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

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

Men are what their mothers make them.—Emerson.

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

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

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

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

The celebration of a centennial anniversary is always of great interest, either on the few occasions when it occurs in the life of an individual or when it happens to an organization or institution, or, as in this case, in the career of some magazine or religious journal. As our readers are doubtless aware, the Record is an organ of the Church, and a number suitable to the occasion will be issued under date of June 12. It will be more than twice the usual size and will contain matters of both general and historical interest, together with a large number of letters of congratulation and commendation from contemporary editors and others, interesting and noted people.Copies of this issue will be well worth preserving by individuals and, if ordered at once, at the price of ten cents per copy. Send in your orders to the Sabbath Recorder immediately if you wish extra copies for preservation or distribution.

A.C.P. MEETING IN CHICAGO

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

There are some 175 religious papers or their workers affiliated with the organization. At the 1944 meeting a number of people were in attendance for the first time. It is an occasion for fraternal fellowship, exchange of ideas, discussion of more or less common problems, and inspiring addresses with opportunity to ask questions or make suggestions. There are no big wins in the fraternity. The man whose paper distribution is numbered by hundreds is listened to as much as the man whose circulation is anything worth while to say—as the one whose journal has a circulation of hundreds of thousands. Men who have been meeting together for years greet each other by their given names—John, Otto, Leland, Clarence, and Charles.

At this session we missed Dan Poling, Caroll Wright, Roy Gram, and the representative of Watchman-Examiner. For the first time in twenty-six years the American Association of the Christian Advocate, Editor Freeman of the Western Recorder, and J. R. Ferren, publicity relations man of the Seventh Day Adventists. For years we have read, disagreed with, and been stimulated and challenged by, the Christian Century. But to meet its great editor, Charles Clayton Morrison, hear his eloquent addresses, and visit with him on some of the great fundamentals of faith, the eternal lover and servant of Jesus Christ. No acrimonious debate is indulged, though men of vastly different faith are free to give expression to their opinions and convictions. It is not the purpose here to report on particulars of this meeting. Later, we hope to release some of the things said that are of interest and value to the general reader.

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

Chicago and Stevens

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

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

The Stevens, when turned back a year ago by the government, was stripped of its furnishings, and much difficulty has been found in rehabilitation. Even now, it is not able to make of some of its units.

For a small group meeting like the A.C.P., it is not too good. Every courtesy was extended and the service above reproach, but when the men left the conference rooms they were completely swallowed up in the crowd. Following the A.C.P., the editor visited Chicago Service Men's Center No. 2, on the famous Michigan Boulevard. The building is not unlike one of the large hotel lobbies, where people fifty years ago were thrilled by Ben Hur's chariot race on the great stage—and where if the writer's memory serves him right, Dwight L. Moody held forth in a great revival meeting during the first World's Fair.

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

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

"Last week you ate 50,880 meat, cheese, and egg sandwiches, 43,944 hot dogs, with 235 pounds of potatoes on the side. For dessert we cut 15,800 pieces of cake, served 3,500 donuts, 1,400 sweet rolls, 225 coffee cakes, and 736 lbs. of cookies. You drank 16 cups of coffee. candy totaled 1,259 lbs. You'll always find candy on the counters."

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

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

Correspondence should be addressed to Rev. William L. Burdick, Schuyler, R.I.

Chapel and money orders should be drawn in the order of Karl G. Stillman, Wessington, S.D.

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

Students of the Word say of the clause, "fulness of the time." The "new dispensation . . . came at the fittest time in the world's history." Schaff says, "The way for Christianity was prepared by the Jewish religion by Grecian culture; by Roman conquest; by the vainly attempted amalgamation of Jewish and heathen thought; by the exposed in-
potence of natural civilization, philosophy, art, political power; by the decay of old religions; by the universal distraction and hopeless mixing of the meaning of souls after the unknown God.

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

True, "at the fittest time in the world's history."

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

Many years ago I quoted in a sermon the words of a great preacher in answer to the charge that the Sermon on the Mount was not practical, and the speaker declared that the time was coming when it would be seen that the teachings of the Saviour would accept the opportunity there will be a great turning to the Lord and acceptance of his way of living. They believed there was indication of the insufficiency of other religions. "When C. K. Lee was asked why we should send Christianity to China, this great Chinese leader said: There are three reasons. First of all, Confucius was a teacher and Christ is a Savior. China needs a Savior. China needs a living Savior. In the third place, Confucius is some day going to stand before Christ to be judged by him, China needs to know Christ as Savior before she meets him as judge.

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

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

And see which one can finish best. God's plan remains to be tried. G. K. Chesterton, a Roman Catholic layman, has said, "Christianity has not been tried. It remains to be tried."

Dare anyone claim that the course pursued in the mission work is practical? We do see that "Wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat." But there is little chance just now for us to enlarge our missionary work in China and Germany and some other lands. However, there is much that we can do; we must give greater attention and support to the work in our own land.

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

Individuals and denominationally we need power from on high, and God is as willing to endue us with this power as he was to fit his early church for propaating the gospel. May we all be as fit as this.

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

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

I know that there are many spirit-filled and worthy members in our churches, men and women who are regular in attendance and performance of the services of the church, but there are others in most, or all, of the churches who are not regular in attendance and show little interest in Christian work. This is too common in Protestant churches.

A devotional reading in the Christian Herald says: "The great Bible expositor, George Adam Smith, was once present when a group of clergymen were discussing ways and means of interesting the non-church-going class of people greater attention. Several speakers who bewailed the indifference and apathy of the multitude, said,'Our greatest problem is not the non-church-going mass, but the non-church-going church.' That remark

Religious Work

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

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

Then when at last the stint was done,
With the distaff hith in air
The first to finish would swing and wave
This way so and that way so care."

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

For they're Lillie and Adeline
Who bewailed the indifference and apathy
In the seventh and eighth decades of the nineteenth century
For they're Lillie and Adeline
Who bewailed the indifference and apathy
In the seventh and eighth decades of the nineteenth century

But they try to do their daily stint
Mrs. Lillian Irish of DeRuyter and
And pray the distaff of life will
Verona you'll find,

Golden Text-2 Corinthians 8: 9.

SABBATH SCHOOL LESSON

For May 27, 1944
Paul Encourages His Readers to Give

2 Corinthians 4: 1-5; 21.

But they try to do their daily stint
Mrs. Lillian Irish of DeRuyter and
And pray the distaff of life will
Verona you'll find,

Golden Text-2 Corinthians 8: 9.
Suddenlly Linda heard her father ask, "Getting tired, Bea? We mustn't wear you out with too much excitement." "Tired? Indeed, I'm not!" came Mother's emphatic reply. "I feel wonderful. Please go on with the story."

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

Most important of all the reasons—Mother was well again—and Doctor Harrison had given her permission to take over the household duties, since the children had promised to help her in every way they could. This left Linda free to accept a position outside. Linda wasn't at all sure what kind of position it would be. She had taken a secretarial course in college; there was a position awaiting someone in an office a short distance down the street, but the salary would be small compared to what she had been offered at a plant in a nearby town.

There she would be allowed free meals, but in her case, the wage was low. She would be obliged to work every day except Sunday; she felt that she couldn't do that. If she had thought it might be fun, but not when the wind blows.

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

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

That was several hours ago. Now from the living room came the sound of Father's voice reading. It wasn't often that he read aloud in the home; the papers and newsprint sprawled on the floor of the fireplace. It wasn't often that he had time to do this, so the reading was doubly appreciated by Ted and Phyllis, who had given up a long anticipated trip to a special movie, seemed quite contented at home tonight.
learned the thought of Jesus and the better way of living.

The thought arises: what can we do? Be as helpful and kind to your mother as you can. You may not be able to do so much.

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


RECREATION

By Rev. Paul L. Maxson

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

It has often been said that even though you cannot participate in a sport, you can be one. Incidentally, there are a few who remember Sammy Kister at Trumansburg College. In giving us a lecture one day he said, "How many of you know how a booby is made in razzing the opponent? He went on to tell us that it is the amount of air that passes through one's head. Thus, those who can boo the loudest have the emptiest heads. In other words, if the other side outclasses and outplays you, take it like a man.

In my estimation the true qualities come out when people play together. Those on the other side is losing and they still continue to play a clean game.

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

What are some sports suitable for camp? Hiking is ideal. We had some fine nature study hikes at Lewis Camp in 1942. Soft ball is ideal for mixed groups. Tennis is an excellent game; if there is not enough room, substitute a badminton game. Swimming puts into play all muscles of the body and not that other form of sport. I feel that every person should be taught the art of swimming and floating.

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

For a variety of games for smaller boys and girls that attend Vacation Church School, I would suggest "Black Man," "Black Man's Buff," "Squirrels and Trees," "Standing and Running Dodge Ball," and "Spud." For rainy days there are numerous games such as "Hunt the Ring," "Cat and Rat," and "Talk Fest" which are always good. Where I have mentioned two or three games or sports you can think of dozens. Numerous other games for indoors as well as outdoors can be found in the Fun Encyclopedia.

Berlin, N. Y.

PEACE SABBATH, MAY 27, 1946

By Dean Alva J. C. Bond

A committee of the Board of Directors of the Women's Society of the General Conference has made a suggestion for opening our program for peace which seems to be worthy of our earnest consideration. They presented their proposition to me, I suppose, because the other side outclasses and outplays you, take it like a man. Their side is losing and they still continue to play a clean game.

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

What are some sports suitable for camp? Hiking is ideal. We had some fine nature job. Many, of course, have made no response.

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

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

The experience of the American people following the other World War should warn us of the possibility of the making of the peace, even when the war has been won. They should let the government know that they favor international co-operation in the building of a new world order. To this end it is imperative that the people let themselves be heard by those who are responsible for our participation in the postwar world order. The appropriate and practical way to close the present period of study would be to send letters, individually or in groups, to the President, to the Secretary of State, or to the chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate, or to all three, urging that our country insist upon, and participate in, some kind of effective organization for world government. Since America cannot hold aloof when war is breaking out, we must not withdraw from world affairs when peace is being made. We have already proved, through the sacrifice of our boys, to build a world in which such slaughter cannot occur again.

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

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

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

DEAR MRS. GREEVE:

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

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

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

Before Easter, Mother was putting a box of candy away so Frank wouldn't get it. He saw her putting it away and asked what it was. Mother said, "Oh, it was nothing for 'E-A-S-T-E-R.'" He said, "Let me see the T-E-R.'"

At schooI our music teacher, Mrs. Jespoe, is having an operetta. Paul is going to be Little Black Sambo. I am taking clarinet lessons from Mrs. Jepson.

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

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

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

Sincerely yours,

HELEN RUTH GREEN
Trumansburg, N. Y.

DEAR HELEN RUTH:

I was ever so glad to receive your interesting letter, even though I have been so long in getting it into the Recorder. You see,
I put the letters in according to the order in which they reach a hand; quite a number of letters were dated ahead of yours. Today I am all caught up for I have only one other Recorder to answer. I hope more letters will reach me this week, don’t you?

Our boy, too, used to say no when he meant buy, but knew that he meant yes; for yes he said, “No?” and for no he said “No.”

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

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

Your true friend,

Mizpah S. Greene.

Dearest Bonnie:

North Loup, Neb.

Dear Bonnie:

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

Very truly your friend,

Mizpah S. Greene.

---

**Sunday night was the monthly church social.**

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

Your Christian friend,

Bonnie Babcock.

---

**DENOMINATIONAL BUDGET**

**Statement of Treasurer, April 30, 1944**

**Total for 10 months**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Receipts</th>
<th>April</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Adams Center</td>
<td>$308.11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Albion</td>
<td>185.18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alfred, First</td>
<td>1,580.69</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alfred, Second</td>
<td>138.30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Andover</td>
<td>10.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Associations and groups</td>
<td>187.74</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Battle Creek</td>
<td>61.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beaver</td>
<td>614.91</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Boulder</td>
<td>2,438.28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brookfield, First</td>
<td>145.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brookfield, Second</td>
<td>132.99</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chicago</td>
<td>158.74</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Daytona Beach</td>
<td>29.80</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Denver</td>
<td>249.10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Des Moines</td>
<td>204.95</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Detroit</td>
<td>366.40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Des Moines</td>
<td>1.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dodge</td>
<td>69.60</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Davis Center</td>
<td>1.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fortuna</td>
<td>205.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fouke</td>
<td>196.55</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fremont</td>
<td>10.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gentry</td>
<td>25.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hammond</td>
<td>33.75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Healdsburg - Ukiah</td>
<td>49.12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hebron, First</td>
<td>49.12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hopkinton, First</td>
<td>103.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hopkinton, Second</td>
<td>351.47</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Independence</td>
<td>1.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Insect</td>
<td>351.47</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Individuals</td>
<td>80.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Iris</td>
<td>875.36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Irving</td>
<td>30.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jackson Center</td>
<td>30.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Little Genese</td>
<td>26.47</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Little Prairie</td>
<td>15.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Los Angeles, California</td>
<td>105.85</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Los Angeles, Christ's</td>
<td>12.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lovet</td>
<td>12.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lovet Creek</td>
<td>30.23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mathis</td>
<td>70.20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Middle Island</td>
<td>66.02</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Milford</td>
<td>17.33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Milton Junction</td>
<td>532.87</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>New Auburn</td>
<td>357.96</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Disbursements**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Budget</th>
<th>Special</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Missionary Society</td>
<td>$530.66</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Total for all</td>
<td>26.71</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1943</td>
<td>1944</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>All property receipts for April</td>
<td>1,336.62</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>S. D. B. Building</td>
<td>318.88</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Women's Board</td>
<td>102.83</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miscellaneous</td>
<td>336.40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Membership</td>
<td>139.23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Historical Society</td>
<td>69.19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>General Conference</td>
<td>113.36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Children's Relief and Reconstruction</td>
<td>35.30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Board of Christian Education</td>
<td>228.80</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Total receipts for April</td>
<td>1,336.62</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Total disbursements for April</td>
<td>1,735.11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Total receipts for April</td>
<td>3,459.52</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Total disbursements for April</td>
<td>4,707.08</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Total receipts for 10 months</td>
<td>19,080.30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Total disbursements for 10 months</td>
<td>3,871.54</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Total receipts for 10 months</td>
<td>19,039.28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Total disbursements for 10 months</td>
<td>1,956.57</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Post War Planning**

By D. Alva Crandle.

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

In the first place, I feel that the churches must take upon themselves a much larger share of community leadership than at present, considering themselves responsible for and to the entire community, and not merely their own membership. In one-church communities this responsibility cannot be shared; in others the various churches must work out a plan of effective cooperation for community service. If the world is even as good after the war as before, the churches must lose the way. To me this is certainly a mere postwar problem, but a very vital one at the present moment and especially so in places where army and naval camps and bases. Our denomination is so much like a large family that we can very well be pioneers in this work.

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

While there will undoubtedly be a large place for all, business talents, if one has them and will add the necessary technical training in some line, it is eminently more valuable than professional talents. Think of the outstanding contribution to even our present-day denominational work made by George W. Potter, and Charles C. Potter, and many others of a former generation, and of the vacuum we would have without our business men now active.

Thinking about our defunct churches suggests a very close connection between live Seventh Day Baptist denominations, including farms, and live Seventh Day Baptist churches; also between the passing of business into other hands and the decay of our churches.

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

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

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

In a short time it was dark enough so that I had got to go. I started out for the light, walking for a good hour and a half, never losing sight of the house, but darkness overtook me and I was completely lost. After thinking and waiting for a while, I decided that I would be as close to the house by standing still as I would if I tried to find my way in the semi-darkness.

When I finally reached the light it was a pilot house on the edge of a large lake five miles west of where I was staying. I was able to see that it was the Mitchell’s home. They directed me to a road and I started out on the road, but found that there were crags and crevices diligently until he finds the sheep that was lost and brings it safely home? And when he had found it, he lays it on his shoulders, rejoicing. And when he cometh home, he calleth together his friends and neighbors, saying, Rejoice with me; for I have found my sheep which was lost.”

Let us do a little supposing this morning. Suppose Christ had come to call only the righteous. The fathers and the neighbors would have said, ‘Why do you call a sinner to repent? Oh, we do not want to seek as diligently for a poor sinner soul that may be near our neighbor, or friend who lives just across or down the street from us.’

The parable of the lost coin stresses the significance of constantly searching until that piece is found. Ought we not to seek as other wise, or have we not heard as Christ says, ‘If perhaps that woman having ten pieces of silver, if she lose one piece, doth not light a candle, and sweep the house, and seek diligently till she find it? If she find that piece, she is overjoyed, and calls her friends and neighbors together, saying, Rejoice with me; for I have found the piece which I had lost. Likewise, I say unto you, there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth. If a dead child is lost, the entire community will turn out to hunt until he is found. Or as far as that goes, if any person is lost, almost immediately the same will be done out by the hundreds searching diligently until the lost person is found. Then there is great rejoicing.

I can think of many incidents of people being lost. Just last summer when I was down at camp in Rhode Island there was an elderly woman who went out to pick some berries in a nearby swamp. She failed to return at nightfall, nor had she returned the next morning. A searching party was formed and set out to see how I wish that I could get you young people, ladies, to come to me and understand what I am trying to tell you today. It is just this. The parental reign holds us in the chains of bondage. They can make decisions at the right time—the decisions that will help us over the rough and stormy path of life. It is very true that some things are not available to see in our younger days. We feel the impact of it as we grow older and rear a family of our own. Then we can see how wise it was to return to the house by standing still as I would if I tried to find my way in the semi-darkness.

As the story goes, Lewis and me Mitchell. It took almost two hours and a half to return and the road, but I was glad to get back and get warm and dry again, even if I did have to go out on my own and find Mitchell’s clothes that fit me about three sizes too large.

In the case of the woman being found in Rhode Island there was great rejoicing. And when I returned to camp from being lost in the swamps of southeast Arkansas, I was very glad.

If there is great joy over the lost being found when we are lost from our friends, there is much greater joy in heaven when one sinner repenteth and is returned unto the ways of righteousness.

Then there is the parable of the lost son. As long as the guilty sinner was away from his father’s house, the father was always watching and waiting for his return. When the father saw the prodigal he washed his feet. There came to his father and said, “Father, give me the portion of goods that fall to me.” He was anxious that he should receive his inheritance now, before his father’s death and then have the will read and take his inheritance as it was given. The father then wasted his share and he wanted it right now.

The father divided his living, giving unto the younger his portion. The story continues by telling that the arrogant young man started out on his own. Perhaps like many young men who say that they are so sick and tired of that old house, and that old place, and that old regime. They would like to do the things that are right and character building for God and righteousness.

This young man thought to himself, in effect, ‘I wish I could do as I please, go where I want to go, and stay as long as I want, without feeling, when I come in after a petting party, feel good about it instead of doing many other things contrary to my parents wishes, that my mother has stayed up waiting for me, and gone to the edge of a large lake. When they found her she was sitting down at the foot of a large rock. She had almost exhausted herself from walking so long trying to find her way out of the swamp, and from hunger and exposure, for it had been raining almost half of the time.

Anyone who lives in Rhode Island or has been there visiting knows how hard it is to find its way in there; it comes down almost in torrents.

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

In a short time it was dark enough so that I had got to go. I started out for the light, walking for a good hour and a half, never losing sight of the light, as I walked through the swamps of southeast Arkansas, I was very glad.

If there is great joy over the lost being found when we are lost from our friends, there is much greater joy in heaven when one sinner repenteth and is returned unto the ways of righteousness.

Then there is the parable of the lost son. As long as the guilty sinner was away from his father’s house, the father was always watching and waiting for his return. When the father saw the prodigal he washed his feet. They came to his father and said, “Father, give me the portion of goods that fall to me.” He was anxious that he should receive his inheritance now, before his father’s death and then have the will read and take his inheritance as it was given. The father then wasted his share and he wanted it right now.

The father divided his living, giving unto the younger his portion. The story continues by telling that the arrogant young man started out on his own. Perhaps like many young men who say that they are so sick and tired of that old house, and that old place, and that old regime. They would like to do the things that are right and character building for God and righteousness.

This young man thought to himself, in effect, ‘I wish I could do as I please, go where I want to go, and stay as long as I want, without feeling, when I come in after a petting party, feel good about it instead of doing many other things contrary to my parents wishes, that my mother has stayed up waiting for me, and gone to the edge of a large lake.

When I finally reached the light it was a pilot house on the edge of a large lake five miles west of where I was staying. I was able to see that it was the Mitchell’s home. They directed me to a road and I started out on the road, but found that there were crags and crevices diligently until he finds the sheep that was lost and brings it safely home? And when he had found it, he lays it on his shoulders, rejoicing. And when he cometh home, he calleth together his friends and neighbors, saying, Rejoice with me; for I have found my sheep which was lost.”

Let us do a little supposing this morning. Suppose Christ had come to call only the righteous. The fathers and the neighbors would have said, ‘Why do you call a sinner to repent? Oh, we do not want to seek as diligently for a poor sinner soul that may be near our neighbor, or friend who lives just across or down the street from us.’

The parable of the lost coin stresses the significance of constantly searching until that piece is found. Ought we not to seek as otherwise, or have we not heard as Christ says, ‘If perhaps that woman having ten pieces of silver, if she lose one piece, doth not light a candle, and sweep the house, and seek diligently till she find it? If she find that piece, she is overjoyed, and calls her friends and neighbors together, saying, Rejoice with me; for I have found the piece which I had lost. Likewise, I say unto you, there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth. If a dead child is lost, the entire community will turn out to hunt until he is found. Or as far as that goes, if any person is lost, almost immediately the same will be done out by the hundreds searching diligently until the lost person is found. Then there is great rejoicing.

I can think of many incidents of people being lost. Just last summer when I was down at camp in Rhode Island there was an elderly woman who went out to pick some berries in a nearby swamp. She failed to return at nightfall, nor had she returned the next morning. A searching party was formed and set out to see how I wish that I could get you young people, ladies, to come to me and understand what I am trying to tell you today. It is just this. The parental reign holds us in the chains of bondage. They can make decisions at the right time—the decisions that will help us over the rough and stormy path of life. It is very true that some things are not available to see in our younger days. We feel the impact of it as we grow older and rear a family of our own. Then we can see how wise it was to return to the house by standing still as I would if I tried to find my way in the semi-darkness.

As the story goes, Lewis and me Mitchell. It took almost two hours and a half to return and the road, but I was glad to get back and get warm and dry again, even if I did have to go out on my own and find Mitchell’s clothes that fit me about three sizes too large.

In the case of the woman being found in Rhode Island there was great rejoicing. And when I returned to camp from being lost in the swamps of southeast Arkansas, I was very glad.

If there is great joy over the lost being found when we are lost from our friends, there is much greater joy in heaven when one sinner repenteth and is returned unto the ways of righteousness.
quote to my older brother and me, when we were quarreling over our younger brother’s behavior. She always said, “Every child has a sin.” Our parents were truly a very much desired balance for us.

This certain young man, after spending his living and was going to sin—Peter, who was a friend and a disciple, the rock upon which Christ was going to establish the Church. The particular sin that I am talking about in Peter was the sin of denial of Christ. There in the hall where Christ was doing his last night of teaching, if he was not with Jesus, and he denied it, saying that he did not know the man. I am said to have been guilty of denying Christ in many different ways, every day. There are three things in this story that stand out.

This young man came to himself. Yes, he discovered his mistake—and that was not all. He was determined to do something about it. When we make mistakes, are we men and women enough to say to ourselves under stress and strain,. especially now in time of trouble and trials as he was going through. He had a magnificent faith, even though the flesh was weak. In time of agony he was glad to receive the stolen and asked for forgiveness. He was not sorry enough so that he repented and asked for forgiveness for it. Tears are not enough—it takes more than that. He was not sorry enough to be willing to come to the Master and repent. Thus he took the consequences.

Peter’s sin is a common sin with us all. We do not only be sorry for what we did, but we must be sorry enough to determine to do something to better ourselves—or “do something about it.”

In Peter’s repentance is seen the power of his faith in the goodness and love of Christ. Although Jesus predicted Peter’s fall, he had sinned and repented as he hung there beside Christ. He truly had repented to God first; then.

I am thinking of that old familiar hymn, putting it into practice in our dealings of everyday life.

I am trusting thee, Lord Jesus;
... I am trusting thee for full salvation;
I am trusting thee for pardon,
... I am trusting thee for full salvation;
I am trusting thee, Lord Jesus,
... I am trusting thee for full salvation,
... I am trusting thee for full salvation;
... I am trusting thee for full salvation;
... I am trusting thee, Lord Jesus.
How often in childhood I've wandered
Down the lane, so happy and free.
To that place where we used to go
Near the shade of the old willow tree.
Strolling thro' fields and the meadows,
Thro' the shady woodlands I've roamed;
But the memory's sweetest of all to me
Is of dear loving Mother at home.

Fond memories of home and loved ones
Come back thro' the flight of years;
Youth's fair scenes are seen upon the screen
As we roam thro' the land of dreams.

Loved ones we meet on memory's street
At in dreamy lands we roam,
But the memory's sweetest of all to me
Is of dea~ loving Mother at home.

—Edgar Davis.

Brown. — Bonnie Gilbert, daughter of Sumner and Emma Oviatt Gilbert, was born February 14, 1888, in the town of Milton, and died at her home in Newville, Wis., April 18, 1944. On July 20, 1918, she was married to Leo W. Brown of Newville, and they have since resided in their present home there. To this union were born two children, Wilma and Lexine. In this home her aged mother, Mrs. Emma Gilbert, has been tenderly cared for during a number of years. These all survive her. Dr. Zina Gilbert and Ward Gilbert.

Funeral services were conducted April 22, 1944, at the Milton Junction Seventh Day Baptist church, where she had been a member since baptism, December 1, 1902. Burial service at the Milton Junction cemetery was in charge of the local chapter F. R. S. Dennis. — Miss Bertha Ellen Dennis, daughter of Geo. W. and Sarah Pool Dennis, was born in La Salle, Ill., on September 27, 1873, and died at Riverside, Calif., February 23, 1944. She is survived by two brothers, G. C. Dennis of Riverside, and Fred P. Dennis of San Diego, Calif.

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

L. F. R.

Howard. — Margaret Adelise Howard, eldest of four children born to Rev. Charles A. and Margaret Amanda Burdick, was born in Berlin, Wis., September 12, 1865, and died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Geo. D. Hargis, in Battle Creek, Mich., on February 14, 1944. She graduated from Alfred University in 1888, and on December 19, of the same year she was united in marriage with George Edmund Howard of Newville, Wis., who passed away in Newark until his death, when she with their two children moved to Plainfield. She united with the Seventh Day Baptist Church of Parina in 1893, and was helpfully associated with all its activities until poor health made such work impossible.

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

"She was a woman of good works." A short service was held in Battle Creek, Mich., Rev. Henry N. Jordan officiating. On February 16, a farewell service was held in the Farina church, conducted by her pastor, Rev. Claude L. Hill, and she was laid to rest in the family lot in the Farina cemetery. She is survived by the two children, George E. Howard and Marrian A. Hargis, two husbands, Arthur L. and Fred G. Burdick; six grandchildren, two great-grandchildren, many other relatives, and a host of friends who mourn her passing.

C. L. H.

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

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

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

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

"Grandma Maxwell" as she was known her whole life, was a member and faithful, and happy attendant of the Sabbath Recorder for over sixty years, and enjoyed it almost to the last.

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

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

On March 7, 1911, he was united in marriage with Miss Linda V. Morrison of Plainfield. To this union were born two children: Katherine Elizabeth (Mrs. Carl Allen) and Margaret, both of Elizabeth, N. J., April 8, 1944.

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

On March 7, 1911, he was united in marriage with Miss Linda V. Morrison of Plainfield. To this union were born two children: Katherine Elizabeth (Mrs. Carl Allen) and Margaret, both of Elizabeth, N. J., April 8, 1944.

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

On March 7, 1911, he was united in marriage with Miss Linda V. Morrison of Plainfield. To this union were born two children: Katherine Elizabeth (Mrs. Carl Allen) and Margaret, both of Elizabeth, N. J., April 8, 1944.