

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.

# The Sabbath Recorder

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## EDITORIALS

### UNUSED RESOURCES

One of our older pastors has told the story of a woman who died a pauper and in rags, but who possessed bank accounts upon which a check had never been drawn. Nor is the story unusual.

We have read the story of an old man and his daughter, who lived in an ancient castle, so reduced in circumstances and so poor that they managed to live only in the scantiest way, and yet all the time, unknown to them, they had in a secret drawer of a cupboard great masses of costly jewels, put there by an ancestor many years before. Thus they were poor, though plenty of riches far beyond their needs was at hand.

There is another story of similar nature. A wild youth bade his mother farewell on her death bed. She said to him, "All I have to leave you is in my Bible. Read it and treasure its truths." Though he promised to do so, he failed her and during the years drifted and finally sank into poverty. For some comfort in his misery he unwrapped his mother's Bible, fumbling its pages for some grain of hope. To his surprise he found clean, crisp hundred dollar bills among the leaves, many of them, placed there by loving hands so long ago. Even of greater comfort and blessing the old Book contained help which had been unknown and unused by its owner.

A poor farmer owned a hard, rocky farm from which he was able to support his family only at the expense of the severest toil. The son, to whom the farm was be-

queathed at his father's death, one day discovered traces of gold on the land, and when it was explored it was found to contain mineral wealth of great value.

So it is with the riches of Christ. These riches are at hand, prepared for all men, but most men live and die without them; they are poor, spiritually poor, though riches, unspeakably great, are at hand.

God's grace has provided for all men, and yet most men are starving in the midst of plenty, starving when they might be feasting. Through neglect or unbelief men are poor and destitute, though boundless resources are theirs. Neglect and unbelief are among our very worst enemies. "Let down your buckets; you are in the mouth of the Amazon," was the reply to a call for water from a disabled ship out of its course, whose crew was parched and perishing from thirst.

### WHY NOT GO TO CHURCH?

(Guest editorial)

For a long time this question or one akin to it has been occupying my mind as I have observed the empty seats in the house of God. These seats were once filled with earnest, active, God-fearing people from the surrounding community. There are now more people in these communities than formerly; schools are crowded with pupils, but many churches have fewer in attendance. Why is this? I hear some say, "I hear over the radio, in my home, a better sermon than I would hear in the church if I went." Another says the church is a social club, without special personal interest in me and those who are not its members. Another

says the preacher is dull and uninteresting, not clear cut in his thought; there is lack of interest and inspiration in listening to him. There may be something of truth in this. How is it with you, dear reader, do you think that these are good, valid reasons for not going to church? Are they the real reasons why those going to church grow fewer in numbers? Is it not possible that many are seeking an excuse that they may have more time for the pursuit of their own personal ways without thought of God and his purposes in the works of creation?

In commenting upon the Church and its importance in building the community in righteousness, Roger William Ries said, "I took my curiosity to church and heard the minister, in a singularly beautiful building talk simply and beautifully on the Ascending life. . . . He commented informally about the insistent demand of life to rise, to grow, to improve itself. It was adult, it was spiritual, and to me it was helpful." It should be remembered that Mr. Ries was not a church going man, but was being led through curiosity to study the Church and its worth in community life. A little later we find him saying, "I am for the Church, because they have something for me and for civilization." Another author in speaking of the Church said, "Let God be praised, there is on earth an institution that has a high opinion of man, declaring that he is in some sense a son of God who has within himself divine possibilities; an institution that transcends race, nationalities, and class; an institution undertaking to embody the spirit of Christ, and in his name to relieve human suffering promote human welfare, and carry on a ministry of reconciliation among men." A high but just appreciation of the place and work of the Church. This is the place and work of the Church in the world in these days of stress and strife.

Dear reader, "What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" Isn't it true that if mankind followed this teaching the world would be prepared to express the thought of Oliver Wendell Holmes, who said, "There is a little plant called Reverence in the corner of my garden that I love, watered about once a week."

A spirit of criticism or of indifference is killing in any kind of a service in life. If there can be a coming to the church with

a sense of need and a desire for a thought that will give relief to the strain of mind that is ours—and there can be—the service will seem different, and under God relief and help will be found. The person possessing this thought of life will not be slow in finding pleasure in the house of God.

E. A. Witter.

### OBSERVATIONS BY THE CORRESPONDING SECRETARY

#### In Iowa

Last week I wrote about Des Moines. After a week my favorable impression of the city has not been changed. It is a city of good, comfortable, middle class homes, as well as those of wealth or of those of humble means. There are fine hotels, as well as good government and business houses. There are reported 132 churches of various denominations and sects. Of the latter there seem to be as many as needed. One sees signs of "Jesus Saves," "Jesus Only," "Nazarene," and "Church of God."

There is one denomination not represented that ought to be in this progressive, cultural city—the Seventh Day Baptist. I believe there is a fair possibility of there being such a church here in the future not very far distant. A friend, who knows the city, says there are a thousand Sabbath believing people, more or less unattached or identified with an organization in Des Moines. Such would seem an open and promising field for Seventh Day Baptist development. I met a small group of such in a private home, and addressed them twice. A little Sabbath school meets regularly under the superintendency of Mr. Elmer M. Juhl, who also teaches the lesson. With a little better facilities for meeting, a children's class could be held—for here are children from one and a half years of age to seventeen. Mr. Juhl is a fine singer, as well as a thoroughly equipped Bible student, and with his wife, an accomplished musician, has been an evangelistic song leader. Their duets would be highly acceptable in any eastern church. They are sincere, spiritually minded people.

Brother Juhl is organizing a Bible college in Des Moines with the idea of training young people for Christian service and self-support. I will have more to say about this work at another time. He is a leader and enthusiastic in various activities. He supports his family by part-time work in a

laundry, and is building his college idea around the growing industry of manufacturing soy-wheat flour and other soy products, for which he is finding an increasingly ready and appreciative market. He has the confidence of business men with whom he deals.

It is such a worker that is interested in and working at building up a Seventh Day Baptist church. He came to my notice through correspondence with Rev. Riley G. Davis, one of our worthy retired ministers of some years back. Born in West Virginia, on "Greenbrier," Mr. Davis has done mission work and held pastorates in our churches in the Southeastern Association and in central New York—in Scott, West Edmeston, and Syracuse. Because of ill health and to be near his son, he came to Des Moines.

Through his and Brother Juhl's influence I have had the opportunity to speak to groups other than Seventh Day Baptists: on Sabbath eve to Seventh Day Adventists in their academy chapel; to the "Church of God: Jesus Only," on Sabbath afternoon; and "Church of God" (Dodd's) on Wednesday night. None of these people had ever heard a Seventh Day Baptist sermon before, with perhaps an exception or two.

The historical background of Seventh Day Baptists was set before them, as well as the field in which we now operate. The pictures of some of our churches, pastors, leaders, schools, and missions were a revelation to them. Many expressions of interest and appreciation were given.

Various contacts through different sections of the city were made in homes of various types and classes. One was in the comfortable and pleasant home of Myron Langworthy, one of our young men at Dodge Center years ago. I was fortunate to catch him just before he went to his work on the police force. His wife teaches in one of the city schools, and a daughter is in the State College at Ames. This was an exceedingly pleasant, though brief, call. To this home regularly goes the L.S.K. letter from the office of the corresponding secretary.

In some of these ways your observer has been busy for a week and more in a city of which any commonwealth might be proud. And for the present his personal contact is finished, as he moves on to a community where once flourished a village Seventh Day Baptist Church—Garwin. This church has furnished our denomination such workers

as Rev. Loyal F. Hurley of Riverside, Calif., and his late wife, Mae. From Garwin came also people well and favorably known to the denomination—to mention one—my own college classmate and lifelong friend, Dr. Lester Babcock, who probably has filled or furnished teeth for more Seventh Day Baptist ministers than any other man—and free of charge.

### CONVENTION OF THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF EVANGELICALS

(The following excerpts are taken from a report by Rev. Leon M. Maltby, who with Rev. Carroll L. Hill was appointed by Conference President Hurley S. Warren to attend this meeting in Chicago as observers.)

To say that there were over five hundred delegates to the convention called to adopt a constitution for the National Association of Evangelicals for United Action means little in itself. But to observe that these men, mostly ministers, represented sixty-four denominations does mean something. It means, for instance, that it represented well over twice as many denominations as are now in the Federal Council of Churches, and to note that more than half a hundred educational institutions sent delegates, means something. When besides this you note that the organization has within the year established thirty-seven regional organizations, and that the delegates at Chicago came from almost every state in the Union and from Canada, that leads one to believe that the claim is true that it was the most representative group of Protestants ever to be assembled in this country. The quality of the leadership of the convention was particularly outstanding. Many of the best known educators and religious leaders of the country make the list of important delegates read like a "Who's Who."

The delegates represented more than two million evangelical Protestants. One could scarcely imagine that he was sitting among so many men of different faiths and viewpoints. There was an astounding agreement and unity. More than one person remarked that their individual denomination could never act with such unity.

Business was conducted much as it is at our General Conference, but with even less steering. Reports of the various sections were received and referred to a special committee on Policy and Fields of Endeavor. This in turn reported back for discussion on the floor. Various changes in the proposed

constitution were made in this way. The amazing unity in diversity must have been due to a keen sense of the need, and underlying agreement on essentials, and to the direct leadership of the Holy Spirit through prayer. All these things seemed to be in evidence. Proof of this is seen in the fact that a strong statement of faith was adopted in open conference, with only minor changes and no dissension.

#### Radio Work

The greatest work already accomplished and being carried on by the National Association is probably connected with the broadcasting crisis. I attended one session of the work study group discussing this field and have a fund of information for those interested. A great deal of ground has been gained in protecting the interests of gospel broadcasting. There is close co-operation between the National Association of Broadcasters and the National Association of Evangelicals. Free time has been promised gladly on the major networks when the association has sufficient constituency and coverage.

#### War Services

Another group attended, under the leadership of Dr. Harry Rimmer, discussed the need and method of doing more for the men in the service. Several chaplains were present to speak and answer questions. Captain J. F. B. Carruthers of the Coast Guard told of plans to remove the barrier of fifty thousand membership, to admit chaplains from small denominations. The convention voted to establish a Chaplains' Commission and to make it possible for men in small denominations to enter the chaplaincy without being adopted by a larger denomination.

#### Separation of Church and State

As a Seventh Day Baptist I was particularly interested in meeting with the section discussing this subject in order to be sure that there was nothing adopted which was inimical to our position. I was able to give some slight assistance in the phrasing of the statement as adopted by the convention.

I returned with a deepened conviction that Seventh Day Baptists ought to cooperate with such interdenominational organizations as most nearly correspond to our historic position in matters of faith and practice. It is my opinion that, in the words of Doctor Bradbury, this association has a spiritual basis

of unity; it seeks to do nothing to offend any constituent member; it pledges to make no ex-cathedra pronouncements without approval of its constituents; and it champions the complete separation of church and state.

Seventh Day Baptists ought at least to be well informed and then act without prejudice on the basis of that information. We must be ever on the alert to enter the open doors of gospel work and the avenues of Sabbath witness.

#### A Touching Prayer Meeting

On the closing night of the convention the delegates assembled in the Illinois Room of the La Salle Hotel for a banquet attended by about four hundred. The cost seemed prohibitive, but the experience was glorious. When the messages were over and the business attended to, it was suggested that we close as we had begun—with prayer. It was the greatest prayer meeting I ever attended. Those four hundred men and women (a number of wives appeared at the banquet) knelt down by their chairs, and all over the room voices were raised in thanksgiving and intercession. I would not have wanted to miss the high point of the convention.

### HISTORICAL SOCIETY

By Corliss F. Randolph

#### Newport Church

Through the courtesy of Dr. Edward E. Whitford, of Brookfield, N. Y., the Historical Society has acquired a contribution box of the old Newport, R. I., Church. It is 8½ in. long, 5 in. wide, and 3¼ in. deep (outside measurements). The bottom has an extension of 6½ in. neatly shaped into a handle. On the under side of the handle, crudely carved, is a date, 1842. The rear portion of the box is neatly capped for 3 in., doubtless to keep coins from falling out. Neatly tacked to the bottom is a metal plate, 5 in. long, and 2¾ in. wide, painted black, with a gilt border all around the edge, the center bearing a pew number — 14 — in gilt figures.

Also, on the under side is attached a card, bearing the following typewritten inscription:

"Contribution box and pew number picked up (about 1885) on the site of the Newport Church (the first Seventh Day Baptist Church in America) by Adelbert C. Miller. Given to Edward E. Whitford by Adelbert's son, Doctor Harry A. Miller, August 14, 1940."

To his numerous contributions hitherto, Rev. Herbert C. Van Horn has added the gift of an old pine shingle from the Maxson house in Newport, the first Seventh Day Baptist parsonage in America. A small card is attached on which appears the following inscription in typewriting:

"Shingle from (the) old Newport Seventh Day Baptist parsonage. Sent to Mr. Van Horn by Miss Martha B. Langworthy."

Hon. George B. Utter, of Westerly, R. I., has sent the Historical Society, of size suitable for framing, photographs of three generations of his family; namely, Rev. George B. Utter, D.D., his grandfather; Hon. George Herbert Utter, LL.D., his father; and of himself. All three names are those of men outstanding in both civic and denominational life. The fourth generation is valiantly carrying on the family banner.

## MISSIONS

Rev. William L. Burdick, D.D., Ashaway, R. I.

Correspondence should be addressed to Rev. William L. Burdick, Secretary, Ashaway, R. I.  
Checks and money orders should be drawn to the order of Karl G. Stillman, Westerly, R. I.

### "THE PRESENT SUMMONS TO A LARGER EVANGELISM"

"The Present Summons to a Larger Evangelism" is the title of a booklet which has been sent by the Missionary Board to the pastors and leaders of our churches.

The booklet grew out of a prolonged study of the work and needs of evangelism. It is the result of two meetings of the denominational secretaries of evangelism, one in Columbus last October and one in Chicago last December. It was finally considered and approved in March by the Executive Committee of the Federal Council of Churches.

After saying that the Church has the only adequate message for these days, that it is the proclaiming of God's seeking and saving love, his intervention in history in man's behalf and for man's redemption through Christ the Son, the booklet declares that God has summoned the Church to carry forward this work.

First, there is a summons that comes from Christ himself; second, there is a summons that comes from the need of the Church itself; and third, there is a summons that

comes from the present state of the nation and of the world.

The booklet points out that the techniques and programs used during the past are inadequate for the present and that a larger evangelism is needed. This larger evangelism should include "a stronger emphasis on childhood and youth"; "a greater participation by laymen"; "much more evangelistic preaching"; "the holding of Preaching Missions and evangelistic meetings"; "greater attention to the assimilation of new members into the fellowship of the church"; and "the united efforts of the churches in evangelistic work." Finally it is declared that "the eternal purposes of God and Christ cannot fail. In him is our boldness, our power, and our hope."

W. L. B.

### AN ACCOUNT OF GOOD WORK IN ALFRED AND THE WESTERN ASSOCIATION

Rev. William L. Burdick,  
Secretary of the Missionary Society,  
Ashaway, R. I.

Dear Secretary Burdick:

We have just completed a very helpful series of meetings with Rev. Oliver K. Black, field secretary of the Commission on Evangelism of the Federal Council, and I am sure you will be interested to hear something of the program we followed. It was as follows:

On Friday evening, at a fellowship luncheon in the Coffee Shop, Mr. Black met with fifteen pastors, elders, theological students, and the evangelist of the Women's Board, Rev. L. O. Greene. At that time Mr. Black laid out his plans and gave us a general view of the program he had in mind for each local church in setting up its own visitation evangelism program. At eight o'clock we went to the church for a mass meeting of lay workers from all the churches of the Western Association. Not many were present from the churches on the western end, but all were represented except Hebron, and we might say that the students who have been preaching there through the fall, winter, and spring months represented that section. Mr. Black's address was followed by a period of questions and discussion. It was an inspiring, as well as instructive, meeting.

On Sabbath morning Mr. Black spoke to the intermediate department of the Sabbath

school, and gave the message during the morning worship service. Sabbath afternoon he met informally with a group of interested young people for questions and discussion.

Sabbath evening a workers' supper meeting was held, after which twenty-four workers went out in teams of two to make calls. Sixty-eight assignments had been carefully prepared by a committee and the pastor, and were given out with the expectation that as many as possible would be carried out that evening.

On Sunday morning Mr. Black addressed the University Church congregation, and thus the entire village generally knew his message and purpose among us. Sunday afternoon a workers' report meeting was held, at which time questions were asked and a final inspiring message given by Mr. Black. Plans were made to set a definite time when the program would be completed. He went then to Little Genesee to meet with Pastor Charles Bond and his group of workers.

Mr. Black's spirit was fine, his messages very acceptable, and his program workable, making evangelism a natural and year-round part of our church work. We are glad that we had him with us and are grateful to the Federal Council of Churches for making it possible. Since he is in their employ, the only expense to us was his train fare to and from New York City and the literature we purchased as a means of preparing for his coming. We commend his message and program to other Seventh Day Baptist churches.

Hoping this finds you in good health,

Sincerely,

Everett T. Harris.

Alfred, N. Y.,  
May 21, 1943.

### CHURCHES IN JAMAICA HOLD THEIR GENERAL CONFERENCE AND PLAN FOR WORK

(Items gleaned from a letter)

Dear Brother Burdick:

Your letters of April 21 and February 11 were received safely. I have not written since my letter of February 3, there being no pressing need.

As you saw from the circular letter I sent to this field dated January 31, the biggest news is that we held a successful conference in the Kingston church during the week-

end of Easter, Thursday, April 22, to Sunday night, April 25. We did not hold a conference in September, 1942, due to high cost of things and difficulty of transportation. But at the January meeting of the Advisory Board we decided to hold a conference in April.

The conference, though not largely attended, was a success from every point of view. All of our workers were present and a few delegates and visitors from many of our churches were also present. Transportation is limited and expensive. But those present felt spiritually uplifted and encouraged to return to their home churches with new vision and determination to do better work. Our session was short, but we accomplished a good bit. The main problem before us was how to raise funds by which to help to support two ordained ministers. We feel, all things considered, that Pastors Lyons and Grant are ready for ordination and will be able to do much more effective work and will be of much more service to our work if ordained, but the deterrence to ordaining them at present is lack of funds.

Now you wrote a letter a year or so ago pointing out to me that the trouble with our mission work in this field and other fields was that in proportion to length of time we have been working, not enough native men have been called to our ministry. I agreed with your thought, but I think I pointed out to you that I was not guilty of not wanting to ordain native ministers. From the day I set foot in Jamaica I have been looking for men to be ordained and have been encouraging every likely young man to think seriously of the ministry. Grant and Lyons are ready for ordination. Octavius Thompson is studying with me three days a week from 9 a.m. to 12 noon. If this field were capable of supporting these two men and of helping Thompson with a little subsidy while he is studying, we would have ordained them by this time. But this field needs financial help in these directions. I think most of our folks left conference determined to go home to their churches and try to increase our finances to the end of ordaining these men. I especially urged upon them that we would try to raise as much money as we can towards this end and that we would ask the American Missionary Board to match the money we succeed in raising, penny for penny. In this way this field will be en-

couraged to do all it can toward becoming independent. A system ought to be devised looking toward helping worthy young men in this field to prepare themselves for the ministry. I have done all I can. Knowing this field as I do, it is my considered opinion that financial help will have to be given to it for some time to come, but that with wise planning and encouragement on the part of the missionary or missionaries, this field can in time become independent. I put this matter to you hoping you will bring it to the attention of the Missionary Board in a positive way.

The Jamaica Seventh Day Baptist Conference wishes me to assure the American Board that its efforts on behalf of the Jamaica field are not unappreciated and that our Jamaica Seventh Day Baptists thank the American Board for all it has done and will do for Jamaica. Not only was this carried, but on all sides the private expression of opinion I heard was to this effect. Enclosed you will find one of our conference programs. The time of our next conference has not been decided, that being left to the Advisory Board to decide at a later date.

Yours sincerely,

L. W. Crichlow,

Missionary to Jamaica.

Kingston, Jamaica, B. W. I.,

May 13, 1943.

## WOMAN'S WORK

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

### THREE KNOCKS IN THE NIGHT

By Katharine Scherer Cronk

The rain was falling in torrents on the streets of Chicago. A mother opened the door and peered outside into the night.

"Ida, dear," she said to the little girl who held so fast to her hand, "it's raining too hard. You must not go to the station with us. Mother will say goodby here."

Little Ida Scudder choked back her sobs, but her rebellious heart was full of resentment. Why should her mother go all the way to India and leave her in America? She loved her mother so much. Of course she knew the children in India loved her too. She had been born in India and had seen her mother taking care of many sick and

hungry little ones. But then she was really not their mother.

One long, long hug and kiss and the door closed. Ida Scudder's mother had started back to India, while her little girl stayed in America to go to school. Ida knew that her mother hoped that some day she would come to India too as a missionary, but in her heart that night she said she would never go.

During her school days people continually said to her, "Are you going to India, too?"

"No," she always answered, "I'm going to live in America. I'm not going to be a missionary. Enough Scudders have given their lives to India."

She thought of India almost resentfully. Her splendid grandfather, Dr. John Scudder, might have been one of New York's prominent and wealthy physicians if he had not read "The Call of Six Hundred Millions" as he waited on a patient in New York City. That call from out of the darkness and superstition and suffering laid hold of his heart and drew him out to India to give his life in self-spending ministrations. His life and work had blazed the way with a trail of light through India's darkness, and never since he set the light a-shining had there been a day when there was no Scudder in India to bear the torch onward. One by one they had come back to America to be educated—his children and his grandchildren. One by one the call of God and of India's awful need had drawn them back. Seven of his children and fifteen of his grandchildren had already gone back to India.

One day while Ida was at school at Northfield, Mass., a cablegram came saying that her mother was ill in India and her father wanted her to come to be with her. Of course she would go to be with her sick mother, but when her mother was well, she would hasten back to America to live her life as other girls were living theirs.

She took passage for India to see her sick mother—only to see her sick mother. She assured herself and her friends, over and over again, that there was no danger of her staying in India—the India that had already claimed more than its share of Scudders.

One night she sat in her father's house in India. As the dusk of twilight was deepening into the darkness of the night, a knock sounded at the door. The girl answered its

summons. A man stood before her. He was a high-born Mohammedan, tall, slender, white-robed. He bowed low and spoke.

"My young wife is ill—ill to the death. Our doctor can do nothing for her. Will the gracious lady come to attend her?"

Ida Scudder knew naught of medicine. "My father," she answered eagerly, "is a medical man. He will come to see your wife."

The Mohammedan drew himself up proudly.

"No man has ever looked upon the face of my wife. We are high-born. I should rather a thousand times that she should die than that a man should look upon her face."

Proudly he turned and went out into the darkness.

Ida Scudder sat down and thought. She was in India now. In India with this pitiful, unpitied child-wife, who might be dying even as she sat and thought of her. How long she sat, she knew not. She was startled by a second knock that sounded. Possibly the man had been softened by the sight of the agony of his little wife, and had come for her father. Eagerly she opened the door. It was not the same man who stood there. Possibly it was his messenger.

"My wife," began this man as had the other, "my wife is very sick. She is giving me much trouble. It is a pity that a wife should give her husband so much trouble. After all my pains she may die unless the mem sahib comes and heals her."

The girl looked at him hopefully. "I'm not a doctor," she explained, "but my father is a medical man. He will—"

The man interrupted her with a proud uplifting of his turbaned head.

"I am a high-caste man," he said. "No man dare look upon the face of my wife."

Even as he spoke he turned and disappeared in the darkness.

Ida Scudder's thoughts went with him back to the girl. Perhaps she was only a little girl. So many of them were. Perhaps she was dying even now because no man could help her and there was no woman to help. Something clutched at the heart of the American girl over there in India, and choked her throat as she sat helpless and unhelping. It was terrible that two calls should come in such rapid succession on the same night. As she shuddered at the thought

and the misery of it all, a third knock sounded. A third man came before her. His voice was almost eager.

"My wife," he said. "She is ill, very ill. They told me I could find help for her here—a wonderful foreign doctor who has done remarkable things."

At last there was a call for her father. "Oh, yes, I will send my father," she answered gladly.

The man involuntarily straightened himself.

"Not a man! You must come."

In vain did the girl plead that her father would come. Sadly and alone the man departed as had the two other men before him. Ida Scudder sat down again. Were all the suffering child-wives in India calling to her that night? Was one of those endless processions she had read about in missionary magazines actually going to march by her door with unending, maddening continuance? Suddenly they ceased to be lifeless statistics. They stepped out of the cold dull type of the statistical reports into warm, living flesh and blood—into flesh that was writhing in agony, into blood that was fast ebbing away.

The night passed on. The day dawned. Ida Scudder summoned a servant.

"Go," said she, "inquire after those who called last night."

Soon he returned with his message. He bowed low before the American girl as he spoke.

"Dead, mem sahib!" he said. "All three of them dead!"

Almost in touch of her hand they had died down in the village! In the quiet God's voice sounded a call to her. She understood now why her mother had been willing to go back to India. She sought her mother's room.

"I'm going to America, Mother," she said simply, "to study medicine, and then I'm coming back to India to help."

On the register of the students entering the Women's Medical College of Philadelphia that fall there appeared the entry, "Ida S. Scudder." The call of India's need was on her heart as it had been on the hearts of her mother and father.

The years passed by. To the gate of a hospital at Vellore, India, a messenger came one night. A knock sounded. Again there was a call for a doctor. Dr. Ida Scudder answered it with joy. She went with the

messenger and two lives were saved that night. Even as she returned, another call came. Eagerly she went the second time on her life saving mission. Before she reached home the third call followed her and she turned once more to help and to bless.

"They live!" she said in the gray dawn. "All three of them live! I have answered the knocks in the night that have been sounding in my ears."

A peace that passed all understanding filled her soul.

For years she answered constant calls that came to the hospital door both day and night, and always she dreamed a dream.

"I can never answer all the calls that come," she said. "The few doctors we can send from America can never answer calls from more than a million women of India. We must have a medical school for women to help India train its own doctors."

And because she dreamed and dared, and because other women in India and England and America dreamed and dared with her, the Vellore Medical School has opened its doors to train India's own doctors to help answer the knocks in the night.—Women's Missionary Society, the United Lutheran Church in America.

## YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

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

Please send all material and suggestions to the above address.

### OUR OWN POETS

#### One Day

By Betty Parvin Dunn

One day a Babe in a manger,  
With no place else for his head;  
But angels, and shepherds, and wisemen  
Came to this lowly bed.

One day a Teacher, or Prophet, unsung,  
With a mission here on earth;  
But many there were around him,  
Who remembered his humble birth.

One day a sacrifice, physically dead,  
The sins of the world he bore;  
But risen in glory and reigning above,  
He lives on high evermore.

Yield to his pleading, oh sinner,  
Believe on his name and his love,  
Lest you be lost in the darkness  
And left when the roll's called above.

Shiloh, N. J.

### TRY THESE WITH YOUR INTERMEDIATE SOCIALS

These youngsters like plenty of action, so plan the social so there will be no dull moments. To start with, plan something the individuals can enter into as soon as they arrive. A good guessing game to hold their attention such as:

#### Finding the Hidden Cities

In each of the following sentences are names of well known cities in the United States.

1. We think the hobo stoned the dog when it barked.
2. See the handbook on British art for details.
3. It was caught in a den very far up in the hills.
4. Word was sent to the Prince to notice everybody in the room.
5. He shut the door with a bang or angry slam.

By the time these are solved everyone will have arrived, so try some active games.

#### Human Ninepins

Have the boys stand in double line, arms folded, right foot behind the left knee. The girls will take turns rolling a ball toward the feet of the men. If the ball hits one or he unfolds his arms or drops his foot, it is considered one pin down. Continue to see who is the last one up.

Next try cutting down the apples (doughnuts or suckers will do also). Blindfold a boy and a girl, giving each a pair of blunt scissors and see who can cut down one of the apples hanging from a string. After the contestants pass the string of apples, new contestants are chosen.

Before another active game try a few "tongue twisters," seeing whether the boys or girls excel—some good twisters are:

"Two tall Turks twirling twisted turbans."  
"Six thick thistle sticks."  
"Many a wit is not a whit wittier than Whittier."

Now seat the entire group in a circle to play.

#### Musical Surprise

Provide one or more articles wrapped in several papers. As the piano is played the packages are passed rapidly around the circle and when the music stops momentarily the one holding the package removes the outside

wrapping. This continues until someone removes the last wrapping and then keeps the surprise.

Another lively circle game is:

#### Follow the Leader

Some one is "it" and runs behind the circle, striking certain ones with a knotted handkerchief, who immediately arise and follow the leader. When he throws the handkerchief in the center of the circle all those out of their chairs rush for a seat which results in a mad scramble. The one left standing is the next leader.

The best way to close the party is by singing some favorite chorus or Seventh Day Baptist Rally Song, and a short prayer by the leader. —Geo.

### TELL AMERICA TO PRAY AND SEND BIBLES

#### Says Soldier's Plea

Following are excerpts from a stirring letter written by a young soldier on the battle front to his sister in Pennsylvania. The original is in possession of Rev. Ray B. White of Zarephath, N. J.

Dear Sis:

In writing this letter, I don't know where to start. . . . I have escaped death at the hand of an enemy in a way so amazing that I am still in a daze. You remember that I told you . . . I was going over armed with the Bible. That Bible is the reason I am still here and able to write this letter to all America. . . .

It was the first time that I'd been faced with the necessity of pointing my gun at a man to blast the life from his miserable body. I thought fast and then I said, "Lord, it's your responsibility now." As I reached for my carbine, a shot struck me in the breast and blasted me down. Thinking I was dead, my buddy jumped for me, grabbed my carbine, as well as his own, and stood astride my body blasting away with both guns. . . . He was amazed when I rolled over and tried to get up. The force of that bullet had only stunned me. I wondered why. I pulled that little Bible out of my pocket and looked at the ugly hole in the cover. The bullet had ripped through Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers—on through the Pentateuch, on through the other books, Samuel, Kings, Chronicles, and kept going. Where do you think it stopped? It stopped in the middle of Psalm 91, pointing like a finger at this verse: "A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee. Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see the reward of the wicked."

Sis, when I read that verse, it raised me off the ground. I did not know there was such a verse in the Bible. I'd been reading mostly in the New Testament. I read the rest of that chapter—the first part was ripped apart. In utter humility

I said, "Thank you, precious God," and felt like a little boy who had escaped the mouth of a beast of prey. . . .

I've given my heart to God. I talk with the boys, hold meetings, and pray with them. . . . Prayer is going to win this war; not guns alone but fervent, agonizing prayer. . . . Pray, Sis. Pray as you never have prayed before. Tell everyone to pray. Tell America to go to its knees.

Before each decisive victory anywhere over here, sometimes for hours, sometimes for days, there has been a feeling of people praying far away. . . . So pray, everyone! It will have to come from afar. No one prays in this land of utter desolation. God has turned his face away from the horror and destruction man has brought on himself.

Again, I plead, tell America to pray! This war will not end until nations and people have paid in blood and tears for thrusting God out of their hearts, out of their nations, out of their lands. And tell them, for God's sake to send Bibles, and more Bibles! A Bible will give a man confidence that God is with him. I'd like to have this message broadcast from every radio station in America, put into the papers, into everything that is printed. Tell America that the army wants prayers and Bibles. . . .

Your loving brother,

(Lieut.)

A cigarette's a tiny thing,  
But some tiny things aren't small;  
It may take a lot of termites  
But the house will finally, surely, fall.  
B. P. D.

## CHILDREN'S PAGE

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

### OUR LETTER EXCHANGE

Dear Mrs. Greene:

How are you? I am fine. I am a member of the Junior Christian Endeavor. We had a banquet at the church last week.

I am eight years old. I am in the third grade. Our school will soon be out. For our closing day exercises we are having Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs. I am one of the dwarfs. I am Grumpy.

I like to help my daddy work in the garden.

We are selling defense stamps in our school. I have one bond and a lot of stamps.

We have two goats next door. I like to play with them and watch Shep milk them. I like the milk.

From Billy Trout.

Shiloh, N. J.

Dear Billy:

I am glad you are well and I am sure you are happy, not grumpy, even though you are

to take that part in the story of Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs. But then Grumpy was a pretty good fellow despite his name and a good friend to Snow White. I wish I could be there to see the story acted out. I can't remember how many times I have had to tell it to my own children, but I have never seen it dramatized.

I guess defense stamps are being sold in all the schools in America. Our school gave a "Victory Concert" last week and the admission fee was at least one defense stamp. The bond and stamp drive held in conjunction with the concert was very successful, \$4,350 being purchased in bonds and \$252 in stamps. Pretty good, don't you think?

You and Oscar Burdick of Milton, Wis., ought to write to each other, since you are both interested in goats. He has quite a number of them and could tell you a good deal about goats and their habits. Why don't you write to him; it's fun to have a pen pal.

I am glad you are a member of the Shiloh Junior C. E., for by its teachings and influence you are getting a good foundation for Christian living.

Sincerely your friend,

Mizpah S. Greene.

#### The Secret of True Friendship

Marjorie Burton lives on a large farm in southern Wisconsin. She has no brothers and sisters and no near neighbors of her own age, so you would think she would often be lonely. But let me tell you, it would be hard to find a happier, more contented little girl.

If you should ask her, "How can you be so happy when you have so few friends to play with?" I can almost hear her answer with a merry laugh, "Oh, but I have hosts of friends to play with! There is Fluff, my big yellow kitty; Shep, Daddy's faithful collie dog; the cattle, horses, and sheep, the squirrels, and the birds. Oh, I cannot begin to tell you how many friends I have! There are hundreds of them, and best of all are my dear daddy and mother." Then out she would run to play with some of these many friends.

She is especially fond of the birds and can often be found calling them to come to her.

"Come down, little birdies," she called softly one day. "I love you; I wouldn't

hurt you for anything in this world." But although the birds sang their sweetest songs to her, they did not come very near, until one day she began to sprinkle crumbs for them.

Day after day she did this, until at last, to her great delight, they would perch on her shoulder and even eat out of her hand.

"Why do the birdies come to me, Mother dear?" she asked. "They never did before."

"Don't you think it is because they have found out that you love them?" said her mother.

"But they really come for the crumbs I bring them," said the little girl.

"Yes," said her mother softly, "but you feed them because you love them, do you not? Love will make people come to you, as well. You will always have friends, dear child, if you show your love for them by gentle, kindly deeds. It takes love behind good deeds to make friends."

"Of course," answered Marjorie with a happy laugh.

## OUR PULPIT

### THE SABBATH — A DELIGHT

(A student in the School of Theology at Alfred, N. Y.)

By C. Harmon Dickinson

"If thou turn away thy foot from the sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day; and call the sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honorable; and shalt honor him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words: Then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord; and I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth, and feed thee with the heritage of Jacob thy father; for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it."

(Isaiah 58: 13, 14.)

In this text God speaks of the Sabbath as "my holy day." It is the Sabbath of the Lord—a day that he has set apart and made holy. "And he rested on the seventh day from all his work which he had made. And God blessed the seventh day and sanctified it." (Genesis 2: 2b and 3.) But God was not thinking primarily of himself when he ordained the Sabbath, but of man, for Jesus said, "The sabbath was made for man and not man for the sabbath." It was made for our joy and our delight, and our spiritual growth. It was given to man for a holy day—a day for us to delight ourselves in

the Lord, not a holiday of worldly pleasures and selfish desires. "Remember the sabbath day to keep it holy: Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work: But the seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God." (Exodus 20: 8-10a.)

We are to make the Sabbath a delight. What are some of the ways in which we can do this? One way as is indicated in verse 13 of the text is by turning our foot from the Sabbath. That is, refusing to trample it under our feet, and making it a day of picnics, sight-seeing, or a day for commercial amusements, rather than making it "the holy of the Lord, honorable." Another way of making it a delight is by not doing our own pleasure or business or following after our own selfish interests and lusts, but devoting the Sabbath to the cause and joy of the Lord. Then, too, the Sabbath will be a delight if we do not follow the way of our own choice but give ourselves unselfishly to the glory of the Lord. "Not speaking thine own words" yes, the tongue also must be bridled. Idle words are no credit to a delightful Sabbath.

If we do these things, "Then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord." In proportion to our delight in Sabbath observance, God will give us delight in his presence. We will have greater joy and fellowship with God when the Sabbath is truly our delight. True Sabbath observance should help us to sense more keenly God's presence among us and cause us to realize our dependence in him and in Jesus Christ. God's Word says, if you "call the sabbath a delight, I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth" (Isaiah 58: 14). He will cause us to ride on a spiritual plane above the level of worldly things, sin, selfishness, hate, and greed. "There shall be showers of blessings" when we "call the sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honorable."

What was Jesus' attitude toward the Sabbath? To him the Sabbath was a delight. He did not repeal the Sabbath law as many suppose, nor did he fail to see its importance; but he gave it new life, raising it to a higher level than it ever had been before. The Pharisees had so abused the Sabbath that they could see nothing but the letter of the law. They went so far to the extreme that they failed to see its spiritual significance. Instead of enjoying it, they had actually become a slave to it. Their legalistic view

of it had made them self-righteous. They could perform no essential and necessary chores, as lighting a fire, cooking a meal, or traveling more than two thousand paces beyond the wall of the city. It is said that Gamaliel, Paul's teacher, let his beast of burden die on the Sabbath because he thought it was wrong to unload him. Is it any wonder that Jesus rebuked the Pharisees when they criticized the disciples for threshing grain and eating it on the Sabbath? Jesus said, "The sabbath was made for man and not man for the sabbath." He made the Sabbath a servant of man rather than man a slave of the Sabbath. He made it a delight to man rather than a burden. He restored it to its rightful place, emphasizing its spiritual worth.

"Then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord . . ." (Text). I honestly believe that verse. When a man turns away from the Sabbath, he turns that far away from God. When the home forgets the Sabbath, sooner or later it will forget God. When a nation ignores the Sabbath, it isn't long before we see evidence of her neglect for God and Christianity. Where does America stand today? The Bible says that God will prosper us as we remember his Sabbath, and I believe it. Have we as a denomination failed to remember God's Sabbath, even though it is one of our distinguishing beliefs? Is God prospering us as he has promised? Can we say that God is prospering Seventh Day Baptists when we have been gradually decreasing in numbers since 1900; when we show so little concern to tell others of that glorious salvation through Jesus Christ; when we find it so hard to set a good example for Sabbath keeping, let alone to tell others of the Sabbath truth? Statistics are not everything, but they do indicate a trend. I believe the Sabbath is the answer to one of our biggest problems. We are not honoring the Sabbath as we should.

Perhaps the Sabbath has become a burden to many people keeping it because father and mother were faithful to it, or because it is more convenient than Sunday, strange as that statement may seem. That is the way the Pharisees were keeping it during Jesus' day. Jesus always preached against doing something merely for the letter's sake. Jesus himself said to his disciples, "It is the spirit that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing: the words that I speak unto you, they are

spirit and they are life." (John 6: 63.) Yet the other extreme is just as bad. There are some who have so revolted against the letter of the law that they have lost the spirit also. Let us cultivate a love for the Sabbath, and show that it is a delight. So live that it will become a joy not only to yourself, but to those with whom you associate.

Everywhere we go we are astonished by the amount of Sabbath desecration running riot. This trend is not only true of Sabbath but of Sunday as well. Most of our large factories are running steady seven days and seven nights per week. Oh, but we are in war! Yes, but it was fast becoming that way before the war. There was a time in this country when people had high respect for the claims of Sunday as a holy day. This is no longer so true. On Sundays, before rationing, the roads were full of transportation vehicles, and people racing to the seashore and to the amusement centers. Sunday has practically become a national holiday. What is the reason for such a trend? Is it because America is forgetting God, or is it because her neglect for the Sabbath is causing her to forget God? I believe that the answer is in the Old Testament. Trace the Sabbath through the history of Israel and you will find that Sabbath desecration was one of the chief causes of their downfall. When Israel forgot the Sabbath she also forgot God. Amos cried out against the Sabbath desecrators of his day: "Hear this, O ye that swallow up the needy, even to make the poor of the land to fail, saying, when will the new moon be gone, that we may sell corn? and the sabbath, that we may set forth wheat . . . ?" (Amos 8: 4, 5.) Man has substituted the pagan sun-worshipping day for the Sabbath that God gave to man—the Sabbath of the Bible. Now we are reaping the harvest—Sabbath desecration, godlessness, indifference, and infidelity. There is no delight in those things, and they have been brought on by man's disobedience.

One man said to me, "I wonder if God will continue blessing me as a soul-winner, if I fail to keep the Sabbath?" I believe there is reason for his doubt. True Sabbath observance keeps us in line with God. The Sabbath budgets our time so that God will not be left out of our activities: If the Sabbath is truth, and we believe it is, our observance of it should bring us closer to God than we otherwise would be. If not,

there is something wrong. If you "call the sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, . . . then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord."

#### SABBATH SCHOOL LESSON

FOR JUNE 19, 1943

John Describes True Christians. Scripture—  
1 John.

Golden Text—1 John 1: 7.

#### DENOMINATIONAL "HOOK-UP"

Albion, Wis.

The church work here has been running along rather smoothly and uneventfully for some time. We have been enjoying the fine sermons of Rev. Carroll Hill of Milton, but having been without a resident minister so many months we are very much pleased to welcome to our midst Mr. Kenneth Van Horn, who is to be our pastor now.

On Sabbath afternoon, Mr. and Mrs. Van Horn were welcomed at the usual services, Rev. Carroll Hill having charge of the meeting, with a welcoming speech by Deacon M. J. Babcock and music by the choir. Then on the evening following the Sabbath, in connection with the usual "Church Night," a reception was held in the church parlor. The room was decorated with lilacs, tulips, and apple blossoms. After the supper, served cafeteria style, a short program was given, consisting of community singing led by Mrs. Clarence Lawton, with Mrs. Robert Gaines at the organ; a speech by Rev. Carroll Hill; music, a male quartet—Herbert Saunders, Harry Palmiter, Bobbie Babcock, and Norman Whitford — with Wilma Kelley pianist. There were also speeches by the following: the church moderator, Willard Babcock; the president of the Home Benefit Society, Mrs. Raymond Saunders; the president of the Missionary Society, Mrs. Pearl Sheldon. Mr. Van Horn responded to these remarks of welcome in a very pleasing manner. The meeting closed with the singing of the National Anthem.

Chicago, Ill.

Our small, pastorless group continues to meet regularly each week for worship service and Sabbath school. Various members of the group are appointed to conduct the services, and a blessing is received through this fellowship, in spite of the lack of a pastor.

Recently we had the joyous privilege of hearing a stirring Christian message from Rev. Leon M. Maltby, when he visited our group on May 8. Pastor Maltby (every preacher who visits us is our pastor) had just attended the great Evangelical Conference which had been held in Chicago the preceding week, and we were happy to have him remain for the Sabbath and encourage our hearts with a vital message from God's Word.

Another source of encouragement to this church has been the recent addition to our number of attendants. Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Sholtz and their two young folks, Paul and Marilyn, have moved here from Verona, N. Y. Already they have been pressed into service, for just last Sabbath, the twenty-second, Mr. Sholtz had charge of the worship service, and Marilyn played a clarinet solo.

Two more members were added to the church on May 8, when Ira and Floreen Bond presented their letters from the Nortonville and Milton churches and were given the right hand of fellowship.

It has been remarked that a cradle roll will have to be started now, for the arrival of Clifford Leroy Bond, May 19, marked the occasion of the first birth in the Chicago church membership for many years. Ira E. Bond and Floreen De Land Bond are the proud parents.

Pray for the Chicago Church and for other pastorless churches. And we must remember to pray for all our groups, and for many needs in this world of turmoil. May the name of our precious Savior be glorified, and the good news of salvation be spread to the uttermost parts of the earth.

Yours in the blessed hope of Christ's return,

Church Reporter.

Stonefort, Ill.

Pastor Oliver Lewis was ordained at Old Stone Fort church Sabbath day, May 15, 1943. Delegates present from Farina, Ill., were Rev. C. L. Hill and deacons Arthur Burdick, Glen Wells, and Roy Crandall.

It was voted to ask Deacon Milo Green, Deaconesses Amanda Bracewell, Cora L. Green, and Nannie Bramlet to sit in the council. A second vote included all Christians present. Rev. C. L. Hill of Farina was elected moderator and Mrs. Sallie Appel of Stonefort, clerk.

The candidate's call by the church, September 19, 1942, was read to the council. The examination of Mr. Lewis was conducted by Rev. C. L. Hill, who called upon him to give his Christian experience, his call to the ministry, and doctrinal beliefs. The candidate gave a very clear, concise, and satisfactory statement of his Christian life and work from early manhood. The council voted to proceed with the ordination.

After a bountiful basket dinner served in the church basement, the council reconvened and the ordination was continued.

Rev. Mr. Hill preached from John 15: 16. The sermon was full of encouragement and advice to the candidate and the church. He also gave some of his experiences as a young minister.

The "Charge to the Candidate" was given by Mrs. Green, sister of Pastor Lewis. The "Charge to the Church" was given by Deacon Arthur Burdick of Farina. Rev. C. L. Hill offered the consecrating prayer with the "laying on of hands" of the minister and ordained deacons. The "Welcome to the Ministry" was given by Deacons Glen Wells and Roy Crandall of Farina. The congregation sang "I Am Thine, O Lord."

Rev. Oliver Lewis pronounced the benediction, after which the Lord's Supper was administered. The congregation arose singing, "Shall We Gather at the River," and extended the hand of Christian fellowship to everyone as they passed from the church.

Rev. C. L. Hill, Moderator,  
Sallie Appel, Clerk.

Fouke and Little Prairie, Ark.

As many Recorder readers know, it is the custom of our Arkansas churches to observe the Lord's Supper annually, on the Passover night, or as nearly so as possible. This occasion, at Fouke, is marked by as large an attendance of the church as possible, a good covenant meeting, and messages from absent members.

The date fell this year on April 19, and at that time thirty of the members gathered at the Fouke church for this service, although participation in war work made it difficult or impossible for some to attend. Deacon S. J. Davis and Deacon Wardner Fitz Randolph assisted in serving the supper, and we had a good covenant meeting, with messages from nine absent members, including some



in the armed service of our country, and one from overseas.

At Little Prairie the service was postponed until the pastor could be present, and was held on Sabbath afternoon, May 15, with Deacon M. M. Mitchell assisting, and Mrs. Earl Mason acting as deaconess. Since rising flood waters made transportation difficult, and since the pastor's car was out of commission, it was necessary to hold the meeting at Brother John McKay's rather than at the church, and only four of the ten members could be present. However, we had a good and heart-warming service.

It is planned, God willing, to hold the Southwestern Association as usual this summer, although the time and place are not determined certainly as yet.

C. A. B.

Alfred, N. Y.

Young people of the Western Association of Seventh Day Baptist churches met in Alfred last weekend, May 22 and 23, in a Youth Rally. This was the first in a series of teenage conferences to be sponsored by the Seventh Day Baptist Board of Christian Education, and to be conducted during the summer by Dean and Mrs. A. J. C. Bond.

Starting Sabbath afternoon, the young people's meetings were centered around the three phases of the work of the Board of Christian Education — religious education, higher education, and young people's work.

The various pastors who attended and brought their young people to this Youth Rally were Rev. Walter L. Greene of Andover, Rev. Elmo F. Randolph of Alfred Station, Charles Bond of Little Genesee, and Alton Wheeler of Nile, in addition to Pastor Harris and the Alfred group.

—Alfred Sun (May 27).

### DENVER ORDAINS DEACON AND DEACONESS

Sabbath, May 1, was a red-letter day with the Denver Seventh Day Baptist Church. For a long time many in the church had felt that we needed another deacon and a deaconess, as one of our deacons had been largely incapacitated through a serious accident, leaving us only one active deacon.

Some months ago Mr. Keith Davis, the eldest son of Deacon Orsen Davis, and a

senior medical student, whose wife is a trained nurse, was chosen deacon, and Mrs. Elsie Thorngate, wife of Guy Thorngate who is on the Denver police force and is treasurer of our church, was elected deaconess.

As May 1 was the regular time for the quarterly meeting of the Denver and Boulder churches, it was decided to hold the ordination services for these two candidates in the afternoon. It was a beautiful service with the following people taking part: After the statements of the religious experiences of the candidates, the ordination sermon was given by Rev. Erlo E. Sutton of the Denver Church; the consecrating prayer with laying on of hands was led by Rev. Earl Cruzan of the Boulder Church; charge to the candidates was given by Deaconess Ola Hodge of Boulder; the charge to the church, by Deacon Orville Burdick of Denver; welcome to the fellowship of deacons, by Deacon Orsen Davis of Denver. A number of appropriate hymns and an anthem were sung under the leadership of Mrs. William Jeffrey, director of music of the Denver Church.

Deacon Orsen Davis was recently severely injured by a fall from the roof of a house he was repairing, breaking the bones in both heels. Both legs are in casts to the knees; however, he is able to get about some on crutches, and may soon be able to supervise the men who work for him on his building and repair contracts.

Since the first of the year a great deal of work has been done in remodeling the auditorium of our church, the entire interior having been changed except for pews. The government limited us as to the amount that we could spend for material and labor. Most of the labor has been donated, but we are now held up by priorities on lumber for the pews, but hope to get it in the near future so as to complete the work.

As members of the church are widely scattered, we are trying the plan of having all age groups meet on Sabbath afternoon at 1.30, each group having its own service. Thus far the plan has been quite successful, as those living at a distance bring lunch and eat it at the church, thus remaining for the group meetings. In addition to these meetings, we have planned a Vacation Religious Day School for the children of our section of the city.

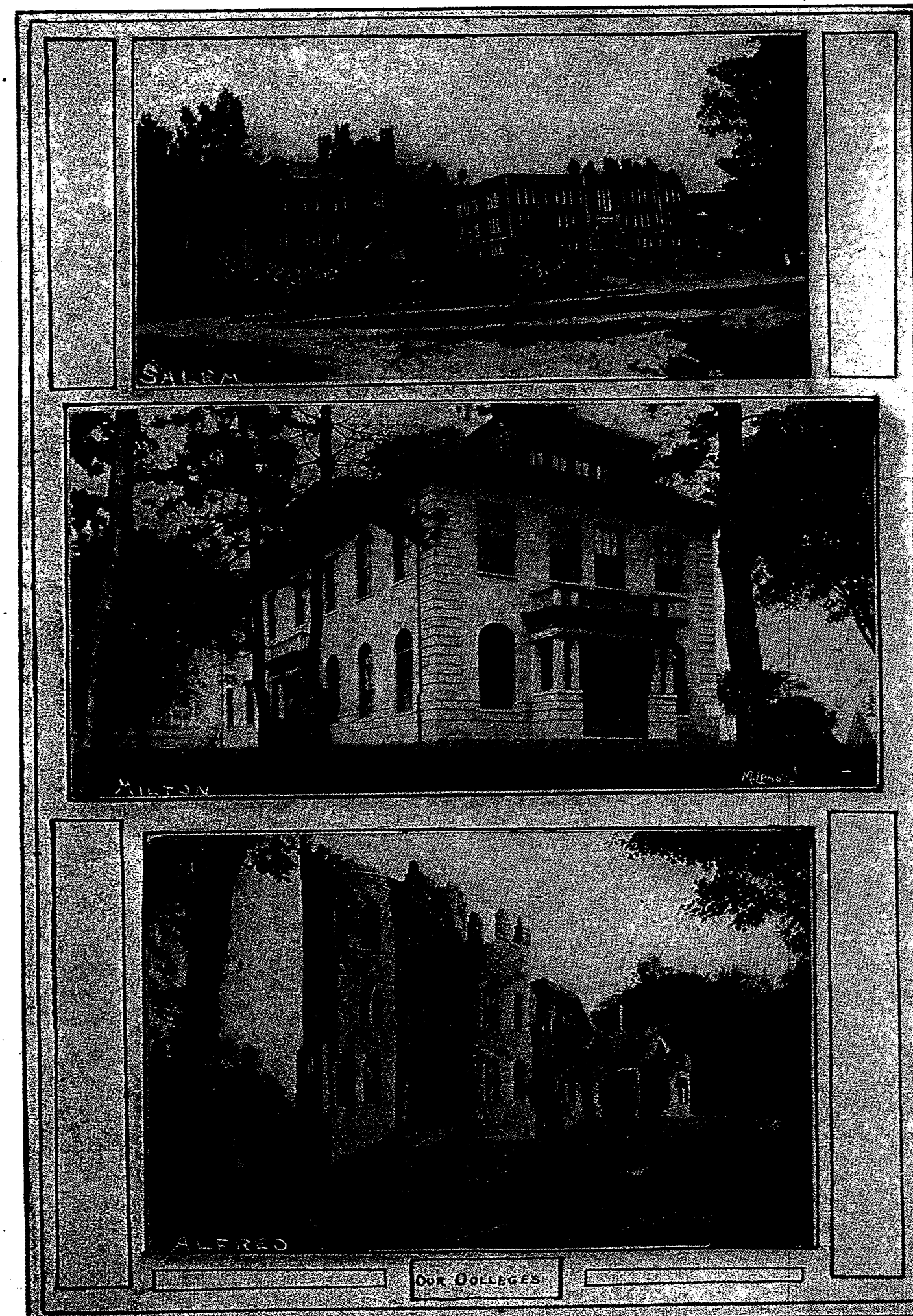
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