

The Sabbath Recorder

WE CAN NOT afford to have distinctions spring up which shall permanently alienate great numbers of men from the Church of Christ. We must bring the Church into vital touch with all the forces that make for good.

In a materialistic age such as the world has never known, the ideas of spiritual life are likely to be entirely lost sight of. Nothing could be more disastrous. Let great numbers of men come to believe in a soulless universe, existing without purpose; let them come to regard our ideas of God and Christ and immortality as only survivals of primitive myths and early superstitions, and these very conceptions must destroy religion, cheapen humanity, and send men adrift from everything for which the Church stands.

In these days of social discontent the minds of thousands are specially prepared to receive the seeds of infidelity. Anything that tends to discount the Bible and to damage the Church is eagerly caught up by those who find a chasm of separation between themselves and the church people.

Philosophical atheism is making fearful inroads upon the minds of the suffering, laboring poor, and the Church is doing all too little toward counteracting its influence.

Meantime the silent insidious, materialistic habits of the great business world go right on poisoning the very atmosphere of the churches and destroying spiritual life. The Church can not afford to remain idle. It must lead the way if the world is to be made better.

—T. L. G.

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Alfred, N. Y.

For the joint benefit of Salem and Milton Colleges and Alfred University.
The Seventh Day Baptist Education Society solicits gifts and bequests for these denominational colleges.

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WHOLE NO. 4,009

The Life Work One of the hopeful and promising movements of our last General Conference was the Life Work Recruit Movement by the Young People's Board. The young people were wide awake in the Shiloh meetings and presented an excellent program. One feature of this was brought forward by Brother Johanson, president of the Young People's Board.

It was planned in the hope of conserving something of the enthusiasm manifested at Shiloh by enlisting the young people in some kind of practical service. The signatures of quite a number were obtained pledging themselves to some kind of life-work services; something in particular, either for life or for some portion of time. If for life the signer was asked to indicate in what line of service he desired to enlist: the ministry, evangelistic song services, teaching in some of our schools, home or foreign missions.

It would be a great source of encouragement to all our people if a large class of our young men and women would decide to enter the ministry and consecrate their lives to the Master's service. There is no calling in which one could make his life count for greater good to his fellow-men than that of the ministry.

Then the second recruit covenant calls for those who promise to give some definite service for Christ and the church as Endeavorers, choir service, distributors of literature, and readiness to assist in various kinds of church and mission work.

The hope of our good cause rests in the hands of the young people. If they can not be interested in some helpful, active service, we are doomed. But we feel assured that they can be, and that they will enlist for service now, and be ready to fill the ranks when the leaders fall as, soon, some of them must.

What a splendid company of loyal young people we do have in these years. If they can only join heart and hand to go forward as one man, faithful and true, the next generation of Seventh Day Baptists will be found on higher ground.

Not many years ago—within the writer's memory—no young people had a part in our Conference gatherings. Thank God, times are changed and we are changed. Today a fine company of young men and women are entering into the Master's work. They long to be true to the faith of their fathers. We can hear them yet in that splendid Conference chorus singing:

All my life in service I would give
To Christ who died for me;
For him alone each moment I would live
His royal servant be:
With a purpose true each task pursue,
Just as he my footsteps lead,
Spreading near kind words of cheer,
Giving help to those who need.

CHORUS

All my life to work for Jesus,
Saved me by his wondrous grace,
Till at last I stand at his right hand,
And behold him face to face.

Young friends of the RECORDER family, how do you feel about it today? Your president will soon lay the perfected plan proposed at Conference before you, urging you to join the Life Work Recruits. Are you ready? Can you not swell the great chorus wherever our churches meet, entitled, "Higher Ground"?

I'm pressing on the upward way,
New heights I'm gaining ev'ry day;
Still praying as I onward bound,
"Lord, plant my feet on higher ground."

CHORUS

Lord, Lift me up and let me stand,
By faith on heaven's table-land:
A higher plane than I have found,
Lord, plant my feet on higher ground.

I want to scale the utmost height,
And catch a gleam of glory bright;
But still I'll pray till heav'n is found,
"Lord, lead me on to higher ground."

Here We Are in Daytona, Florida It seems almost too strange to believe, but it must be true; for the experiences of the last three days are too convincing to be ignored. Two days and a night on the "Everglades Limited" from Washington, D. C., through old Virginia, the Carolinas, Georgia, and a

five-hour stretch into the land of palms, roses, and oranges, where the summer sunshine makes a northern man swelter, is enough to assure any one that he is really in Florida.

Just how it has all come about can be best explained by Secretary Shaw and the Daytona friends who have planned it all. One thing is certain, the editor's headquarters is to be here for a few weeks and he is to do what he can to help the good people here in their religious services.

The back look from Thursday night to Tuesday morning makes it all seem like a pleasant dream. The early morning in Plainfield was ideal, and the entire day seemed like an Indian summer day left behind in the flight of time and which at last came trailing along thirty days late. White frosts tinged the house roofs before the morning sun sent his warming rays upon them. As our train sped away over the rolling Jersey fields, by some freak of nature the low places had been blanketed with a low white fog veil through which the small tree-tops were pointing skyward. These too were somewhat dimmed by a gauze-like atmosphere through which the red face of the rising sun was just peeping over the eastern hilltops.

The still face of the Delaware River seemed like burnished glass in which was pictured an inverted landscape with tree-tops hanging down and with houses bottom up in its mirror-like depths.

As the day advanced with its winter sunlight softened as though shining through a ground-glass dome it almost seemed as though the land of flowers was coming to us instead of our going in search of it. But this vision faded later, as we sped on, and on, hour after hour through the bare fields and brown wooded sand-hills, the gorges, ravines, and boggy vales of Virginia; and then on again into the scrub-oak wastes, the pine and cedar and sycamore swamps of the Carolinas, where narrow sand-roads wind through the turpentine forests, and where ramshackle negro cabins furnish all the signs of life.

When at last we pulled into Jacksonville on a sunny morning that seemed more like the last of May than like the last of December, and our train moved across the St. John's River, the dream began to come

true. Every hour southward brought to view some new signs of life and beauty belonging to the land of flowers. More and more the forests were heavily laden with the gray Spanish moss, which gave comparatively young trees the appearance of premature old age; the neat bungalow homes began to show roses blooming in their yards; gardens green and beautiful with growing vegetables greeted the eye, and orange trees with golden fruit began to be in evidence. Wonderful groves of palms were seen along the way; and then we heard the welcome call of the trainman: "Daytona!" and sure enough we were there!

This writing was done during our first hour here, in the pleasant home of Mr. and Mrs. George A. Main. As yet we have not seen the town, and our readers must give us time to look around before writing of that.

AN APPEAL

A Sabbath-keeping Baptist, to the Elect Heirs of the Promises of the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob,—Your God and Mine.

DEAR BRETHREN:

The Christian world, the whole world, is indebted to you far beyond the thoughts of most men.

The Bible was written by you. And it is the greatest of all books in the realm of religion and morals.

When men began to think deeply they reasoned as to the ground and origin of existence. Greatly varying conclusions were reached. But you sent forth the sublime declaration that God created the heavens and the earth and all their hosts.

In the course of the evolution of religious thought and spiritual ideas the Hebrew prophets taught the exalted doctrine of ethical monotheism,—One God, great and good.

The ideals of individual righteousness and social justice of the great prophets of the eighth century B. C., and of the greatest of all prophets, Jesus the Nazarene, are of universal and surpassing excellence. Human conditions and relations change, and we must extend their scope, meaning, and claims; but when, in practice, we shall have exhausted the principles of Leviticus 19, of Hosea and Amos, of Isaiah 58, and of

Jesus, the great Jewish Teacher, it will then be time to ask for a new Bible and another Master. Purity, womanhood, and the family, are raised to high levels of sacredness. Education is promoted. And no service is holier than care for the poor and needy and oppressed.

Hosea, as far as we know, was one of the very first to insist on equal moral standards for men and women; and to teach that immorality causes social ruin and a lessened population.

The Greeks bequeathed philosophy and art; and the Romans, ideals of civic law and order. But Jesus, though he thought and spoke after Jewish molds, spoke for the world to hear, and said, Salvation,—salvation from sin and sufferings,—is of the Jews.

Among the great names in the spheres of finance, philanthropy, patriotism, statesmanship, literature, and art, there will be found the names of eminent Jews.

Were we to check off our denominational differences, leaving little but commonly accepted fundamental and essential truth, we should find ourselves not far from the religious, ethical, and social teachings of the great Hebrew prophets and of him whom Christians honor as their Prophet, Priest, and King.

Optimism was a leading characteristic of the ancient prophets, who, with spiritual insight, both saw and heard the "word" of Jehovah. The golden age was not in the past. If the tree is cut down it will send out new shoots from the stump. If the chosen people are sadly reduced in numbers a holy remnant will yet remain. In the latter days all nations shall flow unto the mountain of Jehovah's house. Out of Zion shall go forth the law, and the word of Jehovah from Jerusalem. Many peoples shall be taught the ways of the God of Jacob, and learn to walk in his paths. The nations shall learn war no more; and wild beasts shall not hurt or destroy; for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of Jehovah, as the waters cover the sea.

Confusion, perplexity, and even fear, seem to trouble the mind of the Church concerning "sabbath" faith and practice. Contrary, as we firmly believe, to the principles of true religion and true democracy, Christians are seeking the protection of

the "Lord's Day" by human legislation and police force. Will you not help us try to turn the Church towards its acknowledged Lord, who said, The sabbath was made for man, and not man for the sabbath: so that the son of man is lord even of the sabbath? And toward the angel who spoke to Zechariah some of the most spiritual and comforting words of the Old Testament, saying, as translated by Sir George Adam Smith, Not by might and not by force, but by My Spirit, saith Jehovah of Hosts?

The injustice and cruelty of Christians toward you and all too frequently towards one another does not need to be told here. But as the sandal wood tree sheds perfume on the axe that fells it, may we not try together to send forth the sacred perfume of spiritual Sabbath rest and worship, that the Church and the world may be saved from the religious, moral, social, and economic evils of Sabbath-lessness?

Sure co-operation would tend to promote a better mutual understanding between Jew and Christian. And a better understanding might help us to become more reconciled to one another and to our varying attitudes toward Jesus of Nazareth, who, whatever else he may have been, was, as Höffding admits, the greatest of all historic personalities.

Correspondence from any one in sympathy with the spirit and purpose of this appeal is invited.

ARTHUR E. MAIN.

Alfred, N. Y.

DR. PALMBORG IN HAMMOND

From December 12-17, this present month, Dr. Rosa W. Palmberg, of Lieu-oo, China, spent nearly a week in Hammond, La., a very delightful one to the people here. She was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Hummel. In making her trip through the far South it has been her wish that this journey might be as truly a missionary journey as any missionary work she might do in China, in spreading information about our enterprise in China, in direct Christian good which might come to the churches and communities which she has visited, and in making impressions upon the minds of the young and others that will be as lasting as eternity. All of these desires on her part, I

feel, were realized in the case of her visit to our city. Her coming was an evangel of the holy and blessed gospel itself. It was, in the first place, a revelation to some among us of the strength of Christian character to which, through divine and heavenly grace, she has been enabled to attain in her unselfish living for others. She belongs to that noble band of medical missionaries of whom the world is not worthy.

One circumstance of her early life is worthy of note and ought to be extensively known by our people. She was but fifteen years old when she began the observance of the Sabbath. At the same time she found out for herself the teaching of the Bible about the payment of the tithe and immediately began observing it. She was earning but fifteen dollars per month and one dollar and a half went each month into the Lord's treasury. Much improvement has been made in the payment of the tithe in the last few years; but if all of our people willingly and honestly observed it our boards need not go into debt, the Forward Movement obligations would be fully met, with possibilities of greater things yet to be attained. Then would God open his windows of heaven upon our churches and pour us out a blessing, and there would be less of uncharitableness and unkindliness of spirit among us.

Dr. Palmberg's delineations of life and work in China gave to us a most welcome insight into these things and of the power of the gospel there. How gratifying is the knowledge of the combined influence of all the Christian Missions in China in the comparatively short course which modern missions has run in that land! As a result foot-binding, opium using and other evils are in disfavor, and even legislated against by the government, while western methods of education are being surely and successfully introduced, all as the result of missionary influence, to say nothing of the spiritual influence in the lives of native Christian people.

On Thursday afternoon at three o'clock an informal reception was given at the Hammond parsonage for Dr. Palmberg. This was attended by quite a number of ladies of other missionary societies besides our own. Very delightful was the talk which was given,

followed by conversation. Most dainty refreshments were served by the ladies of our own missionary society.

On Sabbath morning Dr. Palmberg spoke with no limit to her time. Her address extended through the greater part of the Sabbath-school hour as well. We were all delighted to have it so, because we very seldom have such a denominational privilege. In the afternoon the Christian Endeavor society hour was given over to Dr. Palmberg, which she occupied most entertainingly. In the evening after the Sabbath she started *en route* for Memphis and Little Prairie.

S. S. POWELL.

December 18, 1921.

COUNTRY LIFE SERMONS*

As Seventh Day Baptists are very largely rural folks the title of this book ought to awaken a special interest, and the careful reading of it still more.

It is said that one's dress is a revelation of one's character. If this is so in the case of books, then "Country Life Leadership" as a product of printing and binding invites us to become better acquainted with the contents thus fitly clothed.

Country life has intrinsic values and interest; normally it is related to world values and interests; but if its great possibilities are to be realized there must be trained leadership in the spheres of agricultural, economic, political, physical, mental, moral, social, and religious education.

The farmer who wisely and diligently tills the soil and raises animals is in partnership with his Maker who sends sunshine and rain, and who is the Source of all life.

These country life sermons set forth essential truths, with the author's well-known vigor of language and in his persuasive style. Indeed this is the mission of the book. And no one can come from the reading of it without a more adequate estimate of the nature, opportunities, and claims of rural life and its relations.

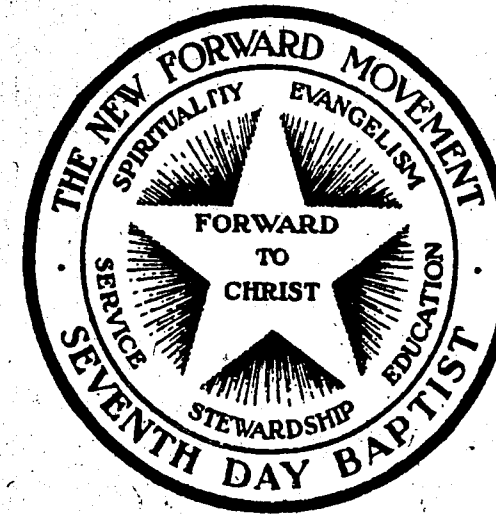
I earnestly commend the book to our ministers and people.

A. E. MAIN.

*Country Life Leadership, Boothe Colwell Davis, Plainfield, N. J., 1921.

THE COMMISSION'S PAGE

REV. AHVA J. C. BOND, SALEM, W. VA.,
Forward Movement Director



EVERY CHURCH IN LINE
EVERY MEMBER SUPPORTING

"Without me ye can do nothing."—John 15: 5.

"Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."—Matt. 28: 20.

MONEY-RAISING WITH SPIRITUAL RESULTS

The "follow up" by which the New Era Movement sets out to complete the benevolent budget partially subscribed by Presbyterians last spring raises new consideration of the working methods of such effort.

It is fortunate for the church, and a pledge of good promise for the New Era's present undertaking, that late experiences have thoroughly convinced all concerned in church life that building up a constituency of dependable givers is more important for Christian benevolence than collecting temporarily extraordinary sums of cash.

And the fresh endeavor now set afoot by the New Era is undoubtedly to be conducted with this conviction fully in view.

Good financial policy, pure and simple, is entirely sufficient of itself to sustain the argument for this principle.

Hardly anything conceivable is worse fortune for a benevolent society or board than to have its annual income suddenly leap away in advance of its usual receipts and then as suddenly shrink back to the former normal. It is a racking experience from every angle.

Unless the directors of such an agency are exceptionally conservative they are almost certain, on the strength of an advance like this, to incur new obligations for extended work—and when the income falls down again, they are left with unpleasant problems on their hands, involving either debt for themselves or disappointment to their workers.

Moreover, the reputation of the enterprise suffers from fluctuations which inevitably suggest unstable management.

But these considerations, while wholly valid as far as they go, are not the main reasons for deprecating money-raising means that do not reasonably insure sustained support in years succeeding.

The main reasons have to do with the life of the givers.

Much ado is sometimes made by onlookers, because as they allege, financial aims in the church are put ahead of spiritual aims and raising money takes off emphasis from religion.

But if the money is raised in the way it should be, the distinction thus artificially emphasized disappears. The raising of money in right circumstances itself constitutes a spiritual discipline.

To give ought always to be a means of grace in the church. So it will be if those who cultivate and promote the church's benevolence think of grace before they think of money.

The center of spirituality is loyalty to the Lord; its circumference is unselfishness toward men.

And in the opportunities of most Christians it is the giving of money which associates life most broadly with both impulses.

The average Christian living in the midst of a small neighborhood circle of intimates and equals has but limited chance to practice through his own personal service the out-reaching ministries by which the religion of Jesus aims to lift an evil and depressed world.

If therefore he enters broadly into the great labor which in his own land and in scores of other countries is being constantly pressed to "make Christ king", it can only be through the donation of funds—a money partnership with the actual workers.

Were the church, then, to take the church-

member's money and spend it without imparting to him a feeling of fellowship with the laborers whom he is helping to finance, it would be literally cheating him out of what by the very essence of Christianity is his rightful due—the greatening of his own soul through the thrill of an interest transcending himself.

Whoever gives to missions and gospel maintenance without an enlistment of personal interest in the work misses the vital spiritual recompense that God has specifically appointed for such as he.

A prime duty of every church organization therefore is to make men and women spiritually competent for large participation in the enterprises of Christ by furnishing to them large and compelling information about those enterprises.

There are two approaches for this spiritual education.

In one phase Christians must be made to appreciate how great and splendid is the whole sweep of the kingdom of heaven—how big is the work entire in which Jesus Christ asks assistance.

In the other phase this great world conquest must be shown broken up into specific single jobs—comprehensible pieces of work in given places and done by certain people—in order that the money-giving partners in the task may see where their money is doing service and may feel personal alliance with particular workers.

The two means must in some instances be applied separately. Some persons are more engaged by the appeal of a far-reaching and momentous cause—some more interested by the concreteness of a single task in an easily marked location. But the general rule is that these twin aspects of active religion should be emphasized together.

Only as both incentives, each completing the other, are harmoniously brought to bear on individual souls is balanced Christian character developed—after the pattern of the Master, who came to save the world, yet never was too busy to devote the whole of himself to one sinner that repented.

And always let it be remembered that the greatest object in view, whenever preparation is made to canvass the church for benevolence funds, is not to get the funds but to make a better church.

If the matter of benevolent finance in the

church is approached from this angle, there is no danger of asking for too much.

The resources of the church for Christ's work have not come within imaginable reach of exhaustion by anything that Christians ever gave—not even by anything that campaigners ever called for.

The only proper criticism which has ever attached to the large demands sometimes thrust on the church by enthusiastic promoters is the rather frequent failure of such leaders to give any thought to the training of soul required for right Christian giving.

That is, they thing of missionary money and forget the need, which goes before that, of a missionary constituency.

They seem to assume that money cajoled out of hitherto unopened pockets by the coaxing methods of a special pleader is just as good money for the church to use as what comes out of pockets opened by the owners' good will.

But as has already been said, the epoch of that kind of thing in the church seems to have passed. Henceforth it may be hoped that every project for raising big benevolence will be founded on a prior project for evoking big and constructive Christian sympathy.

And to the patient education inseparable from financial canvasses so planned, every Christian leader should earnestly devote himself in good teamwork with whatever promoting organization comes nearest to hand—refusing to be dismayed either at the hard, long work required to create the true giver's generous hand, or at the vast totals of money that must be poured into missionary treasuries before missions are adequate to evangelize humanity.—*From the Continent, by permission.*

“The lessons of the last six months should be enough to convince everybody of the danger of nations striding up and down the earth armed to the teeth. . . . Unless some such move is made. (reduction of armaments) we may well ask ourselves . . . whether we are doomed to go headlong down through destructive war and darkness into barbarism.”—*General John J. Pershing.*

He who has conferred a kindness should be silent, he who has received one should speak of it.—*Seneca.*

ARE WE RIGHT ABOUT PROHIBITION?

THOMAS CLAYTON DAVIS

A Reply to Mrs. Gertrude Atherton's Attack in McCall's Magazine.

Did you ever talk with strangers who oppose prohibition? If so of course you have observed how they proceed first to protect their own character and habits from attack. The deeper the mire from which they emerge the higher this wall of protection. The greater and more elaborate these lines of defense the weaker they become. Their struggle to lift themselves to the high level of their audience is always a revelation.

We most heartily agree with Mrs. Atherton in objecting to the passing of “any sensational laws that can not be enforced”, but when she asserts that “the vast majority openly flaunt their contempt of the law” we can not meekly assent to such extravagant misrepresentation. If she only means to say that a vast majority of her friends and associates openly flaunt their contempt of the law we can readily believe it. But the vast majority of the people of this country is certainly in favor of the law and its enforcement, as is shown by every test that has been or may be applied.

A short time ago we met a gentleman in the city of Oneida, N. Y., who, after erecting the usual fortifications about his character and habits by saying that “so far as he is personally concerned,” etc., etc., proceeded to say that the law is the expression of the will of a small group of fanatics who have no regard for the rights of others. Then to impress this statement he told of a friend of his in New York City who had spent all his vast fortune in fitting up a place of business (to attract rich young men and beautiful women) only to have it ruined by this nefarious law. He said his sympathies went out for such men, who had lost all by the enactment of this vicious law. This poor ignorant fellow was probably sincere for I don't suppose he was ever outside the State of New York. He evidently did not realize the extent to which he was revealing his own character and habits.

As it was in the early days of prohibition in the middle western States, so it is now over the entire remaining portions of the country. When the State of Kansas was having her struggle with the demon, alone

and single handed, almost the entire press of the State appeared to be under the control of the liquor interests. With the papers filled with despicable insinuations and slurs against the law and its enforcement, officers of the law elected by political rings that were dominated by liquor interests; and if perchance a good man was elected, he would be waylaid and shot, or so intimidated he would not perform his duty, is it strange that it required so many years to bring about law enforcement? Of course it was heard on all sides that the law could not be enforced, and that prohibition is a failure. Many good people were made to believe the nefarious lies told by the henchmen of the liquor interests. But the vast majority were still of the opinion that the law could be enforced, and after a few more years of struggle succeeded in electing a governor and attorney general who were pledged to enforce the law. It was then the people began to prevail against the liquor interests. If any official neglected his duty he was at once removed. The State was then quickly relieved of the iniquitous traffic. Such peace and happiness with unparalleled prosperity is not known in States where the law is not yet enforced. We do not say that the jails are all empty, but many of them are, that in former days were filled to their capacity. Paupers are so scarce that but few of the county poor farms are needed which in former days were filled to their utmost capacity. The banks of Kansas have more savings deposits than those of any State where prohibition has not yet become a reality. These statements can easily be verified by writing Senator Capper, Washington, or the governor of the State, or the attorney general or any banker of the State.

The leopard has not changed his spots nor the rum demon his character. His method of working is the same now as in former days. He subsidizes the press wherever possible, and intimidates others, and deceives others into doing his bidding. Many writers are enlisted in his service—some by choice, due to their environment, others bought by large sums of money or smaller amounts according to capacity of the writer to serve his purpose, others no doubt are deceived by untruthful propaganda and ignorance of facts. Truth appears to be at a high premium with his henchmen.

The exponents of this insidious evil often attack the saloon as being evil. Be not deceived. This is only for effect. His house is not yet divided against itself. The American people will be slow to believe that the method of handling the traffic in Britain or Germany is in any way superior to that of former days in America; or that the moral tone of society in beer-guzzling Germany; or in tipling-toddy-loving Britain is so far superior to that of this country.

We do not deny that groups of men *professing* a degree of respectability may be found where "the persistent all-absorbing subject is booze; how they got it, how to get it, their delight in beating the game, their still greater delight in drinking unlimited quantities when they did get it." But we do deny that any man with a thimble full of moral decency will be found in any such group; and it is inconceivable to think of any self-respecting lady with even a smaller amount of moral integrity mingling with them.

In referring to a certain lecturer in Los Angeles, Cal., who said that the jails are practically empty, Mrs. Atherton does not tell us that he was speaking of the effects of prohibition in those States where the law had been enforced, but she tells it as though he was greatly misrepresenting the facts; as he was taken to a jail and shown that the cells were all full and even the corridors were full of cots occupied by drunks. The poor creature does not seem to realize that she gave away her whole story by saying they were filled with drunks; which only shows that the law was not enforced in that town, and she only scores a point in favor of prohibition. The speaker undoubtedly had no reference to conditions in that vicinity, and the whole joke is probably an imaginary farce.

Prohibition can be enforced. It has been enforced in large sections of the country. It is now as well enforced in some States as the laws against robbery, theft or murder in any of the States. Do you believe that the law will ever be repealed, or that it will lead to such dire results as are predicted by the henchmen of the liquor interests? Examine the soil into which the roots of this reform extend. They go deep into the hearts and lives of not only thousands, but of millions of men and women who have

never entered the door of these dens of iniquity or drained the social glass. All the religious denominations of America uphold this law and are ready to fight for it to the last ditch. It is out of the hearts and lives of such people that this great reform springs.

Mayo, Florida, December 11, 1921.

THE P. K. CLUB AT MILTON COLLEGE

ARTHUR M. MILLS

The P. K. (Preachers' Kids) Club, which is claimed by its founders to be the only college society of its kind in the United States, was organized recently by Milton College students, faculty members, and resident alumni who are sons and daughters of clergymen. Miss Amey D. Van Horn, daughter of Rev. T. J. Van Horn, of Verona, N. Y., and an instructor in the biology department, first suggested the possibility of forming such a club. Her idea met with the instant approval of other Miltonites eligible for membership, who were not long in calling a meeting and perfecting the unique organization.

Officers of the P. K's are: President, H. Richard Sheard, son of Rev. S. A. Sheard, Milton Junction, Wis.; vice president, Miss Donna Schlagenhauf, daughter of Rev. Ira E. Schlagenhauf, Waterloo, Wis.; secretary, Miss Beulah Coon, daughter of Rev. D. Burdett Coon, Battle Creek, Mich.

Though sons and daughters of preachers are the only ones eligible for active membership, the constitution of the society provides that wives and husbands of P. K's may become associate members. In addition to Miss Van Horn and the three officers named above, the club is made up of the following active and associate members:

Prof. and Mrs. J. N. Daland, Howell Randolph, Miss Doris Randolph, Alexander Daland, Prof. and Mrs. W. D. Burdick, Miss Helen Jordan, and Arthur Mills, all of Milton, Wis.; Rev. and Mrs. G. D. Hargis, Walworth, Wis.; Milton Davis, Shiloh, N. J.; Lloyd Seager, Marlboro, N. J.; Elma Mills, Battle Creek, Mich.; Neal Mills, Oregon, Wis.; Carroll Hill, Welton, Iowa; Allison Skaggs, Plainfield, N. J.; and A. Burdet Crofoot, Alfred, N. Y.

An article about the P. K. Club, with a photograph of Miss Van Horn, was published recently by the Milwaukee *Sunday Telegram*.

MISSIONS AND THE SABBATH

REV. EDWIN SHAW, PLAINFIELD, N. J.
Contributing Editor

MISSIONARY AND TRACT SOCIETY NOTES

SECRETARY EDWIN SHAW

The *Calendars* make a most appropriate gift for the beginning of the new year. Fifteen cents each, or ten cents in lots of twenty-five copies to one address.

Work on the new building for our print shop is progressing satisfactorily. The brick work is nearly finished. Installing the heating plant and putting glass in the windows are the next steps.

We should not be so much concerned about the popularity of our views as about their truthfulness, remembering that those who are in the right can afford to wait.

Why not keep the cheerful bright and happy spirit of the holiday season throughout the entire coming year? Yes, why not? Let's try. Come on.

Have you noticed in the Junior Graded Lessons, to be used the first quarter of 1922, that each lesson closes with a "Five Minutes with the Bible"? Good for the grown people as well as for the children. Look up these references and make use of them.

Who wrote the following? "History teaches that in all human conflict no victory is finally effective which does not capture the citadel of the soul. . . . Material forces never can win spiritual victories. We release the best in ourselves when we release the best in others. Through our brother we find ourselves."

DECADENCE OF SUNDAY

The following paragraphs are taken from the last pages of "Swift Decadence of Sunday. What Next?" by the late Rev. Abram Herbert Lewis. The book was published in 1899.

"As far as the future of Sunday is concerned, Protestants stand on the shore of the Red Sea of failure. A few seem to

think that defeat may be covered by ignoring the facts and proclaiming more loudly than before that Sunday is 'God's Holy Day', and assuming that what the Bible says about the Sabbath applies to Sunday."

"The transparency of such a course makes the fact of decay more apparent. Pious misnomers can not put away facts. When typhoid lights its fatal fire in the blood it is of no avail to insist that the patient is well. The fact that Sunday is doomed is not lessened by denial, nor averted by being ignored. The supreme need of the hour is less of cold creed and loose indifference, and more of Christlike obedience. We need less of dreaming about abstractions, and more readiness to do the will of God."

"Men said to Christ: How shall we know that what you say is true? His answer: Do the will of God. Men have lived outside of the Sabbath, and below it, so long, that spiritual life flows faintly. Popular appeals to emotion, called evangelism, are weak and ephemeral, because little of the grip of the law of God is in them. True conversion starts with the consciousness of sin against God. Sin is more than being out of right relations with an airy something called humanity and progress. To the same list belongs the claim of Sunday. They have neither grasp nor grip."

"A gospel of salvation without the background of law is as meaningless as inviting hunger to sit at a foodless table. The calls of Sunday to Sabbath Reform are as mocking as a lath thrown to a drowning man. From the days of Justin until now, the effort to destroy the Fourth Commandment has been prompted solely by the desire to escape the claims of the Sabbath. Christians do not write books and preach sermons to prove that the commandment against adultery is abrogated. Every man desires that the law against stealing shall be in force, as to his neighbors at least."

"But centuries of false teachings concerning the Sabbath have so enervated conscience, perverted exegesis, and blinded judgment, that pulpits resound with the falsehood that the Sabbath is a dead figment of Judaism, and men are free from its claims.

And now, slain by their folly and error, these same Christian leaders sink willingly into holidayism, or wail in wondering weakness over the fact that they must reap what they and their ancestors have sown. This is our message. *Come back to God and his Sabbath, and to Christ its Lord.*"

"This is the requirement of the law of God. It is the commandment of Christ by example. It is the verdict of history. It is the hope of Protestantism. If you are indifferent, you will discard the message. If you are frivolous, you will sneer at it. If you are cowardly, you will run away from it. If you are weak, you will stand helpless before it. If you are loyal to God and Christ, you will heed and obey, whatever it may cost. Whatever you do, the decay of Sunday will go on. Wishes, prayers, and protests are vain. Sunday holidayism has the road. The coach is crowded. Lawlessness holds the reins. No-Sabbathism plies the whip. The horses are mad. The precipice is near. *What will you do?*"

LETTER FROM SOUTH INDIA

MY BELOVED BROTHER IN CHRIST JESUS:

Your kind letter to hand, dated October 3, 1921. When I read the good news my heart filled with joy and thanksgiving; and also the five dollars (\$5.00) to hand from Miss Margaret E. Lamont. I have written a post card to her, that I have received the gift through you, but I fear whether the address is sufficient. If not, please give full address. I will write again to her.

Brother, I am very glad to write few good news for the glory of God. Lord daily opening my mouth to preach the full gospel truth to the heathen souls and so-called Christians. Glory to God. He is blessing his word. One dear heathen man gave his heart to Christ. Pray for him. Lord gave me three orphan children to look after them in body and soul for his glory. Brother, I am looking him only for my supply. Praise God. Brother, many high church people are very against me and his truth. Many times I thought to leave this work and go very far where the gospel is not preached. But I am praying let his will be done. Amen.

Brother, one missionary in a Baptist Mission asked me to join their society, but I

said I am keeping the Sabbath truth. I am unable to join any how. I am preaching him and crucified. Praise God. Brother, many good news to write. Pray and praise for all.

Brother, I like to come over to United States America and see all fellow-believers and tell all works what God is doing in this needy place. Brother, who will care for me? Brother, many good works wants to establish for his glory. Who will take interest for his glory? Brother, nearly three hundred dollars required to come so far. Let his will be done. Amen.

Brother, I am very glad that my matter's put into the General Conference. Let his will be done. Brother, pray very much for me and his work. Any how he is with me. I will carry his full gospel with zeal. Pray that my faith, love and patience may grow more and more for his service. Amen. Let brotherly love continue till we meet each other in glory. Amen. Christian love to self and all.

I am yours truly,

Indian brother in His service,

JOHN MANOAH,
Evangelist:

Kandal, Ootacamund,
South India.

16 November, 1921.

NOTES FROM THE CHINA MISSION

Not far from our mission here in Shanghai, is another mission which has had a marvelous growth. At its head is Dr. Mary Stone and associated with her, are her sister, Dr. Phebe Stone, and Miss Jennie Hughes. The sisters are Chinese and were among the first Chinese women to go to America for a medical education. Dr. Mary is one of China's foremost lady physicians. She is a woman of great strength of character and faith in God. She has unusual executive ability and is universally beloved. Another sister of Dr. Stone's, also a physician, has recently completed her course of training, and has come to join the other two.

For several years Dr. Mary Stone was in charge of a Methodist mission hospital in Kukiang, where she built up a large work and came to be recognized as a most excellent physician. About a year and a half ago they severed their connection with that

institution, and soon after came to Shanghai looking for an opening in medical work having nothing definite in view except a faith that the All-wise Father would direct them in whatever he had for them to do. The first thing was to find a home. Shanghai was crowded—almost no houses to be had,—but through a friend, and the guidance of God they were taken to the house which they now occupy. It was owned by a former Chinese official, but closed for a time. It is a foreign-style, well-built, brick house, with rooms large and many. As soon as they entered the house they exclaimed "This is the very place," and right there knelt in a prayer of thanksgiving, claiming it for their work, even though they knew not whether it could be secured or not. But He who had thus far directed them opened the way and soon it was rented at a very reasonable figure.

For several months this was home, hospital and training school, until the work had grown so large there was not room for all who came for treatment and school. About twenty nurses in training had come from Kukiang to finish their course begun with Dr. Stone, and to help in the work.

The hearts of Dr. Stone and Miss Hughes had gone out to the ragged, dirty and neglected children in their neighborhood and four little day-schools were opened and taught by their helpers.

In the French Concession and also in a factory district, some distance from the home, two dispensaries were opened with a number of beds in each place, and these were soon filled. Even then there was not sufficient room so they prayed definitely for enlargement. Right next to the home was a large property on which were old rotten and tumble-down buildings. This was surely in a convenient location, but there was no money to buy. "If this is the Lord's work and his will, he will send the means," they thought. For months they tried in vain to find the owner, or even get a peep inside, and prayer again opened the way. In response to requests from friends here and in the homeland, the money was forthcoming, and when, after a time the owner was finally found they were able to make the purchase. The dilapidated buildings were torn down and in their place and from the old bricks have arisen a new school

building and a Gospel Tabernacle. Another old building which was filthy beyond description when they bought it has been renovated and repaired and fitted for hospital use and is now well filled. The grounds about the buildings have been beautified with plants and shrubs and a grass plot which is a great delight to the children who formerly have had only the dirty street for play ground. The house and hospital have been well-screened and in spite of difficulties which would have daunted many, running water, electricity, and a furnace have been put in, and other improvements added. Two Ford cars carry them to and from their work and to the out calls for they go to rich and poor alike. All these things are not mere luxuries but necessities in an institution like this and aid greatly in the work.

The Nurses Training school has registered some sixty nurses and the day schools have an enrolment of three hundred seventy-five pupils. These children have been gathered, many of them from filthy mud and straw homes or from the canal house boats which are still less homelike. The change in their appearance is marvelous. Clean and shining faces and clean though pitifully patched garments testify that even now the results are well worth while.

In the morning every one on the place and as many outsiders as can leave their work for half an hour come together to listen to the Word of God in the new Gospel Tabernacle, which has just been dedicated. Here they will hold evangelistic services every evening, and a preaching service and Sunday school on Sunday. Here also will be held mass meetings for women and girls to listen to lectures on Home Hygiene and Sanitation.

During the noon hour their helpers go out to the nearby factories and hold short services with the workmen and women, many of whom are eager to learn of the "new doctrine."

When they started in the work they expected only a small beginning, but God has prospered it beyond their expectations. Their hospital records for eleven months show that almost eleven thousand patients have received treatment.

You ask, "How has all this work been accomplished?" We say through faith in the

promises of God, the winning personality of Dr. Stone and her associates, and their determination to do whatever their hands find to do. This with the co-operation of friends and the help of God to whom they give the glory has built up this wonderful work.

They have very appropriately named their institution "Bethel," for they say it is in Bethel that the Lord has answered so many of their prayers and helped them to heal so many people. To them it is verily the "House of God and the Gate of Heaven."

If you look on the map of our mission and vicinity probably published in a recent number of the RECORDER you will find near the lower edge of the map a bend in the road around a square. Just below that should be another star for it is here that Bethel is located; about a ten minutes' walk from our home.

CORRESPONDENT.

ABOUT VERONA

It is an easy topic for conversation or for the pen. Just now it is interesting from a number points of view. That sentence was written without premeditation, and then the pen was poised in air with the holder wondering whether it could be made good. Yes, Verona is a good place to live. If there are those who desire a change of location, we most cordially invite you this way. Naturally those who belong to our faith, consider, first of all, when thinking of a change, the people who live where they plan to move. Out of the many good things that could be truthfully said of the Verona crowd, this can be appropriately observed—they have a well grounded self respect. They love the church and society, and one another, and are harmoniously working together for the promotion of every worthy enterprise. The slackers are an insignificant minority. A new lighting plant, and a new coat of paint for the church are hopes soon to be realized. Thirty-seven people under twenty-five years of age were recently reported from this society. It is the deliberate judgment of the writer that it would be difficult to find a nicer group of young people and children. The society maintains a very high average of attendance upon all the appointments of the church.

In the second place they think of educa-

tional advantages. There is a good high school in the village of Verona, which some of our young people avail themselves of. Those who live in or near Oneida are having the advantages of one of the best high schools in the State. Seven of our young people are now in active service as teachers, and more than that number of older people have seen active service in the schoolroom.

Then they want to know about the material advantages. We are living in a good farming section. I have always regarded Kansas as a good State for farmers, but a man who has lived in Kansas told me the other day that Kansas was not in it by comparison with the New York farm he is now living on. All farms are not equally good but "come and see". Just now some elderly people are anxious to sell or rent their farm to a Seventh Day Baptist. Here is a chance to get a farm within easy reach of the State Highway. Others farms near by are for sale, which you can learn about by making a visit or by writing to the undersigned.

The farthest of the three larger cities, Syracuse, can be reached from the locality in less than two hours by auto. The other two, Rome and Utica, are within easy reach. A fine state road to all these places.

The social life of Verona will commend itself to those who wish for their children a safe and sane environment. It has been said that if a banner were offered to the church getting the most out of social intercourse with one another, Verona would win. And this keen enjoyment is realized without recourse to questionable amusements.

There is to be a dinner served in the church parlors on January 8. Our church and society meeting occurs at this time. This meeting is generally well attended. I am

Very truly yours,

IRA A. NEWBY,
Church Clerk.

"The present conditions in Russia are the result of progressive impoverishment of the Russian people under Soviet control."—*Herbert Hoover.*

A good word is as soon said as an ill one.
Our deeds still travel with us from afar,
And what we have been makes us what we are.
—*George Eliot.*

EDUCATION SOCIETY'S PAGE

DEAN PAUL E. TITSWORTH, ALFRED, N. Y.
Contributing Editor

DANTE AND THE DIVINE COMEDY

[Six hundred years ago there died in Ravenna, Italy, Dante Alighieri, Italy's greatest poet and one of the three or four master poets of the ages. The whole civilized world is this year paying tribute to this great Italian seer and maker of world literature.]

"Two great poets . . . have preserved and expressed the sentiment of their age, its replies to the deepest questions which man can propound; have clothed their abstractions with form, color and music; and have lent fleeting opinion an adamantine immortality. These are Dante and Milton." Such are the words of a modern appreciator of the Italian poet. They point to the most striking features of Dante,—his wrestling with the most resistant and significant of the problems of man's existence, and his masterly handling of the poet's means of expression,—form, color and music.

What manner of man was this Dante whose eye in a fine frenzy rolling did glance from lowest hell to highest heaven, bodying forth the forms of things unknown and giving to blackest nightmare and loveliest vision local habitations and a name?

Dante Alighieri was born in Florence, Italy, in 1265, and died in exile in Ravenna in 1321. He was of proud and noble family. His youthful friends were poets, scholars, painters, musicians and politicians. His fortunate position in society and his cosmopolitan acquaintanceship laid the foundations alike for his political downfall and his literary greatness. His circumstances must have furnished the incentive for a wide study of history, mythology, philosophy, theology and contemporary affairs; they must have given him his consequent sure grasp of things human, and the proper impetus to his heaven-sweeping imagination; they must have sharpened his interpretative powers. His own attempts at politics ended in failure. The opposing party coming into power, Dante and his colleagues were driven into banishment in 1302.

Without this overwhelming experience of

exile, it seems probable that Dante never could have written *The Divine Comedy*. While the world was thus tumbling about his ears, the poem was conceived and while he was wandering from court to court, it was finished. A lesser man would have been broken by the ordeal, would have wasted his God-given talents pouring forth complaints against a topsy-turvy universe. Instead Dante welded the broken fragments of his real world into an ideal cosmos of mighty extent, and garnished it with the shadows of deepest hell and the dazzling effulgence of highest paradise.

One can not speak of Dante without recalling the name of Beatrice. He was only nine years old when he first beheld her and found her lovely. Yet it was to this meeting that Beatrice owes her immortality. She was probably unaware of Dante's admiration. Indeed, she became the wife of another and died still young, four years before the completion of our poet's first poetical work, the *Vita Nuova* or *New Life*. Dante's love was spiritual and mystical rather than physical. After writing one of his sonnets to her, there appeared to him a wondrous vision "wherein", he says; "I beheld things which made me resolve to say no more concerning my Blessed One until I could treat of her more worthily. . . . Wherefore if it shall be the pleasure of Him by whom all things live that my life shall yet endure for some years, I hope to say concerning her that which has never yet been said concerning any woman." This promise he abundantly kept.

To comprehend Dante and *The Comedy*—which his early admirers denominated *divine*—it is necessary to understand in outline the *milieu* in which he lived. Italian social and political life was a rope of sand that fell asunder at a touch. There were bickerings, strivings, wars and rumors of wars. There were intrigues, graft, poisonings, stabbings. Property, social position, and human life were insecure. Yet, strange to say, beneath this world of fragments, that seemed utterly to lack the cement of common interests and ideals, there was a unity of idea and of purpose, there throbbed the impulse to achieve a universal system in which every man should have a place, that should make all men of one religion and one empire. The Roman Catholic Church and the Holy Roman Empire are

monumental testimony of this ideal. As from the mountain's top Dante saw the confusion of facts of historical and contemporary existence, nicely fitted them to the structure of men's ideals, and threw upon the whole the searchlight of his vigorous intellect and consummate artistry.

Dante lived at the time of the greatest outward splendor of the church, at the culmination of the Middle Ages. Pope and Emperor were at loggerheads for the supremacy of Christendom. It was by a back current of this conflict that Dante was pulled under politically. While the two greatest institutions of his age were tottering upon the brilliant brink of ruin, art was just coming into its own. The thirteenth century was aflame with a love of beauty in its most varied forms. Architecture, mural decoration, sculpture flourished and "bore fruits which have the savor of immortality about them". And these arts influenced the structure of the *Divine Comedy* quite as much as the politico-social composition of the age affected the content of the poem. This appears particularly true in the second part of the work, the Purgatory, where Dante represents himself as led past scenes that bear striking resemblance to the frescos and to the window-

Dante's universe was the simple, definite, and naive conception regnant in the Middle Ages. It consisted of four provinces: Earth, the place of living men; Hell, the province of the eternally damned; Purgatory, the abode of the dead who, because they repented in time, are allowed to purge themselves of their sins, knowing they shall later enter paradise; Paradise, where are the mansions of the blessed; those who are soon or late in reaching heaven, are upon the instant of their arrival, fixed in an abode of everlasting bliss. The action of our poems unrolls itself in three of these provinces,—Hell, Purgatory and Paradise.

According to Dante the earth which is the center of the universe is a globe; Hell, a funnel-shaped pit whose crater or mouth is at the North Pole and whose point lies at the center of the earth. The sinners lie or stand on the successive ledges or circles of this pit and are graded from those individuals who have cared for nought but themselves through all those guilty of progressively damning sin down to the low-

est circle of all where Satan, for the most heinous crime in the long catalog—treachery to God—is stuck in the ice at the center of the earth.

Purgatory is a lofty, cone-shaped mountain at the South Pole, whose top is occupied by the Garden of Eden. The lowest region is in general occupied by excommunicated penitents and those who put off repenting until the last minute. The greater portion of the ascent of the mountain is divided into circles where are expiated the seven deadly sins.

Dante's heavens—not Paradise—are composed of nine concentric hollow hemispheres. Outside and above is space, the so-called empyrean. Here are located the nine concentric circles of Paradise proper. These latter circles swing about the throne of God. Their motion is caused by the joy and complete satisfaction of the blessed. Desire to be at one with Him and the perfect accord with His will lead the creatures inhabiting these circles to move ceaselessly about Him.

Such is the swelling scene, the stupendous stage set for the representation of the greatest of all dramas, man's quest for his eternal welfare. Such is the theater peopled by the fertile imagination of the poet with a throng of characters from mythology, church, profane and sacred history. Here we have some measure of Dante's greatness.

In outline the action of the poem is as follows: In middle life Dante realized that morally and spiritually he was being driven before the winds of passion and in imminent danger of shipwreck. The content of the *Divine Comedy* is the miraculous vision of the meaning of human life vouchsafed him at this crisis. Looking down from Paradise and seeing his distress, Beatrice sets about helping him attain ultimate salvation. Possessed of a safe-conduct from on high, Dante journeys with his guide Virgil through the deepening gloom and horror of hell to the very bottom of the pit. Keeping ever to the left, they pass through regions of oppressive atmosphere and noisome stench, tear-soaked fields, blood rivers and dolorous woods of poison trees. They penetrate thick darkness lit up with red-heated tombs and rain of fire flakes on sandy wastes. They catch glimpses of agonies unspeakable and distorted limbs, serpents and men in a motley mass, primeval

giants and the supreme horror of Lucifer.

Thence Virgil and Dante, from the apex of the Inferno, pass on through the center of the earth and commence the laborious ascent of the mountain where men are purged of their sins, the mount of Purgatory. Here a sweet sadness replaces the gloom of Hell. Now keeping ever to the right, they clamber up the steep mountain side or wait through nights in exquisite valleys under angelic protection. They converse with those working out their salvation. Anon the whole mountain trembles with divine sympathy when some sinner completes his time of probation and rises to the realms of bliss. And Dante himself, through witnessing the process, now passes on

regenerate

E'en as new plants renew'd with foliage new,
Pure and made apt for mounting to the stars.

Purged of all meanness of thought and with the first radiance of divine love gleaming in his eyes, Dante, now under the guidance of the blessed Beatrice, is lifted from height to height of Paradise by the intensifying brightness in the eyes of her. He holds converse with beings swathed in robes of light. He is aware of a never lessening crescendo of light and motion until the central point of the universe is found in the Beatific Vision, where God is throned from everlasting to everlasting.

In spite of allegory the background of time and place is concrete and real. Dante entered Hell Good Friday of the year 1300 and issued therefrom on Easter morning. The ascent of Purgatory began immediately and lasted until the following Wednesday when Dante and Beatrice entered Paradise. Thus with the darkness of approaching night, he descended into Hell, at the hopeful hour of dawn, he came to Purgatory; and with the meridian splendor of high noon he ascended into Paradise.

The *Divine Comedy* is an allegory of human life, in the form of a vision of the upper and nether worlds beyond the grave. Most individuals live in a world where many things happen to their bodies and their nervous systems but rarely to their souls. To Dante the crowding events of a stirring life played upon his soul chastening it and changing its very texture. Thus his masterpiece becomes the fruit of a deep spiritual

experience of a human soul with extraordinary sensibilities for human concerns and capacity for interpretation. The facts assembled by Dante's wide-sweeping observation and arranged and illumined by his interpretation have been set to a wondrously solemn and majestic music. This union forms the *Divine Comedy*.

I must confess that my study of Dante has frequently appeared to me like boring in flinty rock with a dull drill. He has been likened to a mine; certainly nothing short of laborious digging will unearth the real treasures which the poem hides. The allegory is sometimes absolutely baffling. There are scores of references to history, mythology, and local Florentine affairs which scholarly commentators admit they can not trace. Then, too, Dante manifests a liking for the round-about rather than the direct way of saying some simple things. Owing to the exigencies of his terza rima verse, some of his sentences at first reading are about as clear as clay. But after penetrating thorny hedges bristling with linguistic and structural difficulties, one comes suddenly upon scenes of exquisite beauty or stately majesty that make the pilgrimage one of exhilaration.

No great work of literary art is ever easy reading. *Faust*, *King Lear*, *Paradise Lost*, *Sartor Resartus* are packages of concentrated human experience that are soluble only in the reagents of experience, capacity for sustained thoughtfulness, and a sensitiveness to beauty of an exalted order. My professor of English used to say that it was almost impossible to teach literature to sophomores because they had not lived enough. One gets from the contemplation of any work of art just what one brings to it. Sometimes impatience and immaturity whisper of a great picture or of a book that its suppositious greatness is kept alive by those who wish to appear cultured. Even those for whom art has a message are frequently turned aside from its contemplation by such remarks. We do not judge the powers of a Stradivarius violin by the unspeakable rasping of the beginner but by the thundering and bellowing or by the caressing and plaintive tones of the master artist. In like fashion, literature is not to be judged by the opinion of the immature but by the reaction of the initiated and competent critics.

Let us consider Dante the Immortal under the captions of the four P's, as prophet, psychologist, philosopher and poet.

He is least noteworthy as a prophet. His philosophy and theology are medieval, backward-looking. He belongs to the Middle Ages rather than to the Renaissance by his use of symbolism. His system for the regeneration of man is mechanical and antiquated. Standing at the gateway of modern history, he lacks the vision of the value of man and man's manifold powers which the Renaissance esteemed so highly. While he vehemently denounced ecclesiastical corruption and consigned most of the contemporary popes to the abode of the damned, his theological position was strictly orthodox and indicates almost none of the tendencies that flowered in the Reformation. On the other hand, he is modern, forward-looking in his attitude toward the relations of Church and state. Likewise he was the passionate herald of the new Italian language and founder alike of Italian poetry and prose. He was the innovator of the movement that has created modern literature by the difficult first step of raising the vernacular, the popular language of the different peoples, to a position of equal dignity with Greek and Latin. The *Divine Comedy* is the first masterpiece written in Italian. Most of all, however, Dante is entitled to the appellation, the morning star of the Renaissance, because he revelled in the beauty of nature and fathomed the tragedy, pathos and the bliss of human relations. Lastly, he possessed something of the nature of a prophet because in him the stored-up emotions of more than thirteen centuries became articulate and broke their dull silence. In him first European civilization came to self-consciousness and self-criticism.

By Dante as a psychologist, I mean the Dante who understands human hearts and knows the relation between cause and effect in human emotions. He noted how the soul, under the impulse of tremendous circumstance, cuts the bonds of pettiness and enlarges itself to take in a new revelation. Dante, in Paradise, delighted that now his eyes can endure the brightness of the heavenly vision, says,

Thus, in that heavenly banqueting, my soul
Outgrew herself.

And in the same passage, he proceeds to show the reaction of men to an overwhelming experience and how slowly the mind assembles its scattered forces in a bewildering situation. Speaking of the same celestial appearance of Beatrice, he says

And, in the transport lost,
Holds now remembrance none of what she was.

I was as one, when a forgotten dream
Doth come across him, and he strives in vain
To shape it in his fantasy again.

Mark the somewhat cynical shrewdness of the following,

The will in man
Bears goodly blossoms; but its ruddy promise
Is, by the dripping of perpetual rain,
Made mere abortion.

As an astute observer, he witnessed how stalking terror freezes up the springs of human emotions. Beholding the excruciating tortures of the damned in lowest hell, he says,

I wept not: so all stone I felt within.
They wept.

If Dante the psychologist knew the heart of man, Dante the philosopher knew how, through medieval glasses, to interpret the movement of men in masses and the logic of events. I first quote a few of his observations. A witness of how the mighty of earth are come down to hell, he exclaims,

How many now hold themselves mighty kings,
Who here like swine shall wallow in the mire,
Leaving behind them horrible dispraise.

He remarks the unpalatableness of truth, the voice of admonition,

What though, when tasted first, thy voice shall
prove
Unwelcome: on digestion, it will turn
To vital nourishment.

Finally, listen to the shaft of satire aimed at corruption in high places of the contemporary church,

Mortal flesh
Is grown so dainty, good beginnings last not
From the oak's birth unto the acorn's setting.

Let us sum up Dante's philosophy. The *Divine Comedy* is an allegory of human life written avowedly to convert a corrupt society to righteousness. It shows how man and men, to whom God has given perfect freedom of will to abhor the evil and cleave to the good, may, by choosing wrongly or

by failure to choose at all, bring upon themselves eternal damnation to unspeakable torture; or how, by electing rightly, human beings can rise to where, with Dante, they will hear how

"Glory to the Father, to the Son,
And to the Holy Spirit," rang aloud
Throughout all Paradise; that with the song
My spirit reel'd, so passing sweet the strain.

With Dante they will also see with equal ecstasy

One universal smile it seem'd of all things;
Joy past compare; gladness unutterable;
Imperishable life of peace and love;
Exhaustless riches, and unmeasured bliss.

For Dante, who has chosen rightly, the vision closes with all his powers of knowing and loving fulfilled and consumed in the union of his understanding with the Divine, of his will with God's will that is the love that moves the sun and the other stars.

All virtues and all vices, according to our poet, proceed from love. The Hell shows the results of varying degrees of self-love, of selfishness; the Purgatory how love is to gain a vision of its real goal; and the Paradise, how it is rendered perfect in successive stages until it attains union with Divine Love. Thus, love which originally came to the poet as a simple experience in sex psychology becomes in the *Divine Comedy*, as in Goethe's *Faust*, the guiding principle of Dante's—and symbolically through him of man's—conscious rise to salvation. Love is the impulse which creates a desire for truth; it is the touchstone for measuring the acquisition of it.

While Dante's philosophy is medieval and his science out-of-date this fact in no wise impairs his poetic power. It remains the greatest of marvels that the transcendent poet and the most representative thinker of the age should have met in the same person. Dante's poetry did not form itself unbidden and without effort, coming from a mystic somewhere, as did Goethe's. The *Divine Comedy* represents the acme of conscious art. There is constant evidence of the author's having taken thought. The symbolism reaches down into the rootlets, the minutest details of the poem. Hence Dante's work lacks much of the playfulness and carefreeness which is usually esteemed an important part of great art. Dante liked restrictions of structure and

of verse form. They undeniably give the work a symmetry and an artistic finish that delight the sophisticated and make the poem appear a thing which is made, not something that has grown. For instance, the three main divisions of the poem contain each thirty-three cantos, each canto ending with the same word *stelle*, stars. An additional canto in the introductory part brings the whole up to the perfect number of one hundred cantos. All this is not the happy-go-lucky production of the vagabond ballad chanter who sings as the bird sings, but it is rather a decidedly conscious art. In it Dante manifests a near kinship to the scholastic formalism of the thought world of the Middle Ages.

Nevertheless, the poet never seems to weary of his task. Rarely did vigor fail the lofty fantasy. Not often does the reader get the impression of a waning of the inspiration. One critic goes so far as to say that there is no poem of equal magnitude which glows with such sustained heat of soul. That he was capable of such sustained effort and attained such uniformity of excellence constitutes one of Dante's claims to greatness.

Dante is a supreme artist in words. His amplitude of diction not only expresses his ideas but leaves a wide fringe of suggestion. His figures are more than apt, yea even than ample. He calls the envelope of light in which St. Peter moves the "deep-imbosomed splendor". Endeavoring to accustom his eyes to the blinding radiance of Paradise, he speaks of the "strife of aching vision" and of his "o'erlabored sight". Depicting the effulgence of the realms of the blessed, he describes one moving body as trailing, "a blaze of comet splendor" and another heavenly apparition as "graved in streaky fire".

His language has the sonorous quality of Latin, the jewelled beauty of Spanish, the power of English and the gentleness of German. The following famous lines graven over the gates to Hell exhibit his sonorousness:

Through me you pass into the city of woe:
Through me you pass into eternal pain:
Through me among the peoples lost for aye.
Justice the founder of my fabric moved;
To rear me was the task of love divine.
Before me things create were none, save things
Eternal, and eternal I endure.
All hope abandon, ye who enter here.

As an illustration of Dante's powerful diction, I will cite the following:

The stormy blast of hell
With restless fury drives the spirits on,
Whirl'd round and dashed amain with sore annoy.
When they arrive before the ruinous sweep,
There shrieks are heard; there lamentations,
moans,
And blasphemies 'gainst the good Power in heaven.

As an illustration of Dante's gentleness, note the passage beginning

Forthwith,
As clock, that calleth up the spouse of God
To win her bridegroom's love at matin hour,
Each part of other fitly drawn, and urged,
Sends out a tinkling sound, of note so sweet,
Affection springs in well-disposed breast;
Thus I saw move the glorious wheel; thus heard
Voice answering voice, so musical and soft,
It can be known but where day endless shines.

Dante is wrongly imagined by many to be solely the depicter of the pains and gloom of hell. He is, however, equally the painter of the joys of paradise, the poet of light and of grace of motion. To illustrate his mastery of both moods, that of horror and that of bliss, I will juxtapose passages from the Hell and from the Paradise. In the first lines, Dante is describing Lucifer stuck in the ice at the bottom of the infernal pit:

That emperor, who sways
The realm of sorrow, at mid breast from the ice
Stood forth; and I in stature am more like
A giant, than giants are his arms.
Mark now how great the whole must be, which
suits

With such a part. If he were beautiful
As he is hideous now, and yet did dare
To scowl upon his Maker, well from him
May all our misery flow. O what a sight!
How passing strange it seem'd, when I did spy
Upon his head three faces: one in front
Of hue vermillion, the other two with this
Midway each shoulder join'd and at the crest;
The right 'twixt wan and yellow seem'd; the left
To look on, such as come from whence old Nile
Stoops to the lowlands. Under each shot forth
Two mighty wings, enormous as became
A bird so vast. Sails never such I saw
Outstretched on the wide sea. No plumes had
they,

But were in texture like a bat; and these
He flapped i' th' air, that from him issued still
Three winds, wherewith Cocytus, to its depth
Was frozen. At six eyes he wept: the tears
Adown three chins distill'd with bloody foam.
At every mouth his teeth a sinner champ'd,
Bruised as with ponderous engine.

Now follow carefully the following from the Paradise:

I look'd;
And, in the likeness of a river, saw
Light flowing, from whose amber-seeming waves
Flash'd up effulgence, as they glided on
'Twixt banks, on either side, painted with spring,
Incredible how fair: and, from the tide,
There ever and anon, outstarting, flew
Sparkles instinct with life; and in the flowers
Did set them, like to rubies chased in gold.

Dante crowds the limits of human speech in order to express the manifold phenomena and gradations of light. His "verse unfolds things that do almost mock the grasp of thought". Note his expression, "Fulminating streams of living radiance." Of the several beatific visions, Dante most delights expending his powers in describing light and beauty in order that we may fully sense the wondrous love and divine magnetic power in the benign smile of Beatrice.

On me straight
Beatrice look'd, with eyes that shot forth sparks
Of love celestial, in such copious stream,
That, virtue sinking in me over power'd,
I turn'd; and downward bent, confused, my sight.

This and a multitude of similar passages show us how abundantly he fulfilled his promise to say of her that which had never been said concerning any woman.

With all Dante's thought of the great hereafter he keeps his feet on the solid earth. In spite of allegory, symbolism and occasional obscurity, he is remarkably concrete. Nowhere is he more an inhabitant of the earth than in his descriptions of nature. The Purgatory is filled with pictures of sea, mountain, river, flower-besprinkled mead, trees, flowers, animals and birds. He speaks of the "bark with a proud keel that singing cuts her way", of a "fish that glances diving through the deep", of "sea-sponges clinging to a rock", of the shooting stars and of the limpid waters of the deep-flowing river. There are several descriptions of dawn:

I have beheld, ere now, at break of day,
The eastern clime all roseate; and the sky
Opposed, one deep and beautiful serene.

Or again, the whitening dawn and the fragrance of spring flowers

As when, to harbinger the dawn, springs up
On freshen'd wing the air of May, and breathes
Of fragrance, all impregn'd with herbs and
flowers.

(Continued on page 20)

WOMAN'S WORK

MRS. GEORGE E. CROSLY, MILTON, WIS.
Contributing Editor

WISHING

Do you wish the world were better?
Let me tell you what to do—
Set a watch upon your actions,
Keep them always straight and true;
Rid your mind of selfish motives,
Let your thoughts be pure and high;
You can make a little Eden
Of the sphere you occupy.

Do you wish the world were wiser?
Well, suppose you make a start,
By accumulating wisdom
In the scrapbook of your heart.
Do not waste one page on folly,
Live to learn, and learn to live,
If you want to give men knowledge,
You must get it ere you give.

Do you wish the world were happy?
Then remember, day by day,
Just to scatter deeds of kindness
As you pass along the way.
For the pleasure of the many
May be oftentimes traced to one,
As the hand that plants the acorn
Shelters armies from the sun.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

LETTER FROM MIRIAM WEST

EYDYKUHNEN, PRUSSIA,
NOVEMBER 21, 1921.

DEAR FAMILY AT HOME:

I wonder if you will be able to find this place. It is on the border between East Prussia and Lithuania. You may know by that that I am on my way with Beulah Hurley for Russia. We are waiting here three hours or more. Then we get on the train again and start for Riga. We will be there tomorrow morning. I bought a little pocket atlas yesterday because my geography is so poor. I may know a little geography by the time I return home.

Last week, Tuesday, after I wrote you, began the frantic time of preparation. In normal times, it would not have been so bad, but business in Germany is very abnormal. The people who have any money, including foreigners coming in from neighboring countries, are buying up everything in sight. It is a time of panic of a certain

sort. People are afraid that the Mark will become as worthless as Austrian and Polish money and then the prices will soar. The shops are being so depleted in stock that they are open only a few hours a day. The manufactories can not buy the raw material and can not keep up with their orders. Under these conditions you often buy the last article of its kind and have very little choice. Sometimes it means searching from store to store and not finding it. So it was with wool underwear. After a vain search, some one found two suits in one shop. In three instances, I bought up the last suits of pajamas of the size I wanted. I couldn't find women's pajamas but bought the smallest size man's pajamas. The husband of our dressmaker (he does the buying for his wife's small shop, and it takes all his time these days) secured from a wholesale place two pairs of women's outing flannel pajamas for me. They were already sold but he managed somehow to get them. The other suits I got were summer ones. Outing flannel sheets we could not get. They tell stories of the quantities of things people are buying, five and six pairs of shoes of the same size and other things to correspond. We were the source of much amusement one day when we bought forty-eight cans of solid alcohol. The clerk commented that that was rather much. She called in the head sales woman and after some conference they began counting out the forty-eight cans. At last, they were selected and sent to be wrapped. When I presented the check, the girl at the desk looked at the cans where they stood and smiled rather visibly. She nudged another girl and together they enjoyed the sight. I imagine that they had another story to add to those of the quantities people were buying.

We bought almost no new clothes aside from under clothes. I have my leather coat and helmet, a dark blue wool dress, and a black velvet tam, one pair of shoes, leggins, and a steamer rug. That constitutes all evident new clothes. The coat is conspicuous enough for all.

Aside from buying all odds and ends of notions, such as elastics, pins, etc., to last us, we had to take soap, toothpaste, cooking utensils for cooking on the train, thermos bottle, a box of medicines, etc. The

bottom of my trunk is almost completely filled with such things.

Both Beulah and I believe in traveling with little baggage, but every day all week we came home with the car loaded with packages, so many that the two of us could scarcely get them in the house. We have six pieces of registered (checked) baggage, two cooking dishes, etc. In our compartment, we have a suitcase, a ruck sack, a huge roll of blankets, two heavy brief bags, and our coats, which we have to wear to carry them. I forgot the typewriter. We look with dismay at the supply, but everything is full of necessary things.

We do not know where we will be sent from Moscow, but probably down to the Buzuluk district where English and American Friends are working together. Unfortunately, although conditions are very bad, money is not coming in and therefore there is very little food. Mr. Brown, the head of A. R. A. work in Europe, says that recently \$40,000 came in for food from the Friends but that is pitifully small beside the \$5,000,000 that they planned to collect for that area.

Perhaps, you may know that all relief organizations from America are supposed to work in co-operation with the American Relief Association, A. R. A. Each organization is assigned an area in which it can work. The workers are gotten in by the A. R. A. (This has to do with Hoover's agreement with Soviet Government about passports, etc. Other people leave passports at border, but we take ours in.) and food and supplies are also gotten in by them.

Lovingly,

MIRIAM WEST.

P. S. Correct address is: American Relief Association, Riga, Latvia. Friends Unit, Moscow.

The mail goes by courier from Riga.

Remittances may be made for the cause to Charles H. Sabin, Treasurer Russian Famine Fund Distributing through The Society of Friends (Quakers). National Headquarters, 15 Park Row, New York.

"If 'more things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of', the nations might well make the opening day of the Disarmament Conference a day of prayer."

DANTE AND THE DIVINE COMEDY

(Continued from page 18)

Again and again he speaks of the flowers

My wondering eyes
Pass'd onward, o'er the streamlet, to survey
The tender may-bloom flushed through many a hue
In prodigal variety.

He was also a lover of the smaller animals especially of the birds. I know of no more beautiful description of the lark than the following,

Like to the lark,
That warbling in the air expatiates long,
Then trilling out his last sweet melody,
Drops, satiate with the sweetness.

In reading such passages as these we might well forget that we were not reading the lines of some nineteenth century poet-lover of nature. And yet while Dante loved the out-of-doors—and in so doing he was no longer of the Middle Ages—he is not in the last analysis a poet delighting solely in the sensuous world. He is rather a poet of ideas. He is the supreme interpreter of the medieval conception of the universe.

Dante is a poet of majesty. His moods are few and always serious, from the terror inspired by his vision of awful Hell through the pathos of lesser sin, the scorn of churchly and political corruption to his rapturous contemplation of the supreme and ineffable revelation. Goethe's *Faust* is a riot of moods: the German poet plays on the entire gamut of human emotions. Dante is never sensual, never vulgar, never blasphemous: he is always dignified, morally impeccable and thoroughly Christian. No poet has ever succeeded, as he, in making an imperishable work of art by portraying simply the ethico-religious side of man's nature and striving. Dante aimed to preach a powerful sermon to his careless countrymen, but his innate love of beauty fashioned the discourse so that he produced an immortal work of art instead. A sermon constructed on the foundation of a crumbling theology would have long ago been consigned to consuming oblivion; but as long as men love wisdom, color and music, so long will the *Divine Comedy* be read. And I cherish the hope that some of you may catch an inspiration from what has been said this morning to wrestle with Dante yourselves until he vouchsafes you a blessing.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

MRS. RUBY COON BABCOCK, Battle Creek, Mich.,
Contributing Editor

GOD IN OUR LIVES

REV. H. C. VAN HORN

Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day,
January 14, 1922

DAILY READINGS

Sunday—The soul's cry (Job 23: 1-10)
Monday—God's answer (Isa. 55: 1-3)
Tuesday—Stumbling upon God (Gen. 28: 10-17)
Wednesday—God in our sorrows (2 Cor. 1: 1-4)
Thursday—God in great crises (Exod. 14: 10-15)
Friday—God in our church (Mal. 3: 1-3)
Sabbath Day—Topic, God in our lives (Gal. 5: 16-26)

We are urged in this lesson to "Walk in the Spirit," the only acceptable living unto God, a walk in marked contrast to that lived in fleshly ease and selfishness. Paul in another letter declares the principle of warfare between the spirit and the flesh when he says, "The good which I would I do not; but the evil which I would not that I practice" (Romans 7: 19).

We are to walk by the spirit and so avoid bearing fruit of the flesh, which is sin and "bringeth forth death." It is well for the Christian Endeavorer to canvass the various works of the flesh, that they may through Jesus Christ be put away forever.

"But the fruit of the Spirit," "love, joy, peace . . . self control", is the result of growth, a sign and evidence of life. Fruit does not come from a dead branch or grow on a lifeless plant. "The fruit is not something that springs out of our old nature, amended, educated, refined; not something we create in our selves by our own will and effort; but something that is wrought in us by Divine energy and power. "It is the creation of the Holy Spirit." However, it must grow from that which is within man, and if it is to come to perfection, the natural must be dominated by the spiritual.

There is always variety in this fruit. The nine qualities of the spiritual life are not called "fruits", but "fruit". It is like a great cluster of grapes, composed of clusters of three each: "love, joy, peace; long suffering, kindness, goodness; faithfulness, meekness, self control." Who of us have

not longed for this fruitage in our lives? It is ours if we abide in Jesus Christ. The apostle closes by showing us just this truth—"And they that are of Christ Jesus have crucified the flesh with the passions and lusts thereof."

MORE ABOUT THE LIFE WORK RECRUIT CAMPAIGN

B. F. JOHANSON

Last week this department published the plan as now adopted for recruiting life workers. Class A is not new to Christian Endeavorers, but recruiting workers into the last two classifications has to our knowledge never been attempted. It will be manifest that this campaign will not be a success unless it is attended by enthusiasm and consecration. The program will challenge the best that you can bring to it. Fundamentally this is a movement to recruit, organize, and train workers for all our needs as a denomination. No phase of work which is vital to us as a people has been left out. It considers the needs of the local church, the Sabbath school, the Junior, Intermediate, and Senior Christian Endeavor societies, the denominational boards, the mission fields, and the ministry. It even gives an opportunity for the lone Sabbath-keepers to find a field of Seventh Day Baptist activity. Remember this is not a drive for funds, but for laborers. We need the funds, we believe they are forthcoming, but we also need faithful workers who are willing to serve wherever there is a need, whether it be for full time service or for part time service without financial recompense.

Christian Endeavor week is the period between February 4-11. During this week we are asking all churches, Sabbath schools, and Christian Endeavor societies to conduct an active campaign to secure Life Work Recruits.

It is a recognized fact that in the high school age boys begin to consider the possibilities of a life-work. Therefore we are asking all our pastors to assemble their boys of this age and talk to them about the opportunities of the ministry. This class should include all other young men who might be influenced by this message. It is not necessarily for the purpose of securing immediate decisions that this class is form-

ed but with the idea of preparing for a future favorable consideration of the ministry. We desire to have the pastors present this matter to their boys during the early part of Christian Endeavor week.

People who consider themselves beyond Christian Endeavor age but are interested in this movement are asked to join by signing the card for the Active Honorary Fellowship. There is great inspiration in knowing that a large and enthusiastic fellowship is being recruited. Give the Endeavorers all the encouragement and help you can by not only joining but by also giving your loyal and enthusiastic support to the movement.

OUR GOAL, 1921-1922

1. Reconsecration to church work.
2. Active support of missions.
3. Personal work for Christ.
4. Organization of more societies.
5. Greater Christian social fellowship.
6. More Christian Endeavor members.
7. More Quiet Hour Comrades.
8. Increase of Tenth Legioners.
9. Every society studying missions.
10. Budget apportionment paid up.

SLOGAN

"Spirituality First in Our Christian Endeavor."

A LETTER FROM THE GOAL SUPERINTENDENT

DEAR CHRISTIAN ENDEAVORERS:

In this my second letter I promised to tell you of some duties for the Goal superintendent. Personally I like the idea of this work being in charge of the vice president, as it familiarizes him with its different phases and is valuable training when the later becomes president. Let him take charge of one of the Christian Endeavor meetings giving the entire hour to discussion of the goal. If possible have a copy of it on the blackboard or a chart. In addition to this one meeting I think he should very frequently give a short talk at Christian Endeavor on some point that perhaps is not so well understood or one that needs emphasizing. It is only a couple of weeks now till time for the first goal rating, and they should be busy ones for the Goal superintendent. An up-to-date list of active Christian Endeavor members, number of

Legioners and Comrades, a report of Christian Endeavor Experts or Mission study class, information regarding the socials, and whether or not they are standard and how much of its quota the society has paid to the board are some of the points the blank sent out will call for. Have your figures ready and let's see who can be first to have reports in to the board secretary.

Yours for more efficient Christian Endeavor work,

EDNA R. VAN HORN,
Goal Superintendent.

A FRIEND OF YOUNG PEOPLE

REV. ROYAL R. THORNGATE

For some a dozen or more of years Mrs. Martha H. Wardner has been a regular contributor to the Young People's department of the SABBATH RECORDER; and always



her articles have been written in a spirit of kindly and understanding helpfulness for young folks. She may well be called a friend of young people, though she has reached that point in life where she feels that the most of her years are behind her.

The things she has written have mostly come out of her own experience; and that experience has often been made up of severe spiritual discipline. Even as these lines are being written she is ill, with some doubt

as to the outcome, but her many friends, both old and young, are hoping and praying for her recovery. When the writer of these lines requested a brief sketch of her life, particularly regarding her religious experience and activities, she wrote in reply, in part, as follows:

"I am very feeble at present; came to the Sanitarium Annex yesterday because the doctor urged complete rest. There are several complications but the alarming feature is my heart. In regard to the sketch I am not able to prepare it, but can give you a few facts." Then she continues: "I had the most careful and wise home training in religious matters, in a comparatively new State, [Wisconsin] where public advantages were few. When quite young I decided to be a Christian, after I had settled what I was going to do in the world, but at fifteen yielded to the call of my Savior, when a deep love for sacred matters and service was born in my heart. At seventeen, after a careful examination of the higher life, I laid myself upon the altar of consecration. At one time I rather expected to go to Africa to work in the Woman's Mission of the United Brethren Church. I met a great disappointment in having to give up my expected college education on account of the care of my parents.

"They had scarcely begun in my part of the country to put women into church offices when I was elected superintendent of the Sabbath school. Later, when the Woman's Missionary Association of the Wisconsin Conference of the United Brethren Churches was organized, I was elected president. I was engaged in the work of organizing mission societies among the churches, but had not served more than three years when family cares compelled me to relinquish all work out side my home.

"In 1885, I embraced the Sabbath, after a thorough investigation, and for more than four years was practically a lone Sabbath-keeper. A very serious break in my health came, and for fourteen years was unable to do any active church work. A good deal of the time I was unable to do any solid thinking. When it seemed as if the end were near, I went to La Porte, Ind., where my health improved so much I could take up work in a limited way. Again I put myself into the Lord's hands

for work, and greatly to my surprise the call came for me to remain in La Porte. My heart was made to rejoice because God's visible blessing rested so unmistakably upon my work as a Bible teacher. I was there nearly thirteen years, when I came to Battle Creek, on account of my health, in the spring of 1917, where I have tried to do my part of the work of the church."

It was more than thirty years ago that Mrs. Wardner first wrote for the RECORDER. Thirteen years ago she began writing for the Young People's department, and during that time has written several articles of considerable length, among them being the story of her life, under the title, "Martha Burnham." Several of her articles, including the one mentioned, have been translated into the Dutch language. Without fail, each year she has written a "New Year's Message" to the young people; and though she has been so deprived of strength of late, again this year she has prepared an appealing message. It will be found in another place in the Young People's department of this issue of the RECORDER.

A MESSAGE FOR THE NEW YEAR

DEAR YOUNG PEOPLE:

I can scarcely realize that another year has passed away, so rapidly has been its flight. "Why," I have been asking myself, "do the years seem so much shorter now than they did when I was a girl?" Probably it is because I realize that the most of my life is behind me and that some day I shall take my departure, leaving behind me many things undone that I have been anxious to accomplish. Let me entreat you not to be annoyed because the years move slowly, for when you are nearing the end of the journey, as the past comes up before you in retrospect, you too will feel that if it were possible you would like to stay time in its flight that you might be of further service to your fellow-beings. One of the blessings of service to those who love it, is that the more they do the more they are anxious to do. They often grow weary in the service but never of the service, while their hearts are cheered with the assurance that if faithful now when Jesus comes he will reward them with the opportunity for greater service.

When I was young it was customary for people to respond "Amen" to any sentiment from the pulpit that especially pleased them. I heard of one old man who frequently responded, and not always in appropriate places. I presume the young people of the present are as quick to see the ludicrous in church as they were then, and so will be able to appreciate the situation. The pastor of the man referred to waited on him one day and in a kindly spirit told him that he didn't always say "Amen" at the proper place; that it was amusing the young people to the extent that it was doing harm. The old man received the admonition kindly and replied that if that was the case he would withhold the response. At the next service he remained quiet for some time, but finally his feelings overcame him and he exclaimed, "Amen, hit or miss."

For some reason I have found it so difficult to decide on a subject for this letter that I came near giving it up but finally decided to write "hit or miss." Sometime when you are having a difficult time to decide what to do, just remember that I have trod that path before you.

Before we get any farther away from "responses" in church, let me say that in the revival where I was converted a German who couldn't speak English fluently, in telling his experience, said, "I fell once off of a hand car and it nearly kilt me," to which the minister responded, "Praise the Lord," so the pulpit was sometimes at fault as well as the pew.

I am going to write you a paragraph on opportunity. I dislike to mention anything of a sad nature in a New Year's letter, yet we are surrounded by sorrow in the new year as in the old one, in youth as in old age; and so it will continue until the dawning of that New Year when "sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

We need to watch for opportunities for service and we need the vision to see it when it comes. You will pardon me while I make a personal reference. Probably I think more of opportunity than I otherwise would if I had not labored so many years under great physical disability. At seven, teen years of age I consecrated myself to the Lord expecting to devote my life to public service for him. When the conviction forced itself upon me that my health would

not permit me to do so, billows of anguish rolled over my soul, indeed it seemed to me that God had mocked me until the thought came to me that consecration didn't necessarily mean public service, but the doing of one's best wherever he was placed—that God would not leave me without opportunity for service if I had the vision to see it. With it came also the thought that I couldn't afford to let physical suffering keep me from embracing the opportunities that came to me, so I bowed my head in resignation, while "sweet peace" flowed into my soul. And this, dear young people, is the testimony I want to give you in this letter: I have received a "goodly heritage" from the Lord. There has been no lack of opportunity. It has come to me in sanitariums and hospitals as well as in the quiet sick room of my own home, and later in the homes of others wherever my lot has been cast.

Not only do we need to watch for opportunity and possess the vision to discern it, but we need preparation to meet it. Supposing I should be offered a good position as a short hand reporter, I couldn't accept it because I haven't the necessary preparation.

I am going to illustrate by telling an unusual incident.

If you read my report of the Winona Bible Conference in the RECORDER a few weeks ago, you will readily recall the account of the aeroplane accident in which Prof. Homer Rhodeheaver's half-brother, eighteen years of age, lost his life. I didn't attend the funeral service, but was told that Professor Rhodeheaver was one of the speakers who paid "the lad" a tribute of respect; and that he made a wonderful appeal to the young people. This was the hour of his opportunity, the opportunity of a lifetime, when his ability to rise calmly above the sadness in his own heart, impressed his words upon the tender hearts of that multitude of young people, assembled in honor of their lost comrade, as nothing else could possibly have done. The opportunity found him watching, possessing the discerning vision, and the preparation to meet it.

If I knew that this would be my last New Year's message to you, I could think of no better wish than that the New Year, and all the years of your life, come to you filled

with rich opportunities for service which you are prepared to meet in the name of Jesus Christ our Lord and Master.

Cordially yours,

MARTHA H. WARDNER.

202 N. Washington Ave.,

Battle Creek, Mich.,

December 26, 1921.

INTERMEDIATES WON CONTEST

The Senior Endeavorers entertained the Intermediates Sabbath night, as the penalty for losing the contest held during the month of November. After eating all of the oysters possible, the young people were called to order by O. T. Babcock who presided. Mrs. Walter Sayre, Elsie Van Horn, Mable Thorngate, Mrs. Hemphill, and Pastor Polan all gave interesting and spirited talks. Some impromptu talks were given by Mrs. Polan and Myra Thorngate. Nearly thirty were present and all enjoyed the evening to the fullest extent.—*North Loup Loyalist.*

WATERFORD C. E. SOCIETY ENTERTAINS

The young people of the Waterford Christian Endeavor Society invited the Rockville society to come over for the week end of December ninth. It was not convenient for them to come for the week end, but Rev. Paul Burdick, with four others, came Sabbath morning. He conducted the Sabbath morning services.

Those who came were entertained in the homes until the Christian Endeavor service at five o'clock. By that time three other auto loads of young folks had arrived. We had a very enjoyable meeting modeled largely on the plans suggested by the "Christian Endeavor World." One of the most interesting features of the meeting was a debate on the subject—"The value of the pledge." in which the able opponents were Rev. Paul Burdick, of Rockville, and Mr. Percy Neff, of Waterford. A quartet of two members from each society sang the beautiful hymn, "Ivory Palaces." The congregational singing seemed especially good from the fact that there were so many present. After the meeting, all adjourned to the gallery of the church where a delicious supper was served. Following supper we went to the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Maxson, where a new standard social, "The

Campbell Social," was tried out with decided success. The games were heartily enjoyed, the more so as every one joined in and did his part in helping someone else to have a good time. A game particularly good was one in which each person present had to write on a slip four words, all of which rhymed or either pair of which rhymed. These slips were then passed on to the right and a four-line poem written by each person present. These "poems", when read, proved very mirth-provoking.

Because of the fact that the Rockville people had a long ride that night the social closed early with some sacred music. Just previous to this Mr. Percy Neff read an article in which he drew some very good lessons for Christian Endeavor work from Campbell's soup. Elmer Brooks, a Christian Endeavor member of about nine years of age, began the musical program by singing a solo, "Because He Loved Me So". To close, we all joined hands and sang "Blest Be the Tie that Binds."

If the Rockville people enjoyed coming as much as we enjoyed having them, they surely had a good time. We hope they will come again, and recommend entertaining another society as a means of increasing interest in Christian Endeavor work, as well as gaining points toward the goal.

C. E. CORRESPONDENT.

Waterford, Conn.,

December 17, 1921.

A PRAYER

Grant us, O Lord, the grace to bear
The little, prickling thorn;
The hasty word that seems unfair;
The twang of truths well-worn;
The jest that makes our weakness plain;
The darling plan o'erturned;
The careless touch upon our pain;
The slight we have not earned;
The rasp of care: Dear Lord, today,
Lest all these fretting things
Make needless grief, O give, we pray,
The heart that trusts and sings.

—Elizabeth Lincoln Gould.

"Theodore Roosevelt represented the patriotism of a well-rounded life. No complete follower of Roosevelt can be a half-developed man, physically or otherwise. A Rooseveltian is not only well-rounded, however; he is four-square."

CHILDREN'S PAGE

A GARDEN IN WINTER

A dear little lady, as sweet as the May,
Said she meant to plant flowers the whole livelong
day.

Said she, "The weather is cold, and 'tis winter,
I know,
But I'll try," she said, "and I think that they'll
grow!"

When the baby fell down she was first to his aid;
She gave him a kiss, did this sweet little maid.
"Jump up and don't cry, for I love you," cried she,
And so Johnny-jump-ups bloom gaily, you see.

'Twas a chill winter's day, yet once in awhile
A sunflower blossomed, and that was a smile—
Sweat peas were her thank you, and other kind
words,

And the songs that she sang fluttered light as the
birds.

The home was a garden; the light in her eyes
Made it blossom with daisies in spite of chill skies;
And when grandmamma said there was some-
thing to do,
Forget-me-nots started so gentle, and true.

The dear little lady, as sweet as the May,
When about planting flowers the whole livelong
day,

"You're a flower yourself," said her mother at
night,

"My dear little heart's-ease, my ladies' delight!"
—Unidentified.

HOW JOHNNY WAS CURED

Johnny was a great brag. A brag is a
boaster. If he heard a playmate tell of
something he had done, no matter what it
was, Johnny would give a snort, and ex-
claim:

"Pooh! That's nothing! Who couldn't
do that?"

One evening the family sat around the
fire in the sitting-room. Father was read-
ing, grandma and mother were sewing,
Alice and Joe were studying their lessons,
when Johnny came strutting in. He took
a chair by the table and began reading
"Robinson Crusoe."

Presently Joe, who was younger than
Johnny, went up to his brother, saying:
"Look at my drawing. I did it today in
school. Isn't it good?"

"Pooh! Call that good! You ought to see
the one I drew! It beats yours all hollow!"

Joe was rather crestfallen, and little Alice,

who had a sympathetic heart, pitied her
brother, and, going to Joe, asked him to let
her see his drawing.

"I wish I could do as well as you do,
Joe," she said, hoping to revive her broth-
er's drooping spirits.

"Pooh!" sneered Johnny, "you needn't
try to draw; for girls can't make even a
straight line."

It was not long before Mr. Boaster left
the room for a few moments. When he
came back, everything seemed to be going
on as when he left. Father was reading,
grandma and mother were sewing, and Joe
and Alice were busy with their lessons.

"At last I have finished my hem," re-
marked grandma, folding the napkin she
had been hemming so industriously.

"Pooh!" said mother, contemptuously,
"that is nothing. I have done two while
you are doing one!"

The children looked up quickly; for who
would have believed she would have spoken
so? It was not like her to do so.

Grandma picked up another napkin and
began hemming it, but said nothing.

"Father, look at my examples, please.
I have done every one of them, and haven't
made a single mistake," said Alice, cross-
ing the room to where her father was sitting
before the open grate fire.

"Pooh! That's nothing," replied her
father, not even taking her paper to look
at it. "You ought to see the way I used
to do examples when I was your age!"

Poor little Alice was greatly astonished
to hear such a discouraging and boastful
remark from her generally kind father, and
she was about to turn away when he drew
her near to him and whispered something in
her ear which brought the smiles to her
face.

For a few minutes no one said anything,
and work went on as before. Johnny was
deeply engrossed in the history of Crusoe's
adventures, and the other children contin-
ued their studies.

"My flowers look so well! I believe the
geraniums are going to bloom again," re-
marked mother.

"Pooh! They are not half so thrifty as
those I used to raise. Why, I had flowers
all winter long, and you have only had a
few blossoms in the whole winter," said
grandma, contemptuously.

"What is the matter with everybody?"
thought Johnny. He had never known them
to be in such a humor as they were that
evening.

When father remarked presently that he
had stepped into the grocer's and been
weighed that afternoon, and that he "tipped
the beam" at 168 pounds, and that was doing
"pretty well" for him, mother said, crossly:
"Pooh! You call that doing pretty well?
Old Mr. Benson weighs 225 pounds, and no
one ever heard him bragging of it."

Everybody laughed. Father shouted. It
was such a surprise, and grandma got up
and left the room to keep from choking with
laughter.

Johnny saw them all look at him, and af-
ter a minute or two began to think.

"Father," said he, "what are you all
laughing about? Is it at me?"

"Well, we are not exactly laughing at
you. We thought we would try your way
of boasting of our accomplishments, and see
how you thought it sounded; but mother
spoiled our game before we had finished it."

Johnny looked rather sheepish the rest
of the evening. He wondered if he was
as disagreeable as the older folk that eve-
ning when he boasted of what he could
do or had done. He was forced to admit
that boasting sounded very unpleasant and
he resolved to break himself of the habit.—
Our Morning Globe.

WHAT IS THE BIBLE?

M. HARRY

Only recently I noticed in the tract, "Re-
ligious Beliefs of Seventh Day Baptists",
Art. 6, this statement: "The Bible is an in-
spired record of men's progressive under-
standing of God," etc. If these words mean
anything, they seem to assume the evolu-
tionary theory, that in man is a germ of in-
herent light and goodness that evolved into
the "progressive understanding of God,"
now revealed in the Bible. In other words
they seem to say that the Bible is a product
of man's progressive understanding. This
view of the Bible, orthodox Christians never
believed, nor do they now.

Let us see if the Book teaches such pro-
gressive understanding of men. Before the
flood it is said, "Jehovah saw that every
imagination of his heart was only evil con-

tinually" (Gen. 6: 5). Was it better after
the flood? "Jehovah looked down from
heaven upon the children of men, to see if
there were any that did understand, that
did seek after God . . . There is none
that doeth good, no not one" (Ps. 14: 2, 3).
See Rom. 3: 9-12. Did Jesus have a milder
view? Hear him: "This is the condemna-
tion, that light is come into the world, and
men love darkness rather than light, because
their deeds were evil" (Jno. 3: 19). Did
Paul think differently? "They refused to
have God in their knowledge" (Rom. 1: 28).
"The carnal mind is enmity against God . . .
is not subject to the law of God, neither in-
deed can be" (Rom. 8: 7). "The Gentiles
being . . . darkened in their understand-
ing, alienated from the life of God, because
of the ignorance that is in them . . ." (Eph.
4: 17, 18). These and many more Scriptures
teach beyond doubt, that man in his fallen
state neither *can* nor *will* understand and
seek after God. For it is written, "The
natural man receiveth not the things of the
Spirit of God . . . neither can he know
them, because they are spiritually discern-
ed" (1 Cor. 2: 14). If the Scriptures and
experience teach anything, it is that man
without the grace of God is dead in tres-
passes and sins, "without hope and God in
the world."

"Men's progressive understanding of
God," is an awful misnomer. But it may
be said "this can not be said of Israel, an-
cient or modern." Indeed. Hear Stephen:
"As your fathers did always resist the Holy
Spirit, so do ye." Of Jesus it was said,
"He came to his own, and his own receiv-
ed him not." They put him to death. How
much better is modern Christianity? Four-
fifths, perhaps nine-tenths of it would be
and are persecuting him. If he kept *all*
the commandments and lived as he did—and
he would. How many would know him?

Men did not like to retain the knowledge
of God, and "No man can say that Jesus is
the Christ but by the Holy Ghost" (1 Cor.
12: 3).

"Man's progressive understanding of
God"!!

Why not say with the voice of thunder
that will make the Devil quake, "The Bible
is a record of God's Progressive Revela-
tion"? Amen.

November 9, 1921.

Lone Sabbath Keeper's Page

OUR MESSAGETTE

Under the New Forward Movement every well-organized church is supposed to be planned to look after its non-resident or L. S. K. members. Where then, is the need for us outsiders? It savors of duplication of trying to cover the same field by two agencies. It makes it seem like "butting in" for us to assume to dictate or mark out a program for L. S. K's, when each church may have its own program. And yet here is the fact that two of us were officially appointed on this work and that notwithstanding our protests, I was inclined to take it as an honorary office, like that of the vice presidents of the Tract and Missionary societies, that are kept in office during life or good behavior but have no duties to perform.

Then came the urge from my secretary that we should *do* something. I told her to go ahead. The field was before her. She had full permission. She was secretary any way, and I a sort of vice president, and the secretary was supposed to do the work. Did not Secretary Edwin Shaw?

Well, I half promised I would do something, if no more than to speak through the pages of the RECORDER.

So here we are.

But I feel a little modest, and not like dictating your work for you. Perhaps she may. My little word will not interfere with any program you may already have, only perchance inspire to help you carry it through.

We are on epochal times—rounding over the holidays—the great Christmas celebration for peace on earth, good will to men; the death and birth of a year; and the finishing out of the great International Conference for World Disarmament, and peaceful relations. Yes, these are the times for the nations as well as men to pray Kipling's prayer for Britain:

God of our fathers known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle line,
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called our navies melt away—
On dune and headland sinks the fire,
Lo all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the nations spare us yet;
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

If drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not thee in awe,
Such boasting as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the law—
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget.

And the spirit of this prayer should be ours, as individuals. At this sacred Christmas time; this happy New Year time; this marvelous time when the nations are trying to learn how to be good, well may you and I seek a new and holier impulse. Lest we forget, lest we forget. We *did* forget. We have forgotten. Whether from large success in material things, or from utter failure; whether drunk with the wine of earthly pleasure, or embittered from the difficult path we've had to tread, we've lost something of the Divine touch, and our first love. At this time let us banish the God of war, whose martial music has been the song of hate; and let us exalt the Prince of Peace, who sings the song of Love and Good Will to men.

It is ours to bring a new allegiance to our Divine Lord. His ways are ways of pleasantness, and all his paths are peace. His commands are righteous and not grievous to be borne. His truth is eternal and must prevail. Whose subjects are we? Where is our citizenship? Who is our king? These are living questions. Are we the Lord's or are we Baal's? Is there any question about our loyalty, and sincerity? Have our words and conduct been unquestioned, and is our life an open book, that may be read of all men? Let us declare a new allegiance to Christ.

It is ours also to see a new value, permanence and power to the old truths, the fundamentals of our Christian faith, the faith of our fathers. Our needs and experience, and even science, have helped to prove to us what our faith was sometimes slow to accept; so that re-enforced, our faith can lay hold of the plain edicts of the Divine Word, and gladly accept our Savior as also our Lord and Master, and his Word as our divine, safe, sure and constant guide.

It is ours in the joy of our redemption,

to go forth in this holy time, this new time, in a glad surrender, a joyous service. "What wilt thou have me to do?" will bring many answers, direct and indirect, that will find action for our hand, our heart, our money, our time, our thought. Lest you forget, may you give heed to the momentous lessons of this holy day time when the Babe was born in Bethlehem, and the New Year warning of the swift passing of the years, when today's, when today's rich opportunities, tomorrow will be gone, never to return, when we will live, only to regret—because we did forget.

Judge of the nations, spare us yet. Lest we forget, lest we forget.

May peace and blessedness, with love, obedience and service, be the happy lot of each one of you, *all the way* from January to December, 1922.

G. M. COTTRELL.

Topeka, Kan.,
December 18, 1921.

TO THE L. S. K'S

DEAR LONE SABBATH KEEPER:

Another year has begun. What hath God wrought in our lives the past year? Some of us, perhaps, have not had as much material prosperity as in some other times, but have we not had greater growth of soul because of this? When things are too easy for us are we not apt to grow complacent, and neglect the things of the Spirit?

If we have failed to live up to our opportunities, if we have not performed as much service for our Lord as we should, shall we not forget "the things which are behind and, reaching forth unto those things which are before . . . press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus"? We have not already attained, but we are ever pressing onward.

Is it not wonderful that we know of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus? There is nothing so great or high in all the world.

Has the Lord called you to a special service? Have you felt in your innermost conscience that you should do more for him, giving more of your time, talents or money? Is there some one whose life you can brighten with hope, or love or cheer,—calling in person or writing a letter? Oh, there are so many hungry, fainting souls! Our Father

knows their need. He reads the very thoughts of the heart, and then prompts men and women, his servants, to go to those needs. If we fail to respond to the call, perhaps those needing help will perish.—Have you some special gift, which, if dedicated to Christ,—being used for him alone,—would help weak, trembling, discouraged souls, or perchance those down in sin? Is any work quite so worth while as helping to save souls for the everlasting Kingdom?

Perhaps it is more money the Lord would have you pay. If you do not tithe, perhaps the Spirit has spoken to you about this, and you feel that you should do so. If you do conscientiously pay the tithes of all your earnings and income, perhaps he would have you do more than this. The tithe is what we owe; it is only his just due. More than this may be a gift. Shall we not pay our debts and make a gift also this year to our Lord who has done so much for us? The leaders in our denomination, with a worldwide vision, realize the needs for the enlargement of the work expected of Seventh Day Baptists and have planned the budget. Last year we fell short of the goal. Shall we not double our efforts, come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty?

This is a great time in which to live. It seems that the world is being recreated, at least the spiritual part of it. Never was there a time when righteousness was recognized as the one thing needful by the millions of earth of so many "kindreds and people and tongues."

Peace is desired by the whole earth. It never will come until the Prince of Peace is enthroned in the hearts of men. He can not reign until men are willing to do his will, and a part of his will is the Sabbath. The world needs the true Sabbath of Jehovah, the only Sabbath taught in Scripture, which alone can appeal to men's consciences. A substitute, a man-made Sabbath, founded upon paganism, can not suffice.

Truth alone will purify the earth. What is truth? God's word is truth. Lone Sabbath Keepers, we are called to the Kingdom for such a time as this! Think of the vast territory we can cover if each sends the Sabbath message as far as his circle of acquaintance reaches—to every minister of whom he learns, to every church worker, or drone in the church, and to every non-pro-

fessor. What will happen if we do this in the year 1922? We do not know; but the Lord will surely bring results. He has promised: "My word . . . shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it" (Isa. 55: 11).

ANGELINE ABBEY.

1601 Third Avenue,
South Minneapolis, Minn.

HOME NEWS

BATTLE CREEK, MICH.—This Christmas time marks one of the most interesting seasons this church has seen.

The Sabbath school opened the season by having a "White Christmas" service in the assembly room of the College Building. The children were asked to bring something to be given to the needy of our city and were not to expect to receive gifts from nor to give to each other.

Many useful articles were brought in and this morning we took all of them to the "Social Service Bureau" which in turn will see that they are distributed where they will do the most good. The exercises were fine and the children very much interested.

Today—Sabbath—the choir under the leadership of Clark Seidhoff rendered a cantata, "The Story of Bethlehem," at the morning service which, to put it mildly, was ONE of the many good things we have listened to in the Sanitarium chapel. After the cantata Pastor Kelly gave us a short but very interesting talk on the following subject, "My Father's Christmas Gift to Me and My Gift to My Father."

After the "Sermonette" the doors of the church were opened to receive new members. About twenty offered themselves for membership by testimony and by letter and ten of our Sabbath school children made a request for baptism.

The immersion was attended to immediately following church services and one of the most impressive scenes we have ever witnessed took place in the swimming pool of the Ladies' Annex to the Sanitarium when the ten marched into the water and were immersed by their pastor.

The climax came when the candidates knelt at the water's edge for laying on of hands and the prayer of dedication of the

young lives to the Master's service by our aged brother, Elder Threlkeld. It seems to us he is one of the most gifted men in prayer it has ever been our privilege to hear. It seems as though his well chosen words surely come from a heart that is full and overflowing with love for souls.

A collection was taken today for the "Forward Movement" budget but we have not learned what it amounted to. It looked as though the plates were pretty well filled. Tonight the Sanitarium has its Christmas exercises in the gymnasium and our choir will render the same cantata that they gave today at church service.

For next Wednesday, December 28, the S. S. Union of the city have made arrangements for the use of one of our theatres where the motion picture, "From the Manger to the Cross", will be shown, during which some of the grand old hymns of the church will be played.

Sabbath, December 31, we have a special collection for the starving children of Russia, and Monday, January 2, we eat our annual dinner at the Haskell Home. This will be followed by the regular business meeting of the church. F. E. T.

MILTON JUNCTION, WIS.—Milton Junction as usual celebrated the Christmas season in a very practical way. On Sabbath morning the pastor preached on the theme: "The Message of Christmas to a Suffering World", saying it was a message of *love, hope and salvation*. He called attention to the unprecedented opportunities this year for the expression of the true Christmas spirit, presenting the appeals of the Forward Movement director for a free-will offering for the denominational work, and the American Relief Association for the starving Russians.

In the evening a Christmas entertainment was given in the parlors of the church. The committee having this in charge has promised a number of surprises, especially for the children. The first was a beautiful Christmas tree donated by Dr. Maxson and placed and decorated by the Friendly Gleaners—the wide-awake class of young people in the Sabbath school. Another surprise was the gifts from the superintendent of the children's department, the teachers and

(Continued on page 31)

SABBATH SCHOOL

E. M. HOLSTON, MILTON JUNCTION, WIS.
Contributing Editor

THE NEXT GREAT S. S. CONVENTION

Kansas City, Missouri, has been selected as the place for the Sixteenth International S. S. Convention, which will be held June 21 to 27, 1922. This great gathering of Bible-school workers from all over the United States and Canada is called together every four years, the last convention having been held in Buffalo, N. Y., June 19 to 25, 1918.

The scope of the convention this time will be unusually broad, as for the first time in the history of Bible-school work all the forces interested are uniting, the International S. S. Association and the S. S. Council of Evangelical Denominations having merged their aims, plans and activities. The new Educational Committee of this new body will make its first report at this time, a report which will mark a new era in religious education for both the United States and Canada.

It is expected that 8,000 delegates will be present from the 54 State and 9 Provincial S. S. Associations in the United States and Canada. Delegates are being apportioned on the basis of one for every 4,000 enrollment. The Convention music will be under the direction of Professor H. Augustine Smith of Boston University.

Every Seventh Day Baptist Sabbath school that possibly can should have its superintendent or some other leading worker in this convention. Each State is limited to a certain number of delegates, so applications should be made early to the secretary of your state association. The registration fee of \$3.50 entitles you to badge, convention song book, program, and the convention report, a large cloth-bound volume, containing reports, addresses, etc.

Lesson III.—January 14, 1922

ELIJAH'S CHALLENGE OF BAAL WORSHIP

1 Kings 18: 1-16

Golden Text.—"This is the victory that hath overcome the world, even our faith." 1 John 5: 4.

DAILY READINGS

Jan. 8—1 Kings 18: 7-15
Jan. 9—1 Kings 18: 16-20
Jan. 10—1 Kings 18: 21-29
Jan. 11—1 Kings 18: 30-39
Jan. 12—Joshua 24: 14-21
Jan. 13—Eph. 6: 10-20
Jan. 14—Psalm 2: 1-3, 7-12

(For Lesson Notes, see *Helping Hand*)

(Continued from page 30)

the Sabbath school to the children. But the surprises and gifts were not all for the children. At the close of the program three of the fine boys in Arthur Johnson's class—Russell Greene, Lawrence Coon, and Donald Van Horn—bravely stepped to the front and gave themselves to Christ and asked for baptism and church membership. And while tears of joy filled the eyes of many in the congregation Mrs. Hull led the audience in singing, "Let Jesus Come Into Your Heart". Truly no gift could have been more pleasing to our Savior. Both at the morning and evening service opportunity was given for offerings for the objects presented in the pastor's sermon and about \$125.00 were given for the Russian relief. The Milton Junction Church is honored by having one of its members, Miss Miriam West, engaged in relief work in Russia and we all felt a special interest in that work. Mrs. Edward Hull, the church chorister, had arranged for a number of special orders of music and also conducted a community sing of the Christmas carols during the program. It is needless to say that after the generous expressions of the Christmas spirit of the evening all were in the proper frame of mind to enjoy the social hour that followed the program. We are all looking forward to and getting ready for the annual church meeting and the church dinner to be held on the eighth of January.

E. D. V. H.

The only safety in our American life lies in spurning the accidental distinctions which sunder one man from another, and in paying homage to each man only because of what he essentially is; in stripping off the husks of occupation, of position, of accident, until the soul stands forth revealed, and we know the man only because of his worth as a man.—Theodore Roosevelt.

DEATHS

FORD.—At her home in Salem, W. Va., on December 16, 1921, Mrs. O. W. Ford, in the seventy-third year of her age.

Mary Jane Ford was the daughter of Elkanah and Canzada Garrett Drummond. She was born and has always lived in Harrison County, W. Va. When quite young her parents died and she made her home with relatives at Lost Creek. On February 16, 1870, Mary J. Drummond was married to O. W. Ford by Rev. S. D. Davis. Early in life she became a Christian and joined the Baptist church at Hepzabah. Later she came to believe in the Sabbath and united with the Lost Creek Seventh Day Baptist Church of which she continued a member until her death.

She is survived by her husband, and by four sons: O. V. Ford, of Adamston, W. Va.; S. W. Ford, of Clarksburg, W. Va.; and C. A., and A. B. Ford, of Cleveland, Ohio.

An only daughter, Minnie Canzada, wife of Edgar Randolph, died in 1897 leaving a daughter, Freda, who has been brought up by Brother and Sister Ford as their own child.

G. B. S.

PALMER.—Earl Emory Palmer was born in Mc Cave County, Pa., June 15, 1895, the youngest of a family of two girls and two boys. His childhood and youth was spent at Alfred, N. Y.

After spending several months in the South seeking a beneficial climate for the declining health of a sister, Earl and his mother came with the invalid sister to Riverside in January, 1918. The white plague claimed the sister a few weeks after their arrival, and she was laid to rest in Evergreen Cemetery, where the services of today will be concluded.

Not long after sister Susie was laid to rest, symptoms of the dread disease began to develop in Earl. He continued to work long after his physical condition demanded rest. The last two summers he spent in the mountains, but with no perceptible improvement. The past five or six weeks were spent at Palm Springs, where his health and strength declined rapidly. Last Sunday he expressed an earnest desire to return to his home in Riverside. The next day an ambulance was sent for him, and he was brought safely to his quiet home, to his great joy and satisfaction. The lingering spark of life quietly burned out, without a single struggle at 1:30 Wednesday morning, November sixteenth.

Earl found the Lord while in high school in Alfred, N. Y. Then he set his face toward Zion, and he never turned back. He talked freely of the coming end without any fear of the future. While he cherished the hope that divine power might be manifested in his restoration, he refused not to say, "Thy will be done." He was conscious of the approaching end. His last words were, "I am saved."

He leaves a brother whose home is in Wilming-

THE SABBATH RECORDER

Theodore L. Gardiner, D. D., Editor
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ton, N. C.; a mother and a niece, Hazel, who have attended him during his long illness.

We lay him to rest for a little time, until the voice of the archangel calls him in immortal health at the first resurrection. E. S. B.

SAUNDERS.—Albertus Henry, only son of Henry A. Saunders and Amelia A. Saunders, was born May 15, 1896, in Rockville, R. I., and died in Hope Valley, R. I., December 11, 1921, being 25 years of age. The cause of death was tuberculosis.

He was baptized by Rev. I. L. Cottrell, August 5, 1916, and received into membership of the Rockville Seventh Day Baptist Church, August 26, 1916. For several years he had not been well, but was placed under good care and visited frequently by relatives and friends. They are comforted by the fact that during his last sickness he expressed in many ways his faith in a merciful Father, and trust in his Savior.

There remain, besides his parents, one sister, Ardella May. Services were conducted at the Rockville church by Pastor Paul S. Burdick, on December 14, and burial took place at the Rockville cemetery. P. S. B.

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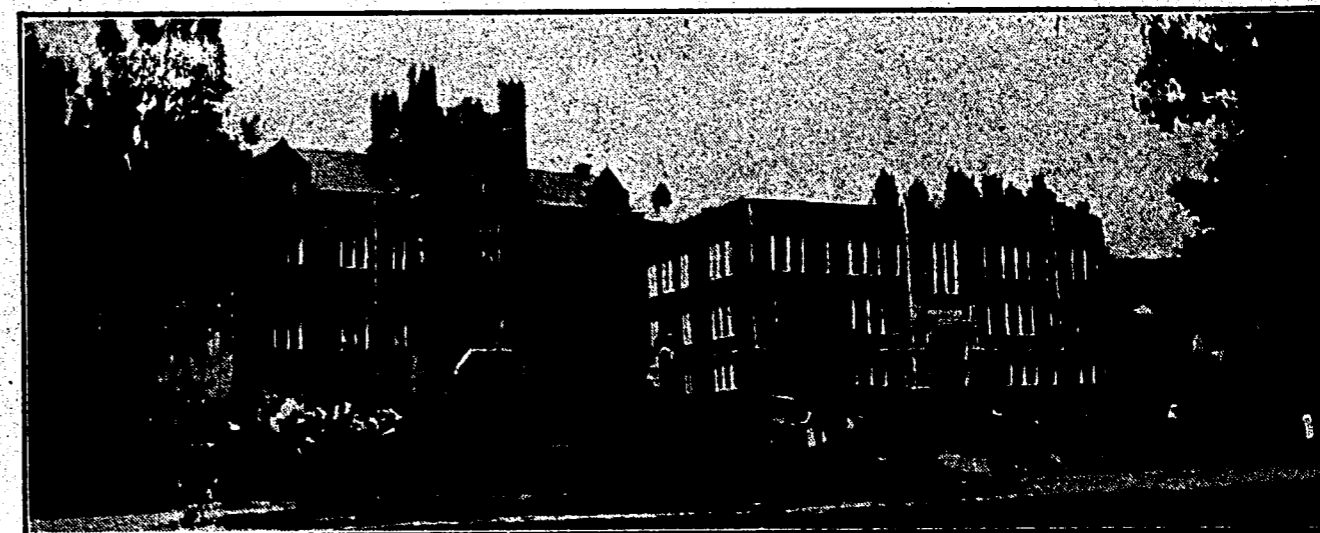
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*Seventh Day Baptist Forward
Movement*

OUR PLATFORM

(Adopted by the Commission, November 21, 22, 1921)

OUR FINANCES

1. We point out to our churches the imperative need of meeting the full denominational budget, if Seventh Day Baptists are to put their sickle to the ripening harvests.
2. In view of the present call for well prepared leaders and laborers we are opposed to any reduction of salaries. We urge the strengthening of the hearts and hands of our Christian workers by assuring them an adequate income.
3. We recommend a denomination-wide appeal for Salem College in its present extremity.

OUR COUNTRY CHURCHES

4. We authorize the awarding of prizes for the best studies by Seventh Day Baptists of the country church problem.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

5. We appeal to our people to stop the wastage in Seventh Day Baptist boys and girls by providing for their social, recreational, and vocational needs, and we suggest that some regular denominational agency undertake the solution of this pivotal problem.

OUR MINISTRY

6. We urge our pastors to assemble their boys of high school age and talk to them about the opportunities of the ministry, not with the purpose of getting an immediate decision, but with the idea of preparing the soil for a future favorable consideration of the ministry.
7. We request each church to set aside March 25, 1922, as "Ministerial Decision Day" and urge our pastors to preach at least on this Sabbath and that preceding, on the ministry.

OUR SPIRITUAL LIFE

8. We stand for a re-invigoration of the Sabbath conscience of Seventh Day Baptists.
9. We recommend an every-member simultaneous prayer circle for every church.

(For details see SABBATH RECORDER, December 12, 1921, page 739).

The Sabbath Recorder

A PRAYER

Grant us, O Lord, the grace to bear
The little, pricking thorn;
The hasty word that seems unfair;
The twang of truths well-worn;
The jest that makes our weakness plain;
The darling plan o'erturned;
The careless touch upon our pain;
The slight we have not earned;
The rasp of care: Dear Lord, today,
Lest all these fretting things
Make needless grief, O give, we pray,
The heart that trusts and sings.

—Elizabeth Lincoln Gould.

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