

and to date two gifts have been received: \$25 from J. F. Whitford and \$5 from Fanny Whitford. Other contributions may be sent either to Chairman Frank Voorhies or to your pastor.—Excerpts from News-o-gram.

#### London, England

During the first three months of the year the services of the Mill Yard Church were conducted regularly at the Upper Holloway Baptist Church every Sabbath afternoon, and also the morning services at Dollis Hill.

Westfield Baptist Mission was addressed on the third Sunday of every month, and another invitation was received to speak to the Brotherhood which meets in the Westbury Avenue Baptist church on Sunday, March 28. This Brotherhood has lately resumed its meetings after having had to close during the winter months.

Work with our book on the religious history of Scotland has been continued in the city by the pastor who has systematically canvassed the offices and workshops between Bishopsgate and Holborn. From the proceeds £20 was sent to help our mission work in British Guiana, according to the decision recorded in our last report.

Among letters received and answered was one from a brother in New Zealand where the witness is being maintained.—Excerpts from the Sabbath Observer.

#### Alfred, N. Y.

"It seems that the army is making plans to place four hundred men in training here," said President J. Nelson Norwood in announcing to the faculty the recent visit of five more army inspectors.

"No contracts have been presented as yet," he stated, "but the attitude of this group was that there was a probability of completing arrangements and sending men sometime in June."

Among the five army representatives was Lt. Col. John B. Grier, who, under the commanding general of the Second Service Command, has full charge of the army specialized training program for the area.

Alfred University originally offered to take two hundred fifty men, a group which the Alfred administration estimated could be housed and fed in the two college dormitories. Army representatives, after examining building plans and buildings, estimated that four hundred men could be cared for.

"We will take four hundred men if the army sends them, even if we have to increase both facilities and staff," was the opinion expressed by President Norwood.

Among facility changes which might be necessary would be double-deck beds, long tables and benches in the dining room instead of the present small tables and chairs, and additional refrigeration. The army advised feeding the men all in The Brick dining room, cafeteria style, in two 200-man shifts for each meal.—Alfred Sun.

#### GOD'S RATION BOOK

God has only one ration. Only one coupon is needed. That coupon is salvation. The book that tells of this ration is the Bible. The one requirement is belief in the Lord Jesus Christ as one's personal Savior.

The book is for all who read or listen. The coupon may be used at any time one is ready to fill the requirement. It is a gift of God—the gift of his Son—for all who believe and accept. The summary of the ration is told in John 3: 16 to 21.

Only one ration—but it gives abundance! We can have all we want! Read from God's Ration Book concerning some of the things of abundance.

Oil—Psalm 23: 5  
Bread—John 6: 35  
Fruit—Galatians 5: 22  
Armor—Ephesians 6: 11-17  
Joy—1 John 1: 4  
Light—John 8: 12  
Life—Galatians 2: 20  
and many more.

God's ration brings abundance. It is for all who will believe. It is for you. Do you have it?

Trevah R. Sutton.

#### MARRIAGES

**Lusic - Davis.** — Corporal Rudolph F. Lusic of Aberdeen Proving Grounds, Md., and Dorothy J. Davis of Boulder, Colo., were united in marriage at Main Chapel, Aberdeen Proving Grounds, on April 3, 1943. Chaplain Robert J. Keeler officiated. Mrs. Lusic is living at 1 Rigdon Road, Aberdeen, Md., and is working in an office in connection with the proving grounds there.

**Watkins - Kolvoord.** — Donald Watkins and Christine Kolvoord, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ben Kolvoord, were united in marriage in the Seventh Day Baptist church of Battle Creek by Pastor G. D. Hargis on April 17, 1943.

# The Sabbath Recorder

Vol. 134

PLAINFIELD, N. J., MAY 31, 1943

No. 22

## GOD ONLY

By Charles Wesley

Lord, in the strength of grace,  
With a glad heart and free,  
Myself, my residue of days,  
I consecrate to thee.

Thy ransomed servant, I  
Restore to thee thine own;  
And from this moment live or die  
To serve my God alone.

(Contributed by Pearle Halladay.)

## Contents

Editorials.—God with Us.—Need of Evangelism.—Observations by the Corresponding Secretary	358-360
Tribute to Bishop A. W. Leonard	360
Woman's Work.—The Home in a World at War	361
Historical Society	362
Pacific Coast Association	362
Christianity Called Inadequate	363
Young People's Work.—Lights On!—Thoughts for C. E., June 12	364
C. E. Thoughts for Monthly Consecration Meeting, June 5	365
Children's Page.—Our Letter Exchange	366
"Lucky Generation"	367
Our Pulpit.—The Sower and the Fertile Soil	369
Denominational "Hook-up"	371
Marriages	372
Obituary	372

# The Sabbath Recorder

A Seventh Day Baptist Weekly Published by the American Sabbath Tract Society, Plainfield, N. J.

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  
Mrs. Walter L. Greene Jeanett B. Dickinson (Acting)

Per Year.....\$2.50 Six Months.....\$1.25

Postage to Canada and foreign countries 50 cents per year additional.

Subscriptions will be discontinued at date of expiration when so requested.

All subscriptions will be discontinued one year after date to which payment is made unless expressly renewed.

All communications, whether on business or for publication, should be addressed to the Sabbath Recorder, Plainfield, N. J.

Entered as second-class matter at Plainfield, N. J.

Vol. 134, No. 22

Established in 1844

Whole No. 5,035

## EDITORIALS

### GOD WITH US

That's what Emmanuel means. Jesus said just before his earthly departure, "I am with you always." That is a comforting thought. One who was making a heroic struggle against heavy odds is reported as saying, "I could go on indefinitely if I thought God was watching." Well, he is watching over us, and he cares. Jesus meant to encourage this faith when he said that God takes notice of the sparrow's fall. And we have every right to be strengthened and encouraged by Jesus' assertion, "My Father worketh hitherto and I work." When I was a boy, it meant more than the mere expediting of the work when Father came into the field and hoed by my side. He cared, and cheered the spirit drooping in the hot sun. It is known that the King of England regularly punches the time clock each evening at six, after his usual duties as a ruler are done. What a thrill it must give all his people to know he shares with so many of them long hours at work in a defense plant. "My Father worketh hitherto and I work." Good news indeed for the Christian, often tired, disappointed, and discouraged as he gets the message—and let him tell it to others, "Our God and King is working with us."

He works with us and through us, even in these war-torn, tragic days. Blasphemous is the assertion of a so-called Christian leader, lambasting an organization which he opposes for the pacifism with which it is charged, when he says, "It's right for our boys to kill Germans and Italians and Japanese." He

holds that it is God's will that this be, and that the Bible teaches it. This would seem to out-Lucifer Lucifer. Prejudice and hate work terrible havoc when entertained and let loose in winning some point.

We are desperately out for our country, and we believe that there are terrible things to do in order to lessen the chance for other and more terrible things to be perpetrated. We believe God is in this war to bring better things to pass than we would let him bring in normal, peaceful ways. But it's not his will, we affirm. "The days of their sin God winked at." He overlooked some things because of the ignorance of his people. We have come far (or have we) from the days of Jael and Sisera; the extermination of the Jebusite and Amalekite.

Great principles through which God worked were laid down in the Decalogue. When Jesus came he said, "Ye have heard it said in old time, Thou shalt not kill, but I say unto you, Thou shalt not hate." One who holds hatred is a potential killer. Did he who said this repudiate it by saying, "But now take your purse and your sword"? Balance his teachings one with another, and the preponderance is against killing. "He that taketh the sword must perish by the sword." He who could have called legions of angels to his defense, refused—even unto an ignoble form of death.

God is working with us and in some way, somewhere and time, his purposes will be more clearly seen. God is not responsible for this war, or our killing of one another. "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." We sowed the wind. We are reaping a tornado.

### NEED OF EVANGELISM

(Guest editorial)

Religion is largely a matter of the heart. Appeals made through the intellect alone have some effect, especially upon adults, but unless the heart is touched the percentage of those accepting Christ as a Savior will be small. Evangelism—"Zeal in Spreading the Gospel," is absolutely essential if people are to be brought to a saving knowledge of Jesus Christ. It was so in the days of the apostles and is true today. To be an evangelist, a person must believe in his work and become enthusiastic about it. Peter and other great evangelists of the early Christian era, the same as those of modern times, were inspired. Some denominations profess not to believe in revivals, and yet a few years ago the Episcopal Church carried on the Bishops' Crusade and greatly inspired and rejuvenated that church. The Catholic Church has sessions of a week or more at a time when special effort is put forth to make converts and rejuvenate the old members. True, the Catholic Church, the Episcopal Church, and the several Lutheran denominations have catechisms and teach their young people their tenets so that when they come to years of understanding these young people know why they are Episcopalians, Lutherans, and Catholics. Sabbath schools and Sunday schools are important, but how much can young people learn in a half hour each week in reading verses of Scripture and commenting upon them? It is easy to get the wrong idea of what these verses mean from precursory discussions of this kind, even though guided by the teacher of the class and by the comments found in the Helping Hand and other publications. Often, even these comments are but lightly studied. Over enthusiasm by evangelists who have made superficial, emotional appeals has not always had a lasting effect upon the new converts. This is to be deplored. There is a difference between emotionalism and inspiration, and the logical, inspirational addresses given by the really consecrated men of God have been the means of bringing many souls into the kingdom of Christ. The need in all churches is for careful training in the beliefs of the church by catechism or some equally effective method and then the inspirational appeal to the heart. Perhaps the need is not to go back to the old-fashioned revival, and yet my father was most effective in earnestly

preaching the word, bringing people to Christ, and in reviving those who had become cold. When he and Elder Seager, a fine singer in his early years, carried on evangelistic meetings, people were brought to Christ and into the church. So, too, was it with Elder Simeon Babcock, O. U. Whitford, Lester Randolph, E. B. Saunders, and many others. If our churches are to grow in grace, increase in membership and enthusiasm, there must be a great renewal of evangelistic effort. Sin must be called by its right name and Christ must be recognized as the true Divine Son of the Living God. Anyone who has doubts about these truths cannot convince others. This evangelistic work must not be left to the ministers, but every Christian should freely admit he is a Christian and use his influence to bring others to Christ. Do we do it? No! At least, not as consistently or as enthusiastically as we should.

H. N. Wheeler.

### OBSERVATIONS BY THE CORRESPONDING SECRETARY

Des Moines, Iowa

Speaking of friendliness and courtesy—I seldom have found more courteous, friendly treatment among total strangers than I found in Des Moines, Iowa's capital city of two hundred thousand people, spread over an astonishing number of square miles of deep, black soil of the rolling prairie land "where the tall corn grows."

Just one hundred years ago the nucleus of this city was established when a fort was built to protect the Sacs and Fox Indian tribes. According to old Indian stories, the river on whose banks the fort was built was known as the "Moingona." Later it was shortened to "Moin" by French explorers who called the stream "la rivière des moins." Gradually the settlement became known as Des Moines and the river now bears the same name.

Eighty-seven per cent of the city's population, according to a statement of the chamber of commerce, are native born. Seventy-five years ago the city was incorporated. Many leading business men of today are of the second generation from the pioneers.

By an act of Congress in 1900, Fort Des Moines was established as a cavalry post. Ten miles north of the city was established Camp Dodge, used as a cantonment for training of the men during the first World



War. It is now an induction and reception center for the United States Army.

Des Moines appears to be ideally civic minded. Facing the river, near the city's center, are to be seen the beautiful and imposing municipal building, the public library, the post office, the coliseum, and a new federal courthouse. The sixty-year-old gold-turreted capitol sits on a hill overlooking a part of the city.

Some of the streets are named for Presidents, and if one knows his American history they make it easy for him to find his way around. Others are named for famous universities, Oxford, Cambridge, Cornell, Drake, etc. Perhaps had I gone far enough I might have found Alfred or Milton.

Des Moines is in the heart of the corn belt, and besides many other kinds of manufactures are to be found food factories. Mr. Elmer Juhl, a Sabbath keeper seeking affiliation with Seventh Day Baptists, in a modest way is manufacturing soybean food products. Five local bakeries are making and distributing soy-wheat bread from his flour, and the strongest line of a cafeteria system in the city and the West is featuring his "Soyota," soy-wheat cereal, soy-wheat bread, baked beans, and "Soy Cup." He is on the ground floor of this industry. Not only is he interested in this production, but also in a system of Bible study by which interested young people can become equipped for life service in Christ's kingdom, at the same time paying their own way and promoting the soybean industry.

When Congress decided to organize and train women to serve in the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps, Des Moines was selected for the center of such training. Fort Des Moines was remodeled, three hotels and several other buildings in the city were taken over, and Des Moines became the home of the WAACs serving in all parts of the world as a part of the army. They are greatly in evidence—blondes, brunettes, colored. As someone humorously suggests—like down on "Old MacDonald's Farm"—here a WAAC, there a WAAC, everywhere a WAAC, WAAC. They are a fine looking group of young women, with efficiency and determination quite plainly written in their faces.

Before we reached Iowa, rain-soaked, flood-plagued Illinois was crossed and thousands of acres of crops and tillable land were

under water. In Peoria, floods licked the pavement near the Rock Island station. Yet I observed no grouching or too-long faces. America takes its losses and discouragements in its stride. The "Rocket" from here on to Des Moines had no seats, but standing room, for some of us unfortunates. So for four or five hours a suitcase, the courtesy of some army chap, and dining car service, only, kept me from tiresome standing. Friends in Peoria (old North Loupers) and in Henry (Wisconsin people) were called upon.

And so I came to Des Moines, three days from home, and was met by the entire family of Brother Elmer Juhl, identifying themselves by displaying Sabbath Recorders and a "Helping Hand." So here were some of the people whom I had come one thousand miles or more to see. More about the interests they represent will be written later.

A comfortable home was found with one of our older ministers, Rev. Riley G. Davis, whom I had known in earlier days. Back in earlier parts of the century he pastored churches in West Virginia, central New York, and Pennsylvania. In his comfortable home at 402 E. Aurora Avenue he has built up a bearing orchard, raised bees, fine garden products, and been a living testimony of Christian Seventh Day Baptist loyalty. For many years he worshiped with the Church of God and was their pastor and preacher on his own support. His life-long companion was called home four years ago, since when he has lived and carried on alone. He is now eighty years of age, still faithful. We praise the Lord for such lives. A son and daughter-in-law live some blocks away and manifest their love and care in many ways.

H. C. V. H.

#### TRIBUTE TO BISHOP A. W. LEONARD

The tragic death of Bishop Adna W. Leonard on May 3, in the midst of his visit to the chaplains overseas was a climax of sacrificial devotion to the work of the Church and its chaplains. He is as truly a martyr as the historic figures of the past who gave their lives to the Christian cause. He undertook the perilous global flight at the direct request of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America and the General Commission on Army and Navy Chaplains. The sole purpose of the trip was to help the Protestant chaplains in their service

## WOMAN'S WORK

Mrs. Okey W. Davis, Salem, W. Va.

### THE HOME IN A WORLD AT WAR

"Except the Lord build the house  
They labor in vain who build it."

Psalm 127: 1.

May, 1943, lays on each one of us, as church women, a unique compulsion to save our own homes and the homes of humanity. The greatest of all storms, the storm of war, has descended with devastating force upon all homes. Do you know that:

The family is war's first casualty?

War industry has uprooted 500,000 families?

Children are exposed to neglect, danger, and excitement?

Delinquency and crime are on the increase? Seven million men and boys have been called from their homes?

War has come to every woman's home—to your home and to my home?

Therefore, let us strengthen the foundations of the home lest this occur: "And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell; and great was the fall of it."

Scriptural selections: Luke 2: 40-52; Matthew 5: 3-16; and Psalm 91 point to child training, right living, courage, and comfort in dangerous times, definite guidance to home builders.

While the fullness of the storm is drawing nearer to America and hearts are heavy with foreboding—let us listen to a voice that comes from out the center of the fury. A British soldier in the Libyan campaign writes his wife describing a service of worship in which soldiers and airmen have taken part.

Over all there is a feeling of genuine, wholesome religion; a getting together with God—and through him getting in touch with home. Out here all of us are just doing our bit and all on Sunday night I'm sure are thinking of our homes. And that service, just one magnificent wholehearted prayer for our families at home! It was all alive, all true, all wonderful! Why shouldn't the home village service be the same? Out here the Church is giving the lead and delivering the goods—the whole lot of us feeling it—meaning it—doing it—loving it.

Now, if ever, the whole body of the Church just must get together, man, woman, parson, child—the whole village—the whole of England and realize what a mighty co-operative effort is needed

to the men in our armed forces by conveying in person the grateful affection and prayerful support of the churches.

Bishop Leonard had been entrusted with this unique responsibility in behalf of American Protestantism at a meeting of the General Commission on Army and Navy Chaplains held in Washington on March 12, and at a meeting of the Federal Council's Executive Committee held in New York on March 16. He accepted the assignment with enthusiasm although fully aware of its hazards, because of his eager desire to be of every possible assistance to the men who represent the Church today in the most difficult and dangerous outposts.

As chairman of the Methodist Commission on Chaplains and the Methodist Commission on War Activities, Bishop Leonard had dedicated himself to the strengthening of the work of the chaplains in his own denomination. When, two years ago, he became chairman of the General Commission on Army and Navy Chaplains, representing thirty-one denominations, he gave unstinted devotion to the interests of all the Protestant chaplains. The visit overseas was only the culmination of many months of service. Leaving our shores the middle of April, he had already met with chaplains in England and Ireland and was on his way to Iceland, in company with Lt. Gen. Frank M. Andrews, when the fatal accident occurred. His subsequent itinerary, if he had been able to complete it, would have taken him to Northern Africa, the Near East, India, and China.

There is tragedy in Bishop Leonard's passing, but there is far more of glory than of tragedy. It should serve to mobilize the whole Church for a more effective support of the cause for which he gladly gave his life.—Samuel McCrea Cavert, General Secretary of Federal Council of Churches.

#### COMBINATION OFFER

Sabbath Recorder, 1 Year .....\$2.50  
Protestant Voice, 1 Year ..... 2.00

Total .....\$4.50

Both papers for one year for only \$3.50

(The Protestant Voice is an interdenominational weekly, eight page, eight-column religious newspaper.)

if this world of ours is to be a decent world for us all when this war madness is over. The Church is the only co-operative body of us all that can lead, and do, and act. Give this to the padre and tell him to put it across.

"For other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ."

\* \* \*

"And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell not: for it was founded upon a rock."

### HISTORICAL SOCIETY

By Corliss F. Randolph

#### Seventh Day Independents

The "Church of Seventh Day Independents" very thinly veils the Mill Yard Seventh Day Baptist Church, of London, England, in a novel of social life, entitled "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," by Sir Walter Besant, published in London, in 1882. The minister of the church, Rev. Percival Hermitage, somewhat resembles Mill Yard's minister of that day, Rev. William M. Jones. But Miss Rebekah Hermitage, daughter of Rev. Percival Hermitage, and the efficient overseer of a successful, but highly idealized, co-operative dress-making establishment in London's then notorious East End, is wholly fictitious. Doctor Jones had no daughter.

The Seventh Day Independents are represented as highly puritanical, though it is frankly admitted that "the Fourth Commandment has never been abolished any more than the rest of them." And that it is a "wonder the bishops don't take it up." The Seventh Day Baptist Independents were considerably tolerant of non-Sabbath observers.

The description of the interior of the chapel of this congregation is in full detail, and probably quite accurately corresponds with that of Mill Yard's old chapel in Goodman's Fields. Doubtless the author had visited a service at Mill Yard. Indeed, unless we are much mistaken, Doctor Jones and Sir Walter Besant were personally acquainted.

"All Sorts and Conditions of Men" is admittedly the best of the author's numerous works. The "Palace of Delight," which it describes, foreshadowed the "People's Palace," at Mile End, London, which was opened by Queen Victoria in 1887, and of which Sir Walter Besant was an original trustee.

Though written more than sixty years ago, this is still an interesting story, well worth reading, or re-reading if read in the long ago.

#### Union Academy, Shiloh, N. J.

Through the courtesy of Dean A. E. Whitford, of Alfred University, the Historical Society is in receipt of Anniversary Programs of Union Academy, Shiloh, N. J., for the years 1864-1869, inclusive. They were accompanied by a half-page clipping from the "Central New Jersey Times," Plainfield, N. J., January 11, 1872, containing a "Historical Sketch of The Seventh Day Baptist Church in America, on the occasion of its two hundredth birth-day, Dec. 23, 1871, by Rev. L. A. Platts." These are most welcome gifts.

### PACIFIC COAST ASSOCIATION

History may not repeat itself, but the Lord has a way of repeating his blessings whenever his children earnestly seek him. The meetings of the Pacific Coast Association, April 9-11, were another evidence of this truth. The sessions were presided over by the president, W. Ray Rood, and the theme was "The Place of Christianity in World Affairs." From the first thoughtful sermon by Rev. Denton Lee to the closing testimony meeting led by Mrs. Joan Wilhite, there seemed to be a growing sense of the presence of God among us.

The music was in charge of the chorister of the Riverside Church, Miss Bernice Brewer, and brought us a rich blessing both in choir numbers and in special group singing.

Following the opening sermon by Brother Lee, there was a testimony meeting led by Rev. E. S. Ballenger, which concluded the meeting Friday night. Services on Sabbath began with the Sabbath school hour in charge of Superintendent W. R. Rood. Paul Henry thrilled our hearts by playing on his trumpet, "The Holy City." Then followed a challenging message by Mrs. Madeline Robinson. After luncheon in the church basement, we listened to messages from Rev. B. B. Friesen, and Rev. W. R. Robinson. Again our hearts were uplifted by the messages of these two brethren. In the late afternoon came a vesper in charge of Bernice Brewer—a varied program of inspiring music both instrumental and vocal, the vocal numbers including solos, duets, a male chorus, and a number by the combined choirs of Riverside and Los Angeles. In the evening came the young peo-

ple's program in charge of Mrs. Ernestine Henry. Needless to say, this again was a spiritual feast. One outstanding feature was a series of sermonettes given by the juniors, who used various natural subjects as the basis of their talks.

At the business meeting Sunday morning Rev. B. B. Friesen was elected president of the association for the coming year, and the routine business of the body was conducted.

Then came one of the most spiritual feasts of the whole association, when Doctor Palmberg talked to us about Madame Chiang Kai-shek, who was just then so prominent in the daily news. "Through the visit of this outstanding Christian Chinese woman millions of Americans have acquired a new appreciation of the value of Christian missions in the Far East. All the arguments against foreign missions dissolve when confronted with the simple fact that Madame Chiang Kai-shek is a Christian."

After luncheon in the basement again, an earnest session of prayer was led by R. C. Brewer. Pastor L. F. Hurley brought the closing message, and Mrs. Joan Wilhite led a deeply spiritual meeting of testimony and praise.

Gas rationing was very evident in a lessened attendance this year, Rev. B. B. Friesen being the only delegate outside of the Southern California area, and yet our delegation came from some fourteen different places where Seventh Day Baptists reside. God hasten the day when each family or individual may prove to be the beginning of a new Seventh Day Baptist Church in these towns which now have none. The meetings of our association were sufficiently challenging to have placed that goal in the hearts of many.

Loyal F. Hurley,

Corresponding Secretary.

### CHRISTIANITY CALLED INADEQUATE

#### A "Heathen Chinese" Speaks!

Lin Yutang, who is not a Christian, is one of China's most powerful representatives in this country. He recently, in "Common Sense," criticized Christianity thus:

"Will Christianity help? I doubt it, for two reasons. It is trite to say that Christian teachings have never been tried. Well, then, do we mean to give them a trial? Everyone knows that the answer is 'No.' The fact is,

we have come to the point where it is impossible to imagine Christian action motivating practical politics. Moreover, in spite of the democratic system of government, even western politics always reflect the worst, not the best, in a nation.

"It does not matter that the average American man-in-the-street, for instance, believes in God, has regard for justice and kindness, does not give a hoot for empire, and is even capable of enthusiasm for a true brotherhood of mankind. The pity of it is that, even in a democratic nation, government policies do not reflect the moral standard of the people. A few diplomats shut up in a foreign office, telling the country that they 'have all the facts,' can cook up anything for the people to suffer in the name of 'expediency.'

"It does not matter that the people of England did not want to sell out Czechoslovakia; a few diplomats could and did sell it out. No matter that the people of the United States were, in the years 1937-41, wholeheartedly against sending scrap iron and oil to Japan; scrap iron and oil were sold to Japan in the name of expediency. It does not matter that the overwhelming majority of public opinion is for treating China on a basis of equality; a few wily politicians can go on comfortably and securely with their own policy of 'global strategy' for China.

"Everybody in the world must realize that unless we turn our backs on power politics, a third world war is in the offing; yet at present, certain quarters responsible for allied strategy are proceeding with a very worldly-wise policy. They would see to it that, though Japan is defeated, China (or Asia) will be kept down, in line with traditional power politics. So what is the good of Christianity? Christianity in the western world has definitely no place in the practical affairs of men."

This sharp criticism of a western-trained non-Christian Chinese mind, tells us what Madame Chiang Kai-shek would like to have said, but didn't dare to do so.—Civic Bulletin.

### SABBATH SCHOOL LESSON

FOR JUNE 12, 1943

God's Exceeding Great Promises. Scripture—2 Peter 1: 1-11.

Golden Text—2 Peter 1: 4.



## YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

Jeanett B. Dickinson, Acting Editor  
Route 3, Bridgeton, N. J.

Please send all material and suggestions to the above address.

### LIGHTS ON!

By Alice Annette Larkin

It was the first trial blackout in the little town. In one of the friendly houses on a maple-shaded street a small girl pressed her face against the window-pane and stared into the darkness. She had been quite excited when someone called, "Lights out everywhere except in the living room!" and immediately she had slipped into the den to see if the lights in other houses had gone out. Yes, they had—it seemed as if they went almost by magic—so suddenly did everything become dark, and how dark it was! It was like the little old lady who was visiting Jimmy said it was when she was a girl and there were no street lights, and people didn't have lights in some of their rooms except when there was special company.

Suddenly the small girl turned away from the window, just as suddenly to turn back. For the first time she looked up at the sky, and there, shining more brightly than she had ever known them to shine, were thousands and thousands of stars. God's lamps, the little old lady at Jimmy's house had called them—"lamps that He never turns out." Sometimes we cannot see them because there are clouds in the way, but we know they are there.

The small girl watched the stars a moment longer, her face pressed against the window-pane, then she returned to the living room to tell the rest of the family about God's lamps and the little old lady. When the blackout was over and she and the other children had gone to bed, her mother remarked, "Strange how Peggy Anne remembered all those things about the stars, wasn't it? I rather dreaded the blackout on her account."

"You needn't worry about Peggy Anne as long as she remembers that God's lamps are burning," replied Peggy Anne's father. "But say, I'd completely forgotten that I have a letter here from Uncle Henry. Suppose we have a look at it." And taking an envelope from his pocket, he hastily removed several closely written pages. "Listen, Ruth,"

he exclaimed, "this fits right in with what Peggy Anne has been telling us. Uncle Henry writes:"

I see by your letter that you are having a blackout next Monday night. Hope you're all ready for whatever may come. I had an interesting experience the other night, one I shall remember a long time. I had the good fortune to meet Dick Wentworth, a classmate who went to India soon after graduation. Illness brought him back to this country some time ago, and he's been living in a quiet little place, trying to regain his strength and do a bit of writing.

We got to talking about the war and conditions in the world today and he said, "We sometimes forget that this is still God's world and he has not forgotten it. We have forgotten him and we must come back to him. It has taken tragedy and darkness all over the earth to make us realize this fact. He expects us to let our lights shine, and so many of us have failed him. His first great blessing was light. Today we are told that the lights are going out all over the world, and it seems startlingly true that they are.

"I have seen many kinds of lights as I have traveled from one place to another. One of the strangest lamps I ever saw was in India. There we find the deadly cobra, the snake that is worshiped by the Hindus in order that they may be guarded from danger. When a native has to go out after dark, he carries in one hand a little lamp, holding it just ahead of him, and he looks carefully for the cobra that may be curled up in the path the bright sunshine has warmed during the day. In his other hand he has a bamboo cane with which to protect himself from the cobra. He will not hurt it but will prod it gently until it crawls out of his way. The lamp he carries is only half of a coconut shell filled with oil, with a cotton wick inserted and the outside end lighted. A string is put through holes bored in the shell by which to carry the lamp. It is a very crude lamp, but it has been the means of saving many, many lives. In this darkened world today are enemies as deadly as the cobra, and we need to light our lamps before it is too late. It won't do to say that these lamps are too small or too weak to be of any use.

"We cannot say that these lamps are few, for they are many. There are lamps of friendship and faith and truth and tolerance and courage.

"Let us ask ourselves if our lamps of faith are burning as brightly as they should be—faith in God, faith in our fellow men, faith that right will prevail—faith that, however dark the night may be, joy cometh in the morning. Countless numbers of suffering people in other lands have this faith.

"There are lamps of tolerance we must light. There is no room in our lives for race prejudices or hatred of other people. We are all children of one Father." But I cannot tell you all Dick said [the letter went on]; it was a great lesson to me, and I have something to help me remember it, for just before he hurried away to catch his train he handed me a little poem, a copy of which I am sending you. While blackouts are absolutely necessary for our protection, and "Lights Out!" may be heard on every hand, another order is

essential if we are to survive spiritually—"Lights On!"

The little lamps of friendship  
We light along our way  
Go shining on far down the years  
And brighten every day.  
'Tis love that keeps them burning,  
And sympathy and trust;  
God help us that no lamp goes out  
Because we let it rust.

The little lamps of courage  
We try to light each day  
May seem so dim and flickering  
They'll show no one the way,  
But being brave for others  
Oft makes us braver, too.  
God let no heart be filled with fear  
Because of me or you.

The little glowing lamps of faith  
We light along our way  
May help to light another lamp  
In some one's life today,  
For faith grows ever stronger  
When other lives can share;  
God help us that no faith shall fail  
Because we did not care.

O little lamps of friendship,  
Of faith and courage, too,  
Go shining on through darkened hours  
And kindle lights anew.  
God bless you as you journey;  
In him we put our trust;  
God help us that no lamp goes out  
Because we let it rust.

—The Westerly Sun.

### THOUGHTS FOR C. E. — JUNE 12

#### Standard Topic: What Makes a Church Strong?

(Most of us who discuss this topic will be active church members. We have asked a lone Sabbath keeper to share with us her thoughts so we might use them with our own.)

By Pearle Halladay

Just imagine you are sitting beside me on this lovely Sabbath afternoon and we are talking this matter over. What makes a strong church? What can be done to make it stronger?

As you well know the church is more than a building, no matter how beautiful it may be. The real church is living people who believe in a living God. Each individual must truly believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and accept him as his Savior and Friend. Loving him best and keeping him first will help us to love each other better, and if we truly love each other we will be patient, thoughtful, and helpful. We will be forgiving and willing to ask forgiveness if we have been unfair to others. Sometimes we are

neglectful and thoughtless when we do not mean to be and are ashamed and sorry, but we just can't admit it; so it would seem humility would make for a stronger church. If we can have peace in our own hearts we can help others to peace and strength.

As love is the "fulfilling of the law," so it is a sure and steadfast foundation of any church.

We must each "give of our best to the Master"; be willing to take a minor part and not envy others who hold more prominent places. Remember a "mite" may not always be money; it may be just a small place that we can fill. Helping others to find something they can do will tie them closer to the church. They will feel they are really a part of God's family.

Always the individual must be considered. What would be helpful to some would be just the reverse to others, and if we want a strong church we **must** have unity. Remember, Jesus said, "A house divided against itself cannot stand." Unity does not mean that there is merely no disagreement; there must be a goal that all are earnestly trying to reach.

The goal of the church is an eternal heavenly home and making every effort possible to lead others to start on the heavenly road and keep steadily and faithfully on the upward way. Wonderful Home—blessed privilege! In order to make a strong church I would say, On these two commandments hang all: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself."

Route 1,  
Stevens Point, Wis.

"We have need of new life from Christ in our nation." A new power needed—in personal life.

### C. E. THOUGHTS FOR MONTHLY CONSECRATION MEETING

Sabbath, June 5, 1943

Willing Consecration

"... And who then is willing to consecrate his service this day unto the Lord?" 1 Chronicles 29: 5.

This call for workers was given out by King David when he was making preparation for the building of the temple by his

son Solomon. A great and magnificent structure was to be built. David was very much concerned that God should have a beautiful building in which he might dwell among them, and where his people could gather to worship. But God had told him that because he had been a "man of war" he could not take part in the actual building of it, but that his son Solomon should do the building. Nevertheless, David did not lay aside all responsibility even though he was nearing the end of his life, but he went on making preparations for the great work that was to be carried on after his death. The burning ambition of his soul to do something for his God so influenced the people of Israel that when he made the call, "Who then is willing to consecrate his service this day unto the Lord? . . . the people rejoiced, for that they offered willingly."

I am sure that this is the kind of service our God wishes from us today—not only consecration—but **willing** consecration. Do we give ourselves and all that we have to him willingly, or do we perform certain religious acts because we believe that it is the duty of a Christian to do thus and so?

Our God wishes willing, voluntary service. He never forces or drives one to serve him. Jesus never commands—he invites. He said, "Come unto me."

I met a young lady recently whose husband is in the service of his country. For the present at least he is permitted to come home to her every week-end. She made this statement to me, "I live only for the week-end." That is my idea of willing consecration. If we live only for the precious moments we can spend in meditation and communion with our God, and look forward longingly for the time when we shall be with him always, I am sure that this ambition will cause us to work ever more earnestly for God, that others might come to know and love him.

Let us answer the call by giving ourselves to him in willing consecration.

Nellie R. Kimshel.

Durham, Conn.

What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?—Micah 6: 8.

## CHILDREN'S PAGE

Mrs. Walter L. Greene, Andover, N. Y.

### OUR LETTER EXCHANGE

Dear Mrs. Greene:

I have written to you before, a long time ago, but I'll write again although I'm not a child now; anyhow I don't think so. Maybe some people think so. This is Friday night and so I decided I'd write to you as I have nothing else to do.

I stayed with my aunt at Little Rock all summer. I really had fun. I took piano lessons from another aunt who lives there.

In school I am a sophomore and take Geometry, Home Economics II, English, World History, and Public Speaking. I like Public Speaking best.

Our Home Economics Club is sponsoring a sale of War Stamps in the school every Monday. The sophomore class has been having a contest, the boys against the girls, and we ended it last week. The girls won. The boys gave us a wiener roast and they did a better job of entertaining than any of us thought they could.

I go to Sabbath school and church and that is about all we have, for there are not very many in our church.

I would like to write to someone who is about my age. So every one write to me.

I am fifteen, about 5 foot, 4 inches, light brown hair, hazel eyes, and like all sports and music.

As ever, a reader of your page,

Jean Ratliff.

Gentry, Ark.

Dear Jean:

Well, when I was fifteen, I did not think of myself as a child; in fact I thought I was quite grown up; but now I speak about "high school children," so you can guess what I think at the present time. I also feel that I am not old, even though my hair is grey, but I notice that others do not agree with me. My six year old granddaughter tells me, "You look older, Grandma, but you don't act old."

Our school children here are buying War Stamps every week, both the high school and grade pupils, and what room do you think has bought the most War Stamps? You'll be surprised to know that it is the kindergarten. Perhaps their parents have a good deal to do with that.

Our American Legion and Auxiliary have been sponsoring a poster contest among school children for Poppy Day. The first and third prizes went to grade pupils and the second prize to a high school pupil.

The young people of the Seventh Day Baptist Western Association met at Alfred for supper at six thirty last night, followed by an evening meeting. About seventy-five young people attended. Our Andover young people reported a very inspiring meeting and an enjoyable time. Some of the young people attended another meeting this morning but only one of our girls was able to stay over for it, but I understand it was well attended.

I hope some of my Recorder young people will write to you. I could mention several Recorder young people who gained lasting friendships through correspondence with others whose letters they first read in the Sabbath Recorder.

Your sincere friend,

Mizpah S. Greene.

Dear Mrs. Greene:

This is about the third time I have written to you. I like to read the Children's Page very much.

The girls in my schoolroom and I are going to have a canning club. We are going to learn to can in our homes and by the end of the summer the leader will decide which one is able to can the best and will give a prize to her. I hope to win, although I am only nine and in the fourth grade.

Very sincerely yours,

Isabell Marie Bee.

Meadowdale School,  
Fairmont, W. Va.

Dear Isabell:

I'm sure your canning club will be a very worth-while organization. We surely need all the home canned foods we can get and what a help it will be to have girls who can do a good job of canning on their own. It will be nice if you can win a prize; but in this kind of contest, as in many others, all may win the prize of work well done.

I am always pleased to have my Recorder children say, "I like to read the Children's Page," and your letters help to make it readable not only for other children but for many grown-ups as well. You would be

surprised, as I often am, to know how many people read the Children's Page you help to make.

Here I am at the bottom of my page so I must halt.

Your sincere friend,

Mizpah S. Greene.

### "LUCKY GENERATION"

Millions of Chinese have given up their homes to seek freedom in West China. Among these refugees have been thousands of Christian students and teachers. The world of the future will be a better place because of their faith and their courage.

This great migration constitutes one of the most important events of our generation. We are happy to share with you the following brief reports written by a teacher and a student of Yenching University.

\* \* \*

#### Chen Yu Ming's Journey

I am Chen Yu Ming, a third year pre-medical student. I left Peiping on the 18th of July, 1941, on the one o'clock train of the Peiping Hankow railroad to Changte, Hunan province. Then by bus I went to a small town about 100 Chinese li (3 li equal to 1 mile) away from Changte where I met several Japanese soldiers and was kept in prison for eight hours. Fortunately, on account of some Chinese friends' help I got through the front line during the night by walking about 150 Chinese li to Ling-hsian. After staying there for three days, twenty of our young students, most of them were middle school students who escaped from Peiping, walked for eight days and nights to Lo-yang. It was indeed an adventurous trip, yet awfully precious to me. Most of our travel was during the night. We walked across the high mountains and although it was summer time, we had to put our winter clothes on. Sometimes we had for our meal just one or two pieces of dry bread under the shadow of a tree. Sometimes we slept beside cow sheds. The most dangerous night was the night we crossed the railroad. Although we had walked about 100 Chinese li already in the daytime, yet we had to continue our way in the night. The universe was so quiet that we could hear the sound of our own breath. We walked as fast as we could. It was so strange that everyone of us seemed not a bit tired, but full of strength. The



bright new moon was hung in the blue sky in the west. Well, finally we were fortunate to be able to cross the railroad without any mishap.

Unfortunate things happened one after another after that. I got malignant malaria when I got to Lo-yang a few days later. For one day and one night I was not conscious of anything. Living in a dark small house beside a pig sty, I lay there on my back for nearly two months.

By borrowing some money from one friend, I was able to come to Chengtu. When I got to Chengtu, I did not know one single friend. By chance, I met Leatrice Huang, an old friend, in the West China Union University. She introduced me to the son of the dean of the University Medical College, and I was admitted as a guest student from Yenching University.

Time flies as an arrow. A whole year has been passed and now our university has reopened here in Chengtu so that I could happily return to my mother school. During the year in WCUU I got through by finding some self-help work in school, although I still owe some money.

This is the first time that I ever left my native province, Hopei. I am far away and have met many difficulties. I am sure that I could not have had these precious experiences unless our honorable war had given them to me. As our final victory is approaching, I feel that it is lucky for me to be born in this generation.

\* \* \*

#### Miss Lu Hui Ching's Migration

(Miss Lu is acting head of Yenching Physical Education)

Then I started to come inland on April 30. Three P. E. major students, one of our faculty members, five other Yenching Alumni, and I traveled with a group of other people—thirty-six of us together. We went through Japanese occupied territory and guerilla areas. We went from Shanghai to Hangchow, the "Switzerland of China," by trail, then we went on our really perilous journey, full of hair-raising experiences.

In order to start our overland trek, we had to cross the mighty Chientang River. We were quartered in a dingy inn on the Hangchow side, waiting for the coast to clear. Then in the darkness of the night, we made a dash across the river in a sampan, risking Japanese fire on the opposite shore. Our guides know every inch of the territory,

though, and once on the other side, we began our "long march."

The first few days we spent traveling in house boats, the most popular form of conveyance in that part of the country where a maze of waterways exists. Later on we hiked until we reached the railroad at Kin-hwa, which has now become the focus of the Sino-Japanese struggle on the East China front. The Japanese were literally on our heels, for no sooner had we reached Kin-hwa, than the Japanese started their gigantic offensive in East China in an attempt to capture all the Chinese air bases there so as to minimize the danger of future American bombings of Japan. General Doolittle and his men certainly gave the Japs a bad jolt on April 18. The Japs were right behind us wherever we went, but by hook or by crook we managed to shake them loose and were always a jump ahead of them. However, towns that we passed fell into their hands one after another, and though we were glad to have escaped alive, we were grieved to learn that what were once peaceful and prosperous towns had been trampled under the invader's heel. The only consolation for us after we had safely arrived in Chungking was that the Chinese forces had counter-attacked and had successfully recovered most of the towns we passed through, except Kin-hwa.

The toughest stretch of our travel, not counting the Japanese menace, was that between Yingtang and Hungyang. For fourteen days we rocked and swayed in a charcoal powered bus in which we were packed like sardines. There were in that bus seventy-five pieces of luggage and twenty-five passengers. At night we stopped off in small inns along the roadside, which were infested with bed bugs. There we were engaged in a "two-dimensional war," the bed bugs crawling around like tanks and the mosquitoes swooping down like dive-bombers.

Traveling in wartorn China was certainly an experience, yet in a way I was glad that I had a taste of it. It has helped me to understand conditions in the interior much better, and appreciate the problems which our country has been facing during the last five years of hardship, and which she must continue to face. For me it was an eye-opener, for I had continued to enjoy the modern comforts of life until I was compelled to leave Yenching.

Finally my students and I arrived in Chungking on a truck, one hot dusty summer day after covering a distance of some 5,000 kilometers (roughly, 3,000 miles). We had spent four months on the road and I am glad to say that we fared none the worse for the strenuous traveling conditions. As a matter of fact, we actually thrived on the hardships and we acquired among other things a deep coat of tan. . . .—Associated Boards for Christian Colleges in China.

## OUR PULPIT

### THE SOWER AND THE FERTILE SOIL

By Rev. Trevah R. Sutton

(Pastor of the Rockville and Second Hopkinton R. I., Churches)

Scripture—Mark 4: 1-20.

Text—"He that hath ears to hear, let him hear." Mark 4: 9.

We are all well acquainted with the parable Jesus told of the sower and the fertile soil. Most of us even in this modern age have seen seed sown by hand and can well picture the sower sowing his seed. In that method some will fall by the wayside and some in rocky places. Some will fall among the thorns and some will fall in the good soil. That which brings the best results is the seed sown in the fertile soil and grows to bring forth a good harvest.

Let us first look at this illustration told by Jesus from the standpoint of the sower. The sower stands for the disciples to whom Jesus said, "Go." It is the one who goes forth to sow the seeds of the gospel, that people may know of the crucified and risen Christ, the Son of God who saves men from sin. A disciple today is not just the one who believes and accepts Christ, but is the believer who will follow Christ to the extent of going in whatever way he is best able to go to proclaim the message of salvation. God may direct some to full service, and others he may direct to part service, but every Christian should be a disciple as a good soldier of Christ rather than be content to be carried heavenward on beds of ease.

The seed which we as sowers are to sow is the gospel of Christ. It is the message of the sinfulness of man, the love of God, and the salvation of lost sinners through the blood of Christ shed on the cross. To the

skeptic, or to the one who does not want to hear, this seed seems dead—as a thing without life. To them such preaching is foolishness. It is foolishness to the one who seeks a never-reached salvation by his own good works, praying the Pharisee's prayer, "I thank God that I am not as other men." But to the one who has been led to sense his sinfulness and in self surrender before God prays as did the publican, "God be merciful to me, a sinner," the seed falls upon fertile soil and its life springs forth bringing redemption and a new life to the believer.

Now when we go forth to sow, this seed will fall in various places. Some will fall by the wayside, exposed to birds of the air. Jesus likens this to Satan, who comes and takes away the seeds that have been sown. There are many ways in which Satan thus takes the seeds. Outstanding today is his taking the seeds and placing them into the mouths of false prophets, sometimes even ministers in the name of the Church, betraying people to believe they are saved by their good works. There are many who call themselves Christian who are thus misled and are in ignorance that they are yet lost sinners who cannot be received by God except in redemption by Christ. Or Satan may take the seeds and create unbelief in the minds of children and youth by printed or spoken words and other influences of sinful people—sometimes even penetrating the textbooks and schoolrooms of our country. Let men give heed to the teaching and salvation of Jesus. "He who hath ears to hear, let him hear."

Some of the seed falls upon rocky places—places where there may be soil on top, but just below is the rock, so that the sun soon dries out the soil and the new plant withers. The gospel seed likewise falls in rocky soil and takes root, but when it becomes hard in the Christian life the Christian "withers"—he cannot face responsibility and faithfulness. The withered plant may continue to live, but if so it will not bring forth a harvest.

Or it may be the seed falls among thorns, but the plant is choked out. The gospel seed also falls in among thorns, and even though the soil is fertile the life remains dwarfed. The thorns are the things of the world which separate us from God, "and the cares of this world, and the deceitfulness of riches, and the lusts of other things entering in, choke the word, and it becometh unfruitful" (Mark 4: 19).

The seed that falls upon the good soil and is accepted through belief in Christ is like the seed thus sown by the sower, and the new life bursts forth and when nurtured will grow and bring a good harvest. Thus when we go forth to sow the gospel seeds and become discouraged because so much falls by the wayside, on the rocky places, and among the thorns, let us remember that some does fall in the fertile soil and grows. Let us not forget the successes.

In the second place, let us look at this illustration of Jesus from the standpoint of the fertile soil. If we are to be sowers whose seeds do not fall on the poor places alone, but also on the good soil, we then must let the fertile soil in our own lives be exposed to these same gospel seeds. Many good seeds are sown, but God has given us the choice as to which soil in our lives shall receive the seeds. To be sowers for Christ we must first have the experience of the new life ourselves.

Considering again the various places in which the seed falls, let us study our own lives. There is that part of our lives that is the wayside. It is hard and the seed will remain on top, unheeded, and Satan soon takes the seed. There is the rocky soil where our faith is only a surface religion and the seed has very little chance to grow even though it has been received. There are the thorns where even if the soil is good for growth we permit other interests to crowd out the influence of Christ. Some of these interests may be good, but when we permit occupation, education, recreation, welfare work, defense tasks, or any other thing to keep us from our devotions at home, regular church attendance, and faithful Christian service, then we crowd Christ out. It is when we turn the fertile soil to the seed so Christ will have first place and our supreme loyalty that we are able to sow the seeds entrusted to us as God would direct our sowing.

Another thought in the parable is, the seed grows of itself—only God is able to turn the dormant life of the seed into a growing plant. Also the fertile soil is in us because he has placed it there. While it is up to us to let the seed fall into the fertile soil, and while we have certain responsibilities in the nurture of the new life, it is God who causes the seed to grow. Thus, whether it is the seed in our lives or the seed we sow for others

to receive, it is God who takes the life of a person and brings about the change. It is not our good deeds or our teaching, but God who redeems lost sinners.

God has given us good soil, but we let it become infested or hardened by sin. Yet in spite of our sin there remains good soil into which good seeds may fall. By a sense of our need we turn this good soil for the seed, and as it becomes planted there the power of the Holy Spirit begins its work. We see the Son of God as our Savior and as we accept him and profess his name, the old life once lived dies with the outer shell of the seed, because Jesus Christ died on the cross for our sin; and the new life begins to burst forth and grow, for in Christ's resurrection he gave to the believer this new life. "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear."

I call upon each one of you who receive this message to take heed—not of my words, but the words of God in his Holy Bible. Open up the best that is within you to receive the seed—not the poor seeds of my thoughts, but the good seeds from God which, even though I may carelessly scatter, will, if received, grow within you. My sin and your sin would lead downward into darkness and death. But God loved us so much that he gave his only Son to die in our place, that in his risen life we, by faith, receive eternal life.

My friends, is this Christ your Savior and Lord? If not, why not accept him now? Do you not want the life that comes from good seed having grown in fertile soil? Do you not feel the need of something that will give you the joy and thrill of real living—of satisfaction—of peace of soul in a stormy world? Then Jesus is the one to whom you can turn. He is the only way to such a life in the presence of God—the only way of release from the bondage of sin—the only way of brotherhood, fellowship, and peace. Why not accept Christ today? Hesitation will not save you. Life is too uncertain to delay such decisions. Jesus calls to each one of us, whether it is to accept him as Savior or to go forth sowing the seed for him. Now is the day of salvation—now is the day to serve. "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear."

I will let no man drag me down so low as to make me hate him.

—Booker T. Washington.

## DENOMINATIONAL "HOOK-UP"

Battle Creek, Mich.

Our church has enjoyed two events recently that would be of interest to many other people as well as ourselves.

On April 18, we helped the pastor and his wife celebrate their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary. It was a bit of a surprise, as they came into the church social room, to find a large gathering of friends. Ben Kolvoord tried our wits with a number of tests, but the men showed the greatest cleverness in their parade of Easter hats. Rev. and Mrs. Hargis were presented with a silver tea service in honor of the occasion.

Our former pastor, Rev. E. M. Holston, and his wife, having moved from the W.C. T.U. Home to their own place, were given a house warming on the evening of April 24. If being filled from door to door meant a good house warming, then it was well warmed. After refreshments of sandwiches, cookies, and punch, the host and hostess were presented with a telephone stand to remind them often of this pleasant get-together.

Correspondent.

Alfred Station, N. Y.

Rev. Elmo F. Randolph has resigned his pastorate of the Seventh Day Baptist Church in Alfred Station to become an associate to Percy L. Dunn, executive of the Portland, Me., Boy Scout area.

He does not intend to leave the ministry, but feels that in the present emergency it is best for him to make the change because of the increased importance of the work for boys and the scarcity of competent leaders during the present emergency.

Mr. Randolph's Alfred friends, knowing of his success in Scout work in the past, are sure that he will be successful in his new field. They are likewise certain of his continued success in the pastorate whenever he feels the call back to that field of service.

He will leave for Portland, Me., in June. His wife and two children will reside in Alfred until this fall, when they will join him in Maine.—Alfred Sun.

Plainfield, N. J.

An article of interest to many Seventh Day Baptists appeared in a recent Courier-News of Plainfield, N. J. It gives news regarding Alfred C. Davis and family and

Theodore G. Davis and wife. Many of our readers will remember these men as the sons of the late Dr. and Mrs. D. H. Davis—for many years our missionaries in Shanghai, China. Excerpts from the article follow:

Recently Mrs. W. J. Howes of Liberty Corner received a copy of a letter written by the Davis family, broadcast over a Tokio radio station, and picked up by R. P. Read of Hopkins, Minn., over his powerful short wave receiver with a recorder.

### Moved from Shanghai

When Mr. Davis lost all of his property after the fall of Shanghai in 1938, he moved his family to Manila, hoping to carry on his business as Far Eastern representative for several electrical concerns in the United States. It turned out, however, that he jumped "out of the pot into the fire." Later when Manila fell into the hands of the Japanese, he was interned at Santa Tomas University and put on a "grounds assignment." His two daughters, Eva Grace and Dorothy, immediately set to work organizing and maintaining the camp hospital there. . . .

Dorothy, who graduated from the Presbyterian Hospital Nurses Training School in 1940, is in ill health, according to the broadcasted letter. "She was through a terrific strain before coming in, and had spent five months either at the camp hospital or one of the city hospitals for recurring rheumatic fever, an appendectomy and a bad throat," the letter said.

### Brother Escapes

Mr. Davis is the son of the late Rev. D. H. Davis, D.D., and Mrs. Davis. Doctor Davis was one of three men chosen by the British Government to translate the Bible into Chinese. A brother of Alfred Davis, T. G. Davis, was caught in India where he was an employe of the Chrysler Company when war broke out. He and his wife landed in America after spending ninety days fraught with danger on a slow freighter. He is now in the Ordnance Department in Washington, D. C. . . .

### Milton, Wis.

Open house was held at the Milton Seventh Day Baptist parsonage Saturday night and Sunday afternoon. Pastor and Mrs. Carroll L. Hill took this means of expressing their sense of privilege in serving the Milton Church and community for ten years. One hundred fifty friends called on them, and greeting cards were received from several others. Refreshments were served, Mrs. Willard D. Burdick and Mrs. Edwin Ben Shaw pouring, Saturday night, and Mrs. G. E. Crosley, Mrs. L. A. Babcock, and Mrs. Martha Anderson on Sunday afternoon. Mrs. Hill's Sabbath school class helped with the serving.

Sunday night the Open Circle of the Sabbath school held a pot-luck supper and party



at the parsonage, presenting Pastor and Mrs. Hill with a beautifully decorated cake bearing ten candles and the dates, 1933-1943. Flowers were sent by the Open Circle class, the Ladies' Circle of the Benevolent Society, the Junior Society of Christian Endeavor, and Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Lippincott.

—Milton Jct. Telephone.

## MARRIAGES

**Charles - Hurley.** — At the Seventh Day Baptist church in Riverside, Calif., April 24, Mr. Russell Charles and Miss Miriam Hurley were married by the father of the bride, Rev. Loyal F. Hurley.

**Davis - Wellman.** — Mr. Wm. K. Davis and Mrs. Elizabeth D. Wellman were married at Daytona Beach, Fla., May 15, 1943.

## OBITUARY

**Crandall.** — Ray Welcome, son of William C. and Lucy Ann Crandall, was born in Farina, Ill., April 28, 1872, and passed away at his home in Walworth, Wis., April 22, 1943.

He came to Walworth as a child and lived there for the rest of his life, except for six years spent in Chicago as a young man. On September 12, 1906, he was married to Dell Kelley of Milton Junction, Wis. To this union were born two daughters: Thelma, Mrs. Harry A. Anderson, of Janesville, Wis.; and Lillian, Mrs. Clifford Tody, of Belvidere, Ill. Besides his wife and two daughters he is survived by a brother, Edward, of Pasadena, Calif.; and two sisters: Mrs. G. L. Converse of Walworth, and Mrs. Nona Howe of Chicago. Several nieces and nephews also survive him.

Funeral services were held in the home at Walworth Sabbath afternoon, April 24, conducted by Pastor Carroll L. Hill of Milton. Burial was in Walworth cemetery. C. L. H.

**Whitford.** — Lilla E. York Whitford, wife of Dr. E. E. Whitford of Brookfield, N. Y., died May 12, 1943, at the Polyclinic Hospital in New York City, after an illness of several months. With her husband she was spending the winter at the Hotel Touraine, Brooklyn.

Mrs. Whitford was born in Syracuse, N. Y., August 10, 1867, daughter of Col. Robert P. York and Mrs. York, and lived in De Ruyter as a girl, where she was baptized by Rev. L. R. Swinney.

On July 31, 1890, she was married to Edward E. Whitford and to them was born one son, Dr. Robert C. Whitford, now professor of English at Long Island University. For many years their home was in New York City where Doctor Whitford was professor of mathematics in the College of the City of New York, and they were active workers in the Seventh Day Baptist Church of

that city. After his retirement they took their membership to Brookfield.

Mrs. Whitford was deeply interested in the Seventh Day Baptist Mission in China and a personal friend of several of the missionaries. She gave capable leadership not only in her church but in many social, philanthropic, and patriotic organizations, including the Daughters of the American Revolution, Daughters of the Defenders of the Republic, the Columbia Dames, and the W.C.T.U.

A memorial service was conducted in the Judson Memorial Church, New York City, by Rev. Albert N. Rogers of the First Seventh Day Baptist Church of New York City. The body was cremated and the ashes will be taken to Brookfield for interment this summer.

Surviving besides her husband and son are four granddaughters, Mrs. Victor Streit, and Ann, Cynthia, and Sarah Whitford. A. N. R.

## A FORBIDDEN METAL

By Etta W. Schlichter

Less than half a century ago there was a demand for so-called "mission" furniture. No doubt some of you have some of it in use or stored away—heavy, durable pieces made generally of oak and put together with wooden pegs. This furniture was factory-made and only an imitation of an older type put together with wood because nails and screws were hard to get.

But there have been times when wood has been used by certain people in all construction, because anything made of iron was tabooed. The early Christians, we are told, would not use iron because with it our Lord was nailed to the cross. Even their hammers were made of stone.

There was another reason for tabooing iron that antedates the Christian era by centuries. In the twentieth chapter of Exodus we are told that the Lord said unto Moses, "If thou wilt make me an altar of stone, thou shalt not build it of hewn stone: for if thou lift up thy tool upon it, thou hast polluted it," the tool of necessity being of iron. When Moses commanded an altar of stones to be built upon Mt. Ebal, he said, "Thou shalt not lift up any iron tool upon them."

In the remains of the old cloister of Seventh Day Baptists at Ephrata, Pa., one may still see hinges and latches of wood and even a wooden block used instead of an iron to press the altar cloth and clothing, since the Einsamen or Solitary, as the cloisterites were called, regarded iron as the "metal of night or darkness."—Newspaper clipping.

# The Sabbath Recorder

Vol. 134

PLAINFIELD, N. J., JUNE 7, 1943

No. 23

## A SERVICE MAN'S PRAYER

By BISHOP HERBERT WELCH

O God, my Father, I thank thee that I am alive in this great day. I thank thee for health and friends and home and church and all that makes for the good life.

Help me to be loyal to my family and my friends, loyal to my country, and loyal to thee, O God. Forbid that I should give way to hatred. While I fight for truth and freedom, help me to keep the spirit of Christ, the spirit of compassion and good will. Help me to remember always the great cause for which we struggle—the new and better world which we are trying to bring about, the world of order and justice and brotherhood and peace.

Be near me when I am lonely and homesick, and give me comfort and strength. Be with me in temptation, that I may conquer. Forgive me for all that has been wrong and give me courage always to try again. Grant that I may be a true man, honest and brave and a good comrade. Help me to see the best in my fellows, and never to despair of the victory of the right.

Keep and guide my dear ones at home. Bless those who, in many places, are persecuted and exiled and starving. May thy mercy be over us all in all the hardships and the dangers, that thy Kingdom may come and thy will be done in me and in all the earth. In Jesus' name. Amen.

—Selected.