

The Sabbath

Recorder

^I
Thou shalt have no other gods
before me.

^{II}
Thou shalt not make unto thee
any graven image or any likeness
of any thing that is in heaven above
or that is in the earth beneath, or
that is in the water under the earth:
thou shalt not bow down thyself to
them nor serve them: for I the Lord
thy God am a jealous God, visit-
ing the iniquity of the fathers upon
the children unto the third and
fourth generation of them that hate
me: and showing mercy unto thous-
ands of them that love me and keep
my commandments.

^{III}
Thou shalt not take the name of
the Lord thy God in vain: for the
Lord will not hold him guiltless
that taketh his name in vain.

^{IV}
Remember the sabbath day to
keep it holy. Six days shalt thou la-
bour and do all thy work: but the
seventh day is the sabbath of the
Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not
do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor

thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor
thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle,
nor thy stranger that is within thy
gates: for in six days the Lord made
heaven and earth, the sea, and all
that in them is, and rested the sev-
enth day: wherefore the Lord bles-
sed the sabbath day and hallowed it.

^V
Honor thy father and thy mother;
that thy days may be long upon the
land which the Lord thy God giveth
thee.

^{VI}
Thou shalt not kill.

^{VII}
Thou shalt not commit adultery.

^{VIII}
Thou shalt not steal.

^{IX}
Thou shalt not bear false wit-
ness against thy neighbour.

^X
Thou shalt not covet thy neigh-
bour's house, thou shalt not covet
thy neighbour's wife, nor his man-
servant, nor his maid-servant, nor
his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing
that is thy neighbour's.

SABBATH RALLY DAY

May 15

O Sabbath rest by Galilee!

O calm of hills above,

Where Jesus knelt to share with thee

The silence of eternity,

Interpreted by love!

— JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, 1872

If ye love me, keep my commandments

The Sabbath Recorder

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A Magazine for Christian Enlightenment and Inspiration

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PENTECOST SABBATH — MAY 15

When the day of Pentecost had come, they were all together in one place. And suddenly a sound came from heaven like the rush of a mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting. And there appeared to them tongues as of fire, distributed and resting on each one of them. And they were all filled with the Holy Spirit and began to speak in other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance.

But Peter, standing with the eleven, lifted up his voice and addressed them, "Men of Judea and all who dwell in Jerusalem, let this be known to you, and give ear to my words. For these men are not drunk, as you suppose, since it is only the third hour of the day; but this is what was spoken by the prophet Joel:

'And in the last days it shall be, God declares,
that I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh,
and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy,
and your young men shall see visions,
and your old men shall dream dreams;
yea, and on my menservants and my maidservants in those days
I will pour out my Spirit, and they shall prophesy.
And I will show wonders in the heavens above
and signs on the earth beneath,
blood, and fire, and vapor of smoke;
the sun shall be turned into darkness
and the moon into blood,
before the day of the Lord comes,
the great and manifest day.
And it shall be that whoever calls on
the name of the Lord shall be saved.'"
Acts 2: 1-4, 14-21, RSV.

REMEMBER

MINISTERS' CONFERENCE

Jackson's Mill, W. Va.

MAY 18-20

GENERAL CONFERENCE

North Loup, Neb.

AUGUST 17-22, 1948

THE SABBATH RECORDER

299

IN APPRECIATION

Five weeks is quite a stretch for one's task to be performed by others. The editor was out of the office on account of illness from March 8 until April 9. In the early stages of his absence, it was thought that a week or so would allow sufficient time for his recovery. At the outset full and satisfactory arrangements were made that the editorial work of the Sabbath Recorder might continue uninterrupted and the copy for the weekly issues thereof might go to the printer on schedule.

Due to the nature of the issues of the Sabbath Recorder since his return to the office, this is the first appropriate opportunity that the editor has found for expressing appreciation of those who carried on during his absence.

Mrs. Frank A. Langworthy, who has been helping in the editor's office since early last September, accepted additional assignment and responsibility during the five-week emergency. (It will be remembered that formerly she served on the Sabbath Recorder staff for twenty-one and one-half years.)

It was reported that Mrs. Langworthy remarked that if Mrs. Warren and she were to "run the Recorder" while the editor was absent, they would have a good time. A few days later a close observer remarked that he had not noticed that the

ladies were becoming hilarious at their task.

Anyhow, it was a job well done. And this editor is mindful of the adjustment and co-operation necessary on the part of the family to permit the busy housewife, mother, and part-time librarian to carry a sizeable share of the load.

It is at a time like this that the vows assumed at the marriage altar become more meaningful and the anxiety and sacrifice of the one you love increase your gratitude for the beauty and reality of Christian virtues. Her understanding and patience and untiring devotion are added to the storehouse treasure of golden deeds and memories.

Appreciative mention should be made of the interest and helpfulness of the personnel of the publishing house, of the craftsmen in the print shop, and of contributions of items and articles from those who sensed the situation.

Also, I would express my heartfelt gratitude to God that He has endowed Christian doctors and nurses with the skills of ministering to bodily ills that make possible a reasonable degree of health.

Above all, I thank Him for His spiritual presence and healing power in Christ, manifested by the thoughtfulness and prayers of loved ones and friends. In Him there is life and joy and peace.

GOD - THE SABBATH - MAN

It is the gift of God. — "The sabbath was made for man."

It is the law of God. — "Remember the sabbath day to keep it holy."

It is the day of the Lord. — "The Son of man is Lord also of the sabbath."

God, the Giver, lives within eternity and works within time. Man, the receiver, lives within time and may see eternity in God. A symbol of union between time and eternity is God's holy Sabbath day. A symbol of fellowship between the Giver and the receiver is God's holy Sabbath day. A symbol of love between God and man is God's holy Sabbath day.

Sabbath Rally Day, May 15, 1948, is a time to renew your allegiance to God's day and to repledge yourself, by God's grace, to keep His day holy.

V. W. S.

"Now Is the Accepted Time"

By K. Duane Hurley
854 Thienes Ave., El Monte, Calif.

Using a theme closely related to the General Conference motto for the year, the Pacific Coast Association met in annual spring session with the Riverside Church, April 9, 10, 11. The theme was "Now Is the Accepted Time."

The series of weekend meetings began on Sabbath eve with a candlelight vesper and testimony service. It was an inspiring time of organ and vocal music, Scripture, and poetic readings, arranged by Dora Hurley and Maleta Curtis—a specific time to unite the association in meditation, prayer, and praise.

Scheduled Sabbath activities began at 7:55 in the morning, with prayer in the homes for Rev. Harley Sutton, joining at that hour with Church members and friends throughout the denomination. A pre-prayer service preceded the hour of worship, which began at 10:30. The sermon, preached by Pastor L. M. Maltby of Riverside, had for its text, "Now Is the Day of Salvation." Elder E. S. Ballenger led in the morning prayer, and the Scripture lesson was read by Madeleine Robinson.

A highlight of the service was the anthem, "The Seraphic Song," by Rubenstein, sung by the massed choirs of the Los Angeles and Riverside Churches and directed by Maleta Curtis. Joan Dalbey was soloist, and Christine Watkins played the violin obbligato. Ben Herbert was organist and Lois Wells accompanied on the piano. A special feature of the morning program was a junior Church service conducted during the sermon time for the primary department youngsters.

Sabbath afternoon was given over to "challenging youth." Los Angeles young people, including Alma Bond, Shelton Van Horn, and Bill Dalbey, gave inspiring talks. One of California's best-loved youth speakers, Rev. Bruce Kurrle, a Christian Endeavor executive, brought the address of the hour.

Evening after the Sabbath the program included the showing of a sound motion picture, "Thy Will Be Done." The service began with a half hour of music by vocal and instrumental soloists, orchestra numbers by Riverside Sabbath school musicians, and an anthem by the combined choirs. Informative talks about Pacific Pines Summer Camp were given by Albyn Mackintosh and Lois Wells, and a fellowship hour for young people and adults concluded the day's activities.

Sunday began with an outdoor fellowship breakfast; the program was arranged by Dale Curtis, Riverside young people taking part. Afterwards a youth sing was led by Miss Wells. The regular business session was followed by a "Denominational Interests" program, arranged by Duane Hurley. The various Churches on the Pacific Coast were represented, and the interests of all denominational boards were presented, together with reports of missionary undertakings, tract activities, and Christian education accomplishments in the local Churches. Speakers included Mrs. Will Grieshaber, Mrs. Paul Crandall, and Mr. Mackintosh. Climax of the meeting was the reading of a message from Conference President Karl G. Stillman.

A panel discussion Sunday afternoon on missionary interests concluded the three-day gathering. Byron Holgate, R. C. Brewer, and Mrs. Robinson were the speakers, and the latest news from China and Jamaica was given from recent letters.

A sense of urgency about increasing kingdom work was evident through the meetings, which were well attended. Paul Crandall of Riverside was re-elected president of the association.

(Editor's Note: Recorder readers will rejoice at having the above article from our former editor, K. Duane Hurley. Located within driving distance of Riverside, Calif., he and Mrs. Hurley and daughters, Terry Anne and Cathy Sue, enjoy the fellowship of their home Church on Sabbath days. Plainfield's loss is Riverside's gain.)

OPEN DOORS

Sermon by Charles E. Packard
Associate Professor of Biology
Alfred University, Alfred, N. Y.

Text: "Behold, he hath set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it."
Revelation 3: 8.

An open door is an invitation to adventure. Today the world is full of open doors. Are we afraid of them? Do we approach with a sense of the mystery and the excitement that we should as we step forth to a new adventure?

Up in Maine where I was born, my father and his two brothers, all of them livestock dealers, owned several farms near each other. On the "home place" there was a large barn with a good-sized tie-up for the cattle, a stable for the horses, and big mows and scaffolds for the grain and hay. We drove into the barn from the rear by an entrance even with the ground. Great doors opened up in front, where, down a steep pitch of three or four feet, a slanting platform led into the yard. When both sets of doors were open, particularly in the hot days of summer, there was a wide sweep of air through from the north. And many a fragrant load of hay and golden grain have I helped pitch off with the horse fork as the fresh breezes of July and August swept through that long, wide floor.

Here were open doors, two sets of double ones, coming in from the north, facing the south and the meadow with the woods beyond and a pond concealed behind them in the distance. In order to run our extensive farms, we needed extra help, especially at haying time. It was traditional to begin haying just as soon after the Fourth of July as the weather would permit. From then on until well into August, a time when blackberries were ripening, and the High Top Sweeting apples and Red Astrachans were beginning to mellow, we kept steadily at work every sunny, pleasant haymaking day.

One of the best men we ever had, a man who came back to help us year after year, was "Sol" Kelly. Our menfolks called him "Old Sol." I don't know why. He was not old. He was, maybe, wise, and in his way had earned the title of

Solomon. But what a worker! And what energy he put into everything that he did, hand mowing, hay pitching, load making, anything! He was good anywhere. Not often did we drive into the barn with our heavy load, and go over the brink, down the slanting pitch to get out with the empty rack. But Sol did. He was a good teamster and never stopped for anything. So it was a breath-taking experience to be in the rack and go whizzing out, with the horses galloping through the yard, the wheels clattering when we passed through the front doors.

There was adventure! There was something to look forward to as we piled hay into bunches, raked with the horse rake, getting ready for the next load. We could never tell what might happen as we rode down over the slant. The rack tongue might break, or the pole yoke, reins, or tugs give way. Anything could happen as we sailed through those open doors.

The more cautious teamsters never took the risk. And some of us youngsters who were just learning to drive a pair of horses did not care to try it, either. Instead, we backed out the rear way and were ready to swing into the field after another load. It was less of a job, it seemed, to guide the rack back through the doors behind than to keep straight ahead.

But even that was not too easy. With the geeing and hawing, the starting up again and straightening of the rig and keeping it so, one or both horses would become a bit nervous and unwilling to go as directed. The wheels might cramp too suddenly or one horse shy away from an imaginary scare at the side of him. It took patience and skill to back up straight and fair, getting out safely with no mishaps.

Life is very much like those open doors in our old barn in Maine. I have learned to find it so, living among people, doing a job in my particular field. The text I have chosen to use is one beloved by many for a long time. It has meant a great deal to me. I found, some years ago, that I was becoming discouraged. Then this verse in Scripture took on added meaning.

The time came when I began to look more closely for those open doors of which my pastor had told us. After a session of rigorous trying, I sat thinking about my problems one day in a waiting room in a city. A religious magazine was lying at hand. The verse flashed at me again. There was a living message. God had set many open doors before me, and **no man** could shut them. I had renewed courage. I never gave up again. There were doors which a kind Father had opened to me and I began to understand their significance. I had powers within, which no other person possessed. God and I, alone, held the key to those. Only He and I could shut the doors.

Shortly after that a position was secured which, though very difficult, was kept for four years as I went along looking for more open doors. While in that position I met some of the finest friends I have ever known. There had been many good companions before, but, somehow, I had not fully tapped the riches that friendships can offer. Again I experienced opening doorways. Those friends introduced me to fresher ways of Christian living. They taught me what I had sometimes practiced without complete realization; that it may be better, often, to back one's way out when he has entered upon a course, than to keep stumbling on ahead trying to get through.

Doors may remain open **behind** us as well as in front of us. Men cannot shut them there any more than they can when they are ahead. Circumstances may seem to trap and close us in, but we can still make our way in return, with God's help, over a route we have taken. This may lead to repentance and restoration.

Perhaps you have had a good friend or neighbor whom you liked a great deal and got along with splendidly. Then, suddenly, something happened. The relationship was not so fine any more. One little misunderstanding had led to another, and before you knew it the comradeship was broken. Distrust entered in. Unkind things were said. Sights piled up like snowballs.

Jesus warned us about such circumstances. He told us always to turn the

other cheek, "to forget it," in today's words. His was just another way of saying that no man can shut an opening behind you. You have the free choice of still being and acting as a friend. True, you may be hurt, and gravely disturbed inside, but **you** can keep right on loving. It isn't easy, of course. No more so than backing out of a barn when a horse begins to show his contrariness and temper. You would like to whip the horse, strike him smartly, give way to your irritation and aroused feeling. But that doesn't do any good. Unfortunately, it makes matters much worse.

I shall tell you about a friend of mine whom I have not seen for a number of years. We taught where we found some very lovely people. I was heavily responsible for recommending that my friend accept the position. He came. Then some little divisions arose. I could not see that he was to blame. Rather, I felt that those to whom he was responsible were using him unfairly. There was no little bitterness on the part of many concerned before the matter ended in his withdrawal, against his wishes.

Some doors were opened to me and my indignation cooled. I began to see a trifle less darkly through the glass what Jesus was driving home when He said, "Love your enemies. Do good unto them who despitefully use you." But those friends of mine who had been treated so harshly, how did they now feel as the years swiftly passed? Suddenly we renewed old times. I learned an interesting thing. One who had wronged them so deeply had met with a great loss himself. Physically, he was succumbing to an ailment that was incurable. What had they done? A kindly letter of sympathy had been written.

To be sure, no reply has come, and may never come. But the door, as far as they are concerned, is open. They had decided to keep it open, and had quietly guided their way back through. That is the sweetness of a forgiving spirit, a living religion. My friend and I still live to enjoy God's blessings. What other doors stand just ajar that we may push open

PERSONAL EXPERIENCE

By Rev. Rex E. Zwiebel
Pastor, First Hebron and Hebron
Center Churches

(Given October 26, 1946, at his ordination to the Seventh Day Baptist ministry, and more recently requested for publication.)

I was born in Jackson Center, Ohio, October 31, 1915. The second child in a family of six, I had every reason to learn of sharing and fellowship. My parents were members of the Seventh Day Baptist Church. Mother's family was of pioneer Seventh Day Baptist stock, while father had been a confirmed Lutheran.



Rev. Rex E. Zwiebel

Until I was graduated from high school, going to Sabbath school and Church had always been the natural thing to do. Only once as a child did I express my desire to stay away. Father placed me on a chair to think it over. When the last bell rang, I could wait no longer and, with his permission, raced away as fast as I could for the little white Church, a few blocks from home.

Early in life I began attending Sabbath eve prayer meetings. Those meant as much to me as any part of the Church

wider, and leave in readiness that we may go back again? Or, on occasion, finding it better, with adventuresome spirit, pass bravely through?

program. There I listened to the prayers and testimonies given by earnest Christians, and began to feel the Spirit of God working in my soul. The culmination of my early experience came during a revival meeting in 1933, which was conducted by Rev. Erlo E. Sutton. I took my stand as a Christian and later was baptized in the Great Miami River by Rev. Verney A. Wilson.

Believing that a job was a job regardless of religious desires, I left home and the Sabbath, after being graduated from high school in 1933. For three years I worked wherever I could get a job, but not without the desire to come back to the regular worship on His holy day. For one and one-half years of that time I attended a Sunday Church and Sunday school regularly. There in a communion of six hundred people, very often I was the only youth present in the Sunday school class. This was a startling discovery, for at home there was a regular attendance of the full class, although the youth seldom numbered more than ten. This put a new light on the old home Church, and the longing to go back increased. I never was satisfied until, in the autumn of 1936, I started working back home again, and could worship on the Sabbath day. Then a peculiar happiness was mine.

As early as 1930, different people had suggested that I become a minister, but I knew that my ideals were much higher than my habits. Also a college education with my income was merely a dream. But God works in different ways from those that the practical mind might imagine.

Due to an initial offer of Mrs. G. H. Trainer, so recently with us in person, I found the proposition of a college and seminary education placed easily within my reach. I never hesitated, never doubted, and accepted with humble gratitude. The names of the persons—yes, the servants of God—who helped to make it possible for me to be here and to have this honor bestowed today, are too numerous to mention. I'll never be able to repay in money the aid received, but with God's help, my labors will be directed to the work that my sponsors believe has no equal. However, I wish to pay tribute

to a few who helped so much: to Mother who, although bearing the burden of an invalid husband, without complaint, has kept her family together, and has put all but one through high school, with the youngest about ready to enter (she kept the Sabbath holy all the while); to Dad, suffering a fatal illness that started when he was but forty years of age, who instilled in me ambitions of honest workmanship (he told me of heaven and hell, of reaping what is sown, of loving my neighbor); to Mrs. Pauline Groves Mitton, whose unselfish generosity shouts to the world that she has sensed the need of the Church and is willing to do something about it; to Rev. V. A. Wilson, my boyhood idol as a Christian gentleman; to Oris and Lydia Stutler, my parents by marriage, who gave much and are still giving; last to be mentioned but first in my heart of all earthly beings, my wife, Juanita, who since March 7, 1939, has been a faithful companion and a loving wife. Always she has shared the load, both physically and spiritually. The Lord has blessed our union with two children, who also have contributed to my living experience.

Always in my teaching and preaching I have stressed the idea of doing right because someone else is watching and imitating. When I think of the host of people who have influenced me, that rule becomes very real. The Church people at home, the townsfolk, schoolteachers, employers, college professors, seminary professors, and now the good folk in the Hebron communities—all have taught and are teaching me much.

Several religious jobs kept my enthusiasm running high. Beginning at Jackson Center as a Sabbath school teacher and superintendent, I went to Salem, W. Va., and somehow began teaching the first Sabbath of the school year. In college there, many rich experiences were mine as a member of the Y.M.C.A. chorus and a worker with the Y quartet. I'll never forget the gospel-team work with the Y, nor the enlightening Sabbath night meetings of the future ministers at the parsonage with Pastor James L. Skaggs. It was while I was in college that I had my first experience of leading a Sabbath

worship service. Several of us took turns supplying the community of Buckeye. My first pastoral call came from Jackson Center for the summer between my junior and senior years of college work.

Graduating from Salem College in 1942, we moved immediately to Alfred, N. Y. A rich experience soon began for me as teacher of the fifth grade and then the sixth grade, Sabbath school class. It was a blessed moment to watch the members of that class as they were baptized and became members of the Alfred Church. During my first year in the School of Theology, a request came from the Hebron Church for a supply pastor. It was agreed that the students take turns going to Hebron every two weeks. In September, 1943, the Hebron Church called me to become its pastor, serving from Alfred until I completed my seminary training, and then becoming resident pastor. This call was accepted, and never have I spent happier years than the last three. The first summer that we lived here, I volunteered my service to the Hebron Center Church, and for two years have served as the pastor of that Church.

Serving as chairman of the Young People's Committee of the Board of Christian Education has provided many blessings and presents a challenge for increasing activity.

Occupations, other than those religious, have been varied and many; but as I look back from here, I believe that many things happened then that taught me as much concerning life itself as any text that I ever studied. Truly, I believe that religion cannot be divorced from any honest occupation. It has been my experience that "all things work together for good to them that love God." Some suit our fancy, some do not.

When does the Lord call? How does the Lord call? I suspect that there are several people who might say that I have never received "the call." Although at times I have given way to evil demands, and although at times even now my sins bear heavily, I feel that I must serve God. My religious life has been mixed quite thoroughly with daily work and play, as well as with formal worship and outright,

(Continued on back page)

DR. BEN R. CRANDALL'S MISSION

Land, water, and air, thanks to an Infinite Creator and the skill of man, each provides marvelous ways of transportation. A recent trip to South America and the West Indies provides ample illustration of this fact. We went by train to Miami, Fla., along the Atlantic Seaboard. You should have seen us spill out at Miami. What a mess! — a mixture of passengers, relatives and friends, baggage, and taxi drivers.

To my great joy and relief, who should appear to extract me from this melee but my boyhood friend, John B. Cottrell, who showed me about Miami, took me to his attractive bungalow home, where I met his wife and enjoyed their delightful hospitality. The next morning he landed me, bag and baggage (limited to fifty-five pounds), at the Pan American Airport.

After going through all the red tape and purchasing life insurance in favor of my wife, I started for the fifty-two passenger, four engine Clipper. I got up next to the chain to go out on the strip to board the plane. Seeing a young man in uniform and inquiring as to the best seat for views, etc., I got it. He proved to be our steward—an interesting young fellow from Texas.

Soon after starting, a tall, fine looking chap came through the plane. He proved to be Captain Stevensen of our Clipper and was from California. (We discovered, among other things, that his grandmother had a millinery store in San Luis Obispo, Calif., from which my wife bought her hats.) I had visited both the high school and junior college from which he was graduated. Later we decided that the attractive Stewardess Stevensen, with whom he co-operated, must be his wife. . . .

An interesting mining engineer from Florida, who had offices in Georgetown, thought he might be of help to me during my stay in British Guiana.

Landing at 4 a.m., on Atkinson Field, it was daylight before we were through Customs. It was a real surprise to see fine U. S. boys in uniform, tearing around in "jeeps." It seems this was one of the important airports during World War II

with accommodations for over 10,000 men. Now it is the only airfield held by the U. S. in a South American country.

Two things are painfully impressed upon one on the twenty-nine-mile ride to Georgetown—the rough road and the poverty of the people. Georgetown, some six degrees north of the equator, is a city of 74,000, and is the capital and business center of British Guiana, a country about the size of the state of Utah with three-fifths of its population. A wide boulevard with central parking extends along Victoria Square with its monument of Queen Victoria, and passes in front of the government buildings. The ever-present canal occupies the center of this boulevard. . . .

It is no wonder that the Hollanders felt much at home when they took possession of this part of South America, for like their home country, much of this area is below sea level. When the Guianas were divided among Britain, France, and Holland, the Dutch left behind them two omnipresent reminders of their occupation—sturdy sea walls and unpronounceable names. To one who has spent many years in irrigated California, where ditches are used to bring water onto the land, it was some contrast to see innumerable ditches for taking the water off. At low tide these ditches are drained through heavy water gates, which are closed as the tide comes in.

Nearly three weeks was spent in British Guiana on the mission for which I was sent. A real boon to me was the discovery that the offices of the mining engineer plane friend were but three doors from my hotel. There I was kindly provided with a necessary typewriter and office space. His company exports diamonds and gold, which with bauxite are the principal mineral exports. British Guiana's principal agricultural exports are sugar, rice, coconuts, and coffee.

Everywhere, we were extended a hearty welcome and given the best they had throughout our visit. The Atlantic Ocean and the Essequibo River provided a large part of our water transportation.

Having finished our work here, we boarded a sixty-two passenger plane for Port of Spain, and flew across Venezuela and Colombia to Barranquilla, Col., stop-

ping at several places, the most interesting of which was Maiquetia, sea and airport of Caracas, the most beautiful airport of the entire trip. Strolling about the patio, I saw a man reading the New York Times. Upon inquiry, he told me he paid \$1.65 for his copy and the Sunday edition would be \$2.30. They say it is the most expensive place in the world. I took their word for it.

It seemed like home, when we landed at Kingston, Jamaica. The Randolphs, in charge of the work there, had done such a fine job, the work was well in hand and plans developing toward the opening of the school, so I made my stay short.

"WOULD THE WOMEN'S BOARD BE INTERESTED?"

Yes! The Women's Board is interested in helping spread the gospel of Jesus Christ in any and every land.

We are glad to present to the various women's societies of our denomination the following facts recently brought to our attention: "Our two Seventh Day Baptist Churches in New Zealand, with a total membership of about thirty, have sent Ronald Barrar, son of Pastor Barrar, to Nyasaland, Africa, as a missionary, and are supporting in part a native pastor who is working in South India, as well as spreading their mission work to Australia, where there is some interest shown in Seventh Day Baptist work."

"These two small Churches are sending £50 (about \$165.50) a year to Ronald, and the same to the native pastor in India, besides carrying on their home missionary work in New Zealand. Ronald is a young man, and from all indications he is doing a good work in Nyasaland. He is working under great handicaps. A car is greatly needed as the Churches are scattered over a large territory. He wishes to be married, but is denied that happiness as the conditions there make it necessary for him to supplement his small salary with outside work."

We were happy to read in "The Missionary Reporter," for February, of the work being done by our Missionary Society, and the appeal they made for "spe-

I cannot close without endeavoring to describe one outstanding view from the plane. We were flying high to get over the clouds for good visibility. Above us was a bright blue tropical sky; around us the most beautiful white, fleecy billows of clouds, some like great peaks through which we flew. We looked down just in time to see a large opening in the clouds and there, thousands of feet below us, was the deep blue of the Caribbean like a sea of glass! And still some say, "There is no God."

And now I'm devoutly thankful to be at home in my native land. — The Alfred Sun, Contributed.

cific groups or Churches among us" to take up other projects which they are not now supporting. One of the projects named was the help needed in this same African mission.

Now we women may not be able to purchase the needed car, but cannot our societies by a united effort supplement Ronald Barrar's salary by at least £50 this year, and when other needs in the way of Bibles and supplies are made known, make that a special goal?

Write your words of encouragement, Seventh Day Baptist women, and give now! "Give, and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom."

Let us make our "Helper's Fund" reach on into "the second mile," even to Ronald Barrar, Seventh Day Baptist Mission, Box 51, Blantyre, Nyasaland, Africa.

Mrs. Loyal F. Hurley.

Salem, W. Va.

ANNUAL MEETING AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY

Dr. Hanns Lilje, bishop of Hannover, Germany, will be the guest speaker at the 132nd Annual Meeting of the American Bible Society to be held at St. Bartholomew's Protestant Episcopal Church, Park Avenue and 51st Street, New York City, on Thursday, May 13. — ABS Release.

SETUP OF EVANGELISM SEMINARS BY PASTOR AND LAY WORKERS

By Rev. Elizabeth F. Randolph
Promoter of Evangelism

The designation, "Evangelism Seminars," has been chosen advisedly after due consideration of the subject matter, method of procedure, and purpose of the project under consideration. According to Webster, a seminar is a class of students engaged in original research or specialized study. Our original research is to discover what, when, where, why, and how God would have me proclaim the evangel, or gospel. The word "gospel" comes from the Anglo-Saxon words "god" God, and "spell" story, history. Hence gospel is God's story.

Really, Jesus, the Son of God in the flesh, was the first great evangelist to tell the beautiful story of God as Word, Deed, and Spirit, "that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

What, then, is a good setup for evangelism seminars by pastors and lay leaders? It is to bring together a group to search the word of God, especially the four gospels and the book of Acts, and seek the guidance of the Holy Spirit for an answer to the six great questions—who, what, why, when, where, how, of evangelism. The following Bible references will start you in your search:

Who? God, myself, and the world. Acts 1: 4-8; 2 Cor. 5: 19.

What? "Repent: for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." Matt. 4: 17:

Why? That all men may be saved. John 3: 16; 1 Tim. 2: 4; 2 Peter 3: 9.

When? 2 Cor. 6: 2, "Now is the day of salvation." Luke 22: 32, "when thou art converted." Luke 24: 49, when "endued with power from on high."

Where? At home, Mark 5: 19, "Into all the world," Mark 16: 15; Matt. 28: 19, 20.

How? Jesus says, "Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men." Matt. 4: 19.

Study Jesus' method for personal evangelism, healing, setting free from bondage, and public appeal. Note the amount of time that Jesus spent in prayer, how He quoted Scripture and

filled it full of meaning, and how He loved people and met every need. Paul has much to teach us of the value of correspondence.

"The word of God is quick, and powerful, and sharper than any twoedged sword." Heb. 4: 12. Yes, "Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." 2 Tim. 2: 15. As you search and share one with another in the seminar, you will continually find other passages shedding light on these questions. Therefore, whether you are having group study, regular family worship, or making intensive Bible study of various subjects of interest to you during the day, keep a Bible on your bedside table. Read it for fifteen minutes after you are in bed and ready for sleep; note the key verse or the one that has a special message for you, and memorize it. Put out your lights, and go to sleep, taking to God the particular individuals whom you would have drawn to Him. Let God tell you what He would have you do. As you awake in the morning, thank God for your rest and the fact that He has heard and answered your prayers. Again read your Bible for fifteen minutes with those six questions in mind—who? what? why? when? where? how? and listen to God as He helps you plan your day's work. Then go to work with joyous enthusiasm, confident that you are going to accomplish things which will honor and glorify God.

A PARABLE FOR CHURCH WOMEN

By Bettie S. Brittingham

One of my favorite stories for several years has been "The Palace Built by Music." The story is of a palace which was destroyed and the legend surrounding it stated that it would rise again when the perfect music was played. Musician after musician stood on the spot playing by himself, each one hoping that his music would be the means of restoring the palace. It was only as one musician played and others joined in the same music, yet each playing different parts, that the palace was rebuilt.

This becomes to me a parable for Church women, especially for Councils of Church Women. Playing our denominational instruments alone will not bring a Christian community; it is only as denominations co-operate and build a constructive program of action together that a Christian community results. . . .

Councils of Church Women are unhampered by the red tape of officialdom. As women from the various Churches in their communities come together determined that Christian principles shall be put into action by solving the tremendous problems they see about them, they realize women cannot take an apathetic attitude on such vital matters as the atomic bomb, the United Nations, famine, segre-

BOARD MEETING BRIEFS

Rev. Harley Sutton, executive secretary of the Seventh Day Baptist Board of Christian Education, was permitted to go on part-time service at his own request as a result of action taken at the board meeting at Alfred, April 18. The condition of his health makes it advisable for Mr. Sutton to confine himself to office work for the present.

Serious thought was given to the overdraft in the board's general expense account and the officers were authorized to borrow in the name of the board if necessary. Ben R. Crandall, treasurer, stated his belief, however, that it may be possible to meet obligations by June if expenditures are kept at a minimum. He said the support of the Denominational Budget, the board's chief source of revenue, seems to be increasing just now.

Miss R. Marion Carpenter presented her first report as chairman of the editorial board of the children's publication, "The New Sabbath Visitor." She outlined plans for coming issues, explaining that the April number was delayed by a misunderstanding, and pointed out that lone Sabbathkeepers, isolated families, and any others interested, may subscribe for single copies monthly at \$1. per year. The board approved the publication's new name, superseding "Seventh Day Baptist Boys and Girls."

gation, the breakdown in family life, or war or peace. They do not have to talk about unity or brotherhood, because they are going to experience it as they reach across all barriers of race and class—yes, and denominations—and create a new pattern of living that is in keeping with God's will. We are laywomen who are saying to each other, even as John Wesley said to his followers over a century and a half ago: "If your heart is as my heart, give me your hand," and together in each community we shall not only pray **Thy kingdom come**, but we shall put forth our united effort to make this come true in every area of life. — The Church Woman, March, 1948.

Young people's activities sponsored by the board were reviewed by Rev. Rex E. Zwiebel, chairman of the committee in charge of that work. He said the plans for the Pre-Conference Retreat are nearing completion, and discussed developments with respect to the mimeographed youth bulletin, "The Beacon."

Rev. Everett T. Harris reported that the program for the annual Ministers' Conference has been arranged and that the conference will be held at Jackson's Mill, W. Va., May 18 to 20.

Arrangements have been made for Mr. and Mrs. W. Allen Bond to do field work for the board this summer, and the itinerary is being worked out by Mr. Sutton to include Vacation School and young people's camp leadership.

Albert N. Rogers.

SABBATH SCHOOL ENROLLMENT IS INCREASING

Mr. Karl Stillman, Conference president, asked for reports from the Churches regarding any increase in Church membership, and also for the Sabbath schools. From thirty-one Sabbath schools, he received reports which cover the period of July 1, 1947, to March 1, 1948, and show 112 new pupils, or a 6.2 per cent gain.

It is quite remarkable that one Sabbath school had made a gain of 60 per cent

The per cent of gain in other schools was 45, 40, 33, 25, 23, 20, and 18. These figures are very encouraging.

April 1, 1948, is the beginning of the last half of the first year of the campaign sponsored by the Board of Christian Education to increase Sabbath school enrollment. Since Mr. Stillman has received reports from many of the Sabbath schools, the Board of Christian Education will wait until October 1 to ask for reports from the Sabbath schools, to show the gain made during the first year of this campaign.

H. S.

SABBATH SCHOOL NEWS

Alfred, N. Y.

"I am never going to miss Sabbath school," said one of the Alfred primary girls as she carried home a flower from the bouquet from the worship center. Four children were given flowers for perfect attendance for the quarter. The average attendance for the primary department was forty-three for this particular quarter. We have fifty children enrolled, and nine teachers and officers.

Mrs. Perry Jacob, superintendent, has given us many special treats. We have had colored slides showing some of the wonders of God's earth, filmstrips in print and in color, teaching us songs such as "This Is My Father's World" and "For the Beauty of the Earth." Mrs. Jacob trained a primary choir to sing at the Easter service. They were accompanied by two violins played by primary girls. The worship center was a new one made by Mrs. Jacob and her sister, Mrs. Reid, and Mrs. Nease, the Sunday school superintendent of the University Church. We have two windows in the front of our room with a space between. The windows were colored with "pliofilm," through which the light shines softly. Over this at the top and sides was constructed an imitation frame of black construction paper. The top was cut out to simulate a leaded glass window with a circular design at the top. The space between the windows was covered with another piece of pliofilm painted with a picture of a springtime landscape.

There were over one hundred people who enjoyed the special Easter service and the new worship center.

We are continuing to sponsor a little Dutch boy, Hans Beck. Food and clothing packages, as well as money, have been sent through the "Save a Child Federation." We have had several letters from Hans' parents telling us how the clothing, toys, and food were used and shared, and appreciated.

Little Genesee, N. Y.

There may be those who would work to keep the Bible out of the school, but it cannot be kept out of the Church, out of the home, or taken away from an individual.

Each week during the opening exercises the lesson story is told by the use of the flannelgraph. These pictures help the story to live in 1948. We are never too young to learn, nor too old to profit by these truths.

The enrollment of our school is eighty-six. This does not include the cradle roll or home department. Since the first of October, fifteen new pupils have been added to our Sabbath school.

We have these two things constantly in mind: What can we do to make our Sabbath school better, and how can we increase the attendance? We have made progress in both directions. The awarding of perfect attendance pins has helped to increase the attendance. The following received perfect attendance pins on April 3: Six months' pins were awarded to Dale Bentley, Adelbert Wardner, and Roxanna Wardner; three months' pins were awarded to Ronnie Bond, Andrea Reynolds, Marceia Reynolds, and Marilyn Reynolds.

The motto for the school and for the individual is: "We Grow as We Go."

—"The Belfry."

Battle Creek, Mich.

With the \$25 voted to be used for additional material for the Sabbath school library, this department is continuing to grow, and it is hoped that the teachers, and anyone else interested, will continue to make use of the reference books.



OUR CHILDREN'S LETTER EXCHANGE

Address: Mizpah S. Greene
Andover, N. Y.

Dear Mrs. Greene:

I have been listening to one of your stories.

It snowed on Easter and it is snowing today.

I am nine years old and will be ten on the eleventh of April.

It is hard to believe that Thursday we went without sweaters, when Friday and today we have to wear snow pants.

Olyce Mitchell.

Alfred, N. Y.

Our Sabbath school is really trying something different by substituting some denominational studies in place of the International Lessons for the month of May. These lessons will be used through all departments of the Sabbath school. The teachers have had two meetings thus far in preparation. The first study will be "The Sabbath." Was the Decalogue ended when Christ was crucified, so that we are no longer under law but under grace? What does the New Testament say about the first day of the week? When and how was Sunday substituted for the Sabbath?

Every Sabbath school teacher realizes how next to impossible it is to give religious training to his pupils in one short session each week. With the hope of making the learning more effective, Mrs. Thorngate, the junior teacher, is planning to counsel with the parents in a series of meetings during the first twenty minutes of the Sabbath school hour one Sabbath each month.

It was voted to commend the home department superintendent for the splendid work he is doing, and for mailing the "Bible study sheets" with the Church bulletins. The school will assume half of the cost of mailing.

It was voted to continue contributing \$10 per month for the Putnam County mission work.

H. S.

Dear Olyce:

It was nice to receive your letter and to know that I have another Recorder girl to add to my list. Please do write often.

We change our clothing and our doings as the weather changes from day to day, as we did last week. Yesterday the temperature soared to nearly 80 degrees and the streets were full of young mothers wheeling their darling babies, many of them going by my window. It is so chilly this morning, and threatens rain, so that I have seen but one baby. Yesterday the robin in my lilac bush seemed to say by his cheery chirp, "It's warm! It's warm!" Today he seems to say, "It's going to rain! It's going to rain!"

The picture on your card is cute and I wish I could put it in the Recorder along with your letter.

Your Christian friend,
Mizpah S. Greene.

Dear Mrs. Greene:

I am six years old and in the first grade.

Last summer we saw Grandpa and Grandma Randolph in West Virginia and Uncle Trevah Sutton in Pennsylvania. This summer we want to see Grandpa and Grandma Sutton in Colorado.

I think I will be a preacher when I grow up.

I saw a letter from my great-grandfather in the Sabbath Recorder. I had my picture taken with him when he was ninety years old.

Lynn Randolph.

Milton, Wis.

Dear Lynn:

What do you think? We had a nice call from your Uncle Trevah Sutton and his good wife this very morning, and went out to see dear little Judy asleep in the car. She had a pretty curl almost in the middle of her forehead but she looked as though she were "very, very good" all of the time.

I hope you will be a preacher when you grow up. We have had, and still have, some very Christlike preachers by the name of Randolph, and God grant that you may be one, too.

Your Christian friend,
Mizpah S. Greene.

Dear Mrs. Greene:

Monday we went shopping for last-minute gifts. Tuesday we went to the Kursaal for the children's afternoon program. It was the first of its kind to be tried out in Interlaken and was much like our civic centers where they sell you a couple of dollars' worth of cake, ice cream, and chances on prizes, and give you about a dime's worth of candy. The room in which the affair was held was one of the most beautifully decorated auditoriums in the Kursaal. I thought the room was too gorgeous for children to "rough-house" in, but the Swiss children seemed to get along all right.

July 31—We were waiting for a message from Uncle Joe who finally got word through from Germany for us to leave Interlaken the next day, and meet him in Geneva.

August 1—We left Interlaken at 11 a.m. and changed trains at Bern at about 1:30 for Geneva. Thank goodness the motorboat races would be over. During our previous stay there you will remember the motorboats droned and roared constantly from 5 a.m. to 9 p.m. That is why we enjoyed the peace and quiet at Interlaken so much.

Venita Vincent.
Salem, W. Va.

IN MEMORIAM

At the March meeting of the Denver Seventh Day Baptist Ladies' Aid, it was voted that an "In Memoriam" be written for our dear friend and fellow worker, Mrs. Jessie Crosby, who left us on February 27. For many years she has given unselfish and efficient service in the Denver Church, and we are missing her counsel. We are aware as never before that the saintly influence of a godly woman spreads its sweet influence in ever widening circles.

Now her pain is gone. Only the sorrow remains with us
Who daily drank of her strength and faith
while she was yet among us.
Peace at last, and surcease
From the endless struggles life brings to the
strong and weak.
Thy strength and faith were with her, God;
grant
That we, both strong and weak, may carry on in
Strength, and faith, and prayer.

M. S. J.

Obituaries

Crosby. — Jessie A., daughter of Lot and Azenith Beebe, was born December 26, 1888, and departed this life February 27, 1948, at Wheatridge, Colo.

On December 29, 1908, she was married to Wells Crosby. To this union were born three children. She was a member of the Denver Seventh Day Baptist Church and of the Maple Grove Grange. Mrs. Crosby was well loved and highly respected by her many friends and associates.

Surviving her are two children, Ada (Mrs. Elno Davis) of Wheatridge, Colo., and Kenneth Crosby of Boulder, Colo.; a sister, Mrs. Nettie Grace of St. Peter, Minn.; and two brothers, Herman Beebe of San Jose, Calif., and Herbert Beebe of Manchester, Wash. Her husband, Wells, and one daughter, Elsie, preceded her in death.

The funeral services were conducted by Rev. Francis D. Saunders in the Drawing Room Chapel of Moore Mortuary, Denver, March 1, 1948. The concluding services were at Fairmount Cemetery. F. D. S.

Gould. — Martha Speaker was born at Macopin, N. J., December 11, 1861, and died at her home in Pierre, S. D., March 3, 1948.

She was married to Richard R. Gould in 1884. They moved to Wisconsin in 1904, and to Quinn, S. D., in 1911, where they homesteaded on a ranch. Mr. and Mrs. Gould became converts to the Sabbath through their study of the Bible, and united with the Seventh Day Baptist Church of North Loup in 1941, and were very faithful and devoted members to their new faith. Pastor and Mrs. Ehret have made two trips to Pierre to visit these people. They moved into Pierre in 1937.

Surviving besides her husband are five daughters: Mrs. J. W. Smyth and Miss Almeda Gould of Dixon, Ill., Mrs. Arch Simcox and Mrs. Birdella Simcox of Pierre, S. D., Mrs. L. C. Clamer, Junction City, Ore., and a son, Stanley Gould, Pierre, S. D.; eighteen grandchildren and fifteen great-grandchildren. She was a grand person, a good mother, and her influence was always for good for everyone concerned.

Funeral services were conducted from the Weddas Chapel by Rev. C. A. Linquist, and burial was in the Riverside Cemetery.

A. C. E.

Welch. — Maud Elsie, daughter of Claud E. and Cora Crandall Dresser, was born February 15, 1896, near West Edmeston, N. Y., and died March 16, 1948.

She was married to Newell T. Welch on June 30, 1920, who was called to rest in 1943. She was a faithful member of the West Edmeston Seventh Day Baptist Church and an earnest worker in the Ladies' Aid, as long as her health permitted.

She is survived by her father and mother, one sister, Mrs. Adelbert Moor of West Ed-

The Sabbath Recorder

meston, and one brother, Ross C. Dresser of Frankfort Center, N. Y., three nieces, and one nephew.

Funeral services were conducted in the Worden Funeral Home in Leonardsville at 2 p.m., March 19, by Rev. Emmett H. Bottoms, a former pastor, assisted by Rev. Mr. Adriance of Scotia, a cousin of the family. Burial was in the West Edmeston Cemetery. E. H. B.

Mattison. — Bertha, wife of Byron P. Mattison, passed away at the Rutledge Home, Chipewewa Falls, Wis., April 5, 1948. She was born in Pine Creek, Ill., December 22, 1856.

For many years she taught school in Chipewewa County. In March, 1905, she and Mr. Mattison were married, and they resided on a farm in the town of Sampson. She was a devout member of the Episcopal Church. She taught classes in Sunday school for about seven years, and helped organize Sunday schools in different parts of the state. Mr. and Mrs. Mattison entered the Rutledge Home for the Aged on April 20, 1927, where they have since lived.

She is survived by her husband and several nephews. Two sons by a former marriage preceded her in death.

Services were conducted at the Hogle Funeral Home, at 2:30 p.m., April 8, 1948, with Rev. Ronald Ortmyer officiating. Interment was made in Forest Hill Cemetery. B. P. M.

Hull. — Lester Theodore, was born in Chicago, Ill., May 23, 1888, the son of the late Charles B. and Margaret Davis Hull. He died in Chicago, February 9, 1948.

He was baptized in the Seventh Day Baptist Church at an early age. He later transferred his membership to the Milton, Wis., Church, when he was attending Milton Academy and College. For several summers he was a member of the Milton Evangelistic Quartet. He received a Ph.B. from the University of Chicago. He was gifted in the fine arts, but developed painting as his main interest. (He was cited in "Who's Who in Art.") Embracing teaching as a profession, he obtained positions at Hilo and Honolulu in the Hawaiian Islands, and at the Tsing Hua College in Peiping, China. Later he was instructor at the Fort Wayne, Ind., Art School, and director of the Mulvane Art Museum at Washburn College, Topeka, Kan. Besides his mother, surviving are a brother Ernest and sisters: Margaret (Mrs. Clifford) Gessler of California, Nellie of Chicago, and Phebe (Mrs. L. R.) Polan of Alfred, N. Y. N. H.

Maxson. — Frances Addie Lawton was born at Albion, Wis., July 26, 1862, and passed away in Denver, Colo., March 5, 1948. She was the daughter of Loyal Hiram and Mary Victoria Howe Lawton.

At the age of four years she came with her parents to Nebraska. The mother soon died and it was necessary for the family to return to Wisconsin. But later she came back to Nebraska, which has since been her home.

On March 29, 1894, she was married to William Henry Maxson, who passed away Octo-

ber 14, 1918. She united with the North Loup Seventh Day Baptist Church in 1894, and remained a faithful member until her death. She lived alone in her home until last fall, when she went to Craig, Colo., to live with a niece for the winter. On March 5 she fell and broke her hip. She was taken to the hospital in Denver, where she died three days later. She leaves to mourn her loss a half brother, Rufus Lawton of Craig, Colo., twelve nieces and nephews, and a host of relatives and friends.

Funeral services were conducted in her Church at North Loup, Neb., by her pastor, and she was laid to rest in the Hillside Cemetery. A. C. E.

PERSONAL EXPERIENCE

(Continued from page 304)

dedicated Christian service. To help my neighbor gives me the greatest of pleasure. To say something that will ease the aching heart, to cause a smile to replace a frown, to bring forth the truth and see its results as it lifts a burden from the weary soul—that is my uttermost desire.

Life thus far has been sweet, and some work has been done. If any good has been accomplished, all credit and honor are due to God's guiding love and mercy, and by the same grace do I desire to be His humble servant now and forever.

WATERFORD, CONNECTICUT

A good place to live, work, and worship God. Overlooking Long Island Sound, 6 miles from the city of New London. Seventh Day Baptist Church, Ronald Hargis, pastor (beginning June 1). If you are considering a change of residence for your family or your business, may we suggest Waterford? New business enterprises invited. City, village, or country locations. For information write Morton R. Swinney, Niantic, Conn.

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PRAYER

I do not thank Thee, Lord, that I have bread to eat while others starve;

Nor yet for work to do while empty hands solicit Heaven;

Nor for a body strong while other bodies flatten beds of pain.

No, not for these do I give thanks.

But I am grateful, Lord, because my meager loaf I may divide;

And that my busy hands may move to meet another's need;

Because my doubled strength I may expend to steady one who faints.

Yes, for all these do I give thanks.

—JANIE ALFORD (in "The Window of YWA").
—Courtesy of Church World Service