NEWS FROM THE CHURCHES

DENVER, COLO. — This church is now added to the number of those promoting a regular and long-continued Bible reading program. Church bulletins contain an insert page explaining the program, and containing three pledges which the readers may check and sign to join the Bible Reading Fete for the first six months of 1955. Assigned Scripture portions are to be distributed to all who enlist in this faith-building venture.

DODGE CENTER, MINN. — The past summer has been a busy one for us. The semiannual meeting convened here June 11-13. Though there were just a few delegates both the Twin Cities and the New Auburn, Wis., Churches were represented.

Our Daily Vacation Bible School began June 14 and lasted through the 25th with about 30 children enrolled. Pastor Van Horn was director and Doris Van Horn and Mary Thorngate assisted as teachers, and Ruth Bennett of Battle Creek, who was visiting her parents, helped as pianist for the group. Wayne Van Horn, Bruce Greene, and Philip Greene attended Camp Wakonda at Milton in July. About twelve of us attended all or part of Conference this year and the enthusiastic reports coupled with the visit of the Conference president, Clarence Rogers, in October, have created a desire strong enough of us to attend Conference next year. If we start planning now, with the Lord’s help, I know we can.

We were represented at the semiannual meeting at New Auburn and the North Central Meeting in Milton Junction in October.

Pastor Van Horn has been conducting an Evangelism and Bible Study Class for the past few months. We had been meeting on Tuesday nights. It has been changed to Wednesday night in hopes that more people will avail themselves of this opportunity.

The Lord’s Ingathering was held the night after the Sabbath, December 11. The Board of Christian Education slides were shown. We are hoping when all the projects are in that we will have more than enough to make the payment on the church note, as voted, and can send something to some missionary cause. Several gave chickens as their project and the Ladies’ Aid sponsored a fried chicken dinner this fall which was very successful.

May we, both as a church and as individuals, recommit ourselves to do more in the Master’s work in 1955?

— Arthid Greene, Correspondent.

SABBATH SCHOOL LESSON

for January 15, 1955

Christ, The Son of the Living God

Lesson Scripture:


Obituaries

Maltby. — Mark C., youngest son of Jay and Ruth Maltby was born Aug. 24, 1946, and died at a Syracuse hospital on Dec. 13, 1954, after a very brief illness. Funeral services were held from the Foster Funeral Home in Pulaski on Dec. 15, 1954, with Rev. Earl Crusan in charge of the service, assisted by Rev. Dobbie of Fernwood. Interment was in Willis Cemetery near the Maltby home.

Trowbridge. — Dora Chase, daughter of the late Henry and Ursula Maxon Chase was born in the town of Hounsfield on Aug. 26, 1869, and died at the home of her son, Harold Whitford of Rodman, N. Y., Oct. 4, 1954. Funeral services were held at the Piddock Funeral Home at Adams on Oct. 7, 1954, with Rev. Earl Crusan in charge of the service. Interment was in Green Settlement Cemetery.

E. C.

American Mother of the Year, Mrs. H. Wheeler Tolbert, of Columbus, Georgia, views the dramatic outdoor poster which is being displayed across the country to urge regular attendance by all Americans at the church or synagogue of their choice. With Mrs. Tolbert is her pastor, Rev. Robert B. McNeill, First Presbyterian Church, Columbus.

The pastor is one of more than 5,000 contributed by outdoor advertising companies in support of the Committee on Religion In American Life as part of the annual campaign provided through The Advertising Council.

Each year, this campaign seeks to strengthen the place of religion in personal and community life by calling on all Americans to attend regularly their houses of worship.
THE FLIGHT TO KINGSTON

The morning light was breaking as the editor and his family drove to Miami's International Airport on the day before Christmas. The rosy sun was just peeping over the Eastern horizon as he and his wife waved good-bye to the boys and boarded the sturdy four-motored plane whose final destination was South America.

For us it was only a three-hour flight to Kingston, Jamaica, with a brief stop at Caguay, Cuba.

The thrill of flight, new to Mrs. Maltby, does not lose its glamour to one who has many times availed himself of this fastest mode of transportation. Most of us hurrying American have, rightly or wrongly, come to think of vacations in terms of destinations to be reached rather than pleasures in transit. It was so with us in our trip to the sunny shores of Florida.

We took satisfaction in the fact that we could eat breakfast in Plainfield on a southern tip of our great peninsula and be there with the mission Chevrolet to meet our guest in Kingston with the mission Chevrolet.

Once again we experienced the thrill of conquering the darkness that comes to earth when the sky is overcast and clouds hang dark and heavy. Rising to 7,000 feet we saw the patchy sea of sugar cane from which Jamaica runs its bountiful streams. We were soaring above the rugged mountains of the island and circling the city of Kingston lying at their feet in the heart of a bay. Excitement throbs loudly within us as we are letting down now so that we can plant our feet on the very tip of the peninsula that forms the bay. This peninsula was shortened in 1692 when an earthquake swept its city, Port Royal, "the wickedest city in the world," into the sea. We are taxiing smoothly to where the landing ramp will be rolled out so that we can plant our feet on the island that is dotted with Seventh Day Baptist churches, a place far from home where the bonds of common faith will make us feel right at home. We are sure that Brother Wardner FitzRandolph will be there with the mission Chevrolet to transport us to the city. Should we ask someone of the other passengers if they have a way to get into town? We decide against it for they are evidently financially able and we do not know how much room there will be. We are sure that to our surprise the whole mission staff is at the airport to greet us: Rev. and Mrs. Wardner FitzRandolph, Dr. and Mrs. O. B. Bond, and the newest arrival, Jacqueline Wells, all smiling a broad welcome outside the open window waiting for us to get in.

In our small corner of the world we have the open window waiting for us to get in.

January 10, 1955

Rev. Leon M. Maltby, Editor

The whole earth and our thoughts ranged far afield as soon as our view of one city had vanished from sight.

Hastily we used the short hours of flight to write to a daughter a continent away and to a missionary friend in the troubled land. We could only say to Colombia where this plane would ere long be stretching down its wheels. There was a longing in our hearts to go farther and visit more mission stations, some of which was not only our earth-bound, traffic-bound bodies that had taken flight; our minds also, released momentarily from considering the problems caused by the closeness of man-made machines, had soared heavenward in unhampered contemplation. We recommend to all our friends some purposeful flight such as it was our privilege to make at this holiday season.

Quickly we had to fold our letters and get our papers in order. We had passed by Monoito, the northernmost tip of the northern shores of Jamaica, where Columbus once was shipwrecked. We had glimpsed the wide fields of sugar cane from which Jamaican rum is distilled. We were soaring above the rugged mountains of the island and circling the city of Kingston lying at their feet in the heart of a bay. Excitement throbs loudly within us as we are letting down now so that we can plant our feet on the very tip of the peninsula that forms the bay. This peninsula was shortened in 1692 when an earthquake swept its city, Port Royal, "the wickedest city in the world," into the sea. We are taxiing smoothly to where the landing ramp will be rolled out so that we can plant our feet on the island that is dotted with Seventh Day Baptist churches, a place far from home where the bonds of common faith will make us feel right at home. We are sure that Brother Wardner FitzRandolph will be there with the mission Chevrolet to transport us to the city. Should we ask someone of the other passengers if they have a way to get into town? We decide against it for they are evidently financially able and we do not know how much room there will be. We are sure that to our surprise the whole mission staff is at the airport to greet us: Rev. and Mrs. Wardner FitzRandolph, Dr. and Mrs. O. B. Bond, and the newest arrival, Jacqueline Wells, all smiling a broad welcome outside the open window waiting for us to get in.

Those who have read the Jamaica Booklet prepared by the Women's Board during the current year will remember that this same association, or the Northwestern Association as it was then called, was the group which started the Jamaica Mission under the leadership of Rev. Robert St.
THE SABBATH RECORDER

Secretary's Column

The Conference at Battle Creek in 1953 extended recognition to a Seventh Day Baptist church in Nazareth, South India. Received too for inclusion in the 1954 Year Book comes a statistical report from that church of which the group can well be proud.

Opening the year with a membership of 120, the church reports 15 baptisms, and 10 accessions by letter. With losses by death of six members, this represents a net gain of 19 members, well over 15 per cent — and some of our American churches have objected to a proposal that they seek a five per cent gain as out of the realm of possibility. Yet here is a lone church, existing in solitude, in a nation that is predominantly non-Christian, reporting a membership gain of over 15 per cent.

The church has one ordained pastor who serves without regular pay, three deacons, and three deaconesses — in a nation where women is traditionally denied equality, and the suffering of the innocent, and the frustration of human purposes remain terrible and personal.

However, the Christian possesses an ultimate hope because through Christ he anticipates the fullness of eternal life beyond the grave, and he expects confidently the final coming of God's kingdom in its fullness and power in His good time. Thus a full-orbed faith inescapably demands consideration of the doctrine of "last things," or eschatology.

Biblical scholarship in our time has strongly emphasized the eschatological dimension of Biblical teaching, and has made clear that not only are there many particular passages in the New Testament that speak of man's ultimate hope but also that an eschatological awareness pervades the whole Bible. In the Scriptures are to be found the clues to life's ultimate meaning, and man's unattainable and unassailable hope. — From a summary statement of a study group at the Baptist Green Lake Theological Conference in Crusader.

SABBATH SCHOOL LESSON

for January 22, 1955

The Power of the Holy Spirit


PROBLEMS FACING LONE SABBATHKEEPERS


It has been our experience for the past two years that many of the churches that are known to Seventh Day Baptists as lone Sabbathkeepers while we have been waiting further word from the Army as to opening recall to active duty in the chaplaincy.

Few of us who have been sheltered by a Seventh Day Baptist Church can appreciate what it means to be a lone Sabbathkeeper. Such a person should go to his knees daily and thank God for the privilege of clinging together with saints of like faith, but those who have made it possible for them to have their own place of worship by great sacrifice on their part.

The greatest problem that we have found is that of Christian fellowship. We recognize only the seventh day as the Sabbath and we cannot by conviction join hands with all Sabbathkeepers because of the doctrine that some of them hold. So we have to keep the day by ourselves in obedience and love to Him who gave it to us. But is it enough in God's sight when we have done that? Perhaps our first answer is yes, but further study of God's Word says no to this answer. In Hebrews 10: 25 we read the following: "Not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together as the manner of some is, but exhorting one another: and so much the more as ye see the day approaching." This we could never do as Sabbathkeepers, but at the same time for fellowship met and our souls fed from the Word of God.

We must for our own edification have our own place of worship by great sacrifice on our part.

For our own edification have there is only partial — that they have even greater blessings in store for them if they add the Sabbath as a part of their worship. If we can prove to the world that the Sabbath does something for us that can not be done in any other way, then the people will become Sabbathkeepers. But we believe it with our whole hearts, not with lips alone.

Our hearts go out to the many lone Sabbathkeepers and we wish that something could be done as a denomination to render Sabbath services as a sort of home mission paraphrase. When Rev. Victor Skaggs was corresponding secretary of the Tract Society, he reported contacting many of these people in his travels. It would be wonderful if we could include in our budget a home missionary evangelist, whereby these people could be reaches as well as helping these mission churches that don't see their way clear to call a pastor. He would be responsible also for helping to organize fellowships that would eventually become churches.

Sabbath Thought

To leave the Sabbath is to seek a lower plane of living. The Sabbath maintains spiritual life. It is an aid to spiritual growth. Sabbath desecration is an entering wedge to lose interest in the "things that be of God." — L. G. O.
The Sabbath Recorder

On the Shores of Gerasa, or The Wonderful House of the Mind

Rev. Paul S. Burdick

Recently two events of importance occurred in our little community. One was the march to victory of our undefeated high school football team over an old rival. The other was a funeral of a saintly father who died trying to decide which event to attend — for they happened at the same time — I thought it would be beautiful to behold the team-work of a well-co-ordinated group as they out-thought, out-maneuvered, out-fought the other group on the gridiron. But at the same time what is more beautiful than the life of one who has made a Christian home and brought up a family to work therein, living in harmony and usefulness? I attended the funeral.

A problem of our time is to see things in their true perspective; to ask why the building of a Christian character should not rate at least as high as victory on the playing field; to see if we cannot make the Christian race at least as challenging as an athletic event. For the one there is a temporary glory to be temporary; for the other there is an eternal weight of glory.

Once there was a man who walked the roads of Palestine, who did make religion his business, who had the Jesus teaching, was listened to by thousands. The multitude heard Him gladly, and followed that they might touch the hem of His garment and be healed.

On Galilee's Shore

One day a crowd of people stood on a bleak hillside above a blue lake. Before them rained the open mouths of caves, which were used for the burial of the dead. In and out of caves rushed a maniac, his hair disheveled, his clothing torn away, his great arms still cut and bruised by the chains and thongs that he had broken. Fear might have prompted these people to flee the accursed spot, had not the Saviour of men, through his masterful retinue of good impulses, drawn them together to destroy fear and distrust, and try to injure all about him.

But, lo, One comes across the hillside whose very presence betokens calmness, assurance. It is not my true voice that隨著 the words of Christ, but the voice of good impulses: spontaneous good will and good cheer; divinely given love. These may so possess us that we can say with the apostle, "It is no longer, I who live, but Christ who lives in me."

The Wonderful House of the Mind

When you invite Jesus into your home, He goes with you to every room. Why is this? What is it that "He asks, "Oh, that is my secret room where I retire when I want to nurse my spine; my hate for my brother."

The Cause and Cure

Let us be sure, to start off with, that every ill that besets us has its beginning some time and somewhere. Ills of the mind begin in very many mild form: the angry altercation; the harbored resentment; the increasing dislike, verging unto hate. These are signs of a disorder in the mind that may lead to ultimate unbalance. Who can say when the border will be passed — the silver cord loosed or the golden bowl be broken or the pitcher broken at the fountain? It is rare indeed to find a truly healthy-minded person; all of us have one or two rough spots and fumbles; and it may take an expert to really separate the mentally well from the mentally ill. It behooves us therefore to run to the Great Physician immediately upon perceiving within ourselves a spirit of anti-christ, or a tendency that would shut Him out and would keep in the assorted demons of spirit, vice, and resentment.

Jesus warns us that even though one demon is cast out, and forced to wander in waterless wastes, if he returns and finds the house swept, garnished, and empty, he may gather seven more demons worse than himself, and enter the last state of life stronger than the first. The swept and garnished house must be filled with the sweet presence of the Son of Man and all His household, none of the demons of spirit, vice, and resentment.

Powerful new cars. They still haven't found out a way to increase the horse-power under the driver's hat.

C. L. Faubion.

News from the Churches

MILTON, WIS. — Sabbath, October 2, was designated as "Men and Missions Day and four laymen took part in a symposium, their subjects being: "The Impact of Christian Missions in History," J. N. Daland; "Seventh Day Baptists and Missions," D. N. Inglis; "Youth Serves in Nyasaland," J. Paul Green, Jr.; "The Challenge of Missions to the Present Generation," Don V. Gray.

Our church joined the meetings of the North Central Association held in the Milton Junction Church October 14-17. A service of dedication of Lodge Wakonda

JANUARY 10, 1955

He who claimed the sea has power over the plight of man and the will of demons.

"The night is dark, I'm on a sea Where waves roll high and wild, I'm lost unless Thou pilot me, O Master, strong and mild.

Walk to me on this troubled sea; Dear Saviour bid me walk to Thee; I shall not fear for Thou wilt save As once in time of old, I did."
at Camp Wakonda was held Sabbath afternoon. The service was very impressive with the choirs grouped around the beautiful stone fireplace and the audience filling the large room.

The new robes of the Intermediate Choir were worn for the first time October 26. The Young Adult Class of the Sabbath School is editing a church newsletter. The first issue, in November, was very interesting and will serve to keep us up to date on the news and activities of the church.

Our annual turkey supper was served November 3 in the social rooms of the church. On December 6, "Ye Olde English Village Bazaar" was held. These two affairs added very appreciably to the Ladies' Circle treasury.

The High School Youth Group has renewed its monthly movies in the social rooms. Some good pictures are lined up for the winter.

A School of Theology Fund, promoted by a committee headed by Dr. Forrest Branch, was generously contributed to, the final amount being $550.33.

A choir concert was given in the church December 11. The Senior Choir, directed by L. H. Stringer, sang selections from Haydn's "Creation." Soloists were Loyal Todd, Don Gray, Deborah Hubbard, Irwin Fitz Randolph, and Kenneth Babcock. The Junior Choir, with Mrs. Elizabeth Green, director, and the Intermediate Choir, directed by H. L. Crouch, sang several carols. The combined choirs rendered beautifully "As Lately We Watched," "Fairest of Roses," and "O Soul, Bless God the Father." We are happy that our children are being so trained. Elizabeth Daland was at the organ.

The week preceding Christmas was given over to parties and programs in keeping with the joyous season. We were not unmindful of the real meaning of Christmas and white gifts to many places where they could well be used were presented at the Christmas Vespers program Christmas afternoon. At this program the choirs sang. There were solos by Mrs. Ann Post Berg, Kathryn Hall, and DeEtta Lippincott, a duet by Gary Blomgren and Lynn Randolph, and organ and piano duets by Mrs. Robert Randolph and daughter, Roberta. New Sabbath School hymnals were dedicated and used in the congregational singing. — G. R. L., correspondent.

Accessions

By Baptism:

Lost Creek, W. Va.

Mrs. Naomi Halterman

White Cloud, Mich.

By Baptism:

Michael Mosher

Marriages

Treda - Looney. — J. Michael Treda, Palatka, Fla., and Anne Beebe Looney, Pomona Park, Fla., were united in marriage at the bride's home in Pomona Park on Dec. 25, 1954. The ceremony was performed by Pastor Oscar Burdick, of the Daytona Beach Seventh Day Baptist Church, and the bride's father, Rev. Clifford Beebe, of the Seventh Day Baptist Church of Putnam County. The new home is in Pomona Park, Putnam County, Fla.

Cruzan - Jackson. — Marvin D., son of Mr. and Mrs. Ir. Cruzan of White Cloud, Mich., and Muriel Jackson of London, England, were united in marriage in the parsonage of the Seventh Day Baptist Church of White Cloud by Rev. Orville W. Babcock on Sept. 5, 1954. The couple is residing in White Cloud.

Branch - Grice. — Gary, son of Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Branch of White Cloud, Mich., and Phyllis Grice, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Monroe Grice of Grand Rapids, Mich., were united in marriage in the North Park Presbyterian Church in Grand Rapids by Rev. Mr. Wierenga, the bride's pastor, on Aug. 14, 1954. The couple resides at 427 Cedar, N.E., in Grand Rapids, Mich.

Births


Obituaries

Phillips. — Thelma, daughter of William and Bertha Phillips, was born April 26, 1906, at Hart, Mich., and following an illness of several years died at Gerber Memorial Hospital in Fremont, Mich., on Nov. 16.

She possessed many abilities and her courage and devotion were an inspiration to all who knew her. Most of her life she was associated with the White Cloud Church, and while not a member was faithful in her attendance and fellowship. Besides her parents she is survived by a number of relatives and friends.

Funeral services were held from the White Cloud Seventh Day Baptist Church on Nov. 20, conducted by Elder Clarence Wilkinson of Freeeland, Mich., and Rev. Orville W. Babcock. Burial was in Prospect Hill Cemetery.

O. W. B.