

Editorial

"THE UNCLOUDED DAY"

Rev. F. R. Wild, pastor of our church at Milltown, South Dakota, has requested that some facts be given concerning the song "The Uncloved Day," written by my father, Rev. J. K. Alwood, deceased, and the occasion of its composition. Our only excuse for this article is a desire to furnish the facts desired. The lines of the song are familiar and its history is known to many as well.

My father was of a polemical turn and engaged frequently in public debates with ministers of other persuasions on doctrinal subjects upon which different opinions are held. He had a number of such discussions, principally with Disciples and Adventists. In the section where he was active in the ministry these denominations were very zealous in propagating their doctrines, and it was to instruct our people and save the day to orthodox teaching that he so engaged. "Water baptism as an indispensable prerequisite to salvation" was a tenet held tenaciously by the Disciples, and just as tenaciously disputed by him.

It was following a debate with an Adventist Minister in the little village of Spring Hill, (now Tedro) Ohio, about the year 1881 or 1882 that the song was written. The debate had been along usual lines, "The immortality of the Soul," "The Christian Sabbath," etc., being among the subjects discussed. In one such debate I remember hearing an Adventist minister say, "My soul weighs one hundred and sixty pounds." This was said to indicate his unbelief in the soul as we understand the Bible to teach. His body was his soul—he was but material. The discussion at Spring Hill had been highly satisfactory to father, in that he had forced his opponent to admit that "the human family could not all keep the same set of hours" as a Sabbath. To maintain the point that the church in keeping Sunday does not keep the true Sabbath, but that Saturday, the old Jewish Sabbath, is the only true Sabbath day, father took the position that the Adventist must show that a certain period of twenty-four hours of the week is set aside by the Almighty as "holy hours." He proceeded to show that if this were the case and made keeping of holy hours compulsory, the Sabbath would begin at all hours of the day and night in different parts of the world. For example, assuming that the day begins at Jerusalem, before the day begins in our part of the world seven hours of the day have already passed at the place of beginning. And so on around the world. By this method of calculation it will be seen that the Jerusalem Sabbath would be nearly ended before the day begins in the Far East. To make all men keep the same set of hours in order to keep a Sabbath "holy" is absurd, and the Adventist admitted as much. Of course this admission was taken by my father as really conceding the point in dispute. He felt that he had won the debate.

Spring Hill is but eight miles from Morenci, Michigan, where we resided at the time (and where my parents are buried), so father drove home when the debate was finished. They had been engaged in debate

the better part of twenty-four hours and had continued until about midnight to finish. On the way home he saw an unusual sight—a rainbow by moonlight. He was a sound sleeper and awoke the next morning refreshed and feeling comfortable both physically and spiritually. The inspiration came to write, and so the lines soon took form. The extent of his ability as a musician was to drum a tune "by ear" with one finger on the very modest Estey organ the home afforded. This he proceeded to do to provide an air for his song. Soon we heard him singing some new strange strains, and words as new. A new song had been made.

Some time after he met an old acquaintance, Mr. J. F. Kinsey, a vocal music teacher, who inquired if father had anything new in music to suggest. So father sang his song and Kinsey asked the privilege of arranging the music for publication. He soon wrote down the notes and sang the words from the copy. Later he published it in a new Sunday School song book, "The Living Gems." The song was also published in the "Finest of the Wheat," and arranged in sheet music form by Mr. Kinsey. The Hall-Mack Publishing Company published it without giving credit, and when inquiry was made for the reason they replied that the author was unknown to them. Nothing was ever received for the song and yet some attempt has been made to discredit father's claim to authorship. But I well remember seeing him writing the words and then "drum" out the tune on the organ. We at home were the first who ever heard it sung. We have a joy to believe that many have been helped by hearing its strains. May we be pardoned for including the lines here?

- O, they tell me of a home far beyond the skies.
 - O, they tell me of a home far away;
 - O, they tell me of a home where no storm-clouds rise,
 - O, they tell me of an unclouded day.
 - O, they tell me of a home where my friends have gone,
 - O, they tell me of that land far away;
 - Where the tree of life in eternal bloom, Sheds its fragrance through the unclouded day.
 - O, they tell me of the King in His beauty there,
 - And they tell me that mine eyes shall behold,
 - Where He sits on the throne that is whiter than snow,
 - In the city that is made of gold.
 - O, they tell me that he smiles on His children there,
 - And His smile drives their sorrows all away;
 - And they tell me that no tears ever come again,
 - In that lovely land of unclouded day.
- CHORUS
- O, the land of cloudless day,
 - O, the land of the unclouded day;
 - O, they tell me of a home where no storm-clouds rise.
 - O, they tell me of an unclouded day.

Mr. Rodehaver, so long associated with Billy Sunday, has made use of the song in his solo work in evangelistic singing and also sang it for the Victor Records. It can be secured in this form wherever Victor records are sold. In conclusion, we like to think and firmly believe that our dear ones who have gone from us have reached the land of the "Uncloved Day."

ELEMENTS OF DENOMINATION-AL SUCCESS

For any enterprise to succeed certain principles must be recognized. Success is not a thing that comes haphazard. Growth is the result of the right kind of cultivation, and the planting of good seed. One is as essential as the other. A church or denomination can no more succeed without applying the rules of every day life than a secular enterprise. A few of the elements we would like to mention.

There must be a good morale. This is an army expression, but it applies to the church. Morale signifies moral principles, teaching or conduct. It pertains to conditions as affected by "zeal, spirit, hope, confidence, also mental state or attitude, as of a body of men, an army and the like." Zeal, a good spirit, the proper mental attitude of hopefulness and confidence are vital in the members if the church is to succeed. How is our zeal? Have we the proper spirit or attitude? Have we hope and confidence in our mission, in one another, and in God? Or are we indifferent, careless, localized and circumscribed? Do we look on the church as a whole or is our interest confined to our local community or church? If we have no wider view of the church we have not the right conception of morale.

In the church there must be unity. "Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." "Till we all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ." Unity! Oneness! What would it not accomplish. No division, no dissension. No jealous no backbiting. The spirit of love and good will predominating would soon get us on to the high road to success. It is sadly true that the church is not in full unity. It may be said that we cannot expect to agree on everything. Granting it, we may yet be in accord so that our disagreements will not affect our loyalty to the church or our faithfulness in service. There should be such a spirit prevailing that when once the church through the properly constituted authority decides a course of action we shall work as earnestly for success as if we had made the plan. There is so much "conscientiousness" that every person, seemingly, is a law unto himself, no matter what the issue. Our disagreement stops all our activity no matter what the consequences. We do not seem to realize that in this world no one gets his own way long at a time, and that where there is success it is because individual views are submerged in the common view and for the common good. But "conscience" is too often another