

The Baptist Herald

A DENOMINATIONAL PAPER VOICING THE INTERESTS OF THE
GERMAN BAPTIST YOUNG PEOPLE'S AND SUNDAY SCHOOL WORKERS' UNION

Volume Eleven

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Number Nine

MOTHER

SOMEONE has said there is never anything new said or done, but that it is just a repetition of age-old processes, simply given a different twist. This may be true, since nothing is ever created, except what God hath wrought, neither is there anything ever destroyed, but changed into another state. Be that as it may, have you ever stopped to think that Mother Love which you know so well apparently never changes. It is a constant, if there is such a thing in the realm of God's great universe. The love that changeth never, the love of a God above, and next to that in importance on this earth is that great Mother Love that goes out to you so long as mother has a breath left. It goes out to the girl who made good and it still goes out to the girl who may have made a mistake, in order to bring her back again. The greatest thing that a girl can have is a mother such as all of you have experienced.

The only really sad part about it all is, that not only girls, but boys sometimes do not heed mother's love and do not give the flowers while mother lives, but wait until she is gone and then try to make up for lost time. Let us give our flowers to our living mothers and glorify them in the name of the God who gave them to us. God give us more good mothers!

What's Happening

Rev. J. Koschel, pastor of the church at New Leipzig, N. Dak., has resigned his charge to take effect July 1.

Rev. J. L. Schmidt, pastor of the church at Corona, S. Dak., has resigned and will close his work with the church the end of May.

Rev. G. E. Lohr, pastor of our church at Lodi, Cal., baptized 18 new converts on Easter Sunday and gave the right hand of fellowship to them and three others, who were received on confession of their faith. Pastor and church are thankful to God for this victory.

Rev. Wm. L. Schoeffel, pastor of the Knoxville Baptist Church, Pittsburgh, Pa., baptized 10 candidates on Easter Sunday evening and gave the hand of fellowship to 13 on Sunday, April 30, when he closed his ministry with the church. Bro. Schoeffel begins his pastorate with the White Avenue Church, Cleveland, O., on May 7.

Rev. Theo. W. Dons, pastor of the Oak Park, Ill., German Baptist Church, had the joy of baptizing nine Sunday school pupils at the evening service on Easter Sunday, April 16. These with 4 others from the Bellwood mission, previously baptized, received the hand of fellowship at the observance of the Lord's supper, held the same evening.

Rev. H. Frederick Hoops has arranged for seven consecutive services in English and seven such services in German, which are announced as "Sunday Afternoons at the Gospel Auditorium of the Willow Ave. Baptist Church in Hoboken." They last from 2.30 to 4 P. M. Features are a 15-minute organ recital and program of special instrumental music, congregational singing led by a volunteer union chorus and guest speakers.

Rev. Geo. W. Pust, pastor at Emery, S. Dak., had the joy of baptizing 24 persons on Easter Sunday evening. Nearly all were the fruit of evangelistic meetings held by General Evangelist H. C. Baum with the church. Rev. E. Gutsche of the Plum Creek church preached the sermon on "The Abundant Life," John 10:10. Three others received the hand of fellowship on this happy occasion, making a total addition of 27 new members.

The Greater Chicago Easter Sunrise Service was held on the grounds of "A Century of Progress Exposition" in the court of the Hall of Science from 6.30 to 7.30 A. M. Over 20,000 young people attended. Approximately 800 Chicago churches representing 20 denominations participated. About 75 young people from the Oak Park German Baptist Church under the leadership of Harold Johns attended, going in a chartered bus.

A record attendance of 200 in the Bible School of the Fleischmann Memorial Baptist Church, Philadelphia, Pa., Sun-

day morning, March 5, brought rejoicing to its superintendent and officers. This was the largest attendance for a regular Sunday except for special Rally day programs in the history of the school. Gustav Straub is superintendent and Reuben Blessing assistant. Wesley Mercner is secretary and Herbert Peter serves as treasurer.

The Young People's Society of the church at Gillett, Wis., Rev. W. A. Zeckser, pastor, celebrated its second anniversary on April 19. A delegation of 38 young people from the church at Pound, led by Rev. J. F. Meyer, including the choir, added much to the festal spirit by their presence and their fine singing. The Editor of the "Baptist Herald" was guest speaker and gave an address on "Growing in the Christian Life." Refreshments and a social time followed. The Editor stayed over another day and preached at a service arranged for Thursday evening, April 20.

The Baptist Churches of Germany have experienced their most fruitful year since 1924. During 1932 4050 were baptized and added to the churches upon confession of their faith. A forward movement along many lines of the general work is noted. The economic situation explains an income of 300,000 Marks less than in 1931. There was, however, one baptism for every 16 members during 1932. The "Wahrheitszeuge" remarks: "Surely the harvest would be greater if all of us were sowers and faithful co-workers in the cause of our Lord." That is something we can apply to our conditions in America.

Dr. D. B. Stumpf of Buffalo, N. Y., passed away after an operation Monday, April 10. He was one of our most prominent laymen, who during his long and useful life not only served honorably in his chosen profession as a physician, but in many responsible denominational positions. He was president of our German Baptist Life Insurance Association and served on the board of trustees of our Seminary in Rochester for many years. He was the first president of our General young peoples organization (Der Allgemeine Jugend Bund) when it was founded more than 35 years ago. With all the demands of a large practice, he found time to serve as choir director for many years of the Bethel Church, Buffalo (where he was a member), and before that in the First German Baptist Church, Buffalo. A man of energetic and genial nature, of friendly disposition, he will be greatly missed everywhere. We extend hearty sympathy to his widow and family.

Another loss which has come to the Eastern Conference and to the Temple Church, Mt. Oliver, Pittsburgh, is the death of Gottlieb Sack, who passed away close to the allotted age of three score

and ten. In past years he occupied many official positions in the life of Temple Church and gave to each a full measure of conscientious and well-performed service. He was a valued member of the Board of Directors of the Pittsburgh Baptist Association for over 20 years. In our wider German Baptist field he served on the Mission Committee of the Eastern Conference, Board of Directors of the St. Joseph Orphanage and on the Finance Committee of the "Million Dollar Offering." The Editor, who worked closely and intimately with him for eight years as pastor of Temple Church, feels a personal loss in his home-going. We sorrow with his surviving sons and daughters, yet not as those without the hope of the gospel.

Sunday Schools of Northwestern Conference—Attention

Some time ago a contest was scheduled among the Sunday schools of the Northwestern Conference for the purpose of raising money for the Mission fund. The report of the result has been delayed because some of the schools postponed the observance of Mission Sunday due to the inclement weather. Not all the Sunday schools participated but a goodly number did. Some may have observed Mission Sunday but neglected to send in their report, while others made their contributions regularly through the conference treasurer. Of the schools reporting Elgin reported \$11.03 as their offering. Baileyville reported \$9.47, but enough was added from their mission fund to make the sum \$50, which amount was sent in, the largest contribution from any school. E. S. Z.

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The Baptist Herald

Mother's Religion

TO our mothers most of us owe our religion. It was so with Timothy, it was so with Augustine, it was so with John Wesley, it has been so with almost every great religious leader. It is so with most of us. It was from mother's lips that most of us first heard those beautiful and wonderful Bible stories that entered into the fibers of our souls. It was at mother's knee that we first learned to lisp our childish prayers. While mother prayed we learned to know that God is great and kind and wise and good. We first saw God in mother's face, we first heard God speak in mother's reverent voice, we first went out to walk with God inspired by mother's faith and prayer. Many of us still believe in God because we believe in our mothers, and we know that they walked and talked with him.

The religion of our mothers is probably the purest religion the world knows. Most mothers are not philosophers, nor scientists, nor theologians. They have not tried to analyze their love for God any more than they have tried to analyze their love for their children; no more than we have tried to analyze our love for them. They have lived each day in happy fellowship with God, in sweet trust in his providence, in unflinching consciousness of his presence and his love. Religion to them has been a blessed experience. It has become identified with their daily lives and it has been revealed in all that they have been and in all they have done. They have given themselves for us without a taint of selfishness in thought or motive. Greater love hath no man than this, and love is the essence of Christian living. Most of us have received our creeds from the churches, our theologies from the preachers, and our religion from our mothers.—J. Sherman Wallace in Young People.

A Faithful Son

A BEAUTIFUL illustration of filial affection was brought to our notice the other day. A busy New York physician, who is by no means wealthy, has been in the habit for the last twenty-four years of writing to his widowed mother every day. She lives in a distant state and is dependent upon him for support. In each of these letters he incloses a perfectly fresh bank-note, frequently only a dollar in value, but always new. Doubtless these missives are very brief. A life crowded with professional duties would hardly admit of the penning of lengthy letters, but what wealth of devotion is shown by their frequency through this long period of years! Their regular arrival every day must be like a sacrament to her lonely soul, sweeter even

than the kisses which mothers receive from sons who are still with them. No remorse for neglected duty will trouble his conscience in the day when he looks upon her dear face in its last quiet sleep. Multitudes of young and middle-aged men who read this incident may cherish their mothers as fondly as this physician, but how many express their love? How often do they write to her or give any tangible proof of their affection? Yet a man is never more manly than when imitating the Son of God, in tender consideration for her who bore him.—Congregationalist.

A Regular Mother

THERE is plenty of sentiment about motherhood, but little romance.

Essayists and editors, who write about motherhood with a capitial M and a tremolo tone, grandly call it a "profession."

Actual mothers know it is a job.

There are picture mothers—attired in lacy negligees and bending tenderly above pink babies in silk-lined baskets.

Or poem mothers, with silver hair gracefully disposed under white caps, sitting, Testament in hand, by cheerful firesides or windows flooded with sunset.

Or popular song mothers, whose whole business is to be "waiting day by day" for some ungrateful son who is invariably repentant and invariably "far away."

But what is a "regular" mother?

A regular mother is the capable lady who sends John off to the office, and Mary to her typewriter, and father down to the shop, and little Bill away to sixth grade, A—and generally makes the world go round and stay in its tracks.

A regular mother hasn't any time to "look the part." No silk negligees, or white caps, or waiting day by day for her!

Generally the regular mother's hair isn't silver white at all. It's that pepper-and-salt mixture of brown and white that signifies strength, common sense—and "the best wearing qualities." Nor is it smooth and soft—it's usually a little ruffled by the rush to "get the family off to work" or "get dinner on the table."

Nor are the regular mother's eyes "dim with tears" or "soft with memories!" Please tell us what a regular mother's eyes would do with tears and memories when she's got to see everything from the hole in Bill's stocking to that new blush Mary wears when Jim calls up to make a date!

And when it comes to dress, there's mighty little silk and lace about a regular mother.

She's satisfied with a clean white shirtwaist with

its crocheted edge on the collar (to save the cost of lace), with a fresh apron over her "durable" serge skirt; and for jewels, only her scratched wedding-ring and the little old gold brooch grandma gave her. But she always looks beautiful—that regular mother!

So if the sentimental "mother" of the cheap picture and the poem and the popular songs brings the quick tears to our homesick eyes, it's only because we have had a regular mother, and know her as a thousand times more wonderful than these!—Selected.

A Thought for Mother's Day

WHEN the mother of General U. S. Grant died he said to the pastor at the funeral: "In the remarks which you make, speak of her only as a pure-minded, simple-hearted, earnest Methodist Christian. Make no reference to me; she gained nothing by any position I have filled or honor that may have been paid me. I owe all this and all I am to her earnest, modest and sincere piety."

That is high praise and it was deserved. And practically every other man of character who ever attained distinction could bear similar testimony.

Motherhood Proverbs

CAROLYN CRANE

- Too much mothering spoils the child.
- Never trouble until trouble troubles you.
- Mothers seldom repent of having been too kind.
- Constant nagging at home makes the family roam.
- Nothing is troublesome that a mother does willingly.

How a Mother Stood By

MATTHEW SIMPSON, the great Methodist bishop, gives a fine tribute to his mother in relating how he came to enter the ministry. Although he was awkward and halting of speech as a boy, yet as he approached manhood, he felt called to the ministry. He pondered the matter over and over in his heart and the more he thought about it the more imperative seemed the call.

His mother was a widow. She was entirely dependent on her son. For a long time he hesitated to tell her of his desire to enter the ministry, which would mean giving up the medical profession, just at the time he was ready to practise and had prospects of an income which would make life easier for her.

Finally, he could stand the inner conflict no longer. He went to her and told her all about it, inwardly shaken by the thought of the suffering he would cause her.

"Never shall I forget," he relates, "how my mother turned upon me with a smile and said, 'My son, I have been looking for this hour ever since you were born.'"

How many wonderful mothers like that are hidden away in the homes of the world! Neither do we need to fear for the future while motherhood stands by like that in the crisis of consecration.—Young People.

A Tribute to Mother

RANDALL J. CONDON

TO my mother who taught her children the deep things of life: duty, honor, truth; courage, faith, hope; love of home and of country; reverence for God, for each other, and for all his lowly creatures; obedience and devotion; sincerity and simplicity; patience and perseverance; self-denial and self-reliance; kindness and helpfulness; contentment while striving to attain; joy in service; and satisfaction in work well done. With a culture not learned in school—for her island home afforded but little in the way of schools; but with that richer culture that comes from companionship with a few great books; from communion with God and nature; and from a life well lived, its difficulties faced and its problems solved with an unconquered and an unconquerable spirit, she taught us by what she did, to do; and inspired us by what she was, to become.—Reprinted from Parents' and Teachers' Magazine.

Bible Mothers

THE stories of the characters suggested could be woven into a simple pageant by several Intermediates.

1. Rebekkah—a Bible love-story.
2. Jochebed, mother of Moses, a brave mother.
3. Hannah, mother of Samuel, a faithful mother.
4. Naomi, the ideal mother-in-law.
5. Mary, mother of Jesus, the honored mother.

The Influence of a Godly Mother

WE have been reading the fascinating life story of one of the famous pioneers of the West. Ninety-two years ago he made a pilgrimage to the grave of his mother in an Ohio village, and this is what he said of his visit there: When I entered the gate many sensations moved me. I walked silently and softly along the graves of others till I found the place that contained her body. I stopped and gazed upon the sacred spot, while nothing broke the stillness of the hour save the sighing of the evening zephyr. And while standing there I called to mind the many times she had wept over the follies of my youth; the many godly admonitions I had received from her, as the spiritual fruits of a heart that prays to God for the salvation of a child; and in the midst of my thoughts I kneeled by the head of the tomb, wet the cold earth with my tears, and prayed that my life might be as that of the righteous, and that my last days might be as hers."

Aside from the common human feeling, the per-

WHAT'S HAPPENING

We are happy to report that the appeal of our General Missionary Secretary, Dr. Kuhn, for money to purchase a motor cycle for Missionary Georgi Stefanoff, published in the "Baptist Herald" for April 15, found an enthusiastic and quick response. A missionary friend in the Middle West responded with the needed amount.

Rev. Chas. W. Koller received 13 new members into full fellowship of the Clinton Hill church, Newark, N. J., on Sunday, April 2, of which 11 came by baptism and 2 by letter. Bro. Koller has been pastor of the church six years and has received 269 members during that time. The membership is now 528. The B. Y. P. U. reports 13 new members taken up during March and April.

sonality of this man makes his tribute significant. He was one of the most noted men of his time,—preacher, editor, lecturer and philanthropist. He traveled more miles during the thirty years of ministry than would suffice to girdle the earth six times. He crossed the Allegheny Mountains fifty times. He preached more than eight thousand sermons and made nearly nine thousand converts. He was one of the earliest apostles of the temperance reform. He pleaded the cause of education, founded a college, and edited one of the oldest Christian periodicals in the country. Through his brilliant ministry multitudes of the people of the Middle West were permanently influenced for good, and "He being dead, yet speaketh."

It is manifest that this man's life and service are included in the life of his godly and loving mother, and that her story is told only in the terms of her son's achievements. This is what motherhood means—or ought to mean.

Report of the General Missionary Committee

The committee was assembled in annual session at Forest Park on April 4 and 5. The following officers were elected: Rev. E. Umbach, president; Rev. O. E. Krueger, vice-president; Rev. J. F. Olthoff, recording secretary.

The committee was called upon to pass on all missionary appropriations for the ensuing year in the face of greatly reduced income. In the interest of balancing our budget the General Secretary has voluntarily taken a cut of 20% in his salary beginning April 1. The committee was also obliged to make many reductions in the missionary appropriations and was forced to reject certain applications for support. To all this year's appropriations the condition was attached that payments would only be made as long as funds were available. Notwithstanding the present depression the committee courageously decided to carry on the work entrusted to us by Him whose we are and whom we serve. Hitherto the Lord has brought us and for the future his resources are in no wise depleted.

Even a casual study of the following resumé of our missionary appropriations for the present fiscal year will convince of the magnitude of our work. The aggregate of the appropriations made amounts to \$53,677; that is just about half of what our Missionary Society distributed in more prosperous years. Although we cannot look into the future and see where that money is to come from, nevertheless we have learned to know Him who is able and willing to provide all our needs.

Missionary Appropriations for the Fiscal Year
April 1, 1933-March 31, 1934

Home Missions		
Atlantic	Conference	\$ 900
Eastern	"	2,165
Central	"	3,890
Northwestern	"	2,900
Southwestern	"	2,100
Texas	"	1,550
Pacific	"	2,798
Northern	"	6,340
Dakota	"	6,400
		\$29,043
General	2,000

Superannuated Ministers and Minister's Widows		
Atlantic	Conference	598
Eastern	"	450
Central	"	525
Northwestern	"	900
Southwestern	"	540
Texas	"	120
Pacific	"	850
Northern	"	200
		4,183
Relief for the Needy		
Eastern	Conference	120
Northwestern	"	520
Texas	"	100
Pacific	"	420
Northern	"	660
Dakota	"	450
		2,270
Chapel Building	300
Foreign Missions		
Cameroon	3,800
Danubian Mission	2,056
Austria	840
Czecho-Slovakia	904
Jugoslavia	1,116
Roumania	1,684
Bulgaria	2,622
Hungary	999
Germany	660
Poland Pommerellen	150
Poland Wohlhynische Vereinigung	732
		15,563
Relief for the Needy in Europe	318
		\$53,677

A Mother's Love

FRANK L. MONTEVERDE

Life does not hold enough of years
In which we can repay
A mother's love—so do your best
Before she goes away.

No sweeter thought was given birth
Amid the worldly throng;
No truer words were ever penned
In verse or sacred song.

No purer theme could be discussed
In mankind's vast domain;
And heaven's dream is far surpassed
By this true, sweet refrain.

Life does not hold enough of years
In which we can repay
A mother's love—then do your best
Before she goes away.

Glad and Sad Tidings from Burlington, Ia.

Our special meetings from March 20 to April 2, were seasons of blessing. Owing to the serious financial condition we did not engage a professional evangelist, but contented ourselves with inviting in some of the neighboring Baptist pastors to assist. This plan met with universal satisfaction. For three evenings, Rev. Vernon Shontz, pastor of the First Baptist Church in Muscatine, brought us the message. Dr. Shontz is a son of one of our German Baptist families in Kitchener, Ont., and one of the ablest and most beloved pastors in the State. On four evenings Rev. Harvey Peterson of Danville, Ia., preached for us. This is the oldest Baptist church west of the Mississippi river, and state-wide plans are being made to celebrate the 100th anniversary of the founding of this church and the Baptist work west of the Mississippi in the year 1934. And for the four other evenings, including the last Sunday, we had the pleasure of having with us Rev. Cedric Peterson, pastor of the Baptist church in Mt. Pleasant. Bro. Peterson became famous in the summer of 1927, as student pastor of the late President Calvin Coolidge, while he was sojourning in the Black Hills. He is not alone a charming young man, but a brilliant preacher, the son of one of our Swedish Baptist ministers.

Our efforts and prayers were not in vain, even though the weather was unfavorable most of the time. More than thirty have expressed a desire to follow Christ in baptism, of which the pastor has had the pleasure of already baptizing 27 on Palm Sunday and Easter Sunday. There are still others who are undecided as to the question of baptism, we hope they will come.

As a church we suffered a severe blow April 11 and an irreparable loss through the sudden death of our brother Hugo Hoelzen. Bro. Hoelzen was one of those rare souls, who when they pass away, cause us to cry: "My father, my father, chariots of Israel and the horsemen there-

of." He was the son of the second pastor of this church, Bro. F. J. Hoelzen, and for thirty years deacon of the church, an office which he adorned by his fine Christian spirit; also for 25 years chairman of our board of trustees. We shall miss his counsel and help. C. F. Z.

Installation Service at Avon, S. Dak.

On the evening of March 31 the B. Y. P. U. had an impressive installation service for the officers who are to guide our ship, the "Union," during the year beginning April 1.

After singing several pep songs at the finely decorated tables, about 40 active B. Y. P. U.'ers partook of what was properly called banquet food. We certainly have some splendid cooking talent in Avon! And the food was appreciated!

After the physical man had been satisfied, some more good singing was done. "It's a good thing to be a Christian" sang the young folks, and they sang it with conviction. With Harold Schroder as toastmaster, the following program was carried out: "Building," Ralph Schroder; "Your Place," Norman Bangert; "Place for Everyone," Mayme van Gerpen; "United in the Work," Ernest van Gerpen.

These talks were splendidly given, proving that the talents of our young folks are not related only to material things. A mixed quartet delighted us with a song, after which the outgoing president, Ralph Schroder, led the new officers in a dedication exercise and placed a small Christian flag into the hands of each.

The new officers are: President, Norman Bangert; vice-president, Ernest van Gerpen; secretary, Ella Bangert; treasurer, Alice Schlipf. The Commission Directors are: Devotional Life, Bertha Burfeindt; Stewardship, Marie Berndt; Service, Harold Schroder; Fellowship, Thelma Schroder, and as Adult Counselor Mrs. J. D. Heil will serve.

The pastor was privileged then to install these new officers into office, giving a solemn charge to each to be faithful and to reap the reward of success here, and the Master's approval after our time for service here is done.

This was one of the finest occasions of the kind the Avon society has had. Great credit is due those faithful ones who planned the program, and then worked hard to carry out the plan. One young lady expressed the feeling of all when she said: "I've enjoyed this evening more than any social I ever attended." And now, Hail, captain and crew of the good ship "Avon Union"! May your voyage through the uncharted seas ahead be safe and prosperous! ELLA BANGERT, Sec.

* * *

"The first lie-detector," says Sam Hill in the "Cincinnati Enquirer," was made out of the rib of a man." And no improvement has ever been made on the original machine.

Ordination of Herman P. Bothner

After the Permanent Council of the Monroe Baptist Association had previously examined and, on March 15, voted to ordain our Brother Herman P. Bothner, he was publicly inducted into the gospel ministry at the Andrews Street Baptist Church, Rochester, N. Y., on Palm Sunday, April 9, 1933.

The impressive service was conducted by Pastor Hamel. Prof. A. A. Schade read the minutes of the ordination council expressing its satisfaction with the candidate's statement of religious experience, call to the ministry, and views on Christian doctrine. Prof. A. J. Ramaker read an appropriate passage of scripture from 2 Cor. 4. The church choir rendered "Hosanna to the Living Lord." Prof. Lewis Kaiser preached the ordination sermon, dwelling on Paul's conception of the true Christian ministry. According to 2 Cor. 5:20, it is the bringing of a message of reconciliation in behalf of Christ. The Dignity, Duty, and Disposition of the minister who admonishes in Christ's stead was ably stressed. The ordination prayer was offered by Prof. E. W. Parsons, the charge to the candidate given by Prof. A. Bretschneider, while Prof. C. H. Moehlmann welcomed the new minister, assuring him there would be plenty to do if you Christianize yourself, Christianize individuals, Christianize the church, and Christianize life. The candidate closed with the benediction.

Brother Bothner has done some preparatory work in our German Department, taken his degree at the University of Rochester, and now completes his theological course in the Divinity School. He is available for work in any of our churches desiring the services of a well-equipped pastor. F. W. C. MEYER.

My Mother's Hands

My mother's hands! So capable!
I love them—every wrinkle there.
Though toil has made them rough and worn,
These hands to me are wondrous fair.

My mother's hands! How oft have they
The restless spirit lulled to rest.
How oft have they the tear-stained cheek
In silent sympathy caressed!

No power on earth can quite excel
The magic touch of mother's hands,
It guards the soul and guides the steps
And grips the heart like iron hands!

Smiles

His wife was on holiday, and he was doing his own shopping and cooking.
"How much are the eggs?" he asked the shopkeeper.

"Two shillings a dozen," said the man behind the counter. "Cracked ones a shilling a dozen."

The harrassed husband looked thoughtful.

"All right," he said, "crack me a dozen."

The Sunday School

"I Love You, Mother"

"I love you, mother," said little John;
Then forgetting his work, his cap went on,
And he was off to the garden swing,
Leaving his mother the wood to bring.

"I love you, mother, said little Nell,
"I love you better than tongue an tell."
Then she teased and pouted half the day,
Till mother rejoiced when she went to play.

"I love you, mother," said little Fan,
"Today I'll help you all I can;"
To the cradle then she did softly creep,
And rocked the babe till it fell asleep.

Then, stepping softly, she took the broom,
And swept the floor and dusted the room;
Busy and happy all day was she,
Helpful and cheerful as child could be.

"I love you, mother," again they said—
Three little children going to bed.
How do you think the mother guessed
Which of them really loved her best?

Gum and Giggles: A Problem in Attention

BY A SUPERVISING TEACHER

The Case

"Gum and giggles! How I hate both of them!" Marjorie Warren, only one year out of college but the teacher of a class of high-school girls, settled herself for a "confab" with the department superintendent. "If I could get that Wilde girl and her running mate's attention from the class of boys who sit next to us, I'd feel happy. Attention! Nobody in the bunch except maybe that meek little bundle of piety Jean Campbell has any idea of the meaning of the word!"

Miss Rice, the department superintendent, smiled. "Well," she mused, as if to herself, "that class of boys is attractive. If I were Janet Wilde's age, I'd be rather intrigued by Ed Leslie's dimples myself. Evidently your definition of attention doesn't include dimples, however. How are the lessons going this quarter?" she asked, before Marjorie could interrupt her.

"Oh, so so!" answered the teacher. "I never could get up much enthusiasm for Paul's letters. They are dry as dust, stuff which has nothing to do with us today."

The superintendent began to see light. "Did you take Bible at college? No? Too bad. There was a dandy course on Paul when I was there. Of course it is unfortunate that you have to meet up in the gallery right next to Mr. Smith's class, for you know from psychology what to expect from boys and girls of

that age in close contact. Talk about your powder magazines!"

"Psychology hasn't a thing to do with it, and neither has the place we meet," argued Miss Warren, feeling her problem was receiving irreverent treatment. "Those girls simply don't know the meaning of the word 'attention.' They flirt even with that stick of a secretary when he takes attendance. And as for the treasurer, their efforts to attract his attention are positively disgusting! They 'take off' the general superintendent behind his back, for he's too dignified to notice them. Ugh!"

"Let me see, the secretary, the treasurer, the superintendent—and how many other interruptions?" asked Miss Rice.

"None but the usual ones, like the pastor, who stops to give us a 'message.' Last Sunday most of the girls chewed gum right through it—in ladylike fashion, if you can chew gum in ladylike fashion," she added. "Two girls slid down where he couldn't see them and powdered their noses. Ruby Stevens read her 'Young People.'"

"What was the message?" asked Miss Rice casually.

"Oh, he asked the girls to support the evening service—er—well, to tell the truth, I was so busy thinking how I was going to teach the lesson that I didn't get much of what he was saying. After I began teaching two of the girls yawned most of the time. Not that I blame them. I talked a good twenty minutes about the Second Coming. What I don't see is, why couldn't they answer the most obvious questions? They could just look in their books. But then I wasn't specially interested in the lesson myself," owned Marjorie. "I wish you'd give me some pointers," she added hopefully.

The Remedy

"If you'll promise not to get angry," said Miss Rice, "I can give you a few suggestions. You may take them for what they're worth, of course."

"Fire ahead," said Marjorie bravely. "I probably shall not like your advice, but I asked for it, didn't I?"

"Well," said Miss Rice, "the first thing you can do to get better attention is to move from the gallery to the church kitchen. At least you will be saved the distraction of the boys' class and will have better ventilation. Some yawns and giggles will subside. If the girls want to, they can easily decorate some of the old screens down cellar and use them to make a classroom, shutting out suggestions of a kitchen. It would be a rather neat project, don't you think?"

"But it would take more of my time if the class met outside of church school," objected Marjorie.

"Well, I'm going to urge you to give more time to it," answered Miss Rice,

"one or two evenings a month. One thing which would help normalize the boy-and-girl relationships is a joint party once in a while," she added.

"As long as we're on the subject of time, why don't you plan to read some of the current books and magazines on religious education, particularly on adolescent methods and materials? Will you suggest at the next teachers' meeting that the school might take two or three copies of 'The Church School Journal' to pass around among the teachers?"

"Aren't those articles and books terribly dry?" questioned Marjorie.

"Not a bit," answered Miss Rice. "They deal with problems like yours and mine. As for the interruptions, they must be stopped. Tactfully, but firmly, we must suggest to the various officers that their place is not popping in and out of classes, upsetting the lesson period. You may put the envelopes and cards on a chair outside the door for them to take. Perhaps we can suggest to the pastor and the superintendent that we have warning of their visits, that the latter be to some point and not just interruptions.

"Now about the lessons," she went on carefully. "Are you sure that you are approaching them from the girls' viewpoint?"

"I'm sure I'm not," confessed Marjorie, "because I don't see that they have any interest for the girls. They are dead letters. *Studies for Youth*, indeed!"

"You'll find some teaching helps in the 'Journal,'" said Miss Rice. "Of course you can't adapt them literally, but you can adapt them to your group. You see, Paul did write not only for specific occasions, but on truths which are basically of value today. You remember that he stressed the fact that Christ, whenever he came, should find the Thessalonians at work. You can show the girls that that applies to us, can't you?"

"I never thought of that," said Marjorie slowly. "Perhaps I could find something in the lessons for the girls, after all. How can they answer my questions if I teach what isn't in the book, though?"

"Do you use the discussion method, or the lecture?"

"Oh, nothing so grand as that," protested Marjorie. "I just tell the lesson and ask questions."

"But girls of that age love discussion," objected Miss Rice. "Don't you suppose discussion would arouse their interest? And isn't interest the other side of attention?"

"Maybe," said Marjorie, without enthusiasm. "I might try it, anyway."

(Continued on page 16)

KEZIAH COFFIN

JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

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(Continuation)

"You ain't heard, Keziah, have you?" broke in Zebedee. "Nor you, Mr. Ellery? Well, I must tell you. Here's where I gain a lap on Didama Rogers. Seems the 'Deborah S.'—that's the packet's name, Mr. Ellery—she hauled out of Boston night afore last on the ebb, with a fair wind and sky clear as a bell. But they hadn't much more'n got outside of Min-ot's fore the fog shut down, thicker'n gruel for a sick rich man. The wind held till 'long toward mornin'; then she flattened to a dead clam. 'Bije Perry, the mate, he spun the yarn to me, and he said 'twas thick and flat as ever he see and kept gettin' no better fast.

"They drifted along till noon time and then they was somewheres out in the bay, but that's about all you could say. Zach, he was stewin' and sputterin' like a pair of fried eels, and Lafayette Gage and Emulous Peters,—they're Lenboro folks, Mr. Ellery, and about sixteen pints t'other side of no account—they was the only passengers aboard except Nat Hammond, and they put in their time playin' high low jack in the cabin. The lookout was for'ard tootin' a tin horn and his bellerin' was the most excitin' thing goin' on. After dinner—corned beef and cabbage—trust Zach for that, though it's next door to cannibalism to put cabbage in his mouth—after dinner all hands was on deck when Nat says: 'Hush!' he says. 'Don't I hear somethin'?"

"They listened, and then they all heard it—all 'cept Zach, who's deaf in his lar-board ear.

"'Stand by!' roars Nat. 'It's a squall, dead astern and comin' abilin'! I'll take her, 'Bije. You look out for them tops'ls.'

"So Nat grabs the wheel and 'Bije tears for'ard and sends the two fo'mast hands aloft on the jumb. Zach was skipper, but all he done was race around and holler and trip over his own feet. Oh, he's a prize sailor, he is! Don't talk to me about them Forsters! I—"

"Nobody is talkin' about 'em but you, Zeb," observed Keziah drily. "Go on. How about the squall?"

"It hit 'em fore they got even one tops' l clewed down. That one, the foretops' l 'twas, split to rags. The main tops' l was set, when the squall struck, the rotten old topmast went by the board 'Kerrash-o!' 'Course splinters flew like all possessed, and one of 'em, about a foot long, sailed past Nat's head, where he stood heavin' his whole weight on the wheel, and lit right an the binnacle, smashin' it to matches.

"They say Nat never paid the least attention, no more'n if the chunk of wood had been a June bug buzzin' past. He just held the wheel hard down and that saved the packet. She come around and

put her nose in the wind just in time. As 'twas, 'Bije says there was a second when the water by her lee rail looked right underneath him as he hung onto the deck with fingernails and teeth.

"Well, there they was, afloat, but with their upper riggin' gone and the compass smashed flat. A howlin' no'thwester blowin' and fog thick as ever. Zach was whimperin', fidgetin' old woman, Lafayette and Emulous was prayin' in the scuppers—and that ain't the exercise they're used to, neither—and even 'Bije was mighty shook up and worried—he says he was himself. But Nat Hammond was as cool and refreshin' as my well up home.

"'Better clear away that mess aloft, hadn't you?' he says to the skipper.

"Zach said he guessed so; he wa'n't sure of nothin'. However, they cleared it awa, and incidentally 'Bije yanked the prayer meetin' out of the scuppers and set 'em to work. Then Nat suggests gettin' the spare compass and, lo and behold you! there wa'n't any. Compasses cost money and money's made to keep, so Zach thinks.

"So there they was. Wind was fair, or ought to be, but 'twas blowin' hard and so thick you couldn't hardly see the jib boom. Zach he wanted to anchor, then he didn't, then he did, and so on. Nobody paid much attention to him.

"'What'll we do?' says 'Bije. He knew who was the real seaman aboard.

"'Keep her as she is, dead afore it, if you ask me,' says Nat. 'Guess we'll hit the broadside of the cape somewheres if this gale holds.'

"So they kept her as she was. And it got to be night and they knew they'd ought to be 'most onto the edge of the flats off here, if their reck'nin' was nigh right. They hove the lead and got five fathom. No flats about that.

"Zach was for anchorin' again. 'What do you think, Nat?' asked 'Bije.

"'Anchor, of course, if you want to,' Nat says. 'You're runnin' this craft. I'm only a passenger.'

"'But what do you think?' whines Zach. 'Can't you tell us what you do think?'

"Well, if 'twas me, I wouldn't anchor till I had to. Prob'ly 'twill fair off tomorrow, but if it shouldn't, we might have to lay out here all day. Anyhow, we'd have to wait for a full tide.'

"'I'm afraid we're off the course,' says 'Bije, 'else we'd been across the bar by this time.'

"'Well,' Nat tells him, 'if we are off the course and too far inshore, we would have made the bar—the Bayport bar—if not the Trumet one. And if we're off the course and too far out, we'd ought to have deeper water than five fathom,

hadn't we? 'Course I'm not sure, but—What's that, landsman?"

"Three and a half, sir,' says the feller with the lead. That showed they was edgin' in somewheres. Nat had sniffed, for all the world like a dog catchin' a scent, so 'Bije declares.

"'I can smell home,' he says.

"Three fathom the lead give 'em, then two and a half, then a scant two. They was drawin' six feet. Zach couldn't stand it.

"'I'm goin' to anchor,' he squeals, frantically. 'I believe we're plumb over to Well-mouth and drivin' right onto Horsefoot Shoal.'

"'It's either that or the bar,' chimes in 'Bije. 'And whichever 'tis, we can't anchor in the middle of it.'

"'But what'll we do?' shouts Zach. 'Can't nobody say somethin' to do?'

"'Tell you I smell home,' says Nat, calm and chipper, 'and I'd know that smell if I met it in Jericho. Ha! there she deepens again. That was the bar and we're over it.'

"The wind had gone down to a stiff sailin' breeze, and the old 'Debby S.' slapped along afore it. Sometimes there was twelve foot under her keel and sometimes eight or nine. Once 'twas seven and a half. Zach an 'Bije both looked at each other, but Nat smiled.

"'Oh, you can laugh!' hollers Zach. 'Taint your vessel you're runnin' into danger. You ain't paid out your good money—'

"Nat never answered; but he stopped smilin'.

"And all at once the water deepened. Hammond swung her into the wind.

"'Now you can anchor,' says he.

"'And 'bout time, too, I guess,' says 'Bije. 'I cal'late the skipper's right. This is Horsefoot and we're right between the shoals. Yes, sir, and I hear breakers. Lively there!'

"They hove over the mudhook and dropped her sails. Not shook his head.

"'Breakers or not,' says he, 'I tell you I've smelled home for the last half hour. Now, by the jumpin' Moses, I can taste it!'

"And inside of a couple of shakes come the rain. It poured for a while and then the fog cleared. Right across their bows was Trumet, with the town clock strikin' ten. Over the flat place between the hills they could see the light on the ocean side. And they was anchored right in the deep hole inside the breakwater, as sure as I'm keen high to a marlin spike! "Bije just stared at Hammond with his mouth open.

"'Nat,' says he 'you're a seaman, if I do say it. I thought I was a pretty good pilot, but I can't steer a vessel without a compass through a night as black as Pharaoh's Egypt, and in a thick fog besides, and land her square on top of her moorin's. If my hat wasn't sloshin' around thirty miles astern, I snum if I wouldn't take it off to you this minute!'

"'Nat,' stammers Zach, 'I must say I—'

"Nat snapped him shut like a tobacco box. 'You needn't,' says he. 'But I still say this to you, Zach Foster. When I undertake to handle a vessel I handle her best I know how, and the fact that I don't own her makes no difference to me. You just put that down somewheres so you won't forget it.'

"And this mornin'," crowed Captain Zebedee, concluding his long yarn, "after that, mind you, that lubber Zach Foster is around town tellin' folks that his schooner had been over the course so often she couldn't get lost. She found her way herself. What do you think of that?"

The two members of the parish committee left the parsonage soon after Captain Mayo had finished his story. Elkanah had listened with growing irritation and impatience. Zebedee lingered a moment behind his companions.

"Don't you fret yourself about what happened last night, Mr. Ellery," he whispered. "It'll be all right. 'Course nobody'd want you to keep up chummin' in with Come-Outers, but what you said to old Eben'll square you this time. So long."

The minister shut the door behind his departing guests. Then he went into the kitchen, whither the housekeeper had preceded him. He found her standing on the back step, looking across the fields. The wash bench was untenanted.

"Hum!" mused Ellery thoughtfully, "that was a good story of Captain Mayo's. This man Hammond must be a fine chap. I should like to meet him."

Keziah still looked away over the fields. She did not wish her employer to see her face—just then.

"I thought you would meet him," she said. "He was here a little while ago and I asked him to wait. I guess Zeb's yarn was too much for him; he doesn't like to be praised."

"So? Was he here? At the Regular parsonage? I'm surprised."

"He and I have known each other for a long while."

"Well, I'm sorry he's gone. I think I should like him."

Keziah turned from the door. "I know you would," she said.

Chapter VII

In which Captain Nat picks up a derelict

It is probable that John Ellery never fully realized the debt of gratitude he owed to the fog and the squall and to Captain Nat Hammond. Trumet, always hungry for a sensation, would have thoroughly enjoyed arguing and quarreling over the minister's visit to Come-Outer meeting, and, during the fracas, Keziah's parson might have been more or less battered. But Captain Nat's brilliant piloting of the old packet was a bit of seamanship which every man and woman on that foam-bordered stretch of sand could understand and appreciate, and

the minister's indiscretion was all but forgotten in consequence. The "Daily Advertisers" gloated over it, of course, and Captain Elkanah brought it up at the meeting of the parish committee, but there Captain Zeb Mayo championed the young man's course and proclaimed that, fur's he was concerned, he was for Mr. Ellery more'n ever. "A young greenhorn with the spunk to cruise single-handed right into the middle of the Come-Outer school and give an old bull whale like Eben the gaff is the man for my money," declared Zebedee. Most of his fellow-committee agreed with him. "Not guilty, but don't do it again," was the general verdict.

As for the Come-Outers, they professed to believe that their leader had much the best of the encounter, so they were satisfied. There was a note of triumph and exultation in the "testimony" given on the following Thursday night, and Captain Eben divided his own discourse between thankfulness for his son's safe return and glorification at the discomfiture of the false prophets. Practically then, the result of Ellery's peace overture was an increased bitterness in the feeling between the two societies and a polishing of weapons on both sides.

Keziah watched anxiously for a hint concerning her parson's walk in the rain with Grace, but she heard nothing, so congratulated herself that the secret had been kept. Ellery did not again mention it to her, nor she to him. A fortnight later he preached his great sermon on "The Voyage of Life," and its reference to gales and calms and lee shores and breakers made a hit. His popularity took a big jump.

He met Nat Hammond during that fortnight. The first meeting was accompanied by unusual circumstances, which might have been serious, but were actually only funny.

The tide at Trumet, on the bay side, goes out for a long way, leaving uncovered a mile and a half of flats, bare and sandy, or carpeted with seaweed. Between these flats are the channels, varying at low water from two to four feet in depth, but deepening rapidly as the tide flows.

The flats fascinated the young minister, as they have many another visitor to the Cape, before or since. On cloudy days they lowered with a dull, leaden luster and the weed-grown portions were like the dark squares on a checkerboard, while the deep water beyond the outer bar was steely gray and angry. When the sun shone and the wind blew clear from the northwest the whole expanse flashed into fire and color, sapphire blue, emerald green, topaz yellow, dotted with white shells and ablaze with diamond sparkles where the reflected light leaped from the flint crystals of the wet, coarse sand.

The best time to visit the flats—tide serving, of course—is the early morning at sunrise. Then there is an inspiration in the wide expanse, a snap and tang

and joy in the air. Ellery had made up his mind to take a before-breakfast tramp to the outer bar and so arose at five, tucked a borrowed pair of fisherman's boots beneath his arm, and, without saying anything to his housekeeper, walked down the lawn behind the parsonage, climbed the rail fence, and "cut across lots" to the pine grove on the bluff. There he removed his shoes, put on the boots, wallowed through the mealy yellow sand forming the slope of the bluff, and came out on the white beach and the inner edge of the flats. Then he plashed on, bound out to where the fish weirs stood, like webby fences, in the distance.

It was a wonderful walk on a wonderful day. The minister enjoyed every minute of it. Out here he could forget the petty trials of life, the Didamas and Elkanahs. The wind blew his hat off and dropped it in a shallow channel, but he splashed to the rescue and laughed aloud as he fished it out. It was not much wetter than it had been that night of the rain, when he tried to lend his umbrella and didn't succeed. This reflection caused him to halt in his walk and look backward toward the shore. The brown roof of the old tavern was blushing red in the first rays of the sun.

A cart, drawn by a plodding horse and with a single individual on its high seat, was moving out from behind the breakwater. Some fisherman driving out his weir, probably.

The sand of the outer bar was dimpled and mottled like watered silk by the action of the waves. It sloped gradually down to meet the miniature breakers that rolled over and slid in ripples along its edge. Ellery wandered up and down, picking up shells and sea clams, and peering through the nets of the nearest weir at the "horsefoot craps" and squid and flounders imprisoned in the pound. There were a few bluefish there, also, and a small school of mackerel.

The minister had been on the bar a considerable time before he began to think of returning to the shore. He was hungry, but was enjoying himself too well to mind. The flats were all his that morning. Only the cart and its driver were in sight and they were a half mile off. He looked at his watch, sighed, and reluctantly started to walk toward the town; he mustn't keep Mrs. Coffin's breakfast waiting too long.

The first channel he came to was considerably deeper than when he forded it on the way out. He noticed this, but only vaguely. The next, however, was so deep that the water splashed in at the top of one of his boots. He did notice that, because though he was not wearing his best clothes, he was not anxious to wet his "other ones." The extent of his wardrobe was in keeping with the size of his salary.

And the third channel was so wide and deep that he saw at once it could

not be forded, unless he was willing to plunge above his waist. This was provoking. Now he realized that he had waited too long. The tide had been flowing for almost an hour; it had flowed fast and, as he should have remembered, having been told, the principal channels were eight feet deep before the highest flats were covered.

He hurried along the edge, looking for a shallow place, but found none. At last he reached the point of the flat he was on and saw, to his dismay, that here was the deepest spot yet, a hole, scoured out by a current like a mill race. Turning, he saw, creeping rapidly and steadily together over the flat behind him, two lines of foam, one from each channel. His retreat was cut off.

He was in for a wetting, that was sure. However, there was no help for it, so he waded in. The water filled his boots there, it gurgled about his hips, and beyond, and he could see, it seemed to grow deeper and deeper. The current was surprisingly strong; he found it difficult to keep his footing in the soft sand. It looked as though he must swim for it, and to swim in the tide would be no joke.

Then, from behind him, came a hail. He turned and saw moving toward him through the shallow water now covering the flat beyond the next channel, the cart he had seen leave the shore by the packet wharf, and, later, on the outer bar. The horse was jogging along, miniature geysers spouting beneath its hoofs. The driver waved to him.

"Hold on, mate," he called. "Belay there. Stay where you are. I'll be alongside in a shake. Git dap, January!"

Ellery waded back to meet this welcome arrival. The horse plunged into the next channel, surged through it, and emerged dripping. The driver pulled the animal into a walk.

"Say," he cried, "I'm cruisin' your way; better get aboard, hadn't you? There's kind of a heavy dew this mornin'. Whoa, Bill!"

"Bill" or "January" stopped with apparent willingness. The driver leaned down and extended a hand. The minister took it and was pulled up to the seat.

"Whew!" he panted. "I'm much obliged to you. I guess you saved me from a ducking, if nothing worse."

"Yes," was the answer, "I wouldn't wonder if I did. This ain't Saturday night and 'twould be against Trumet principles to take a bath any other time. All taut, are you? Good enough! then we'll get under way." He flapped the reins and added, "G'long, Julius Cæsar!"

The horse, a stury, sedate beast to whom all names seemed to be alike, picked up his feet and pounded them down again. Showers of spray flew about the heads of the pair on the seat.

"I ain't so sure about that duckin'," commented the rescuer. "Hum! I guess likely we'll be out of soundin's if we tackle that sink hole you was under-

takin' to navigate. Let's try it a little further down."

Ellery looked his companion over.

"Well," he observed with a smile, "from what I've heard of you, Captain Hammond, I rather guess you could navigate almost any water in this locality and in all sorts of weather."

The driver turned in surprise.

"So?" he exclaimed. "You know me, do you? That's funny. I was tryin' to locate you, but I ain't been able to. You ain't a Trumetite, 'Ill bet on that."

"Yes I am."

"Tut! tut! tut! you don't tell me. Say, shipmate, you hurt my pride. I did think there wa'n't a soul that ever trod sand in this village that I couldn't name on sight, and give the port they hailed from and the names of their owners. But you've got me on my beam ends. And yet you knew me."

"Of course I did. Everybody knows the man that brought the packet home."

Nat Hammond sniffed impatiently.

"Um—hm!" he grunted. "I cal'late everybody does, and knows a lot more about that foolishness than I do myself. If ever a craft was steered by guess and by godfrey, 'twas that old hooker of Zach's t'other night. Well— Humph! here's another piece of pilotin' that bids fair to be a mighty sight harder. Heave ahead, Hannibal! hope you've got your web feet with you."

The had moved along the edge of the flat a short distance and now turned into the channel. The horse was wading above its knees; soon the water reached its belly and began to flow into the body of the cart.

"Pick up your feet, shipmate," commanded Nat. "You may get rheumatiz if you don't. This'll be a treat for those sea clams back in that bucket amidship. They'll think I've repented and have decided to turn 'em loose again. They don't know how long I've been countin' on a sea-clam pie. I'll fetch those clams ashore if I have to lug 'em with my teeth. Steady, all hands! we're off the ways."

The cart was afloat. The horse, finding wading more difficult than swimming, began to swim.

"Now I'm skipper again, sure enough," remarked Hammond. "Ain't gettin' seasick, are you?"

The minister laughed.

"No," he said.

"Good! she keeps on a fairly even keel, considerin' her build. *There* she strikes! That'll do, January; you needn't try for a record voyage. Walkin's more in your line than playin' steamboat. We're over the worst of it now. Say! you and I didn't head for port any too soon, did we?"

"No, I should say not. I ought to have known better than to wait out there so long. I've been warned about this tide. I—"

"S-sh-sh! You ought to have known better! What do you think of me? Born and brought up within sight and smell of this salt puddle and let myself in for a

scrape like this! But it was so mighty fine off there on the bar I couldn't bear to leave it. I always said that goin' to sea on land would be the ideal way, and now I've tried it. But you took bigger chances than I did. Are you a good swimmer?"

"Not too good. I hardly know what might have happened if you hadn't—"

"S-sh-sh! that's all right. Always glad to pick up a derelict, may be a chance for salvage, you know. Here's the last channel and it's an easy one. There! now it's plain sailin' for dry ground."

The old horse, breathing heavily from his exertions, trotted over the stretch of yet uncovered flats and soon mounted the slope of the beach. The minister prepared to alight.

"Captain Hammond," he said, "you haven't asked me my name."

"No, I seldom do more'n once. There have been times when I'd just as soon cruise without too big letters alongside my figurehead."

"Well, my name is Ellery."

"Hey? *What?* Oh, ho, ho, ho!"

He rocked back and forth on the seat. The minister's feelings were a bit hurt, though he tried not to show it.

"You mustn't mind my laughin'," explained Nat, still chuckling. "I ain't at you. It's just because I was wonderin' what you'd look like if I should meet you and now— Ho! ho! You see, Mr. Ellery, I've heard of you, same as you said you'd heard of me."

Ellery smiled, but not too broadly.

"Yes," he admitted, "I imagined you had."

"Yes, seems to me dad mentioned your name once or twice. As much as that, anyhow. Wonder what he'd say if he knew his son had been takin' you for a mornin' ride?"

"Probably that it would have been much better to have left me where you found me."

The captain's jolly face grew serious.

"No, no!" he protested. "Not so bad as that. Dad wouldn't drown anybody, not even a Regular minister. He's a pretty square-built old craft, even though his spiritual chart may be laid out different from yours—and mine."

"From yours? Why, I supposed—"

"Yes, I know. Well, when I go to meetin', I generally go to the chapel to please father. But when it comes right down to a confession of faith, I'm pretty broad in the beam. Maybe I'd be too broad even for you, Mr. Ellery."

The minister who had jumped to the ground, looked up.

"Captain Hammond," he said, "I'm very glad indeed to meet you. Not alone because you helped me out of a bad scrape; I realize how bad it might have been and that—"

"Sshsh! shh! Nothin' at all. Don't be foolish."

"But I'm glad, too, because I've heard so many good things about you that I

(Continued on page 16)

Mothers

ETHEL LEE CROSSMAN

Of all the things God ever made
I think these are the best:
Dear arms in which we first were laid,
That held us first in rest;
Dear feet that tire not day or night,
While walking duty's way;
Dear eyes with dauntless love alight
For us through every day;
Dear lips that are so quick to droop
When we are hurt or sad,
And just as quick with smiles to troop
Whenever we are glad;
Dear hearts and souls which gave us birth;
Our mothers, God's best gift to earth;

An Alphabet of Dont's for Mothers

DON'T

Argue with your child. Teach him to respect your first request.
Bribe your child. Make him want to do things for the sake of love.
Compell your child. Teach him to do your will voluntarily.
Deceive your child. Tell him the truth always, even if you fear hurting yourself.
Enfeeble your child by doing too much for him. Make him self-reliant.
Favor one child. Be fair in your judgment.
Gossip in your child's presence if you wish him to grow up loving his neighbors.
Hound your child in his play-hours. Give him freedom of thought and action.
Intoxicate your child with too many gifts and pleasures.
Judge your child too hastily. Learn his reasons for doing a thing before you censure.
Know it all when with your child. Give him a chance to teach you.
Live too far above your child. Enjoy the thing he loves.
Manage your child according to any set of rules, but according to his need.
Nag your child under any circumstances.
Overdress your child. This will make him conscious of himself.
Pet your child over every trifling hurt.
Question your child too closely. Draw out his confidence without appearing to.
Rant over every wrong the child does.
Sanction games or thoughts which harbor unkindness or cruelty to any creature.
Taboo all games which carry with them a small element of danger. Daring is the child's prerogative.
Undertake to rear an angel child.
Veneer your child. Strive for solid stuff.
Watch your child too closely. Let him feel that you trust him.

God's Gracious Gift

April 10, 1933.

Dear Brother Kuhn:

I am enclosing my check for \$1,000 as my contribution toward the General Mission and Benevolent fund. If you will send me a receipt for this promptly, I shall appreciate the courtesy. I am very desirous of having it in my possession for next Sunday.
Very truly yours,
F. S. S..... M.....

Forest Park, Ill.

April 12, 1933.

My dear Brother M.....

Your letter with the precious enclosure of \$1,000 reached this office in the afternoon mail. We accept this contribution as a gift from God through your generosity. We are asking the Lord every day to provide the means necessary to carry on our mission work. The Lord has graciously helped us hitherto. These times of depression reveal to us our staunchest friends like the night brings out the stars. We are glad to know that you belong to that select company of co-workers of God in the extension of the kingdom of Jesus Christ. The Lord himself has in the past and in the present sealed our mission work as his very own and we have the confidence that he will not withdraw from us his divine favor.

The General Missionary Committee faced a most difficult task when it met in annual session here in our office only last week. The committee had to face many needs of our home and foreign mission work with a greatly reduced income. In the face of the present situation the committee has made deep cuts into the salaries of our missionary workers. Although we cannot yet see where all the money is to come from nevertheless we have learned to know Him who can and will provide.

Very sincerely yours
WILLIAM KUHN.

WK/CS
Enclosure

X-ert yourself too much to make him happy. Let him make his own happiness.
Yield to your child because he whines.
Zigzag in your training. Be of one mind. —Babyhood.

Why the Canary Lost Its Song

An English gentleman was very proud of his canary, which had a beautiful singing voice. Yielding to the plea of a friend, the owner let the latter have the bird for a time. The borrower placed the canary in confinement with some sparrows, and wondered what effect the singing bird would have on them. Surrounded by the sparrows with their chirps the canary soon stopped singing; but the sparrows continued to chirp as before. They had been unchanged by the song of the bird with the rich melody.

The canary was then taken back to its owner, but it seemed to have lost its power of song. Then the bird was placed near another canary that sang well. This had the desired effect, and, regaining its old note, it once more rendered its beautiful music. The owner was delighted.

Sparrows and canaries have little in common.

Paul uttered these words when he said, "Do not deceive yourselves: evil companionship corrupts good morals" (1 Cor. 15:33. Weymouth's New Testament in Modern Speech).

O Let My Heart an Altar Be

Translated from the German of Gustav Knak by PAUL WENDEL

O let my heart an altar be,
With incense of true prayer,
In gratitude and praise to thee,
The Lamb, who dwelleth there.

If of this Lamb I nothing knew,
Alas, I must be banned;
And on the day of judgment too
Be found at his left hand.

Praise God, for me the price he paid,
Allelujah, for me!
My guilt was all upon him laid,
And thus he set me free.

My heart rejoice! My lips sing praise!
What peace I can attain!
This song of happiness I raise:
"The Lamb for me was slain."

* * *

Someone has said that the size of the Sunday morning congregation shows the popularity of the church, the size of the evening congregation the popularity of the preacher, and the size of the prayer meeting the popularity of God.

* * *

Tears often prove the telescope by which men see far into heaven.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Life Stories of Great Baptists

Life Stories of Great Baptists
Baptist World Alliance Series: No. 8

James Bruton Gambrell

GEORGE W. TRUETT, D. D.

A Few Dates

Born	1841
Converted	1856
American Civil War	1861-1865
Ordained	1876
Editor "Baptist Standard"	1910
Work in Texas begins	1896
Editor "Baptist Standard"	1896
President Southern Baptist Convention	1917-1921
London Conference and European tour	1920
Died	May 29, 1921

One of the outstanding leaders in the Southern Baptist Convention, during the half century from 1870 to 1920, was Dr. J. B. Gambrell. He labored during a period of economic and social reconstruction in the South, and took his full share of the toils and responsibilities of the times.

He was born in Anderson County, South Carolina, August 21, 1841. On both sides his ancestors had been patriots, and displayed heroism in defence of their country. His two great-grandfathers were scouts during the Revolutionary War, and bore their part of sacrifices and dangers in that struggle for liberty.

He came of a family religious as well as patriotic. His father and mother were both earnest Christians, and in such an atmosphere he acquired the characteristics which made him so useful to his fellowmen.

When young Gambrell was four years of age, his parents moved from South Carolina to North-east Mississippi, and continued the occupation of farming. Here, as a boy on a typical Southern plantation, he grew up.

A Great Reader in His Youth

Early in his boyhood, he acquired an insatiate thirst for books. It filled his mind and heart with visions of larger things, of highly worthy things, and of possible service. He had little money, but bought some books, and borrowed others, and read them until he had familiarized himself with all the books within several miles of his home.

He was converted and joined the Pleasant Ridge Baptist Church, at fifteen years of age, during a revival meeting. He was a strong believer in evangelism and evangelists, to the last day of his life. About the time of his conversion, he entered into a covenant with his brother, Ira, to form no hurtful habits and never to anything that would cause grief to his mother or father or other members of the family.

Plans were being made for his education and he was making good progress in school; but the storm of civil war

broke over the country, and he volunteered in the Confederate Army, joining a company that was sent to Virginia.

A Captain of Scouts in the Civil War

Soon after arriving in Virginia, a call was made by General A. P. Hill, for a scout to undertake a very dangerous task. Young Gambrell volunteered and performed his adventurous services so well, that he was continued as a scout during the war, receiving a commission as Captain, and commanding the scouting squads that were, to a remarkable degree, the eyes for General Robert E. Lee's army. As captain of a scouting squad, he fired the first shot of the battle of Gettysburg, the decisive battle of the war between the North and the South.

His Marriage

During the war, at one o'clock in the morning of January 13, 1864, he was married to Miss Mary T. Cobbell. The Cobbell home was at Beartown, Virginia, inside the Federal lines; but the young scout slipped through the lines of the enemy, got his bride, and slipped out, with the enemy none the wiser.

No woman of song or story was ever a more sympathetic, inspiring wife than Mary T. Gambrell was to her illustrious husband, during the forty-seven years of their wedded life. One had to know them both fully to realize how she reinforced and sustained and supplemented him in all his undertakings. His mind was that of a philosopher; hers keen and scintillating. He was democratic, with a tendency to trust people; she had an almost uncanny penetration through pretence and sham, that often saved him from imposition, through a long public life, dealing with all kinds of men.

When the war closed, Captain Gambrell and other brave, thoughtful Southern men faced a testing condition that has probably never had a parallel in history. Their religion brought them through. Southern leaders were intelligently and sincerely religious. He was brought by a remarkable religious experience to see the way for himself and the rest, through the period of perplexity, misunderstanding and social chaos, to peace, order and prosperity. It was the Christ way—the path made plain by the Master. In November, 1867, he was

Ordained to the Gospel Ministry

by the Cherry Creek church. This church was composed of both whites and negroes. Shortly after his ordination the negroes were organized into a church of their own, and young Gambrell was invited to preach for them. He accepted the invitation of the church, and always referred to it as a pleasant, satisfying service. He served other rural churches until 1870, when he was called to West Point. In 1873 he went to Oxford church as pastor, and served it during the five years he was in Oxford. All these churches were in Mississippi.

In 1870 Dr. Gambrell began the practice of writing on some subject every day. He did this as a means of self-improvement, little dreaming that writing was to be so large a part of his life's work. He continued this habit as long as he lived. He did not offer many articles to the press as first, but faithfully wrote one every day.

Editor of the "Baptist Record"

In 1877 the "Baptist Record" was launched; he was asked to be the editor of the new paper, and accepted. In 1881 he moved the paper to Clinton, Mississippi, where Mississippi Baptist College is located. The Clinton church elected him pastor. He was pastor of the church and editor of the paper, but also spent a good deal of time raising funds for the College. He was one of the main movers in the endowment campaign of 1889 for the College; and that campaign succeeded, although Dr. Gambrell spent his strength to utter exhaustion. He was one of the most prodigious toilers of his own or any other age.

Dr. Gambrell regarded temperance, good citizenship, education and good social conditions as by-products of the Gospel. He threw himself into the fight to drive liquor saloons from Mississippi when he was a young pastor and editor; and he never stopped the fight against the liquor traffic as long as he lived. He wrote and spoke and counselled and planned without ceasing, to stop the traffic. He did all this with wisdom, sanity and effectiveness. He believed in law and order under all circumstances and conditions.

In 1887 his brilliant son, Roderick Dhu Gambrell, was assassinated by the liquor crowd of Jackson, Mississippi. The trial resulted in a verdict of "not guilty" for the man accused of the crime. A mob collected to punish the acquitted man. Dr. Gambrell hurried to the scene, made a powerful plea to the mob to disperse; and saved the life of the man who had killed his own son.

Advocate of the Sunday School and Young People's Movements

In 1890 Dr. J. M. Frost of Virginia began advocating the organization of a Sunday School Board for the Southern Baptist Convention. Dr. Gambrell thought the movement immature, and opposed it. Mighty men lined up on both sides of the controversy. Finally, through much discussion on every phase of the subject, the giants came to agreement; and Drs. Frost and Gambrell wrote the report which was unanimously adopted by the Convention at Birmingham, Alabama, in May, 1891. Dr. Gambrell often said, "Baptists talk themselves together." The Sunday School Board after it was launched never had a better friend than he was. He was one of the finest illustrations of genuine co-operation ever produced in any land or age. He steadfastly kept to

the main track, and faithfully refused to allow his life to be consumed with incidental or secondary considerations.

He was not only a powerful advocate of the Sunday school movement, but he was one of the first group of men in America to advocate the Baptist Young People's Union. He threw himself wholeheartedly into the effort to enlighten, enlist and develop the young people in Baptist churches. From Canada to Texas he raised his voice for them.

In 1893 the Trustees of Mercer University at Macon, Georgia, elected him President of that honored and important institution. He accepted the high office, and continued with the institution three years. He so conducted the affairs of the University that there was deep regret when he retired from its presidency. But that position was not God's will for him. He was to go to the great Southwest, to the largest state of the Union, and there to do the colossal work of his life.

In 1896 the Baptist General Convention of Texas was harassed on every side by a group of critics who seemed determined either to make the Convention serve their ambitions and interests, or to destroy it.

Becomes a Texas Baptist Leader

The Corresponding Secretary had resigned, and the Convention had no official leader. At the first meeting of the Board of Directors all the members were in the utmost perplexity. There was no unanimity as to the choice of the leader. The Board held an all-night prayer meeting, and in the morning there was a strange and from the human standpoint) unaccountable turning of all minds towards a man in Georgia who had not been considered in connection with the office. He was elected unanimously, in what was many times declared by those present to be the most solemn hour of their lives. That man was James Bruton Gambrell.

On December 10, 1896, he announced his decision to accept. He was then 55 years, 3 months and 25 days old. He came to Texas and served as Corresponding Secretary until March 10, 1910, 13 years and 3 months. It is not possible to convey in words to anyone who did not live in Texas through those years any adequate estimate of his marvelous leadership. He was misrepresented and maligned; his words were twisted and his motives assailed; he was the target of epithets and abuse; no trick of the demagogue was left unused to make him unpopular with the Baptist people. It all failed in its purpose.

The total result was a vast increase of the Convention's attendance, clientele, finances, and moral power in the state and in the South, notable co-operation and solidarity. The Convention became a powerful organization for every good work. Evangelism went rapidly forward, and many new churches were organized.

Editor of the "Baptist Standard"

On March 10, 1910, Dr. Gambrell retired from the Secretaryship, to become

editor of the "Baptist Standard." He was 69 years old, but vigorous in body, with remarkable recuperative ability. His mind was alert, retentive, and well poised. Those who had bought the "Baptist Standard" from the Convention elected Robert H. Cole as business manager, and Dr. Gambrell was given as assistant editor Dr. L. M. Waterman until 1912, and then Dr. E. C. Ruth. As editor, he was free to study Baptist situations and social, educational and missionary conditions all over the world. He gave a large part of his time to the denominational work in Texas. Everywhere he was a most acceptable speaker. His quaint humor, profound philosophy expressed in homely language, Christian optimism and seasoned judgment, drew the people, gripped them, and directed them in advancing co-operation.

At the end of four years he was called again into the secretaryship and served two years. The Education Board had been merged with the Board of Directors, and the combined administrative work was heavy for a man of 73 years. He threw himself into it without reserve for two years, and then declined re-election.

The Southwestern Theological Seminary at Fort Worth, Texas, had invited him in 1912 to the chair of Christian Ethics and Pastoral Theology. He went in 1916 to the Seminary, and was connected with that institution for the rest of his life.

President of the Southern Baptist Convention

In 1917 the Southern Baptist Convention met in New Orleans, Louisiana, and Dr. Gambrell was elected President. Many of his friends knew that he did not claim to be skilled in the Parliamentary law which governs the procedure of the Convention. But the scout in General Robert E. Lee's army had learned to meet occasions, and now the man grown old was called upon to direct a large democratic body. He surprised and gratified the Convention by his rulings, and proved himself to be a masterly officer. He held the office for the traditional three years; and then the Convention was not willing to give him up. So at Washington, D. C., he was in 1920 elected a fourth time, but declined re-election after that.

He had always been passionately devoted to the foreign missionary enterprise. Now he had time to acquaint himself with the struggles of different Baptist groups over the world. He wished to visit them and to have intimate fellowship with them.

In 1919, the Southern Baptist Convention meeting in Atlanta, Georgia, appointed a committee of five to send a Fraternal Address to Baptists throughout the world. Dr. Gambrell was a member of that committee. The address sent out is a historic document which bears the marks of his wisdom. Other distinguished members were E. Y. Mullins, Z. T. Cody, L. R. Scarborough and William Ellyson.

Attends the London Conference of Baptists

In July, 1920, the London Conference of Baptists was held. It was composed of representatives of 21 countries, of which the United States was one. The Southern Baptist Convention was represented by Dr. J. B. Gambrell, Dr. E. Y. Mullins, Dr. J. F. Love, and Dr. Geo. W. Truett. It initiated a great relief fund to deal with the physical distress in Europe, adopted a policy of missionary extension in the European continental countries, and elected Dr. Rushbrooke as Baptist Commissioner for Europe.*

Dr. Gambrell regarded the London Conference as the most far-reaching in significance of any meeting the Baptists ever held. After the close of that Conference, he and Dr. E. Y. Mullins visited their fellow-Baptists throughout England and throughout 15 European countries: France, Holland, Germany, Denmark, Sweden, Finland, Norway, Ireland, Scotland, Roumania, Hungary, Austria, Italy, Spain and Portugal.

No two traveling companions were ever more congenial than were Drs. Gambrell and Mullins. They did not rush, but made the trip leisurely. Yet Dr. Gambrell's enthusiasm and keen interest in the people, caused him to exert himself more strenuously than was safe for him.

In December they returned to the United States, to face immediately numerous calls to tell of Baptists in Europe. Dr. Gambrell accepted many invitations, and was going at his usual stride, to the delight of great audiences or conferences awaiting him everywhere. On February 23, 1921, he preached at Wichita Falls, Texas. The next morning he arrived at Fort Worth, and decided to walk uptown from the railway station. The distance was short, and he liked to walk. On the way he felt weak and stopped to rest. He came home to Dallas and took to his bed. Physicians were called who made a thorough examination. They offered no hope for his recovery.

Henceforth, he stayed at home, except on Sunday, May 29, 1921, when he attended a service at the First Baptist Church, Dallas, to hear Dr. J. H. Rushbrooke of London, Commissioner of the Baptist World Alliance for Europe, preach. Dr. Gambrell said a few words introducing Dr. Rushbrooke, and was intensely interested in the service. This was his last public appearance. He returned home and gradually declined until June 10, when the end came. It was the closing of a truly great and useful life, consecrated to all the Master loves. "And the world passeth away, and the lust thereof; but he that doeth the will of God abideth forever."

*I cannot, as this article passes through my hands on its way to the press, refrain from inserting a footnote regarding this Conference. After the recommendation to appoint me had been unanimously adopted, Dr. Gambrell was the first to speak to me. He was seated close behind, and leaned over to whisper: "You must not refuse." The clear and unhesitating judgment of this man was an important factor in shaping my decision. J. H. R.

Our Devotional Meeting

August F. Runtz

May 14, 1933

Problems in Homes

Eph. 6:1-4

Obedient Children. Obedience to parents is not simply an arbitrary matter, but an underlying principle. It is a basic law of society that filial obedience leads to stalwart manhood and womanhood. The loyalties of afterlife take their coloring from lessons learned at home in the plastic years of life. Paul gives a reason for this obedience as he quotes the old law: "That it may be well with thee, and thou mayest live long on the earth." How true that has always been we can readily see by tracing the history of godly families anywhere. We often hear it said that there is less obedience in the home today than there was a generation ago. This is doubtless so. However, the type of obedience today may be a much higher quality than formerly, for all too often obedience was enforced absolutely through fear. Children should obey, but not as a slave obeys his master.

Gentle Parents. The Apostle warns parents against angering their children by unfair and oppressive treatment. Fathers must control their children by other means than physical force. By this means they may control the minds, but never the affections, of their children. And when the affection is lost, all is lost. They are also warned against irritating their children by constant nagging. (Col. 3:21.) A man resents a nagging wife and children lose respect for a nagging mother. Parents should demand obedience of their children but not in a way that causes children to lose respect and love for parents. In firmness there must be kindness and chuminess.

Happy Homes. Many things enter in to make a real home. The house does not make a home, and yet what a difference a house does make. Ugliness, filth, bare walls and floors, lack of even the simplest comforts are all very conducive to discontent, dissatisfaction, quarrelling and the eventual shunning of the place, that ought to be the most cherished spot on earth. Cleanliness, neatness, and cheerfulness, a prepared meal, a neat wife and a clean baby will all tend toward making the family a happy unit. Besides these there must be loyalty and trust, love and respect, the sharing of burdens and of joys. But above all Jesus Christ must be acknowledged in the home and God's Word must be opened and read.

May 21, 1933

What Parts of the World Are Still Without Christ?

Acts 16:8-13

Why the World Needs Christ. In Acts 4:12, where Peter is speaking of Christ,

we read: "There is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved." In Christ, and in Christ alone, lies the hope of the world. If Christ cannot speak the word that will take away our night of doubt and fear, and bring peace to the human breast, that word will never be spoken. And if he cannot lift the world out of the mire of sin, and place it on the way of righteousness and brotherliness, no one else can. Therefore it is so essential that all the world know the saving power of Jesus Christ.

Much of America still without Christ. Very often when we think of a world without Christ our thoughts almost automatically cross the oceans to Africa, India, etc. But are there not many spots of our land both in city and country still unchurched, and large areas of our life unpermeated by the spirit of Christ? Less than one-half of our people are members of any church, and many whose names are in church books hardly ever darken the door of a church. But much worse than these conditions is the fact that so much of our life is still purely pagan. Much of our so-called Christianity is only skin-deep; the blood and bones are still pagan.

E. Stanley Jones says: "We recognize now that paganism is not something on the map geographical. It is something of the spirit, moral and spiritual. There are no longer merely geographical pagan frontiers but moral pagan frontiers, and the frontiers we recognize can be at the home base as well as in foreign lands."

Large areas of the world where his name is unknown. Approximately one-third of the people in the world are nominally Christian. Of the other two-thirds many have heard of Christ but there are still millions who have never even heard his name. Following are some excerpts from the book "The Supreme Need of the World Today." "Why is Tibet with scarcely one messenger of the Lord Jesus? Why have the churches failed to carry Christ to her six million?" "Lying to the west of Nepal is Afghanistan with her four million and little Bekhara with her million and a half and these people have scarcely one messenger of the cross." "... in Southeastern Asia is a territory where live more than twenty million people, and in this territory there is scarcely a missionary to be found." "In this land of Livingstone and Stanley of such dire need, here where the spiritual pall is thick and black, there are between sixty-five and seventy-five million people whom the multitudes of churches ... made no attempt to reach." Do these conditions challenge our Christianity?

May 28, 1933

How May We Be True to the Missionary Spirit of Jesus?

Matt. 28:16-20

The missionary spirit is essential for our own life. We have heard how no fish can live in the Dead Sea. Why is this? Fundamentally it is because the Dead Sea takes and takes, yet never gives; it has no outlet. In somewhat the same way whenever a church or an individual Christian begins to think about itself and forgets the needs of the world outside, it too is on the way to decay and death. Christianity can be kept only by giving it away. If our own spiritual life is to remain vital we must take an interest in lost souls.

"For we must share if we would keep That good thing from above: Ceasing to give, we cease to have; Such is the law of love."

By going into our world. "It is popularly supposed that 'Go....' is an appeal to enter the ministry, and especially to go as a missionary. The vast majority of Christians has never dreamed that it is a personal individual command to every child of God to go into his own personal world and do soul-winning witnessing to every creature.... It is a command to every Christian to go with the Gospel testimony to every lost one in his own personal world, as well as a command for those who are providentially separated unto the work to go out into every corner of the geographical world."

Of course we must ourselves have some thing more than second-hand religion. If we simply repeat the pious phrases of someone else, we shall not get far. But when we have experienced Christ in our own lives, and he has become a living reality to us, then we shall have something to take into our world.

By doing the kind of work he did. As we read the Gospel story we are amazed at the amount of time Jesus spent healing broken bodies and broken lives. We are sure that he would have us carry on his work. We must bring souls to Christ to be saved, but we must also teach them how to live, for people have minds which may become poisoned with false ideas about life. We must remember that people have bodies too, which need food, and shelter, and medical attention, and healthful surroundings, and a wholesome environment. To carry on his mission we must do the things for our generation which he did for his, for we are his representatives.

May 1, 1933

June 4, 1933

God Working Through Us in Everyday Life

1 Cor. 3:9-15

Christ built his Church through men. When Jesus was still in the flesh he said: "I will build my church," and he has been building it through the centuries by means of human beings. The apostle Paul says: "I have planted, Apollos watered; but God gave the increase." In other words, he and Apollos were but the instruments in God's hands to build that church, that body of believers, in Corinth. God builds his kingdom by using men and women like ourselves. This is a great honor bestowed upon us, for it shows what great confidence God has in us.

When William Carey urged the Baptists of England to carry the Gospel to heathen lands one much older than himself rose and said: "Young man, sit down! When God gets ready to convert the heathen he will do it without you or me." How mistaken that old minister was! God does not write his message in flaming words across the sky, but speaks it through human lips.

God is manifested by the lives of men. In Acts, chapter 14, we have a very interesting account of Paul and Barnabas in the city of Lystra, who, during their stay, healed a man who had been a cripple all his life. After this most extraordinary event the people became very much excited and said: "The gods are come down to us in the likeness of men." By their words and actions those two missionaries were able to show God to that people in such a way that they believed them to be gods. This was possible because Paul and Barnabas permitted God to work through them. And that is exactly what God has always endeavored to do. He has spoken through the prophets; he has spoken through his Son. Jesus was utterly consecrated to God and therefore God could work so effectively through him, and he could say: "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." When we live like animals and follow our fleshly appetites, God cannot work through us, but when we desire to be Godlike, and follow spiritual aspirations, God is able to work through us and to show himself to the world.

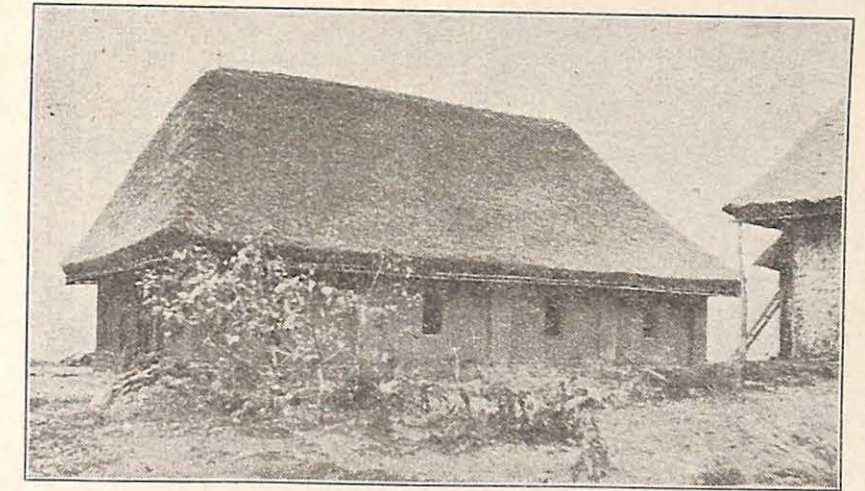
Sleeping Through or Afterwards

To sleep through a sermon is at least not so serious as to stay awake through the sermon and go to sleep afterward. The first may signify a weary body; the second signifies a torpid soul.

There are more who sleep afterwards than through the sermon.

* * *

Love is the only thing that makes all things work together for good. Everything else has failed. Law has failed, education has failed, science has failed, organization has failed.—John McDowell.



The unfinished chapel at Belo, Cameroon. Even though the chapel is well built, the cost of construction was less than \$100.

Missionary Orthner's Interesting Letter

Belo-Bekom, February 21, 1933.

Dear Brother Kuhn:—

I thank you very much for your long, kind and encouraging letter of December 21. I am always glad to find a letter from you in my mail. As I know you are very busy just now I appreciate it the more that you take the time to write letters to us missionaries. Your visit and your addresses in the churches of the Atlantic Conference have brought me many a card and letter. The writers of same informed me that you told them how lonely the missionary often gets and how little mail is being sent to him. Since Christmas I do not need to complain of getting too little mail, for the wish which our Brother John Schmidt expressed in his letter has almost come true. The wish was that I might get "tornadoes" of letters.

In about two weeks Brother and Sister Bender will arrive in Victoria. But I am so busy and since Christmas I traveled so much that I cannot go to the coast although a conference of the missionary workers is very necessary. However, all of us should take part in it. At the time Brother and Sister Sieber will return, traveling will not be so favorable on account of the beginning of the rainy season.

I am very glad Brother Bender has been appointed representative of our mission in Cameroon.

Almost throughout the whole month of January and half of February I was engaged in touring my missionary field. Some of my experiences on this trip I have already reported to you in my last letter. Now I visited Bangolan. The church in Bangolan has now been almost rebuilt. On February 10 we had big meetings there and I could baptize ten believers. Since Christmas we had 87 baptisms in Bangolan and for this victory we praise the Lord. This is a district where we are doing just pioneer work.

Since my return to Cameroon I had some little trouble with my throat and

the doctor advised an operation, which however, cannot be performed here, unless I would go to the American Presbyterians in South Cameroon. Since February 16, however, I feel much better and I hope that this trouble has been removed entirely. I am thankful to the Lord for this help as it is an answer to prayers.

From your nephew, Charles Kuenne of Philadelphia, I received a wonderful package of seeds and in future I hope to have a better choice of vegetables on my table. This is very necessary for a European to keep up his health out here in Africa. I regret, however, not to have a "Köchin" who knows how to prepare these things better than I.

Except for the inner part the building of our church has been completed. This time we are making the benches out of bamboo which will be a little more comfortable than the sitting-poles were in the old chapel. Since Christmas the meetings have been better attended and it is now necessary for us to have a larger meeting place. The main part of the dry season is over. Yesterday and the day before we had the first rain, and also tornadoes. Enormous swarms of grasshoppers are already attacking our district, but they cannot do any harm until the new seed has sprung up. The rainy season here may be too cool for them and they may pass on to the Sudan.

Very sincerely yours,
A. ORTHNER.

Got His Number

A man walked into a shoestore accompanied by his wife and ten children, and said to the clerk: "I want to git the hull lot of 'em fitted up in shoes."

After two hours of hard work the clerk succeeded in getting each one fitted, and was beginning to make out the bill.

"Oh, don't bother about that," said the man. "I don't want to buy the shoes. 'I just want to get the sizes so's I can order 'em from Rears, Soebuck & Co.'"—Forbes.

* * *

If no one would join a church, there would be no church.

Keziah Coffin

(Continued from page 10)

was sure you must be worth knowing. I hope you won't believe I went to your father's meeting with any—"

"No, no! Jumpin' Moses, man! I don't find fault with you for that. I understand, I guess."

"Well, if you don't mind the fact that I am what I am, I'd like to shake hands with you."

Nat reached down a big brown hand.

"Same here," he said. "Always glad to shake hands with a chap as well recommended as you are. Yes, indeed, I mean it. You see, you've got a friend that's a friend of mine, and when she guarantees a man to be A. B., I'll ship him without any more questions."

"Well, then, good-by. I hope we shall meet again and often. And I certainly thank you for—"

"That's all right. Maybe you'll fish me out of the drink some day; you never can tell. So long! Git dap, Gen'ral Scott!"

He drove off up the beach, but before he turned the corner of the nearest dune he called back over his shoulder:

"Say, Mr. Ellery, if you think of it you might give my regards to—to—er—the lady that's keepin' house for you."

Breakfast had waited nearly an hour when the minister reached home. Keziah, also, was waiting and evidently much relieved at his safe arrival.

"Sakes alive!" she exclaimed, as she met him at the back door. "Where in the world have you been, Mr. Ellery? Soakin' wet again, too!"

Ellery replied that he had been for a walk out to the bar. He sat down on the step to remove the borrowed boots. A small rivulet of salt water poured from each as he pulled them off.

"For a walk! A swim, you mean. How could you get in up to your waist if you just walked? Did you fall down?"

"No, not exactly. But I waited too long and the tide headed me off."

"Mercy on us! You mustn't take chances on that tide. If you'd told me you was goin', I'd have warned you to hurry back."

"Oh, I've been warned often enough. It was my own fault, as usual. I'm not sure that I don't need a guardian."

"Humph! well, I ain't sure either. Was the channels very deep?"

"Deep enough. The fact is, that I might have got into serious trouble if I hadn't been picked up."

He told briefly the story of his morning's adventure. The housekeeper listened with growing excitement.

"Heavens to Betsy!" she interrupted. "Was the channel you planned to swim the one at the end of the flat by the longest weir leader?"

"Yes."

"My soul! there's been two men drowned in that very place at half tide. And they were good swimmers. After this I shan't dare to let you out of my sight."

"So? Was it as risky as that? Why, Captain Hammond didn't tell me so. I must owe him more even than I thought."

"Yes, I guess you do. He wouldn't tell you, though; that ain't his way. Deary me! for what we've received let us be thankful. And that reminds me that biscuits ought to be et when they're first made, not after they've been dried up on the back of the stove forever and ever amen. Go and change those wet things of yours and then we'll eat. Tryin' to swim the main channel on the flood! My soul and body!"

"Captain Nat sent his regards to you, Mrs. Coffin," said the minister, moving toward the stairs.

"Did he?" was the housekeeper's reply. "Want to know!"

(To be continued)

Gum and Giggles

(Concluded from page 7)

The Result

At the end of two months Marjorie sought out Miss Rice. As eagerly as if she had won another basketball game for her beloved Alma Mater, she poured forth her story.

"We've tried all the things you suggested, and I must say most of them worked. We moved downstairs, put er-tonne on the screens, and twice a month we meet during the week, as you suggested. We've had two joint parties. One was a candy pull—sort of messy,

but it broke up any embryo petting parties.

"The officers are better now about interrupting, though I don't think the superintendent has quite gotten the idea yet. We don't give out papers till after class, so nobody reads them in lesson time. And most of the gang don't yawn, except that incorrigible Wilde child.

"I've tried to teach the lesson better. I don't think I'm very good yet, but the girls are really wanting to do some of the things suggested in the 'Journal,' like making a young people's code. Besides, they want to earn some money for that perfectly sweet young missionary who spoke here last Sunday. They are going to organize.

"I think they are really so much interested that they forget not to be attentive. In fact," she corrected herself, "I've learned from one of those dandy books you gave me that they were paying attention all the time—only to things besides the lesson. They aren't perfect yet by a long shot, but they are better. Part of it, I hope, is because I'm a little better teacher. But the gum"—Marjorie looked downcast.

Miss Rice smiled. "Now that you've tackled one problem successfully, aren't you ready for the next?"

"Wait a while," said Marjorie. "Maybe I can even quell the gum. I shall put it down as the next problem."—Church School Journal—Adapted.

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