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.

**DUPLICATE 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**

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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 __________________________

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**CHURCH EXPENSES**

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$1.00 per Five Hundred, Postpaid

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**American Sabbath Tract Society**

Plainfield, New Jersey
SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST DIRECTORY

THE SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST MEMORIAL FUND
President—H. M. Maxson, Plainfield, N. J. Vice-President—William J. Hubbard, Plainfield, N. J. Secretary—W. C. Hubbard, Plainfield, N. J. Treasurer—Frank J. Hubbard, Plainfield, N. J. Gifts or bequests for any denominational purpose are invited and will be gladly received. The Memorial Fund is used 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 Deaconess Society. Write the Treasurer for information as to ways in which the Board can be of service.

SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST HISTORICAL SOCIETY (INCORPORATED, 1916)
President—Carlisle E. Whiteford, Newark, N. J. Recording Secretary—Frank J. Hubbard, Plainfield, N. J. Treasurer—Frank J. Hubbard, Plainfield, N. J. Secretary—Rev. Dr. A. Lovelle Burdick, Janesville, Wis.

SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST WOMAN'S EXECUTIVE BOARD
President—Rev. A. E. Whiteford, Milford, Wis. Recording Secretary—Dr. A. Lovelle Burdick, Janesville, Wis. Treasurer—Rev. A. B. Babcock, Milford, Wis. Field Secretary—E. M. Holton, Milton Junction, Wis. Stated meetings are held on the third First Day of the month in December, and on the first First Day of the month in June at the Whitfield Memorial Hall of Milton College, Milton, Wis.

SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST JUNIOR EXECUTIVE BOARD

SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST YOUNG PEOPLE'S EXECUTIVE BOARD

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SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST JUNIOR EXECUTIVE BOARD

SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST YOUNG PEOPLE'S EXECUTIVE BOARD
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, the 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, while 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 in college twenty 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 and to the coming of the Lord. Even if we could have had the different view regarding the consciousness state of the dead, we should 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 our times.

About Auto Routes and Railroad Trips be found extended To North Loop directions, as to routes, for all who intend going to the General Conference at North Loop, Neb., whether by automobile or by rail. Even 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—yes, all.

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 Samarian.

THE DEITY OF CHRIST

(An address delivered by Robert E. Speer at Northfield, Mass., on the Thirty-third Conference of the Seventh Day Baptists.)

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 accidental; 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 were 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 believed 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, or in the empty recollection of 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 who 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. 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 group 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. He 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 metaphysical things. But everything, for that matter, of any significance is metaphysical: friendship and love, truth and beauty and goodness are all metaphysical things. Everything that is worth while, everything that is real, all those unseen things that are the eternal things, are also metaphysical. If that was the speaker meant, of course he was right. Christ’s deity 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 on that subject. 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; there can be no 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 we cannot have any meaning for feeling unless he has a meaning also for thought. As mature beings we cannot 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 of O. Julius Caesar," 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 Caesar, then the song has no more significance than if you were singing "More O. Julius Caesar." 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 our thinking minds along with us. I cannot go any place and leave my mind behind me. I can not carry my body or my emotions into a certain attitude of thinking about those things that I think about and 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 him 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 cannot 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 think 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. We find contrast in 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 our own personal faith in the deity of our Lord Jesus Christ.

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 that we 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, he 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)
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 Rev. Robert Coon 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 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,
H. H. STAFFORD.

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 at a reception 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 of 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, as such Baptists are directly or indirectly mentioned. But a Norwegian annual reception 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. He received a free school teacher, a Miss Dillon, made a decision to live and pressure 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
Another speaker, a college teacher from

Encouraged, the boy and told him he was

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Great Pieces of World's Literature: Goethe's Faust

Paul Emerson Tittsworth

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 result of the late war. Nothing of the

spiritual child of a man sensitive to

the most varying phases of human experi-

ence, one who possessed a power of dis-

cerning the universal in the particular and

unsurpassed gifts for creating beautiful lit-

erary forms. The poem is like a precious

stone with many facets, reflecting human

nature in its drooping, in its gloom, 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's bibliography and if my memory

serves me rightly, there were 200 large or

two 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 criti-

icism, critical acumen and emotional appre-

ciation 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 sub-

ject, I am thoroughly persuaded that it has

something for every one who will let it in-

fluence his thought and emotion.

The poem consists of two parts: Part

One is divided into series of 25 scenes but

has no division into acts; Part Two, on

the other hand, has the five acts of con-

ventional 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 pow-

er and his spark of reason—a glimmer of the

light of his heart and his striving to raise

himself to the rank of God. Yet, all the

race of men, Faust is most presumptuous

in his aspiration. To the Lord, however,

Faust is a loyal servant—one whose serv-

ing, 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 rest-

lessness to sleep by appealing to human

weakness."

"I consent," says the Almighty, who,

nevertheless, shows his confidence in hu-

manity by adding, addressing Mephisto-

Philes:

Though now his service be as tangled skein

Yet will I lead him soon to perfect vision

Stand abashed when thou must needs confess

This a task where I am -incompetent driven

Of the right way ever hath contained

The next scene humanizes and localizes

the battle for the soul of man. It is mid-

night. Faust sits in his study, a quaint

Gothic room with dusty tomes in ancient

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 satisfies. 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 phe-

nomena, the things we see of, say, the

flower in the cranled wall, and perceive the
working of the forces there present, he
could perceive the mystery of life. The
growing conviction that the laboratory
analysis and mechanical 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 pro-
cesses. In the poet, Faust’s attempt to
accomplish his 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
is nearly paralysed by the fright. He has resorted to
a fateful step: he has staked everythIng on Thine on the
working of the forces there

To the medieval mind,

To the medieval mind,

To the medieval mind,

To the medieval mind,

To the medieval mind,

To the medieval mind,

To the medieval mind,

To the medieval mind,

To the medieval mind,

To the medieval mind,

To the medieval mind,

To the medieval mind,

To the medieval mind,
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 laudable 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 upright and good, 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 served 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 good nature, 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, the most beautiful woman of ancient Greece, the most beautiful woman of antiquity. In this act, Faust's one task is to carry Helen of Troy to the clutches of the sea and to restore it to Paradise. Stripped of some of the handiwork, Paraclete, the noble simplicity and its spiritual power of pure love in the last part of the play. The poet closes in an ecstasy of exaltation and pure delight with the song of the Chorus Mystics:

All things corruptible And 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 the last act takes 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 poetical art and criticism—is contained in the songs of the last act where melodic and insinuating harmony is coupled with elevation of thought into most appealing verse.

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 sublimest and most hallowed aspects—sunrise in the Alps. With the abiding consciousness of his good nature, 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, the most beautiful woman of ancient Greece, the most beautiful woman of antiquity. In this act, Faust's one task is to carry Helen of Troy to the clutches of the sea and to restore it to Paradise. Stripped of some of the handiwork, Paraclete, the noble simplicity and its spiritual power of pure love in the last part of the play. The poet closes in an ecstasy of exaltation and pure delight with the song of the Chorus Mystics:

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The formula, as you recall, of satisfaction agreed upon as a signal to Mephistopheles of his work. As the result Faust sinks down dead, while Mephisto and his impes hasten up in high glee, prepared to carry off the dead man's soul. Angels, however, have likewise been watching, who, descending, wrench him immortality 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 handiwork, Paraclete, the noble simplicity and its spiritual power of pure love in the last part of the play. The poet closes in an ecstasy of exaltation and pure delight with the song of the Chorus Mystics:

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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, have I been 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 the consciousness of right and wrong, the desire for laudable 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 upright and good, 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.

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 that might better say, to his fantasy, allowing it to play among the mythical and historical figures of Greek and Roman antiquity. The result is so much a drama as a dictionary of ancient 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 the act, the marriage of Faust and Helen—symbolizing the release of the shade of Helen—is lacking—Goethe left this scene in outline among his literary remains but never completed it. 

The formula, as you recall, of satisfaction agreed upon as a signal to Mephistopheles of his work. As the result Faust sinks down dead, while Mephisto and his impes hasten up in high glee, prepared to carry off the dead man's soul. Angels, however, have likewise been watching, who, descending, wrench him immortality 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 handiwork, Paraclete, the noble simplicity and its spiritual power of pure love in the last part of the play. The poet closes in an ecstasy of exaltation and pure delight with the song of the Chorus Mystics:

All things corruptible And 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 the last act takes 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 poetical art and criticism—is contained in the songs of the last act where melodic and insinuating harmony is coupled with elevation of thought into most appealing verse.
and transitory of existence but to the univer-
sal, the abiding, the divine. To nurture
the growth of freedom in the heart of man
is the greatest aim of education, of phi-
losophy, and of religion. "Ye shall know
the truth and the truth shall make you free."

Second: What was Goethe's idea of free-
don? To return to Faust. In the begin-
ning 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's happiness on the conventional morals of the church
of the eighteenth century, but they were swept
away like a dam of leaves before the
of temptation. In the beginning, neither
they nor Faust were what they were
of life and said deliberately, "I WIll or, I
cause circumstances had made them so. With
very
intellectual and volitional powers. At the end
way of virtue. As for Faust,

moral standing ground only after long
more strewn with rocks: he attains solid
great span of years.

wearisome striving and at the end of a
human being has at least a faint
ing of his own possibilities and a dynamlc
to freedom. Farther, he believed that free­
will steeled to

two most epoch-making spiritual revoluttons
Renaissance with their basic ideas of rell­

From a study of these facts, we can see,

of the drama,

Idea is

third: The poem of Faust is the greatest
literary expression of the principles of the
two most making spiritual revolutions of modern times—the Reformation and
the Renaissance with their basic ideas of reli-
gious 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 cul-
tural development of any individual is obvi-
ous: 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 years that have elapsed since these movements were sup-
posedly in full swing, we are only just be-
inning to catch glimpses of their full im-
port for the individual and for society and
for the world.

ABOUT DIFFERENT ROUTES TO CONFER-
ENCE.

No doubt those who are planning to at-
tend 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. Both
two are double tracked across Iowa, and
both give excellent service. Direct con-
nections can not be made with the Union
Pacific over other lines crossing Iowa.

Delegates to Faust, his path was more
strong with rocks: he attains solid
morale 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 glimmer-
ing of his own possibilities and a dynamic
power within him—called though it may be
which he indulges faith in order to
freedom. Further, he believed that free-
don consists in a consciousness of the
moral principles of the universe and in a
will steeld 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 free-
don.

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

then rebiy to North Loup to take advan-
tage of this rate.

Leaving North Loup one can make
close connection east or west both morn-
ing and evening.

And any information is needed write
the undersigned personally and he will
give all possible information.

In regard to auto routes. From Chi-
cago take the Lincoln Highway, to the
Mississippi River. Across Iowa we pre-
fer the River to River Route. The Lin-
colon 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, grav-
ed in spots, but the Lincoln is generally
more rutty because more traveled. An-
other 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 dis-
tance 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 Route No. 6, the River as Route
No. 7. If autoists take the River to River
they would best follow the Mississippi
River to Davenport because it is a beau-
tiful drive, thence west over the River to
Rockford. Of course, the Lincoln is gen-

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 Grand Island about 3:30, 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 ac-
commodations are the same whether over
the Northwestern or the Chicago, Mil-
waukee 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

veterised but is not well worked. If tak-
ing the River to River cross the Missouri
at Omaha, follow the Lincoln to Colum-
bus and then follow the Black and White
—the same markings as given above.

Plan on taking at least four days from
Milton 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
stations. At Atlantic City, Iowa, one is
given the privilege of the municipal bath-

Do not fail to fill your gasoline tank at
Fullerton, Neb., because the next village
through which you pass is Cotcfield,

no road for the world.

have taken the other because of the hills.

have changed time recently.

try them. Turn west just south of Scotia
if you come 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 con-
cerned, and that they may be fresh in your memory. Better cut this out and take it with you, you autoists.

Nortonville autoists would best take
the George W. McGinty route to Union,
3.30 p.m. will arrive in Lincoln at 6:30 a.
m the following day. Remember the ac-

must be

imums there must be

routes to Grand Island. From Grand
Island follow the G I & B—Black and
Yellow, to North Loup. It is possible it
may be best for the D B & H—Emerald, thence
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
route. All in all, the Lincoln is taken take a cut off

the Lincoln and over the S Y A to Grand Island. From Grand
Island follow the G I & B—Black and
Yellow, to North Loup. It is possible it
may be best for the D B & H—Emerald, thence
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
route. All in all, the Lincoln is taken take a cut off

passing through pool without charge if one has his
bathing suit.
Its precepts—binding.
Its doctrines—holy.

$2,182.29; disbursements for the quarter,
month,

Its decisions—immutable.
Its history—true.

B., West, J. H. Babcock, A. E. Whitford, Mrs. Shaw. Present were Mesdames A.

Miss Phcebe Coon. Mrs. West read a por­
tion of

$1,661.12; receipts for the year, $4,665.73 ;

THE BOARD

MEETING

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, listened to
an anecdote about one, commenced to ques­
tion 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 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 coun­
try in a very few minutes cold air rushes
in, and the wind and the fire both to blow, in­
creasing 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 in the grass to
burning space between was 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
stronger wind would 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 bot­
tom of the canyons, or along the banks of
a stream would still be green, and would
not burn. In such cases a fire would fol­
low and run along the tops of the hills and
ridges, but not in the canyons. (Little val­
leys and gorges are often called canyons—
En.) This would then leave these ridges
as great fire breaks for the rest of the sea­
son.”

“What do you mean by whipping the
fire?” “We would take an old sack, coat
garment or blanket and wet it, and swing­
ing it like a flail pound out or smother out
the dead prairie grass, even if there is no
wind, it will burn and move out 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.”

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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
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.

“Every day was watching the drifting
smoke. The air was becoming filled with
ash cinders, prickling like needles. The sun
commented to darken, first like Indian
summer, until it was nearly hidden from view,
and every cloud 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 blue 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 fur­
rrows plowed. "We had a good fire guard," he again asked. "Just what
'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. We had a good fire guard over nine
miles while I was racing on a fleet tooted
horse at top speed only one mile.

"Grabbing a wet gunny sack and a hand­
ful 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 sev­
eral years' growth, and then back a few
rods along the furrow, I might even yet
check the fire. I set to work and the fire
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
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. Popping up my head I drew in a mouthful of hot 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 remembered the fire that had swept through our place in the fall of 1873, and that I did not get rid of my worst scabs on my hands and feet before 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 trousers were wet 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. Will W. (W. B.) Green and Morris (M. T.) Cottrell and their brother-in-law, Albert Cottrall, 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 fire they first thought it must be a mistake, that the fire had 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. They attempted to do as 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 of the fire heroes dragged out their companion but it proved too late to save his life. Both were fearfully and frightfully burned. Will had no shoes at the time and his feet were badly burned, but Morris had shoes on and managed to get up and at least be a pleasure for us to do the Lord's work for our dear Master who did so much for us. 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 Velthuyzen 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 she 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 will 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.

As some of you in America remember, I was consecrated to the work at Pangoengsen in 1905 by our dear Brother Velthuyzen, Sr. Instead of which I can not explain now, I 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 Virjak 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 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 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,

Zuster Cornelia Slagter,
Pangoengsen, Tajoe, Java.

July 14, 1922.
YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

MRS. RUBY COON BARCOCK.
R. F. D. 5, Battle Creek, Mich., Contributing Editor.

THE SCHOOL OF PRAYER

REV. SIMON H. BARCOCK.

Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day,
August 25, 1923

DAILY READINGS

Sunday—Lesson in faith (Mark 11: 20-24).
Monday—Paul teaches (Acts 1: 14).
Tuesday—Learn to take "No" (2 Cor. 12: 6-9).
Thursday—Learn from failure (Jas. 1: 5-8).
Friday—Learn fellowship (Acts 12: 1-17).


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. 6: 5-13) and he said that "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 want 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 flows; it reaches up to and is connected with the fountain head; and if by constant use the stream 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 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 shown be that the name of the Father be "Hallowed," then "Thy Kingdom be" "p" then "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, as right constant use 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. 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.

THE SABBATH RECORDER

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 Loupy society, and the Conference Christian Endeavor meeting.

There will also be exhibits of work done by the societies and of plans and helps for advancement 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 service in the absence of your pastor, and can use it then.

R. C. B.

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


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, schools, 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 a quartet, or an orchestra to help in the meeting spirit, and in bringing real information to the meetings in order to make a "Broader" society.
   d. Publicity Committee's part in advertising the society, the program, and in bringing real information to the meetings in order to make a "Broader" society.
   e. 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, Broader" society.
   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.

Munip Benediction.

C. H. SIEGHOFF, 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.


Visitors: Miss Fucia R. Randolph, Miss Frances F. 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 Audit 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 Central Association ............................. 87.50
Collection Collection ........................................ 12.83
Collection at Conference ................................... 27.50

$1,714.89

Cr.
Dr. Palmberg’s salary .......................................... $ 300.00
Rev. E. M. Secretary .......................................... 365.65
Board expenses .................................................. 253.85
Fouke School ..................................................... 300.00
Dr. Collection ................................................... 11.50
Balance .................................................................. 380.89

$1,714.89

Bills were allowed as follows:

Corresponding Secretary, supplies and post-...... $ 10.00
supervision ..............................................................

Miss Hazel Langworthy, postage ....................... 97
Miss Elisabeth Kenyon, Junior supplies ............. 2.85
Dr. Johnson, Board’s share of expense............. 15.00

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
THE SABBATH RECORDER, 1923

Number of letters written .................................. 25
Number of yearly reports sent out ..................... 40
Number of notes sent out .................................. 40

Correspondence has been received from:


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

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 of the Young People’s hour at the June association. Petrolia has organized a C. E. society during the year. Nearly the entire active membership of the association was present at the association banquet. At least twelve Christian Endeavorers of this association were at the C. E. State Convention at Iowa.

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 of this section is well under way at this time. Many replies to these letters.

Number of yearly report blanks sent out .......... 112.50
Number of notes sent out (circular) sixty-seven; articles have been written and sent to the SABBATH RECORDER and the Sabbath Recorder 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 received.

Courtland Davis, Lone Sabbath Keepers Superintendant, 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 Superintendant, reports one hundred and thirty letters sent out and four socials arranged. The following societies have reported holding Standing Social during the year: Ashaway, Wasterby, Chilhowie, L., and N., Nortonville; Almond, Nortonville, L.; Waterford, Conn., Nortonville, L.; and Battle Creek.

Miss Elrene Crandall, Quiet Hour Superintendant, has received reports of Quiet Hour Conferences from seven groups.

Frances Ferrill Babcock.

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

Lyle Crandall, Tent Legion Superintendant, presented a yearly report, which follows:

The work of the Tent 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, 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 Tent Legioners in each society has reported up to January 1, 1923, is as follows:

Adams Center, N. Y. .............................................. 28
Nortonville, Kan. ................................................... 6
Manitow, N. Y. ...................................................... 6
Independence, N. Y. .............................................. 18
Burlington, N. Y. ................................................... 3
Hebron, Pa. ............................................................... 7
Almond, N. Y. ...................................................... 18
Milton, Penn., Wis. ................................................. 6
Exeland, Wis. ....................................................... 2
Venon, Ill. .............................................................. 4
Hammond, La. ...................................................... 1
Fouke, Ark. ............................................................ 7
Waterford, Mich. .................................................... 2
New Market, N. J. .................................................. 20
Bates Creek, Mich. .................................................. 3

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,
Tent Legion Superintendant.

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, Mrs. L. E. Babcock; Budget, E. H. Clarke, Dr. B. F. Johanson; Picnic, I. O. Tappan, C. H. Siedholf.

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 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 was carried by the angels into 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.”

The 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 Esööeh, 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 sinking 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 R. 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, the famous 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 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 Kagaries, Teacher Albert Blough, Harriet Ebersole. Second row, Marvin Foster, Dorothy Kagaries, Florence Ebersole, Frances Blough. Third row, Warden Ebersole, Rolland Mosteller, and Paul Kagaries.

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

T. L. G.
My hogs were in a yard on the same elevation with their head 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 swift and cold waters on the 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 I 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 been, there was a good audience and Rev. A. H. Lewis warmed all hearts with one of his masterful, heart searching sermons. I know her heart was thrilled with 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 we knew, 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 season 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 God-fearing 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.

Beira, 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.; 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, Edmond P. Maxson and A. R. Stillman. 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 Kings­ton, 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 guiles 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.

THE SABBATH RECORDER

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 smile. The smile that bubbles from the heart that loves its fellows Will drive away the clouds of gloom and coax the sun again. It's full of worth as a 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 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 hush. So smile away! Folks understand what 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 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 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 the big book, as a book. Baby brother's fingerprints were to be seen all over the pictures of the woolly lamb and the striped puppy cat. Beth let him pat these every time she told him the stories about them. Once, while the game-keeper's girl wanted to take one of Beth's books, 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 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 stripped puppy 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 girl was drenched down on the bare floor and began to play with baby brother, until he cooled 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, crying Beth, don't tear 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 she be so beautiful books in the world?"

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**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 to an insignificant road, scarcely more than a driveway, leading up a sharp hill.

And why 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 the 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, 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, Foxty, 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-hearty 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 the 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 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 houses 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 he 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, because 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.

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**THE BIRTHDAY CHILD**

I am a Birthday Child today.

I must be gentle in my play, And true I must each day. The morning sky outside was red When mother came and told me so. She said, I am a Birthday Child today.

Kissed me five times and one to grow, And then she hugged me hard and said, "I wish it is in this century, 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.

**WHA T TO DO AFTER SABBATH**

"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 taking a 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 one ride with clear consciences and perhaps we can even find something nice to do for somebody."

"Oh, mother, I am 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 scammed away to prepare their little gifts which to them was a perfectly appropriate Sabbath afternoon service.

**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 free in a bucket, 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, "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 the window 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 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."—Drew 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 horse-chute 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 you believe 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 the 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 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 didn't tell of it up, they were expecting 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 should think he'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 at home.

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

"Sit," 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, he'd have 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 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 hept he had a nelephant named Jumbo."

"What's wrong with the cat? It squeaks dreadful."

"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?"
**DEATHS**

**GREENE.—** Mrs. Martha Harrapaves 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 was 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 Syracuse; and Miss Almira Greene whose home she was lovingly cared for during her last illness. She leaves five grandchildren and seven great-grandchildren, and one sister, Mrs. Almira Olmsted, of Pacific Grove, Calif., survive her.

**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 former owner 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 as 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 and succeeded Paul M. Green deceased. He was favored with a large circle of friends.

He was careful and just in his business relations, dependable in his counsel, accommodating in extending favors without being unnecessarily kind and pleasant ways. For many years he had business dealings with him or whose interests he served. The confidence his fellow-men had in him is a testimony to the uprightness of his character. He was undemanding and retiring in his ways and devoted to his home and family.

When a mere boy Mr. Wells made a public profession in Christ members of the Seventh Day Baptist church in Milton. He was a member of Du Lac Lodge of I. O. O. F. In January he married to Miss Blanche Mecum. Two children were born to them, Claire Van Rensselaer 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.

**Sabbath School, Lesson VIII.—** August 18, 1923

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

**Golden Text.—** "He that shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall honor be esteemed as of no value? or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword?" Rom. 8: 35.

**DAILY READINGS**


(For Lesson Notes, see Helping Hand)
THE COMMISSION
OF THE
SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST
GENERAL CONFERENCE
MEETS AT
NORTONVILLE, KANSAS
AUGUST 16-19, 1923