

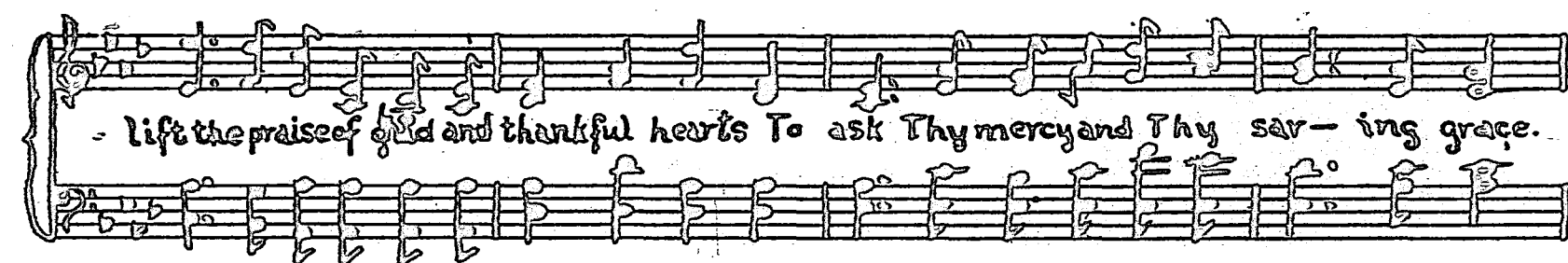
JUST FOR THY BLESSING NOW WE PRAY

Lillian Babcock

Ethlyn Davis

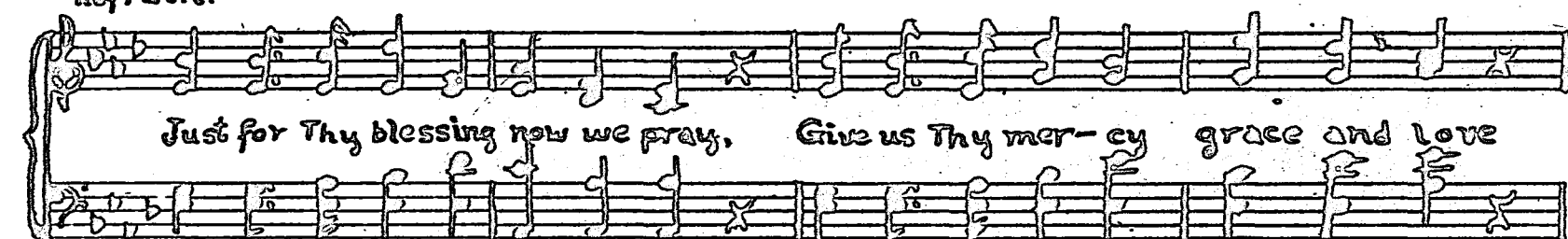


*To Thee who rulest all the un - i - verso, The earth, the sky, and the un - end - ing space, We*

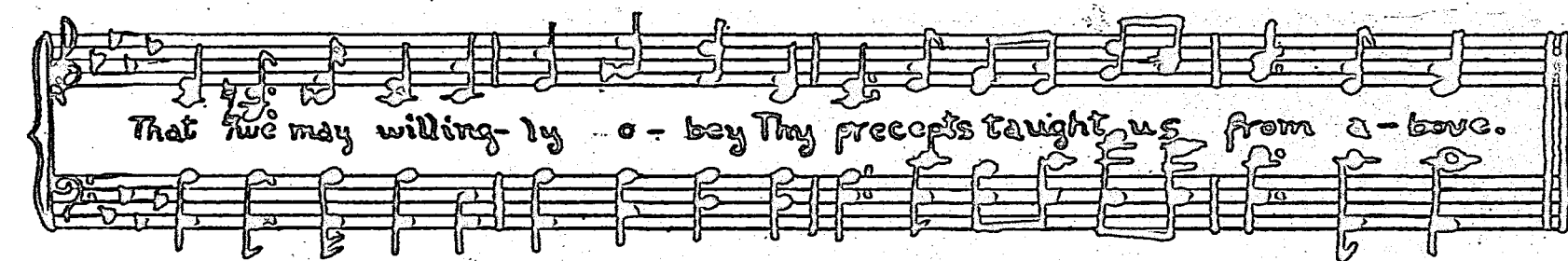


*- lift the praise of God and thankful hearts To ask Thy mercy and Thy sav - ing grace.*

Refrain.



*Just for Thy blessing now we pray, Give us Thy mer - cy grace and love*



*That we may willing - ly o - bey Thy precepts taught us from a - bove.*

# The Sabbath Recorder

Vol. 136

PLAINFIELD, N. J., MAY 15, 1944.

No. 20

## Tributes to Mother

Most all the other beautiful things in life come by twos and threes, by dozens and hundreds! Plenty of roses, stars, sunsets, and rainbows, brothers and sisters, aunts and cousins, but only one Mother in all the wide world.—Kate Douglas Wiggin.

I think it must be written somewhere that the virtues of the mothers shall be visited on their children as well as the sins of the fathers!—Charles Dickens.

Men are what their mothers make them.—Emerson.

I have not been able to find a single and useful institution which has not been founded by either an intensely religious man or by the son of a praying father or a praying mother. I have made this statement before the Chambers of Commerce of all the largest cities of the country, and have asked them to bring forward a case that is an exception to this rule. Thus far, I have not heard of a single one.—Roger Babson.

All that I am, or hope to be, I owe to my angel mother.  
—Lincoln.

In after life you may have friends, fond, dear friends, but never will you have again the inexpressible love and gentleness lavished upon you, which none but a mother can bestow.—Macaulay.

A man never sees all that his mother has been to him till it's too late to let her know that he sees it.—W. D. Howells.

# The Sabbath Recorder

A Seventh Day Baptist Weekly Published by the American Sabbath Tract Society, Plainfield, N. J.

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## Editorials

### THE CENTENNIAL NUMBER

The celebration of a centennial anniversary is always of great interest, either on the few occasions when it occurs in the life of an individual or when it happens to an organization or institution or, as in this case, in the career of some magazine or religious journal.

As our readers are doubtless aware, the Recorder soon celebrates its centennial, and a number suitable to the occasion will be issued under date of June 12. It will be more than twice the usual size and will contain matters of both general and historical interest, together with a large number of letters of congratulation and commendation from contemporary editors and other interesting and noted people. Copies of this issue will be well worth preserving by individuals and churches and may be secured, if ordered at once, at the price of ten cents per copy. Send in your orders to the Sabbath Recorder immediately if you wish extra copies for preservation or distribution.

### A.C.P. MEETING IN CHICAGO

The annual meeting of the Associated Church Press was held two weeks ago in the Stevens Hotel, Chicago. It was the first time in its history, of twenty or so years, that it ever met west of the Allegheny Mountains. In prewar years the editorial pilgrimage was made to the nation's capital. One meeting has been held in Boston and two in New York.

There are some 175 religious papers or their workers affiliated with the organization. At the 1944 meeting a number of

people were in attendance for the first time. It is an occasion for fraternal fellowship, exchange of ideas, discussion of more or less common problems, and inspiring addresses with opportunity to ask questions or make suggestions. There are no big wigs in the fraternity. The man whose paper distribution is numbered by hundreds is listened to and treated with as much respect—if he has anything worth while to say—as the one whose journal has a circulation of hundreds of thousands. Men who have been meeting together for years greet each other by their given names—John, Otto, Leland, Clarence, and Charles.

At this session we missed Dan Poling, Carroll Wright, Roy Gram, and the representative of Watchman-Examiner. For the first time in this meeting we met Roy Smith of the Christian Advocate, Editor Freeman of the Western Recorder, and J. R. Ferren, publicity relations man of the Seventh Day Adventists. For years we have read, disagreed with, and been stimulated and challenged by, the Christian Century. But to meet its great editor, Charles Clayton Morrison, hear his eloquent addresses, and visit with him on some of the great fundamentals of faith, is to discover a true evangelical, lover and servant of Jesus Christ. No acrimonious debate is indulged, though men of vastly differentiated faith are free to give expression to their opinions and convictions.

It is not the purpose here to report on particulars of this meeting. Later, we hope to release some of the things said that are of interest and value to the general reader.

Incidentally, it is the hope of your editor to profit by the ideas and inspiration of this, really a notable meeting.

### Chicago and Stevens

Chicago, in the hundred years of Sabbath Recorder's life, has grown from a struggling, insignificant village on the mosquito-infested swamps around Lake Michigan to a great city of tremendous state and national importance, crowding Tokyo for third place among the world's largest municipalities. Populations are changing so violently, these days, one may not be right in the comparison implicated in this statement. At any rate, it is a city that ranks for size and interests among the largest.

Of this city with a skyline rivaling New York's, the Stevens Hotel with its thirty-two stories and its lobbies, parlors, eating places, shops, and service, is worthy. Its claim is, "the largest hotel in the world." Its main lobbies, thronging with humanity, remind one of the Pennsylvania Station of New York or the Union at Washington. One almost needs a guide book to find his room in the labyrinthian halls and corridors. Spacious parlors and dining room facilities are luxurious. The writer did not see the famous ballroom, but the Normandie room was alluring. It is so called because it is furnished with the salon equipment of the Normandie, taken out when that vessel was dismantled for fitting for war transport service. A replica of the great leviathan graces one end of this lounge.

The Stevens, when turned back a year ago by the government, was stripped of its furnishings, and much difficulty has been

found in rehabilitation. Even now, it is not able to make use of some of its units.

For a small group meeting like the A.C.P. it is not too good. Every courtesy was extended and the service above reproach, but when the men left the conference rooms they were completely swallowed up in the crowd.

Following the meeting of A.C.P. your editor visited Chicago Service Men's Center No. 2, on the famous Michigan Boulevard. The building is the old Colosseum Theater, where people fifty years ago were thrilled by Ben Hur's chariot race on the great stage—and where if the writer's memory serves him right, Dwight L. Moody held forth in a great revival meeting during the first World's Fair.

A small party was courteously shown through by a pleasant-faced and mannered young woman, who volunteers one day a month to the task. It's a popular place and furnishes everything free to the service men. I may have been the 10,000,000th visitor who was bound this week to enter the hospitable doors.

Here is a quotation from the Center's News Sheet:

"Last week you ate 50,880 meat, cheese, and egg sandwiches, 43,944 hot dogs, with 256 pounds of potatoes on the side. For dessert we cut 50,180 pieces of cake, served 3,564 donuts, 1,400 sweet rolls, 285 coffee cakes, and 736 lbs. of cookies. . . . You drank 46,120 cups of coffee . . . candy totaled 1,259 lbs. . . . You'll always find candy on the counters."

This is just one of the lines of free service the city is rendering the men—of which any city might be proud.

## Missions

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

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

### "FOR SUCH A TIME AS THIS"

By Rev. Willard D. Burdick

The gospel is sufficient at all times for our needs, but there are times when world conditions are such that people more readily consider its practical values and accept its teachings.

Paul wrote to the Galatians, "When the fulness of the time was come, God sent forth his Son." Goodspeed translates this,

"But when the proper time came, God sent his Son."

Students of the Word say of the clause, "fulness of the time." "The new dispensation . . . came at the fittest time in the world's history." Schaff says, "The way for Christianity was prepared by the Jewish religion; by Grecian culture; by Roman conquest; by the vainly attempted amalgamation of Jewish and heathen thought; by the exposed im-



potence of natural civilization, philosophy, art, political power; by the decay of old religions; by the universal distraction and hopeless misery of the age; and by the yearning of souls after the unknown God."

"Had Christ come directly after the fall, the enormity and deadly fruits of sin would not have been realized fully by man, so as to feel his desperate state and need of a Savior. Sin was not fully developed."

Truly, God sent his Son "at the fittest time in the world's history."

Humanity is always greatly in need of the Savior, and his disciples are commissioned to make him known in all the world, and at all times; but now, and in the near future, world conditions call for the greatest possible effort to carry out the Commission in all the world. "The enormity and deadly fruits of sin" are seen in every nation on earth. Sin is fully developed. And there is a desperate feeling of a need of change.

Many years ago I quoted in a sermon the words of a great preacher in answer to the charge that the Sermon on the Mount was not practical, and the speaker declared that the time would come when it would be seen that the keeping of the teachings of Jesus is the only practical course to follow.

Dare anyone claim that the course pursued by the nations today is practical? We do see that "Wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat."

Humanity is heartsick over the results of war—the destruction of cities, nations facing bankruptcy, multitudes of children and adults starving to death, race hatreds intensified, and millions of homes in the depths of sorrow because of needless deaths.

Man's ways have failed. God's plan remains to be tried. G. K. Chesterton, a Roman Catholic layman, has said, "Christianity has not been tried and found wanting; it has been found difficult and not tried." But now there are many who are insisting that Christianity be tried, convinced that it will cure the ills of the social order and bring "a just and durable peace."

Some time ago there appeared in Country Gentleman an article by Dr. Arthur H. Compton, the noted professor of physics of the University of Chicago, in which he said, "Peace will return. Out of the chaos will rise a new world. The co-operative program of Jesus will be adopted, because in-

telligence and reason demand it, and it will usher in freedom and progress for all men everywhere."

Following the war there will be, I think, the greatest opportunity ever offered the Church to go into all the world and preach and teach the truths of the kingdom of God. And there are many evidences that if Christians accept the opportunity there will be a great turning to the Lord and acceptance of his way of living. Take China as an illustration of the insufficiency of other religions. "When C. K. Lee was asked why we should send Christianity to China, this great Chinese leader said: 'There are three reasons. First of all, Confucius was a teacher and Christ is a Savior. China needs a Savior more than she needs a teacher. In the second place, Confucius is dead and Christ is alive. China needs a living Savior. In the third place, Confucius is some day going to stand before Christ to be judged by him. China needs to know Christ as Savior before she meets him as judge.'"

But there is little chance just now for us to enlarge our missionary work in China and Germany and some other lands. However, there is much that we can do; we must give greater attention and support to the work in our own land.

When Jesus gave the great commission to his followers he told them to tarry in Jerusalem until they were endued with power from on high. They accepted the commission, secured the power from on high, and then entered into service that has brought blessings to multitudes down through the centuries.

Individually and denominationally we need power from on high, and God is as willing to endue us with this power as he was to fit his early church for propagating the gospel. May we crave and seek this fitness!

There are many places in the United States where Seventh Day Baptist churches can be strengthened, and other places where groups of Sabbath keepers can pray and work to the establishing of churches, and there are other sections where we can do evangelistic and Sabbath promotion work. These call for leadership and financial assistance. But even more insistent is the need of determined efforts on the part of those who are in the churches, and in small groups, and the lone Sabbath keepers to have the

religious helps of the church and Sabbath school.

In the seventies and eighties there was such a group at Trenton, Minn. A few of the fathers and mothers, anxious for the blessings and privileges of the church for themselves and their children, started meetings and revived the little church. Those were critical years in the lives of parents and children. Families then moved to other societies, and the church disbanded. But today children and grandchildren of those parents are consecrated and helpful members in half a dozen or more of our churches.

I know that there are many spirit-filled and worthy members in our churches, men and women who are regular in attendance and support of the services of the church, but there are others in most, or all, of the churches who are not regular in attendance and show little interest in Christian work. This is too common in Protestant churches. A devotional reading in the Christian Herald said: "The great Bible expositor, George Adam Smith, was once present when a group of clergymen were discussing ways and means of interesting the non-church-going class of people. After listening to several, speakers who bewailed the indifference and apathy of the multitude, he said, 'Our greatest problem is not the non-church-going mass but the non-church-going church.' That remark

was significant, profound, and true." We need, in all Seventh Day Baptist churches, revivals of pure and undefiled religion that will unite us in such a body as Paul writes about in 1 Corinthians 12.

We need to have a clearer understanding of the value of the Christian religion, the value of the worship of God, and the value of speaking "often one to another" in the house of God, and the importance of being workers together with God in kingdom tasks.

There will be great need of Seventh Day Baptists in the years ahead.

#### EDITOR VAN HORN IN THE HOSPITAL

We would like our readers to know that Editor Van Horn, who has been very ill, is improving. He was taken to Muhlenberg Hospital, Plainfield, last Sabbath day, with a serious sinus infection following flu. He is responding favorably to treatment and we hope will soon be on the road to recovery. However, callers as yet are not allowed nearer than the door of his room.

If some matters have to wait in the work of the corresponding secretary and editor, we know our people will be patient until they can be given attention, and if errors occur, kindly overlook them as far as possible.

Recorder Office.

## Woman's Work

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

### SPINNING

Two spinners sat each on her sunny porch  
In the days of long ago,  
And holding their distaffs with agile hands  
Pulled the flax-threads to and fro.

Each had her stint for a morning's work,  
And to make it fun and play  
Each one would vie with the other lass  
To while the time away.

Then when at last the stint was done,  
With the distaff high in air  
The first to finish would swing and wave  
The flax so wound with care.

Now, the "little" girls of those little girls  
No longer weave or spin  
Nor swirl the distaff on sunny porch  
And see which one can win.

But they try to do their daily stint  
With love and care wound in,  
And pray the distaff of life will be  
Full to the very brim.

Yes, long ago, on Cuyler Hill  
They twirled, and twisted, and spun—  
That Colgrove girl and the Burdick lass;  
They played that work was fun.

Now the girls of those girls of that other day  
Who spun the linen fine  
In DeRuyter and Verona you'll find,  
For they're Lillie and Adeline.

(Written for Mrs. Lillian Irish of DeRuyter  
by Mrs. Adeline Polan of Verona)  
March 18, 1944.

#### SABBATH SCHOOL LESSON FOR MAY 27, 1944

Paul Encourages the Corinthians. Scripture—  
2 Corinthians 4: 1—5: 21.  
Golden Text—2 Corinthians 8: 9.

## Young People's Work

Jessett B. Dickinson, Editor

Please send all material and suggestions to Route 3, Bridgeton, N. J.

### SHIPS IN THE NIGHT

By Alice Annette Larkin

#### Chapter I

To Linda Sherman the little white house had never seemed quite so attractive or so dear. Perhaps this was because tonight it had been the scene of a very special celebration—a celebration in honor of Mother's complete recovery from a serious accident. For several months, anxiety had been an unwelcome guest in the little white house. Now the dark cloud that had hung over it so long was lifted, and joy filled every heart beneath its roof.

It was Linda who had prepared the delicious supper. Linda's hands had arranged the decorations in the dining room. On the table, casting a cheery glow over the flowers and silver, the candles still burned brightly. A big pot of gay red poinsettias stood on a stand near the south window, and these, too, contributed to the attractiveness of the room.

Perhaps the little white house seemed more attractive than ever, because outside its walls the mercury in the thermometer was dropping lower and lower, while the wind shook the branches of the tall maple trees with increasing force. No wonder Paul had said when he and Patty came in from school, "I'm glad I don't have to be a squirrel and live in a tree. Aren't you, Patty? Sometimes I think it might be fun, but not when the wind blows."

"I didn't ever want to be a squirrel," answered Paul's twin. "I'd rather be a little girl with chocolate cookies to eat. Got any, Linda?"

Evidently Patty didn't expect a reply, for she had danced happily away in search of the cooky jar.

That was several hours ago. Now from the living room came the sound of Father's voice reading. It wasn't often that he read aloud to the little group gathered in front of the fireplace. It wasn't often that he had time to do this, so the reading was doubly appreciated. Even Ted and Phyllis, who had given up a long anticipated trip to a special movie, seemed quite contented at home tonight.

Suddenly Linda heard her father ask, "Getting tired, Bess? We mustn't wear you out with too much entertainment."

"Tired? Indeed, I'm not!" came Mother's emphatic reply. "I feel wonderful. Please go on with the story."

As Linda did the last essential tasks before joining the other members of the family, she thought of the many things for which they all had reason to be thankful. The little white house was one of these. It was their own. Sometimes it seemed a bit crowded, especially when there were guests; but somehow they always managed to find room for everybody.

Most important of all the reasons—Mother was well again—and Doctor Harrison had given her permission to take over the household duties, since the children had promised to help her in every way they could. This left Linda free to accept a position outside.

Linda wasn't at all sure what kind of position it would be. She had taken a secretarial course in business college; there was a position awaiting someone in an office a short distance down the street, but the salary would be small compared to what she had been offered at a plant in a nearby town. There she would be allowed free meals, but there was a "fly in the ointment." She would be obliged to work every day except Sunday; she felt that she couldn't do that. She had thought a great deal about becoming a trained nurse. Her experiences since her mother's accident would have impressed upon her the value of a nurse's training even if this hadn't been continually stressed over the radio, and in magazines, and newspapers. She and Bob expected to be married when the war was over. If God should call them to some special work, she wanted to be ready. She would never forget the last Christian Endeavor meeting they had attended just before Bob went away, or the last song they had sung. Somehow the words had gone straight to their hearts:

"I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord,  
Over mountain, or plain, or sea:  
I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord,  
I'll be what you want me to be."

She and Bob had talked long and earnestly that night—determined that their hopes for

the future should not be dimmed by the tragedy of war. Where Bob was now she didn't know. She might not know for many months; but she was sure that wherever duty called him his great desire would always be to do what God wanted him to do, as it had also become hers.

Linda's tasks were finished now, and she slipped quietly into the living room. The story was almost ended.

"That was a swell yarn, Dad," exclaimed Ted when his father finally closed his book. "Read us another."

"I'm afraid I haven't time for any more reading tonight, Son, but I'm glad you liked it," James Sherman said with a smile. "This has been an evening long to be remembered, and I wish all families might get together in this way. Shall we thank our heavenly Father for this precious privilege and ask him to hasten the day when broken families all over the world may be reunited?"

It was very still in the living room, and all heads were reverently bowed as the prayer was offered.

The last word had just been spoken when the telephone rang sharply, and Linda hurried to answer the call. "Yes, this is the Sherman residence," she said. "Aunt Penny at Hilltop Farm? Oh, I'm sorry." "No, I'm afraid he can't possibly do that, but somebody will be there tomorrow." "Yes, I promise."

(To be continued)

### WHO'S WHO AMONG SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST YOUNG PEOPLE

[This week we are featuring those who wrote the talk that appeared in our issue of April 24, "Young People on the Home Front." (We are truly sorry for the mistake made in that issue. Mrs. Earl Mason is not the former Irene Unziger, but the former Irene McKay.) J.B.D.]

#### Irene McKay Mason

Irene is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John McKay of Nady (Little Prairie), Ark., who were converts to the Sabbath. She attended high school at Pullman, W. Va. (living in the home of Rev. and Mrs. C. A. Beebe), and at Farina, Ill. (living in the home of Mrs. C. E. Pernel). In July, 1941, she was married to Earl Mason of Little Prairie, where they make their home on a five hundred acre farm. She is the mother of two little girls, Earlene and Lura Ruth. Irene has been active in church and C. E. work, attended Conference and Fair Lake Camp at

Battle Creek in 1940, and is now treasurer and acting deaconess of the Little Prairie Church. December 28 is her birthday.

#### Anne Estelle Beebe

Anne was born at Berea, W. Va., and has lived at Berea and Salem, W. Va.; Coudersport, Pa.; and Nady and Fouke, Ark. She is the daughter of Rev. and Mrs. Clifford A. Beebe and is in the 1944 graduating class of Arkansas High School at Texarkana. She has worked for the past year as nurse's aide in a Texarkana hospital, and hopes to enter the Cadet Nurse Corps at Alfred next fall. She is a member of the Fouke Church and has always been active in church and C. E. work. Her favorite hobby is music. Anne's birthday is April 27.

### OUR OWN POETS

#### To the Flowers

By Bessie S. Davis

Above the sacred altar of God's earth  
Rises the fragrant incense of the flowers,  
Filling our hearts with reverence,  
And our souls with love for God our maker.  
Their sacred influence purifies and blesses—  
Shedding a holy light upon our way;  
Ennobling and enriching all our being;  
Teaching us reverence, adoration, praise.

### A TRIBUTE FOR MOTHER'S DAY

By Pfc. Frederik J. Bakker

Mother is a little bit of heaven brought to earth with some earthly ingredients. It is very appropriate that the annual custom was established to commemorate mother. A true mother is too often taken for granted. She of all the members of the family sacrifices the most. She is forever thinking of the welfare of the family and forgets her own welfare.

Let us pause and consider all that mother means to us. She gave us life, love, and liberty. She makes the home and all that word embodies. She is nurse, counselor, teacher, and disciplinarian.

With Lincoln, many can truthfully say that all that we owe to mother (who in Lincoln's case was his stepmother). Many a great man or woman received that initial inspiration to be great from his or her mother. How many mothers work extra hard at hard, monotonous work in order that their children can have a good time, or to pay for further training in education.

Then, mother's prayers follow us over the globe. It was at her knees most of us first



learned the thought of Jesus and the better way of living.

The thought arises: what can we do? Be as helpful and kind to your mother as you can. Soon you may not be able to do so. It is an irony of life that we are kind and polite to friends and acquaintances, but ignore mother and treat her so often with slight and disdain. Speak kind words to her daily. If you cannot speak to her, write to her often. She misses you more than she reveals. In her eyes you are still her "boy" or her "girl." Share your good times with her as much as possible. Learn as much as possible from her wide experience with life and the art of living. Conduct yourself in such a way that were your mother (a Christian mother) present she would be proud of you.

Full address: Pfc. Frederik J. Bakker, A.S.N., 32387345, Unit H, Station No. 3, A.T.C., A.P.O. No. 938, c/o Postmaster, Minneapolis, Minn.

### RECREATION

By Rev. Paul L. Maxson

In sketching some of the ideas for recreation in a youth camp or in a Vacation Church School, the director must keep one factor in mind; and that is, that he is building true Christian character.

It has often been said that even though you cannot participate in a sport, you can be one.

Incidentally, there are those who remember Sammy Kistler of Salem College. In giving us a lecture one day he said, "How many of you know how a boo is made in razzing the opponent?" He went on to tell us that it is the amount of air that passes through one's head. Thus, those who can boo the loudest have the emptiest heads. In other words, if the other side outclasses and outplays you, take it like a man.

In my estimation the true qualities come out in people when they are under fire, or their side is losing and they still continue to play a clean game.

Mrs. Maxson has complained many times at me for breaking my fingers, spraining my wrists, throwing my knees out of joint, and breaking my ankles, but I still like to hike, swim, ride a bike or a horse, and play every kind of ball game that can be mentioned.

What are some sports suitable for camp? Hiking is ideal. We had some fine nature

study hikes at Lewis Camp in 1942. Soft ball is ideal for mixed groups. Tennis is an excellent game; if there is not enough room, substitute a badminton game. Swimming puts into play more muscles of the body than any other form of sport. I feel that every person should be taught the art of swimming and floating.

On one occasion when I was a lad about nine or ten, I remember grabbing on to the back end of a leaky rowboat. When it was in the middle of the stream it sank. The occupants, not knowing I was behind, swam ashore; when they reached shore my oldest brother looked back and saw me going down for the third time. He swam back and rescued me and taught me to swim that afternoon before we left the creek.

For a variety of games for smaller boys and girls that attend Vacation Church School, I would suggest "Black Man," "Blind Man's Buff," "Dare Base," "Squirrel and Trees," "Standing and Running Dodge Ball," and "Spud."

Then for rainy days there are numerous games such as "Hunt the Ring," "Cat and Rat," and "Talk Fest" which are always good.

Where I have mentioned two or three games or sports you can think of dozens. Numerous other games for indoors as well as outdoors can be found in the Fun Encyclopedia.

Berlin, N. Y.

### PEACE SABBATH, MAY 27, 1944

By Dean Ahva J. C. Bond

A committee of the Board of Directors of the Women's Society of the General Conference has made a suggestion concerning our program for peace which seems to be worthy of our earnest consideration. They presented their proposition to me, I suppose, because I have been doing something along this line under the direction of the Commission, and with the co-operation of the Board of Christian Education.

Copies of "Six Pillars of Peace, a Study Guide," were sent to all our pastors and Sabbath school superintendents. From one to thirty copies have been ordered by individuals and churches, and several groups have engaged in this study. More than fifty people here in Alfred have met together under the leadership of President J. Nelson Norwood for weekly study and discussion. Some other churches also have done a good

job. Many, of course, have made no response.

We ordered a quantity of the "Study Guide" so as to be able to fill all orders here at Alfred. There are still some on hand, and we shall be glad to mail them out on order. They are ten cents each.

The suggestion of the Women's Society is that the churches observe Sabbath day, May 27, the Sabbath nearest Memorial Day, as Peace Sabbath. I am passing this suggestion along with the hope that our churches will act upon it. The local church should determine its own program. Perhaps it might take the form of a review of the study.

The experience of the American people following the other World War should awaken them to the possibility of defeat in the making of the peace, even when the war has been won. They should let the government know that they favor international co-operation in the building of a new world order. To this end it is imperative that the people let themselves be heard by those who are responsible for our participation in the postwar world order. The appropriate and practical way to close the present period of study would be to send letters, individually

or in groups, to the President, to the Secretary of State, or to the chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate, or to all three, urging that our country insist upon, and participate in, some kind of effective organization for world government. Since America cannot hold aloof when war breaks out, we must not withdraw from world affairs when the opportunity is presented, through the sacrifice of our boys, to build a world in which such slaughter cannot occur again.

We do not ask that the Church have official representation at the peace table, but as Christians we should be concerned that Christian principles prevail in the making of the peace, and in the ordering of society for the future.

This matter is here presented to the pastors and the people in our churches at the suggestion of our women. Let us inform ourselves; let us petition those in authority in our government; and let us never cease to pray for a better world, a freer life, and a more Christian society, beginning with us.

Shall we observe Sabbath day, May 27, as Peace Sabbath?

## Children's Page

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

### OUR LETTER EXCHANGE

Dear Mrs. Greene:

I thought it was about time I wrote a letter to you, so here it is. I hope there will be other letters in the Sabbath Recorder besides mine.

I want to tell about some of my brother Frank's cute sayings. He will be four in July. For a long time he would say "No" to every question we asked him. When we ask him if he can say yes, he says, "No, I can't say yes."

We have a little orphan lamb two weeks old. Frank likes it a lot.

Before Easter, Mother was putting a box of candy away so Frank wouldn't get it. He saw her putting it away and asked what it was. Mother said it was something for "E-A-S-T-E-R." He said, "Let me see the T-E-R."

At school our music teacher, Mrs. Jepson, is having an operetta. Paul is going to be

Little Black Sambo. I am taking clarinet lessons from Mrs. Jepson.

Georgia, Paul, and I are going to play at a piano recital at Miss Briggs' house. Miss Briggs is our piano teacher. I am going to play a Bach minuet. Georgia, Paul, and I are going to play a trio, "Home on the Range."

April 10, we got 232 little chicks. They are brown ones, yellow ones, and black ones. They are very cute.

I would like to get letters from other Sabbath Recorder readers and writers. I am twelve years old and in the sixth grade. I'd like a letter from someone about my age.

Sincerely yours,

Helen Ruth Green.

Trumansburg, N. Y.

Dear Helen Ruth:

I was ever so glad to receive your interesting letter, even though I have been so long in getting it into the Recorder. You see,

I put the letters in according to the order in which they reach me, and quite a number of letters were dated ahead of yours. Today I am all caught up for I have only one other Recorder girl's letter to answer. I hope more letters will reach me this week, don't you?

Our boy, too, used to say no when he meant yes, but we always knew that he meant yes; for yes he said, "No?" and for no he said "No."

The other day little four-year-old Gretchen was down town with her mother when she saw a lady just ahead of her who was wearing a rather old-fashioned coat. She stepped up in front of her and said, "Where did you get that coat?" The lady answered, "Why Honey, I've had it a long time." "I didn't ask you how long you had it," said Gretchen. "I asked you where you got it." The lady only laughed, but Gretchen's mother was quite embarrassed.

I am glad you are making such good advancement in music. It will prove, I am sure, a great source of pleasure to you and to others.

Your true friend,  
Mizpah S. Greene.

Dear Mrs. Greene:

You wondered how I got so much on a post card. It is this way—I start writing a post card, but before I get through I don't have enough to say, though generally I get quite a bit on a post card as you saw.

Tomorrow Dr. George Thorngate, a missionary who returned home on the exchange ship, is to speak at the church service. After Sabbath school we are having a church dinner. He will speak again after dinner.

Last Sabbath our Sabbath school teacher was not there. In fact there were only thirty-seven people present. We taught our own class, and did we have fun!

The Junior C.E. are buying Mother's Day folders. We are also going to sing a Mother's Day song, entitled, "Mother, O My Mother." It is very beautiful. We are trying to get Mrs. White to be our substitute Junior teacher.

I will be thirteen the second of May. I passed in my county health examination. My grade is 98. I only missed one, but I don't know what it was because we weren't allowed to see our papers.

Sunday night was the monthly church social.

I am very much interested in pen pals. I'll answer any letters. May God bless you one and all.

Your Christian friend,  
Bonnie Babcock.

North Loup, Neb.

Dear Bonnie:

I'm sure you could not have got this nice long letter on a post card if you tried, and I have just discovered that I haven't room to answer it this week, but will top the page with my answer next week.

Very truly your friend,  
Mizpah S. Greene.

DENOMINATIONAL BUDGET

Statement of Treasurer, April 30, 1944

	Receipts	
	April	Total for 10 months
Adams Center .....		\$ 208.11
Albion .....		185.18
Alfred, First .....		1,580.69
Alfred, Second .....		138.30
Andover .....	10.00	10.00
Associations and groups .....		187.74
Battle Creek .....	61.00	941.46
Berlin .....		107.65
Boulder .....	42.38	140.58
Brookfield, First .....	14.50	135.50
Brookfield, Second .....	15.85	132.99
Chicago .....		158.74
Daytona Beach .....	29.80	249.10
Denver .....	17.75	204.95
De Ruyter .....		336.40
Des Moines .....	1.00	16.40
Dinuba .....		57.50
Dodge Center .....		69.60
Edinburg .....	4.50	61.50
Farina .....	15.00	205.00
Fouke .....		193.95
Friendship .....	10.00	25.00
Gentry .....	2.50	35.30
Hammond .....		33.25
Healdsburg - Ukiah .....	49.12	49.12
Hebron, First .....		48.13
Hopkinton, First .....	103.50	351.47
Hopkinton, Second .....	1.00	35.25
Independence .....		176.00
Individuals .....	8.00	875.26
Irvington .....		190.00
Jackson Center .....		30.00
Little Genesee .....	26.47	406.56
Little Prairie .....		15.00
Los Angeles .....		109.85
Los Angeles, Christ's .....	12.00	12.00
Lost Creek .....	84.28	300.28
Marlboro .....	60.20	707.20
Middle Island .....	11.32	66.02
Milton .....	127.17	1,736.61
Milton Junction .....	43.93	596.72
New Auburn .....		168.90

New York .....	28.09	342.26
North Loup .....	45.20	256.85
Nortonville .....	35.00	107.50
Pawcatuck .....	253.66	3,115.14
Piscataway .....	25.00	170.83
Plainfield .....		1,438.72
Richburg .....	20.00	93.80
Ritchie .....	6.00	75.05
Riverside .....	104.50	559.25
Roanoke .....		12.00
Rockville .....	8.26	122.22
Salem .....	34.00	450.81
Salemville .....		63.50
Shiloh .....	76.00	919.00
Stonefort .....		14.00
Syracuse .....		4.00
Verona .....		244.31
Walworth .....		60.00
Waterford .....	10.00	116.00
Welton .....	25.00	25.00
White Cloud .....	17.54	172.83

Disbursements

	Budget	Specials
Missionary Society .....	\$ 530.66	\$ 26.71
Tract Society .....	165.88	1.00
S. D. B. Building .....	102.83	
Women's Board .....	10.66	3.00
Ministerial Retirement .....	139.23	69.19
Historical Society .....	8.58	
General Conference .....	113.36	
Board of Christian Education .....	228.80	
Overseas Relief and Reconstruction .....		2.00
China Relief (S. D. B. Committee) .....		1.00
Bank service .....	.88	

Now and Then

	1944	1943
Budget receipts for April .....	\$1,336.62	\$1,735.11
Special receipts for April .....	102.90	338.97
Total receipts for April .....	1,439.52	2,074.08
Budget receipts for 10 mos. ....	15,780.79	14,259.96
Special receipts for 10 mos. ....	3,871.54	4,540.94
Total receipts for 10 mos. ....	19,652.33	18,800.90

L. M. Van Horn,

Milton, Wis.

POSTWAR PLANNING

By D. Alva Crandall

We are rightly hearing a great deal these days about postwar planning, and it seems that we should be thinking of it as individuals and as a denomination as well as in other ways. Of course we don't know just what kind of world this will be after the war, but I am noting here some things that have especially impressed me, in the hope that they may be of some value.

In the first place, I feel that the churches must take upon themselves a much larger share of community leadership than at present, considering themselves responsible for

and to the entire community, and not merely their own membership. In one-church communities this responsibility cannot be shared; in others the various churches must work out a plan of effective co-operation for community service. If the world is even as good after the war as before, the churches must lead the way. To my mind this is not merely a postwar problem, but a very vital one at the present moment and especially so in places near military and naval camps and bases. Our denomination is so much like a large family that we can very well be pioneers in this work.

Second, we have for a long time had a very good proportion of trained men and women among us. I believe we should strive to make that proportion still greater, considering ourselves as stewards responsible for the most efficient use of such capabilities as God has endowed us with. I look for competition to be much keener after the war with a corresponding premium on first-class training, and Seventh Day Baptists should be in the front ranks.

While there will undoubtedly be a large place for all, business talents, if one has them and will add the necessary technical training in some line, can be made even more valuable than professional talents. Think of the outstanding contribution to even our present-day denominational work made by George H. Babcock, Calvert Cottrell, Charles Potter, and many others of a former generation, and of the vacuum we would have without our business men who are now active. Thinking about our defunct churches suggests a very close connection between live Seventh Day Baptist business concerns, including farms, and live Seventh Day Baptist churches; also between the passing of business into other hands and the decay of our churches.

The remark was made many years ago that "Scatteration is the bane of the Seventh Day Baptist denomination," and that seems to be as true now as then. Without advocating anything like "isolationism," it seems to me that history and logic both indicate the necessity of concentrating our resources—technical, business, and professional—to build up strong centers from which to expand our work, rather than scattering them to be submerged in the world.

Hope Valley, R. I.



## Our Pulpit

### TRUE REPENTANCE

By Rev. Paul L. Maxson

(Sermon preached at association at Fouke, Ark., and requested for publication)

Text—Acts 20: 21b. "Repentance toward God, and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ."

The wonderful message that these words hold for us, indeed, is hard to grasp by our frail minds. It is hard to understand the compactness of this great teaching. If you will notice, our text starts out with something that we must do: repent to God, not to ourselves, our neighbors, but to God first. Then we must also repent from our eternally condemning, scoffing, and lashing those about us with our tongues.

**Repentance**—just stop and think of it for a moment. Repentance is to turn with sorrow from a past sinful course or action. We must recognize that we have sinned. Then, going on further than that, we must be sorry enough for our sin to stop repeating it. Repentance is wonderful if we follow through by checking the sin.

Let us do a little supposing this morning. Suppose Christ had come to call only the righteous, and not to call the sinners to repentance. Indeed, it would be a sad state for many of us. Carrying our supposition a little further, let us say that God would let us sin as much as we pleased, but would not let us repent, even though we should realize that we were sinning! The kernel of the message of joy, the message of the gospel, is the fact that it allows us to repent. We are told that there is great joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth from his sinful way and comes unto God, humbly asking him for forgiveness.

When we speak of repentance in the abstract we do not get the real significance as we do when we deal with the real person who is repenting for his sin. Indeed there is great joy in heaven, as well as with our family and friends, when we have seen our mistakes and our sins and truly repent and ask God's forgiveness for our misdeeds and our wrongdoings.

I would like to refresh your minds concerning the three parables, as found in the fifteenth chapter of the Gospel according to

Luke: the lost sheep, the lost coin, and the lost son.

And what man of you, having one hundred sheep, if he loses one of them will not leave the ninety and nine in the wilderness and go into the mountains seeking in the crags and crevices diligently until he finds the sheep that was lost and brings it safely home? "And when he hath found it, he layeth it on his shoulders, rejoicing. And when he cometh home, he calleth together his friends and neighbors, saying unto them, Rejoice with me; for I have found my sheep which was lost."

When we have been tempted severely, and we have earnestly tried to do as we know that our Savior and Master would have us do, and finally with the help of God we have triumphed over that temptation, we do, indeed, feel a great joy and comfort coming to us in the warmth of God's great love and tender mercy.

The parable of the lost coin stresses the significance of constantly searching until that piece is found. Ought we not to seek as diligently for a poor sinsick soul that may be our near neighbor, or friend who lives just across or down the street from us?

"Either what woman having ten pieces of silver, if she lose one piece, doth not light a candle, and sweep the house, and seek diligently till she find it? And when she hath found it, she calleth her friends and neighbors together, saying, Rejoice with me; for I have found the piece which I had lost. Likewise, I say unto you, there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."

If a child is lost, the entire community will turn out to hunt until he is found. Or as far as that goes, if any person is lost, almost immediately a party is formed and they go out by the hundreds searching diligently until the lost person is found. Then there is great rejoicing.

I can think of many incidents of people being lost. Just last summer when I was down at camp in Rhode Island there was an elderly woman who went out to pick some berries in a nearby swamp. She failed to return at nightfall, nor had she returned the next morning. A searching party was formed

and they went out and searched diligently for two nights and one day before she was found. When they found her she was sitting down at the foot of a large tree to rest. She had almost exhausted herself from walking so long trying to find her way out of the swamps, and from hunger and exposure, for it had been raining almost half of the time. Anyone who lives in Rhode Island or has been there visiting knows how hard it can rain there; it comes down almost in torrents.

Then I think of the incident that I had some years ago when I was down at Nady, Ark., about two hundred miles east of here, when I was with Pastor Lewis, staying at the Mitchell's home and going duck hunting. I decided to have one more crack at the ducks before dark, so I went over to another little lake that was but a short distance from the house, but darkness overtook me and I was completely lost. After thinking and waiting for a while, I decided that I would be as close to the house by standing still as I would if I tried to find my way in the semi-darkness.

In a short time it was dark enough so that I could see a light not too far distant. I started out for the light, walking for a good hour and a half, never losing sight of the light. I walked over brush piles, through swampy ground, in water up to my knees part of the time, and through fences, and over logs.

When I finally reached the light it was a pilot house on the edge of a large lake five miles west of where I was staying. I went in and inquired the way back to the Mitchell's home. They directed me to a road and I started out on the road, but found that it was not too easy to follow because it was right through the woods. As I started out I fired several shots and I was answered by Pastor Lewis and Mr. Mitchell. It took almost two hours and a half to return by the road, but I was glad to get back and get warm and dry again, even if I did have to put on the good brother Mitchell's clothes that fit me about three sizes too large.

In the case of the woman being found in Rhode Island, there was great joy. And when I returned to camp from being lost in the swamps of southeast Arkansas, I was very glad. If there is great joy over the lost being found when we are lost from our friends, there is much greater joy in heaven

when one sinner repenteth and is returned unto the ways of righteousness.

Then there is the parable of the lost son. As the story goes, the younger of two sons came to his father and said, "Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me." He was anxious that he should receive his inheritance. He did not want to wait until his father's death and then have the will read and take his inheritance as it was given. The younger son wanted his share and he wanted it right now.

The father divided his living, giving unto the younger his portion. The story continues by telling that the arrogant young man started out on his own. Perhaps like many young men who say that they are so sick and tired of having to get home at a certain time and stay away from certain places; but let me impress upon you, young man and young lady, that your parents are urging you to do the things that are right and character building for God and righteousness.

This young man thought to himself, in effect: Now I can do as I please, go where I want to go, and stay as long as I want, without feeling, when I come in after a petting party or drinking spree or from doing many other things contrary to my parents' wishes, that my mother has stayed up waiting to chide me, or that Dad is waiting around to give me a "bawling out" for doing as I pleased.

Oh, how I wish that I could get you young people to listen to me and understand what I am trying to tell you this morning. It is just this. The parental reign holds us in check and tends to help us make the right decisions at the right time—the decisions that will help us over the rough and stormy pathway of life, even though we are not able to see it in our younger days. We feel the impact of it as we grow older and rear a family of our own. Then we can see how wise and true was the counsel that Dad and Mom tried to give us, when we were stubborn and thought that we knew more about life than they. We say to ourselves or even to our parents, "Oh, well, they are old foggies," they were reared back in the horse and buggy days, and they do not know much about the twentieth century of living. Let me tell you they know more than we do; and if you think they do not, you are only kidding yourself. I remember very distinctly a saying that I have heard my dear mother

quote to my older brother and me, when we were quarreling over our younger brother's behavior. She always said, "Every child has to go over fool's hill." Our parents are truly a very much desired balance for us.

This certain young man, after spending his living in riotous living, came to himself. In other words, he spent much of that which his father had accumulated in a lifetime. The young man had not had to work and earn this money or living, that he had so easily spent. The old saying, "Come easy, go easy," still holds true to our own day, and to almost all people.

This young man came to himself. Yes, he discovered his mistake—and that was not all. He was determined to do something about it. When we discover our mistakes, are we men and women enough to say to ourselves and to those around us, we have made a mistake; we have sinned and we are determined to do something about it? He had a desire to do better. His intentions were to change from what he was doing and what he was having in the way of food. He had a determination about the situation. He was going to do something about it. If we just have desires, intentions that are good, and determinations, these are not enough. We must do something about them, the same as the prodigal son.

He "arose and came." He was following through with his good aims with true repentance. He truly confessed his sin. He had faith in his earthly father, as well as his heavenly Father, that they would both forgive him of his sin. This young man said unto himself, I have sinned against heaven and before thee. I am worthy only to be called one of thy servants. But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him and ran to him and kissed him and commanded the servants to bring apparel and kill the fatted calf for a great feast.

It is true that "The heart of the Eternal is most wonderfully kind," not only in the case of this erring young man, but in our own cases as well, if we are sincere in asking for forgiveness and truly repent to Jesus Christ.

I would like to use the story of the repentance of Peter in bringing out a little more fully the repentance toward God. We find in Peter the repentance of a particular sin—Peter, who was a friend and a disciple, the rock upon which Christ was going to

establish the Church. The particular sin that I am talking about in Peter was the sin of denial of Christ. There in the hall where Christ was being tried, the maid asked Peter if he was not with Jesus, and he denied it, saying that he did not know the man. I am afraid that many of us are guilty of denying Christ in many different ways every day. There are three things in this story that stand out.

1. Peter's bitter tears. As soon as the cock crew he remembered what his Lord had said unto him. It was sincere sorrow, and not just mere regret—**godly sorrow that worketh repentance.** Sin is something to be wept over. Many of us would do well if we would weep for sorrow over our own sins.

2. Peter responded immediately to the warning and appeal of Jesus, for as the cock crew Peter remembered the words of Jesus warning him, that he would that very night deny him. Let our consciences ever be alive, awake, pulsating with the great love of God. You and I, too, in times of calamities have been reminded that we have failed in doing the things that we know would have been the pleasure of our heavenly Father. Sin is something that we all need to weep over. However, that is not enough to just weep over or be sorry for our sins. We must not only be able to see that we have sinned, but we must be sorry enough to determine to do something to better ourselves—or "do something about it."

3. In Peter's repentance is seen the power of his faith in the goodness and love of Christ. Although Jesus predicted Peter's fall, he prayed for him, that his faith fail not in this time of trial. He is just as anxious about our holding fast to the faith in time of trouble and trials as he was concerned about his beloved disciple, Peter.

It would be well if we would cultivate our own faith so that it will grow in the goodness and love of Christ, giving us power to overcome evil with good.

We read of the trials and temptations of Peter under the severest of circumstances. He had a magnificent faith, even though the flesh was weak. Oftentimes we find ourselves under stress and strain, especially now in these war days, when people are taxing their physical faculties to the limit, as they are working in the various munition and arsenal factories throughout the length and breadth of this great nation of ours. It is an

easy thing to deny Christ by just failing to say anything for him and his cause when the opportunity presents itself to you. But don't let Peter's fall blind you to the grandeur and greatness of his faith in God and Christ Jesus.

Just briefly let us notice the difference between Peter's faith and Judas', and their way of life, and the way in which each one of these men applied his faith in his life. Judas was sorry for his sin, but he was not sorry enough so that he repented and asked forgiveness for it. Tears are not enough—it takes more than that. He was not sorry enough to be willing to come to the Master and repent. Thus he took the consequences. Peter's sin is a common sin with us all. We deny Christ. We must learn, like Peter, to repent—which is something very hard for us because of our selfishness, arrogance, and our pride.

I call to mind the story of the two thieves who were on the cross—one on each side of the cross of Christ, as he spent his last suffering there, finally giving up the Ghost. The one turned on Jesus, railing on him, while the other turned to him humbly and asked to be forgiven for his sins. He truly repented as he hung there beside Christ. He indeed had repented to God first; then, turning to Jesus, he asked forgiveness of him also. He said to Jesus, "Remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom." He repented and was forgiven.

Can you catch the significance of this kindness and graciousness that Jesus showed even in the darkness of his last hours, as he hung there in agony between these two thieves? Christ, as the last act of his ministry, unlocked the golden doors of Paradise to this thief, this robber that was beside him, because he had repented and believed.

This is a true picture of how kind and sympathetic he always is. Even in his darkest hours of agony he was glad to receive one into the kingdom of God. Even this thief repented, and Jesus with his great, kind, and loving heart, full to overflowing with mercy, forgave him. It makes no difference what our status in life may be. If we are truly sorry and repent from our sin, he will forgive us. This brings joy to ourselves, our friends, and our relatives, as well as making the heavenly Father glad. The angels in heaven will rejoice over one sinner that turneth to God.

We ought to be very thankful that the door of repentance is still open, and no man can shut that door; no man except you. You have the choice, the same as did Peter and as Judas. It remains with you whether or not you close the door, taking the consequence, or repent like Peter and the thief upon the cross. If you choose to close that door, you are condemning yourself to eternal and outer darkness.

There is also a bright and gleaming side if you repent. You, too, like the thief on the cross, may enter in and abide with our Lord, and he will abide with you in love and fellowship that is constant.

There is an ever abiding mercy that will enable us to live with Jesus the more abundant life, not only in the hereafter, but right now in the immediate life that we are now living among our friends and neighbors.

I think of that old familiar hymn, "I Am Trusting Thee Lord Jesus." I wish that we might sing this hymn, putting it into practice in our dealings of everyday life.

I am trusting thee, Lord Jesus,  
Trusting only thee,  
Trusting thee for full salvation,  
Great and free.

I am trusting thee for pardon,  
At thy feet I bow;  
For thy grace and tender mercy,  
Trusting now.

I am trusting thee for cleansing  
In the crimson flood;  
Trusting thee to make me holy  
By thy blood.

I am trusting thee to guide me;  
Thou alone shalt lead;  
Every day and hour supplying  
All my need.

I am trusting thee, Lord Jesus,  
Never let me fall;  
I am trusting thee forever,  
And for all. Amen.

#### MEMORIES OF HOME AND MOTHER

How dear are the memories of childhood  
As back through the years our thoughts roam;  
We've visions of brothers and sisters  
Playing 'bout the old farm home;  
Dreams of the springtime and flowers,  
'Mid the roses we ever would roam;  
But the memory that's sweetest of all to me  
Is of dear living Mother at home.

#### Chorus

Mother's face and perfect grace  
And her tender eyes of blue—  
As your thoughts roam back to the old, old home  
She comes back again to you.



How often in childhood I've wandered  
Down the lane, so happy and free,  
To the place where we all played together  
'Neath the shade of the old willow tree.  
Strolling thro' fields and the meadows,  
Thro' the shady woodlands I've roamed;  
But the memory that's sweetest of all to me  
Is of dear loving Mother at home.

Fond memories of home and loved ones  
Come back thro' the flight of years;  
Youth's fair scenes are seen upon the screens  
As we roam thro' the land of dreams.  
Loved ones we meet on memory's street  
As in dreamy lands we roam,  
But the memory that's sweetest of all to me  
Is of dear, loving Mother at home.

—Edgar Davis.

## Obituary

**Brown.** — Bonnie Gilbert, daughter of Sumner and Emma Oviatt Gilbert, was born February 14, 1888, in the town of Milton, and died at her home in Newville, Wis., April 18, 1944.

On July 20, 1918, she was married to Lex W. Brown of Newville, and they have since resided in their present home there. To this union were born two children, Wilma and Lexine. In this home her aged mother, Mrs. Emma Gilbert, has been tenderly cared for during a number of years. These all survive as well as two brothers: Dr. Zina Gilbert and Ward Gilbert.

Farewell services were conducted April 22, 1944, at the Milton Junction Seventh Day Baptist church, where she has been a member since baptism, December 1, 1902. Burial service at the Milton Junction cemetery was in charge of the local chapter O. E. S.

J. F. R.

**Dennis.** — Miss Bertha Ellen Dennis, daughter of Geo. W. and Sarah Pool Dennis, was born in La Salle, Ill., on September 27, 1873, and died at Riverside, Calif., February 23, 1944.

She is survived by two brothers, G. C. Dennis of Riverside, and Fred P. Dennis of San Diego, Calif.

For the last several years Miss Dennis was a member and faithful and happy attendant of the Seventh Day Baptist Church of Riverside.

L. F. H.

**Howard.** — Margaret Adelle Howard, eldest of four children born to Rev. Charles A. and Margaret Amanda Burdick, was born in Berlin, Wis., September 12, 1865, and died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. G. D. Hargis, in Battle Creek, Mich., on February 14, 1944.

She graduated from Alfred University in 1888, and on December 19 of the same year she was united in marriage with George Edmund Howard of Newark, N. J. They made their home in Newark until his death, when she with their two children moved to Farina, Ill. She united with the Seventh Day Baptist Church of Farina in 1893, and was helpfully associated with all its activities until poor health made such work impossible.

In 1932, she accompanied Rev. H. D. Hargis and family to Jamaica, British West Indies, and was greatly loved by all in the mission there, and was affectionately called by them, "Mother Howard," giving them her sincere love in return.

"She was a woman of good works." A short service was held in Battle Creek, Mich., Rev. Henry N. Jordan officiating. On February 16, a farewell service was held in the Farina church, conducted by her pastor, Rev. Claude L. Hill, and she was laid to rest in the family lot in the Farina cemetery.

She is survived by the two children, George E. Howard and Marian A. Hargis; two brothers, Arthur L. and Fred C. Burdick; six grandchildren, two great-grandchildren, many other relatives, and a host of friends who mourn her passing.

C. L. H.

**Maxwell.** — Mary Amelia Hull, the youngest daughter of Rev. Hamilton and Julia Whitmore Hull, was born April 28, 1854, in Newville, Wis., and died April 5, 1944, in Milwaukee, Wis.

In 1872, she was married to Robert Carl Maxwell who preceded her in death in 1934. To this union were born Myrtle A. Mayer who cared for her mother in her declining years, Frank H. Maxwell, and Laura C. Hull, all of Milwaukee, Wis.

She was baptized by her father at the age of thirteen at Jackson Center, Ohio. She later joined the Rock River Seventh Day Baptist Church, and finally the Milton Junction Seventh Day Baptist Church. She was a deaconess of the last named church and was a faithful worker in church and community while age and health permitted.

Farewell services were conducted in her home church in charge of the pastor, on April 8, 1944, which was Easter Sabbath. Interment was at Milton Junction.

J. F. R.

["Grandma Maxwell"—as she was known—had taken the Sabbath Recorder for over sixty years, and enjoyed it almost to the last.]

**Spicer.** — Arthur Joseph Spicer, son of Joseph Denison and Elizabeth Ross Spicer, was born May 26, 1874, in Plainfield, N. J., and passed away at Alexian Brothers Hospital, Elizabeth, N. J., April 8, 1944.

His father was a deacon of the Plainfield Church for forty years and clerk for thirty-five years. Arthur at the age of ten joined the same church, of which he has remained a life-long member.

On March 7, 1911, he was united in marriage with Miss Linda V. Morrison of Plainfield. To this union were born two daughters: Katherine Elizabeth (Mrs. Carl Allen) and Margaret, both of Elizabeth, N. J.

In 1929, they moved to Greenwood, Del., where the family home has been since.

Besides his wife and daughters he is survived by a sister, Ida (Mrs. Irving A. Hunting) of Plainfield, other relatives, and friends.

Memorial services were conducted by his pastor Monday afternoon, April 10. A niece, Miss Ruth Hunting, sang, "Come Unto Him," from Handel's Messiah. Interment was in Hillside Cemetery, Plainfield.

H. S. W.

# The Sabbath Recorder

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## A Prayer for the Times

"O heavenly Father, who doth give us our daily bread, grant thy blessing to those who labor in the fields—who plow the land—who sow the grain—and who reap the harvest of thy bounty. Strengthen their hands, that they may provide a never failing supply of food to satisfy the needs of all those dependent upon us. For thou art our Shepherd, and in thy loving care we shall not want. Amen."

—From NBC's "The Guiding Light."

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