

ary department, Jane Hodge from the Christian Endeavor, and Mrs. Clara Rasmussen from the Women's Missionary Society. Rev. V. H. Schroeder, of the Evangelical Church, extended a welcome from the Boulder Ministerial Association, and Rev. Erlo E. Sutton spoke on behalf of the Denver Church. Pastor Cruzan later spoke on the theme, "My Purpose." As this was also the regular time for the Denver-Boulder quarterly meeting, about thirty-five persons were up from Denver for the day. After having enjoyed lunch and a social hour we assembled for a short afternoon service in charge of Pastor Sutton and the Denver Church. A reception for our pastor and his family was held in the recreation room of the church in the evening. A program of musical numbers and readings furnished the entertainment, and refreshments of ice cream and cake were served later.

Our Christian Endeavor is active. The New Year's Rally, which has heretofore been held the last day or two of December ending with a midnight consecration service on New Year's eve, was postponed this year until the arrival of our pastor. The rally, having as its theme "His Way — My Way," was held the week-end of February 14. Meetings were held Friday evening, Sabbath afternoon, and Sunday night, with a fellowship luncheon and social the night after the Sabbath. Several of the Denver young people were with us on Sabbath afternoon and evening.

Jane Hodge.

Plainfield, N. J.

It has been several months since the Plainfield Church has made a report. However, they have been active months in all the usual lines of our church endeavor. The morning church services, Sabbath school, and prayer meetings have been held as usual, with now and then some special feature to add interest. We were glad to have with us February 7, Dean and Mrs. Ahva J. C. Bond of Alfred. Dean Bond preached the morning sermon. The book, Seventh Day Baptist Beliefs, has been studied at our recent Sabbath eve meetings.

The Women's Society, as always, is active—with sewing, quilting, surgical dressings, luncheons, teas, worship programs, and business meetings. They have also sponsored several suppers and evening entertainments. Two recent ones were filled with hilarious fun. One of them featured a Scottish enter-

tainer in kilts. At the other entertainment a "home talent" orchestra furnished us, quite surprisingly, with some good music. It was made up of children, young folks, and older young people. Some of them are experienced musicians, but others do not claim to have much musical talent. However, they said they had "lots of fun" practicing. Two short plays (or skits) caused much laughter—especially so as the actors had not had any real rehearsal, but were told beforehand what they were to do, and went over it a couple of times just before giving it. As this came on February 22, several George Washington and other patriotic numbers were also included in the entertainment. Some of our people feel that we need a little fun to relax our tense nerves in these anxious times. These entertainments served the purpose admirably.

The Pro-Con Group has its regular suppers, followed by a discussion of some timely subject. Sometimes a guest speaker is featured.

The missionary committee of the church sponsored a fine donation of used clothing to Rev. A. T. Bottoms, to be used in his mountain school project in Alabama.

Correspondent.

MARRIAGES

Bliss - Shavalier. — Donald Bliss and Florence Shavalier were united in marriage at the home of the groom, Friday, January 23, 1942. Rev. Harley Sutton, pastor of the groom, officiated.

Donald is the son of Leslie and Nina Bliss of Little Genesee. Florence is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Shavalier of Coudersport, Pa.

Guerrey - Crouch. — At the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ansel Crouch of Nortonville, Kan., on December 24, 1941, Lieutenant Robert Guerrey of South Carolina, and Miss Rachel Crouch of Nortonville were united in marriage by the bride's pastor, Rev. Verney A. Wilson.

Potts - Butler. — Frank J. Potts, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Potts of Florence, Ala., and Miss Helen Ruth Butler, daughter of Robert L. and Almira Bottoms Butler of Woodville, Ala., were united in marriage by Rev. Dr. Lavendes of Florence, Ala., August 19, 1941.

Smith - Fillyaw. — Corporal Elim L. Smith of Ft. Bragg, and Ethel Juanita, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Fillyaw of Chapin, S. C., were united in marriage at Dillon, S. C., June 10, 1941.

The Sabbath Recorder

Vol. 132

PLAINFIELD, N. J., MARCH 9, 1942

No. 10

PRAYER FOR THE WORLD

(Based on the fortieth chapter of Isaiah)

Thou to whom all nations are
As a bucket's drop, or less,
Prideful lands and those bowed meekly
Into forced submissiveness;

Thou who takest up the isles as
But a very little thing—
Let thy parching, bleeding peoples
Feel thine overspreading wings.

Stretch thine arm, protect the helpless,
Lead the frightened ones with young.
Timid babies in thy bosom
Soothe as if their mothers sung.

Cry, "Behold your God"—to victors
And to vanquished overseas,
Cry to us, enshrined in safety,
Bring us all upon our knees.

—Bertha Gerneaux Woods, in
Federal Council Bulletin.

(Copied from De Ruyter S. D. B. Bulletin)

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The Sabbath Recorder

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EDITORIALS

"GOD PRAYS"

A moving poem with a challenging theology was written near a quarter century ago by one Angela Morgan—"God Prays," in which she shows how much God is dependent upon man through whom he can speak.

In the poem the soul is complaining that apparently God has forgotten or is indifferent to the horrors and sufferings of war.

The plaint is:

"Thou, who art mighty, hast forgot;
And art thou God, or art thou not?
When wilt thou come to save the earth
Where death has conquered birth?"

The answer comes:

"Till the people rise, my arm is weak;
I cannot speak till the people speak;
When men are dumb, my voice is dumb—
I cannot come till my people come."

This is interpreted by Frank Durward Adams in the Christian Leader: "God is perfect in power only when the strength of men . . . is added to his strength. Then, and only then, can the purpose of his perfect love, goodness, and wisdom prevail."

WORTH RETELLING

The Christian Herald is responsible for reporting two stories told at a London dinner by Thompson Seton, and Dan Crawford of African fame, concerning the Bantu's philosophy. Mr. Seton "told a story of an old Red Indian to whom he showed the

wonders of New York, and who on leaving for his reservation said, "We have no bridges to span over great rivers, no great white ways to spoil the darkness of our nights, no trains under the land and over the land, but we, Mr. Thompson Seton, we have peace of mind." Dan Crawford, appreciating the story, then told of the Bantu who had listened in his hut to Crawford's catalogue of the wonderful things in England—running water in the homes, electric lights, huge ships, and railway trains. At the close the Bantu thoughtfully said, "Well, Mr. Crawford, you know, to be better off is not to be better."

It would be well if we who were born under Christian influences and with all the advantages and blessings concurrent with a highly developed civilization would more fully realize the truth of the old Bantu's philosophy. The great Founder of our faith warned the best people of his time that "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth." We must be something as well as have something, or as another says, "The things that we have cannot take the place of what we are."

OBSERVATIONS BY THE CORRESPONDING SECRETARY

One must travel across and around and up and down the state to realize how big and great and varied Florida is. Our last observations were written from the Gulf of Mexico side, and this is being typed on the side of the Atlantic coast; to be exact, from the growing and attractive little city of Stuart, county seat of Martin County. Just now

it is full of activity with development of government work. Everywhere the tourist trade seems to have fallen short of that of normal years. In Miami there was quite a dirge among tourist home proprietors, whose rooms were empty. Hotels are offering "summer rates" to attract more trade.

Miami is a beautiful city in white, a favorable impression of its beauty being greatly deepened by a view from a fourteen story building in which a call was being made on Dr. Robert Spicer. The most of the buildings are of concrete made from the ground coralline rock underlying so much of the state. This rock furnishes a wonderful building material both for houses and roads.

Immense fields of tomatoes, beans, strawberries, and other table edibles were viewed almost with wonder, as well as the vast groves of citrus with their gleaming yellow and orange.

Sabbaths have been spent at Bonita Springs and Stuart, where in each place we studied the Sabbath school lesson with a few friends. At the former place this was done on the gulf beach, with the waves breaking in long rollers in front of the car. Our lunch also was a feature of the fellowship there, a lunch prepared by the wife of Brother Alfred Dickinson, who takes considerable pains to make it easy for the husband to observe the Sabbath away from the post office, though she is not herself an observer of the Sabbath. Such interest and concern are of the essence of true religion. Mr. Dickinson has been postmaster at Bonita Springs for a great many years. They also operate a tourist place, with a sign in front reading, "New Jersey Apartments." Here we met several people from our home state, one of whom is a friend of long standing, George Lykens, from Shiloh. Pleasant hours were spent in this hospitable home. Across the street we found friends, too, from Milton, Wis., the Starks—hardware merchants—who have built, and occupy for a couple of months each winter, a cosy cottage, not far from the spring with waters of medicinal qualities that give name to the place.

From here it is one hundred twenty-five miles over the famous Tamiami Trail, to Miami, through "hammocks," everglades, cyprus swamps, Indian villages. For miles there are no signs of human habitation or life, save that on the highway, exceeded for desolateness only by the new road from

Miami to Lake Okeechobee, where for more than forty miles there is not a sign of habitation or life anywhere—only a vast, flat plain covered with tall grass, stretching away on every side farther than any eye can see. On this road as one approaches South Bay (on Okeechobee) and views the great market garden fields he realizes the vast, undeveloped agricultural resources of the state.

But to go back to the Tamiami Trail. It is built up of the dredgings of the canals alongside, a turnpike that indeed is a good example of skillful engineering. As one drives along on certain stretches, vast flocks of white herons, large and small, start up, or are seen almost as fields of snow against the green backgrounds. On the topmost bows of bushes and trees many of them are perched at rest or ready for flight. Hundreds of them with the blue herons and other types of "waders" are seen in the shallow waters or along the canals teeming with fish. Scores of other fishermen, as one nears Miami, are to be seen scattered along the banks, with humble bamboo poles or more costly rods and reels.

Fellowship

While we are intrigued with the country and things along the way, however, it is people with whom we are concerned. It would be hard to tell of the hospitality and welcome of all the dear friends and other people met. In Miami we were most cordially received by Dr. Bessie Sinclair French, one time one of our devoted missionaries in China, who is now caring for a very aged mother and her own little daughter. This loyal Sabbath keeper had many questions to ask about our work and progress, and many things to say expressing her zeal and earnestness. We found the two days in this city inadequate to full exchange of information and interest in the time the doctor could take from her duties. Reluctantly, we bade good-by.

At Coconut Grove a renewal of friendship, interrupted only by time and distance, was made with the Dr. Emerson Ayars family. With them, in long ago student-pastor days the writer had a home at Richburg, N. Y., over the week-end, during a year and a half of ministry. At the close of the first World War, Doctor Ayars, still connected with the government service, moved his family to this city, where they

have continued to abide. He was connected with the Veterans' Hospital with Dr. Dan Main, and narrowly escaped the fate that overtook the latter in the hurricane of 1935, when hundreds of lives were lost. One of the rare privileges of the trip was afforded in company with Doctor and Mrs. Ayars in driving to within fifty miles of Key West, over the famous Ocean Highway. At one place a bridge seven miles long spans the water, with the Gulf of Mexico on one side and the Atlantic Ocean on the other. Two days in this vicinity was all too little, but a dip in "the briny" was afforded—on the tenth of February, a day in which it was very hard to think that the people at home might be shoveling snow from the walks.

In the city from which these words are being written we also are renewing friendships of childhood days in the home of Mrs. Alfred Maxson, formerly Lola Davis. Near here, too, on a large citrus farm are Paul Kelley and wife, and sister Ruth. We found it as hard to say good-by here as at any place so far on this southern trip, and "goodbys" have not been found easy to say at any place. We are reminded that "We'll never say good-by in heaven." John describes the Holy City as the place where no partings are, or tears, or crying.

At Stuart on Sunday the morning services were attended and the writer was introduced as a minister in the Seventh Day Baptist denomination. Here are a comfortable church, a devoted pastor, and an active people. The church is supported by tithes and offerings and not by bean soup or games of chance. It was announced that at a home coming service early in March an offering would be taken to liquidate the church parsonage indebtedness. Said the pastor, we will get in line, march up and put our offerings on the table. If it does not count up enough, we will march around again; when the amount is raised we will retire to the dining room and have a good dinner, and return to the auditorium and praise God for the victory. We are told that as much as \$1,500 has been raised in such an offering. The people attend prayer meetings and study classes of various kinds—loyally co-operating with the pastor in a full church activities program. Nor is this a large city church. In the morning congregation there were perhaps one hundred twenty-five, quite a number being winter visitors and transients.

READERS—TAKE NOTICE

Our denominational work is being greatly hampered by lack of funds to carry on. A reading of the letter from the Finance Committee—which follows these editorials—will show that we are sadly failing in the raising of our Denominational Budget. In these times are we not doubly thankful that we live in a country with privileges of religious freedom? Are we showing our appreciation of these privileges? Can we not make it a personal matter—even though our church has raised its quota for the Budget—and make a real thank offering for these blessings?

Do not fail to read the message sent by the Finance Committee to all the churches of our denomination. It follows. L. L.

LETTER FROM THE FINANCE COMMITTEE

Dear Pastor:

"These are times that try men's souls." These are times in which to weigh real values; also time for "America to get down on her knees and back to God." How are we as a denomination reacting to the emergency? That question requires individual consideration.

A careful study of our Denominational Budget, as given by Treasurer Swinney in the Recorder of February 9, reveals some very pertinent facts, both encouraging and discouraging. Did you notice the overdraft of \$1,332—"Amounts due missionaries and others for salaries and allowances, but unpaid"—in Treasurer Stillman's report? With the Missionary Society drawing 43 per cent of our Denominational Budget and a large proportion of the "specials," you can imagine the condition of our other denominational bodies. There is real suffering on the part of many of our denominational employees and dependents. What are you going to do about it?

The following figures are of interest and significance:

Budget receipts for 7 months:

January 31, 1940	\$ 9,431
January 31, 1941	9,826
January 31, 1942	7,923
Proposed Budget for 1941-42, 7 months	10,724

Is your congregation giving more than last year and helping to overcome this deficit, or is it falling below and so making a serious

matter worse? Your account stands as follows:

Giving for 7 months, 1940-41 \$.....	1941-42 \$.....
For the year 1940-41	\$..... 1941-42 \$.....

If your giving shows an increase, we are all most grateful, and may you be richly blessed in your giving. If you are pulling the total down, there is still time in the remaining five months to make good and exceed your offering of last year.

Statistics show two very significant facts:

1. The farmers of the United States have had their best season in many years.
2. That during a national crisis, people give more generously than at other times.

Let us hope the present is no exception.

We feel sure that if every member of the denomination were a conscientious "tither" or "generous and systematic giver," such an appeal as this would not be necessary. We have faith that each will do his best.

The Finance Committee,

Ben R. Crandall,
Chairman.

Alfred, N. Y.,
February 20, 1942.

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.

REACHING OUT

An active business man said to the writer some weeks past that he was afraid our pastors did not reach out to bring new ones into the fold. From his words it looked to him as though the pastors were content to attend social functions, conduct the regular services, visit the sick, bury the dead, and marry the living. He thought the ministry should be reaching out in a way it is not, as a rule. Letters asking for advice regarding available men for pastors have expressed the desire for an undershepherd who would go out into the "highways and hedges and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled."

Judging from his association with ministers, as well as from his own experience, the writer knows that many pastors regret that

they are not more efficient in reaching out. Pleading guilty, however, does not help matters very much, and beyond a doubt much more might be done. It is easier for some to do such work than it is for others, but those who find themselves not adapted by nature to winning souls should make harder efforts, and all should be trained for such work.

Another thing which should not be overlooked is the fact that laymen, as well as ministers and professional missionaries, are called to win others. Fortunate is the church which has laymen who can say as one was heard to say, "I can bring others to the pastor and he can receive them into the church." W. L. B.

SEEKING THE GOOD OF OTHERS

Love is the impelling motive of missions. "For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son." The prime element in love is seeking the good of others. This also is a fundamental principle in the Christian life. One may perform tasks assigned to a Christian or a missionary or a preacher, and unless the efforts are prompted by a desire to help others they are useless and "become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal." Men are drawn to Christ because of his love for them. "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me." The self-seeker defeats himself. This fact is set forth in a striking way by Professor Julian Price Love. In the closing words of a book recently published entitled, "Missionary Message of the Bible," he says:

It is the most solemn paradox of life that if we will not live like this, we die. Self-satisfaction and narrow-mindedness defeat themselves. Paradoxically enough, the ancient Jews failed to become the people of God simply because they sought too hard to make themselves God's only people. Their failure was a missionary failure. It is interesting to note how the best of them saw this all along the way. It is even more interesting to note how inescapable the wider contacts were. The records of the historical books of the Old Testament are broken into again and again, as we have seen, by some wholesome contact between the would-be separate people and their neighbors. They just could not keep apart from others' needs any more than they could from others' sins. Their poets sang of universal themes and of all nations praising God. Their philosophers interested themselves in the struggles of timeless characters like Job and the "preacher" of Ecclesiastes. Their prophets carried them continuously in their thinking beyond the

confines of their own nation. Even when their narrowest zealots would purify their race and wall in those who had returned from exile, their saner souls protested with such broadminded tracts as the books of Ruth and Jonah.

Similarly, in the New Testament, the early Christians found that only as they gave themselves away could they grow. Some of the leaders dwelt so long in Jerusalem that they had to have their eyes opened by the missionary work of men like Peter and Barnabas and Paul before they realized that they were trying to keep the Christian faith ingrown. Only when they were "scattered abroad" did they go "everywhere preaching the word." The Antioch Church became the leader of the first century in no respect more than in this, that it was willing, at the time of its own need, to "separate" Barnabas and Paul for the wider work to which God had called them. To the church of today, fearfully entrenching itself in its present possessions, the words of Jesus come again with solemn judgment, yet with releasing peace: "He that loseth his life for my sake shall find it."

W. L. B.

CARRYING ON THE CHRISTIAN TASK

Against the background of a war that has engulfed not only the missionary "sending" countries of Europe and America, but also the young churches of Asia, Africa, and South America which have been receiving missionaries for a century or more, the Foreign Missions Conference of North America met in Trenton, N. J., January 12-15, to plan co-operative projects both in the United States and overseas and to counsel together on mutual interests in the carrying on of the Christian task. Three hundred forty delegates represented the 123 mission boards and agencies that compose that conference. Practically all the major boards of the Protestant churches of Canada and the United States were represented. In 1940, these agencies spent \$20,515,000 in missionary service overseas.

Showing something of the extent of that missionary enterprise, it was noted that of the twenty million dollar total, \$4,526,000 was spent in India, Burma, and Ceylon; \$3,656,000 in China; \$2,212,000 in Latin America; and \$2,122,000 in Africa.

Dr. Emory Ross, general secretary, reported to the conference that, despite the withdrawals of hundreds of American missionaries from the war zones of Asia during recent months, some 1,454 American missionaries still remain in these Pacific outposts. Of the total, the largest number are in the sections of China occupied by Japanese

troops—754,430 are in the besieged Philippine Islands, 68 in Japan proper, 21 in Korea, 3 in Manchuria, 42 in Indo-China, 45 in Thailand, 52 in Malaya, 38 in the Netherlands East Indies, mostly in Java and Sumatra. Of the total, 231 are children of missionary parents. In addition to all these, thirty Canadians are in the same areas.

The conference voted its approval of a number of relief agencies which have had the backing of church boards, and urged mission boards not now having relief committees to set up such as soon as possible. The agencies recommended for support through denominational channels include: Church Committee for China Relief, Central Bureau for European Relief, American Friends Service Committee; International Missionary Council, War Prisoners Aid of the Y.M.C.A., Y.W.C.A. War Emergency Committee, the American Bible Society, and the American Committee for Christian Refugees.

Dr. Leslie B. Moss, who heads the inter-denominational committee in co-ordinating appeals to the churches, said that the eight agencies would need \$6,000,000 to carry on in 1942 the civilian relief that seems imperative; of this amount about one-third is expected from the Protestant churches of the United States. Dr. A. L. Warnshuis said that the International Missionary Council, with relief funds, has been able to help support missionaries from Belgium, France, Scandinavia, Holland, and Germany, serving mostly in Asia and Africa, but cut off by the war from their supporting churches.

The conference recommended to its constituent agencies which serve in China that Chungking be recognized as the business center for all missions in China—a place hitherto held by Shanghai; and that plans be made for strengthening the mission force now in Free China, if necessary by withdrawing men from the occupied areas. It was felt that the great opportunity for Christian work in China is now in the region to which millions have fled from north and central China to the safety of the mountains in the west.—Furnished by the Foreign Missions Conference.

There is the sad case of the man who paid a psychologist \$100 to have his inferiority complex removed, and on the same day was fined \$50 for talking back to a traffic cop.—Washington Post.

REV. JOHN A. PENTZ

By Corliss F. Randolph

Rev. John A. Pentz, son of Daniel and Hettie (Smith) Pentz, was born on March 12, 1859, at Fairview, Quincy Township, near Waynesboro, Pa. In his early manhood he spent several years in a factory, but later engaged in farming acquiring a high degree of skill in his agricultural pursuits. In 1901, he took charge of the Nunnery and its farm. It was no longer tenanted by any of the Celibate Brethren and Sisters for whom the rather extensive buildings were erected, the last of whom—Obed Snowberger—having died in the middle 1890's.

When, in the latter part of the nineteenth century, the heirs (some fifty in number) of Rev. Andreas Snowberger who had deeded this farm to the Nunnery under certain specific restrictions, sought to recover the property by due process of law, alleging that the conditions of the gift were no longer observed, it fell to the lot of Mr. Pentz to lead in the defense in behalf of the trustees of the property. The court action lingered for several years, but was finally decided in favor of the trustees, and Mr. Pentz continued to administer the farm in their behalf so long as he lived.

In 1893, he became a member of the German Seventh Day Baptist Church at Snow Hill; and, on October 21, 1895, was ordained as its pastor. The ordination service took place in the Salemville Church of that order, and was conducted by Rev. Davis C. Long. Following the death of Rev. John S. King, on May 23, 1908, Mr. Pentz was elected Bishop of the German Seventh Day Baptist Churches, and was chairman of its Ordination Committee. He also served as president of the German Seventh Day Baptist Convocation. In all these capacities, he was active, faithful, and efficient to a full degree. As previously indicated, he was a trustee for many years of the Snow Hill corporate body, and also served Ephrata in that capacity for several years. Here, too, he was conscientiously faithful and efficient, fully respected by all.

Mr. Pentz was a dignified Christian gentleman, of sincere, sturdy character, and a forceful public speaker. He was revered in the pulpit, and beloved by all who knew him. His place in the affections of his

widespread acquaintance is marked by the fact that, during his long ministry, he conducted nearly a thousand funeral services.

The intolerant narrow mind was definitely far remote from him in practice and thought. Firm and unyielding in his convictions as to the tenets of his own faith, he was tolerant toward all, of whatsoever creed or faith.

Coming into frequent contact with us "English Seventh Day Baptists," he was ever courteous and cordial, welcoming us to his home and our ministers to his pulpit. On one occasion, in company with Rev. William A. Resser, then the co-pastor of the Snow Hill Church, he attended our General Conference at Salem, W. Va., and made friends with all with whom he met.

On June 13, 1880, at Waynesboro, Pa., John A. Pentz was married to Miss Ida A. Monn, daughter of Emanuel and Sarah (Bakner) Monn. They lived happily together for more than sixty years. Throughout all the years of his ministry in the church and denomination, his wife gave him the constant, sympathetic, and unflagging support that brought such abundant success to his labors. She, along with her son, Ulcey, their only child, and his wife, Norah, remains to mourn their common loss. They lost a devoted husband and an affectionate father. The church lost a father in Israel, and the community lost an outstanding citizen of sterling worth. The present writer has lost a warm and valued friend.

CORRECTION IN THE YEAR BOOK

In compliance with the by-laws of the General Conference, Article 10, Section 5, notice is hereby given that the minutes of the Conference session of 1941, page 37 in the Year Book, should be corrected to read: "At 7.30 o'clock Sabbath eve vespers were conducted by Rev. Albert N. Rogers and Rev. Harley H. Sutton."

Neal D. Mills,
Assistant Recording Secretary.

Children are much nearer the inner truth of things than we are, for when their instincts are not perverted by the superfine wisdom of their elders, they give themselves up to a full, vigorous activity. Theirs is the kingdom of heaven.—Friedrich Froebel.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

Victor W. Skaggs, Alfred, N. Y.

WHAT CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR MEANS TO ME

(Paper given by Mary Jones at the young people's program at Alfred. She is a representative of the Junior C. E.)

"When I enter the house of prayer,
Let me remember that God is there;
Let me quiet and respectful be
For thou, God, seest me."

That is the way we begin our Junior C. E. meetings on Sabbath afternoons. Our meetings consist of hymns, prayers, Scripture readings, the collection, and a discussion of the topic. During the sentence prayers the room is lighted by candles, and we have a very good response. Following the worship service led by one of the juniors, we have a business meeting.

Those who attend regularly are Philip Thorngate, Judy Burdick, Constance Crofoot, Stanley Harris, James Harris, Leland Langworthy, Mary Jane Ormsby, Lucy Mae Truman, Warren Truman, Teddy Gardiner, Jeanette Pieters, Judy Spicer, Janet Boras, and Mary Jones.

The officers are as follows: president, Mary Jones; vice-president, Philip Thorngate; secretary, Constance Crofoot; treasurer, Stanley Harris; prayer meeting committee, Leland Langworthy; social committee, Judy Burdick and Mary Jane Ormsby; lookout committee, Philip Thorngate, Judy Spicer, and Warren Truman.

Our co-superintendents are Miss Frances Polan and Mrs. Kenneth Van Horn. Mrs. Harris has attended several of our meetings. Our pianist is Miss Emma Burdick. Pastor Harris was a welcome visitor last week. We would be glad to have any of you that would like to, attend our meetings.

This afternoon Lucy Mae Truman will lead the third in a series of meetings on prayer. Next week we are planning to make a scrapbook of pictures, prayers, poems, and songs on prayer.

We plan to have a Valentine social soon.

There are many reasons why we like Junior C. E. One of these is because of its very name — Christian Endeavor — which means that we are trying to be Christian. It gives us an opportunity to meet together for

prayer and fellowship. We have more of a chance to do things for other people; for instance, going caroling for those who are not able to get out and come to church and enjoy our Christmas pageants and regular services.

Junior C. E. teaches us more about God's will and what we should do to please him. It helps us to learn more about the Bible and its meaning. Also it provides us with something worth while to do on Sabbath afternoons.

In Junior we get good training in leadership and participation in meetings. This training will be helpful to us later when we are able to join the Senior Christian Endeavor.

Junior C. E. is going to help us when we are old enough to join the church and take a more active part in the work of the church.

In closing I would like to read the Junior C. E. pledge.

"Trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ for strength, I promise him that I will strive to do whatever he would have me do; that I will pray and read the Bible every day; and that, just so far as I know how, I will lead a Christian life. I will be present at every meeting of the society when I can, and will take some part in every meeting."

FELLOWSHIP WITH CHRIST'S PEOPLE

(Paper given by Lois Sutton at the Alfred young people's program)

This world was made to grow a race
Of men in harmony with God,
Filled with his spirit and his grace,
Living in peace at home, abroad.

Men of good will whose purpose is
To serve, to help where'er the need,
To think of every man as friend;
Then would the world have peace indeed!

When shall we know a happy world,
Freed from its bitterness and strife?
Only when men draw near to God
And learn from him the way of life.

—Julia C. Cory, 1931.

The terrible situation in the world today and our own peril have drawn us all more closely together in a common bond of unity. We all want freedom. Today more than ever there is the necessity for service and fellowship with one another. We have instinctively come closer together for protection and consolation.

To obtain freedom and Christ's way of life, we must uphold the right and suppress the wrong, first in our own lives and then in our communities, the nation, and the world.

We want to see war stopped, but few of us can go to the front. What can we at home do? The truth is that we home folks can do as much for our country as those who are defending it so gallantly at the front.

There are many organizations which we can serve and support. Perhaps the best known is the Red Cross. Its program is immense and covers all phases of relief, both here and abroad. Many boys and girls as well as older people have enrolled in first aid and home nursing courses, to prepare themselves to serve suffering humanity wherever they find it.

Many young people feel perhaps that they cannot be of much help now. Theirs is the task of preparation. The more earnestly we prepare ourselves by education and fellowship with Christ and his people, the more fearlessly will we face and solve the stupendous problems before us.

All over the country are spread many young people's organizations such as the Bible school, the Junior and Senior Christian Endeavors, and Youth Conferences. These teach us God's ways, give us rich fellowship with Christ's people, prepare us for leadership, and offer us great opportunities for service in home and community.

DAILY MEDITATIONS

(Prepared by Mrs. Nellie Kimshel, Durham, Conn.)

In Him

Sunday, March 15

Read Colossians 2: 6-13.
"And ye are complete in him." Colossians 2: 10.

The Word of God tells us repeatedly that we have sinned and come short of the glory of God. As far as our own goodness goes we have failed miserably. We have nothing of which we can boast.

But we are admonished to live a holy life and to "be ye therefore perfect." Therefore we conclude that while we are unable to come up to the standard required of us, there must be some outside power that can help us in this striving for perfection.

Yes, thank God, we are complete in him. Terribly incomplete without him, but fully complete in him. How good it is that we can find a hiding place in Christ. He covers our deficiencies. He clothes our nakedness. His blood covers our filthiness.

In him. When God the Father looks down upon us he can find no fault in us if we are in him.

Prayer — Dear Father, we hide behind thy blessed Son Jesus, and do thou look upon us only through him, that thou mayest see us "complete in him."

Monday, March 16

Read Psalm 139: 1-14.

"And be found in him, not having mine own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith." Philippians 3: 9.

When our Lord comes again, it seems that he will find the inhabitants of this world hiding. Most of them will hide themselves "in the dens and in the rocks of the mountains." They will be hiding from the face of the Lord Jesus, just as Adam hid from God after he knew he had displeased him.

But the righteous, too, will be hiding—hiding in him. They have already felt their unworthiness to stand before God, so they have hidden themselves in Christ. Rocks and mountains cannot hide our sins from God, but the blood of Jesus can. Therefore there will be some wise ones who will hide in the right place. Paul learned the right way to hide. To "be found in him," he said.

Prayer—

"My life of scarlet, my sin and woe
Cover with his life, whiter than snow."

Tuesday, March 17

Read Psalm 84.

"For the Lord God is a sun and shield; the Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly." Psalm 84: 11.

The Lord will be everything to his trusting child; when all about him is cold and dark and he is about to despair—then God mercifully proves himself to be a sun who brings warmth and light to the darkened soul. Or at another time, when Satan is firing upon him from all sides and it seems that he must be crushed by his blows—then the Lord comes to his child as a shield. He steps in

between and wards off the blows that otherwise might injure his child.

Every true Christian finds in the Lord his all—his help in every time of need.

Prayer—
“Yea, all I need in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.”

Wednesday, March 18

Read Psalm 71: 1-7.

“Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge, even the most High, thy habitation.” Psalm 91: 9.

A habitation is a dwelling or residence. It is not a place where I visit or make occasional calls. My habitation is the place where I live daily and year after year.

Here the psalmist says that God can be my habitation—my continual dwelling place. I may live in him day by day. When storms arise I run inside my dwelling place, seeking shelter. And he never fails. Bombs may rack my earthly house so that it cannot protect me from the storm, but God will always be able to keep me from harm, for he is my refuge—my habitation. I shall abide safely in him.

Prayer—
“Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.”

Thursday, March 19

Read John 15: 1-9.

“Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine; no more can ye, except ye abide in me.” John 15: 4.

Sometimes we have cut a branch from the tree or vine and put it in water, that the buds might open up in the house and we might enjoy the early blossoms. And many times they do blossom out and are beautiful for a few days—but that is all—they look nice, but they will not bear fruit that way, because they have been severed from the vine.

Just so with us—Jesus says that we cannot bear fruit if we do not have a vital connection with him. Without life and spiritual nourishment from Christ flowing into our own lives, we will dry up and die spiritually, and men cannot see our good works.

Prayer—
“Live out thy life within me,
In all things have thy way—
I, the transparent medium,
Thy glory to display.”

Friday, March 20

Read Psalm 62: 1-8.

“He that dwelleth in the secret place of the most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.” Psalm 91: 1.

We have secret drawers in our desks, and secret pockets in our coats for the purpose of hiding our treasures from pickpockets or thieves. These secret places are only intended as a place for storing away valuables.

In our Scripture we are led to believe that God, the most High, has a secret place, and that implies that he must have treasures or jewels. In fact he calls his followers his jewels in Malachi 3: 17. I often wonder what he can see in you and me that is so valuable to him. Nevertheless, we know that he does love us and treasure us, and he hides us in his secret place. And while we abide there all the forces of evil cannot harm us. Oh, thank God for this blessed secret place “under the shadow of the Almighty.”

Prayer—
“When the storms of life are raging,
Tempests wild on sea and land,
I will seek a place of refuge
In the shadow of God's hand.”

Sabbath, March 21

“The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms.” Deuteronomy 33: 27.

What a refuge—a refuge which cannot be destroyed—fireproof, bombproof. Even Satan himself cannot penetrate its walls. And the eternal God is this refuge. He has no end. He is and was and ever more shall be. And there is a powerful foundation to this refuge—for underneath are the everlasting arms. We need have no fear of falling. Someone with all power and wisdom and love is constantly holding us up.

Someone else felt the protection of those everlasting arms when he wrote:

“What have I to dread, what have I to fear,
Leaning on the everlasting arms?
I have blessed peace with my Lord so near,
Leaning on the everlasting arms.”

Prayer—Dear Lord, help us to trust thee more, and lean back confidently expecting thee to hold us up in thine everlasting arms.

SABBATH SCHOOL LESSON FOR MARCH 21, 1942

Jesus the Messiah Foretells His Death (The Galilean Ministry). Scripture—Matthew 16: 13-28; Mark 8: 27-37; Luke 9: 18-25.
Golden Text—Mark 8: 35.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

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

OUR LETTER EXCHANGE

Dear Recorder Children:

For several weeks we have had many fine letters, but this week we have no children's letters. We'll look for better luck next week, will we not?

However, we are glad to have another interesting letter from Lois Fay Powell. This week I am in Wellsville taking care of Joyce and Gretchen and acting as “chief cook and dishwasher” while their mother is ill.

Hoping to hear from many of my Recorder children soon, I remain

Sincerely yours,
Mizpah S. Greene.

Dear Mrs. Greene and the children:

If you knew how many older folks read your page with interest, you would be pleased, I am sure. I always read it, and sometimes I write for it, so that Mrs. Greene and the children will feel encouraged in their good work; but I have been so busy I haven't written you a thing about the things that have happened in the four months I have been in Arkansas.

I will call these things “Adventures in Arkansas.” My husband suggested that name.

Our first “Adventure” was the ride down in here in the edge of a hurricane. Nothing exciting happened all the long, long train ride from Massachusetts, through New York by way of Buffalo, Ohio, and Tennessee to Memphis, and from Memphis across Arkansas to Stuttgart, where we met the storm. If you look at your geography you can trace the way we went. At Stuttgart we boarded a beach wagon carrying mail, and the wind was puffing fitfully around the corners of the buildings when we left the town.

As we rode out on to the prairie, we heard occasional dashes of rain on the top of the car, and the wind pushed at us. Our driver was very steady and careful. We passed a large Coca Cola van tipped over in the ditch, and the two men taking out its load of bottles. At the first stop where mail was to be left, the waiting people grumbled at him for being late, and he came back to the car quite downcast.

“If they knew what kind of driving it is in this wind, they'd understand why I am late,” he said.

We sympathized with him and said we'd much rather be a little late than in the ditch like the Coca Cola van. This pleased him, and our kind words left an enduring memory; for weeks later, at our journey's end twenty or more miles from there on another route, came an inquiry about the people who spoke so kindly to him. He wondered what became of us.

Thankful to God we were, that only the edge of the hurricane touched our route, and we reached our journey's end safely—the end of that adventure.

Lois Fay Powell.

Nady, Ark.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT

Whereas our heavenly Father has seen fit to call unto himself on November 15, 1941, our beloved friend and brother, Deacon Thomas M. Davis, who for all his life has been a loyal supporter of the Marlboro Seventh Day Baptist Church, who was baptized and joined the church May 12, 1888, was called to be deacon October 18, 1913, and ordained December 13, 1913; therefore be it

Resolved, That the Marlboro Church do pay tribute to his long membership, his sincere interest, and his faithful and conscientious attendance at all church meetings, ever helpful by his presence and by his willingness to do his part in our heavenly Father's work. Deacon Tom was an inspiration to those about him, endearing himself to the people in this community and Shiloh, with his bright, cheerful spirit and his interest in those about him; and be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to his family, to the Sabbath Recorder for publication, and that they be placed on the records of the Marlboro Church.

Respectfully submitted,

Committee:

Luther S. Davis,
Robert G. Jones,
William R. Lawrence,

Chairman.

THIS WAR IS A FIGHT FOR GOD

By H. N. Wheeler

The majority of the people of the United States do not want war, and have in the past said so in no uncertain terms. But here we are at war and united to fight it out to the finish. There is no other way. Are we masters of our own destinies? Is it not possible and even probable that God has taken a hand in the matter, in spite of us?

Many of the leaders in Europe and Asia do not believe in God and some have set themselves up as gods. In so doing they have returned to brute force and are handling their subjects as though they were only animals and had no souls.

If we could not see our way clear to get into the war and fight for God and Christ, isn't it reasonable to suppose God has brought it about so that we must fight for him? We have been living a bit smugly, enjoying all the comforts a life on earth has to offer. Such comfort has influenced some people to lose sight of heaven and to have no desire except for the pleasures and comforts here on earth. We need to be jarred out of such feelings of satisfaction and be called to our duties as citizens here, and in building for the life to come. Now we are called upon to fight for our very existence and for our chance to live as a free people, but above all to fight the enemies of God and Christ. Christ says he could even raise up stones to fight for him.

Has not God now made it evident that we must fight for him and his immortal Son? We should feel proud that we are called to such a mission. But we should also feel humiliated that we didn't see our duty before being forced into it, on the basis that our freedom of living was at stake and our existence as an independent people was endangered.

**IN TIME OF WAR
A MESSAGE FOR THE CHURCHES**

(From the Advisory Committee of the Connecticut Council of Churches and Religious Education, December 14, 1941)

In the name of God and his beloved Son. Amen. Hear what the Spirit would say to the churches of Connecticut: Now are days of wrath and sorrow come upon us all. Now are times of remembrance needed for the leavening of all our words and actions.

LET US THEREFORE REMEMBER with humble and repentant hearts the long years and the many ways wherein we all have sinned, and have suffered selfishness and injustice to go unrebuked and uncorrected. Let us confess our own sins of pride and greed ere we pass judgment on other nations or individuals.

LET US REMEMBER with pity, and succor with generosity all who have been and yet may be the sufferers under the world cataclysm of war.

LET US who feel that now the arm of defense must be bared and the hand of service clenched in power, strive with unremitting might until the end, not in random rage, but soberly seeking to ransom our fellow men as well as ourselves from all slavery and oppression.

LET US who feel we cannot even under present circumstances approve or engage in this strife, seek to translate our convictions not into criticism, but into constructive activity in the alleviation of suffering and the planning of a better future.

LET US AS MEMBERS OF THE CHURCH OF CHRIST seek ever, in the spirit of our Master, through the study of the Scriptures and the practice of prayer, and through our continued gathering together in the fellowship of worship, to maintain and strengthen the bonds that eventually must bind the whole world as one family under God.

LET US REMEMBER IN LOVE not only our allies, but also our reluctant enemies, the common people of Japan and of Germany and of Italy, praying for an early peace, praying not for glory or vengeance, but for the re-establishment of decency and honor and the broadening of opportunity and the enrichment of life for all men everywhere.

LET US REMEMBER ALL RULERS and legislators, all leaders of thought or action, whether in battle or otherwise, praying that they may be wiser than they know and may yield themselves utterly, in humble consecration, to be instruments of the Divine will.

LET OUR CHURCHES redevote themselves to the enthronement of love, ever believing in its immediate adequacy as well as its ultimate supremacy.

LET ALL OUR PULPITS resound with the gospel of faith, of hope, of love, unadulterated with hatred, uncontradicted by bitterness, always calling men to a courage that is rooted in good will, which in turn must be the reflection of God's will.

LET OUR CHURCHES remember their Founder, and seek only in his spirit to inspire his disciples in whatever sphere or task they see the call of duty, to keep their vision and their loyalty, their patience and their determination fixed upon the single goal of a new habitation for humanity, builded in peace, timbered in justice, roofed over with righteousness, and furnished richly for friendliness, Jesus Christ himself being the chief cornerstone.

HEAR WHAT THE SPIRIT SAITH UNTO THE CHURCHES OF CONNECTICUT.

—Contributed by Rev. Earl Cruzan.

OUR PULPIT**FIRST THINGS FIRST**

Matthew 6: 33a.

(Sermon preached at Brookfield, N. Y., January 17, 1942, by Pastor Jay W. Crofoot)

To appeal to my hearers to cultivate a sense of proportion is an old hobby of mine, but I do not remember that I have ever spoken on the text, "Seek ye first his kingdom and his righteousness," or as it is in King James version of the Bible, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness."

The subject, "First Things First," has been brought to my mind this week by a circular letter from the Treasury of the United States. If you have sent money for defense bonds direct to the Treasury in Washington, I presume you have received similar circulars — a very appealing advertisement printed on plenty of paper, in two colors. The most striking thing in the circular may have been the injunction "Buy More Defense Savings Bonds," but the thing that attracted my notice most was the sentence, "This is your first duty."

What is your first duty? There are plenty of folks these days ready to give the answer. One says, "Support the Red Cross society"; another "Contribute to the President's fund for fighting infantile paralysis." Our government seems to say that thrift is of paramount importance. Someone has appointed this week as "Thrift Week"—today being the birthday of Benjamin Franklin. I should be almost the last to decry thrift. I have lived most of my active life in a country where thrift was one of the chief virtues. It is sometimes said that ministers are not good business men, but I believe it would be generally agreed that most of them are thrifty. But is thrift your first duty?

In the name of thrift all generosity is, I fear, sometimes choked. Generosity is unquestionably high in the list of virtues. The Red Cross incontestably deserves our support. So do other philanthropic organizations, such as the Church Committee for China Relief, the American Friends Service Committee, which is feeding forty or fifty thousand children every day in France. There are also millions of war prisoners, and

their need is being presented to us by another organization. The President deserves great credit for what he has done for sufferers from infantile paralysis, as well as for his own gallant fight against it. But is the support of any of these worthy causes our first duty?

Not a few people are telling us that winning the war is our first duty. I admit the importance of that task, but I believe it is not more important than planning now what kind of world we shall have after the war. Let us not forget that we fought one war "to make the world safe for democracy," and that democracy has been less safe ever since. In the Utica Press recently there was an editorial condemning those who discuss the post-war world now. Let us win the war first, was the contention. That seems to me like the attitude of the health officer who would say, "We must cure this case of typhoid fever before we seek the source of contamination. After this case is finished will be time enough to make plans for the future." If the old saying "In time of peace prepare for war," is a good one, its converse is better, "In time of war prepare for peace." In times of peace we have feared "entangling alliances," but not so in war. After the first World War, to quote James Truslow Adams' Epic of America, "Faced by the responsibilities of a moral leadership in the world such as had never before come to any nation, America backed out of the room frightened and stammering."

A quarter of a century ago we fought a "war to end war." By this time we should know that war cannot end war—only love can do that. Let us recognize our share in the sin and hate that have brought on this war, for we have certainly mistreated the Japanese by our exclusion laws, and by our "superior" attitude—much like that which we find so hard to endure in the Germans. If we had been only willing to admit Japanese on a quota basis as we did Germans and Italians, we should have done much to avoid offense to a proud and sensitive people. I do not deny that we must partake of our punishment in this war by fighting hard till we win it, but let us not think it the most important thing in the world. Let us seek his kingdom and his righteousness, not forgetting that Germans and Japanese are his children too.

In one of the "Readers" that I had when a boy, there was a fairy story of a shepherd boy who, when he plucked a wild flower on the hillside, discovered the door to a cave. He entered and found many jewels and much money as well as a friendly gnome who said to him, "Take all you want, but don't forget the best." So the boy laid down his flower and filled his pockets with treasure. As he was about to leave, the gnome said again, "Take all you want, but don't forget the best." It was only after the boy had returned to the outer air and found all his treasure turned to dead leaves, and the door disappeared, that he realized that "the best" was the flower, which had opened the cave for him. Are we in danger of forgetting the best as we rush about seeking this and that?

"Buy Bonds for Defense" is a good slogan, but sometimes let us ask, what defense? Shouldn't our young men be defended against alcohol and venereal disease? Doctor Parran says venereal disease is increasing in the army. Why not write our senators and representatives in Congress asking them to support such bills as the one prohibiting drink near army camps, like the one introduced by the Texas senator recently?*

By all means let us rejoice that our government promotes thrift. But how about efficiency, faithfulness, honor, honesty, chastity?

This week we have been shocked by the report made to the Senate by the committee of which Senator Truman of Missouri is chairman, showing as it does such waste, inefficiency, delay, and probably graft, in the defense program. We can hardly rejoice as we read of what goes on in Washington, and how different groups seem to put their own profit above the common good. Our sympathy is sure to be with farmers, but we can hardly deny that what the farmer group is doing smacks of something less than an unselfish desire to promote the good of the whole community.

We are so obsessed with the idea of winning the war that we can hardly see anything else—unless it is professional baseball. Longer hours of work, more inventions, more gadgets, swifter flight, better sanitation, bet-

* I have since received a reply to my letter to our congressman, Hon. Francis D. Culkin, saying, "S. 860 provides for this, and you may be sure I shall vote for it when it comes up in the House."

ter food, more books, larger newspapers, can these perfect society—bring in the kingdom of God?

While I hope I am not "talking politics from the pulpit" in any way not justifiable to my Master, I wish to warn that we must not try to put the blame on someone in Washington or Albany. Jesus, when he said the words of the text, was talking about trying to serve God and mammon. He was warning about the worship of money. We constantly hear of men going to new jobs. When we hear it do we ask, "Is he going to a town where there are no taverns? Will he have better schools for his children? Are there good churches there? Can he do that work and keep the Sabbath?"

No, God forgive us. We ask, "How much is he going to get?" The god of this world is too much with us. Let me read a quotation from an English clergyman, Canon Hay Aitken:

The god of this world takes various forms. Here is one. We do not cast him into the form of a graven or molten image. We may not set him up in "the plains of Dura in the province of Babylon," but we set him up in London in the Stock Exchange. We have little images of him in our houses, and we worship him with the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, dulcimer, and all kinds of music, and we call him **Money**. We are great at the worship of mammon. People seem never tired of burning incense to wealth. Today, a man may be so despicable a creature that we would not demean ourselves by touching him with the tip of our little finger. He suddenly becomes heir to ten thousand a year, and tomorrow we are only too glad to get into our carriage and call upon him. What has made the difference? He has become a successful "worshiper of the golden image," and we, and the other high priests of this idolatry, are bound to fraternize with this excellent person. Who is he? The god of this world.

Here is another god of this world. We set him up on a lofty tower of ivory, or we put him into one of our superb equipages, and roll him through the street with a four-in-hand, and we call him **Rank**. And everybody bows down and worships this god as he passes along. Look at him there, as he goes along in all his splendor, and the votaries of this world bow down with profound obeisance and do him honor.

Here is another god of this world. We deck him in all kinds of silks and satins, and load him with jewelry and we call him **Fashion**. We put him in our drawing rooms; our roués are skillful in his worship, and women are especially devoted to him. If he makes us ridiculous it is no matter. Any kind of eccentricity is pardoned, even though our own tastes condemn us for the form our

MARRIAGES

Bird - Hurzeler. — On February 13, 1942, in the presence of a few friends, Mrs. Ella Hurzeler and Mr. E. C. Bird, both of Boulder, were united in marriage by the pastor of the groom. They are residing at 2540 Fourth Street, Boulder, Colo.

Fargo - Lennon. — At the Verona Seventh Day Baptist church, on February 6, 1942, Orrin James Fargo and Doris Rose Lennon were united in marriage by Pastor Herbert L. Polan.

Peterson - Allen. — At the parsonage on February 18, 1942, Thomas H. Peterson of Quinton, N. J., and Marian S. Allen of Marlboro, N. J., were united in marriage by Rev. H. L. Cottrell.

Van Noty - Crandall. — On February 14, 1942, at Battle Creek, Mich., Miss Wilna Crandall, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Crandall, was united in marriage with Mr. Merrill R. Van Noty, son of Mr. and Mrs. Allen Van Noty, in the church. Pastor G. D. Hargis officiated.

OBITUARY

Barber. — At her home in Ashaway, R. I., February 13, 1942, Louise Chester Barber, aged 86 years.

She was the daughter of John Hicks and Emeline Merritt Chester, and was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., February 6, 1856. Most of her life has been lived in Westerly and Ashaway—the last twenty-five years in Ashaway. Her husband, James Courtland Barber, died nine years ago. She leaves to mourn their loss, two daughters: Effie, Mrs. Claude Hopkins of Rockville; and Evelyn, Mrs. Clarence Burdick of North Stonington Road, Westerly; six grandchildren; and three great-grandchildren.

Mrs. Barber was conscientious and thoughtful of others, had a keen sense of humor and a faith in her heavenly Father and eternal life. She was a member of the Pawcatuck Seventh Day Baptist Church.

Pastor Harold R. Crandall officiated at funeral services held at the Buckler home for funerals on Monday afternoon. Interment was in Oak Grove Cemetery, Ashaway. H. R. C.

Burdick. — In Hopkinton, R. I., January 9, 1942, Lizzie Vaughan Burdick, aged 80 years.

Lizzie Vaughan, daughter of John and Susanna Barber Vaughan, was born in Pawcatuck, Conn., August 26, 1861. Her husband, Herbert L. Burdick, died ten years ago. Her home was on Greenman Avenue until, because of failing health, she went to live with her children. Mrs. Burdick united with the Pawcatuck Seventh Day Baptist Church by baptism, February 14, 1874. She was a regular attendant as long as her health permitted. Her interest in the church, the Woman's

worship assumes, though our own reason may rise up against it, and we sometimes may, as we look in our glass, say, "What a ridiculous, empty-headed, wax doll I have made of myself." Yet in the very same moment we none-the-less worship the god that we have made.

Here is another god. We beat drums and we blow trumpets; we deck him in scarlet regimentals; and we write the name **Ambition** upon his brow and fall down and worship him. What deity is so great as this god? We honor him supremely; we are never tired of speaking about him; poets write of him; and philosophers go out of their way to make themselves ridiculous about him; even ministers of the gospel of peace can become eloquent in sounding forth the praises of what they are pleased to call "glory."

Or it may be we call him **Pleasure**. He puts on the fool's mask, and wherever he goes eager crowds of admirers follow him. "There goes the god of this world." "Have you heard So-and-So? Go and hear him; why you would die of laughing." As though it were worthy of the dignity of humanity to lay itself out for levity; as though we were not frivolous enough by nature, but must needs pay our fellow travelers on the broad road to make us more frivolous than we were before.

We Americans, I think, might add the god **Efficiency**. "Get it done" seems sometimes to be our greatest ambition. Get it done, regardless of what happens to the people who may get in the way, or who may be ruined in the process. Get it done, no matter what the law of God may say. Work seven days in the week. Pay no attention to any rest day, still less to the day of God's own appointment.

Just how we are to seek first his kingdom is not always easy to say. Life is too complicated for that. If I were a young man and my government told me to kill people I presume I should do it, though I have the greatest respect for conscientious objectors. But I am sure that if I could have a choice between killing people and carrying a stretcher, I should choose the latter. And while we do not always have free choice, we do have it oftener than we sometimes admit, even to ourselves.

Difficult as it often is to make the application, we can keep the general principle before us. I mean the general principle enunciated by Peter when he was forbidden to preach in the name of the Lord Jesus. He boldly told the highest authorities of his people and his church, "We must obey God rather than men." That was his way of expressing the same truth, that we should seek first his kingdom and his righteousness.

Aid society, and other activities continued all her life.

She leaves a son, Harold G. Burdick, of Middletown, R. I.; a daughter, Mrs. Rachel V. Geer, of Springfield, Mass.; two grandsons; three sisters; and several nieces and nephews.

Funeral services were held on Monday afternoon at the Avery Funeral Home, her pastor, Rev. Harold R. Crandall, officiating. Interment was in River Bend Cemetery. H. R. C.

Hurley. — Charlie Lewis Hurley was born at Humbolt, Neb., August 3, 1870, and died at his home on the Wells farm near Nortonville, Kan., January 9, 1942.

The days of his young manhood were spent at Humbolt, where he was converted and joined the Long Branch Seventh Day Baptist Church at that place. In 1892, he came to Nortonville, where he was married to Miss Jennie Sayre, on November 23 of the same year.

In the early years of his married life he and his family moved to Farnam, Neb., where they endured many of the hardships of the pioneer days. They also lived at different times in Utah, Colorado, and again in Nebraska, and the last seventeen years in Kansas.

He is survived by his wife, two sons, and five daughters. The children are: Ollie Webb, of Olatha, Colo.; Fern Clement of Farnam, Neb.; Gladys White, of North Loup, Neb.; Olin of Denver, Colo.; Carl, and Lulu Maxson, both of Boise, Idaho; and Marie Prentice of Milton, Wis. There are twenty-six grandchildren and nine great-grandchildren; three brothers and two sisters: Bert and Alvin of California, Grant of Ohio, Naomi Snay and Maud Stillman of Nortonville.

Funeral services were conducted January 12, at the Seventh Day Baptist church in Nortonville, by his pastor, Rev. Verney A. Wilson. V. A. W.

Lawton. — Fred Lawton, youngest son of Giles and Alice Lawton, was born in Albion, October 6, 1863, and passed away January 12, 1942, at the home of his son Clarence, in Albion, Wis.

Mr. Lawton was baptized and joined the Albion Seventh Day Baptist Church in 1889, and remained a faithful member for over forty years. In 1885, he was married to Sarah Ella Williams of Janesville, who passed away in 1926. To them were born two sons: Clarence, who survives him; and Harry, who died in 1917. He is the last survivor of his father's family. He leaves one grandson, Ray, of Milton Junction. In his early days he spent a number of years farming in the Emery district, and later engaged in the carpenter trade. Except for a few years spent in Oregon and five years in Battle Creek, he has lived in the village of Albion.

Memorial services were held in the Jones Funeral Home at Edgerton, conducted by his pastor, Rev. L. O. Greene, and interment made in the Evergreen Cemetery at Albion. L. O. G.

Pentz. — Rev. John A. Pentz, at his home at Nunnery, Near Waynesboro, Pa., on July 9, 1940, after a lingering illness of some eight years.

The funeral service, on July 13, was conducted by Rev. Frank R. King, pastor of the German Seventh Day Baptist Church at Salemville, Pa., and Rev. Benjamin F. Miller, associate pastor of the Snow Hill German Seventh Day Baptist Church, at Nunnery. Burial was made in Green Hill Cemetery, at Waynesboro. (For further particulars, see elsewhere in this issue.) C. F. R.

Saunders. — Wilmer James Saunders, son of Stephen C. and Julia Lilly Saunders, was born on a farm near Albion, Wis., March 22, 1862, and died at his home in Milton, Wis., January 15, 1942.

He never married. For many years he made a home for his widowed mother and widowed sister, the latter of whom passed away in April, 1941. The only near relatives who survive him are a nephew, Jesse Saunders, and a niece, Miss Gladys Saunders, both of Milton, Wis. He was a life-long member of the Milton Seventh Day Baptist Church. Farewell services were held on Sabbath afternoon, January 17, in which Rev. Leslie O. Greene, Rev. Carroll L. Hill, and Rev. Edwin B. Shaw had parts, and the final ceremonies were in charge of the local Odd Fellows Lodge, with Professor Carroll F. Oakley as Noble Grand and Professor Leland C. Shaw as Chaplain. Burial was in Milton. E. B. S.

Snay. — Naomi Hurley Snay, daughter of the late William and Cecelia Hurley, was born at Humbolt, Neb., December 27, 1872, and passed away January 30, 1942, at her home in Nortonville, Kan.

When a child, she with her parents came to Nortonville and lived for a time, but later returned to Humbolt, where she was living when on December 14, 1889, she was united in marriage to Calvin Snay, and to this union was born one child, Luella.

Early in life she accepted Christ and united with the Long Branch Seventh Day Baptist Church near Humbolt, but when she came to Nortonville to live after her marriage, she transferred her membership to the Nortonville Seventh Day Baptist Church and remained a member until the time of her death.

Mrs. Snay is survived by her husband, and daughter Luella; three brothers: Bert, Alvin, and Grant; and one sister, Mrs. Maud Stillman. Funeral services were held February 4, at the church, conducted by her pastor, Rev. Verney A. Wilson; interment in the Nortonville cemetery. V. A. W.

Williams. — Charles Everett, son of Franklin P. and Della McClain Williams, was born October 17, 1882, and passed away December 15, 1941, at his home near Lost Creek, W. Va.

Surviving are his widow, Mrs. Susie Bond Williams, and eight children: Lee, Charles, Dane, Leonard, Lenore, John, James, and Kendall, a son of a former marriage to Miss Bessie Davis, deceased. Mr. Williams was a member of a Baptist Church in Clarksburg. Members of the Harrison County Principals' Association conducted a memorial service at the home preceding the farewell service conducted by Rev. E. F. Looffboro, assisted by a friend of the family, Rev. B. A. Reed. E. F. L.

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LIFE'S PATTERN

"My life is but a weaving between my Lord and me.
I cannot choose the colors he worketh steadily.
At times he weaveth sorrow and I, in foolish pride,
Forget he sees the upper, and I the under side.
Not till the loom is silent and the shuttles have ceased to fly
Shall God unroll the canvas and explain the reason why.
The dark threads are as needful in the weaver's skillful hands
As the threads of gold and silver, in the pattern he has planned."

(Shared by Mrs. Mary A. Maxwell, West Allis, Wis.)

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