret. A. C. E.

Witter. — Mrs. Waity Witter was born July 11, 1846, in the town of Ward, Allegany Co., N. Y., and died at her home in Petrolia, near Wellsville, N. Y., September 12, 1940.

She was the daughter of David and Lorenda Hall Benjamin; she was educated in the public school of Alfred and in Alfred University, and was a faithful member of the First Alfred Seventh Day Baptist Church, and later of the Wellsville Seventh Day Baptist Church. On October 10, 1878, she was married to Eugene Witter by Rev. N. V. Hull, who was then the pastor of the First Alfred Church. A loyal Sabbath keeper all her life, faithful to her vows as a Christian, she lived a long and useful life. The body was laid to rest in the Woodlawn Cemetery at Wellsville, N. Y. E. D. V. H.

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IN SOLITUDE

In solitude, in quiet meditation

In field afar from city's din and strife,

We think of God, the Father of Creation,

The Lord of love, the Giver of all life.

We see his hand in everything about us,

In meadows green, with flowers all a-glow,

And singing birds in treetops, gently swaying,

Proclaim their praise to him from whom all blessings flow.

In solitude, in quiet meditation

In secret chamber where we kneel to pray,

Our souls are bared and in true consecration

We look to Christ, the Life, the Truth, the Way.

We pray for strength, we thank him for his mercy,

We tell him all our need and all our care;

And then we rise and with new faith and courage

We face the day and all it brings for us to bear.

I. G. M.

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