

eran ministers are chaplains, at the front giving comfort and helping the boys to overcome fear and the terror that grips most men as they go into action. They are helping many men to find their Savior. Some of these chaplains have been killed by the enemy.

A QUESTION

By Irene Hulett

Psalm 116: 12

What shall I render, Lord, to thee,
For all thy benefits to me?

For home and loved ones very dear;
For friendship's kindness and cheer;
For seasons as they wax and wane,
Blossoming orchards, fields of grain;

For sweet elusiveness of spring,
Bright thoughts of hope engendering;
For gently falling summer rain
So soothingly on roof and pane;

For buoyant air and gentle breeze;
For beauty of birds, flowers, and trees;
For healing rays of sun's wings—
The primal life of growing things;

For strengthening hills, for silvery sea,
Enrapturing the soul of me!
And more than all, God's boundless love
If I will seek the things above.

What shall I render, Lord, to thee,
For all these benefits to me?

Milton, Wis.

Marriages

Searcy-Crabtree.— Miss Louise Crabtree, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Crabtree of Fouke, Ark., was united in marriage to Mr. Robert Searcy, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. N. Searcy, of Tichnor, Ark., (Little Prairie), by Pastor C. A. Beebe, at the Fouke parsonage, on April 16, 1944.

Healey-Kendall.— In the Pawcatuck Seventh Day Baptist church, Westerly, R. I., April 22, 1944, John Reynolds Healey, Jr., and Miss Marjorie Kendall, both of Westerly. Rev. Harold R. Crandall, pastor of the church, officiated.

Obituary

Babcock.— Mrs. Maria Babcock, daughter of Dennis and Lydia Ayers, was born in Illinois, December 27, 1856, and died in Riverside, California, April 28, 1944.

Her parents moved to Nebraska during her childhood, and when she was about ten years of age she united with the Seventh Day Baptist Church at Long Branch.

On March 28, 1874, she was married to Benjamin Babcock. To this union were born nine children: Martin, Lillian, William, Albert, Robert, Bessie, Lewis, Johnnie, and Jesse. Lewis and Johnnie died in early childhood and Albert in early manhood. The other six children, with six grandchildren, and eleven great grandchildren, survive.

The family moved to Colony Heights in 1895, and since that time Mrs. Babcock has been actively connected with the Seventh Day Baptists near Riverside. In her later years she pieced quilts constantly for her children and friends. She had a great love for children, and her devotion to the church never flagged. She was a constant attendant as long as she was able to be brought to the house of worship.

L. F. H.

Renfrow.— Grace, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. O. W. Babcock of Delmar, Iowa, passed away at her home in Glendale, California, April 21, 1944.

She was born at Andrew, Iowa, April 11, 1892. At the age of eleven she was baptized and joined the Welton Seventh Day Baptist Church. She received her education at Milton Junction High School and Milton College, and was a teacher in the Turtle Lake, North Dakota, High School for six years. On May 30, 1920, she was married to E. E. Renfrow. They later moved to Glendale, California. She was an invalid the last twenty years of her life, and spent much of her time writing poems, many of which were used at the local radio station. She also carried on an extensive correspondence with federal and other prisoners along the western coast. Both her poems and letters were of a deeply religious character.

She leaves, besides her husband and parents, a brother, M. J. Babcock, near Miles City, Montana; also a nephew and niece of that city. Burial was in Forest Lawn Memorial Park cemetery, Glendale, on Tuesday, April 25.

Taken from Delmar Journal.

Schaible.— Jennie Woodruff Schaible, daughter of Ercurius and Mary Bowen Woodruff, was born October 15, 1867, and passed away at her home near Shiloh, N. J., April 3, 1944, after an illness of eleven weeks. She spent her entire life in this vicinity.

Fifty years ago March fifteenth last she was married to George J. Schaible. To them were born four children: J. Harold, who preceded her in death fifteen years ago; Kenneth, of Lansing, Mich.; Eleanor and Louis of the home.

Mrs. Schaible was baptized February 12, 1881, by Rev. Theodore L. Gardiner, and united with the Shiloh Seventh Day Baptist Church. Her allegiance to her church and Bible school never swerved, although she was often detained from attending by ill health.

She was a sincere Christian woman of a quiet, retiring disposition, especially devoted to her husband, children, and home.

Funeral services were conducted at the Shiloh church by her pastor, Rev. Lester G. Osborn on April 6, and interment was in the Shiloh cemetery.

L. G. O.

The Sabbath Recorder

Vol. 136

PLAINFIELD, N. J., MAY 29, 1944

No. 22

Save the Celebrating Until Peace Comes

The following very pertinent suggestion from the pastor was included on the program of the First Alfred Church last Sabbath:

"Some church bells will ring when the invasion begins. Let us in Alfred save our bell ringing until the invasion is ended.

"Some will meet in churches to pray. Let us in Alfred continue quietly with our work, praying in our hearts and homes.

"Some will pray that God may bless our arms, that the blow be swift and sure, and that God may speed the victory for our side. Let us in Alfred pray in humility that God will forgive the stupidity and selfishness that made this war necessary, and pledge to him that if he will grant us another opportunity, we will do all in our power to build for permanent peace."

—Alfred Sun (May 18, 1944).

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The Sabbath Recorder

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

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Editorials

ON STUDENTS PREPARING FOR THE MINISTRY

Efforts to secure the modification of ruling which would have cancelled all deferments of pre-theological students as of July 1, 1944, is a striking illustration of the value of united Protestantism.

Here are some of the main facts: (1) As soon as the announcement of the cancellation of the deferment of pre-theological students was made, the office of the Federal Council of Churches drafted an appeal to Selective Service and submitted it to the official heads of all the Protestant bodies co-operating in the Council. Every one of these denominational officials authorized his signature to the petition. (2) On April 21, a delegation from the Federal Council, representing the twenty-three denominations whose official heads had signed the petition, had an interview with high officials of Selective Service. In this interview strong emphasis was laid upon the fact that the ruling, while not intended to be discriminatory, would be discriminatory in practice because of the fact that Protestant students for the ministry at the age of eighteen are usually in college, while Roman Catholic students for the priesthood are in junior seminaries and therefore exempt. (3) On May 3, a letter from a high official of Selective Service reported that the petition was being given careful consideration. (4) On May 14, the original directive was revised so as to permit a ministerial student in college to be deferred if a theological seminary has

accepted him and takes the responsibility of overseeing his pre-theological course.

On May 19, the Recorder office received from Lewis B. Hershey, director of Selective Service, a memorandum on "Students Preparing for the Ministry," setting forth the fact as in "4" above noted. Space forbids the printing of the memorandum, but any one especially interested can secure a copy from our office.

ANGELS MINISTERED

The Bible has much to say about angels, but nothing more comforting than where after the forty days and nights of Jesus' fasting and temptation we are told angels came and ministered unto him.

Perhaps one seldom thinks of the services of physicians and surgeons, nurses and kind helpers as the ministration of angels. But when dire illness lays him low and subject to the care of those definitely trained and skilled in the use of modern medicines, then he easily finds himself classifying them as God's ministering angels.

As one wakes on hospital bed from feverish, troubled slumber to see through half-closed eyes a white robed creature alert and kindly responsive to his every need, he finds it no stretch of imagination to see there an angel ministering unto him.

Thank God for the prayers of faithful friends; for hospitals, doctors, and nurses. The unselfish ones, loyal to the Florence Nightingale pledge, are certainly worthy of

greater paeans of praise than are usually sung for them.

SERVING AMERICA

Christians have often defended the Jews on the basis of Christian principles. It begins to appear more clearly than ever that available facts support the position we have taken.

Ever since Pearl Harbor we have needed an authentic statement about the record of Jewish Americans in the armed forces. We have needed it, not because we doubt that the Jews were doing their share in the war, but because we were confident that the facts, once known, would provide an effective answer to those who have ignorantly accused the Jews of shirking military duty.

A survey of Jewish participation in the war from Pearl Harbor to the Italian Campaign, is now available. Here is the record of Jewish heroism in America's fight for freedom. Here the proof that some two thousand American soldiers of Jewish origin have received honors and awards for distinguished service. Here the story of how they earned their Distinguished Flying Crosses, Purple Hearts, Oak Leaf Clusters, Air Medals, and Silver Stars. They won their honors in the far places of the earth. But they came from

the cities, towns, and villages of America. In proportion to their numbers in each community the facts show that Jewish Americans have given as many sons to the armed forces as has the general population. In Trenton, N. J., Jews comprise only 6.1 per cent of the population, yet 8.4 per cent of the city's citizens in the service are Jewish. In Lynn, Mass., Jews represent 7.1 per cent of the population, but 7.7 per cent of the armed forces drawn from this community are Jewish. In the United States Jews represent about 4 per cent of the total population. But in Altoona, Pa., 17 per cent of the Jewish population is in the service. In Nashville, Tenn., 12 per cent. In Racine, Wis., 19 per cent. In Austin, Tex., 11 per cent.

Present in all branches of the service, a high percentage of Jewish Americans are in the air forces, infantry, and the medical corps. What is known about the patriotic record of Jewish Americans may just as readily be known about the patriotic record of any other racial or religious group in the country. Group for group, all Americans are doing their share in the war. "There is no first nor last." And no place in our democracy for scurrilous and ignorant attacks upon the people of any race, nationality, or religion.—Rev. William C. Kernan, Christian Institute for American Democracy.

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.

PROBLEMS TO BE SOLVED, BUT MUCH TO ENCOURAGE

Readers of the Sabbath Recorder will be interested to know that on a recent extended visit to the Southwest the secretary found much to encourage. There are difficult problems to be solved, but one is reminded of Christ's words, "Behold, I say unto you, Lift up your eyes, look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest" (John 4: 35).

This field has imperative needs, and one of them is more pastors and missionaries. Now that Rev. Angeline P. Allen, Edinburg, Tex., is in poor health, and Rev. Ellis R. Lewis, Gentry, Ark., has resigned, the only worker left to serve this vast and needy field is Rev. Clifford A. Beebe, Fouke, Ark. At

least three additional workers are needed and funds to support them should be found.

"Then saith he unto his disciples, The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few; Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth laborers into his harvest" (Matthew 9: 37, 38).

W. L. B.

INTERESTING LETTER FROM DOCTOR GRACE I. CRANDALL

Dear Secretary Burdick:

I have an overweight letter to send, so I am using up the extra weight in a double letter to inclose a letter to you for Miriam Shaw to send on to you. It is some time since I have written you, but my thoughts

have constantly been with the people at home in these difficult times. It seems likely that we may have some anxiety here for a time, though I do not anticipate any trouble right here; at least, no nearer than Lichwan, which is about eighteen miles away over a very poor mountain road, just a stone-paved foot path, in very poor repair at that. There may be a time when I cannot get letters out, though, and if I send this word to you now, if that time comes people will understand why no word comes. But I expect that we shall be taken care of as we have been so marvelously up to the present time. "He that keepeth thee will not slumber." I am learning the 121st Psalm, a wonderful Psalm.

We are getting along very nicely here. We are both fairly well. I have only to stay by a rather restricted diet and am fine. I seem to be getting so I can occasionally overstep a little with less disturbance than formerly, so I feel that I am getting better all the while. I weigh about one hundred forty now, which is much better than 118, and is plenty enough for an old lady like me. It is, perhaps, fortunate that the things one can get to eat are so limited, though I could stand some fruit. This is our fruitless season, until June, but I have some preserved fruit and I take that occasionally so I shall not forget what it tastes like. Milk is very expensive now. The price people outside of the Union pay is \$24 per pint. I get half price, but even at that my milk will cost \$360 per month for a pint. I was having a pint and a half, but I cannot take that much, because even now at the exchange I got last, my milk cost me over U. S. \$12 per month. I buy bean milk to make up for the other one half pint at \$1 per day. Our chickens and ducks keep us in eggs and a fowl once a week. Their feed is high, but we bought last year at harvest time and got it much cheaper than the present price. Rice is nearly \$1,000 per hundred pounds here now. We have a rice allowance which provides for our table rice and helps out a lot. Our garden also saves us many hundreds of dollars per year, although it has not done very well this year.

But our problems are nothing compared with those of the people in Shanghai. Their rice is nearly \$5,000 for about one hundred fifty pounds. Other prices follow rice in proportion fairly closely. But the worst thing they have to deal with is the lack of

fuel. Mrs. West and Mabel had coal enough to last them until early spring, but were suffering from the cold some the last I heard, and the rationed coal balls are not enough to cook every day. Mrs. West especially suffers from the cold and was not very well the last news we had, I think at least partially, for that reason. It has been a very cool, rainy spring here and would be much colder there, but I hope warmer weather will come very soon. When there is sunshine, one does not miss a fire; but when we have these long, cold, rainy spells, heat is quite necessary to comfort. We have had rain most of the time for the past month, but here it is warmer. The last word we had from Shanghai was the eighteenth of March. Aside from the fuel question they were having what they needed. They could not get their money that month, but there were Chinese friends who loaned them what they needed. It is no use for anyone to keep money there, for it will be of no value whatever as soon as the Japanese regime ends.

I was so glad that Doctor Thorngate and the Davises reached home safely. I trust that they are comfortably settled by this time. Many have expressed the wish that I were at home, but I feel that it would be much more difficult and dangerous for me to try to travel out of China, or to any other place in China, than it is to stay right here. Traveling is very difficult now, for it has all to be done by charcoal burning buses which break down all the while and will not run well at all when it rains. One has to get reservations on a bus long ahead of time, and when you change from one bus to another, you may be held up for weeks. I could not get the things I would need to eat and would have a fearful time of it, so I still feel that I am better off here. Besides, when things do break, I want to be here. If the Wests are still here, I can go back and help them some, perhaps. If they are not here, there will still be the Chinese friends, and I am sure I can be of some help. So I am content and I hope my friends will not worry about me and wish things otherwise than they are.

Doctor Esther seems to be quite well these days and is not too busy for her health. She has enough to do, however, and is constantly doing much to relieve the sufferings of the refugees, as well as treating many of the townspeople. The income of the clinic

from this class of people covers all expenses thus far of her salary, which is sufficient for her living, for the rice allowance and salary of her helper, and for the purchase of drugs and supplies. We, neither of us, have enough to buy clothing, but we have a fairly good supply which has not fallen to pieces yet, although there are threatening signs. But such things as tooth brushes, toilet articles, tooth paste and soap, even matches, are so high priced that it scares one to think of buying them. We are making our own tooth paste. Pens, pencils, and ink, or anything else that is manufactured, is very high in price. I paid \$12 for a lead pencil some time ago. Ink is \$10 a package for a powder, the package marked Parker Quink, but the spelling and grammar in the directions are a give away, and the ink produced even a worse one. So it goes. Patience is a virtue cultivated by practice, I suppose.

I send my thanks to any who have sent funds for relief purposes to me. Some of these funds I have been able to transfer to Shanghai by paying postage on letters for people there to America, and they paying in the money to Mabel West, and she using it for relief. I shall transfer more that way as time goes on. I still have some funds. Have used some here for people who are ill and cannot earn or are in special need. Gave some to the orphans for a meat dinner. They have very little meat and this was for a Chinese New Year meal.

Greetings to all the dear friends who read this.

With my best regards,
Grace I. Crandall.

Changtsun, Lichwan,
Kiangsi, China,
April 17, 1944.

WHAT SHOULD BE STRESSED IN PREPARATION FOR CHRISTIAN WORK?

The whole missionary education program is a spiritual enterprise, and every teacher must be able to express and embody something of the Christian message personally in all his work. He must exemplify Christian life and thought in teaching literature, science, mathematics, or any other subject. The particular form of religious expression is of less importance than the fact that his life is vitally oriented to Christ. An experi-

ence of God in Christ is prerequisite. Life commitment is the natural result of such an experience, and when it is sincere the individual becomes an instrument for the working out of God's plan wherever he finds himself.

Qualities such as make one liked and respected at home are essential, to effective service on the mission field. Weakness can be overcome and the whole life enriched by fellowship with Christ. Those who maintain this fellowship with Christ are those who win others to him.—Taken from Student Volunteer Movement.

A LETTER TO A CATHOLIC STUDENT

(The following letter was written in reply to an inquiry from a student in the Catholic University of Washington, D. C., on the subject of Baptism.)

Reverend and Dear Sir:

I am glad to help you to the best of my ability. First, as you perhaps already know, Seventh Day Baptists, like the larger bodies of Baptists who do not observe the seventh day, are very democratic in their beliefs and practices. Our name, "The General Conference of Seventh Day Baptist Churches," implies that we are very loosely associated. The officers and boards have very little authority. They function in an advisory capacity only, admittedly a weak set-up, but a lot of good Christians will accept nothing more rigid. Observance of the seventh day Sabbath is the only point in which we differ from the Northern Baptists. We should not be confused with Seventh Day Adventists.

In distinction from the Roman Catholic faith we take the Bible as our supreme authority—the perfect revealed will of God through Christ and the apostles and other writers inspired by the Holy Spirit. We, therefore, base our creed and ritual on the teachings and practices of Christ and the apostles, keeping them as simple and as closely in form and spirit as the Holy Scriptures might indicate under the guidance of the Holy Spirit.

We hold to only two holy sacraments, baptism and the Lord's Supper. We take the more liberal Protestant position on the latter. But it is the subject of baptism in which you are most interested.

We hold that baptism is wholly symbolic in nature, its physical performance a public

proclamation to the world of the fact of the repentance, regeneration, and reconciliation of a soul, which by nature, and by willful violation of the laws of God, has become alienated from him. This experience must come about by the exercise of the will. Therefore the implication is that an infant under the age of responsibility is not capable of this experience, therefore not a subject for baptism. Though the infant has in him the seed, or the inherent tendency to sin, he is innocent and "saved" until such time as that seed comes to fruition in willful sinning.

Etymology of the word "baptize" in the original, and the clear implication in the Scriptural account of Jesus' baptism, and St. Paul's words "buried with Christ," and other passages are overwhelmingly convincing of the method, immersion. The Great Teacher often used the very modern method of teaching by dramatics. No more forceful manner of impressing the fact of regeneration and cleansing than that of immersion could be imagined. The idea of totality, completion is there. The inconvenience of providing the

necessary means, suggests a needed sacrifice. Naaman was required to travel a long distance and wash seven times in Jordan. It looked foolish to him, but the blessing came only through sacrifice and obedience. The jolting ride over the stony road did not shake off the leprosy, and the waters of Jordan did not wash away the disease. It was God's healing power that did it. Naaman's very essential part was submission and obedience. To make the method of baptism easier or more convenient than the one Jesus himself used would detract from its impressiveness and rob it of its purpose, and we Baptists think it suggests that we are unwilling to "Go all the way with him."

The water washes away nothing, the words are meaningless except as a very dramatic symbol to impress upon the candidate and the spectators and the world that a spiritual regeneration has taken place—a sinner has been re-born into the kingdom.

Yours in Christian fellowship,
Edward M. Holston.

24 Haskell Ave.,
Battle Creek, Mich.

Mrs. Okey W. Devin, Salem, W. Va.

Don't pass them by along the way;
Why, yes, say, "Thank you for the flowers."
Say "thank you" to your friends and neighbors;
Say "thank you" to the God above.
Be keen to sense the good about you
And yours will be a heart of love.

I think the idea for these lines first came to me as I was thinking one day of a neighbor of mine who is always very thoughtful—so much so that she made me "sit up and take notice" of my own behavior along this line. It is a good idea to check ourselves occasionally and see if we are living up to the standards we like others to observe.

It is very easy to overlook the little things in our busy life—and yet the little things make up the big ones. So many of our blessings we are apt to take for granted, if we do not have an awakening now and then. Let us thank God for his undying love and watchfulness, his showers of blessings which fall upon us each day.

Let us remember that the kindly, thoughtful word spoken to those about us will return to us a thousand fold.

Woman's Work

WORSHIP PROGRAM

By Mrs. Eldred Batson

Thanks

Hymn: Praise God From Whom All Blessings Flow.

Scripture reading: 1 Corinthians 15: 57—
But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

2 Corinthians 9: 15—Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift.

Do you show your feelings
For a thoughtful act well done?
Do you make known to the doer
Your thankfulness ere set of sun?

So often things are done for us
Which we for granted take;
How happy all concerned would be
If we our thanks would make.

God wants us to be thankful too,
We read that in his Word.
Take time off to say, "It's lovely"—
Say it so you can be heard.

After all, it is the small things
Which make this world of ours.

Prayer:

Our Father who art in heaven, we thank thee for all thy mercies to us, for friends, loved ones, health, homes, food, clothing—all of the things which we sometimes take for granted. Help us to be more appreciative of all thy goodness to us and to show that appreciation in our contacts with those about us. May we not be reluctant to make known how we feel for all our blessings. In Jesus' name we ask it. Amen.

Hymn: Count Your Many Blessings.

MINUTES OF THE DIRECTORS' MEETING

The Board of Directors of the Women's Society of the Seventh Day Baptist denomination met in regular session in the Mrs. G. H. Trainer Sabbath school room, with the following members present: Mrs. J. L. Skaggs, Mrs. Okey Davis, Mrs. Joseph Vincent, Mrs. A. G. T. Brissey, and Miss Greta Randolph.

Devotions were in charge of Mrs. J. L. Skaggs who used "Mother and Home Life" as her theme. Prayers were offered by all present.

Mrs. Vincent read the report of the treasurer showing a balance of \$611.31. This report was accepted and placed on file.

Mrs. Okey Davis gave the report of the Peace Committee. Her report was accepted and placed on file as a report of progress.

To the Board of Directors of the Women's Society:

Your Committee to Study the Problem of a Just and Durable Peace would make the following report:

We have examined and we commend "A Guide-book for Action" to be used along with the study of "The Six Pillars of Peace." This fourteen page pamphlet is published by the Commission on a Just and Durable Peace, 297 Fourth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y. Price 8 cents a copy; 5 cents each for 50 or more including postage.

"From Victory to Peace," by Paul Hutchinson, published by Willett, Clark and Co., Chicago, New York, 1943, price \$1.50, is a fine strong book in its second printing. In no uncertain terms the author points out the duty of the church in the peace making. Aside from the helpful discussions, the book contains source material: (1) Proposals of British church leaders; (2) The Malvern Manifesto; (3) The Delaware Findings; (4) The Six Pillars of Peace; (5) The Princeton Messages; (6) Declaration by American Protestant, Catholic, and Jewish leaders, all formulated by religious bodies. Your committee recommends it to pastors, leaders of study groups, and to laymen for thoughtful reading and discussion. Its purpose is to provoke discussion.

Other material is under examination. The International Petition is worthy of our consideration and we will present it to the board if there

is sufficient time. One book review, "The Christian Imperative," by Miss Greta Randolph, appeared in the Recorder. Other reviews are in course of preparation.

—Frances Davis, Chairman.

[Note: The International Petition was presented and is to be given further consideration.]

Reports were read from Rev. L. O. Greene for April and May. These reports were accepted and placed on file with the Ways and Means Committee.

The report of the Ways and Means Committee was read by Mrs. Skaggs. The report was accepted and placed on file.

To the Board of Directors of the Women's Society:

The report from our evangelist says that his work on the Florida field will close about the first of June.

The work for the summer will be carried on among the northeastern churches. He plans to attend the Eastern Association which is to be held with the Shiloh, N. J., Church, the second week of June; then he will hold week-end meetings with the several churches of the Eastern and Central Associations until Conference convenes.

A letter has come from the Southwest asking for help on that field. This request will be given consideration later in the year.

Respectfully submitted,

Mrs. Oris O. Stutler,
Chairman of Ways and Means Committee.

Mrs. Okey Davis gave a verbal report as representative of the Christian Literacy and Literature Committee. Her report was accepted.

A letter was read from Rev. Albert N. Rogers concerning the program of the Women's Board of Conference.

The following committees were appointed to plan the Conference program: Mrs. J. L. Skaggs, Mrs. Ottis Swiger, Mrs. Ross Seager. The committee to plan the program for the tea: Mrs. Edward Davis, Mrs. A. G. T. Brissey.

Voted that the treasurer complete her report and have her books audited by early July.

These minutes were read and approved. Adjourned to meet the third Sunday in July at 2.30.

Mrs. J. L. Skaggs,
President,
Miss Greta Randolph,
Secretary.

Salem, W. Va.,
May 14, 1944.

Young People's Work

Jennett E. Dickinson, Editor

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

BIBLE PROBLEMS?

By Allen Bond

Sometimes I come to Bible verses that "stump" me, and I don't know what to make of them, but I don't let that stop me from getting all I can from other verses. As one man said, "I can't understand the Bible entirely, but I can stand on it entirely." And this thought has come to me: Perhaps this difficulty which I have encountered is like one of the steps in a stairway, and I can't take this step until I have taken the intervening steps.

SHIPS IN THE NIGHT

By Alice Annette Larkin

The Story Thus Far

[The happy Christian family of Shermans received a frantic long-distance telephone call late one night asking if help couldn't come at once to Edgewood where Mr. Sherman's sister was seriously ill. Nine-year-old Peter Brown, who with his small sister was living with Miss Penny in her large farmhouse, had walked miles to the nearest telephone when they realized Miss Penny was so ill. Now that the call was completed and Peter was returning home he was wondering how the one who came to help would get there from the station, which was several miles away. Then as he saw the farmhouse he loved so dearly, his anxiety increased as he wondered if Miss Penny's illness would mean Lucy and he could no longer call this "home" when Miss Penny's relative came.]

Chapter III

It was almost midnight in the little white house. The fire in the fireplace still burned brightly, and Linda and her mother and father sat before it. Linda had tried to persuade her mother to go to bed; but she refused to leave until the last possible preparation for the morrow had been made, since Linda was taking the seven twenty-five express from Edgewood. This was the only train from which she could change to one due at the small station five miles from Hilltop Farm soon after four o'clock. At best, she would have a tedious wait between trains.

"I'm thankful you'll get there before dark," said Mrs. Sherman, "but it worries me to think there may be no one to take you to the farm. Even when there was plenty of gas there were few cars, and conditions must be much worse now. Poor Pen! I don't see how she's managed to exist in such a place all these years."

"And now she's ill—how ill we don't know." James Sherman spoke with deep concern. "If anything happens to her, I shall always blame myself for not insisting that she come and stay with us, years ago when Donald was a little fellow."

"But Dad, you've always been urging her to come, even for a few months," protested Linda. "You've done everything short of picking her up and bringing her here by force. Perhaps I can persuade her to come back with me."

"Perhaps, but I doubt it. You see, I know your Aunt Penelope better than you do. I still feel that I ought to go to her. You've been tied down here a long time and need a rest. If we weren't so rushed at the office and those important meetings weren't coming up this week, I would go anyway."

"But you are rushed, and those meetings can't be postponed, Dad. I'm not needed here now and the trip will give me something new to think about. If it is necessary for you to come, I'll send you word at once. Oh, I hope Aunt Penny will be all right after a rest—she's worked so terribly hard."

"God and you will help her to be all right, I'm sure," said Mrs. Sherman. "But now you must go to bed and get some sleep."

The wind that had blown with such destructive force a few hours earlier was diminishing now; and when Linda and her father got into the taxi that was to take them to the station, it was hardly more than a breeze, but the air was very cold.

The train was filling fast, and Linda had little more than found her seat when a soldier came in and took the one next to her. He was so boyish looking it seemed as if he might have just stepped out of school with a pile of books and a football. Something about him reminded her of Bob—only Bob was older. She liked the expres-

sion on his face when, after a while, he told her he had been home for a few days.

"Oh, Mother and Dad are swell," he said. "I hadn't seen them in a long time, and I don't know when I'll ever see them again, but I've got their pictures. Would you like to look at them?"

Linda told him she would, and out of his pocket came a small Testament. Carefully fastened inside the front cover was a very clear snapshot of a dear little lady who reminded Linda of her own mother and a fine upstanding man like Dad. "Oh, they are swell!" Linda used the soldier's own expression. "And your Testament is a treasure."

"Mother gave it to me when I went into the army. I wouldn't know what to do without it, especially now when I expect to be shipping out. It's—oh, I don't know how to talk about these things. But it's a sort of refuge. When everything looks bad and the road grows tougher, a verse will come popping into my mind and I feel better. Or, I read some favorite verses Mother or Dad or my pastor marked for me, and these always help. It's swell to have a Christian Mother and Dad and know that they and others back home are praying for you. Not all of the fellows are so fortunate, and it's dreadful to hear some of the things they say."

They talked a little more about this and about the Christian Endeavor meetings and camps they had attended. Then Linda told him about Bob. She was pleased when he asked her to mark special verses for Bob and herself in the little Testament. Finally the time came for her to leave the train, and with a few words of farewell and a handshake she was gone.

"That Bob Williams is a lucky man," said Arthur Wells, the young soldier, to himself as he settled back in his seat. "I hope she hears from him soon."

It was exactly fifteen minutes past four when Linda arrived at the small weather-beaten station five miles from Hilltop Farm. She was the only person to leave the train and there were no spectators. Nor were there any cars in sight. She was wondering what she was going to do next when the station door opened and an elderly man stepped out.

"Be you Miss Sherman?" he asked.

Linda nodded. He didn't give her an opportunity to speak but went on, "I'm

Horace Cole. Mandy Herbert phoned that you'd be wantin' to get out to your aunt's farm, so I brought Patsy 'n' the sleigh along. No gas in the car. The snow's deep in some places, too, so the sleigh's better. Reckon you can put up with this kind o' conveyance, Miss?"

Linda didn't see the conveyance, but again Mr. Cole hadn't waited for her to reply. He had disappeared around a corner of the station. Presently he returned with a sleepy old horse dragging an ancient high-front sleigh. "Get right in, Miss," he said. "You needn't be afraid of Patsy's running away. She never did."

Linda could well believe that statement.

(To be continued)

SALVATION

"No doubt you are numbered among those who are insured against death, but the question of supreme importance is: Are you numbered among those who are insured beyond death?"

DEDICATORY PRAYER

This prayer by Pastor Harley Sutton was offered at the Dedication Service of the Honor Roll (twenty-five names) of the Lost Creek, W. Va., Seventh Day Baptist Church, January 1, 1944.

O God, in whom our fathers trusted, be with us in these days of trial. Let thy light continually shine forth from the clouds that are about us, that all who are serving our country's need, may walk with sure feet in the light of truth and freedom and noble purpose. We pray thy blessing upon our soldiers in camp and upon battlefield, that they may be protected in danger, girded with courage in the day of battle, and equipped with strength for every duty. Give skill and valor and endurance to our sailors exposed to all the perils of the sea. Remember those who fly the paths of the air; in the perils of their calling may they realize that he who rides upon the wings of the wind is with them. For the wounded, the sick, and the dying, we pray; for the prisoners of war; for the doctors and nurses, and all who minister to the suffering; for the bereaved and the mourning. Be thou their support and their comfort. Hear us, in thy mercy, O God, and be thou the citadel of our souls, our refuge and strength. And may all those who have gone forth from us, and all who remain at home, be alike united in the love and sacrifice in the spirit of love of thy Holy Name, in Jesus' Name we pray. Amen.

—From Lost Creek Church Bulletin.

Children's Page

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

OUR LETTER EXCHANGE

Dear Charlotte:

Your letter last week came to the very bottom of the page, so I'm answering it first of all this week. But I may see you before you read it, for we start for Bridgeton bright and early tomorrow morning, Pastor Greene and I, Pastor Everett Harris, and Mrs. Alton Wheeler, to stay until Friday. I hope you and all the family are in the best of health by this time.

Now you have me guessing for I cannot figure out what the letters "S G T" stand for. You'll have to tell me in your next letter. I think you have already made a pretty good record in the Bible contest.

Everything is nice and green here, too, but the only flowers we have are the early spring ones. The lilacs are at their best now but I'm afraid they'll be rather faded by Memorial Day.

Your true friend,
Mizpah S. Greene.

Tiny Seeds

Tiny seeds—so helpless—

Lying in a pail;

Give the little things a lift,

For they never fail

If there's just a chance to grow

In the sunny soil;

Soon there'll be some tiny plants

And pleasure for your toil.

Tiny plants must grow, you know,

In summer when there's heat,

And corn and beans and cabbages

A boy just loves to eat.

So let's put them out where they belong,

These little seeds so fine,

The things we eat and the things we wear

Have had to grow some time.

Let's put them out where they can grow;

And, working with the sod,

Do you suppose while making rows

That we are helping God?

—H. Frances Davis (Hummel).

Dear Mrs. Hummel:

Thank you very much for your charming little poem. I'm sure the children will enjoy it, too.

Very truly yours,
Mizpah S. Greene.

Dear Mrs. Greene and the Children:

I am ready now to tell you about our Daytona Beach chimney fire, which may be of interest to readers who heat with wood and occasionally have similar excitement, as well as readers who always enjoy natural gas for heat, and so seldom have such a fire.

Ours was a small fire compared with some I have seen in Massachusetts, but its importance is felt by us because it did not become furious. We were spending the afternoon at home, fortunately, which we did not always do. I happened to glance up at our map of Florida pinned up on the chimney. I saw a brown spot on it that had not been there before. I felt of it and it burnt my fingers. I took the map down and the metal cap underneath was sizzling hot. Though there was no stove or fire in our own room, another tenant in the house had a stove from which the pipe went into the chimney, and early that morning she had a fire in her stove.

Fortunately a telephone was near by and I called the fire department. In a few minutes our room was full of husky firemen. They looked all about, felt around the chimney, commented that only the cap was hot and that there was no damage. The neighbors wondered what the firemen were there for when not a bit of smoke could be seen.

(To be continued next week)

Lois Fay Powell.

MORTON SMITH WARDNER

Morton Smith Wardner, son of Elder Nathan and Mrs. Olive Forbes Wardner, was born January 14, 1850, in Shanghai, China, and died at the home of his daughter in Chicago, December 20, 1943, being nearly ninety-four years of age.

His parents, with Elder and Mrs. Solomon Carpenter, were the first Seventh Day Baptist missionaries in China, going to Shanghai in 1847. Because of the failing health of Mrs. Wardner, she returned to America with her children in 1856, her husband returning the next year.

After attending Alfred Academy, Morton Wardner went to Williams College, where he received the A.B. degree in 1873, with

election to Phi Beta Kappa, and later a master's degree. Having decided to prepare for the ministry, he took the theological course at Alfred, receiving the B.D. degree in 1876. He also taught Latin and operated a shirt factory at Alfred while a student there. For some years prior to his death, he was Alfred University's oldest living alumnus.

His father being then in Scotland in the employ of the Tract Society, he assisted him in the work there, and in the establishment of the mission in Holland, returning to America in 1877.

He received a call to go as missionary to China, but arrangements were not immediately made, and he did missionary work in the Western Association, and in 1878 was employed as preacher in tent work for the Tract Society. In 1879 the call to China was renewed, but was finally declined, and he accepted the pastorate at Little Genesee, N. Y., where he was ordained to the gospel ministry and served from 1880 to 1881. Although never afterward engaged in the full-time ministry, he continued to lecture on the Sabbath and other Biblical topics, and was a life member of the American Sabbath Tract Society.

The field of medicine appealed to him, and after running a drug store in Chicago, and

studying medicine with his cousin, Dr. Horace Wardner, he entered Rush Medical College, receiving his M.D. degree in 1884. He continued to practice medicine until his ninety-second year, delivering a child on his ninety-first birthday, thereby missing a neighborhood gathering in his honor at Genoa, Ark.

For about fifty years he made his home at or near Fouke, Ark., and was a member of the Fouke Seventh Day Baptist Church; but he spent his last two years at the home of his daughter in Chicago.

Doctor Wardner married Sarah Summerbell in Plainfield, N. J., in 1873, and had four children: Nathan (deceased); Dr. James Forbes of Buffalo, N. Y.; Thomas of Plainfield, N. J.; Rachel (Mrs. P. Caris) of Trenton, N. J.

In 1887, he married Evelyn G. Anderson, and by this marriage had three children: Olive (Mrs. M. S. Campagna) of Chicago; Horace (deceased); and Vera (Mrs. Ronald Dougan) of Beloit, Wis. He had twelve grandchildren and seven great-grandchildren, two of his grandsons being now naval officers on duty in the south Pacific. His widow, Mrs. Ruth Wardner, survives.

He died in complete trust in the merits of the shed blood of Jesus Christ for the remission of sin.

C. A. B.

Our Pulpit

"LIFETIME OBJECTIVES"

(Baccalaureate address, given by Dr. J. Nelson Norwood, President of Alfred University, Sunday, May 7, 1944.)

Text: Ecclesiastes 1: 3—"What profit hath a man of all his labor which he taketh under the sun?"

As indicated by the text this baccalaureate address opens on a minor key. I plan that it shall end on a happier one. Ecclesiastes, or the Preacher, as the subtitle of this old Hebrew book reads, was apparently indulging in a season of semi-cynicism and disgust at what his investigations about life had revealed to him. "Vanity of vanities; all is vanity, . . . I have seen all the works that are done under the sun; and behold, all is vanity and vexation of spirit. . . . And I gave my heart to know wisdom, and to know madness and folly; I perceived that this also is vexation of spirit." He is the author,

too, of that famous remark which often evokes a wistful temporary consent especially from school people. I refer to his sentiments about the making of many books, much study, and the consequent weariness of the flesh! I cannot repress occasional smiles as I read on through the eleven chapters. All is vanity, all is vanity is their constant refrain. The twelfth and final chapter is different.

If the Preacher was wondering and mourning about the more sombre and disappointing sides of life, he was not utterly different from many of us in this twentieth century. Life often becomes burdensome and a bit futile. To men and women in or past middle life when the days all seem alike, bringing the same toil, the same cares and anxieties, and possibly the settled disappointment of earlier hopes and dreams, life can appear drab

and unpretty. I recall that some years ago a resident of our village walking casually with me on the street one day broke out: "I wonder where all this is getting us. I was born and brought up by my parents. I am bringing up children, worrying about their health, their education, their chances of success. They will marry, bring up a family, and worry over it as it grows up. Where does the dreary, futile cycle end? Is there any climax?" I am sure that those of us who are older can sympathize with views like these. We have all had occasions when we felt the same depressed questionings. . . .

I believe that a proper formulation of, and full devotion to, worthy lifetime objectives would at least be a great help. To be sure, if the unprecedented tragedies of our times mean to any individual that he will probably lose his life in armed combat, such long views are beside the point. What I will have to say on my main theme cannot deeply appeal to such. Still, since the chances are that few if any of this company tonight will have to pay that last full measure of devotion, and since all of us must act as if we expected to live life's normal span, we can profitably consider "Lifetime Objectives."

What are some samples of real or spurious lifetime objectives?

I.

Occasionally there are individuals who appear to be quite innocent of any definite objectives. Like the beasts of the forest they take life as it comes without apparent plan and without observable reaction to it.

There are a few hedonists who act on, if they avoid avowing, the principle, eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow may not be another day!

Some make happiness their direct aim. But happiness covers too many cheap and shallow ways of life to suit our purpose tonight. To many people happiness means freedom from care or responsibility, self-indulgence, dissipation, tawdry externals, trashy inner lives; dabble here, dabble there; chase thrills and embrace silly fads; play the butterfly.

Another group which makes happiness a prime goal may be composed of admirable people. They aim to serve others, do good to all, sacrifice money, time, skill, energy for worthy causes, busy themselves in uplift crusades, and play the Good Samaritan along

life's Jericho roads. There is nothing against their selected activities. The only trouble is that they do all these fine things in order to be happy. They transpose the means and the end and often fail to achieve the happiness they covet through going directly after it. Real happiness always comes as a by-product of direct devotion to some service or cause. Obviously, no true lifetime objectives could leave out such services as these searchers after happiness perform. I repeat: they transpose means and end.

Another lifetime objective chiefly of the long ago was found in total withdrawal from the turbulent and chaotic life of those centuries. Such earnest seekers entered monasteries and devoted themselves to a life of piety and good works within the cloistered walls. In doing this no one can deny that they often served well their times and helped to blaze the way for better days to come.

II.

For myself I am convinced that the most worth while of lifetime objectives is to promote the fullest fruiting of the largest number of our inborn talents, capabilities, and powers. I want this stated in these broadest terms. It is a grand aim. A recent writer on education says that the aim of education is one's own excellence, the perfection of one's own character. "Education makes the person competent; not merely to know or do, but also, and indeed, chiefly, to be." Robert Browning has some interesting lines on truth within ourselves which can fairly be applied to the existence of these latent talents, capabilities, and powers of which I speak:

Truth is within ourselves; it takes no rise
From outward things, whate'er you may believe.
There is an inmost center in us all,
Where truth abides in fulness; . . . and to know,
Rather consists in opening out a way
Whence the imprisoned splendor may escape,
Than in effecting entry for light
Supposed to be without.

The education or self-education of a human being logically aims to make him a better, complete, richer, and rounder human being. If he has within him potential skills, insights, intellectual or spiritual, which could enrich, ameliorate, and inspire other human beings; if he has music, artistic beauty, creative powers, moral outreach and upreach, let him make it his prime business to bring them out. Each person has a varied collection of gifts and powers. Cultivate them; tune them

into lifetime harmonies. This is a most worthwhile lifetime objective. Then having achieved it, turn its fruits to the service of fellow men.

Perhaps I can assume now that for our purposes this evening at least, you will agree with me that the development of these personal potentialities is a worthwhile lifetime objective. If so, we can turn to a related study, namely, What are some of the factors aiding or encouraging us to work at such self-realization?

I believe there are a few people in the world, large but tough-minded souls, who heroically undertake it in spite of their conviction that the only spiritual beings in the universe are mankind. In their view man can expect no aid from any spiritual realm above or around him. Indeed, they are sure the universe is hostile. Instead of crushing them this loneliness seems to stimulate them to greater exertion. They face it all stoically, heroically, doggedly, and win for themselves and society some fine spiritual results. But their tribe is small.

Another group loves people. Its members see and pity those who are unfortunate and whose lot is hard. They are stimulated to cultivate their own abilities in order to lift the lowly. There is ground for belief that this group is increasing in numbers.

III.

Ambition can drive us to develop the talents and powers with which we were endowed. Friends have a lot to do with the extent to which we pursue self-cultivation, and often the particular talents we decide to emphasize, if we have several. They do this by the object lesson of their own growth, by their favorable estimate of us, and by their advice. Sometimes it is stimulus we only half consciously catch from them. It may be like the case of the little boy and his mother in an episode related by Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick. A ten-year-old boy was hit by a truck and very seriously hurt. Lying in the house awaiting the doctor's arrival, he said to his mother who sat beside him, "Mother, are you frightened?" With an effort she replied, "No, I am not frightened." "Well, then," he said, "I will not be either." He caught courage by contagion. Much that we all are we received by contagion.

IV.

Very many of us, however, while enjoying the fruits of these various means, find the greatest urge in the thought that we are children of God. This gives us a sense of high endowment for the cultivation and use of which there goes high responsibility. In discussing this subject, I realize that I shall be making you the listeners to some spiritual affirmations and confessions of my own.

I am not a tough-minded person. I probably could never summon the dogged courage to tilt at a universe I conceived to be thoroughly hostile to its highest product. I have no more than average love for people. Indeed, I do not use the word "love" to express my feelings toward great numbers of folk or to mankind in general. I reserve the word "love" to describe my feeling to a very select few, but I have high respect, and regard, and admiration for many people and for human personality itself. Nor is my regard for individuals much affected by the color of the skin, the method of approach to God, the kind of clothes worn, or whether the objects of it acquired a Ph.D. topped by an LL.D., or failed to pass the sixth grade.

Ambition helped me in limited fields; friends helped much; inheritance must have had something to do with it. But the largest factor of all in aiding me to pursue worthwhile lifetime objectives insofar as I have been able to do so, has been a sense of relationship to a something in the universe I call God. I have thought much through the decades as to the best bases I could find for believing that such a something existed. The result of that thinking is briefly this: I am a product of the universe. I have come up and down out of it. I am a combination of two parts—physical and spiritual. Every physical element in my body is derived from or is parallel with similar elements in the world of matter. There is nothing physical in my body that has not come from the physical world outside me. In the same way, I feel that my spiritual self must have been contributed by that same universe. Whatever it is in the universe that holds the same relation to my spiritual self that the visible physical world holds to my physical self, I call God. An invisible Something designed the snow crystals, the form and color of the rose, and the intricate nerve-telegraph system of the body. Common observation seems

to show that Spirit is the master-molder of matter.

It must be obvious to any thinking person that one's conception of the universe has much to do with his philosophy of life. It would seem to be crucial. If a life can fairly find a focus, a center of reference, a guiding star, much effort can be saved, and the satisfying lifetime objectives will have been identified.

Having established to my own satisfaction the fundamental theological fact of God, I find myself less bothered than many good people are about much traditional theological and ecclesiastical detail. Not that these are unimportant, but the vast age-old controversies over them are tragic. They are much beside the point for me. I am skeptical or indifferent about the truth of things some of my friends consider true and important. I am a product of this scientific age and am willing often to say, I do not know.

V.

There is another great concept which can have large influence on man's estimate of himself, hence, too, on the selection of appropriate lifetime objectives. That is the concept of immortality. Easter is just behind us—a season during which a future life is much considered. It is likely to be dwelt upon more and more by men and women as they grow older. What happens to us as we pass into the invisible? "The soul's invincible surmise," as Santayana puts it, will not down. The mounting mystery of the universe revealed as science delves deeper and deeper toward its essence and my expressed conviction that it is all God-governed certainly leave me with no feeling of the impossibility of life after death. I marvel that such beings as we are could ever have come into existence. Continuing would seem to be less difficult to visualize than becoming.

If a being like modern man could have visited this globe at different times during the past geologic ages, he probably would have felt each time as new and unpredictable marvels met his gaze, that each must surely be the last. Now, is man the last or just the latest? Some time ago I put this question in a few stanzas of verse called "Thy Vast Design." The climatic stanza runs:

"Doth man creation's task conclude,
And crown Thy vast design,
Or must yet unguessed folk emerge,
Great Architect Divine?"

VI.

Accepting man as immortal, some Christian groups, emphasizing the right of the individual to direct access to God, of course aided by, but not of necessity mediated through minister, priest, or church, have promoted the spread of a very high sense of value of the free individual human personality. A common statement among those believers is that in view of such an estimate of man, his inmost soul becomes the sacred arena wherein spiritual struggles are fought out, fraught with eternal consequences. Not at all a belittling picture of man! No, it is a picture which seems to urge the duty and the privilege of selecting prayerfully and wisely our lifetime objectives. It joins naturally and easily the concept of our sonship to God, our high destiny in democratic society and in the kingdom of God on earth.

As illustrated by our text, the Preacher started, as did this baccalaureate address, on a minor key. In his last chapter, the Preacher strikes a happier note. He writes, "Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God and keep his commandments: for this is the whole duty of man. For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil." So not quite all is vanity and vexation of spirit. There are, he agrees, duty, judgment, commandments, success, discrimination between good and evil, and—God.

It becomes us all, therefore, older and younger, to recognize our high birthright, the vast practical, mental, ethical, and spiritual potentialities of which we are individually trustees, our royal lineage as sons and daughters of the Most High, and our responsibilities to all the other children of our Father. In this radiant concept of our high estate, selecting the labor involved in the happy cultivation of our gifts, we shall not be asking with the Preacher, "What profit hath a man of all his labor which he taketh under the sun?" No, it will all be profit.

—From Alfred Sun.

SABBATH SCHOOL LESSON

FOR JUNE 10, 1944

Paul Pleads for a Runaway Slave. Scripture—
Epistle to Philemon.

Golden Text—Ephesians 4: 32.

DENOMINATIONAL "HOOK-UP"

North Loup, Neb.

Home folks turned out on Sabbath day, April 22, to hear one of their own boys, Dr. George Thorngate, of Milton, Wis., who spoke to large audiences twice during the day. Doctor Thorngate was born and raised in North Loup and was a graduate from the village high school. Not only our own people but many visitors were present at the services. A covered-dish dinner was served at noon, the Nellie Shaw Missionary Society being in charge. While in North Loup, Doctor Thorngate was a guest of his sister, Mrs. J. A. Barber, and Mr. Barber. The doctor was met in Grand Island by Rev. A. C. Ehret, pastor, and Mr. and Mrs. Barber. All were of the opinion that Doctor Thorngate's stay was all too short, but every minute of his stay was filled with talk of his many experiences. He left for Milton on Sunday, April 23.

Plans for the coming services of the church include the annual Roll Call Day in which letters from absent members will be read. This is May 6. A Mother's Day service will be given the second Sabbath in May, which has been designated as "Family Day." Sabbath Rally Day will be observed the third Sabbath in May. Pastor Ehret gave a missionary sermon the last Sabbath in April.

A letter of membership to Kenneth Van Horn was granted during the morning service April 29. In giving the letter the church people are proud that another of their boys has gone out into the field of church service. Our congratulations and prayers are extended to Kenneth in his pastorate in Albion. Since he was also raised in North Loup, we all know his sincerity and worth.

Extensive rains during April have put a new face on our state, and those who knew Nebraska in the dry years can hardly believe it to be the same place. No small grain, potatoes, or gardens have been put in, but all are of the opinion that when it is dry enough to plant and gets warmer, everything will come up fast. It is a blessing to see the black fields and greening hills.

Up to date no bad news has come from our twenty-four boys who are in the armed forces. We feel that God has indeed been very good to us.

Mr. and Mrs. Daryl White are welcomed into our choir and other church auxiliaries.

Correspondent.

April 29, 1944.

Little Genesee, N. Y.

Last January, our "Boy of the Week Club" was instituted. To become a member, one promised to write a letter each week to the boy in service whose name and address appear in the church bulletin. Our pastor said that blessings would come from bringing joy to others, and we agree that it has. Usually, the boy writes a most appreciative letter in return, which is read Sabbath morning, from the pulpit, and is an inspiration to us on the home front.

Our Sunday evening services, held each week during March and April, were very well attended by the community at large.

Sunday night a very large and most appreciative audience filled the church to hear Dr. George Thorngate's address. It was a great privilege to have him come with the latest personal message from the Far East. During the worship service the choir of eighteen voices sang an anthem and led in the song service. At these evening services other speakers have been: Rev. Wm. Genne, chaplain, from Alfred University, Rev. Albert N. Rogers, Rev. E. T. Harris, and Professor W. J. Sutton, whose subject was "China's Place in the Present and Future World." Recently the "Masons" of Bolivar and Little Genesee were guests, attending service in a body.

Cottage prayer services were held during the Lenten season on Friday nights (prior to choir rehearsals) at the homes of "shut-ins" and have been an inspiration to all who participated.

The quarterly business meeting of the church, following a tureen supper, was recently held in the upper room of the church. A most entertaining program was presented during the evening. The younger people discovered that some of the older ones had some hidden talents. The piano recently purchased by the Sabbath school greatly aids in the programs and is also a great asset in the worship services of the primary grades.

The C. E. society conducted the service one Sunday afternoon, at the county home. It also had charge of one church service. On Mother's Day, the mothers of all the C. E.

members were invited to a banquet, in the evening, which was held in the upper room of the church. Speeches and songs followed the banquet.

Pastor Charles Bond, his wife, and two teachers of the lower grades attended the County Bible School Institute, recently held at Friendship, N. Y. Plans are under way for the Vacation Church School.

Correspondent.

Verona, N. Y.

The annual spring convention of the Verona Adult Town Council of Religious Education was held in St. Peter's Lutheran church Tuesday evening, April 18. Rev. C. A. Wagner, civilian minister at the Rome Air Depot, spoke on "High Ways and Horizons in Religious Education." Officers were elected for the year. Mrs. Howard Davis was elected superintendent of the council for the fourth consecutive term.

At a business meeting of the Bartlett Baptist Church and community a unanimous vote was passed to extend a call to Rev. H. L. Polan to become pastor of the Bartlett Church, subject to his present charge of the Verona Church, for the term of one year beginning May 1.

The Verona Youth Town Council held its monthly meeting at our church Monday evening, May 8. The worship program was furnished by our members of the council.

At a W.C.T.U. tea under the sponsorship of the temperance and meetings department of the organization, held at the First Baptist church, Rome, Mrs. H. L. Polan was one of the speakers. She gave an interesting talk on "Our Missionary Group in China."

A special worship program, conducted by George Davis, was given in our church during the Sabbath school hour for the boys in the service.

At our all-day church service, May 6, Pastor Polan delivered the sermon. Following Sabbath school, dinner was served. In the afternoon a worker's conference was held and Mrs. Polan had charge of the Loyal Temperance Legion.

The twenty-third annual Oneida County Christian Youth Conference was held in the First M. E. church, Rome, May 13. Alva Warner, county president, was conference

director, assisted by the Verona Council. Garth Warner was treasurer. A banquet was served in the evening. Fifteen from our church attended the conference.

Rev. and Mrs. H. L. Polan and Mr. and Mrs. O. H. Perry attended the Alfred Alumni Banquet on the evening of May 13. It was at the home of Doctor Potter in Syracuse, for former students of Alfred University from central New York.

Correspondent.

Marriages

Churchward-Grant. — Tech. Sgt. Dale E. Churchward, U. S. Marine of San Diego, Calif., son of Mr. and Mrs. Everon Churchward, New Auburn, Wis., and Miss Henrietta Grant of Los Angeles, Calif., were married at Yuma, Ariz., May 6, 1944, Rev. L. L. Roberts officiating.

Mitchell-Westwood. — Columbus Theodore Mitchell, M.M. 1/c, U.S.N., son of Mr. and Mrs. H. N. Mitchell of Fouke, Ark., and Miss Mary Ellen Westwood of Rochester, Minn., were united in marriage April 10, 1944, by Dr. John Bunyan Smith at the First Baptist church of San Diego, Calif.

Obituary

Rogers. — Marietta Smith, daughter of John and Olive Saxton Smith, was born at Tip Top, Allegany County, N. Y., November 28, 1856, and passed away at Plainfield, N. J., May 13, 1944.

June 5, 1875, she was united in marriage with Charles A. Rogers of New York City. Soon after their marriage they moved to Plainfield. To this union were born two children: Marie Elizabeth (Mrs. J. W. Mosher) of Allentown, Pa., and Charles Harold of Plainfield in whose home she was at the time of her death.

She joined the Plainfield Seventh Day Baptist Church of Christ by letter April 21, 1879, of which she has continued a faithful member. For many years she was active in the Women's Society for Christian Work.

Besides her children she is survived by a sister, Mrs. Harriet Lee of Andover, N. Y., nine grandchildren, nine great-grandchildren, other relatives, and friends.

Memorial services were conducted by her pastor Tuesday afternoon, May 16. Interment was in Hillside Cemetery, Plainfield. H. S. W.

Wardner. — Morton Smith Wardner, son of Elder Nathan and Olive Forbes Wardner, died at the home of his daughter in Chicago, December 20, 1943. (A more extended obituary elsewhere in this issue.)

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No. 23

Which Are You?

I saw them tearing a building down,
A gang of men in a busy town;
With a ho-heave-ho and a lusty yell
They swung a beam and the side wall fell.
I asked the foreman, "Are these men skilled,
As the men you would hire if you had to build?"
He laughed and said, "No, indeed!
Common labor is all I need.
I can easily wreck in a day or two
What builders have taken a year to do."
I asked myself as I went away,
Which of these roles have I tried to play?
"Am I a builder who works with care,
Measuring life by rule and square,
Or am I a wrecker who walks the town,
Content with the labor of tearing down?"

—From editor's column of the
Salem Herald.

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