

Pledge Cards and Collection Envelopes

Churches that make an annual financial canvass (and that includes the majority of our churches) can get their pledge cards from the American Sabbath Tract Society. A duplex card has been designed and a quantity printed and may be had at a nominal cost.

The duplex envelope used in many churches may be secured at this office also. A price has been fixed for these which will cover the cost of printing and mailing. Card and envelope are reproduced below with price affixed for each, in quantities.

DUPLEX PLEDGE CARD

I, the undersigned, agree to pay to the Treasurer of the
Seventh Day Baptist Church, the sums indicated below, as my pledges to the
local and general work of the Church for the Conference Year

FOR OURSELVES			FOR OTHERS		
Ministerial Support and Current Expenses of the Church.			Denominational Budget or Apportioned Benevolences.		
Per Week	Per Month	Per Year	Per Week	Per Month	Per Year
Dol. Cts.	Dol. Cts.	Dol. Cts.	Dol. Cts.	Dol. Cts.	Dol. Cts.
<input type="text"/>	<input type="text"/>	<input type="text"/>	<input type="text"/>	<input type="text"/>	<input type="text"/>

This pledge is payable weekly through the envelopes, or if paid otherwise, is payable in advance.

Signed.....

Address.....

40 cents per One Hundred, Postpaid

SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST CHURCH

Name.....

Address.....

CHURCH EXPENSES

DENOMINATIONAL BUDGET

For..... ending.....192

For..... ending.....192

\$.....

\$.....

\$1.00 per Five Hundred, Postpaid

American Sabbath Tract Society

Plainfield, New Jersey

The Sabbath Recorder

LET US BE BETTER MEN!

Let us be better men!
Let us find things to do
Saner and sweeter than any yet,
Higher and nobler and true!

Let us be better men!
Let us begin again,
Trying all over the best we know
To climb and develop and grow.

Let us be better men!
Whether with pick or pen,
The labor we do is work worth while
If our hearts are clean and our spirits smile,
And out of the ruck and rust and stain
We make some growth and we mark some gain.

Let us be better men!
In a world that needs so much .
The loftier spirit's touch,
Let us grow upward toward the light
Wedded to wanting to do the right
Rather than wedded to human might.

—Author Unknown.

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SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST DIRECTORY

THE SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST GENERAL CONFERENCE

Next Session will be held with the Seventh Day Baptist Church at North Loup, Neb., Aug. 22-27, 1923.

President—Esle F. Randolph, Great Kills, Staten Island.

First Vice President—Benjamin F. Johanson, Battle Creek, Mich.

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Terms Expire in 1923—Edgar P. Maxson, Westerly, R. I.; Benjamin F. Johanson, Battle Creek, Mich.; Lucian D. Lowther, Salem, W. Va.

Terms Expire in 1924—Rev. Theodore J. Van Horn, Verona, N. Y.; Paul E. Titsworth, Alfred, N. Y.; M. Wardner Davis, Salem, W. Va.

Terms Expire in 1925—Esle F. Randolph, Great Kills, Staten Island, N. Y.; George W. Post, Jr., Chicago, Ill.; Henry Ring, Nortonville, Kan.

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Treasurer—F. J. Hubbard, Plainfield, N. J.

Regular meeting of the Board, at Plainfield, N. J., the second First-day of each month, at 2 p. m.

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The regular meetings of the Board of Managers are held the third Wednesdays in January, April, July and October.

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Recording Secretary and Treasurer—Earl P. Saunders, Alfred, N. Y.

Corresponding Secretary—Prof. Paul E. Titsworth, Alfred, N. Y.

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Corresponding Secretary—Mrs. J. H. Babcock, Milton, Wis.

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Central—Mrs. Adelaide C. Brown, West Edmeston, N. Y.

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Gifts or bequests for any denominational purpose are invited, and will be gladly administered and safeguarded for the best interests of the beneficiaries in accordance with the wishes of the donors.

The Memorial Board acts as the Financial Agent of the Denomination.

Write the Treasurer for information as to ways in which the Board can be of service.

SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST HISTORICAL SOCIETY

(INCORPORATED, 1916)

President—Corliss F. Randolph, Newark, N. J.

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Treasurer—Frank J. Hubbard, Plainfield, N. J.

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Stated meetings are held on the third First Day of the week in the months of September, December and March, and on the first First Day of the week in the month of June in the Whitford Memorial Hall, of Milton College, Milton, Wis.

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CONFERENCE AUXILIARY FOR LONE SABBATH-KEEPERS

General Field Secretary—G. M. Cottrell, Topeka, Kan.

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THE TWENTIETH CENTURY ENDOWMENT FUND

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.

The Sabbath Recorder

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

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PLAINFIELD, N. J., AUGUST 6, 1923

WHOLE NO. 4,092

Boys, Lend Me Your Ears Every young Things That Really Count friend is anxious to succeed in life. He longs to be happy and hopes to spend his days seeking for things worth while. If we could only get the right vision early enough to enable us to see how matters will appear to us in life's evening time it would be a wonderful help in the morning hours of our day.

Here for instance is one who in youth is a great lover of nature; and his inclination is to be a help to his fellow-men. His generous impulses would prompt him to works of kindness, and he loves the church of Christ with its mission of uplifting humanity. If he will devote his abilities to the work of careful preparation for Christian service among men; if he will plan for a humble and happy home, and a peaceful old age; if he would leave behind him an uplifting influence that shall prove a blessing to all who knew him, the door is wide open to the greatest fields of usefulness. He can succeed in things worth while. His life will be like a benediction to the world.

Supposing such a young man becomes enamored with a love for ultra fashionable society, and is led away into the whirl of gay life, as thousands have been, until with health undermined, with his pure ideals of virtue gone forever, he comes to the brink of the grave years before his natural time, and loses half his years; loses his power for good; loses his hope of heaven—has it been worth while?

Suppose he gives up opportunities for self-culture, neglects the improvement of his natural powers, and turns all his energies toward piling up a great fortune. He loses the blessed joys that come through the years by careful communion with the spirit of field and forest and mountain and stream, and becomes a slave to the work of money-making. His home-life has been neglected, his children have received no Christian home training, and happiness in his home has long been a thing of the past.

Incessant toil, neglect of proper recreation, cares and burdens have conspired to undermine health and, all too early, he must face death and eternity—a multimillionaire; but no riches laid up in heaven! Has it all been worth while?

His money has been a burden for years. He can not take a dollar with him. His spiritual life has never been developed; he has nothing to ensure his peace in eternity, but crosses the river into a strange life to him, an *eternal bankrupt!* Is such a life worth while?

The real things worth while to an immortal soul are not worldly power, not money, not things that narrow a man's life, curtail his abilities to appreciate the beautiful things in the world about him; not the things that tend to rob home-life of its peace; but they are, and must ever be, the things found in the paths of faith and Christian hope; in winning victories for truth and goodness; in ways that expand the divine life of the spirit, and in activities that promote the brotherhood of man and enlarge our conceptions of the fatherhood of God.

The things worth while are things that tend to develop the spiritual man. They minister unto the real man who is bound for eternity. In life's springtime we begin to build the house in which we must live in life's autumn. Old age will be happy or miserable, bright and hopeful or gloomy and hopeless, according to what we put into life. The seed-sowing of spring settles the question of what the autumn harvest shall be.

Young men, your destinies are in your own hands. May you have the far-vision to see the end from the beginning, and to choose only the things that are worth while.

A Glorious Hope On another page our aged friend, Rev. Samuel R. Wheeler, of Boulder, Colo., tells us something of his Christian hope in regard to the conditions just beyond the door that opens to let God's children through unto the life beyond.

This glorious hope has grown brighter

and more real as the years have passed, until now at the age of more than eighty-eight years, he feels sure that when his earthly house of this tabernacle is dissolved, he has a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

He believes in the natural body and in the spiritual body of which Paul had such perfect assurance. He too, with Paul is "Confident, and willing rather to be absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord."

He speaks of Dr. A. H. Lewis and Rev. O. U. Whitford as his old schoolmates who were called home years ago, while he is still waiting by the river's bank for the boatman to come for him.

Brother Wheeler says he had been requested to write the article of which we speak, and closes his letter by saying: "I have felt cheered as I worked upon it, and I hope it will cheer others."

Thank God for the hope that makes the aged Christian's pathway seem brighter and brighter even unto the perfect day. Even if we *could* hold a different view regarding the conscious state of the dead, we would never feel justified in saying a word to dim the faith of thousands who are now sustained by such a hope.

The One Great Need Never was there a greater need of ability to give a good reason for our faith as a Sabbath-keeping people than in these passing years. Our young people must be strong indeed if they are to stem the adverse tides that surround them. To float with the tides of unbelief and worldliness is easy; but it is fatal. Neglect is suicidal when all the currents are drifting out to sea, and safety depends upon our action.

There are too many among us, even among those grown to manhood or womanhood, who can not give a clear, strong reason for their Sabbath-keeping. Their religious education both in the home and in the church has been neglected, until scores of our people are like sailors in a storm with wind and tide against them, and no knowledge of the principles of seamanship. Even a good captain could not weather the storm if his men were utterly ignorant of the things that make successful sailing.

Careful investigation shows that the average American knows but little about God,

Christ, prayer, and faith. The baneful, wide-spread results of ignorance in matters of religion has stirred the workers in several denominations and resulted in the organization of religious day schools.

Seventh Day Baptists must not lag behind in this matter of religious education. It should be an education abreast with the times, promoting a broad far vision of truth, and characterized by a conservatism without narrowness or bigotry.

In it all we must place God first and never lose sight of his presence and power in developing his kingdom on earth.

Great things are demanded of us and we need strong men, great in consecration; great in higher spiritual life; great in zeal and in equipment for service.

About Auto Routes On another page will **And Railroad Trips** be found extended **To North Loup** directions, as to routes,

for all who intend going to the General Conference at North Loup, Neb., whether by automobile or by railroad.

Mr. Rood has done his best to help all who go to Conference to find the best way and pleasantest route.

You may not understand all the initials used along the way as mentioned by him, but their meaning will doubtless become known as you proceed on your journey. We bespeak for many tourists a delightful outing trip going and coming, and a profitable and pleasant Conference.

"The Deity of Christ" This is the title of a little booklet containing an address at Northfield, Mass., by Robert E. Speer, president of the Federal Council.

We have enjoyed reading it so much, and like it so well, that we feel sure our readers will enjoy it too. Therefore we shall give it to them in three installments in the RECORDER.

MY TEACHER

I searched for Truth—and One to teach
All knowledge—yea, above
All other things, I searched for One
To teach immortal love.

But as I searched, no Teacher came,
In vain it seemed to me,
Until a voice spoke out: "Thou child,
Thy teacher is in thee."
—Otto Samuelson.

THE DEITY OF CHRIST

(An address delivered by Robert E. Speer at Northfield)

PART I

Christianity is the only one of the great religions of the world which calls itself by the name of its founder. Other great religions are named after their founders by us. They are not so named by their own adherents. This is not a mere accident; it is a fact of the deepest significance. To be sure, the name Christian was given originally by enemies but it was given by them because from without they had already discerned the essential and distinguishing character of the new religion, and had been impressed by the inseparable connection which, they saw, existed between it and its founder Jesus Christ. The disciples of the new religion presently accepted the name as the most appropriate name possible for them and their faith. They themselves were aware that the relationship in which they stood to Jesus Christ was the central and fundamental thing in their religion. So long as he had been on earth their religion had consisted in personally following him, in finding their fellowship in his company, in drawing their nourishment from his words, and in resting their hearts on the peace and quiet which they found with him. And after he was gone they perceived that their religion consisted in a relationship to him of a far more vital and wonderful kind than they had understood while he was here. For now they realized that their religion did not consist in the mere memory of a good man who was gone, in the effort to recall the things that he had said, and to comfort their hearts with recollections of joyful hours which they had had with him in the days of his flesh. They realized that their religion consisted in a living relationship to him, as still a living person with them, which their faith was not a recollection of what Jesus had taught, or the mere memory of a lovely human character, but a living relationship to an abiding, supernatural Person.

This is the fundamental thing in Christianity. The name "Christian" is only a sign of that which is most radical and essential in its character. The main problem of Christianity is this of Jesus Christ: Who was he, and what are we to think of him? We can not do any thinking about Christianity at all that is direct or adequate

without coming at once to think of the problem of the person of Jesus Christ, who stands at the heart of his religion, without whom the Christian religion is not the religion of Christ.

I know there are many voices today which tell us that this is not necessary. I was in a gathering a little while ago made up largely of college presidents and professors, in which the subject under discussion was the evangelical basis of the Young Men's Christian Association in our colleges and universities. It was a little company of fifteen or twenty men. One of the college presidents in the group, a minister in an evangelical church, expressed it as his own opinion that the question of the divinity of Jesus Christ was a matter of metaphysics about which we need not trouble ourselves and about which we had no right to burden the minds and consciences of the young men and women in our colleges and universities. We certainly had no right, he felt, to make a dividing intellectual issue of it.

Now if it is meant that the question of the deity of Christ is a matter of metaphysics in the sense that it lies beyond merely physical and material things, of course it is indeed a matter of metaphysics. But everything, for that matter, of any significance is metaphysical: friendship and love and truth and beauty and goodness are all metaphysical also. Everything that is worth while, everything that is real, all those unseen things that are the eternal things, are also metaphysical. If that was what the speaker meant, of course he was right. Christ's divinity also is metaphysical. But then, also, if that was what he meant he was wrong. Because these are the only things that it is really worth our while to think about at all. Indeed, you can not do any thinking which is not metaphysical in that sense. But if he meant that the deity of Christ was metaphysical in the sense that it was impractical, that it went out into the speculative regions where life is not lived, then he was utterly and absolutely wrong; for nothing can be more real, more practical, more near, more fundamental for every one of us than the question of what we are to think and what we are to do with the person of Jesus Christ, who declared himself to be, and is believed by the Church to be, the very Son of the living God.

We simply must think about that problem. We must think about it, for one thing, because Christ can have no meaning for feeling unless he has a meaning also for thought. As mature beings we can not attach a feeling value to anything to which we can not attach a thought value. That song we were joining in a moment ago, "More Love to Thee, O Christ," has no meaning whatever except the meaning derived from the thought value we attach to Jesus Christ. If you think of Christ merely as you would think of Julius Cæsar, then the song has no more significance than if we were singing "More love to thee, O Julius Cæsar." All the meaning springs from the thought value we put upon Jesus Christ. Those men and women who tell us today that we can keep Christ for religious values even when we have lost Christ in his thought value are preaching an absolutely fallacious and meaningless gospel; for Christ will stay with us in our religious life, he will stay with us as an adequate living value in our hearts only so long as we give him his rightful place in our thoughts about him and his person.

In the second place, we have to think about Christ and who he was because we are thinking beings, and wherever we go we have to take our minds along with us. I can not go any place and leave my mind behind me. I can not carry my body or my emotions into a certain attitude towards Christ without also carrying my rational processes along with me. I can not take myself apart. I am a unit. I can only feel about those things that I think about and will about. It is impossible for me to have any relationship to Jesus Christ whatever except as I think about Christ and arrange my mind with reference to him. It is intellectually maudlin and foolish to say "Christian" and "Christianity" unless we mean something by those words. What do we mean?

In the third place, we have got to think about Christ because he is a fact. You can not get rid of a fact by saying, "I will not think about it." You look back across the years and there stands Jesus Christ demanding that you reckon with him, that you give him his place, that you think about him, and relate him to all the other facts that you know. Jesus Christ is not a doctrine; Jesus Christ is not a theory or a

myth; Jesus Christ is not a mere imagination of men of our day; Jesus Christ is a great fact in history and in the life of men; and you and I are bound to think about that fact, to account for it and value it, to determine what the quality of that fact is, what the relations of that fact are to our present life today, and to all the life of humanity.

And once more, we have to think about this question because it was the only question that interested Jesus Christ. So many times we are told today that it does not matter what men *think*, that it only matters what men *do*. It is a wonderful contrast to turn back to the Gospels and find Jesus reversing this emphasis. What men thought was what interested him. He had no interest in a man's clothes; he had a secondary interest in a man's external acts. What did interest him was what men had inside their hearts, because from within flowed all those great forces that were to determine the outer life. And so his great question, as he went up and down the world mingling with men, was the simple question, "What do you think about me? Who am I?"

So, if we have never done any clear, consecutive thinking about Jesus Christ, we ought to begin to do that thinking now. There will come a time in our lives when we will have to do it. We must reckon with Jesus Christ and determine for ourselves whose Son we believe him to be, and what conviction regarding his person we are to hold. Well would it be for us if today we should go straight home to what is not only the fundamental problem of Christianity but the very bottom-most issue of our human life and face for ourselves that old question: Who is Jesus Christ? What do we believe him to be? Was he in any unique sense the one Son of the Living God? And I want to state in the simplest way I can the grounds for my own personal faith in the deity of our Lord Jesus Christ.

I. I believe, first of all, in the deity of our Lord Jesus Christ because of his *character*; for it seems to me, in the great language of Horace Bushnell, that "the character of Jesus forbids his possible classification with men." The argument of the whole volume, "Nature and the Supernatural," is

TRAINING SCHOOL FOR JEWISH MISSIONS

The Moody Bible Institute of Chicago has the distinction of being the only educational institution in the world to include a Jewish Course in its curriculum.

For years there has been no school where men could get actual training for Jewish missions, and much of the work, of necessity, has been carried on without adequate preparation or understanding of this peculiar field. Many unsuccessful attempts have been made to provide such a course in the European schools, the failure in most instances being due to an erroneous theory that preparation in academic Hebrew would meet the requirements of conversing with Jewish people.

One of the fundamental features of the recently inaugurated course in the Moody Bible Institute is to provide instruction in Yiddish, the modern Jewish dialect. In addition to the study of Yiddish, the Hebrew language will also be taught so that the students in the Pastors' Course as well as the Jewish Missions' Course will have instruction in the Hebrew Bible similar to that provided in all our theological seminaries. A course in Rabbinics will be included in which select portions from the Talmud and Rabbinical commentaries will be taken up. Jewish feasts and customs and Jewish history from the time of the Maccabees to the present day will also be presented, as well as the study of Messianic Prophecy, especially a consideration of what the prophets said concerning the Jewish Messiah.

Rev. Solomon Birnbaum, the director, is particularly adapted for such instruction, as well as the promotion of a sympathetic understanding of Jewish problems, with a view to removing the existing causes for racial prejudice.

The establishment of a world school of training on this side of the Atlantic is in keeping with the present trend of the Jewish population to American cities. There are now three and a half times as many Jews in New York City as in Germany, as many in Chicago as in Great Britain, while the number in Philadelphia exceeds all of France.—*Moody Bible Institute.*

concentrated by Bushnell, in that one chapter, "The Character of Jesus Forbidding His Possible Classification with Men." For Christ was such a Man that he could not have been a mere man. He was a Man so great, so perfect, that he must have been more than just a man. Now we can put the matter in a very summary fashion at this point. If our Lord was only a man, if his character was merely human, then Bowdoin, Yale, Bryn Mawr and Vassar ought to be turning out better men and women than he was. If our Lord was only a man, it is strange that the nineteenth century can not produce a better one. He was born in an obscure and contemptible province. He grew up in no cultured and refined community. He was the Child of a poor peasant's home, of a subject race. Yet he rises sheer above all mankind, the one commanding moral character of humanity. Now, if Jesus was all that just as a mere man, the world should long ago have advanced beyond him.

It would not be so if it were a question of intellectual genius, because we all realize that intellectual genius is a matter of endowment and gift, and a man can not be held responsible for not being as able a man intellectually as another. But we all feel that each of us can be held responsible for not being as good a man as any other man. We know that moral character is a duty of each one of us, and there is nothing in perfect moral goodness which our own conscience does not tell us we are bound ourselves to attain. And so I challenge you who believe that Jesus Christ was merely a man, to reconcile that belief with the fact that you are not a better character than he was. With nineteen hundred years of his influence upon the world, with advantages possessed by us such as he never dreamed of in his day, if Christ's character was purely human, it ought long ago to have been surpassed and there ought to be in the world today many men and women who are superior in their character to him.

This is a crude, though I think proper dilemma. If Christ was only a man we are bound to surpass him. If he was more than a man, we are bound to obey him. I do not mean to let the point go merely with this general statement, however.

(To be continued)

MISSIONS

REV. WILLIAM L. BURDICK, ASHAWAY, R. I.,
Contributing Editor

MINUTES OF THE MISSIONARY BOARD MEETING

The regular quarterly meeting of the Board of Managers of the Seventh Day Baptist Missionary Society was held in the Pawcatuck Seventh Day Baptist church at Westerly, R. I., Wednesday, July 18, 1923.

The members present were: Rev. Clayton A. Burdick, Rev. W. L. Burdick, Rev. A. L. Davis, Rev. Paul S. Burdick, A. S. Babcock, Mrs. A. H. Langworthy, Miss Amelia Potter, Robert Coon, James A. Saunders, Ira B. Crandall, Charles H. Stanton, Rev. A. J. C. Bond, Mrs. Elizabeth Clarke, S. H. Davis, John Austin, Dr. Edwin Whitford.

The guests present were: Mrs. Dell Burdick, H. Eugene Davis, Mrs. A. J. C. Bond, Mrs. Ruth R. Nash, Miss Jennie Crandall, Mrs. Allan Whitford, Mrs. Charles H. Stanton, Mrs. John Austin, Mrs. John Loughhead, Mrs. Charles Palmer, Mrs. John H. Miller, Mrs. Ella B. Stearns, Mrs. W. W. Lewis, Mrs. N. E. Lewis, Amos Chester and Miss Bessie Gavitt.

The meeting opened at 9.40 a. m. with Rev. Clayton A. Burdick, President, in the chair. Prayer was offered by Rev. A. L. Davis.

The minutes of the April meeting and the special meeting of April 22 were read and ordered recorded.

Corresponding Secretary William L. Burdick read his report for the last quarter, and it was voted approved and ordered recorded. The report follows:

Your Corresponding Secretary would respectfully report that, as usual he has conducted the correspondence of the Society and furnished material for the Missionary department of the SABBATH RECORDER.

The last of April several days were spent with our church in Salemville, Pa., encouraging and counseling the church and pastor, and presenting our missionary work. A promising young man in the Salemville Church is contemplating entering the ministry and the Secretary was able to advise and encourage him.

The last of May the Secretary, upon invitation, went to Milton, Wis., and spent three days with

our church and Milton College. In addition to addressing the students at the chapel period, and at a joint session of the Christian Associations, your Secretary preached Friday night and Sabbath morning, addressed the Personal Workers class and held conferences with students and with a joint meeting of the Milton and Milton Junction churches. In Milton College five students were found who have decided to prepare for the ministry and a sixth one who is debating whether to prepare for the ministry or medical missions.

The last three weeks in June were spent in attending the Eastern, Central and Western associations where the work of missions received a prominent place.

In addition to the activities outlined above the Secretary has preached twice during the quarter for the Waterford Church and prepared the annual report.

WILLIAM L. BURDICK,
Corresponding Secretary.

Westerly, R. I.,
July 18, 1923.

The report of the Treasurer, S. H. Davis, was read and ordered recorded.

Rev. W. L. Burdick, chairman of the Missionary-Evangelistic Committee had no report to make.

No report was made on the Alice A. Fisher Fund.

The report of the Conference program committee was received and adopted, and the committee was instructed to make any changes it found necessary. The program is as follows:

REPORT OF CONFERENCE PROGRAM COMMITTEE

Your committee on Conference program would respectfully report that it has planned the following program:

- Friday, August 24, 1923
- 10.00 Music and Prayer
Keynote Remarks, President Clayton A. Burdick
 - 10.15 Address, Rev. H. Eugene Davis
 - 10.45 Annual Reports
Address, Corresponding Secretary William L. Burdick
 - 11.15 Quiet Hour
 - 2.00 Devotions
Evangelism:—Its Message, Rev. A. L. Davis
Evangelism the Work of the Church, Rev. D. Burdett Coon
Evangelism the Work of the Bible School, Dr. John C. Branch
Evangelism the Work of the Denominational Schools, Rev. Robert B. St. Clair
Evangelism the Work of the Home, Rev. Erlo E. Sutton
 - 3.15 Discussion of Our Missionary Work, Led by Rev. Edwin Shaw

- 7.30 Praise Service
Sermon by Rev. Clayton A. Burdick
Conference Meeting, Led by Rev. Clayton A. Burdick.

CLAYTON A. BURDICK,
GEORGE B. UTTER,
WILLIAM L. BURDICK,
Committee.

The annual report of the Board of Managers to the Missionary Society and General Conference, as prepared by the Corresponding Secretary, was read, approved and ordered to be presented as the annual report of the Board.

The annual report of the Treasurer was read by Hon. Samuel H. Davis. The report was discussed, approved and ordered recorded and was voted to become a part of the report of the Board to the Society and General Conference.

A letter was read by Ira B. Crandall from T. L. M. Spencer in regard to the Georgetown chapel. The Board voted to approve the action of the committee for sending the \$500.00 for the purchasing of a building to be used as a chapel and to leave the settling of the matter of building a chapel in the hands of the committee.

The meeting adjourned for the dinner and social hour at 12.30 o'clock. Rev. Clayton A. Burdick offered prayer.

The meeting opened at 1.45 with President Clayton A. Burdick in the chair. Hon. Samuel H. Davis offered prayer.

The report of the Annuities Committee was read by I. B. Crandall and was accepted by the Board. The report follows:

Your Committee on Annuities would respectfully report: That we recommend the Missionary Society adopt the policy of paying annuities on sums given to its Permanent Fund, on such conditions as are now in force by the American Sabbath Tract Society, and the Treasurer is hereby authorized to have the necessary forms printed and to execute the same.

I. B. CRANDALL,
S. H. DAVIS,
C. H. STANTON.

Rev. H. Eugene Davis, returned missionary from China, gave a short talk in regard to conditions on the missionary field at Shanghai.

Rev. A. J. C. Bond, director of the New Forward Movement, made a few remarks and presented a tentative schedule regarding funds to help young men preparing for the ministry which had been prepared by Dean Titsworth. He told of the plans for

the next year and brought words of encouragement and cheer to the Board.

Two hundred copies of the Annual Report of the Missionary Board to the Missionary Society were ordered printed and distributed under the direction of Corresponding Secretary Burdick.

It was voted that the Corresponding Secretary express the Board's appreciation and thankfulness to Mr. and Mrs. George H. Trainer for the help given Miss Mabel West and to Miss West for the service she has rendered to the school work in China, and the hope of the Board that their relationship with her may be renewed in the near future.

Adjournment was made at 4.04 p. m.
Prayer was offered by Rev. H. Eugene Davis.

GEORGE B. UTTER,
Recording Secretary.

SEVENTH DAY BAPTISTS HONORED AND DISHONORED

H. D. CLARKE

A Norwegian picnic may not be of any particular interest to readers of the RECORDER only as Seventh Day Baptists are directly or indirectly mentioned. There is held annually in the old Albion Academy campus a great gathering of Norwegians. They come from distant States with speakers, bands, etc. Such a gathering was held there July 18. It might be mentioned that prominent speakers declared that citizens of the United States of America must stand by the fundamental laws of the country and at this time especially for the Eighteenth Amendment.

The occasion was made a memorial of the late Knute Nelson, Minnesota's greatest senator. Knute Nelson was a marked illustration to show the opportunities this country gives poor but ambitious boys to rise and achieve the highest honors in the gift of the people. Born on the rugged shores of Norway, he came to this country when a child. His first district school-teacher, a Miss Dillon, made a deep impression on his life. The eternal influence of a teacher for good is illustrated by the interest Miss Dillon took in the boy Nelson. Though a common school-teacher, she spoke five languages. She

encouraged the boy and told him he was capable of the greatest honors to be had except the Presidency. Since he was not born an American such an honor could not be given him. "But you can be a United States senator," she told him.

When fifteen years of age he came to Albion, poor and poorly clad, and asked if he could in any way work his way through school. Given encouragement, he returned home but soon appeared once more in Albion, this time with an ox team and homemade wagon, the wheels being sawed off the end of a log, and a rough box containing his scanty clothing and effects, and a month's supply of food and some kindling wood for a fire. At Albion Academy, under the supervision of Seventh Day Baptists, he obtained his education fitting him for his great career.

Equipped with this academic education, young Nelson went forth to achieve his great successes. He was never defeated for any office for which he ran though he was contested by such powerful leaders as Ignatious Donnelly and others. There was no law school then in Wisconsin but he studied law at Madison. He became district attorney, assemblyman, then for his health went to Minnesota, served four terms as state senator, was governor, and lacked only two years of five terms in the United States Senate, fulfilling the prediction of his district schoolteacher. Whatever the creed or politics of men, they honored Nelson as a man of grand character and ability and nobly representing a great State in the Senate. And Seventh Day Baptists have the honor of giving such a man his foundation education and only classical education for his fifty years' political services.

Hon. J. Q. Emery, food commissioner for Wisconsin, a resident of Albion and schoolmate of Senator Nelson and graduate from this academy, gave the address in honor of Nelson. He stated that Albion Academy was the "foremost pioneer school in Wisconsin." He paid high tribute to its instructions and influences, though he did not mention that the school was established and taught by Seventh Day Baptists at that time.

Thus far did the Norwegian assembly honor Seventh Day Baptists. But how were we dishonored?

Another speaker, a college teacher from Decorah, Iowa, made a brilliant address claiming that the success and greatness of our great and their adopted country was not in its beautiful scenery, its riches, its numbers of people, but in the character of its people who were law abiding. He claimed that the most law-abiding citizens were Norwegians who had for centuries been educated in their homes by their mothers and in their churches to be law-abiding men and women. It was the Lutheran Catechism that truly taught the Bible to them and they were a Bible-loving people. While he did not speak derogatory of any other church or denomination, yet he was not justified in asserting that the Norwegian Lutheran Church was the only church today that stood for the fundamental doctrines of the Bible, the only church that stood for the divinity of Christ (as a unit I suppose he meant), the atonement and the law of God. Some other doctrines I failed fully to hear.

Here, then, is the challenge of the Norwegian Lutheran Church to the Protestant churches of the world, that it is the only church now holding to the gospel of Jesus Christ as taught in the Word of God. Of course Seventh Day Baptists will challenge the Norwegian Lutheran Church on the doctrine of the Sabbath and baptism. But are we a unit on the divinity of our Lord Jesus Christ, and a unit on the atonement, on the inspiration and authenticity of the Bible? Are we?

The able speaker made a point worthy of more thought than is given it, that "the present lawlessness and crime is not the result of the late war, nothing of the kind; it is the final result of the people's contempt and forgetfulness of the law of God for years. Men have trampled under foot and disregarded the law of Ten Commandments." "The Lutheran Catechism taught the children, is what has kept the Norwegian people law abiding and true to the Word of God."

Albion, Wis.,
July 19, 1923.

Belief has difficulties, but are not the difficulties of unbelief greater? That which we all recognize to be of the highest worth in life loses its value without God behind all.—John Douglas Adam.

EDUCATION SOCIETY'S PAGE

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

GREAT PIECES OF WORLD'S LITERATURE: GOETHE'S FAUST

PAUL EMERSON TITSWORTH

Goethe's dramatic poem, *Faust*, ranks as one of the few greatest pieces of world literature, taking an honorable place in the company of the *Bible*, the *Iliad*, the *Divine Comedy*, *King Lear* and *Paradise Lost*. It is the spiritual child of a man sensitive to the most varying phases of human experience, one who possessed a power of discerning the universal in the particular and unsurpassed gifts for creating beautiful literary forms. The poem is like a precious stone with many facets, reflecting human nature in its dross and its gold, in its aspiration and in its moral fatigue.

Few pieces of literature have invited so many attempts at interpretation. I once had occasion to glance through a work on Goethe bibliography and, if my memory serves me rightly, there were 200 large octavo pages given to titles of commentary literature on *Faust alone*. All this critical literature trailing along after a star of such imaginative brilliancy reminds one almost involuntarily of a comet with its long and luminous tail. This great mass of criticism is a tribute to Goethe's genius, and to the worth of his work as an accumulation of spiritual values.

Notwithstanding the bulk of *Faust* criticism, critical acumen and emotional appreciation have not presumed to say the last word by way of interpretation of the poem. While it is with some hesitation that I have undertaken to set forth what *Faust* stands for, because it is so large and deep a subject, I am thoroughly persuaded that it has something for every one who will let it influence his thought and emotion.

The poem consists of two parts: Part One is divided into a series of 25 scenes but has no division into acts; Part Two, on the other hand, has the five acts of conventional tragedy.

The drama opens, as does the book of

Job, with a prologue in heaven where the archangels are assembled to render praise to the Lord for the sublimity and harmony of the universe. Of all the company, Mephistopheles, the spirit of denial, alone has no gift of universal vision and sees in creation but the halting movement of an imperfect machine. Of man particularly does he complain, who, with his finite powers and his spark of reason—a glimmer of the light of heaven—is ever striving to raise himself to the rank of God: and, of all the race of men, *Faust* is most presumptuous in his aspiration. To the Lord, however, *Faust* is a loyal servant—one whose serving, while not always effective, springs, nevertheless, from the right motive. "I'll wager," says Mephisto, "that, if you'll give me permission, I can lead him speedily the downward path and put his spiritual restlessness to sleep by appealing to human weakness."

"I consent," says the Almighty, who, nevertheless, shows his confidence in humanity by adding, addressing Mephistopheles:

Though now his service be a tangled skein
Yet will I lead him soon to perfect vision

Stand abashed when thou must needs confess
That a good man by his dim impulse driven
Of the right way ever hath consciousness.

The next scene humanizes and localizes the battle for the soul of man. It is midnight. *Faust* sits in his study, a quaint Gothic room with dusty tomes in ancient and dilapidated bindings, with cracked and blackened parchments, and with all the paraphernalia of the alchemist strewn about—and *Faust* himself pouring over a book in the light of a smoky lamp.

With a gesture of despair, our scholar flings his book aside. Learned as he is in all the lore of medieval tradition and speculation, he has yet failed to find *life*. For forty years, he has drunk deep at its supposed sources, yet to no purpose: the soul satisfying knowledge has eluded him. For him, its quest has not been a fad but the sincerest passion to gain that truth which makes men free, which unlocks the significance of the universe and man's place in it. Like Tennyson, he believed that, if he could only get behind the exterior phenomena, the things we see of, say, the flower in the crannied wall, and perceive the

working of the forces there present, he could perceive the mystery of life. The growing conviction that laboratory analysis and pure speculation are unfitted to reveal nature to him, freezes his pulse and grips his heart, for he has staked everything on this throw.

To force life to reveal itself he has taken a fateful step: he has resorted to magic. To the medieval mind, there was almost nothing impossible to the magician. By the aid of the black art Faust means to compel nature to give up the secret of her processes. In the poem, Faust's attempt to accomplish this purpose is visualized by having him conjure up the so-called earth-spirit—a symbol of the creative forces at work everywhere about us. The apparition makes its appearance in a great flame but its aspect is so terrifying that Faust covers before it and is forced to confess that, with all his learning, the sight of the great mystery is more than he can bear. Then the presence vanishes, leaving him overcome by the torturing thought of the greatest rebuff of his life. With the impossibility of gaining an entrance to the holy of holies of nature, there vanishes, for him, all that is worth while in life.

In this despondency, he is on the point of suicide. As he sets the fatal phial to his lips, the Easter bells, pealing out their message of gladness, stir hallowed memories of childhood faith in his breast. These visions from the shadow world crowd his mind thick and fast, re-awaken the life impulse in him and he returns the mortal liquid to its place.

The mood of faith, however, is only transitory and we soon see Faust floundering ever deeper in the waters of despair. In a moment of burning hatred for all the delusions of existence, he utters a fearful curse against those values which men cherish as the most precious fruit of all the travail of the human spirit. At this juncture, Mephisto, who has in the meantime joined himself to Faust, first in the form of a poodle and later in the guise of a traveling scholar, sees the psychological moment to suggest the advantages of a league with himself. Abandoned by all elements of human experience which men ordinarily look to in the times of greatest stress and strain of life, Faust eagerly listens to the Devil's offer.

Mephistopheles

Cease toying with thy melancholy,
That like a vulture eats into thine heart!

Through life with me united,
Then shall I be delighted
Thine on the spot to make me.
For thy fellow take me,
And so thy praise I have,
I'll be thy servant, be thy slave.

Here will I pledge myself to serve thee truly,
Be at thy beck, nor know repose nor rest.
When we meet yonder, shalt thou duly
In a like manner do my best.

Resolve thee! Set thine hand unto the indenture!
With joy mine arts forthwith thou'lt see
What no man yet beheld, that give I thee.

To which Faust replies:

And pray, what wilt thou give, poor Devil?
When could the like of thee rise to the lofty
level

To which doth strive the human breast?
Yet hast thou food that fills not, yet thou hast
Red gold that trickles without rest,
Quick silver-like, the fingers' clutch between.

And Honor's splendid, God-like joy,
That vanishes, like meteoric vapour.
Show me the fruit that ere 'tis plucked doth rot,
And trees that deck them with new verdure daily!

MEPHISTO

Such a commission frights me not.
I'll serve thee with such treasures daily.
But, good my friend, the time draws on apace,
When at our ease, a royal feast we'll savor.

Mephisto totally misunderstands Faust; he thinks the scholar, bored by much study, wants to enter the world of dissipation and drown disappointment in intoxication of the senses. Faust repudiates that interpretation of his mood:

If on the bed of sloth I loll contented ever,
Then with that moment end my race.
Canst thou delude me with thy glozing,
Self-pleased, to put my grief away,
Canst thou my soul with pleasures cozen,
Then be that day my life's last day!
That is the wager.

MEPHISTO

Done!

FAUST

Aye, done, I say!

When to the moment fleeting past me,
Tarry! I cry, so fair thou art!
Then into fetters mayst thou cast me,
Then let come doom, with all my heart!
Then toll the death-bell, do not linger,
Then be thy bondage o'er and done,
Let the clock stop, let fall the finger,
Let time for me be past and gone!

The pact is closed and signed with Faust's blood, the Devil still believing that his victim wants merely to be diverted, to reel from pleasure to pleasure. Learning having failed him, Faust wants to compass in his own experience, first hand, all the bliss and woe that human kind is heir to. Right here in this divine longing lies Mephistopheles' mistake: he has seen so many souls lulled to satisfaction by the gratification of the lower desires that he plumes himself on knowing human nature to the last fiber. Faust's longings, however, spring from idealism and not from hot blood nor from shallow-mindedness. Accordingly Mephisto's very first attempt to appeal to Faust is a failure.

In a scene entitled "Auerbach's Cellar," he introduces him to a midnight orgy of roistering Leipzig students. Faust is only disgusted. Mephisto tries again to win him, this time with more care. Evidently Faust must be rejuvenated to make him susceptible to the pleasures of the senses about to be offered him. Consequently, the two visit a witch's kitchen where amid repulsive hocus pocus, Faust drinks a potion that shall turn back the years and make him a youth again, and that shall set his blood a-boil. Now he sees in a magic mirror a vision calculated to arouse his sensual nature. Now Mephisto is to appeal to him through love.

A-fire with passion, Faust meets and falls in love with Margaret, a simple, winsome girl of the middle class. Goethe treated this love story with a great deal of tenderness in a series of scenes, depicting Faust and Gretchen in their fatal love, which for simplicity, sweetness, deep pathos, and the masterly handling of artistic suggestion are unequalled in literature.

Faust first accosting Gretchen as she is returning from confession, is curtly sent about his business as he deserves. By Mephisto's aid, however, he later gets an interview with her at a neighbor's house and in a short time wins her affection. Recognizing the baser element in his love for her, he escapes to the primeval forest to calm his throbbing pulses and by contemplating the grandeur and beauty of nature, to master his temptation. It avails little, for, impelled by the siren song of the senses, he returns to Gretchen, works her ruin, kills

her brother in a duel and brings about the death of her mother. Bitterly aware of all the evil he has wrought, he allows Mephistopheles to take him to a witch's Sabbath on the Brocken mountain where the Devil hopes vainly to still Faust's voice of conscience. In spite of enormous sin, Faust has not sunk so low as to enjoy the wanton sensuality of that scene. A vision of Gretchen in distress makes him hasten back to duty and to her aid.

In the meantime Margaret, realizing her condition, gets into even deeper waters of despair through the consciousness of her guilt, goes stark mad, drowns her child and is thrown into prison to await execution. Faust forces Mephisto to gain an entrance to her cell that he may rescue her. The night before the execution, they come and find Gretchen in all her wretchedness. At first she does not recognize Faust but mistakes her would-be rescuer for the headsmen come to drag her to the block. She pleads with him for mercy because of her youth; she babbles about her child, her mother, her lover who has left her and her love for him. Faust, impatient to be gone, for the morning draws on, strives by force and persuasion to take her away to freedom. Only in the rifts of her madness does she at first recognize him. At last he succeeds in rending the veil of insanity, but in her sanity, she chooses rather to stay and suffer the punishment of her crime than to live with him a life of sin. With breaking heart he makes one final appeal to her to come, after which Mephisto rushes in, drags him rudely forth exclaiming, "She is condemned." A voice from heaven, however, answers "She is saved." The heavy prison door slams to after them and the first part of the poem ends.

I have dwelt thus long on the Gretchen tragedy because of the actual space it occupies in the whole composition. Here it is that Gounod's opera, *Faust*, ends as likewise many popular versions of the play. In Marlowe's *Dr. Faustus*, the hero, after enjoying the pleasures of sin for a season of 24 years under Mephisto's leadership, is carried away to hell. Goethe, however, had no intention of leaving his Faust thus in the clutches of the Devil. The second part of our poem, much less known, less readable, and, from an artistic point of view,

inferior to part one is, nevertheless, absolutely necessary to complete the poet's thought and to show his answer to the problem proposed in the prologue in heaven. For the sake of clearness let me repeat that problem here.

Is the consciousness of right and wrong, the desire for larger knowledge of life and the longing for more complete self-development inherent and inextinguishable in humanity, or can they be put to sleep by an appeal to the senses? Or, in other words, is man really upward bound or is he only a brute with a veneer of aspiration and faith? Goethe himself was a confirmed idealist and accordingly was not satisfied to let Faust end in sin and condemnation.

At the opening of Part Two, Faust has undergone his period of remorse and is nerved anew for the upward striving by the contemplation of nature in one of her sublimest and most hallowed aspects—sunrise in the Alps. With the abiding consciousness of his guilt, but with the determination to begin existence anew, he resolves to spend his life henceforth in useful activity. He first appears at the court of the emperor of the Holy Roman Empire where he and his companion Mephisto—the latter no longer plays the role of guide but only of servant—engratiate themselves by taking part in a stupendous pageant. It falls to Faust's lot to present Helen of Greece, the most beautiful woman of antiquity. He succeeds in conjuring up this lovely apparition but with disquieting effect upon himself, for he falls in love with her and will not be consoled until he possesses her.

The second act of Part Two sets forth the search for Helen among the shades of the classic world. In this act, Goethe has given free reign to his fancy, or one might better say, to his fantasy, allowing it to play among the mythical and historical figures of Greek and Roman antiquity. The result is not so much a drama as a dictionary of classical antiquities and curios. Altogether the act is a failure from an artistic point of view, for, in addition to a lack of dramatic movement, the culminating event of Faust's search—his appeal to Persephone for the release of the shade of Helen—is lacking—Goethe left this scene in outline among his literary remains but never completed it.

The third act portrays Faust's union with Helen and their life together in Arcadia. This joining of the German man to the Greek woman symbolizes the striving of the Renaissance to unite German and Greek ideals for the formation of a higher type of character. The German nature with its medieval crudeness and low plane of living is to be beautified and its thoughts purged and elevated by contact with the Greek ideals of life, the Greek love of perfection of form, its noble simplicity and its quiet grandeur. Throughout his 83 years, the repose, self-restraint, in a word the discipline, manifest in Greek life and art, appealed to Goethe mightily; consequently, he felt that Faust in his evolution toward a higher humanity must be purified of all that was ugly and low in his desires by an intimate relation with Greek idealism.

With the death of their son, Euphorion, Helen returns to the underworld leaving her mantle to Faust, who, still by far imperfect, is more conscious of the goal of his striving, has his moral nature strengthened, and is more remote than ever from the possibility of succumbing to the call of the senses. He returns to Germany, helps the Emperor gain a victory over a dangerous rival, begs and receives as compensation for his services a fief of waste, marshy land on the sea coast, and settles down there determined to wrest the land from the clutches of the sea and to restore it to cultivation. In the course of time, human industry makes of the one-time, waste a garden—a place for hopeful labor and for contentment. Some of this result is attained by the labors of Mephistopheles who still clings for dear life to the idea that sometime he will yet capture Faust's soul.

To be sure, our hero is by no means perfect even now, for, in his anxiety to carry out his plans, he thoughtlessly gives orders to Mephisto which, carried out demonically, bring ruin and death to the home of a peaceable old couple living within the bounds of Faust's domain. In spite of this lapse—an error in judgment rather than in purpose—Faust's face is turned definitely upward.

Looking out over his broad acres and the homes where happiness and peace reign, Faust, in the consciousness of his good works, exclaims, "In anticipation of all that I can do here, I am almost ready to say to the moment, 'Tarry, thou art so fair!'"—

the formula, as you recall, of satisfaction agreed upon as a signal to Mephistopheles of his victory. There upon Faust sinks down dead, while Mephisto and his imps hasten up in high glee, prepared to carry off the dead man's soul. Angels, however, have likewise been watching, who, descending, wrest Faust's immortal part from the evil ones and carry it off to heaven, chanting as they rise:

Him can we save that tireless strove
Ever to a higher level.

Goethe does not leave his hero even here but follows him within the very gates of Paradise. Stripped of some of the handicaps of earth and impelled by the love of the sanctified Margaret, Faust now rises to ever greater perfection. He now realizes clearly "that truth which has dimly guided him through his dark strivings, recognizes that man finds his end only in the active conquest of freedom, a task which from its very nature can not be completed in time."

It is interesting to notice that the Lord, who in the prologue of the play appears as power, is at the end of the poem replaced by the Virgin who appears as love. We might say, in the world of physical energy God appears as power, and masculine; in the spiritual world as love and feminine. To Goethe, woman's love was a prototype of the Divine, hence the emphasis on the spiritual power of pure love in the last part of the play. The poem closes in an ecstasy of exaltation and pure delight with the song of the Chorus Mysticus:

All things corruptible
Are but reflection.
Earth's insufficiency
Here finds perfection.
Here the ineffable
Wrought is with love.
The Eternal Womanly
Draws us above.

By its elevated lyric quality, the last half of act five partakes more of the nature of an opera; indeed, the whole second part is much better adapted to operatic than dramatic performance. Some of the best work in the whole drama—considered from the point of view of poetry alone—is contained in the songs of the last act where melting and insinuating harmony is coupled with elevation of thought into most appealing verse.

It is not, however, to the artistic qualities of Faust primarily that I wish to call your attention, but rather to the thought of the poem, "How, having broken away from the traditional, institution-bound ideal of life, shall a man come into living, saving contact with the reality of life?" is the problem Goethe tried to solve; it is the problem of human freedom. Faust symbolizes the human struggle for the development of all the potentialities in our nature.

To the student of literature and of thought, there come, in the study of *Faust*, many questions, three of the most significant of which might be formulated as follows: (1) What is human freedom? (2) What was Goethe's answer to the question? (3) Are there any ideas and ideals woven into the fabric of the drama which can add to our own cultural possessions? I beg your indulgence while I attempt as best I can to answer these questions briefly.

First: The ancient problem as to freedom is the most vital question with which we, as thinking men, have to struggle. It is not a purely academic puzzle; it is not only to discover if we can choose this and leave that; it is an enormously practical question, having to do with the efficiency, or lack of it, of the life of every man and woman.

To be free is to possess the ability to perceive the trend of development of man and society and to make one's conduct correspond. It means, speaking of course in relative terms, that one has absorbed the spirit of things to such an extent that he finds the authority for the direction of his life not outside but inside himself. It means that by education and by discipline one has built up within oneself a moral and religious world which is the miniature of that without. It means—to draw an illustration from morals—that a man is good, not because he does not know what it is to be bad, nor because he stands in physical fear of the consequences of evil doing; he is good because he has looked the world over as it is revealed within and without himself and has become convinced that it is organized on moral laws and that if he wants to reach his maximum development, he must make his striving flow parallel to those laws. It means that one has attained a point of view that stands like a rock when the waves of experience beat against it. It means, finally, pinning one's faith, not to the incidental

and transitory of existence but to the universal, the abiding, the divine. To nurture the growth of freedom in the heart of man is the greatest aim of education, of philosophy, and of religion. "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free."

Second: What was Goethe's idea of freedom? To return to Faust. In the beginning he is not free: he has pinned his faith to conventional learning—a distorted human experience—and it has left him in the lurch. Gretchen, too, depended for her happiness on the conventional morals of the church of the eighteenth century, but they were swept away like a dam of leaves before the floods of temptation. In the beginning, neither she nor Faust were what they were because they had recognized the universal principles of life and said deliberately, "I will" or, "I will not." They were what they were because circumstances had made them so with very little guidance from their own intellectual and volitional powers. At the end of Part One of the drama, enlightened by bitter experience, with every incentive to do otherwise and with only her conscience—the moral world within—to applaud her decision, Gretchen deliberately *chooses* the way of virtue. As for Faust, his path was more strewn with rocks: he attains solid moral standing ground only after long and wearisome striving and at the end of a great span of years.

From a study of these facts, we can see, then, that Goethe believed that every normal human being has at least a faint glimmering of his own possibilities and a dynamic power within him—illegally directed though it may be—which will eventually win its way to freedom. Farther, he believed that freedom consists in a consciousness of the moral principles of the universe and in a will steeled to act in consonance with that knowledge. To him, salvation from the errors of this life and for the life to come depended upon the attainment of this freedom.

Third: The poem of *Faust* is the greatest literary expression of the principles of the two most epoch-making spiritual revolutions of modern times—the Reformation and the Renaissance with their basic ideas of religious democracy and faith in the essential goodness of humanity, respectively. If this statement be true, then the significance

which Goethe's drama may have in the cultural development of any individual is obvious: the idea of democracy and the belief in human nature are points of view that are at the base of modern thought in all fields, and, in spite of the 400 years that have elapsed since these movements were supposedly in full swing, we are only just beginning to catch glimpses of their full import for the individual and for society and for the world.

ABOUT DIFFERENT ROUTES TO CONFERENCE

No doubt those who are planning to attend the coming session of the General Conference are studying automobile routes and railroad time tables. Your transportation committee has spent some time studying them, too.

From Chicago delegates may come to this place over either the Northwestern or the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, as both lines make direct connections with the Union Pacific in Omaha. Both lines are double tracked across Iowa, and both give excellent service. Direct connections can not be made with the Union Pacific over other lines crossing Iowa. Delegates buying tickets over the Burlington would best buy to Ord. Notify the undersigned and they will be met at Ord by auto.

North Loup is on a branch of the Union Pacific about fifty miles north of Grand Island. We have a train which leaves Grand Island at seven in the morning, a motor, and another, a freight, which leaves a half hour later. The motor reaches our station at 9.30, the freight a few minutes after the whistle blows. Then we have another passenger train which leaves at 3.30 in the afternoon and reaches our station at 5.45. This train has changed time recently.

Passengers leaving Chicago at 10.30 a. m. will arrive in Grand Island at 4.50 the next morning, leaving Chicago at 9.30 p. m. will arrive in Grand Island at 2.55 p. m. the following day. Remember the accommodations are the same whether over the Northwestern or the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul.

In Nebraska we have a one and one-third clergy rate, and it may be best for ministers to buy tickets to Omaha and

then rebuy to North Loup to take advantage of this rate.

Leaving North Loup one can make close connection east or west both morning and evening.

If further information is needed, write the undersigned personally and he will give all possible information.

In regard to auto routes. From Chicago take the Lincoln Highway, to the Mississippi River. Across Iowa we prefer the River to River Route. The Lincoln is much better known, and is more generously patronized. We have been over both routes and prefer the River to River. Both routes have dirt roads, graveled in spots, but the Lincoln is generally more rutty because more traveled. Another objection is that it passes through every little village along the line, and that means a loss of about thirty or forty miles per day because of the time lost in slowing up, and because of the extra distance traveled.

Iowa routes are known by number, in Nebraska they are known by color or by letter marking. The Lincoln in Iowa is known as No. 6, the River to River as No. 7. If autoists take the River to River they would best follow the Mississippi River to Davenport because it is a beautiful drive, thence west over the River to River. Of course if they follow the Lincoln this trip will not be taken. Whichever route they take they will wish they had taken the other because of the hills. However, the hills are smooth and are not as bad as they seem.

If the Lincoln is taken take a cut off from Missouri River, Iowa, to Blair, Neb., and to Fremont. Follow the Lincoln to Columbus and then follow the Black and White—the Central Nebraska and Loup River Route—to North Loup. Cross the Loup River at Elba, about twenty miles south of North Loup, and come up on the west side of the river and follow the Black and Yellow—the G. I. & B. H.—line. They will know when they reach the Elba bridge because the village is across the river to the west, and the road makes a sharp turn to the north. Up to the bridge the road is leading directly west.

Don't make the mistake of taking the Upland Highway—mark a big U—from Dunlap, Iowa. The road is widely ad-

vertised but is not well worked. If taking the River to River cross the Missouri at Omaha, follow the Lincoln to Columbus and then follow the Black and White—the same markings as given above.

Plan on taking at least four days from Milton, five will give more time and there will be no danger of finding it necessary to break speed laws. Tourists' camps will be found all along the lines, and the best accommodations are given at the camps. At Atlantic City, Iowa, one is given the privilege of the municipal bathing pool without charge if one has his own bathing suit.

Do not fail to fill your gasoline tank at Fullerton, Neb., because the next village through which you pass is Cotesfield, nearly seventy miles away. Go south of Cushing one-half mile. The markings may take you through the village but disregard them. Turn west just south of Scotia if you come up from Elba on the east side of the river.

I have tried to make these directions explicit, and have waited until this time to give them that they may make auto traveling easy, so far as routes are concerned, and that the directions may be fresh in your memory. Better cut this out and take it with you, you autoists.

Nortonville autoists would best take the George Washington route to Union, thence west through Lincoln and over the S Y A to Grand Island. From Grand Island follow the G I & B H—Black and Yellow, to North Loup. It is possible it may be best to follow the D L D to Emerald, thence north to Seward. The trip can be made in two days. If the route through northern Kansas is in good condition it might be well to take that west to its connection with the Meridian—mark a big M—at Bellville. The Meridian connects with the S Y A at York.

Western delegates coming via auto will take the Lincoln to Grand Island, then follow the G I & B H. Of course coming by rail delegates will take the Union Pacific.

To get the benefits of reduced railroad rates there must be 250 tickets sold on the certificate plan, and the prospects are there will not be that many sold. However, better take a certificate from your selling agent.

W. G. ROOD,
Transportation Committee.

WOMAN'S WORK

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

THE BIBLE

This Book is the mind of God.
state of man.
way of salvation.
doom of sinners.
happiness of believers.

Its doctrines—holy.
Its precepts—binding.
Its history—true.
Its decisions—immutable.

Read it—to be wise.
Believe it—to be safe.
Practice it—to be holy.

It is a light to guide you.
food to sustain you.
comfort to cheer you.

It is a mine of wealth.
paradise of glory.
river of pleasure.

It is a traveler's map.
pilgrim's staff.
pilot's compass.
soldier's sword.
Christian's character.

—Author unknown.

MINUTES OF THE WOMAN'S BOARD MEETING

The Woman's Board met July 9, with Mrs. Shaw. Present were Mesdames A. B. West, J. H. Babcock, A. E. Whitford, G. E. Crosley, A. R. Crandall, W. C. Daland, L. M. Babcock, Edwin Shaw and Miss Phoebe Coon. Mrs. West read a portion of St. Luke's Gospel and Miss Coon offered prayer.

Minutes of the previous meeting were read.

The treasurer reported receipts for the month, \$1,505.44; disbursements for the month, \$1,649.62; receipts for the quarter, \$2,182.29; disbursements for the quarter, \$1,661.12; receipts for the year, \$4,665.73; disbursements for the year, \$4,144.06.

The report was adopted with words of appreciation for the faithful labor Mrs. Whitford bestowed upon it.

The Corresponding Secretary read letters

from the Committee of Reference and Council and from Mrs. W. D. Burdick.

The Board voted to purchase four copies of the report of the Foreign Missions Conference.

Adjourned to meet with Mrs. Whitford at the call of the president.

MRS. A. B. WEST,
President.

NELLIE R. C. SHAW,
Recording Secretary.

PERSONAL EXPERIENCES AND REMINISCENCES OF EARLY LIFE IN NORTH LOUP, NEB.

EDWIN J. BABCOCK

V

THE GREAT PRAIRIE FIRE OF OCTOBER 12, 1878

Only a few weeks ago, a very intelligent acquaintance from the east, who had read many accounts of prairie fires, listening to an anecdote about one, commenced to question me about them. "Just what do you mean by prairie fires running?" he asked. "Why," I explained, "when a fire starts in the dead prairie grass, even if there is no wind, it will burn and move out further and further in a sort of circle. If there is a little wind it will burn faster, and in the direction the wind is blowing. It will even creep up and toward a wind. This is what is meant when one says a prairie fire runs."

"But why is there always a wind when there is a fire?" he again asked. "Because, when even a small fire is started in a still day, the hot air rises, and in a prairie country in a very few minutes cold air rushes in, and the wind commences to blow, increasing with the extent of the fire."

"What is the fire guard you speak about?" "Anything that stops a fire; such as a stream, or a steep bank, where there is no grass to burn. Early settlers would break or plow a few furrows around their buildings or hay and grain stacks. Then they would plow a few more three or four rods farther away, and burn the grass between them. These two strips of furrows and the burned space between was the common fire guard made by early settlers. Any wide strip or field of breaking or plowing, of course, was a good fire guard."

"Why would some fires burn over the entire country and others only burn strips

or a part of the country?" When a fire started on one side of a stream, or a fire broke and had to run slowly against the wind, it might die out, or could be whipped out easily. If it started on the other side of the stream with nothing to check it, a strong wind would often carry it faster than the best horse could run, and it would jump over all narrow fire breaks.

"In the fall the thin buffalo grass on the tops of the hills would ripen and become dry first, while the heavy grass in the bottom of the canyons, or along the banks of a stream would still be green, and would not burn. In such cases a fire would follow and run along the tops of the hills and ridges, but not in the canyons. (Little valleys and gorges are often called canyons.—Ed.) This would then leave these ridges as great fire breaks for the rest of the season."

"What do you mean by whipping the fire?" "We would take any old sack, coat, garment or blanket and wet it, and swinging it like a flail pound out or smother out the long trail of fire, commencing at one end, or at some fire break, and trying to whip it out to another fire break."

"How high and wide would a line of fire be?" From a few inches or perhaps a foot high, and about as wide when the grass was small or damp, to twenty-five or thirty feet high and about as wide, when there was two or three years of old grass and a strong wind."

"How fast would a fire run?" he finally asked? "From merely creeping up against the wind to fifty or sixty miles an hour, when wind and grass were favorable.

"The greatest fire of all the early days was on October 12, 1878. Father and brother Art with our team, and cousin Ev with Uncle Heman's team had gone to Grand Island freighting. Upon getting up in the morning, we found a strong wind blowing from the southwest. Soon we could see a cloudy appearance in the direction of the wind, and gradually it began to spread, and to reach our vicinity, and we could smell smoke. We knew a prairie fire was raging, and with the wind increasing, it would soon work around and jump all guards. The many guards might check it and turn it, and hold it in some places from running free with the wind, but nothing now could prevent it from soon creeping

over the entire country. Much of the prairie had not burned off the previous year, and there was a two years' crop of grass in most localities, and dry as tinder. The wind had now risen to a gale of over sixty miles an hour.

"Everybody was watching the drifting smoke. The air was becoming filled with ash cinders, pricking like needles. The sun commenced to darken, first like Indian summer, until it was nearly hidden from view, and every one was scanning the southwest sky. Soon every one was out with team and plow making and burning fire guards. But the wind was shifting back and forth all the time, and no one could tell from just what quarter the fire would first reach him.

"Cass and Eva Hill were staying with us children, and Cass and I jumped onto his two fast horses and rode to Watts Hill, a mile away, to see from which direction it was coming. Reaching there, we could see dark black smoke and flashes of fire on Boettger's Hill eight miles farther west. Cass started for his claim and sod house, and I back home to try and burn fire guards on our north line, where we had three furrows plowed. We had a good field of 'breaking,' which acted as a fire guard west of the house. It was only a mile back, and the horse ran at wild speed up and down the hills and ravines, never checking for a moment, till I slid off at the house, where Eva and the small children were waiting for me. I had watched the head fire over my left shoulder, and as my feet touched the ground, and I turned to look north, I saw the head fire reach the river northeast of us. It had run something over nine miles while I was racing on a fleet footed horse at top speed only one mile.

"Grabbing a wet gunny sack and a handful of matches that Eva got for me, I ran to the north line where the few furrows intersected the creek, and started my fire break. If I could burn out the corner of dead grass, weeds and underbrush of several years' growth, and then back a few rods along the furrow, I might even yet check the approaching fire, which was now running more slowly and not directly with the wind. But I had only burned a few rods when the wind changed, veering the fire directly toward me. I turned to run west and get out of the matted weeds, old

grass and underbrush, where I might hope to meet the fire and run through it (where the grass was shorter) without tripping but was too late. Turning back I had barely time to jump into Mira Creek, six or eight feet wide containing about a foot of water at the time. The fire, forty or fifty feet high and several rods wide, in old, heavy and tangled grass, weeds and underbrush, was upon me. I rolled in the shallow water to soak my clothes, submerging what little I could, and crawled furiously down stream toward and into the fire to allow it to pass over and by me till I could hold my breath no longer. Popping up my head I drew in a mouthful of hot air, smoke and cinders. Then I ducked and crawled on and finally crept out into the heat and smoke. With hair and eyebrows singed and clothes soaked and plastered with mud, I hurried back toward the house. The wind had again shifted and I could now easily run through the fire line. My clothes and back and ears were badly burned. I remember I went to Hastings to the high school that fall, and that I did not get rid of my worst scabs till mid-winter. I found our house, stable and bin of rye unburned but still threatened by a side fire creeping up. Leaving these for the time, I joined George Clement and H. T. East and we hurried to Jud Davis'. He, too, was away freighting with father. He had the only frame house in the valley, cows, hogs and large bins of wheat and oats. We worked hard and feverishly to save these but in vain. Another change of wind and all was gone except the house. Retracing our steps to our place, now with these two men to help me, we again worked furiously for another hour, sometimes gaining a few rods, then losing it all again as we tried to whip out the remaining side fire creeping down between the creek and the road, a distance of only ten or twelve rods. Finally after the fire had burned through one corner of our cottonwood grove and yard and we thought everything lost, the wind shifted away from the premises for only a minute. Redoubling our efforts, we barely whipped out the remaining short line just as the wind shifted again for the last time toward us and our place was saved.

"The next morning, somewhat recovered, I started as soon as it was light up the valley to find out what had befallen my

uncles and grandparents. I met Uncle Heman (H. A. Babcock) coming on foot to hunt for Aunt Retta, Aunt Dora and Baby Roy who had started before the fire with a horse and buggy to visit Mrs. Travis up Mira Valley. A more anxious man I never saw. He soon told me as we hurried back how he had lost his barn, cows, hogs and all his hay and grain stacks and had barely saved his log house after the fire had caught inside; how Uncle Plummer Horr, the largest farmer in the valley, whose wheat field was a mile and a half long, had lost every stack, but Grandfather Bristol had saved his little house and belongings. We found later that my two aunts with the horse and buggy had been suddenly warned to drive to a near-by field of breaking, how they had run the horse at top speed and barely reached it as the flames licked the hind end of their buggy."

This is merely my personal experience, I can not recount the thrilling experiences of many others. I can not refrain, however, from barely mentioning the story of two heroes of that fearful day. Will (W. B.) Green, and Morris (M. T.) Green and their brother-in-law, Albert Cottrell, were up Mira Valley building a sod house. Ordinary furrows had been plowed and fire guards made. As they saw the mountain-like wall of flame approaching they attempted to burn additional guards, but the wind veered and the fire leaped all guards and was upon them. Their only recourse was to run through it. This they attempted to do and Will and Morris found themselves safely through but Cottrell had fallen in the fire. If one needs run through a fire he always runs if possible directly toward the fire and against the wind. In this way he passes through it much more quickly and with more safety than in any other manner. The most dangerous and difficult way is to run after and into it. But there was no other alternative for the Green boys if any attempt was to be made to save Cottrell. Without hesitating a moment both turned back into the fire and dragged out their companion but it proved too late to save his life. Both were fearfully and frightfully burned. Will had on no shoes at the time and his feet were so badly burned that he could not move nor rise from the ground. Morris who had shoes on managed to get up and at-

tract the attention of Dan Fossey, a neighbor. I well remember sitting up with them a few nights later. It seems to me, as I now look back upon it, that there was hardly a spot on their bodies which was not a festering scab. I have never seen anyone so frightfully burned or suffering such excruciating pain. Both finally recovered, however, but Morris' hands were shriveled and drawn at right angles the rest of his life. Will is still with us, having held many positions of honor and importance.

The many tales of the speed of this fire and the fire breaks that it jumped seem almost incredible. One would almost think that the parties overestimated or even exaggerated the width of these fire breaks and fields that the fire jumped, were it not known that it jumped the North Loup River at, at least two points, and that the river is about sixty rods wide.

LETTER FROM JAVA

Translated by Jacob Bakker

To the Seventh Day Baptist Churches of North America.

DEAR BROTHERS IN JESUS:

Probably you may not be able to read this letter but likely you can have it translated by Mr. Bakker.

You probably know from Brother Velthuysen that our dear sister Margaret Alt has left God's Sabbath. It almost broke my heart, but let us pray for her that she may see the light again. She does it in sincerity, thinking that as long as one still believes in the law, one is trying to be saved by works. She thinks a great deal of a certain new movement here. I heard from Marie Jansz that we have a brother in the United States who also belongs to this new movement. If it were possible I would like for this brother to write to her. If we are striving after holiness then it will be a pleasure for us to do the Lord's will—and not simply what men teach.

We had planned that I should stay with Sister Alt at Gambong Waloh, but since she left the Sabbath this became difficult. Sister Clara Keil went with the European patients to Temanggoeng. But I could not decide and could not see that this was the way which God showed me. I kept on praying continually.

As some of you in America remember, I was consecrated to the work at Pangoengsen in 1905 by our dear Brother Velthuysen, Sr. Circumstances which I can not explain now, made it so that I only stayed seven months. I suffered a great deal and I prayed God through all those years to bring me back to Pangoengsen if it were according to his will. And strange to say all unexpectedly I received a letter from Sister Jansz asking me whether I could not come here; she had made this decision after much prayer. I could but think this was the Lord's doing. So I am here all alone since June 15.

Brother Vizjak went to Temanggoeng in May to assist Brother Graafstal in taking care of the feeble-minded, Sister Jansz had to let him go for several reasons. She left the work at Pangoengsen in my charge, but I can not do otherwise than to pray: "Brothers and sisters, come over and help us!" I can not speak the native language, but have a teacher who helps me. He is too young to lead the church. Our dear Sister Jansz is all worn out and now lives in a more healthful climate where she intends to take the orphans who are here.

I do pray the brothers and sisters to come and help us as much as possible, for it is work for our dear Master who did so much for us, who came down from heaven to save us from the curse resting upon us through the fall of Adam. Let all of us ask ourselves, "How much did the Lord for me and what am I doing for him?"

At present we still have here 178 people, big and little, of whom about 60 have to be supported, and for whom we need about 80 dollars each month. It is fortunate that it is warm here, so the children do not need much to wear; still on Sabbath Day I like to see them dressed up in a clean dress.

I ask your prayers for the work and myself.

Very cordially yours,

Your sister in Jesus,

CORNELIA SLAGTER.

P. S.—Will some one write to me some time? Sister Davids understands English, so she can translate the letters.

My address is:

Zuster Cornelia Slagter,
Pangoengsen, Tajoe, Java.

July 14, 1922.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

MRS. RUBY COON BABCOCK,
R. F. D. 5, Box 73, Battle Creek, Mich.,
Contributing Editor.

THE SCHOOL OF PRAYER

REV. SIMON H. BABCOCK.

**Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day,
August 25, 1923**

DAILY READINGS

Sunday—Lesson in faith (Mark 11: 20-24)
Monday—The right spirit (Matt. 6: 9-15)
Tuesday—Learn to take "No" (2 Cor. 12: 6-9)
Wednesday—Learn perseverance (Luke 18: 1-8)
Thursday—Learn from failure (Jas. 1: 5-8)
Friday—Learn fellowship (Acts 12: 1-17)
Sabbath Day. Topic—Lesson in the school of prayer (Matt. 18: 19, 20; 21: 18-22)

Why should we pray? If God knows all things, he knows what our needs are and why need we ask him?

Because, first of all, Jesus taught us to ask, to pray, (Matt. 7:7; Luke 18:1; 21:46) and a "Thus saith the Lord" should be sufficient; end all controversy.

Second, His disciples, whom he commissioned to continue his work enjoined prayer (Phil. 4:6; 1 Thess. 5:17; Eph. 6:18; Jas. 6:16; 1 Tim. 2:8; 1 Pet. 4:7).

Third, Both Christ and his apostles prayed and thus set us the example. See Matt. 14:23; Mark 6:46; Luke 6:12; 9:28; John 17; Acts 1:14; 2:42; 9:6; 16:16. If the Son of God needed to pray, how much more we with all our weaknesses and failures! Furthermore the command of Jesus to "Follow Him" is applicable here as in other things.

Fourth, It is natural to pray. Even the beasts, birds, etc., have a way of making their wishes known, of asking for the things they want, and of expressing their gratitude when their petitions are granted. The same instinct is not lacking in human nature. It is just as natural for the little babes, and for older persons as well, when true to nature, to make their requests known and to express their gratitude for favors received. If men do not pray it is because of their alienation for God, and because they have lost their sense of dependence upon him and of the gratitude they owe him who is the source of every blessing, and

of their obligation to render to him the praise and the thanksgiving which are his due.

Prayer, in a sense is like the channel through which the stream floweth; it reaches up to and is connected with the fountain head; and if by constant use it is kept open, the stream continues its flow, and other streams, from either side, enter, thus increasing its volume and multiplying its blessings. But if from neglect or indifference, or for any other reason the channel becomes choked or obstructed, the stream may be diverted to other channels and the one for whom the blessings were intended must suffer an irreparable loss.

Prayer is much more than the mere asking for the things we want or need. It is worship, adoration, thanksgiving, as well as petition and supplication. The model which Jesus gave (Matt. 6:9-13) clearly shows that, first of all, the dominating desire should be that the name of the Father be, "Hallowed," his "Kingdom," and his "Will be done, as in heaven, so on earth." (R. V.) Thus may we ask for personal need. Matt. 6:33.

It is just as important that there be a receptive mood, a right attitude of the heart that realizes the need, that appreciates the gift, as that God should know, for if these attributes are wanting the good intended can not follow.

Edgerton, Wis.

A THOUGHT FOR THE QUIET HOUR

LYLE CRANDALL

The daily readings for this week give some reasons why the answers to our prayers are delayed, and why our prayers are unanswered. We can not learn to take "No" for an answer. We ask for something which we greatly desire, but the Lord knows it is not best for us to have it. Then we lose our faith. It is hard to acquire perseverance in prayer. If we do not get what we desire immediately, we become discouraged and cease asking for it. We should learn from our failures, and profit by them. We also have too little of the spirit of fellowship in our prayers. Too often do we forget our church covenant, to pray for each other. If we wish to have our prayers answered, let us strive to keep these thoughts in our minds.

ARE YOU GOING TO CONFERENCE?

The Young People's Board is planning many features of interest for the young people at Conference. There will be the regular evening program, the Fellowship Breakfast given by the North Loup society, and the Conference Christian Endeavor meeting.

There will also be exhibits of work done by the societies and of plans and helps for advance work in all grades of Christian Endeavor.

We hope that there will be a very large attendance of young people.

IF YOU CAN NOT GO TO CONFERENCE

While we hope that all who can possibly do so, will attend Conference, we know there will be many who can not go.

Why may not those who stay at home have a little Conference or Rally of their own during that week? It will be helpful in getting started on next year's work.

We are printing a Rally program which will be helpful to the societies who may wish to use it. Perhaps you may have charge of the Sabbath morning service in the absence of your pastor, and can use it then.

R. C. B.

S. D. B. C. E. RALLY PROGRAM

How about organizing a "B. B. B." club in your society, call it that, or the "Three B" club. "Bigger, Better, Broader," Christian Endeavor societies.

In our societies we all have to look for interesting things to make our meetings more attractive to our own members and to outsiders. We can do it, but how many of us are willing to sacrifice our time and energy really to make our society work attractive and of vital interest to all who come in contact with it.

Our committees must wake up and each one do its part toward making its society "Bigger" in numbers and in spirit. Each one must be exerting himself to make the meetings, programs, socials, etc., "Better." In connection with these two "B's" we must do everything within our power to make ourselves and our societies "Broader" in spirit and in the real work we have to do.

Here is a suggested program:

1. One or two opening songs.
2. Repeat the twenty-third Psalm, followed by prayer.
3. Explanation of the "B. B. B." club idea by the one in charge of the meeting. (Suggest that the Chairman of the Prayer Meeting Committee have charge.)
4. Special music.
5. Three-minute talks on:—
 - a. Lookout Committee's part in getting more members, and inviting and bringing in visitors, for a "Bigger" society.
 - b. Prayer Meeting Committee's part in having real live meeting, varied programs, special features, etc., for "Better" meetings.
 - c. Music Committee's part in organizing a choir, or C. E. quartet, or an orchestra to help in the meetings, and to make the society a "Bigger" and "Better" society.
 - d. Publicity Committee's part in advertising the society and the programs, and in bringing real information to the meetings in order to make a "Broader" society.
6. Song.
7. Five minutes for the pastor or some officer of the church to tell the society a few definite things they can do to make the church, of which the society is a vital part, a "Bigger, Better and Broader" church.
8. Special music (or congregational song).
9. General discussion open to all (Not to exceed ten minutes).
10. Silent prayer for a "Bigger, Better, and Broader" society in your community.
11. Mizpah Benediction.

C. H. SIEDHOFF,

I. O. TAPPAN,

—Committee.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S BOARD MEETING

The Young People's Board met in the College Building of the Sanitarium at 8 o'clock, July 12, 1923.

The President called the meeting to order. Mr. Allen Van Noty offered prayer.

Members present: Dr. B. F. Johanson, Mrs. Frances F. Babcock, Mrs. Ruby Babcock, Miss Emma Maxson, Lyle Crandall, Allen Van Noty, L. E. Babcock, E. H. Clarke, Miss Marjorie Willis.

Visitors: Miss Fucia F. Randolph, Miss Frances E. Babcock.

The Treasurer presented a yearly report, which was approved. It follows:

TREASURER'S REPORT

For Year Ending June 30, 1923

E. H. CLARKE, *Treasurer*,
In account with
THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S BOARD
Dr.

Cash on hand	\$ 340 59
Conference treasurer	1,033 42
Churches, societies, etc., especially designated	179 28

Special for Fouke School	112 50
Collection Eastern Association	8 77
Collection Central Association	12 83
Collection at Conference	27 50
	<u>\$1,714 89</u>

Cr.

Dr. Palmberg's salary	\$ 300 00
Rev. E. M. Holston, Field Secretary ..	365 65
Board expenses	255 85
Fouke School	300 00
Fouke School, special	112 50
Balance	380 89
	<u>\$1,714 89</u>

Bills were allowed as follows:

Corresponding Secretary, supplies and postage	\$10 00
Miss Hazel Langworthy, postage	97
Miss Elisabeth Kenyon, Junior supplies ..	2 85
Dr. Johanson, Board's share of expense to Des Moines Convention	28 97
Total	\$42 79

The Corresponding Secretary gave a monthly report, which was approved and ordered placed on file. It follows:

MONTHLY REPORT OF CORRESPONDING SECRETARY FOR JUNE, 1923

Number of letters written	25
Number of yearly report blanks sent out ..	40
Number of notes sent out	40

Correspondence has been received from: Lester G. Osborn, Hurley S. Warren, Carrol L. Hill, Viola Stillman, Hazel Langworthy, Marjorie Burdick, Vida F. Randolph, Elisabeth Kenyon, Mrs. Edna Sanford, Elrene Crandall, Mary Lou Ogden, W. R. Frink, Marcia Rood, Alberta Davis, Flora Warren, Esle F. Randolph, Mrs. Marie Branch, Ethel St. Clair, Mrs. A. E. Babcock, Josephine Maxson, Roberta Wells, Mrs. Blanche Burdick, Helen Jordan, Mrs. Isabelle Allen, Mrs. Laura J. Witter, Anna Scriven, Courtland V. Davis, Rev. A. J. C. Bond, Jean Currie.

C. E. yearly reports have been received from: Independence, Ashaway, Waterford, Milton, Adams Center.

Intermediate yearly reports have been received from Dodge Center, Nortonville.

From letters received:

Marjorie Burdick, Eastern Associational Secretary, reports having planned the Young People's Hour for Eastern Association. Each society had a representative there. Berlin has no longer a C. E. society. Plainfield has not reorganized the Senior C. E. society but has an active Intermediate. Some of the younger ones have joined the Senior C. E. at Shiloh which has greatly helped that society. New Market has small but interesting meetings. They were the second largest delegation at association.

Hazel Langworthy, Central Associational Secretary, reports that Adams Center is the only C. E. society in that association that holds regular meetings. Verona does not hold regular C.

E. meetings as the members are so widely scattered. Brookfield has a Junior society. Miss Langworthy prepared the Young People's hour for association; has urged each society to do as much as possible for the Forward Movement, each church has raised at least 75 per cent of its budget; asked each church to help with the Fouke shower.

Vida Randolph, Western Associational Secretary, reports having received twenty-three communications and written thirty-one letters. She arranged the Young People's hour at the October Association and she with the help of Mary Wells arranged the program for the Young People's hour at the June association. Petrolia has organized a C. E. society during the year. Nearly the entire active membership was at the Association banquet. At least twelve Christian Endeavorers of this association were at the C. E. State Convention at Troy.

Elisabeth Kenyon, Junior Superintendent, reports: Number of Letters written, fifty-seven; number of letters sent out (circular) sixty-seven; number of letters received, thirty-two; The Goal with suggestions for memory work, standards of graduation, suggestive services for graduation, yearly report blanks, were sent out. Articles have been written and sent to the SABBATH RECORDER and the *Sabbath Visitor*. A Junior Round Robin letter was started and will be at Conference in the Junior Exhibit. A list of books suitable for Junior Mission Study was published in the RECORDER.

Marcia Rood, of North Loup, said that articles for the Junior, Intermediate and Senior C. E. Exhibit may be sent to her.

Courtland Davis, Lone Sabbath Keepers Superintendent, reports having sent out letters, and topic cards to C. E. L. S. K., but did not receive many replies to these letters.

Mrs. Edna B. Sanford, Social Fellowship Superintendent, reports one hundred and thirty-three letters sent out and four socials arranged. The following societies have reported holding Standard Social during the year: Ashaway, Westerville, Alfred Station, Adams Center, North Loup, Salemville, Portville and Battle Creek. Four societies are credited with more than one hundred points.

Miss Elrene Crandall, Quiet Hour Superintendent, has received reports of Quiet Hour Comrades from seven groups.

FRANCES FERRILL BABCOCK.

A communication and yearly report was read from Courtland V. Davis, Superintendent of the Lone Sabbath Keepers.

Lyle Crandall, Tenth Legion Superintendent, presented a yearly report, which follows:

The work of the Tenth Legion has not been up to the standard during the past year, due, no doubt, to the general financial depression which has affected all our churches. However, some progress has been made, and interest in the work seems to be good. Letters have been written to

all of the societies, and the responses received have been very encouraging. The number of Tenth Legioners in each society which has reported up to January 1, 1923, is as follows:

Adams Center, N. Y.	28
Nortonville, Kan.	6
Marlboro, N. J.	1
Independence, N. Y.	18
Salem, W. Va.	8
Shiloh, N. J.	6
Hebron, Pa.	7
Alfred Station, N. Y.	1
Milton Junction, Wis.	15
Exeland, Wis.	4
Verona, N. Y.	6
Hammond, La.	8
Fouke, Ark.	15
Ashaway, R. I.	17
Waterford, Conn.	3
New Market, N. J.	20
Battle Creek, Mich.	65

Total 228

We hope to continue the work next year with renewed hope and courage, "trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ for strength."

Respectfully,

LYLE CRANDALL,
Tenth Legion Superintendent.

The Nominating Committee made a report of progress. Discussion of this report followed.

Mrs. Ruby Babcock discussed at length her plans for improving the Young People's department in the SABBATH RECORDER. She outlined an interesting plan for a RECORDER Reading Contest, on which she is working.

The Corresponding Secretary reported that the program for the Young People's hour at Conference is now completed.

The Chair was instructed to appoint the following committees: Goal, Mrs. Ruby Babcock, Mrs. Frances Babcock, Mr. L. E. Babcock; Budget, E. H. Clarke, Dr. B. F. Johanson; Picnic, I. O. Tappan, C. H. Siedhoff.

A committee for programs for Young People's hour at the association at Battle Creek will be appointed later.

Dr. B. F. Johanson gave a most interesting report of the Twenty-ninth International C. E. Convention at Des Moines, Iowa. He represented the denomination as Trustee of the United Society. Some of this report will appear in the RECORDER.

General discussion.

Reading of the minutes.

Adjournment.

Respectfully submitted,

MISS MARJORIE WILLIS,
Recording Secretary.

THE GLORIOUS CONDITION OF THE CHRISTIAN IMMEDIATELY AFTER DEATH

The Scriptures Sustain This

REV. SAMUEL R. WHEELER

"And God said, Let us make man in our own image, after our likeness. . . . So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them" (Gen. 1:26, 27).

"God is a Spirit" (John 4:24). And Jesus said, "A spirit hath not flesh and bones" (Luke 24:39). God being a Spirit he hath not a physical body, therefore it is not man's body that is in "the image and likeness of God," but his spirit.

In Christ's sermon on the mount spoken to the multitudes (Matt. 5, 6, 7), God is called Father sixteen times; "your Father who is in heaven," four times; "thy Father," five times; "your Father," two times; "your heavenly Father," three times; "my Father," once, and "our Father," once.

God is the "Father of spirits" (Heb. 12:9). Hence God is Father of our spirits and we are in the image and likeness of our Father-God—the same as human children are in the image and likeness of their human parents.

Our Father-God is an immortal Spirit, never dying, and the spirit of man, being in his image and likeness is also immortal, never dying. No, no, man's spirit being the child of God's Spirit does not go down dead into the grave with the perishable body.

"Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was: and the Spirit shall return unto God who gave it" (Eccles. 12:7).

"Enoch walked with God: and he was not; for God took him" (Gen. 5:24).

"Elijah went up by a whirlwind into heaven" (2 Kings 2:11-13).

Nothing is said about searching for Enoch. Elisha was with Elijah and saw him go upward, and contrary to his wish fifty strong men went out to search for Elijah three days but did not find him. Evidently their fleshly bodies were changed into spiritual bodies and went upward to God with their spirits. Nor is it difficult to think that their spiritual bodies gave their spirits a higher position in heaven than all others whose bodies go to death and corruption.

The following two cases show a glorious condition immediately after death although the fleshly body is buried in the earth.

Lazarus died and was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom. Luke 16: 22. F. Godet in his "Commentary on the Gospel of St. Luke" says, "Lazarus died and that very moment he finds in the heavenly world the sympathy which was refused him here below." (Page 393.)

Christ said to one on the cross with him: "Today shalt thou be with me in paradise" (Luke 23:43). Godet's comment—"Today before the setting of the sun which is now shining on us." (Page 494.)

Mark 9: 2-4 tells a very remarkable occurrence. Jesus led Peter, James and John "up into an high mountain apart by themselves: and he was transfigured before them. . . . And there appeared unto them Elias and Moses: and they were talking with Jesus."

Moses' body died about 1,480 years before this event but his spirit had lived all this time and was now talking with Jesus.

Elijah's body was changed to a spiritual body about 925 years before this event but his spirit lived and he talked with Jesus.

No doubt these two godly men began their heavenly career immediately after ending their earth life and are still living, with all the redeemed ones in the glorious home.

The following words of the apostle Paul are very expressive: "For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain. But if I live in the flesh, this is the fruit of my labor: yet what I shall choose I wot not. For I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better" (Phil. 1: 21, 22, 23).

This plainly tells us that Paul felt assured that his spirit, released from his body, would at once, be in heavenly enjoyment with Christ.

"For there is no respect of persons with God" (Rom. 2: 11). This important truth is said three times in the Old Testament and six times in the New Testament. Therefore all Christians realize the same heavenly enjoyment immediately after death, as did Enoch, Elijah, Moses, Lazarus and the saved thief on the cross.

And praised be God, many Christians have in their dying moments seen heaven open to receive them. The following are good examples as evidence:

Spencer Burdick, deacon of the church in Kansas where I was pastor, was prostrate with pneumonia. His mother came from Topeka to see him the last day of his life. She sat by his bedside and talked a little. I sat by the open door and very soon heard him say very distinctly: "Mother, do you see the angels up there?" I looked in and saw him looking up and sink down to death. It came to me then that those angels came to accompany him to his glorious home.

Mrs. Griffin, Nortonville, Kan., told me about going to a very sick Christian neighbor woman. She found her groaning with pain. Suddenly the groaning ceased and her face beamed up so brightly and gloriously as she breathed her last, that Mrs. Griffin said with emphatic surprise, "Why she sees angels."

One morning I went in to see my brother Joshua who was seriously sick. The moment he saw me he said with earnestness, "Samuel, I looked clear up into heaven last night and saw a grander glory than I can describe." This view sustained him till death.

I became very familiar with a dear aged brother in one of our western churches, who had for a long time been inclined to believe in entire nonentity after death. During his last sickness, after much conversation with his Christian physician, he came to his last hour, when suddenly he opened wide his eyes, his face took on a surprised and glorious look of brightness beyond description, as though, by an open door, he had obtained a view of the land to which he was going.

The SABBATH RECORDER, April 4, 1921, has the notice of the death of Mrs. F. J. Ehret, aged sixty-four years. Obituary by Rev. George B. Shaw closes thus: "On the morning of her last day she reported having had a most wonderful dream. She heard the music of heaven, she saw the glistening city and the innumerable host, she recognized loved ones, she was called and directed by an angelic guide who explained to her the glory and beauty of the new Jerusalem. The music that drew her on was, 'Jesus, Lover of My Soul,' and

the center of all was the great white cross. Mrs. Ehret in telling her husband and others, expressed great regret that she had no way of conveying to them the beauty and glory and joy of it all. And then she fell asleep."

Surely these deathbed scenes are brought on by the soul's being touched by the Holy Spirit of God.

SALEMVILLE "SUNBEAMS"

This little cut shows nine young people and their teacher, the Sunbeam class of the Seventh Day Baptist Sabbath School of Salemville, Pa.

The Sunbeams and other young people like them give a hopeful outlook for the future of the Salemville Church. Brother Albert C. Blough, the teacher, one of Pastor Thorngate's helpers in the good work



The Sunbeams—Salemville, Pa.

there, is to be congratulated upon the opportunity he enjoys of helping to mold nine young lives for work in their Master's vineyard.

Their names are: First row, left to right, Mae Kagarise, Teacher Albert Blough, Harriet Ebersole. Second row, Marvin Foster, Dorothy Kagarise, Florence Ebersole, Frances Blough. Third row, Warden Ebersole, Rolland Mosteller, and Paul Kagarise.

We speak a good word for the "Sunbeams." May they long be light-shiners in the church.

T. L. G.

NORTH LOUP REFLECTIONS

I have read with much interest the things that E. J. Babcock has put in the RECORDER respecting the early days, and some of the experiences through which those early settlers, in North Loup, passed. It would be hard for one who has not lived in a new prairie country to even imagine the excitement and danger to life and property that always attended a wild prairie fire. People of the present generation can not have such experiences in the North Loup country because the prairies have become changed into tilled fields over which the fire can not pass with great danger.

The reference made to the flood that gave Elder Oscar Babcock and his family such a soaking as it drove them out of their first home, a dugout that was located on the north side of a draw not far from where the church now stands, brought to mind some things experienced while I was pastor at North Loup.

I began my labors there January 1, 1898. The church had no parsonage, and as there was no house to be rented for any length of time in which my family could be well housed it became necessary for me to purchase a home. This I did buying a piece of property on which had been located the dugout of Elder Babcock. I built a barn on the opposite side of the draw on which was located the dugout. All went well as a merry bell till the spring of 1899 when the Northwestern Association was held with the North Loup Church. The Friday night of that meeting there was a heavy rain storm, so heavy it was not wise for the people who had driven in five or six miles to go to their homes. We filled our house with these people and two boys and myself went to the barn to sleep in the hay mow. The storm increased. About two o'clock in the morning I heard the horses in the basement stable stamping in the water, I went down and turned them out in the barn yard with the cows. When I arose in the morning the yard was all under water except a little of the backside where the horses and cows stood with their tails to the fence and their front feet in the water. This was the same elevation of land on which Elder Babcock had placed the box in which his children found shelter that night.

My hogs were in a yard on the same elevation with their fore feet in the water and looking very wise and much concerned as the water was still rising. It was impossible for me to reach them with feed or water suitable to drink but to wade through that muddy water to my arm pits and swim the horses and cows to the front side of the barn where I could care for them on the upper floor of the barn. The greatest excitement and fun came when I cut the pig yard fence and taking the hogs by the ears swam them out and put them, for the time being, in an unoccupied hog yard Deacon Thorngate provided me with. There had fallen during the night five inches of water and much of the town was under water that morning.

While the audience at the church was not as large as it would have otherwise have been, there was a good audience and Rev. A. H. Lewis warmed all hearts with one of his masterful, heart searching sermons. I know, for he used me in my morning experiences as an illustration in overcoming difficulties.

Since it was my privilege to have quite a personal acquaintance with most of those who composed that company of early pioneers I have felt, and still feel, that it was the spirit of our God that prompted them to make their homes in this beautiful Loup Valley. The spirit of the Master was manifest in their seasons of devotion and worship while they were still domiciled in their wagons on the banks of the North Loup River.

This same spirit has led through the half century of their life since preparing hearts for earnest Godfearing service in many fields of usefulness, as is attested by the work of her sons in schools, in pastorates and on the mission field.

I think all will be somewhat surprised if this same spirit is not manifest in full measure as we gather with the North Loup Church for the General Conference and the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of their organization.

E. ADELBERT WITTER.

Berlin, N. Y.,
July 30, 1923.

I beg of you take courage; the brave soul can mend disaster.—*Catherine of Russia.*

SOUTHWESTERN ASSOCIATION

The Southwestern Association will convene with the Attalla Seventh Day Baptist Church at Attalla, Ala., September 13-16.

All delegates and visitors are requested to send their names to any of the following committee: Mrs. Loui Usry, Attalla, Ala.; Verney A. Wilson, Attalla, Ala.; Mrs. Verney A. Wilson, Attalla, Ala.; Mrs. A. S. Wilson, 811 South Tenth Street, Gadsden, Ala.

WESTERLY, R. I., WANTS A HOSPITAL

Westerly is to undertake a campaign for the erection of a hospital the last two weeks in August. The amount expected to be raised is \$250,000.

George Benjamin Utter has been chosen as chairman of the drive. Among the Board of Trustees of the Hospital Corporation are Arthur M. Cottrell, Edgar P. Maxson and A. R. Stillman of the Pawcatuck Church in Westerly. Edgar P. Maxson is secretary of the corporation.

A FRIEND.

CORRECTION

In the RECORDER for July 23, 1923, on page 119, in the sketch of the life and character of the late Mr. V. A. Baggs and in the first paragraph after *North Kings-ton*, read *Rhode Island*. In the fifth paragraph read: In 1895 he became associated with Orson C. Greene under the firm name of Greene and Baggs engaged in general merchandise trade. In the last paragraph but one, after *Barrington*, read *Rhode Island*.

A. E. M.

THERE IS A LIGHT

There is a Light where'er I go,
There is a Splendor where I wait;
Though all around be desolate,
Warm on my eyes I feel the glow.

The fight is long, the triumph slow,
Yet shall my soul stand strong and straight
There is a Light where'er I go,
There is a Splendor where I wait.

My enemy is strong, I know,
His arts are sly, his guns are great,
I do not fear him or his hate,
In fog, in darkness gropes my foe,
There is a Light where'er I go.

—Selected.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

RUTH MARION CARPENTER, ALFRED, N. Y.,
Contributing Editor

THEN SMILE

The thing that goes the farthest toward making
life worth while,
That costs the least and does the most, is just a
pleasant smile.
The smile that bubbles from the heart that loves
its fellow-men
Will drive away the clouds of gloom and coax
the sun again.
It's full of worth and goodness, too, with many a
kindness bent;
It's worth a million dollars, and it doesn't cost
a cent.
A smile comes very easy—you can wrinkle up
with cheer
A hundred times before you can squeeze out a
salty tear;
It ripples out moreover, to the heart-strings that
will tug.
And always leaves an echo that is very like a
hug.
So smile away! Folks understand what by a
smile is meant:
It's worth a million dollars, and it doesn't cost
a cent.

—Chicago Post.

BETH'S MOST BEAUTIFUL BOOK

Beth lived in a tiny cottage at the edge of the royal forest. There were no other boys and girls with whom she could play except her baby brother. She often played make-believe pretending that the king was about to come that way. He seldom did come to the far edge of the forest, but still Beth felt that he might some day, and he might bring the princess with him!

Beth had three books which she loved very much. The first was a big book with wonderful colored pictures. It was such a pretty book that Beth was always afraid, when she held it in her lap, that something would happen to it. Of course, she washed her hands just before taking it down from the shelf, but even then she was almost afraid to touch its shining white pages. She was very careful to keep the book out of sight when baby brother was about. She meant to keep the big book just to show the princess when she came riding by.

Her second book wasn't nearly so grand as the big book, but it was more fun. Once

in a great while the game-keeper's girl would come along with her father and stay with Beth for a whole day. Then Beth would show her the pictures, being careful all the while to keep the book in her own hands.

The third book was her best friend. It was frayed and ragged, even though it was printed on linen. Baby brother's finger prints were to be seen all over the pictures of the woolly lamb and the striped pussy cat. Beth let him pat these every time she told him the stories about them. Once, when the game-keeper's girl wanted to take one of Beth's books home, she parted with the wee little book for a whole month.

When her friend brought the little book back, she knew all the pretty rhymes by memory. She had had a lovely time, but the poor book looked tired and worn. Beth was so glad for the joy it had given her friend that she really did not mind. After all, the princess would never see the wee little book; so why should she care.

One stormy day in spring, while Beth was trying to amuse baby brother by telling him about the striped pussy cat, there was a knock at the door. A few moments later a man and a young girl stood before the roaring fire in the open grate.

The beautiful stranger knelt down on the bare floor and began to play with baby brother, until he cooed and laughed. Beth was puzzled about her visitors. Who could they be? Once a thought flew through her head. "It might be the king and the princess." But no, that couldn't be.

"Have you any more books?" asked the beautiful stranger, as she looked through the tattered little book which baby had dropped on the floor.

"Oh, yes, indeed," answered Beth proudly. "I have a middle-sized book and a great big book. You see, my books are just like the three bears in the story."

The lovely girl laughed heartily. "I wonder if I might see them. I'm always interested in books."

Beth brought her the middle-sized book, and while they were looking through it, baby pulled himself up at the chair and put his pudgy hand on one of the pages.

"Oh," cried Beth, "he has torn my book. What should I ever do if it had been the other one, the one I'm keeping to show the princess!"

"I wonder if I might see that book if I would promise to be ever so careful. A book that a girl keeps to show the princess must be the most beautiful of all," asked the girl.

While the lovely stranger carefully opened the big book, Beth told her how she had always dreamed that some day the princess might lose her way in the forest and come to their little cottage. Then she would have a chance to show her the most beautiful book she had, and maybe the princess might want to write her name in it.

"May I write my name in this book?" asked the lady.

"If you don't think the princess would mind," replied Beth.

Then a strange thing happened. The stranger put the big book and the middle-sized book back on the shelf and picked up the little book from the floor. On its crumpled front page she wrote, "Princess Mary."

Beth gasped as she saw the name. Could it be possible that the princess had really come?

While she stood wondering, the princess drew her gently to her and said, "I'm proud indeed to write my name in your little book. Remember that the books we enjoy and share with others will always be the most beautiful books in the world."—*Dew Drops*.

A DOG CEMETERY

One warm, sunny afternoon, my friend and I were invited to go for an automobile ride. We passed along a familiar road for perhaps ten miles and then very unexpectedly our driver turned off onto an insignificant road, scarcely more than a driveway, leading up a sharp hill.

And where do you suppose we were, when we reached the top of that hill? Well, you could never guess! It was a dog cemetery; a really, truly cemetery for dogs. That makes you smile, I see, but really, dogs do die and dogs do have to be buried, so why not have a cemetery for them? That is just what one man thought, I suppose. The man I am thinking of lives up on this hill just outside the city limits. He has a beautiful grove of tall trees. He keeps this grove cleared and cleaned and

it is like a park with its pretty walks and paths and bits of bronze statuary.

One part of the park or grove he has set aside for a dog cemetery. I have never seen this man, but I know as well as if he had told me so, that he is a friend to all dogs. He does not charge for burial space in this cemetery; it is free to all people who wish to bury their pets here.

As we wandered among the graves, I estimated that there were from 150 to 200 graves: a large proportion of the graves have stone markers, small, of course, but large enough to bear the name and dates of the pet. Several of them included the name of the owner as well. A few of the markers have tiny figures of dogs carved from the granite. As I said above, almost every stone has the name of the dog carved on it and there are such names as Chum, Friend, Pet, Fifi, Foxy, Trixy, Bobo, Ditto, Fido, Major and scores of others.

The graves are well kept and the grass neatly trimmed. Almost every grave has growing plants or cut flowers on it, showing the love and devotion of the owner. There are pansies, tulips and geraniums in bloom besides vases of lilies, trilliums and lilacs.

Perhaps this seems funny to you, but if your pet, which you love so dearly, were to die today, wouldn't you be thankful to a generous, kind-hearted man who would give you so beautiful a place to lay it to rest? I am sure you would and you wouldn't want strangers to make fun either, so we won't laugh.

R. M. C.

People in Portland, Oregon, were greatly excited, some time ago, when a big black bear was seen strolling about the city streets. He finally wandered into a park, and becoming tired, perhaps, of the crowds, climbed a tall pine tree. The zoo was notified, and it was found that the bear had escaped from there. At first the keepers were at a loss to know how to get him when he should come down from his perch, but soon this clever and unusual scheme was decided upon. A cage was built around the foot of the tree so that, when the bear at last decided to descend, he found himself caged. The keepers then returned him to his home in the zoo, without any further trouble.—*Junior World*.

THE BIRTHDAY CHILD

I am a Birthday Child today,
I must be gentle in my play,
And true in all I do and say.
The morning sky outside was red
When mother came and told me so.
She sat beside me on the bed,
Kissed me five times and one to grow,
And then she hugged me hard and said,
"My Birthday Child is good, I know."
I must be good and glad and gay,
I must walk kindly on my way,
For I'm a Birthday Child today.

—*Youth's Companion*.

THE FAIRY DOOR

Mary's parents had lately moved from Canada to California. Her father had purchased a small ranch there. Everything was new to Mary.

One night, just after the sun had set, Mary was out in the pasture. Suddenly she saw a tiny door open in the ground, then shut again. It fitted the ground so nicely that Mary could not find the door after it was closed.

Mary was very much puzzled. She went up to the house, and said to her mother: "Mother, there are fairies living down in the pasture. I saw one of them open the door to his house. He must have been afraid of me, for he closed the door so quickly that I could not find it."

Mrs. Stout laughed as she said: "What an imagination you do have, Mary! Fairy-houses down in the old pasture! Ask our neighbor, Mr. Jones, if there are any fairies down in the old pasture."

How Mr. Jones did laugh! "So you have found those homes that the little folk in the pasture have hidden so carefully," said he. The next day he went down to the pasture with Mary. Soon they found one of the little homes in the ground. It was lined beautifully in white, and it had the cutest door that opened on real silken hinges. My, but it took keen eyes to find one of them, they fitted the ground so perfectly.

When Mr. Jones lifted up a door with the point of his penknife up rushed something—a big brown spider that we call a trap-door spider. These spiders all live in beautiful white-lined homes set in the ground.

Mr. Jones told Mary that she must not touch the doors of the little homes, be-

cause the spiders are poisonous. All day long the pretty sleek spiders stay indoors; day is night for them. Then after Mary is fast asleep they open their pretty doors and come out to catch bugs for their midnight meal. No wonder that Mary thought that the beautiful little homes were fairy houses.—*Our Little Ones*.

WHAT TO DO SABBATH AFTERNOON

"Mother," called Rose, coming in from Sabbath school, "Mr. Wilson has asked us all, you and daddy too, to go for a ride this afternoon at five o'clock, but I don't suppose you will let us go," and her voice was very wistful.

"I think we can go, dear," replied mother. "Why, mother," her face lighting up but a big question appearing on it, "you wouldn't let us go on Sabbath Day when Mr. and Mrs. Barton asked us?"

"Yes, mother," spoke up Jack, "I don't see why it is any better for us to go today than that other Sabbath?"

"Let me explain," mother said smiling, "When Mr. Barton invited us, he stipulated that we go immediately after dinner for a long ride to a distant lake. If we accepted it would take Jack and Ethel away from Intermediate Christian Endeavor and Rose from Junior Christian Endeavor. While I see no harm in a quiet ride on Sabbath afternoon enjoying God's beautiful world, your daddy and I do not think it would be pleasing to God to neglect the services of the Sabbath for pleasure alone. Mr. Wilson's invitation comes at a time when there are no services and we can enjoy our ride with clear consciences and perhaps we can even find something nice to do for somebody."

"Oh, mother, I am so glad Mr. Wilson said five o'clock, and do you suppose he will let us choose where to go?" asked Ethel.

"I hardly think it would be wise to ask it, but where did you want to go, especially?"

"I wish we could go by Betty's house. She lives a little ways out in the country, you know, and she has just broken her leg and I thought maybe we could take her some ice cream or something."

"I think that would be a very nice Sabbath afternoon kindness, and I think we

could ask Mr. Wilson to take us that little distance, first."

"Mother, what can I do for Betty," Rose asked, not wishing to be left out.

"I know, Rose," spoke up Jack. "you can lend her your new game and I will take over a bunch of my *St. Nicholas'* to read," and the three children scampered away to prepare their little gifts which to them was a perfectly appropriate Sabbath afternoon service.

R. M. C.

THE BEAR IN THE HARNESS ROOM

One day Betty came to visit her cousin Donald. They went out to the barn to play. Donald would much rather have played in the garden in the sunshine, because he was afraid of the dark. Betty called him a "fraid-cat." How he wished he could be brave like Betty, who was never afraid of anything.

The cousins played hide and seek most all morning. Donald was almost always caught, because he liked to hide in the light places. Betty got in free, because she hid in the dark corners where she knew her cousin would not look for her.

"I know it is not quite fair to hide in here when Donald does not like the dark, but he ought not to be such a 'fraid-cat,'" said Betty to herself, as she slipped into the harness room, the very darkest place in the whole barn when the shutters of the one window were closed tightly, as they were then.

Donald counted: "One, two, three, four—"

Suddenly he stopped to listen. Was that a scream? There it was again! It sounded like Betty's voice, muffled and far away.

"I'm coming, Betty," he cried, running as fast as ever he could toward the scream.

"Help! Help!" came from the harness room. Something dreadful must be happening to Betty.

When Donald reached the harness room and peered into the darkness, he trembled and would have liked to have run away. But a moan from Betty made him feel stronger. He ran into the darkness and groped his way toward her.

"Come quick, Donald," wailed Betty, "and get me away from this bear!"

Donald put out his hand and felt a furry

heap on the floor. It frightened him, but somehow he found Betty and helped her up. The furry thing fell with a soft thud on the floor. Donald pulled his cousin out of the room and shut the door as quickly as he could.

"Whatever do you think it was?" whispered Betty, clinging to Donald's hand.

"I don't know," gasped Donald, as he held the door shut with all his might.

"It knocked me down and almost smothered me," said Betty. "It had long hair. It must be some kind of an animal."

"Long hair," repeated Donald with a puzzled look. "I do believe I know what it was. I'm going back to find out if I'm right."

"Oh," cried Betty, "do you dare go in there again?"

"If your bear is what I think it is, it couldn't hurt a kitten," laughed Donald, as he opened the door and went into the harness room.

The boy stepped to the window and flung it wide open. The sunlight streamed in across the furry heap on the floor. Sure enough, it was just as Donald had suspected. Betty's bear was nothing but father's old buffalo robe that was used to keep them warm when they went sleighing. When Betty hid, it had slipped from the wooden pegs upon which it hung and had fallen over her.

How Donald did laugh! Betty laughed, too, when she saw what it was that had knocked her down and had frightened her so.

"Anyway, you didn't know that it was nothing but an old buffalo robe when you came to help me," cried Betty. "I'll never call you 'fraid-cat' again."

"You will not get a chance to call me that again," laughed Donald. "I'm not going to be so silly as to be afraid of every little thing."—*Dew Drops.*

HE DARED TO TELL THE TRUTH

A boy once went to live with a man who was accounted a hard master. He never kept his boys—they ran away or gave notice they meant to quit; so he was half his time without or in search of a boy. The work was not hard, opening and sweeping out the shop, chopping wood, going errands, and helping around. At last Sam Fisher went to live with him.

"Sam's a good boy," said his mother.

"I should like to see a boy nowadays that had a spark of goodness in him," growled the new master.

It is always bad to begin with a man that has no confidence in you, because, do your best, you are likely to have little credit for it. However, Sam thought he would try. The wages were good, and his mother wanted him to go. Sam had been there but three days, when, in sawing a cross-grained stick of wood, he broke the saw. He was a little frightened. He knew he was careful, and he knew he was a pretty good sawyer, too, for a boy of his age; nevertheless, the saw broke in his hands.

"Mr. Jones never makes allowances," said another boy who was in the woodhouse with him.

"Why, of course I didn't mean it, and accidents will happen to the best of folks," said Sam, looking with a very sorrowful air on the broken saw.

"Mr. Jones never makes allowances," said the other boy. "I never saw anything like him. That Bill might have stayed, too, only he jumped into a hen's nest and broke her eggs. He daren't tell of it; but Mr. Jones kept suspecting and suspecting and laid everything out of the way to Bill, whether Bill was to blame or not, till Bill couldn't stand it, and wouldn't."

"Did he tell Mr. Jones about the eggs?" asked Sam.

"No," said the boy, "he was afraid, Mr. Jones has got such a temper."

"I think he'd have better owned up at once," said Sam.

"I suspect you'll find it better to preach than to practice," said the boy. "I'd run away before I'd tell him." And soon he turned on his heel and left poor Sam alone with his broken saw.

The boy did not feel very comfortable or happy. He shut up the woodhouse, walked out in the garden, and went up to his little chamber under the eaves. He wished he could tell Mrs. Jones, but she wasn't sociable.

When Mr. Jones came into the house, the boy heard him. He got up, crept downstairs bravely, and met Mr. Jones in the kitchen.

"Sir," said Sam, "I broke your saw, and

I thought I'd come and tell you before you saw it in the morning."

"What did you get up to tell me for?" asked Mr. Jones. "I should think morning would be time enough to tell of your carelessness."

"Because," said Sam, "I was afraid if I put it off I might be tempted to lie about it. I am sorry I broke it, but I tried to be careful."

Mr. Jones looked at the boy from head to foot, then, stretching out his hand, he said, heartily: "Sam, give me your hand; shake hands. I'll trust you, Sam. That's right, that's right. Go to bed, boy. Never fear. I'm glad the saw broke; it shows the mettle's in you. Go to bed."

Mr. Jones was fairly won. Never were better friends after that than Sam and he. Sam thinks justice had not been done Mr. Jones. If the boys had treated him honestly and "above board," he would have been a good man to deal with. It was their conduct which soured and made him suspicious. I do not know how that is. I only know that Sam Fisher finds in Mr. Jones a kind master and a faithful friend.—*Scotch Tract.*

Once upon a time a little Seventh Day Baptist girl (though she is a big one now) was studying her Sabbath-school lesson. It was review and mother was trying to help her recall to mind the facts of the different lessons. One lesson in particular was that of Paul and Barnabas. Mother said, "Ruthie, don't you remember what Barnabas did?"

"No," Ruthie replied rather bored, "I don't 'member nothin' 'bout Barn'bas 'cept he had a nelephant named Jumbo."

"What's wrong with the car? It squeaks dreadfully."

"Can't be helped; there's pig iron in the axles."—*Junior World.*

The young artist was showing a lady through his studio.

"This picture," he said, stopping before one of his early efforts, "is one I painted to keep the wolf from the door."

"Indeed!" replied the woman. "Then why don't you hang it on the knob, where the wolf can see it?"

MARRIAGES

MORROWS-LANGWORTHY.—At the home of the bride's parents in West Edmeston, N. Y., at noon July 4, 1923, Mr. Wendell W. Morrows, of Syracuse, N. Y., and Miss Althea Langworthy. The ceremony was performed by Rev. F. E. Peterson, of Leonardsville, N. Y.

DEATHS

GREENE.—Mrs. Martha Hargraves Greene died at the home of her son-in-law, Horace G. Prindle, in Little Genesee, N. Y., on July 2, 1923, at the age of 84 years, 2 months and 7 days.

Mrs. Greene was the wife of the late Benjamin F. Greene who died April 24, 1898. He was a son of the late Amos and Esther Greene of the town of Genesee, Allegany County, N. Y.

Mrs. Greene was a Christian lady of exceptionally kind and pleasant ways. For many years she had been a member of the Little Genesee Church to which she was always loyal. She leaves three children to mourn the loss of a good mother: Marlow, of Little Genesee; Florence, wife of Dr. Emerson Ayars, of Coconut Grove, Fla.; and Alice, wife of Horace G. Prindle, at whose home she was lovingly cared for during her last years. Five grandchildren and seven great grandchildren, and one sister, Mrs. Almira Olmsted, of Pacific Grove, Cal., survive her.

Funeral services were conducted at the home on July 4, by Rev. George P. Kenyon, and her body was laid to rest in the Wells Cemetery near by their home. G. P. K.

WELLS.—Byron Henry Wells, one of the substantial citizens of Milton, died suddenly from heart disease, Monday morning, July 23, 1923.

Mr. Wells was a son of Caleb V. and Martha Williams Wells. His mother was a sister of Robert Williams formerly of Milton. Byron was born March 24, 1857, on a farm southeast of Milton now owned by Dr. L. M. Babcock. His home has always been in the vicinity of or in Milton. About the year 1897 he moved to the village.

Mr. Wells has been more or less actively connected with the business and civic interests of the community. For a number of years he served on the village board either a trustee or its president. At various times he has served as manager and director of the local telephone company, and at the time of his death he was its treasurer. About thirteen years ago he became cashier of the Milton Bank. In February of 1921 he was elected president of the bank to succeed Paul M. Green deceased.

He was favored with a large circle of friends. He was careful and just in his business relations,

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dependable in his counsel, accommodating in extending favors without being unwisely generous and held the confidence and esteem of those who had business dealings with him or whose interests he served. The confidence his fellow-men had in him is a splendid tribute to the uprightness of his character. He was undemonstrative and retiring in his ways and devoted to his home and family.

When a mere boy Mr. Wells made a public profession in Christ and became a member of the Seventh Day Baptist church in Milton. He was a member of Du Lac Lodge of I. O. O. F.

In January 1881, he was married to Miss Blanche Mecum. Two children were born to them, Claire Van Renssalaer who resides at Ladysmith, Wis., and Miss Helen whose home is in Palmyra, N. Y.

On May 2, 1899, he was united in marriage to Miss Margaret M. Coon, of Milton. To them was born one son, Byron Kenneth.

Mr. Wells is survived by his wife, his two sons and daughter, a little grandson, Robert W. Wells, and an only sister Mrs. Oscar P. Freeborn, of Milton. Many relatives and friends genuinely mourn his death. H. N. J.

Sabbath School. Lesson VIII.—August 18, 1923

STEPHEN THE MARTYR. Acts 6: 1—8: 3; 22: 20.

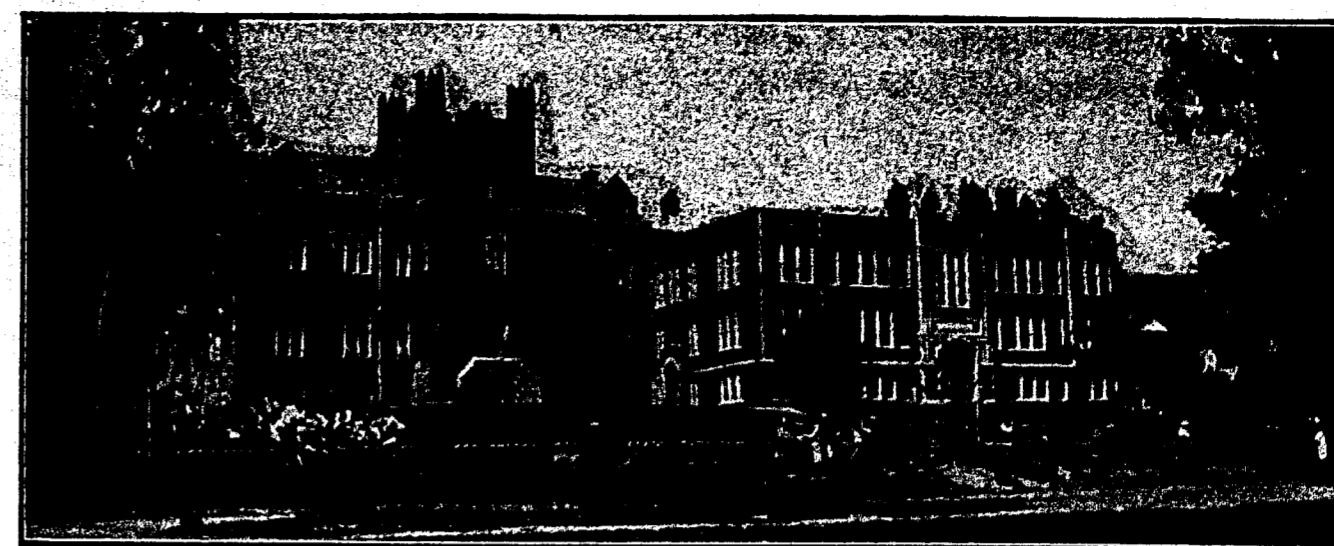
Golden Text.—"Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or anguish, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword?" Rom. 8: 35.

DAILY READINGS

Aug. 12—Acts 6: 8-15. Stephen's Ministry.
Aug. 13—Acts 7: 1-16. Stephen's Defence.
Aug. 14—Acts 7: 17-34. Stephen's Defence.
Aug. 15—Acts 7: 35-53. Stephen's Defence.
Aug. 16—Acts 7: 54-60. Martyrdom of Stephen.
Aug. 17—Rev. 7: 9-17. Through Great Tribulation.
Aug. 18—Rom. 8: 31-39. Conquerors through Love.

(For Lesson Notes, see *Helping Hand*)

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