

DANIEL IN THE CRICKETS' DEN

By Rev. Lester G. Osborn.

A cricket is a little creature who sits in the dark and chirps about something he knows nothing about. At least that is the definition I heard. In the past the critics have relegated Daniel to the realm of myth because of supposed philological and historical inaccuracies and errors—all because of the darkness of ignorance. There is no need to be in the dark today, for evidence has been discovered by archaeologists which has authenticated and corroborated those portions of the Book of Daniel which were subject to specific attack.

First, as to philology—the claim of the critics was that Daniel contained eleven "Greek" words, so it must have been written after the exile, and in the time of Alexander. But, modern research has discovered that eight of those eleven words are not Greek, but Sumerian, which was the language of international correspondence at that time. The other three are names of musical instruments, Greek in origin. Such words penetrate quickly. Assur-bani-pal died twenty-five years after the invention of the seven-stringed harp. There is a picture of one on his monuments and it is said that one was buried with him.

Another claim was that Daniel 1: 3ff could not be true, for Nebuchadnezzar always killed all the princes of the peoples he captured. But among the many buildings built by Nebuchadnezzar which archaeology has excavated is one which bears an inscription telling that it was the "palace of learning" where the captive princes were taught the learning of Chaldea.

The story of the fiery furnace in Daniel 3: 19ff has been questioned. But in the excavations of archaeology is a kind of brick-kiln shaped structure with this inscription: "This is the place of burning where men who blasphemed the gods of Chaldea died by fire."

Likewise has the story of the lions' den in Daniel 6: 16ff been scoffed at by the critics. An archaeologist named Diculafoy fell into what seemed to be an old well. When they excavated they found it a pit used as an open cage for wild animals. Upon the curb is this inscription: "The place of execution where men who angered the king died torn by wild animals." There was such a pit of

execution as is mentioned in Daniel. And at Sushan archaeologists have uncovered an inscription listing 484 great men who died in the den of lions, and *Daniel's name is not among them.*

Nebuchadnezzar's madness, as narrated in Daniel 4, has also been a subject of attack. Sir Henry Rawlinson has found a document of Nebuchadnezzar telling this event just as Daniel describes it.

The account of Belshazzar in Daniel five has been questioned. Some critics have said that there was no such person, as this is the only place he is mentioned. But excavators have brought to light the prayer-wheel of Nabonidus which has his name, and the name occurs other places in old recently-discovered documents. The other objection to this story is that Belshazzar made Daniel the *third* ruler in the kingdom, next to himself, who was king, and that the record should say *second*. Archaeology has again corroborated the Bible, in its discovery that Nabonidus was the emperor at the time, and his son Belshazzar was ruling as viceroy or regent, which would make him second in the kingdom, and Daniel third. Instead of disproving the authenticity and historicity of Daniel, this only proves its exactness in detail.

Don't let the chirping of the "crickets" bother you. Just wait long enough and archaeology will bring light upon the subject, and prove the Bible true.

MARRIAGES

Newey - Davis. — Miss Frances Davis, daughter of Roderick and Irene Campbell Davis, and Daniel Newey of Ogden, Utah, were united in marriage at the home of the bride's grandmother, Mrs. Edna Campbell, Hammond, La., June 11, 1941, Rev. R. J. Severance officiating.

OBITUARY

White — Died, at Battle Creek, Mich., June 3, 1941, Miss Iona White, sister of Mrs. Alice Fifield.

General Conference

Denver, Colo.

August 19 to 24, 1941

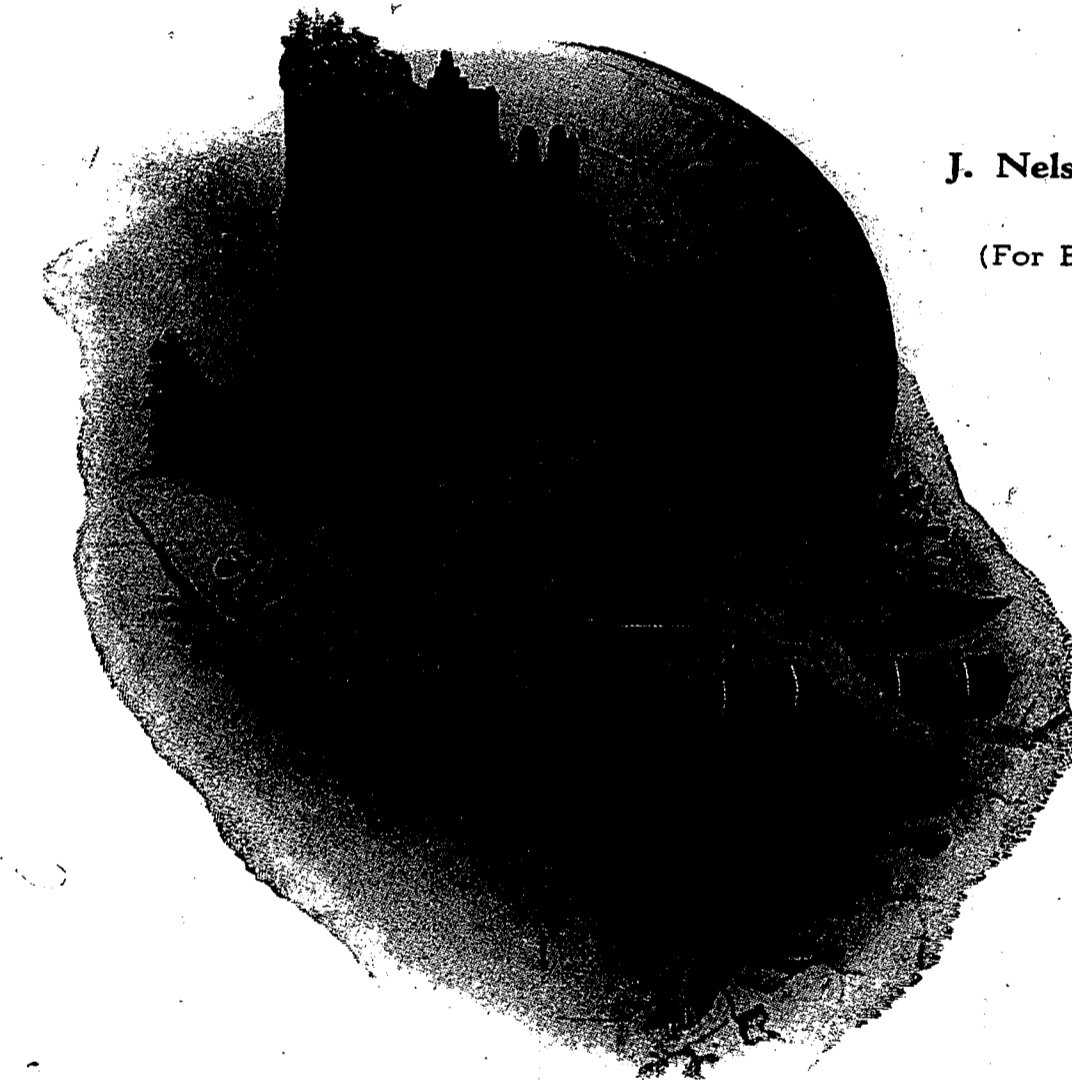
"Are you content with a second best?"

The Sabbath Recorder

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No. 2



J. Nelson Norwood, Ph.D.,
President

(For Baccalaureate Address
see Our Pulpit)

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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

Victor Skaggs

Mrs. Walter L. Greene

Rev. Erlo E. Sutton

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EDITORIALS

"BE" BEFORE "DO"

We were not fortunate enough to attend the North American Ecumenical Conference in Toronto, June 3-5. But we are interested in it and in what may come out of it. Dean Bond who attended has already given us some account of the meeting, with some of its activities and implications.

The current number of Information Service gives a page and a half to "The Nature, Message, and Mission of the Church," as presented and discussed at the conference. We are interested particularly in some of the implications of the statement reported that the question of what the church is, is prior to the question what it does—"that the indicative is prior to the imperative."

We believe this is a truth important, indeed fundamental and vital. In the study of language we were taught the conjugation of "to be" before that of "to do." The implication in our Christian living and Christian service is clear. We must be something before we can do something. We must be Christian before our influence in doing for others means much in winning men to Christ. Jesus said, "Ye must be born again." In that being we have something which we can share or impart to others. Our religion, our faith and love in Christ, is not taught but given. The fellow with the measles gives the disease; the other catches it. In other words, the one must be measly in order to do anything effectively in making the other one so.

Let the Seventh Day Baptist, the church, the denomination be indicative; it follows that the way in which we act will be distinctive of our mission.

SUNDAY LAWS

Our good friend, the Messenger, in a recent editorial approves heartily the efforts of organized church forces to increase the penalties for the violation of the "blue laws" of Pennsylvania in the desecrating of Sunday. The Messenger thinks Dr. Wm. L. Forney who is leading the religious forces in this matter quite right in urging that "The present enforcement of this law is most unfair to law-abiding merchants who suffer from the conduct of non-law-abiding business men."

We cannot see why a business lawful on six days a week can be unlawful on the other day. If it is lawful for a man to sell gas or icecream, why is it not just as right for another to sell coal or a quarter of beef? If it is lawful for a man to honk his way through crowded highways to mountain or beach on Sunday, why is it unlawful for another to cultivate his corn or harvest his grain?

We believe the "blue laws" of the states where they still exist are contrary to the Constitution of the United States. Sunday laws are an anachronism in a country of the separation of church and state. They should be rescinded, instead of enforcement attempted through increased penalties. We have love for those who differ from us in Bible truths, love and respect for the editor of the Messenger. But we believe these friends, however honest in their convictions about a Sunday Sabbath, are on the wrong track concerning the correction of evils resulting from laws attempting to make people observe a day of rest by denying them the privilege of work or barter if they wish to do so.

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NATIONAL ATTITUDE TOWARD YOUTH AND LIQUOR

A direct test of the nation's attitude toward youth and liquor is involved in the Sheppard bill now before Congress, according to Mrs. Ida B. Wise, chairman of a committee representing twenty-six national church, social welfare, and temperance groups in an effort to rule liquor and prostitution out of the defense effort.

Writing in the Union Signal, magazine of National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, Mrs. Smith declared that "only national defense and efficiency of our soldier youth are involved. The liquor traffic has raised the bogeyman of 'prohibition,' but the committee forces do not support this bill against liquor and vice in camps and surrounding area as a step toward federal prohibition. They are supporting it solely to 'Defend our Defenders' and as a step toward national sanity."

The motivations of each group involved in the effort to secure or to prevent the legislation sponsored, before his death in April, by Senator Morris Sheppard of Texas, then chairman of the military affairs committee, were outlined by Mrs. Smith, speaking herself for the church and social welfare groups and quoting liquor trade journals to show that the liquor traffic's sole interest was "immediate and future profit."

We reproduce some of Mrs. Wise's statements with comments.

"The parents of this nation ask that the soldiers of today be given the same opportunity for health and clean living that their fathers were given in 1917. They are asking only that regulations previously incorporated in the War Act of 1917 and approved by the commanding officers of the army and navy of the World War be restored.

"The Sheppard Bill, now H.R. 2475, simply asks Congress to return the army and navy to the status of 1917. The facts are that there was no liquor sold in military canteens from 1901 to 1933. The Anti-Canteen Law of 1901 prevailed until 1933. The secretary of the navy, Josephus Daniels, by his own authority abolished liquor from the navy. Section 12 of the War Act of 1917 actually went much further than the present Sheppard bill, in that it forbade the sale of liquor to any man in the uniform of the United States."

Mrs. Smith declared that the fourth section of the Sheppard bill and the entire original content of H.R. 2475 (the two measures have now been combined by Senate action) dealt only with suppression of prostitution in camp areas. She declared that Congress as a whole is heartily in favor of providing such protection for men in camps by prohibition of the vice.

The present combined Sheppard bill and H.R. 2475 ask in addition that all alcoholic beverages be abolished from the camps and from camp areas to be designated by the secretary of war.

She made her remarks about federal prohibition not being the goal of this camp defense effort as an answer to an article quoting Secretary of War Stimson as saying that such action would be "a stepping-stone for a movement leading to nation-wide prohibition." She used figures to dispute Stimson's quoted remark that a "majority vote of the electorate" had repealed constitutional prohibition, showing that only fifteen out of seventy-two eligible voters had favored such repeal.

Numerous quotations from liquor paper and magazine editorials were quoted to show what the liquor traffic is fighting for in its lobbying against the Sheppard bill.

One quotation of excerpts from an editorial in the Brewers Digest of May, 1941, reads: "One of the finest things that could have happened to the brewing industry was the insistence of high ranking army officers to make beer available at army camps. . . . The opportunity presented to the brewing industry by this measure is so obvious that it is superfluous to go into it in detail.

"Here is a chance for brewers to cultivate a taste for beer in millions of young men who will eventually constitute the largest beer consuming section of our population."

That paragraph, Mrs. Smith declared, is the essential crux of the situation. The church people and social workers are alarmed by the fact that the government is making a narcotic beverage available to a million young men, many of whom undoubtedly will become addicts.

A NEW SABBATH HYMN

Attention is hereby called to a new hymn by Seventh Day Baptists — "We Thank Thee." The words were written by Emily Conger Betson, and the music by Mabel D. Main. The tune is a sweet, singable one. The first stanza reads:

We thank thee, God Our Father,
For each Sabbath night;
And for the evening splendor,
The moon's soft, silvery light.
We thank thee, Loving Father,
For each Sabbath day;
And for thy sacred temple
Where we may sing and pray.

President Emeritus Boothe C. Davis has had one thousand copies printed by "offset" at his own expense and is using but a small number of them. The rest of the edition is left at the Recorder office, and may be had free as long as the copies last. This is made possible through the generosity of Doctor Davis.

Requests for the hymn should be directed to the Recorder Press, 510 Watchung Avenue, Plainfield, N. J.

DENOMINATIONAL BUDGET

Statement of Treasurer June, 1941

Receipts	June 1941	Total for 12 months
Adams Center	\$ 93.50	\$395.25
Albion	86.37	211.09
Alfred, First	159.02	1,400.41
Alfred, Second	49.40	249.30
Andover	5.00	5.00
Associations and Conference	129.74	358.23
Battle Creek	160.65	642.30
Berlin	34.00	106.39
Boulder	30.40	157.00
Brookfield, First	14.25	161.33
Brookfield, Second	55.13	208.43
Carlton		10.00
Chicago	13.00	13.00
Daytona Beach	44.00	274.75
Denver	23.00	154.95
De Ruyter	69.00	322.25
Dinuba		11.30
Dodge Center	5.00	35.75
Edinburg	8.00	77.50
Farina	40.25	241.42
Fouke		35.45
Friendship	5.40	22.65
Gentry	1.00	14.90
Hammond	10.00	30.00
Hebron	6.86	35.02
Hopkinton, First	3.00	525.00
Hopkinton, Second		18.00
Independence	25.00	261.00
Individuals	519.49	1,251.46
Irvington		200.00
Jackson Center	6.00	63.00
Little Genesee	85.26	365.11
Little Prairie		57.35
Los Angeles	30.00	65.00
Los Angeles - Christ's	6.00	6.00
Lost Creek	72.25	260.35
Marlboro	65.24	390.23
Middle Island	6.85	51.42
Milton	135.60	1,533.88
Milton Junction	124.25	632.05
New Auburn	20.50	27.50
New York City	81.11	525.79
North Loup	74.23	233.26
Nortonville		93.53
Oakdale		5.00
Pawcatuck	250.00	2,832.55
People's - Washington, D. C.		20.00
Piscataway	11.00	185.29
Plainfield	121.10	1,653.77
Richburg	27.50	116.00
Ritchie	5.00	52.41
Riverside	45.00	520.10
Roanoke	7.00	12.00
Rockville	11.19	130.79
Salem	90.80	508.40
Salemville		10.00
Shiloh	214.80	1,028.08
Stonefort	18.02	40.02
Syracuse	10.00	25.00
Verona	62.60	308.57
Walworth	25.00	40.00
Waterford	16.25	131.25
Welton	25.00	25.00
West Edmeston		30.00
White Cloud		212.86

Comparative Figures

	This year	Last year
Budget receipts—June	\$ 2,461.20	\$ 2,951.28
Special receipts—June	776.81	1,160.42
Budget receipts—12 mos.	17,037.34	16,731.39
Special receipts—12 mos.	2,583.35	4,316.96

Disbursements

	Budget	Specials
Missionary Society	\$1,101.68	\$431.55
Tract Society	261.75	33.35
S. D. B. Building	165.30	
Woman's Board	22.02	65.83
Ministerial Retirement	137.71	31.08
Historical Society	17.97	200.00
General Conference	350.86	
Board of Christian Education	474.14	
American Bible Society		15.00

Morton R. Swinney,
Treasurer.

Niantic, Conn.

MISSIONS

A JOURNEY TO UNOCCUPIED CHINA

Rev. William L. Burdick,
Ashaway, R. I., U. S. A.

Dear Mr. Burdick:

The continuation of my story of progress should have been sent you some time ago, as we have already been in Changtsun nearly a month and a half. But we have been quite busy. We started with our medical work only two days after our arrival and before we had moved into our house. It has taken all of our spare time since to settle the house and get things in running order.

Your letter of February fourth reached me in Foochow about the twenty-first of March. You see I had taken it for granted that the board was willing for me to go into Free China, both from what Treasurer Stillman and you said to me about it and also because of the cablegram. I felt that probably ultimately I should be compelled to leave Shanghai for America if I did not go to Free China while it was possible to get there. I thought that it would be better to be working for the suffering people here than to have to return to America and be unable to do much work of value for an indefinite period, even though I might be working with some other organization for a time. It has seemed from the way opportunities opened up that I was being led to do this work, although I must confess that at times since we left Shanghai I have almost doubted

my own feeling of this leading. However, when I look back upon the events of our trip and note all the ways in which we were blessed and helped, I feel that the evidence is very strong that it was God's will. One cannot expect that everything will be easy even though one is following God's will. In fact, I sometimes feel that I am being tried in this experience as I have never been tried before, and I often wonder whether I am strong enough for it or shall be "weighed in the balance and found wanting." I hope that I shall have the prayers of all my friends and well-wishers, not so much for my physical well-being, but that my spiritual strength shall be equal to the task God has set me.

As I have already written you, we reached Foochow on February third. There we were held up until March 28, because the medicines and personal belongings which we had sent by freight were not forwarded from Santuao where we landed. There was some trouble with the customs, which was partially my fault because I had failed to make out complete lists of the contents of my personal boxes. Then there was trouble about transporting the goods to Foochow. Esther and I ran about Foochow from office to office. Esther was the one who had to take the lead in all of this and she seemed to be especially successful in finding people everywhere who were willing to advise us and to use their influence to help the matter along. Anyway, the things finally came through, mostly intact.

Even before our freight had arrived, we had made arrangements about transporting all baggage and freight on the same boat on which we were going up the Min River to Yenping, a city near the center of the province. That had required trips to the customs, transportation bureau, ticket office, boat office, and American Consulate, not once but several times each. After things had arrived, we had a time getting tickets. It seems there are daily more people wanting to travel than there are tickets available. You cannot buy ahead of time, but you go and get a promise of the ticket for the next day and then you must come early to get the ticket. In the meantime if anyone of influence comes along, your ticket may be sold. We went to the office at 8 a.m. and waited two and a half hours. Esther finally

connived with an elderly army officer who was trying to get tickets for some friends, and between them they succeeded in outmaneuvering the maneuverer. It takes the Oriental to outwit the Oriental. In the afternoon we were finally on our way.

The Min River is a beautiful stream with scenery much like the Delaware Water Gap nearly all the way. The river is quite swift with many rapids and a river bed full of submerged and half-submerged rocks. It was wonderful to watch the skillwork work of the pilot as he steered the small ship through the narrow course. We reached Yenping without mishap the following afternoon. Yenping is a beautiful city, built upon and between hills on a point between two branches of the Min River.

Mrs. Downie, whom we had met in Foochow, was at the wharf to meet us. She arranged for our impedimenta to be carried up a hill to her place and took us home with her, as the good people in these parts do with every stranger. Doctor Downie is an Iowa man, young, enthusiastic, and earnest. He is working under painfully difficult circumstances, with an old, poorly equipped hospital, yet he is doing a great work. He took time from his more than busy life to arrange for a military pass and a truck for us so that we were able to come through from there without a hitch.

The truck trip from there to Lichwan took a day and two hours of the next morning. We rode with the driver. The road runs through most beautiful mountain country and follows the north branch of the Min River to the watershed and beyond that down among the streams in Kiangsi which find their way to the Yangtze through Poyang Lake. The weather was perfect, the hillsides covered with blooming azaleas, and the scenery magnificent. But through it all my heart was very heavy, for the night before I left Yenping I received a letter which told of the tragic death of my sister's son, Arthur Hutchins, of North Loup.

We reached Lichwan at about 10.30 a.m. April 4. Rev. Kimber Den, who is at the head of the Rural Service Center where we are to work for a time, was there to meet us. We spent the night with a German missionary family. The following day we sat in sedan chairs the twenty miles to Changtsun. The trip was lovely, through

the hills, and our path was often arched with long branches of flaming azaleas.

The Den family made us very welcome. The large building where they and a group of other workers live is a very large ancestral hall.

Mr. Den had rented a very good Chinese house for us. It had a few articles of furniture, among them two large beds with woven reed mattresses with rope underneath, something like the old rope beds we used to sleep on in the early pioneer days in Nebraska. I remembered the straw ticks we used to use under our feather beds. Of course, we had no feather beds, but I made a straw tick and that with quilts over it is still hard but much softer than a board. I am getting so I sleep very comfortably on that. We live almost entirely on Chinese food. There is plenty of pork and rice and some vegetables. This is the great mushroom country so we have those, but variety of food is limited. There is almost no fruit now, though they say there will be melons and peaches later and in the fall small oranges. Prices are not nearly so high as at present in Shanghai, but they are much higher than in normal times. Sugar is very high priced so we do not use much. Either the hard beds or the diet or both have proved as good as a diet prescribed by a high-priced physician, and I am lighter than for some years. But that is all to the good as long as I feel well.

Esther is taking the leading part in the work, which I hoped she would do. I help in the clinics, of course, and when she goes to another town for clinic or on outcalls I substitute for her. There has been quite a bit of work for such a small place. We have about three hundred families here and five hundred in Vung-tsun, the other town where we hold clinics. That is three and a half or four miles away. Most everyone walks, here, but Esther and I are finding that pretty hard. To walk both ways and hold a clinic is rather strenuous.

The language has been my greatest difficulty in doing work. The most of the workers speak Hunan Mandarin. Esther can speak Mandarin, so she gets along better than I. The common people, however, have a language all their own, which is not well understood even by the workers. The refugees are from other places, but the Kiangsi

dialect all seems different. I am getting so I can understand a little of it and can make them understand a little. Am trying to learn Mandarin, but it is difficult to change from one dialect to another.

Our house is quite commodious with two courtyards in front and a back yard. There are open sheds in the back, enough to keep cows, horses, and pigs. We have some chickens but we do not keep them in the back yard because neighbors' cats catch chickens and we have a garden which the chickens like too well. The garden was a stone and brick patch and the soil was mostly sand, but I have mixed in some soil and fertilizer and things are growing quite well. I hope by fall to have a fairly good patch. We have a ten-foot wall all around our place.

This country is very pretty. The village is a mountain town from which fifteen minutes' walk in any direction will take one to the hills. There are mountains only about ten miles away. The valleys have rushing mountain streams and all level land is terraced for rice or tobacco and some other crops. The water flowing down the hill-sides is a natural irrigation system, so there is no pumping of water. The water on the rice can be kept at the desired level by the height of the outlet which allows the surplus to flow to the field below.

Our long delay in Foochow was not without its compensations. It gave us a rare opportunity to get acquainted with many fine people. There is a large missionary body in Foochow, Methodists, American Board, London Mission, Seventh Day Adventists, the Christian Herald Mission, and I do not know but there are others. The Catholics are also there and fraternize with the Protestants, more or less.

Recently we have heard that less than two weeks after we left Foochow the Japanese began heavy bombing operations there and at many other points including Yenping. We have had no direct news and we feel very much concerned for our friends in both places. A day or two ago we heard that several hundreds of women had been carried off from Foochow to Formosa, and six hundred children had been carried off. Japan has been seeking sympathy in her expansion program because of excess of population, but now that her birth rate is low, she must make up for it by stealing Chinese women

and children. The wickedness and inconsistency of war lords is beyond understanding.

Greetings to all our friends from both Esther and myself.

Sincerely yours,

Grace I. Crandall.

Lichwan, Changtsun,
Kiangsi, China,
May 17, 1941.

DAILY MEDITATIONS

(Prepared by Mrs. Frank A. Langworthy,
Plainfield, N. J.)

Sunday, July 20

Read Psalm 146.
"Praise the Lord, O my soul."

Let us take as our topic for today A Thankful Heart. This may be possessed by everyone. Even though we cannot see through the mist of sorrow, sickness, or adversity, our heavenly Father is there if we but see him—ever interested, ever sympathetic, ever ready to cheer and help us. It is often true that our afflictions are blessings in disguise. Through them many are led closer to the Father.

Prayer—

WE THANK THEE LORD

For all thy ministries—
For morning mist and gently falling dew;
For summer rains, for winter ice and snow;
For whispering winds and purifying storm;
For the rift clouds that show the tender blue;
For the forked flash and long tumultuous roll;
For mighty rains that wash the dim earth clean;
For the sweet promise of the seven-fold bow;
For the soft sunshine and the still, calm night;
For dimpled laughter of soft summer seas;
For latticed splendor of the sea-bourne moon;
For gleaming sands and granite-fronted cliffs;
For Might so mighty and for Love so true, with equal mind;
We thank thee, Lord.

—John Oxenham.

Monday, July 21

Read 2 Thessalonians 3: 6-16.
"I must work the works of him that sent me, while it is day: the night cometh, when no man can work." (John 9: 4.)

Work is a blessing. It is not a curse brought on by man's sin or disobedience. In the beginning Adam was placed in God's beautiful garden "to dress it and keep it" (Genesis 2: 15). God has ever recognized work as healthful and contributory to man's happiness. This is implied in the fourth commandment—"Six days shalt thou labor" (Exodus 20: 9). Much

of the difficulty in the labor situation today comes from false standards of work. Both capital and labor need the gospel of Christ and his indwelling Spirit to bring about a reasonable and fair adjustment that will bring peace and blessing to all.

Prayer—Father, we thank thee for work. We would use it not only as a means of gaining a livelihood, but as a character builder. Help us to appreciate its blessings and be faithful stewards. Amen.

Tuesday, July 22

Read Jeremiah 17: 7-10.
"The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked; who can know it?"

A young woman I know is my idea of what a Christian young person should be today. One of her characteristics that has impressed me is her readiness to review her own actions and words—first of all—if anything goes wrong in her relations with other people. She always feels she must have done or said something to cause the trouble. Not many of us do that. We are apt to think we are the ones who are right. The others must be wrong. It would be well if we all did more heart searching to discover our motives for our actions.

Prayer—"Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me, and know my thoughts; and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting." Amen. (Psalm, 139: 23, 24.)

Wednesday, July 23

Read Jeremiah 44: 2-14.
"Oh, do not this abominable thing that I hate."

Do we really hate sin—hate it as God hates it? For sin is sin, and its wages is death, no matter how it is brought to us. Under the law, God's directions for dealing with sin in any and every form were stern, swift, uncompromising, and unsparing. Surely he has no lower standard for Christians under grace than he had for Israel under the law. Let us look to Christ confidently for the miracle enabling us "to do that which is right in the eyes of the Lord thy God."

(Thoughts from an editorial in Sunday School Times.)

Prayer—Father, help us not to compromise with sin. May we see it in its true light, and give us strength to overcome it. Amen.

Thursday, July 24

Read Matthew 24: 42-51.
"Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." (Revelation 2: 10.)

Faithfulness in all things is a good habit to cultivate. We need it constantly in our everyday lives.

The Sunday School Times tells the story of a young man who was engaged by a large hardware store. On his first day he was sent to the attic to sort the contents of a large chest and put it in order. In the gloom and dust of the attic he worked faithfully for three days, sorting the nails, screws, hinges, parts of tools, etc., and putting them in compartments. The work was uninspiring and seemed so senseless, but he fought off all inclination to loaf. On completion of the job, he reported to the head clerk, who inspected his work. "All right," he said, "you will be given a place at my counter. That chest is a test job that we give to see if a man is worthy of any better place."

We today are constantly faced with temptations to do less than our best, to unfaithfulness, to disloyalty, even to dishonesty. How are we meeting these tests?

Prayer—Help us, dear Father, to overcome temptations that would make us unfaithful in any of our work, and most of all unfaithful to thee. Amen.

Friday, July 25

Read Acts 5: 33-42.

"And they departed . . . rejoicing that they were counted worthy to suffer shame for his name."

Suffering has proved itself an agent of God for the deepening of faith and the enlarging of Christian influence.

The influence of Pastor Niemoeller—who is kept in a concentration camp in Germany because of his honesty in preaching—is going out through his three sons. They have pledged themselves to carry on the work of their father.

One of the finest Christian women I have known was bedridden with an incurable disease for twenty-five years. Whoever left her bedside felt that he had received a blessing and help in Christian living. We all know of many who, although they are having a hard time in life in one way or another, can see through the clouds to Christ—who is their support.

Prayer—Dear Father, if we are suffering or having a hard time in life, help us to use the affliction as a stepping stone to a higher plane of Christian living, and may we feel thy steadying hand through it all. Amen.

Sabbath, July 26

Read Colossians 3: 12-17.

"Singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord."

On two different occasions in the Plainfield church, Pastor Osborn of Shiloh has started his address by first getting his audience to sing with him the lines of a new hymn. It was a very great help in making us ready for the message to follow. It is a fine practice to commit to memory the words of our favorite hymns. They are useful in many ways.

A few years ago, during the construction of a bridge across the Mississippi River, the workers in one of the caissons being sunk to form the pillars were trapped by the accidental ignition of gas. Quick work on the part of those above in extinguishing the flames saved the men, who were within a few seconds of death. Later, when questioned in regard to their reactions when they knew they were trapped, these men said they kept up their courage by singing gospel hymns of the church which they had learned in childhood.

F. A. L.

Prayer—Dear Father, we thank thee for the beautiful hymns of the church. May we be more thoughtful of their meaning as we sing them. Amen.

W O M A N ' S W O R K

HOW TO READ THE BIBLE

By John Sutherland Bonnell

In all the literature of the world there is no book that has contributed so richly to the upbuilding of character and to the serenity and peace of the human spirit as the Bible. It leads us to God, and teaches us his will. Yet, few people know how to read this book. This is true even of many professing Christians and church members. It has little real value for them. Usually they will not admit this. They feel that to do so would be a kind of sacrilege. If they were altogether frank, they would have to concede that they get very little help from the Bible, and that they do not read it regularly.

One young woman, who is a church member, said to me recently, "I never read the Bible except when I am looking up a passage about which I have had an argument with someone." A young man confessed that his mother, who is now dead, had urged him to read the Bible. "I honestly tried to read it," he said, "but I couldn't make anything of it. I keep it now," he continued, "in the bottom of a bureau drawer. Maybe it helps some people, but it just doesn't do a thing for me."

Others make a practice of reading exactly one chapter a day; but, if you press them to tell you what help they get from this reading, they are vague and uncertain. In the course of a conversation, a woman said to me, "The Bible is a wonderful book. I just wouldn't dream of commencing the day without reading my chapter." It was twelve o'clock noon when she said this. "Tell me," I answered, "what did you get out of that chapter this morning? What lessons did you learn? What message did you get from God?" She replied, "One can't read the Bible without getting a blessing from it. It is always instructing us." "Yes, that is very true," I said, "but would you mind telling me what particular instruction you got today?" She wasn't able to recall anything from her reading, and confessed that that was true, not only on the day of our interview, but every day. She felt that she was accumulating merit by reading a chapter a day. It was the right thing to do she thought, altogether apart from whether or not she was helped by her reading.

There are many reasons why one might read the Bible.

I am concerned here, however, only with the Bible as a practical *guide to life*. Here is a method for the daily reading of the Bible which has proved itself of definite value to many people.

First: Commence with a book of the Bible, and continue to read in small instalments in that book until you have completed it. Then select another book, and read it through to the finish. In this way you will not miss any of the searching messages of God's Word. For this purpose the Psalms and the New Testament will be found to be most helpful.

Second: Keep on reading until you come to a verse that you can feel is God's "marching orders" for you for the day. Don't be afraid to mark your Bible. Underline that verse, and let it search every area of your life. God's Spirit will bring its truth to bear upon your heart and mind. Carry that verse with you through the day. It will be as a staff on your journey. In many a trying hour it will steady and inspire you.

Third: Mark the place where you have finished reading, and commence with the next verse the following day. It may be advisable for you to tarry on the one verse for several days or even a week until the full implication of its teaching has been brought to bear upon your life. You will find that, in many cases, you may have read ten verses or fifteen before

coming to the one that you feel is God's message for the day. On the other hand, you may only have read four or five verses, or, in more exceptional cases, only one.

Fourth: Always preface your reading by a brief prayer that God's Holy Spirit will bring the truth of his Word to bear upon your heart. As you open the Bible to read from the place where you have left off the previous day, ask yourself this question: "What is God's message for *me* today?" Exclude from your mind every thought of the application of this message to other persons whom you know in your own home or among your business associates and friends. This is God's message for *you*. The power of concentration and the ability to apply God's message to your own life, and yours alone, will come slowly. It will increase with your growth in spiritual discipline.

If you preserve your daily reading, you will be given messages that will meet the deepest needs of your life; that will send you forth to face the experiences of the day with head erect and a brave heart. I predict, too, that sometimes you will be startled by what God will say to you in the morning. Out of the written Word he will speak directly to you, and will bring to your mind hidden faults and failings to which you have long been blind.

Fifth: When you have allowed God's message of the morning to search your heart, a prayer of thanksgiving for an accession of spiritual strength or a prayer of confession and penitence for your mistakes and failures will well up within you. Make every day a day of new beginnings and of fresh consecration to the service of God. Having sought and found God's forgiveness for the wrongs of the past, turn your back resolutely on these failures, and face the new life which, by the grace of God, is opening up before you.

Sixth: Be sure to keep inviolate this period for the daily reading of the Bible. Before long it will begin to bear fruit. Many of the texts with which you begin the day will remain fixed in your memory, and they will be a source of strength and guidance to you just when you need them most.

A business man said to me recently, "Sometimes after waking in the morning I am almost appalled by the thought of all the duties and appointments that await me in the next eight or ten hours. Then I repeat to myself these texts of the Bible: 'In quietness and confidence shall be my strength.' 'Thou wilt keep me in perfect peace, for my mind is

stayed on thee.' It is astonishing," he said, "how quickly the load is lifted when once I become aware of God's presence and God's help. The strain and the tension go out of the day, and there wells up within me a feeling of serenity and peace."

—American Bible Society.

REV. SAMUEL D. DAVIS: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

(Continued)

MISSION WORK IN TENNESSEE

About this time, Doctor Gordon of Shelbyville, Tennessee, became convinced that the Seventh Day of the week was the Bible Sabbath, and that the Seventh Day Baptist Church was the true church of Christ. After coming to this conclusion he found a copy of Belcher's Church History and learned of the Seventh Day Baptist Church at New Salem. Not knowing where in the state it was, he wrote a letter inquiring about the way to reach it by rail. The letter was answered, and he came on to make the acquaintance of the church (which then numbered about one hundred and fifty). It was my pleasure to meet him there, and after a very happy acquaintance with him, baptise and receive him into the Salem Church, and in less than one year receive a letter from him asking me to come to his place on a missionary tour. On receiving this letter, I laid it before the Lost Creek Church which voted to send me and requested the Salem Church to send Elder Jacob with me. My wife was not willing that I should go alone. My son took me to Salem where I met Elder Jacob and four other brethren who were to meet me there and decide as to whether he should go. After some deliberation it was determined not to send him, whereupon I said, "If a lack of money to bear his expenses is the trouble, I will bear his until my money gives out. Then we will stop and work for more." When the proposition failed, I said to my son, "Go back and tell your mother that I have gone to Tennessee, that I did not go alone for Jesus will go with me all the way." This statement and its effect on my son prevailed. The money was soon raised and given to Elder Jacob to bear his expenses, and in a few minutes more we were on the train bound for Shelbyville, Tennessee.

On arriving there, we found the Doctor to be a man of wide-spread influence. We soon

arranged for preaching appointments. A gentleman said without hesitation that I should have his best horse and saddle to ride as long as I was in the state. But upon hearing my first sermon, he said a man who would preach such a doctrine as that could not ride a horse of his. (He believed in election predetermined). The next morning his son came with one of his mules to ride, and said the horse I was to ride had been killed by lightning. His father wanted that I should have that one to ride, and I rode it while I stayed in that country.

Our meetings increased in numbers until the large church house in which we assembled held only about half the people that assembled to hear. While in Tennessee we met three persons who had all, on the same day, been convinced that the Seventh Day Baptist Church (in their own language), was the "true church of Christ."

The last sermon I preached on this tour was at Flat Creek in a large church house which did not hold half of the audience. The windows on the shady side of the building were taken out and those outside congregated along by the open windows and listened with rapt attention. My text was, "Behold to obey is better than sacrifice." The day was very warm and I perspired so freely that my clothing was thoroughly saturated. I spoke about an hour. After speaking of the sacrifices God required in the prophetic age and the good they did the worshipers, I spoke of the sacrifices we were to make and the great good we get from making them and how much better it is for us to obey than make sacrifice. I called attention to God's neglected Sabbath and urged all to keep it. The Holy Spirit sent conviction to many hearts as evinced by the tears shed; and after the meeting closed quite a number of persons came to me and, with tears flowing from their eyes, stated that they had descended from ancestors who kept the Seventh Day Sabbath. I was reluctant to leave them, but the weather had become so extremely hot that the Doctor thought it would not be safe for us to remain in that climate longer.

VISIT TO JACKSON CENTRE, OHIO

On our return from Tennessee we stopped at Jackson Centre, Ohio, to find that all the Seventh Day Baptist churches which were in that state when I attended the South-Western Association there years before, had gone

down except the one at Jackson Centre, and the members here were planning as to where they would go when that organization went out. Their last minister left was superannuated and could not last much longer. I could not bear the thought of the light of the Sabbath truth going entirely out in that great state, and urged them to rally and keep up that dear church, and suggested the calling of Simeon H. Babcock to the work of the ministry. This suggestion was carried into effect. Elder Hamilton Hull was called to preach for the church and through the blessing of God that dear church still lives.

(To be continued)

Note.—Written by him from memory for his son, Rev. Boothe C. Davis, while visiting him at his home in Alfred, N. Y., during 1897 and 1898, and transcribed from the original pencil-written note-books forty years afterward. Edited for publication by Corliss Fitz-Randolph. Nothing has been deleted, and care has been taken to preserve the language of the author throughout, keeping it, as nearly as possible, as he would approve could he be consulted.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

FOLLOW HIM

(A meditation written in a Vacation Bible School, junior age class, by Barbara Seager of the Salem Church.)

"As a bird that wandereth from her nest, so is a man that wandereth from his place." Proverbs 27: 8.

When a bird is small and wanders from its nest, it usually will not be able to find its nest, and will not go back to it without the help of its father or mother.

So it is with life. When a man has lost his place in life, or has stopped being a Christian, he can never go back without the help of Jesus Christ. He is our guide and our helper, and we should always try to follow in his footsteps.

Prayer—Our heavenly Father, help us to keep our place in life and never go the wrong way, but follow in thy footsteps. Wilt thou guide us, and lead us wherever we may wander. "Where he leads me, I will follow." In Jesus' name. Amen.

YOUTH IN THE TIME OF CRISIS

(Paper presented by Carol Kagarise, Southeastern Association)

The world today is building to a great turning point in which the life of youth is to play an important part.

Life is the greatest factor in the universe. It is not important for youth to know we have life, but it is important for us to know how

to use the life we possess. It is not the quantity of life's achievements, but the quality that counts. Youth must build that quality to highest standards if they are to face this world crisis in the best manner. Life seems so cheap today that a whole generation of youth is being wiped out.

But how is youth to build in the time of crisis? Can we do it all alone? No, but we can do it with power and strength from God. It seems in this crisis, though, that some youth are forgetting God, and the adults are not helping those who need help. The home is the most important and powerful of all institutions for the building of character and for the making of finer men and women. If the home fails, what then? State institutions try to rebuild what was broken down. Because of some home failures many young people are being lured into attractive beer saloons, where their minds are dimmed with alcoholic drinks so that they do not have a balanced viewpoint in this time of crisis. They tend to confuse other youth. We must have faith that will give us steadfastness and courage to serve our country and church according to each one's talent. We must build characters that will touch all and develop a life of self-control so that we can always be prepared in the time of crisis.

We who have youth have the future. The world will be what we make it. Therefore our decisions today determine what we will have tomorrow. Sir Andrew Barton said, "Fight on, my men. Though I am hurt, I am not slain. I'll lay me down and bleed a while and then I'll rise and fight again."

Yes, that is what our youth need to do. We may be hurt and hindered, but we will always rise and fight again. We dare not let the adults take too much responsibility in this crisis, because they cannot always help us solve our future problems.

Youth has many religious difficulties to face in a time of crisis. Do you very often think of the young people that have a one-sided religion? Perhaps some have never known anything about a deep conviction and a Christian experience, or maybe they are not sincere enough in their convictions. They go to church—yes, but do they really worship from the heart and live what is taught? No, they go right out of Sabbath school and church to a football game or a baseball game. Many young men and even girls light cigarettes the minute the benediction is said and they are

outside the church. Youth is failing to practice the words of Jesus.

In facing the present crisis youth must have unity. We should hold together with every race and religious organization, all working in order to live the Jesus way. That is, "Love your enemies, do good to them that hate you."

That goal may seem far away and darkened at times, but there is a light that shines from the face of Christ upon our unity in service. Youth must not fail in this time of crisis. We must help in the many activities in order to save the spiritual as well as the physical lives of many. In high school, students have a chance to help the spiritual side in the Hi-Y and Tri-Hi-Y clubs. College groups have Y. M.C.A. workers. Churches have young people's groups and C.E. There has been a united effort to relieve human suffering in war areas and to save and help war orphans. The churches have had a growing unity, and church boards are helping achieve and carry out a service program to safeguard and guide the nation's youth.

Youth is on the march, facing the crisis with courage, speaking for Christ and the church, hoping for the peace that will come when we learn that Christ is the world's sufficient Savior.

Youth in this time of crisis is questioned by Ralph Atherton in his poem, "Peace."

Have you heard the birds at morning
Chanting like a great church choir?
Has the perfume of the roses
Ever set your soul afire?

Have you heard the call at evening
Of a lonely whippoorwill?
Did you answer? Did the echo
Make your throbbing pulse stand still?

Have you seen the stolid hillside
Splashed with autumn's magic wine?
Have you seen the flaming sunset?
Have you heard the whispering pine?

Have you heard the shouts of skaters
Ringing on the clear, cold air?
Have you seen the snow-robed mountains
And the slumbering beauty there?

In the evening, as you mused
O'er the glamor of the day,
Did you pause one broken moment
And in silence humbly pray?

General Conference
Denver, Colo.

August 19 to 24, 1941

CHILDREN'S PAGE

LOVE ONE ANOTHER

Jeane was a dear little Scotch lassie who lived on a large dairy farm among the hills of old New York. She was a very friendly little body, and a very thoughtful one as well, so you may be sure she had a host of friends.

All day long and every day she was a very busy, happy little girl, for many are the duties of a faithful little girl, both in the home and in the school.

Each Sunday morning, her first duty was to learn the golden text for the next Sabbath, and afterwards to explain its meaning in her very own words. Then during the week she tried to act out the truths contained in the text. Of course when Sabbath morning came she was pretty sure to know her lesson perfectly, and oh, how much it meant to her!

One bright Sunday morning in the month of May, Jeane came dancing into the sunny kitchen shouting happily, "Oh, Mother, my golden text is ever so easy this week; so easy to remember and so easy to do! It is 'Love one another.' Did you ever see anything easier than that?"

"How do you show your love?" asked her mother with a loving smile.

"I'll show it by loving acts," answered Jeane promptly.

"And to whom will you show it?" said her mother.

"Why, I'll show it to you and Daddy and to all my friends," said the little girl.

"Is that all?" asked her mother, quietly.

The merry face grew suddenly very sober, and Jeane stood thinking for a few minutes. At last she said, "I suppose I must show my love for my enemies, too. That isn't so easy, Mother. It will be pretty hard for me to love the Smiths, who accused me of picking their roses, and threw stones and mud at me." She was almost crying now.

"Think it out," said her mother kissing her tenderly. "I'm sure my little girl will find a way."

All the way to school the next morning Jeane kept thinking about her golden text and about loving her enemies, and almost missed her turn at her favorite game just before the school bell rang, she was thinking so deeply. In fact she did not take her usual interest in her lessons or in her play all that lovely day, and when night came her problem was still unsolved.

OUR PULPIT

"ON THE WINGS OF THE STORM"

(Baccalaureate Address by President J. Nelson Norwood, Sunday, June 8, 1941)

Text: Nahum 1: 3 (part) "... the Lord hath his way in the whirlwind and in the storm. . . ."

What should a baccalaureate speaker say? In times like these in which we live when deep, economic depression has given way to total war, when news of the tragedies and sufferings of war-torn peoples has tended to numb our sensibilities, when we ourselves have come to the very verge of open war, when you young men and women whom I am addressing tonight are facing the possibilities of active war service, I ask, What should a baccalaureate speaker say?

Whatever I say must be crowded into a few minutes. How best to use those minutes? If you are a bit pessimistic, I do not wish to intensify that mood. If you find some of the foundations of your developing philosophy of life crumbling, I do not want to give them an extra jar. If you are badly confused, perplexed, and distraught, I do not wish further to fertilize those emotions. But suppose that I, myself, three times your age, find my own life-long principles tending to crack a little, my own spirit tending often toward pessimism, and my inmost soul perplexed and distraught, what then? Shall I add my own feelings to yours? Shall I just keep still? Or shall we together try to find some rift in the clouds, some flicker of light in the gloom, or some rock of truth on which we can securely build? We must attempt the last mentioned; that is, to find a rock on which to build.

A search for something fundamental naturally takes us into the realm of the spirit and particularly the realm of religion. This is appropriate as we are in a religious service, a slightly unusual place for a few of you perhaps but it won't hurt you! In times of perplexity and anguish people have ever turned to the sayings and doings of men in similar state in bygone days. We naturally turn to the Hebrew-Christian Scriptures and tradition. The Scripture lesson just read dealt with the chastening the Lord visited on his people. Listen again: "Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous: nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby." The hymn which we just sang says:

When school was out, the little girl decided to go home by the road that led past the Smith home, though it was a little out of her way, for, she said to herself, "Perhaps it will help me to act out my golden text."

None of her little friends lived in that direction so she was all alone. She had quite a bit of thick woods to pass through and so she began to walk very fast, for she was just a little bit afraid. A rabbit skipping across the road in front of her made her jump, and the hoarse barking of a dog ahead of her made her pause for a moment. Then she hurried on again. She was nearly in sight of the large, tumble-down home of the Smiths, the barking of the dog growing nearer every minute, when she heard the frightened sobbing of a little child. Forgetting her own fear, she began running in the direction of the sound, and soon saw little Jackie Smith sitting on the fence, crying at the top of his lungs, while below him stood a large, cross looking dog barking and jumping savagely.

Jeane picked up a stick and soon succeeded in driving the dog away. Then she took the frightened little fellow by the hand and took him home to his mother, and all the time she was saying over and over, "Oh, Jackie, I love you, I really do."

When Mrs. Smith heard all about it she said, "Weren't you afraid of the dog yourself? He might have bitten you."

"I was at first," said Jeane, laughing, "But I was so sorry for little Jackie that I do believe I forgot all about myself."

The grateful mother patted Jeane's sunny head with her work-roughened hands, and called her a dear, brave little girl; while Charles and Fred, Jackie's big brothers, gave her a great armful of roses, and Fred said earnestly, "We are sorry we accused you of picking our roses, and threw things at you. We know now that you wouldn't think of taking anything that wasn't yours."

"That's all right," said Jeane with a happy smile. "I just love every one of you."

"We all love you, too," shouted all the Smith children, as the little lassie hurried home to tell her dear mother her good news.

Don't you think Jeane found a splendid way to act out her golden text? I don't believe she ever forgot it, do you?

Mizpah S. Greene.

General Conference
Denver, Colo.

August 19 to 24, 1941

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform,
He plants his footsteps in the sea
And rides upon the storm."

Then look at my text: "... the Lord hath his way in the whirlwind and in the storm. . . ." Out of all this is it so strange that I thought I might say something illuminating and encouraging to myself and perhaps to you on my theme, "On the Wings of the Storm"? The implication intended by that theme is that good comes even by and on the wings of the storms—material, physical storms, and spiritual storms, even spiritual tornadoes.

Indeed, the concentrated quintessence of man's age-long experience with his worlds is that growth by struggle, by the surmounting of obstacles; and by suffering is a law of life on this planet. This is true of all life, life at all levels, although at different levels it takes different forms. All forms of plant life have come to their present established state through competition, overcoming adverse conditions, adaptation to surroundings through untold millenniums. Millions of seeds sprout and the seedlings struggle with obstacles. A few survive through inherent strength or good fortune. A lone tree on the wind-swept hilltop, buffeted by the summer tempests and the winter's blasts, strikes its roots deeper or more firmly. It may not be beautiful, but it accumulates strength. The tree sheltered among its kind in the forest needs less strength, but deprived of its protective neighbors, it is easily snapped off or uprooted. Plant life menaced by fire and flood, ice and wind, survives or perishes as it may. What survives is likely to be strong, strengthened, in fact, by its ordeals. We saw on our campus a few years ago an ice storm which tested tree life to the limit. Every weak or defective shrub, tree, branch, and twig was destroyed. Extra effort of its vital forces was necessary to repair the damage even when assisted by man's science and skill. Some succumbed; survivors doubtless were toughened and strengthened. Strength came on the wings of the storm.

Birds, beasts, fishes, reptiles, and insects are subject to a similar law. Many are born, few survive. Survivors struggle, elude their enemies, seek their food, and grow strong in the process. Watch the robin on your lawn. He is after food; furtively he picks at it and pulls on it; but most of his time he stands, head erect, to see if an enemy may be near. The family cat may be eyeing him as a possible

dinner. The cat, in turn, may be worrying about the neighbor's dog. See that rabbit. He is nibbling at a choice bit of green clover, but more than half his time he is surveying the landscape in fear of approaching foes. They all have their fears. Life for them is a continuous struggle against the elements and against competitors and destroyers. Thus nature's balance among her varieties of children, animal and vegetable, is maintained by ruthless competition and the jungle law of tooth and claw. Rigors of climate, predatory attack, suffering, tragedy, threat of sudden destruction keep the lower levels of life on their metal. Death comes, but also life, strength, and survival, all come on the wings of the storm.

What about the spiritual life? What comes on the wings of the storm there? This, of course, is the most important part of our inquiry. In a recent issue of one of our most convenient and widely read monthly publications there is a little story which makes my main point this evening very vivid. It reports what happened to Cousin Abigail. Dorothy Canfield tells the story. Her cousin "had always had an easy life. She had a devoted husband, an excellent cook, and a trustworthy nurse for her healthy children. Everybody thought this was providential, for Abigail was very delicate. It was in the days when fainting was approved of and Abigail fainted easily.

Then typhoid fever struck the town. The children came down with it, the cook was summoned to her own sick family, the nurse fell ill, and finally so did Abigail's husband. There was nobody to care for five dangerously sick people except Abigail, who had always had her breakfast served in bed.

For weeks she sponged fevered bodies, gave medicine, scrubbed floors, cooked and served. One son died in the night. She kept the news from the others; stood alone beside the grave; and wiping the tears from her eyes went back to the stricken family.

The others gradually recovered. And what happened to Cousin Abigail after that? Instead of going back to her indolent ways she made it a business to find children whose parents had died in the epidemic and to see that they had a fair chance at a happy life. And that led her to start the first farm home school for orphans ever seen in that region. It is still running successfully. [Reader's Digest, May, 1941, p. 75, 76.]

In this true story struggle, anxiety, labor, loss, tragedy brought individual strength, a new appreciation of her own possessions, a reach out to help her neighbors and the rendering of new and permanently useful service

to the larger community. What a freight for the wings of the storm!

Let us look a little further at this spiritual growth which comes through the severe struggle and travail of soul. It does many things. *It stiffens and toughens morale.* Morale is a spiritual commodity. High morale is compounded of favorable expectation, determination, and courage. Just as a storm may destroy a tree instead of strengthening it, so a difficult piece of life's highway may bring defeatism, or it may bring an upsurge of energy and a more determined effort. Triumph over the difficulty strengthens the individual or the community for the next test. Men and women who have had more than the usual ills of life to contend with are likely either to have been made sour and cynical by them, or to have been chastened into the sweetest and strongest spirits of their generation. Strength has come on the wings of the storm.

It restores a truer perspective. At the moment it may seem to some of you that the present world stress, inner struggle, tragedy destroy perspective. To have to turn aside from your long-time life plans and serve in immediate war preparation, either in some branch of the armed forces of your country or in some industrial defense program, shortens perspective, you say. In the sense that there is always the possibility that plans once set aside may never be resumed, you are right. But in the sense that the crisis lifts you out of yourselves and pushes you to relate yourselves to the larger life of that world of which you are unavoidably a part, a world with the fate of which your own fate is inextricably intertwined, that presents you with a broader, longer, and more far-visions perspective. The human spirit grows and strengthens in the presence of such a call if it is properly accepted and the needed adjustments made. To have temporarily dedicated yourselves to a cause bigger than but containing yourselves is to have grown into permanently bigger personalities. Never again could you quite so fully immerse yourselves in your own private plans as you could have done without this testing, grinding, expanding experience.

Also this struggle and travail of soul reorients us to the values of the spiritual life. We are so busy ordinarily with the frills and gadgets of life that we lose sight of its deeper currents. The disasters of the past year, the threat to our own way of life have worked a revolution in the spirit and attitude of millions of Americans. Whether ardent intervention-

ists or extreme isolationists or rating somewhere between, many, many citizens who a year or a little more past felt free to criticize and question the adequacy of our institutions now rally vigorously to their defense. Defects for the time are disregarded and the excellencies of our way of life, its costs in the blood and treasure of the fathers, its success and desirability when contrasted with many other systems, the extent to which it has offered material and spiritual opportunity to the common man and woman, have come into new appreciation. When the political and economic weather is fair and sunny, when no lurking danger is feared and we feel chestily self-sufficient, the old home, worn by much living in it, made a bit dingy from long use, not arranged in all respects according to the latest social carpentering—we can stand off and poke fun at it. Perhaps in contrast to the newest soviet, or fascist model it is not quite so shiny. But when danger threatens, when night closes in, when storms rage, the old house seems very protective, very familiar, very solid, very well tested, very homey. There is nothing like danger to remind us of the blessings we possess.

This travail, suffering, and tragedy draw people together. In easier times we go our own ways. We feel less need of each other. We can afford to be individualistic. Common suffering or common danger draws us together. We feel our common spiritual heritage in the Hebrew-Christian religious tradition; we feel our common way of life, our common Americanism. Our sympathies across social and economic lines quicken. The people of different color among us, the people on the other side of the tracks seem more like our kind of people. They fear the same foes we fear; they love the same God and the same free way of life we do. A common danger to ourselves and to neighbor peoples across geographical boundary lines makes us talk of hemisphere defense, while a danger common to us and to peoples far, far away makes us talk about a common defense of the democratic way of life. Deeper still we hear advocates of permanent political union of all democratic peoples and ultimately, of all peoples. Deepest of all, transcending danger and suffering and blood, are those religionists, rare souls, who pray for all, friend and foe alike, as all equally children of the same heavenly Father.

For some of you young men and women school life may have been too soft and easy. For some, I know, it has been a hard, four-

year struggle. For you and for your parents, too, sacrifice has been willingly accepted with the consummation of these graduation days in prospect. Both you and your parents are stronger for it. Alfred has offered you much. On the crucial issue before us all, I offer you tonight the faith of this baccalaureate address. For it simmers down to faith in the deeper and yet hidden purposes of the Lord of all the earth. The stormy way is His way. Just as new physical life emerges from mother life through pain, anxiety, and travail, so new spiritual levels are reached by the individual and by the race, through disciplinary pain and travail of soul. It is on the basis of this faith that I buttress my own sorely strained philosophy of life and try to adjust myself to the mystifying ups and downs of man's past, to the question-posing, world-shaking calamities of the present, and to the still unrevealed future of myself, my children, you, my friends, and my much prized democratic way of life.

In faith I say "the Lord hath his way in the whirlwind and in the storm." He bringeth testing and eternal life on the wings of the storm. He will have his way in these storms.

May God give us all the faith to say:

"Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head."

DENOMINATIONAL "HOOK-UP"

Ashaway, R. I.

Lewis Camp will open Sunday with a large registration for the week and for the coming weekend. Extensive plans have been made for a week of worship, study, and recreation. The camp holds in store for teen-age young people of the Seventh Day Baptist Eastern Association, and others, a fine program that will appeal to all.

Guests will be present from New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, and Rhode Island.

Mrs. Jessie C. Ferguson of Alfred, N. Y., formerly of Ashaway and Westerly, will have charge of the meals at the camp and Rev. Wayne Rood of Rockville will direct camp activities. Rev. Earl Cruzan of Waterford, is registrar, Paul Maxson, in charge of recreation activities, and Mrs. Anna Rood, crafts.

Instructors will include Rev. Ralph H. Coon who will talk on "The Gospel of John"; and A. J. C. Bond, whose subject will be "What Do I Believe?" The camp will be in session from July 6 to July 13, inclusive.

—Westerly Sun.

Independence, R. I.

The Seventh Day Baptist Western Association held its annual June session with the Independence Church Friday evening to Sunday, June 20-22; with an attendance of fifty young people at the young people's fellowship supper and program Friday evening; two hundred fifty Sabbath morning and afternoon; and about sixty Sunday morning and afternoon.

Various phases of the general theme of personal religious living were presented in sermons and addresses at the six sessions, by Rev. Marion C. Van Horn of Salem, W. Va.; Rev. Everett T. Harris, Alfred; Dr. Ben R. Crandall, Alfred; Mark Sanford, Little Genesee; Wayne N. Crandall, Canisteo; and A. D. Button, Friendship.

Worship services were conducted by Rev. E. F. Randolph of Alfred Station; William Thompson of Hebron, Pa.; Donald Phillips, Hartsville; and Alton Wheeler and Charles Bond of Alfred.

Special music was given at the young people's program by a quartet from Little Genesee. The Alfred choir, under the direction of Professor Wingate, furnished music at the regular church service, and a men's chorus gave three numbers at the laymen's hour in the afternoon. Mrs. Donald Phillips sang on the night after Sabbath and a duet was rendered by young people from Alfred Sunday morning.

The officers elected for the coming year are: Moderator, Wayne N. Crandall; recording secretary, Miss Martha Bottoms; assistant recording secretary, Miss Hilda Clarke; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Edna Pierce; and treasurer, Elmer F. Cowles.

—Andover News.

QUARTERLY MEETING

The quarterly meeting of the southern Wisconsin and Chicago churches will be held with the Walworth Church July 25 and 26. The young people of the Walworth Church will provide the program Friday night. Rev. N. N. Bartel, acting pastor of the Walworth Church, will preach Sabbath morning. Dinner will be served at noon, and the business session will be held at 1.30 p.m. A program is being arranged for 2 o'clock, and the young people of the quarterly meeting will arrange the program for 3 o'clock.

Robert E. Greene,
Secretary-Treasurer.

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No. 3



DR. J. NELSON NORWOOD

President of Alfred University

(See "Who's Who" in this Recorder.)

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