A L O R D ' S  A C R E  H Y M N

We care for our Lord's Acres,
And think of Jesus' way;
His goodness and his purpose
Inspire us day by day.
We dedicate these Acres,
Like fields the Master trod,
And join with one another
In willing work with God.

To bring God's harvest yields,
As the years pass over-
Like springs that never cease,
The heavenly Father's blessings
Give cheerfulness and peace.
Thus be our daily labor
Beneath the open sky;
We care for our Lord's Acres,
And think of Jesus' way;
A holy joy we find,
The tasks God daily sends,
As we serve with courage,
Victorious. 

We serve well our church life
With hands and hearts advancing
His goodness and his mission,
To make the church grow stronger
And gather more and more,
Through the SABBATH RECORDER.

The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their works
Lived on, and left to follow
They opened wide the way.

The Sabbath Recorder
Vol. 132
Plainfield, N. J., June 8, 1942
No. 23

ASPIRATION

The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.

—Longfellow (The Ladder of St. Augustine).

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The Abundant Life

Our Church

The Abundant Life

Our Church

Theological Association

Pulpit

The Abundant Life

Our Church

Numerical "Hook-up"

Marriages

Number

O B I T U A R Y

Clapper.—Clyde Harold Clapper was born at New Auburn, Minn., March 4, 1897, and passed away at the St. Joseph Hospital in Alliance, Neb., April 29, 1942. He was united in marriage to Marguerite Thorngate, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Thorngate, August 16, 1923. To this union were born three sons and one daughter. The oldest son preceded the father in death. Mr. Clapper was employed as land agent in the Indian service of Pine Ridge Reservation at Pine Ridge, S. Dak. He was a member of the Seventh Day Baptist church held at the Seventh Day Baptist Church at Dodge Center, Minn., where the family had moved. He was united in marriage May 10, 1876, with Hector C. Severance, a deacon of the Dodge Center Church, deceased, February 18, 1907. To this union were born seven children, all of whom are living: Loutzette C., Mrs. Edgar Burdick, Alton, Mrs. Charles Nelson, Mrs. Lloyd Van Horn, Mrs. Almon Haskins, and Harland C.

In 1951, she was married to Joe Griffis at Tipton, Iowa, who passed away November 11, 1941. The children named, with thirty-two grandchildren and great-grandchildren, and two sisters, Mrs. Patsy Sue and Mrs. Julia Orcutt, survive.

Funeral and burial services were held in Tipton, conducted by Rev. Kenneth Gilbert.

G. N.

Griffis.—Emma Ann, daughter of Matthew and Elizabeth Dodson Ellis, was born in Perry County, Ill., February 24, 1859, and died in Mercy Hospital, Iowa City, April 23, 1942. At the age of twelve she joined the Seventh Day Baptist Church at Dodge Center, Minn., where the family had moved. She was united in marriage May 10, 1876, with Hector C. Severance, a deacon of the Dodge Center Church, deceased, February 15, 1907. To this union were born seven children, all of whom are living: Loutzette C., Mrs. Edgar Burdick, Alton, Mrs. Charles Nelson, Mrs. Lloyd Van Horn, Mrs. Almon Haskins, and Harland C.

In 1951, she was married to Joe Griffis at Tipton, Iowa, who passed away November 11, 1941. The children named, with thirty-two grandchildren and great-grandchildren, and two sisters, Mrs. Patsy Sue and Mrs. Julia Orcutt, survive.

Funeral and burial services were held in Tipton, conducted by Rev. Kenneth Gilbert.

G. N.

Loughhead.—At his home, 7 Moss St., Westerly, R. I., May 5, 1942, John G. Loughhead, aged 81 years. Mr. Loughhead, the son of Jefferson and Esther Loughhead, was born in Tipton, Iowa, April 10, 1861. He was united in marriage August 10, 1889, with Miss Lottie L. Loughhead, of Tipton, Iowa, April 10, 1899. She died October 6, 1936. He and Miss Sylvia W. Loughhead were married November 15, 1928. He is survived by his wife, a brother, Charles, and several sisters.

He was a member of the Pawcatuck Seventh Day Baptist Church, faithful to the appointment of the church, conscientious and consistent in his religious life.

Funeral services were conducted by his pastor, Rev. Harold R. Grandall, and Rev. Wayne R. Rood.

Interment was in River Bend Cemetery.

H. R. C.
The Sabbath Recorder
A Seventh Day Baptist Weekly Published by the American Sabbath Tract Society, Plainfield, N. J.

LET THE CHURCHES PRAY
One of the greatest untapped resources today is prayer. In all generations the strength of God’s people as they have worked for him has depended upon the spirit of prayer and supplication. It has been the connecting link between people of earth and heaven; the bond of individuals who have lost their hold on God and have found themselves slipping away from active duties and losing hope by being restored by earnest prayer for help. Said the Psalmist, “I sought the Lord and he heard me, and delivered me from all my fears.” This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him and saved him out of all his troubles.” And again the Psalmist exclaims, “Oh, that men would praises the Lord for his goodness and for his wonderful works to the children of men. They turn to him. He pleads, and let us reason together, saith the Lord. And the Lord will command. In the days leading to Jesus was besought by his followers to teach them. And the Lord will command. In the days leading to

Today
These are trying, trying times. Dear friends in all our churches, something must be done to rekindle the spirit of loyalty which is essential to our success as a people. "Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by, that even your ows are so empty, that so few are being brought to Christ by us, that so few are being added to the church? Is it nothing to you, that your boys and girls are not being held to the Sabbath and the church? "Is it nothing to you" that our budgets, year by year, are having to be pared, that our workers wait for a genuine revival of interest in undefiled religion? Prayer for this should be fervent and definite. Let us ask the Lord for specific blessings—"in faith, believing." Today

Churches are being disbursed through non-support and lack of spiritual leadership. Church doors are being closed and the property turned over to others. Should our hearts not be stirred with longings and action to bring about better things? Should we not be alarmed over the loss of spirituality in our churches, and over the tendency to drift away from church life on the flood of worldliness? Are you filled with misgivings lest your own loved ones may be swept away from the faith of their fathers by the pleasure-seeking multitudes and economic opportunities of our times? Do you feel that there is too great a tendency to compromise with the world in regard to the fundamental truth that makes us a separate people?

With all these things in mind, what would be the effect if in all our homes and in our churches every one who loves the Lord would at once begin earnestly to pray for a genuine revival of interest in true religion? Prayer for this should be fervent and definite. Let us ask the Lord for specific blessings—"in faith, believing." Today

Prayer
Let us ask the Lord for specific blessings—"in faith, believing." Today

Whereas nothing to you, all ye that pass by, that even your ows are so empty, that so few are being brought to Christ by us, that so few are being added to the church? Is it nothing to you, that your boys and girls are not being held to the Sabbath and the church? "Is it nothing to you" that our budgets, year by year, are having to be pared, that our workers wait for a genuine revival of interest in undefiled religion? Prayer for this should be fervent and definite. Let us ask the Lord for specific blessings—"in faith, believing." Today

THE SABBATH RECORDER

Why not make June 20 a day of special prayer—rather because we are interested in making it a day of special prayer, for deeper interest and self-sacrifice should stimulate us to do far more in such lines than we are doing?

Perhaps some information concerning these islands so far away from us may be helpful, especially as they fall within the zone of war operations in the southern Pacific. The following is taken from the Western Sun of March 12.

New Zealand—Best known to cross-word puzzle fans (for the kiwi, the tui, the moa, and the bee—rare birds that fit snugly into puzzle corners) is the newest American Colonies (1907) of the British Empire. Some 1,200 miles southeast of Australia, she is so far away from the rest of the world that the Maoris, who emigrated to New Zealand probably dived late in the nineteenth century, New Zealand soldiers had to travel to South Africa (the Boer War) and to the Near East (38,501 World War I casualties in Turkey, Egypt, Palestine, as well as in France and Belgium) to see action as Anzacs, or Australian, New Zealand Army Corps. Not until 1895 did New Zealand pitch in toward the support of the British Navy whose few good harbors as outposts still secure from the Japanese invasion. On her three islands — North, South and Stewart islands—live 1,540,000 whites, 100,000 Polynesians. On her fertile plains, great flocks of sheep produce the wool, meat, tallow, pelts, constituting New Zealand's most important export.
Zealand’s leading export until the dairymen in recent years increased production to take first place. Compulsory military training is in the air as a two-house form of government keenly interested in social reforms, the well-being of its people.)

New Zealand and its army are both strong. Her air force should rate well, for in this section of the globe where distances mean little, commercial aviation expanded rapidly. The climate (tropical in the north, mildly temperate in the south) must be healthful, for as tough a bunch of fighting men as there are.

A great national crisis...

Many of the fairest landscapes had become a desolate wilderness. The Union was broken.

Suffering in Transcends that of all the war-torn countries. The struggle has lasted three times as long, the lists of casualties dwarf the imagination, and there are far fewer hospitals, workers, and supplies to serve the fallen. More cities have been bombed and pillaged, and the number of refugees treading the scorched earth of China has reached the appalling total of over forty-five million.

Twenty million people in China face starvation, children by the hundreds die daily from hunger and exposure, and the ravages of disease sweep through the streets of ruined cities. Yet the Chinese are not discouraged. They are not giving up. China has the determination to rebuild their homes, to re-establish their factories, and to open new roads and to China. There is a monument to courage that time shall not wear down—For Those Who Suffer.

In England church bells are to be silent as a warning. As yet in America the gospel teaching are already silent with many people, and even churches where actual singing Beyond external forms. Again it takes people if we are to worship truly, and learn God’s will, and experience salvation through Christ Jesus, the bells must ring in our hearts—T. R. Sutton, in Church Echo.

**The SABBATH RECORDER**

DENOMINATIONAL BUDGET

Statement of Treasurer May, 1942

<table>
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<th>Receipts</th>
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<td>Adams Center</td>
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**The SABBATH RECORDER**

Comparative Figures

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**The Quiet Hour**

(A Bible Study by Rev. Gerald D. Harquip)

Reasons We Fail to Get Blessing

"Ye have not, because ye ask not. Ye ask and receive not, because ye ask amiss, that ye may consume it upon your desires."

We are shocked when we list these main reasons why we fail to receive the blessings out of God’s abundance. The reasons are prayerlessness and selfishness. "Because we ask amiss," says our Lord, "our prayers are not answered because we follow these simple rules.

"Know ye not that the friendship of the world is enmity with God? whosoever therefore will be a friend of the world is the enemy of God." Disloyalty to God suggested by the thought of friendship with the world is accompanied by prayerlessness and selfishness.

The Christian has sworn allegiance and faithfulness to the Lord. If he then gives his heart, and life, in world of selfish pleasure, lust, greed, indulgence, and sin, he is faithless to his most solemn vows. Our just rewards will be the following:

A. No blessing and why?

1. Self-gratification of personal appetites. James 4:1

2. Unsanctioned cravings cause crime. James 4:2

B. No answers to prayer and why?

1. Prayerlessness. James 5:1

2. Indulgence toward self. James 4:3

Niantic, Conn.

Morton R. Swinyer, Treasurer.
C. Impotence with God and why?
1. Friendship with the world is enmity with God.
James 4: 4.
James 4: 8.
4. No love for the brethren and why?
E. Worry and why?
1. Where there is worry trust is gone. Matthew 6: 30.
Battle Creek, Mich.

DAILY MEDITATIONS
(Prepared by K. Duane Hurley, Marysville, Calif.)

Sunday, June 14
The Sportman Is Honest.

My good blade carves the casques of men,
The Sportman is honest.

Call to Prayer—Blending with each petition thy great Redeemer's name.

Monday, June 15
Fairness.
The sportman will not take an undue advantage over his opponent. He plays by the Golden Rule. If he learns to obey the rules of the game, he will obey also the Golden Rule in daily life.
Matthew 7: 12.

Call to Prayer—Or, if 'tis ever denied thee in solitude to pray (then think a prayer).

Tuesday, June 16
A Good Loser.
The timekeeper in a foot race made a slight mistake over the place to the man who was really second. This man knew he had not won, and he refused the first place. That needs real sportsmanship.
Acts 7: 54-60.

Call to Prayer—(Pray at any time) Should holy thoughts come o'er thee.

Wednesday, June 17
A Hard Place.
"The sportman does not wish an easy victory. The great thing for him is not victory, but the struggle. Some defeats are quite as sweet as victory would have been."—Marshall.

2 Timothy 2: 1-7.

Call to Prayer—(Pray even) When friends are round thy way.

Thursday, June 18
Bad Losers.
He is no sport who becomes petulant when he is losing. To gain a power of calm is of tremendous value in all dealings of life.
The sportman plays not from sense of duty or from a mere desire to win, but because he loves the games and the fellowship with others in them.

So must we learn to love life and live it loyally.
Matthew 20: 1-16.

Call to Prayer—E'en then the silent breathing.

Friday, June 19
A Generous Winner.
The sportman does not boast his prowess or his victories. He lets his deeds speak for themselves. This, too, is a valuable asset in the "game of life."


Call to Prayer—Thy spirit lifts above.

THE SABBATH RECORDER


MISSIONS

Correspondence should be addressed to Rev. William L. Burdick, Secretary, Ashaway, R. I.

Checks and money orders should be drawn to the order of Rev. D. Stillman, Warren, R. I.

THE SABBATH RECORDER

A REMINDER

It is now the last month of the Conference year. The financial reports of most of the boards close June 30, and the opportunities of the 1941-42 Conference year will soon be past. It is often the case that individuals and churches intend to bring in their tithes and offerings before the end of the year, but put it off. They may make the contribution later, but they do not get credit for it when the annual reports appear.

There is a more vital reason for promptness and liberality in these matters—and that is the great need. The finances of some of the boards, particularly the Missionary Board, are far behind. On this account the work is languishing and the question of retrenchment appears. If all churches and individuals will give "as God hath prospered them" and send their contributions promptly, there will be an abundance; and funds will be available to make one trip per month to the country. Then, too, the cycle needs repairs. I'll let you know more about it another time.

Many things of interest have happened since last I wrote you. The Luna Church, as you doubt have heard, dedicated its new building on January 25. This was a great day in the history of Jamaica Seventh Day Baptists, for it marked the time when one of our Jamaica churches did such a thing entirely on its own, without any outside financial help whatever. As many of our brethren as could make it came from throughout the island. You would not recognize the new building now; it is so much larger and more beautiful than the site of the congregation than the old building was. Yes, this was a great day in the life of our work in this island.

Other than two trips to Luna in January, I confined my activities to the Kingston Church during the first quarter. This was mainly due to lack of funds with which to travel. But I was busy nevertheless. We presented the Easter cantata, DuBois' Seven, this year—twice. It was said to be a fine production artistically, but financially it was not a success, though was clear to me that the music of the island is beyond compare with the musicians of the United States. And I just saw by this morning's paper, that the musical examiner who came just...
On Sabbath morning, March 28, in the Kingston church, immediately following the morning service, I baptized four persons, an adult woman, and a young man named Donald. We were proud that these four young people, two young ladies, an adult woman, and a young man named Donald, were among the instrumentalists, how thoroughly competent they are.

On Sabbath morning, March 28, in the Kingston church, immediately following the morning service, I baptized four persons, an adult woman, and a young man named Donald. We were proud that these four young people, two young ladies, an adult woman, and a young man named Donald, were among the instrumentalists, how thoroughly competent they are.

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To Each of the Men of Earth

Dear One:

To you whom I pen these lines, my heart goes out with the deepest sympathy. To you goes my love. My deep desires are for your welfare; your happiness is my happiness; your joy, my joy; your sorrow, my sorrow. I cannot live without you, and I must be ever near you. When you are ill or troubled in mind or heart, my life is upset. When you are well and all is smooth sailing, my life flows along serenely. You wait!—maybe that weaving can be explained.

I am an individual, a man, a woman, a boy, a girl—a Christian; you are an individual, a man, a woman, a boy—a Christian, a non-Christian. Then too, I am a group, for I am all true Christians; and you are a group, for you are all non-Christians and all Christians except the individual I dislike. Sometimes you are the person I dislike; sometimes you are my best friend; sometimes I do not recognize you. Sometimes we are separated by race and color and creed, sometimes we are near neighbors or blood brothers or sisters. This is not because you change; it is because I change. It is because I do not keep my way you think I ought. I am willing to give my life, even unto death, if that will really help. I will have to decide, with all the years of my life to helping you live a more joyful abundant life.

Again I say, look sympathetically, and you will find my love. Look sympathetically, and you will see it even when it is covered more plainly.

It is often good for me to sit and wonder what you think of me. I make some human heart a little wiser, and you will find my love. Look sympathetically, and you will see it even when it is covered more plainly.

A LETTER FROM HAMMOND, LA.

By Lois Fay Powell

Dear Mrs. Greene and the Children:

I found in a book in New Orleans a rare poem about the Arkansas River, by a man named Turner Mourning. It is called "Song of the Arkansas River." I quote from Colorado Land, From rocks and abysses, From icy streams and caves serene, And jagged precipices. From canyons deep where stately firs Grow thick on matted boughs, Where sunshine's glow Of dark and silent mazes.

I roll through labyrinthine cells, Through woodlands bleak and dreary; Through rock-walled mounts with crests of snow, And summits old in story.

Beneath the blue-domed vaulted skies I stretch out my course, I lift my liquid notes on high. My anthem sweet and solemn.

And many golden sand-bar plains Rise on my bosom beams. And many an isle with rosy haunts Blooms in the sunlight gleaming.

And many a field of waving grain Looks on me as I wander. And many a village, young and old, And there a city yonder.

I cheer the lovely daudolls, I kiss the saintly willows, I make the giant oaks and elms Quake 'neath my sounding billows.

Behind the wooded slope I curve, I wind my way in curves and serpents. They join me, and I thunder on, My solemn psalm forever.

Sincerely yours,

Miszah S. Greene.
Words of John Savior keep, comes this simple, concise statement: "I am the way, the truth, and the life. No words ever fell from the lips of the Savior that are adequately pointed to the filling of basic human needs than those words of John 10: 10, "I am come that they might have life, and have it more abundantly." In the very midst of the great "I am's" which figuratively express the purpose and power of Christ, He gives us a divine plan of approach. But there is a universal need which Jesus had in mind: men need life and they need it more abundantly. For ten years and more the writer has been attempting to preach Christ from the pulpit and to touch the eternal life of individual men. Many times I have revised my plan of approach. Always my purpose has been the same. As a representative of Christ I can echo the purpose of Christ, "I am come that they might have life, and have it more abundantly." Now I am convinced that there is no universal need of approach. But there is a universal need which Jesus had in mind: men need life and they need it more abundantly.

Jesus came and realized that every man has bowed in prayer and confessed with their mouths that they were not a son of God. Jesus would say there was no abundance. Many are seeking to live for things, all unconscious of the great power of the great physician who is able to make the life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth.

Two high school girls attended church regularly, but said they doubted the power of God. They said they were eager to learn more of the Word of God and the power of Christ to transform their lives.

A mother, divorced and married again, working all day on a drill press, declared she had never enjoyed life until she got away from religion. Days had been spent in a strict denominational school where religion concerned itself more with the length of the sleeves of a girl's dress than the love of God in her heart. But further conversation showed that she was not enjoying life. Her thirst was not quenched by the wells of the world. She knows her's is not the abundant life.

A fourteen year old girl of the boy-crazy, gum-chewing, flippant variety had been a member of the church for four years, but admitted that she was not a Christian and needed to be saved. She had professed to have life but she did not have it abundantly.

A father of several children admitted the barrenness of his life and the value of a Christian life, but he said, "Not yet, sometimes, if ever, I catch the purpose of Christ and repudiating the offered life.

On the other side, an old man broken and feeble admitted that he needed a new life and took the offer of salvation. Now he wishes he had his life to live over again that he might have the joy of the abundant life.

A little girl of another community testified, "I have never been so happy in my life as I have since I took Jesus as my Savior.

Boys and girls, men and women, brought face to face with their poverty and the sins of their lives have bowed in prayer and confessed with their mouths that they believed Christ could and would give them life, and life more abundant.

How abundant is your life? A man recently confessed to me that he had never done anything very bad but he didn't know as he had ever done anything very good. Good seed sowed in a field does not always produce an abundant harvest, said the Lord. The weeds may choke it. Most of us have received the good seed. Let us not pride ourselves in that fact. Perhaps we have a new life begun. That is not enough. The purpose of Christ. If you allow only a new life to abound: in joy, abundant in service.


I was restless and weary and worn, and asked where sweet peace might be found. When he spoke to me, I knew it was the voice of God, and I cried, "Where faith dwells, there peace will abound." "Give me faith," then I cried, "Give me faith, for the way into the world is hard, and I only know Christ to dwell there, their lives will be the abundant life—abundant in joy, abundant in service.

"Tablets mark the pews occupied and rendered by George Washington in churches in Virginia and New York."

Eastern Association.

A particularly intensive and inspirational program has been planned for the Sabbath day of the Eastern Association meetings at Rockville June 11-14. The varied program of the day will be particularly attractive to those who feel that because of travel restrictions they can attend only one day of the meetings.

The "Day" will be opened at sundown Sabbath eve by an inspirational vespers program. The sermon of the evening, "Christ for the Church," will be delivered by Rev. Orville W. Babcock of Salemville, Pa., and the conference meeting in charge of Rev. W. C. Crofton will deliver the keynote sermon on Sabbath morning, and in the afternoon there will be two services. The open evening will be provided with a service of praise, and Rev. Hurley S. Warren will preach the sermon, "Christ for the Future." At four the Missionary Board will conduct its program. Another vespers service will close the Sabbath, and will be followed immediately by an attractive program arranged by the Rockville young people.

A special invitation is extended by the Rockville people to members of the New England churches to come and spend at least Friday evening and Sabbath day as overnight guests of the church. The Tract Board has an inspiring program Sunday morning.

The entire program, which opens Thurs­day evening and closes Sunday noon, is centered about the theme, "Christ for the World," and promises to give great inspiration to all who cooperate and are attracted by the Rockville young people.

Pastor Wayne R. Rood.

The Pathway to Peace.

I was restless and weary and worn, and asked where sweet peace might be found. When he spoke to me, I knew it was the voice of God, and I cried, "Where faith dwells, there peace will abound." "Give me faith," then I cried, "Give me faith, for the way into the world is hard, and I only know Christ to dwell there, their lives will be the abundant life—abundant in joy, abundant in service.

Loves blossoms most fresh when fragrant By peace and by faith in the hearts That worship the Church of God; And to whom, to whom His Spirit imparts. —Ambrose M. Schmidt, D.D., in The Messenger.
Denominational "Hook-Up"

Battle Creek, Mich.

The Battle Creek church was made happy on April 18, by a baptismal service in which seven persons acknowledged Christ as their Savior and were baptized by Pastor Hargis.

The long planned for meetings at Adrian were held for ten days during the last of March and early April. Rev. Leon Malathy of White Cloud and Pastor Hargis were in charge of the services. Mrs. Hargis was with them most of the time, but came back to Battle Creek on Sabbath, to give us a very fine sermon. Alan Bond, a student of Wheaton College, Wheaton, Ill., spent his vacation as a supply pastor.

The local workers were tireless in their efforts and helped in many ways, especially in an intensive calling campaign. Musicians and other helpers from Battle Creek made several trips to Adrian during the meetings. Seventeen people found their Savior and a baptismal service is planned late in May. Rev. E. M. Holston will go to Adrian occasionally to preach for them and to assist in their regular services.

Several members of the Battle Creek Church attended a one day rally at Kalamazoo, of the Michigan Advance. The church will soon hear more of the plans originated there. A series of workers meetings is being held on Sunday evenings and a Teachers' Training Class is being organized with Mrs. W. B. Lewis as leader.

The Christian Endeavor society of the Seventh Day Baptist Church held a meeting of unusual interest last Sabbath afternoon. At the close of the Sabbath school services, Elder Mr. and Mrs. George Maxson and Pastor A. Clyde Ehret drove to the river and enjoyed a picnic dinner beside the "Marker" on the site of the first church service held by the Seventh Day Baptists in this vicinity seventy years ago, on the twenty-third of May, 1872.

Later in the afternoon the young people conducted a commemoration service in which were joined by adults including two surviving members of the group who worshiped there seventy years ago—C. J. Rood and his sister, Mrs. Mary Davis. Besides these two only two other members of the group are now living—Lowell Wellman who was a boy of four or five and his mother, Mrs. Emma Green, now of Battle Creek, Mich.

Others present who came at a late date but early enough to remember those early pioneer days were Mrs. Genia Crandall, H. T. Thornton and C. J. Barber.

The program was in charge of Marion Maxson. Pastor Ehret spoke briefly in appreciation of the faith of the pioneers, and also told the story of the meeting of 1872. The young people sang a number of hymns, including "Shall We Gather at the River" which, it was recalled, was one of the hymns sung at the original meeting.

C. W. Barber told how the marker which designates the place where the pioneers met was placed in position thirty years ago by Walter Rood, Ray Thorngate, and himself in the presence of other members known about the vicinity of Portland church, and later in the afternoon the young people joined by a number of adults.

The services of May 23, 1872, were held on the site of the church, since there were no dwellings nor public buildings, and the participants were Seventh Day Baptist colonists, some of whom arrived only the day before, but as they were they did not neglect the assembling of themselves together, so met at this appointed place for their Sabbath worship.

Elder Oscar Babcock, father of A. H. Babcock of North Loup, presided over the meeting and delivered the sermon, standing behind a rocking chair in lieu of a pulpit. No one knows now to whom the chair belonged nor just how it was made to serve the purposes of a pulpit desk.

This was not the first religious service to be held in the valley, as is sometimes claimed, but it was undoubtedly the first one to be conducted by a group which came together as a church. With the possible exception of one or two occasions when public gatherings were forbidden because of quarreling, the Seventh Day Baptists have never failed to hold services on the Sabbath from that date to the present.—North Loup Loyalist.
THE SABBATH RECORDER

THE GOTHIC — SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY
ALFRED, N. Y.

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No. 24

DAVID - H. Lyndon Davin, son of Howard L. and Lucy F. Davin, was born on December 31, 1911, and died May 22, 1942.

He was married on February 19, 1922, by
Rev. L. D. Seager, and joined the Seventh Day Baptist church of Marlboro, N. J., on February 25, 1922.

Darker hands, grown strong from battling with oppression, Patient from years of unrequited toil, Look to your skills; improve your craftsmanship; Hold fast to honesty.

The trouble world is racked and torn today By brutal, grasping hands, so disciplined In ways of treachery and lawlessness. They seek no other course.

When this destruction shall have spent itself, There'll be a need of clean, strong, patient hands To cull the broken parts and build again.

Dark hands, keep clean, prepare.


MARRIAGES

Babcock - Allison. — Kenneth C. Babcock, son of Mr. and Mrs. Neely Babcock, was united in marriage with Virginia Allison on April 18, 1942, at the Seventh Day Baptist church in Battle Creek, Mich., by Pastor G. D. Hargis.

Skaggs - Bond. — At the Seventh Day Baptist church in Salem, W. Va., April 6, 1942, James Leland Skaggs and Mary Elizabeth Bond were united in marriage by Pastor James L. Skaggs and President S. O. Bond. The body was laid to rest at Salem. J. L. S.

Kelley. — Mary E. Bee Kelley, daughter of John W. Kelley and Perdellia Bland Bee, was born in Doddridge County, W. Va., November 21, 1860, and died at the home of her daughter in Clarksburg, W. Va., March 7, 1942.

Smith. — Lola Angeles Wilson, daughter of Deacon and Mrs. T. J. Wilson, was born at Eagle Lake, Tex., November 8, 1873, and died at her home at Freeport, Tex., May 3, 1942.

She was married December 23, 1926, to A. J. Smith, and is survived by her husband, one daughter (Mrs. Ruth Evans), two grandsons, as well as other relatives and many friends. She always took opportunities to witness for her Lord. She was a member of the old First Baptist church, and when that church dissolved she united with the church at Fouke, of which she remained a loyal nonresident member and a faithful Sabbath keeper.

Funeral services were conducted in the Ritchie Seventh Day Baptist church, by Rev. Marion C. Van Horn, and burial made in the Pine Grove Cemetery at Berea. M. C. V. H.

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OBITUARY

Davis Ford, son of George and Polina Davis Ford, was born August 11, 1845, and died February 10, 1942, at Salem, W. Va.

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He was graduated from the Bridgeton High School in June, 1929. He attended Salem College for about a year.

The funeral services conducted by his pastor, Rev. Herbert L. Cottrell, were held from the home of his parents, James Leland and Molly Drummond, and were conducted by Pastor James L. Skaggs.

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