

The Baptist Herald

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GERMAN BAPTIST YOUNG PEOPLE'S AND SUNDAY SCHOOL WORKERS' UNION

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If I Were Twenty-One Again

IF I were twenty-one again, I would give the flower of my youth to Jesus Christ. I would begin life with him. I would not wait until my hair had grown white in the service of sin and then offer to the world's Redeemer the ashes of a misspent life—I would begin with Jesus. I would not try and understand all that he said or all that has been said about him. I would just surrender my life to him. Just that. I would take him for my hero, my ideal, my peerless one, my soul's partner, my secret fellow, my heart's joy—nothing less than that. I would fix my soul's vision on the brow that was once garlanded with a thorny crown of hate and for that blessed head I would weave a garland of light.

What's Happening

Mr. Herman Lorenz of Germany, who entered our Seminary at Rochester last year, after spending four years in the Baptist Theological Seminary at Hamburg, Germany, is following studies this year in the Northern Baptist Theological Seminary, Chicago.

Rev. G. R. Kampfer, who has recently returned to Oak Park, Ill., from missionary service in Assam, will be the supply of our church at Pekin, Ill., during the time of his furlough. He will move with his family to Pekin and begin his work there some time in October.

Rev. C. F. Tiemann has resigned as pastor of the Mt. Zion church, Geary Co., Kans., which he has served a number of years. Bro. Tiemann will retire from the active ministry, chiefly on account of Mrs. Tiemann's health. He closes his work at Mt. Zion the end of October.

Miss Minnie S. Dickau of our Edmondton, Alta., church has entered the Northern Baptist Theological Seminary, Chicago, this fall to take the two-years course in preparing for home missionary work. Miss Dickau was formerly superintendent of the Sunday school in the Edmondton church and active in young people's work in general.

General Secretary Wm. Kuhn, D. D., attended the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the church at Tyn-dall, S. D., Sept. 26, as one of the special guest preachers on this notable occasion. He will also be present and officiate at the dedication of the new church edifice of our congregation at Regina, Sask., on Oct. 3. This new church home will cost about \$10,000.

Rev. W. S. Argow will be the new pastor of the Central Church, Erie, Pa., and the hearts of the members are glad. Bro. Argow resigned his pastorate at Madison, S. D., after nine years of faithful and achieving ministry. The Madison people at first refused to accept the resignation, but reluctantly did so at Bro. Argow's wish. He will begin his new charge in Erie early in November.

The Washington German Baptist Young People's and Sunday School Convention wishes to extend their heartiest thanks to Miss E. Ahrens of Tacoma, Wash., for the instructive essay entitled, "What can the Scholar expect from the Sunday school?" which she wrote for the benefit of those who were present at the convention, held at Spokane, Wash., Sept. 5 and 6. ARTHUR LUCHS, Sec.

Rev. R. A. Schmidt has decided to terminate his work as pastor of the Miller Memorial Church, Baltimore, Md., after a pastorate of four years. His resignation took effect the end of September. Bro. Schmidt has served bi-lingual pastorates for the last twelve years and is enjoying fine health. The Lord blessed his work. He is available for another

pastorate and for supply work in the meantime.

The First German Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., Rev. Paul Wengel, pastor, issued a splendid souvenir program for the 28th session of the Atlantic Conference, which convened with the church Aug. 25-29. It was neat and serviceable, well illustrated and contained a selection of English hymns for use in the sessions. Rev. H. von Berge of Dayton, O., was the special speaker at the Young People's and Sunday school workers' mass meeting on Sunday afternoon.

General Secretary Bretschneider was the speaker at a young people's meeting held in the First Church, Chicago, Rev. H. C. Baum, pastor, on Tuesday evening, Sept. 14. Mr. Pfaff, the outgoing president of the young people's society of the local church, presided. The young people's societies of the other Chicago churches had been invited and in spite of a rainy night, many were present. The Editor was also present and was called forward for a brief speech. The meeting expressed itself in favor of an institute to be held next spring and requested the officials of the Chicago Jugendbund to make arrangements for the same.

A New Organization of Washington Young People

The first Washington German Baptist Young People and Sunday School Convention took place at the German Baptist Church at Spokane, Wash., on September 5 and 6.

The purpose of this Convention is to create united bonds of Christian fellowship among our young people, awakening Christian responsibilities and developing a contagious Christian influence.

The church was very artistically decorated for the occasion, the pulpit platform was fairly banked with the most gorgeous autumn blossoms.

The program was exceedingly well planned so that the splendid speeches and talks delivered served educationally and also inspirationally to the hearers. The organization elected as its first president Rev. C. E. Panke, Spokane; vice-president, Eugene Mohr, Colfax; secretary, Arthur Luchs, Lind. These officers were authorized by the Convention to draw up a constitution and to determine the time and place for the next meeting of the Convention.

The sessions were enriched by messages offered through songs in the form of solos, duets, trios, quartets, choruses and devotional moments. Most appetizing food was served in the basement of the church for the convenience of the guests. At the close of the Convention the visitors were taken on a sight-seeing trip through the city and then to the

Park where a final song service was rendered, everyone taking part to the best of his ability and to the honor and glory of God.

A wonderful spirit of harmony prevailed throughout the entire Convention. Although the Convention was well attended by the young people it was revered by the presence of many elderly folks and the following ministers: Rev. Panke of Spokane, Rev. Reichert of Spokane, Rev. Klingbeil of Colfax, Rev. Schmid of Startup, Rev. Luchs of Lind and Rev. Christensen of Odessa.

ALICE MOHR.

Birthday Celebration and Resignation

On the 27th of August the whole Mount Zion Church, Geary Co., Kans., turned out to scatter a few flowers on the path of its second oldest member, Grandpa Zoschke, he having reached the age of eighty years on that day. It proved out to be a double affair. Grandma Zoschke's birthday, which had been only three days previous, was also taken into consideration. A worthwhile evening was spent. Light refreshments, sandwiches, cake and ice cream, were served, followed with singing and an address by the pastor, Bro. Tiemann, on "When thou shalt be old."

Joy and sorrow often go hand in hand. Mount Zion was greatly saddened by the resignation of its beloved pastor, Bro. Tiemann, who, with his resignation as pastor of Mount Zion, retires from the active ministry, largely due to the prolonged illness of Sister Tiemann. They will move to Okeene, Okla., to be near their youngest daughter, Margaret, who will assist them in their declining years.

C. A. ZOSCHKE.

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Rev. A. P. Mihm, Editor

Contributing Editors:

Albert Bretschneider A. A. Schade
O. E. Krueger G. W. Pust

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The Baptist Herald

The Gift of Speech

SOME sage has given us the advice: "While thou livest keep a good tongue in thy head." Solomon says: "A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in baskets of silver."

We live in a chattering age. We may not be charming conversationalists as people of former days have been described, but none the less, we do talk. There is endless talk and floods of oratory about all the problems that are concerned with the heavens above, with the earth beneath and with human society on the earth. Much tongue and much judgment seldom go together, for talking and thinking are two quite different faculties.

There is as much difference between the talk of some people as between the hour and the minute hand of a clock: one goes twelve times as fast and the other signifies twelve times as much.

Think of the myriads of words that are uttered each day! Most of them are trivial, many thoughtless, some stupid and perhaps some are false and cruel. Then think of the earnest and almost appalling declaration of Jesus that for every idle, ineffectual word that men speak they will have to give account in the day of judgment.

Nevertheless, speech is one of the greatest of all human gifts. Among the lower animals one finds only a few crude mumblings that mean very little. To man alone has been given the boon of fluent and expressive speech. We ought to recognize the unusualness, the dignity and responsibility of human speech.

Speech is a channel by which the soul reaches out to touch that of its fellow. "The eye and ear, the taste and touch are windows for letting the great outer world into the secret sanctuary, but the tongue is the one door through which the soul steps out." Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. The words he speaks are inevitably a specimen of the man. It is himself that he utters. Our speech is an expression of our inner lives.

Speech—Blessing or Cursing?

SPEECH is often so degraded as to serve the lowest interests in life. A low tone of conversation breeds a low tone of morals and most people dare do the things they talk about. Some words are corrupting, ugly, ruinous and leave a trail of slime. Gossip, slander, the "white lie," the story that shades off into uncleanness, the direct and deliberate untruth, these are some of the ways in which the tongue offends. When children are permitted to make fun of the church and the Bible, religion is doomed. When the sexes begin to jest about the

mysteries of manhood and womanhood, the days of virtue are numbered.

Speech is a power that man may use for the highest and noblest purposes. A word can be a comfort if it is the right one. Our talk can be made an agency for the uplift and breadth of life. It can gladden the home. A word of love to someone in the family will bind the hearts and lives closer together. Our speech can enliven games and sports. It can flame out in the passion of eloquence and charge men's souls with new resolution. Nothing can fire to higher ideals and levels than does a Christian word. A word spoken for God is immortal. The wise man is the man who uses words for God.

The Silent Listener

WE have often seen a card hung up in some homes with these words upon it:

Christ is the unseen Guest in this house,
The silent listener to every conversation.

If the people who live in these homes always remember the silent listener, how it must improve their talk. The motto must remind us of overheard conversations. What if our Lord would ask us as he did the two going to Emmaus: "What words are these that ye exchange one with another?"

Momentous words! Joy, sorrow, cheer, success, ruin, shame, remorse, happiness and destiny are all bound up in our words. "By thy words thou shalt be justified and by thy words shalt thou be condemned." To every thoughtful man the power of speech brings solemn obligation. "Life and death are in the power of the tongue."

Let us strive to pull our conversation out of the mire of tainted and tattling trivialities and petty personalities into the realm of living, pulsating and inspiring issues. The prayer should often be made, "Set a watch, O Lord! before my mouth; keep the door of my lips."

When Silence Is Not Golden

OUR speech can be used in words of approval and commendation. Every man is ordained to the ministry of cheer-inspiring words and deeds. There are crisis-hours in the life of every human being when he requires encouragement.

The work was well done and it is worth an appreciative word. If you have done your best and longed for a word of approval and did not get it,—you know what it feels like. Don't give another that experience. Don't be afraid of causing "swelled head." A word of praise will produce even better

work. It doesn't take much time or effort to step up to the preacher, to take him by the hand and say: "Pastor, your sermon helped me this morning." Your organist, your choir, your choir leader will get fresh spirit and enthusiasm from the appreciative words of their listeners.

Speak the word of thanks. We take things so much for granted, especially from those who are dearest to us. We so often forget to say "Thank you." Perhaps we are not demonstrative and don't want to seem gushing; perhaps we just forget. But we owe thanks to those who are continually performing for us little acts of service and love, asking for nothing in return. Don't let us leave our "Thank you" until it is too late. Say it. It is true what some one has picturesquely said, "An ounce of taffy is worth more than a ton of epitaphy."

They say, silence is golden. Sometimes silence is leaden. There are times when silence is wisdom; there are other times when silence is a crime. It is a crime to leave unsaid the things that might have helped or soothed or cheered. To keep still when you can say a few kind words rubs the gold all off silence.

"The Leaden Image," A New Dialogue

We are glad to announce a new and interesting missionary dialogue, entitled "The Leaden Image." The author of this original sketch is Mr. Eugene P. Koppin of the Ebenezer Church, Detroit. His production was given with great success there. At our request Mr. Koppin had placed the dialogue at our disposal for wider service among our young people.

The scene of the prologue is laid in Ann Arbor, Mich. The main part portrays a stirring episode and critical situation on a missionary field in Africa. There are eight parts in the cast, seven for young men, one for a young woman. This dialogue will give the young men in our B. Y. P. U.'s and in the organized classes a fine chance to render a good dialogue.

We have had this dialogue mimeographed at our office and will gladly supply a set of 8 parts for the nominal sum of 75 cents and postage to pay for costs. If you are looking for material of this kind, here's your opportunity. Address Rev. A. P. Mihm, Box 4, Forest Park, Ill.

How Simon Johnson Became Simon Stone

O. E. KRUEGER

Finding the Fisherman It is not always easy to find the man you are looking for, not even with a lantern in broad daylight, as did the philosopher of old. Jesus needed men whose minds were still plastic. He came to mould men, not to carve dead images in granite blocks. Their mental makeup must also have the toughness of new wine-skins, that they might not burst under the strain of the new fermentation process. He needed men of daring buoyancy and manly vigor. He must find them among the raw materials and inspire them for the task. Such men had been attracted by the preach-

ing of John the Baptist. Among these a man, Andrew by name, believed to have made a great discovery which he must share with his brother called Simon. Fortunately Simon's spirit had not been atrophied in the stifling atmosphere of petty theological discussion. He had grown strong amidst the perils of the sea. At least at two occasions Jesus tells him that he must become a fisher of men.

Nicknaming the Netter Nicknames are generally harmless. No particular evil is wrought by changing Emil into "Opie," or

Carl into "Skimm" or "Highpockets," or Dorothy into "Dot," or Samuel Langhorn Clemens into "Mark Twain." But such names as "Nosy," "Pie-face," "Piggie" and "Dumb-Bell" are decidedly harmful. Think of going through life with such a highly complimentary name as "Puddinhead." We should have enough Christian kindness not to increase the agony of those who are mentally or physically handicapped. Jesus indulged somewhat in nicknaming. He saw the possibilities of Simon the son of Jonas, or as we would say today, Simon Johnson. A father's name, whether good or bad, is very often a disadvantage. A good name may be an inspiration to a lad, it may, however, bring to him the temptation of resting upon that reputation rather than spurring him on to self-achievement. Simon Johnson must cut loose from his moorings. He must forget that he is Simon Johnson. He must have a career of his own. Jesus changes his name and calls him Simon Stone. That sounds good in our tongue. What Jesus said was "Cephas." The Greeks said "Petros." Every Bible reader knows that that means "Rock." Thus the Master changed the name of Simon Johnson into "Simon Stone." And thus he gave him a great goal to live up to, a name to fill with real meaning. What a challenge! Throughout the years of fellowship with Jesus, Simon Stone had received many tokens of the Master's confidence. Such distinctions are not without danger. Sometimes they develop an overdone self-consciousness. Simon Stone became very sure of himself, regarding himself as the outstanding exception in loyalty to the limit. All may deny the Master, but surely the Master may count on him to go into death for the ideal cause.

Poor Petering Peter Petering is a good English word found in the miner's vocabulary and refers to a seam that becomes thin. It is said to "peter out." Some one has written a very clever little pamphlet on "Petering." It would be very interesting if Prof. Meyer could tell us just how the miners coined the phrase "petering out." Was it the thick layer of Simon Stone's self-confidence that "petered out" when he, instead of dying with the Master, was found to follow him afar off. That same chilly night, while Peter stood in the palace court warming himself, being three times accused of discipleship, he enforced his denial with oaths and curses. Poor Peter in whom the Master had put so much faith, how he had failed him! But the Master's positive suggestion, given in that nickname, had not been wasted.

Sobbing Simon Simon Stone had not arrived. Simon was still merely the son of Jonas. How bitterly he wept over his failure. But Jesus did not cast him off. The risen Savior instructs the women to inform the disciples, but does not add, "Tell that weak man Johnson too that I have risen." Indeed not. Rather: "Tell my disciples and Peter" (Stone). He casts no reflection upon him. He does not withdraw the name of honor. Simon's friends are still to know him as Simon Stone, not as Simon Johnson. He himself must be reminded of his lowly origin. Not only that however, he must know that the Master has not lost confidence in him. Alone he addresses him three times as Simon son of John and not as Simon Stone. Peter is grieved very much that the question concerning his love should be put three times. But the commission: "Feed my lambs, feed my sheep" must have gladdened his aching heart.

"Stonewall Stone" We know the story of "Stonewall Jackson." The days came when it could have been said of this erstwhile coward: "There stands Simon Johnson like a stonewall. "Stonewall Stone" is an accomplished fact. He was made possible because someone had faith in him even in the hour of failure. The fine art of making positive suggestions is rare indeed. Jesus was a master in that art indeed. "Go and sin no more!" What a challenge! How much we might learn from him!

The Foundation

EDWARD S. LEWIS

WE are blessed with our senses: and how many have we? Not so easy to count them. We have five special senses, to begin with; and then there is the muscular sense by which we perceive weight, and the hunger sense, and the thirst sense, and the fatigue sense, and so on. But above them all is common sense; also below them and beyond them all.

It is the foundation of intelligence, if it is not intelligence itself. It is what gives poise and direction and effort to the rudimentary powers. We may call it sagacity, or the level head, or practical wisdom, or just plain gumption. But it is more to be desired than gold, yea, than much fine gold, and it is sweeter than honey and the honeycomb.

We know a man who, if he has to move a log out of his path, will always take hold of its heavy end; and that is what he does in all his difficulties: he seems to seek the hard way out of them. A mother said to her heedless son, "John, if you lose your cap once it is bad enough; but if you lose it every day you are disgraced." A boy said that his sister, if she wanted a thimble, a button, a needle and thread, would make four trips to get them. A colored preacher told one of his flocks that if he should be kicked by a mule once that would be a misfortune; but if he should let the same mule kick him again it would be punishment.

A boy went to prayer meeting with his mother, at her earnest asking. On the way home he said: "I didn't hear anybody pray for common sense."

"Well, what of it?" asked his mother.

"Seems to me that that is what some of them most need," was the reply. "Jonas Brown prayed long and loud for 'the power,' and he is all the time doing fool things. Right now he is out of a job. He had a good one, but he slighted it. He would come late, and he would mix around with the men talking politics and a little of everything. The boss called him down every now and then. The other day he did so, and Jonas flared up and told him that he guessed he put in a good day's work, that he did as much as any of them, and why did he single him out to pick on him, anyway? So the boss told him that he was tired out and fired him. All the matter with Jonas is he hasn't got sense."

A good minister of Jesus Christ, who has served one church for many years, says that for a long pastorate it is necessary for the church members to have both religion and common sense; and that if they cannot have both it had better be common sense than religion. This is rather startling, but he defends the statement by quoting a bishop who said this to the conference class: "My brothers, you should get married, for every minister should be the husband of one wife. Get a wife that has both common sense and religion; but if you cannot find one that has both, get one that has common sense rather than religion. For if she has common sense she will get religion, and then she will have both; but if she has religion and not common sense, she will likely lose her religion when she will have neither; and then may God have mercy on your souls."

This is a novel putting of the case, but there is something in it. We must know God before we can love him; and we must know him and his ways and plans fairly well before we can serve him profitably and acceptably. "With all thy gettings, get understanding," said the Wise Man. "Wisdom is the principal thing," now and evermore. No man can glorify God with his ignorance or folly. By this he is mocked. His creatures are disgraced, and this always means the dishonoring of the Creator. We owe our Maker the best activities of our intelligence.

We know how common it is for people to talk about "heart religion" and even to decry knowledge. But God is the fountain of knowledge, after all; and we need this supremely if we are to honor him with our disposition and character, and glorify him with our service. It is a very thoughtless thing to cast any aspersions whatsoever upon God's bright gift of knowledge. And to point the finger at a smart rascal is no argument against education. We should keep things straight. A bad man is not made bad by what he knows, nor is a good man's folly covered by his virtues. Whatever else we may pray for, we should ask God for wisdom. The prayer of Solomon is a wonderful lesson.—The Classmate.

For Bible Study

The Minor Prophets—Haggai

A. P. MIHM

Haggai, Zechariah and Malachi are the post captivity prophets. They exercised their office after the return of the Jews from the exile at Babylon. The great majority of the Old Testament prophets bore their testimony *before* that epoch-making event. Only two, Ezekiel and Daniel, prophesied *during* the captivity.

A New Prophetic Era

With Haggai therefore we enter upon a new phase of prophecy, that of the prophets who lived *after* the exile. Prophets they still were and their utterances still possess the highest importance, but it has been pointed out with some truth, that they are lacking in the impassioned fervor, the splendid poetry and the penetrating style of their greater predecessors. The humble and depressed circumstances of the nation are reflected in their very utterances and the form in which they find expression. But after all, we do not read and value Haggai for his style but for his message. Though the style of Haggai is prosaic and full of repetitions, the success which attended his exhortations is sufficient proof that they were well adapted for their purpose. Haggai felt what the moment needed and that is the supreme mark of a prophet. He succeeded in getting men to take up the duty at their feet. Dods says: "No prophet appeared at a more critical juncture in the history of the people and it may be added, no prophet was more immediately successful."

The name Haggai means "the Festal" and probably indicates that he was born on some Jewish feast day. Nothing more is known of Haggai than his name and the facts given in his book.

Keeps Exact Note of Dates

He has carefully preserved even to the very day the date of his prophecies, which were confined to the narrow period of four months. Haggai began to prophesy in the sixth month of the second year of Darius, the King. (1:1.) This king was probably Darius Hystaphes. These prophecies all belong to B. C. 520 and were delivered in the sixth, seventh and ninth months of the year, seventeen years after the return of the Jews from Babylon. No doubt, as Farrar says, they were delivered orally in the hearing of the people gathered at the festivals of the new moon and of Tabernacles and at the period of autumn rains.

These prophecies, consisting of only two chapters in our Bible, all center in the one object of demanding and encouraging the completion of the temple, of which as yet only the foundations had been laid more than fourteen years before. We learn from the books of Ezra and Nehemiah under what difficulties and obstructions the Jews labored in re-

building the temple and reorganizing the commonwealth and the services of Judaism. Opposition and discouragement met them on every side.

The Prophet of the Practical

Haggai has been called the "prophet of the practical." He dealt with the immediate. When the Jews returned from Babylon to Jerusalem, they were a feeble folk, beset by difficulties and burdened with a task that seemed almost too great for human strength. They were inspired by memories of a great past and had hopes for a greater future but were sorely pressed by their present poverty and necessary toil. To find food and shelter, to restore some sort of social order, to lay foundations for the new state seemed all that they could possibly accomplish.

This One Thing I Do

Haggai had set his heart on one thing, the rebuilding of the temple. He was a man of faith whose one business was that of persuading the people to do one thing: "Arise and Build" (1:2-11). His first address reproaches the people for listening to the dilatory advisers, who tried to persuade them that the time for continuing the work was not opportune. He points out the danger of a false content, the wickedness of waiting.

It seemed to the returned exiles that this matter of building was a matter that might be postponed until the absolute necessities of life were more secure. The danger that confronted Haggai was not idolatry but secularism. He sees his countrymen unsuccessful, greedy for self-interest, occupied in building and adorning their own houses, dead to patriotic inspiration and listening to selfish excuses. Haggai was assured deep in his soul that the rebuilding of the temple was an absolute necessity to their material life. Without it the continuity of their religious life could not be sustained. They needed some central object of devotion around which their new life might organize and be developed.

Haggai's Real Purpose

It is a mistake to think that Haggai was zealous only for the restoration of ecclesiastical functions or that he imagined ritual and sacrifice constitute religion and buy the favor of God. He urged the restoration of divinely ordained means of grace by which alone the moral and spiritual blessings for which Israel had always stood could be realized. Being spiritual pilgrims what center could they have other than the house of God? Less wordliness, more holiness, more thought for God and his temple is the lesson Haggai would impress.

The response of the people to the preaching of Haggai was prompt and cordial. Within twenty-three days the people were on the job. The work of the rebuilding of the temple was begun and carried through. (1:12 ff.)

His Other Addresses

The second address encourages the people with the assurance that the latter glory of the house shall be greater than the former. (2:1-9.) This is the most remarkable part of Haggai's prophecy. He kindles their dwindling courage by a definite and magnificent promise (2:6, 7; Hebr. 12:25-29), "There is always a better thing at hand than anything the past has seen, better that is, for today, for the present time." (Morgan.) "The silver is mine and the gold is mine, saith the Lord of hosts." Omnipotence is on the side of the men of faith who will put the cause of God in the foreground of life.

The third address promises them that from the day when they seriously undertook the task, God's anger, which has long been shown in years of drought and famine, should be changed into blessing by fruitful harvests. (2:10-19.)

The fourth address conveys a brief special promise to the Davidic prince Zerubbabel. (2:20-23.) To Zerubbabel himself the promise was doubtless fulfilled in individual blessedness, but to the line which descended from him and centered in him, it was accomplished with infinite fullness. Haggai looks on Zerubbabel as a type of Christ. Through him were preserved to David's house "the sure mercies of David" and in both of the genealogies of the Lord Jesus—alike in that of Matthew and that of Luke—the name of Zerubbabel stands enshrined. (Matt. 1:12; Luke 3:27.)

Some Applications

1. Faithfulness is directly connected with material prosperity. Even the blessings of earth may depend—though they do not always and necessarily depend—on the honor which men pay to God. (1:6, 7.)
2. Discouragement is not an adequate reason for neglecting duties. Cease looking on the foes and look to God. Be strong and work.
3. When a good work is awaiting fulfillment, the time to do it is *now*. Putting off duty is an offense in the eyes of God. When we take our work strenuously in hand, we may look for his blessing and not before.

The Old and New Testament

The Old Testament *promises* the New; the New Testament *performs* the Old. The Old Testament *foreshadows* the New; the New Testament *fulfills* the Old. "Oh, that I knew where I might find him!" cried Job. "In the volume of THE BOOK it is written of me," said Christ, as foretold by the Psalmist (Ps. 40:7 and Heb. 10:7). We can know nothing of Christ apart from this book, and nothing of this book apart from Christ.—Dr. Leon Tucker.

The Sunday School

On Puttering

An artist friend tells us of a brother artist who always kept his desk so neat, his tools in such perfect order, and his pencils so sharp that he never seemed to have time for bigger things. He was always puttering about the office, spending precious minutes on petty jobs. Today the putterer is working in a foundry. Our artist friend, whose desk perpetually looks as if a tornado has struck it, is making good in his profession.

This is not a plea for littered desks and disorder and dull tools. It may be that our successful artist friend could turn out even better work than he does if he would do a little better housekeeping in his office-studio. But he is not a putterer. He keeps busy at constructive work. He makes progress because he thinks of his job in big terms.

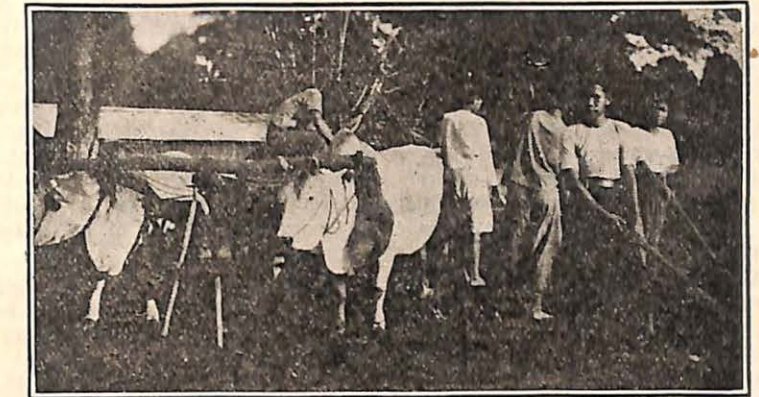
We have seen Sunday school superintendents who putter. A puttering superintendent will fuss with lesson leaves and distributing hymn books when he might better delegate such tasks to a fourteen-year-old boy. He will spend more time preparing lesson reviews and talks to the school than he will in lining up his staff for regular workers' conference. He is so busy making the wheels go round that he has no time for bringing his educational program up to date.

All of us have seen the puttering secretary. He goes from class to class, interrupting the teachers to get the class books and offering envelopes, so he can have plenty of time to prepare a useless report to be read, but not listened to or understood, at the close of lesson period. He putters with meaningless reports when he might be spending his time studying school statistics and shaping them up in such a striking way that they will hit folks squarely between the eyes.

And the puttering treasurer will count the pennies and nickels Sunday after Sunday without ever taking it into his head that it is his job to teach stewardship of possessions and to promote intelligent giving.

We might speak of the puttering chorister, who snaps his fingers and exhorts the boys and girls to sing more loudly inane songs when he might better be studying hymnology with a view to improving the school's worship in song; and of the department superintendent who apparently thinks of himself as a platform performer rather than the principal of a section of the church school.

Let us be done with puttering. That does not mean to shirk lesser tasks. It does mean living up to the bigness of our jobs.—The Officer.



School boys working the yoke of oxen in the Mission Compound, Myitkyina, Burma

Using Telegrams to Improve the Class

Is interest in your class flagging? Is it hard to get the members to suggest methods of improvement? If so, why not try this plan which was worked out in a Southern class? Telegrams played the leading part in this social.

First, the invitations were written on blank forms.

Second, during the business session each member was given a blank and requested to write in ten words a plan or suggestion as to one way of improving the class.

After all the messages were written, they were collected and read by the leader, and discussion of these plans helped to strengthen the weak places.—Exchange.

The Things That Endure

There is nothing ephemeral about the results gained in Sunday school work. They endure. Like the arrow found in an oak and the song still making music in the heart of a friend, are the gracious ministries rendered by the Sunday school teachers of the land. The examples they set, the words they speak, the sacrifices they make, the comfort they give, the influence they exert, are never lost.

Teachers must never forget that they are co-workers with God and he conserves the results of their labor. Somehow the faithfulness of Sunday school teachers is transmuted into the common virtues which stabilize life, into good will that gives it tone, into love that overcomes failure and defeat, into faith that removes mountains, into charity that makes common cause of misfortune, into character that reveals the goodness and justice of God.

There is no greater work under the sun than this. The very contemplation of it is an exhilaration. Both the work and the worker endure, and are bound up with the bundle of life in Jehovah.

Take heart, then, teachers; even eternity cannot deprive you of the fruit of

your labors. "He that soweth unto the Spirit shall reap of the Spirit eternal life."—Westminster Teacher.

Has the Church Lost Its Way?

Are American morals getting better or worse? Many good people think that they are worse than they ever have been in the whole history of this country. Perhaps they are a little too pessimistic. Yet they can give good reason for the view they entertain.

Dr. Russell H. Connell, for example, considered the moral situation of America very gloomy. When asked the fundamental trouble he gave this emphatic answer: "The church has lost its way. It has quit saving souls and merely operates a mechanical machine. It pays more attention to buildings and charities than it does to men. It used to feed men's souls. Today it feeds men's stomachs. It has become a gigantic charity organization. We have deserted spirituality for mechanics."

When asked what he meant by the mechanics of the church he went on to say:

"I mean all the side-shows, such as community centers and conferences and scientific discussions that detract from the main circus. We are so busy building buildings that we forget why we are building them. Our ministers spend more time begging for money than they do in preaching the gospel. Community centers are good things, but they eat up the energy of the preacher. And on Sundays, when you look for the people who ought to be in church, where do you find them? Over at the community center, making so much noise in the swimming pool that they drown out the sermon."

Beyond question, the church that fails in its spiritual mission fails utterly and eternally. If it does not lead men to Christ and into the Christian life, it has small service to render the race. What other agency is there which leads bad men to be good and inspires good men to be better?—The Sunday School Builder.

Jessica of the Camerons

SYLVIA STEWART

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(Continuation)

Chapter VII

THE "JOY-RIDE"

"Papa," said Donald, as the family rose from luncheon one day the following week, "our high school has a joint debate with the one at Niles Junction tonight. Some of the teachers and a number of students are going over and I told Claude that with your permission I would take the car and take him and Margie and Jessica. It is only ten miles over there, and the moon will be full."

Mr. Cameron reflected a moment, then shook his head doubtfully. "I would much rather you would not, Don," he replied, glancing at his wife.

Jessica intercepted the look. "Mamma said we had her permission, if you didn't object," she interjected eagerly. "It won't be late, papa. The debate will be over by ten o'clock, and we will come right home afterward. Don is so careful with the car that I feel as safe with him as I do with you."

"I think I may safely be trusted with the car," added her brother. "I have run it a good many miles without anything happening to it."

"It is not a question of your ability to manage the car, laddie," answered his father. "It is that I do not approve of these late night excursions to your school children. It must certainly unfit you for your next day's work."

"But nearly everyone else is going," urged the boy, with slightly rising color. With Donald, to ask was usually to receive, as his requests were few and reasonable. "I think we might be allowed to go once in a while. This is our school work, and the teachers wish as many students to go as possible."

"Do you have a part in the debate?"

"Only as I have volunteered my services as a rooter! Please let us go, papa. I'll be ever so careful with the car."

"I cannot, Don. I don't care for the car part—I would trust you anywhere with it—but I cannot feel that it is best for you, and certainly not for Jessica."

"But I told Claude I was sure we could go. I'd hate awfully to go back and tell him now that we cannot. It will look so queer."

"I am sorry, Don. You should not make definite arrangements until you know. How are the others going? He and Marjorie might go with some of them."

"Most of them on the trolley. Mr. Sheldon said they could not go on the trolley, nor with anyone but me in the motor. Please say yes, this time, papa."

"I would rather you did not go, my son. I could not think of allowing you and Jessica to use the street cars at night without a suitable escort, and 'joy-rides' have been far too numerous with our young people this past summer."

Mr. Cameron spoke with decision, and Donald knew there was no further appeal from his verdict.

"Very well, sir," he said, with an upward show of respect, turning toward the door. "I will tell Claude that he will have to make other arrangements. Are you ready, Jessica?" and he passed from the room in the wake of his sister without another word.

Mr. Cameron stood in the window and watched the two as they walked together down the avenue. The lad's head was a trifle higher than usual, and his sister's disappointment manifested itself in an occasional kick at the pebbles which lay in her path. He sighed deeply, as he turned from the window and prepared to return to the office, and two pairs of eyes met his sympathetically.

"That was hard, dear, wasn't it?" said his wife, gently.

"It is hard for fathers, and I suppose for mothers, too, to combat the evil tendencies of the age in which we live," he answered. "I cannot help wishing, sometimes, we had the children out on some remote Kansas ranch, somewhere."

"I need a capable manager for mine," suggested his foster-mother, half in jest, half in earnest. "Just such a one as you would make, Dick. We will take them 'far from the madding crowd' tomorrow if you say the word."

Mr. Cameron's answering smile at this sally was rather faint. "My responsibilities as a parent seem almost greater than I can carry, at times," he sighed. "If the laddies just doesn't lose confidence in my judgment for a few years yet."

"Donald will see it your way some day, if he does not now," assured Mrs. Keith, confidently, as her son, with a troubled face, departed officeward. A few short hours showed the correctness of her prophecy.

It was mid-afternoon, when Mr. Cameron, answering a telephone call, heard his mother's voice: "*The Merchant of Venice* is to be presented at the Orpheum tonight, with John Drew in the role of Shylock," she announced. "I have secured a box which was given up at a late hour, and I would be pleased to entertain the Cameron tribe in it. May we not have an early motor ride, and then take in the play? This will lessen the children's disappointment, somewhat, and perhaps help to forget, for a time, those heavy responsibilities you spoke of today. Margaret is much pleased with my plan, so I hope it will meet your approval also."

"You are always ready with the right thing at the right time, mother," he responded, in a tone of evident relief. "That's a fine program all 'round."

There was a slight tension at the Cameron dinner-table that night, Jessica still

slightly sullen, and her brother frostily reserved. But grandmother's announcement in store for the evening quickly dispersed the clouds, and sent Jessica off into a flutter of excitement as to what she would wear on such an important occasion as her first real theater party.

"My cream-colored mulle will be prettiest," she decided. "It has short sleeves and a Dutch neck, and the trimming is really handsome. Mamma will never let Miss Yount cut my evening dresses low like the other girls'. She says I am too young," and recalling her other troubles of the day, she sighed, as though the parental decree were something hard to be borne at times.

She was standing before her mirror, putting the last touches to the dainty, girlish toilette, when grandmother, who had arranged her hair and otherwise superintended her dressing, slipped from the room and in a moment returned. "Allow me to administer the finishing touch, and complete the beauty of the Dutch neck," she said, lightly, as she fastened about Jessica's plump throat a string of handsome gold beads.

"I intended giving you these when I came, Jessica," she said, "but the settings were old-fashioned and much worn, so with mother's advice I had them restrung at the jeweler's. They are a real heirloom, for they were the property of my Scotch grandmother, years and years ago."

Jessica's eyes danced with delight as she noted the beauty of the yellow globes on their glittering chain. She had all a fair young girl's pleasure in beautiful adornment, and she turned and flung her arms around Mrs. Keith's neck, somewhat to the detriment of that lady's own dainty frills. "Oh, gramsie!" she cried, "you are always doing such sweet things for me, and this is the loveliest surprise of all! Is it—are they really mine?"

"All yours," smiled the giver. "There is quite a history attached to them. About a year before your mother's eighteenth birthday, at which time I intended giving them to her, a pet crow we had hid them in a hole under the garret window. There they lay for fifteen years, until we tore the old house down and found his nest."

"How did he get them?"

"He stole them from an uncovered jewel box on my dressing table. We suspected he must be the thief, as nothing else seemed to be missing at the time, but we did not find his hiding-place until many years after."

"How funny!" exclaimed Jessica. "Does mamma want me to wear them tonight?" "She made the suggestion," returned grandmother. "This is quite a proper occasion, I think."

"May I show them to Don?" and without waiting for further permission than Mrs. Keith's answering nod, she danced down the stairs to the library, where Donald, having completed his dressing, was poring over the play he was about to see performed.

He took in her appearance with quick approval. Don was secretly both fond and proud of his pretty sister. "Gee!

but we are some dolled up, aren't we?" he commented. "Those yellow marbles are sure some hummers, sis. Who did you borrow 'em of?"

Jessica turned up her nose indignantly, and lightly cuffed his ear. "I don't wear borrowed finery, thank you. These are mine, if you please, a family heirloom handed down from several generations back. Even Helen King, who is always showing off her jewelry, has nothing finer than these."

"They're sure the hot stuff!" agreed her brother, and Jessica fluttered away to find her mother.

The whole family, including the faithful Nora, then went out for a pleasant spin over the beautiful driveways of the city, through the soft, autumn twilight; and later Don and Jessica sat with grandmother and their parents in the spacious theater, witnessing the masterly portrayal of the great English dramatist's most wonderful production, presented by a cast of exceptionally fine actors. Lamb's *Tales from Shakespeare* had long been a favorite book of Don's, and Mrs. Keith had given Jessica a simple outline of the play as they whirled along in the motor. She further explained the cast of characters to the children before the curtain rose on the first act. Leaving the young people to the enjoyment of their first night of Shakespearean drama, let us follow the fortunes of Claude and Marjorie Sheldon in their first "joy-ride."

They had secretly consented, after Don's report of his inability to attend, to go to the Niles debate with Frank and Helen King in the Kings' motor car. With the excuse that she had left her motor coat at Helen's the Sunday previous, and that would go around that way and get it, Marjorie and her brother left home early, and were soon speeding toward Niles in the luxurious motor. It was a beautiful evening. The glow of the full moon, mingling with the mellow autumn twilight, obscured the threatening appearance of a bank of dull, low-lying clouds showing faintly near the horizon line, and the spirits of the quartet flying along the level road leading westward out of the city rose with each mile covered.

They had not gone half the distance, however, when it became apparent that something was wrong either with the helmsman or the machine, which veered oftener and oftener from the road as they sped through the small hamlets scattered along the way.

"Wonder what in thunder's the matter with this old car, anyway!" muttered the driver, at length, in an uncertain tone of voice. "Gettin' so sociable it wants to stop at every shanty on the road. Here, Margie," for the boys had exchanged sisters when they started out, "spose'n you sit over here and drive her a while. I'll hold you in, see?" and he made an awkward attempt to rise.

"Here, cut out that monkey-business, King," said Claude hastily, who, from his seat by Helen in the tonneau, had been watching the chauffeur uneasily for some time. "What's the matter with

you, anyway? It looks to me as if you have all you can do to manage the car, without paying attention to anything else."

The young man at the wheel applied the brake until the car came nearly a standstill, then turned toward Claude. "You go chase yourself, Sheldon," he said, thickly. "Marg and I are runnin' this whizzer, ain't we, ducky?" And he put his arm lightly around his companion's waist, and attempted to kiss her as the car glided slowly along.

Under other circumstances Marjorie might have made light of his demonstrations, but now she seemed to feel that they were decidedly out of place before her brother and Helen, so she gave him a vigorous push, and replied pettishly, "Oh, shut up, Frank, and run the car yourself, if you know enough, or let Claude do it!"

"Don't get fussy with your honey-boy," persisted the too-attentive pilot. "I'd just like to give you a lesson in how to run a good car. But if you're going to be stingy with your favors, I'll call it all right anyway, and give you a sample of what this machine can do."

He settled himself in the seat, threw open the lever with a jerk, and the speed of the car increased rapidly. Claude's suspicions of the last few minutes were swiftly becoming verified, and now he sprang over the seat to the wheel and soon brought the machine, which was fairly whizzing over the smooth road, to a sudden standstill.

"Get into the back seat with your sister, Frank," he demanded, "and see if you can pull yourself together before I have to throw you out of the car!"

Helen suddenly burst into tears. "I know what's the matter with him," she sobbed. "He drank nearly a whole bottle of wine before we left home. He told the butler he was afraid he was going to have a chill, and wanted something to warm him up, and made James get it for him."

"Oh, Claude!" cried horrified Marjorie, "what shall we do?"

"Do?" echoed her brother, in deep disgust. "We are going right back home; that's what we are going to do!"

This decided verdict on Claude's part, together with the general alarm of the party, brought the gay Mr. King partly to his senses. "Not with this car, you don't!" he asserted. "I'm boss of this car yet. I'm all right now. Must have taken a swallow too much, and it went to my head," he added, sullenly exchanging seats, however, with Claude.

"When the wine is in the wit is out," muttered Claude to himself, as he started the motor. "Don't fret, Margie," he said to his sister, who was almost on the verge of hysterics, "We shall get this outfit to Niles, and then you and I will go home on the trolley."

But Marjorie immediately tabooed any such course of action. "I wouldn't leave Helen alone with him for anything in the world!" she declared. "I don't see how you can propose such a dreadful thing, Claude!"

Helen emphasized Marjorie's decision

by declaring tearfully, that if they deserted her poor brother before he was "all right," she would never forgive them as long as they lived; and, as they were nearing their destination, Claude kept on the way and said no more. They soon drew up at the garage in Niles where they intended leaving the car for safe-keeping, and Frank stood stupidly by while Claude assisted the girls to alight, and disposed their wraps safely away in the car, while they gathered up their slightly scattered senses.

Once on the street, however, and moving in the direction of the hall where the debate was to take place, Master King once more became unruly. "Who wants to go to any stupid, one-horse school debate?" he inquired loudly. "Let's cut her out, and go to this movie just across the street. They always put up a rattling good show there."

After a hasty conference with Helen, who dreaded the appearance of her brother among his Cleveland acquaintances in his present condition, Claude wrung from him a promise to return home with them as soon as the first performance was over, and they all crossed the street to the picture show.

It proved to be a not overivivid presentation of Dickens' *Tale of Two Cities*, and possessed but slight interest for young Mr. King, whose present mental state seemed to call for some more exciting form of entertainment. His rattling fire of silly comments on the screen drama, and his too-persistent attention to two young girls who sat in front of him, soon drew the manager's attention. The latter at first requested, and then insisted that he leave the building; and, fearing more serious complications, the rest of the party persuaded him to go outside with them.

They walked the streets for some time, under pretense of finding some of the other parties from home. Claude was now really alarmed by Frank's condition, and feared that he would be unable to control both him and the motor during the homeward journey. But as the cool night air and the exercise helped to wear away the effect of the wine on his addled mind, Frank began to realize something of the shame of his conduct, and insisted on leaving for home at once. They readily accepted the suggestion, and sought the garage where they had left the car. Here the first act of the young owner was to slip into an inner room under pretense of paying the storage charges, and there accept a drink from an attendant, of something far more dangerous for him than the wine on his father's sideboard!

Claude, half guessing his intention, hastily followed him in time to knock the bottle from his hand before he had secured a small portion of its contents. Sternly giving him a piece of his mind, Claude hurried him to the car, where he insisted on taking possession of the wheel; and, as he seemed inclined to be quarrelsome, Claude disposed the girls in the rear seat, and, placing himself by the driver, ordered him to "get for home."

Frank started out with the car evi-

dently under good control, and the trio was beginning to breathe more easily, when their chauffeur, who was rapidly yielding to the control of the stronger liquor to which he was not accustomed, remarked that he "would just show these Niles guys a turn or two in fancy driving by a Cleveland expert." Letting out the machine, he proceeded to cover the ground of the principal streets at a speed that soon had the eyes of some of the citizens following his dizzy flight, and attracted the notice of the authorities. At the risk of his life Claude once more displaced the reckless chauffeur and took command of the car, stopping it just as an indignant city official reached its side, and arrested its driver, "in the name of the law" for exceeding the speed limit.

Claude met the officer's ultimatum with earnest though most polite protest. "The machine was out of the driver's control for a few minutes," he explained, "but I can manage it perfectly well, and we are leaving town at once. We live in Cleveland."

The officer grinned. "I judged as much," he returned, grimly. "Just cut that out, young sport," he now commanded, gruffly, as Frank, more completely under the influence of the liquor he had taken, poured out a volley of defiant threats. "I seen," said he, "that it wasn't you that was doin' the speed act; but this guy that was drivin' a few minutes ago is plain drunk and can't bluff me any. Sorry for the ladies (Helen was weeping silently), but I've had particular instructions to herd this speeding business, and run in everybody that violates the rules. So you'll have to come with me, my giddy friend, and explain to my boss why you can't spend an hour or two in Niles, without puttin' people's lives in danger."

In the most courteous language Claude apologized for his companion's fast driving and abusive language, admitting, with much reluctance before Helen, the cause of his recklessness, but adding that the liquor had been given him at the Niles garage. The two girls pleaded with the man of the law to let them go quietly home under Claude's protection, and the united arguments might have prevailed had not Frank been prompted by the demon of the liquor he had taken to say, just as the others had hopes of being allowed to depart, "You'd better get your paw off'n that wheel, old man, and let us whirl out of here, or I'll put a crack in your cocoonut," at the same time displaying a small revolver.

Thoroughly incensed now, at this open defiance of law and himself, the officer promptly insisted on the entire party accompanying him to the police station. As a curious crowd was beginning to collect and Frank was becoming more disorderly each moment, Claude took charge of the two girls and followed the officer and his turbulent victim of the law, to the little building which did duty as a station house. Here the police sergeant in charge, after hearing Claude's story, pitied his evident strait, and gave him permission to take the two girls to a hotel, until the offender's case should be

disposed of. Here the girls sat for two hours, subjected to the curious scrutiny of transients in the small parlor, while Claude, at Helen's pitiful entreaty, returned to the station-house to champion, as best he might, the cause of her erring brother who had brought this calamity upon them. It was past midnight before the majesty of the law was satisfied by Claude's payment of a heavy fine with a check drawn against his father's bank account, and signed by himself, which the judge finally agreed to accept—he would have none of Frank's—and the young offender, now thoroughly sober, was allowed to leave the station-house.

It was a very subdued "Cleveland sport," as he had styled himself earlier in the evening, who took the place Claude curtly assigned him by his sister in the rear of the car, and was whirled away toward home. None of the party seemed inclined to speech, and the "joy-ride" proceeded for some time in silence, broken only by the soft purring of the motor.

If the truth were known, each member of the party was taking a mental review of the events of the evening, and the result of their reflections was decidedly depressing. But their troubles were not over, and worse was yet to come!

The moon had disappeared, her golden glory swallowed up in a mass of ragged clouds, through which the lightning played at intervals. With a firm hand on the wheel and a watchful eye on the road which stretched like a ribbon before him, brilliantly lit now by the soft glow of the motor lights, Claude sent the trusty car through the night as rapidly as he dared; but they had covered scarcely half the distance between Niles and home when a belated equinoctial gale burst upon them in all its fury.

They had failed to note the rapidly freshening breeze, or give due heed to the sullen roll of thunder which would have warned more seasoned night-motorists of the nearness of the storm. Having made no preparation for such misfortune to come upon them out of the peaceful autumn night, they were completely drenched before they could protect themselves from the fury of the storm by the hastily arranged motor curtains!

Not daring to trust the still dazed owner of the car to manage it for even the short distance between the two homes, Claude drew up at the King's garage, where he turned the car over to the sleepy chauffeur who slept in the garage. Then, wrapping his own coat around his shivering sister, he bade Helen a brief "good-night," and set out for home with Marjorie, ignoring Frank's mumbled apologies for the evening's disasters. As Father and Mother King were absent from home and the house servants asleep, the young people admitted themselves by means of Frank's latch key, and were thankful to appropriate to themselves warmth and rest, without being compelled to answer annoying questions.

But Mrs. Sheldon, awake and alert since the beginning of the storm, met her children at the door, and was too

alarmed over Marjorie's soaked condition to more than ask them hurriedly what had kept them out so late. Claude's face was strained and white, and, like a wise mother, she accepted his statement that he was "all in," and would tell her everything in the morning. The lad was rugged, and disclaimed the need of further attentions than dry clothing and a warm bed. As Marjorie, however, had been somewhat delicate from early childhood, Mrs. Sheldon did not rest until she had swathed her daughter's shivering form in warm flannels, given her a hot drink to ward off the danger which lay for her in such a severe exposure, and administered a mild sedative to allay her extreme nervousness. The immediate effect of the latter was to induce a restless, unrefreshing slumber and poor Marjorie seemed likely to pay the full price for her misdoing and deception!

(To be continued)

Wedding Bells at Kossuth

Rev. Herman Palfenier of the Kossuth, Wis., church, who fought the battle so masterfully as very few other students could, that is to manage to go through our Seminary and enter the Lord's work for over a year without getting married, just experienced that it not good to be alone and so he got married. The name of the bride is Eleanor Specht, daughter of Mrs. Minnie and Mr. Charles Specht of the Kossuth church.

The wedding took place on the evening of Sept. 1, 1926, in the church. Rev. Edgar Engelmann from Belleview, Mich., who was born and reared in this community, officiated. The Misses Dorothy Rohrbach and Runetta Specht acted as bridesmaids, George Palfenier and Elmer Bertolat acted as best men and little Grace Specht as flower girl.

The church was finely decorated with a variety of plants and flowers from God's nature land.

With a prelude the congregation was brought to attention, the bridal march was played, and the ushers, Albert Rohrbach and Rolland Rutz, opened the way for the wedding procedure. After the march a vocal solo followed sung by William E. Schweitzer, "Oh Promise Me," and then the ceremony took place.

After the ceremony the entire congregation, mostly consisting of relatives, approximately 75 members, went to the bride's home for the wedding supper. After supper all sorts of games were played and the party broke up after midnight.

The newly wedded couple left on their honeymoon by auto via Rochester, New York, Philadelphia, etc. The Kossuth church wishes them happiness in their marital life as well as joy in the work of the Lord. May God bless and keep them!

WILLIAM E. SCHWEITZER.
* * *

How to teach the Bible is an important question which the following case illustrates: A woman whose son had run away to sea remarked to the minister: "Well, sir, it's only what we might expect. For doesn't the Bible say, 'Train up a child and away he'll go!'"—Boston Transcript.

From the General Missionary Secretary's Desk Rev. Wm. Kuhn

From the Annual Report of Vinukonda, South India

By REV. JOHN DUSSMAN
(Supported by us)

Sometimes I have written my report with a heavy heart, because so little has been accomplished. But this year I can say that we have gone beyond our expectations, for which we praise the Lord, confessing our humble dependence upon him, who has used us for his own glory. Without doubt, this was the best year we have seen in our twenty years of service on the field. There is a new realization among the churches of what they ought to do and what they can do for the work of the Lord. The churches show a desire to become more independent, to manage their own affairs, and to pay their own pastors. I am willing to decrease in order that they may increase. There is in my heart a note of thankfulness to our Heavenly Father for the great blessings bestowed on the work here. Advance is shown in the matter of giving, in the number of baptisms, in church organization, in the number of pupils in the boarding school, in the growing independence of the workers, and in the ordination of one pastor.

During the year, a young widow of the merchant caste became interested in Christianity. She lives with her mother and brothers. At first they objected to her becoming a Christian, but when she insisted on reading the Scripture and coming to our services, the others gained moral courage and all five asked for baptism. At first they hesitated. The great question was, What will the village people do? The woman said, "Whatever man may do or say, God is greater. Why should we be afraid?" So they were baptized in the tank of their village. These new converts come to our non-caste Christian meetings. In the village everything is quiet. It is remarkable that nothing is said, but this is the Lord's doing and it is wonderful in our eyes.

Church attendance on the Lord's Day has been better than in former years, not only in one or two places, but throughout the field. Congregational singing is more general than I have ever known it to be before. The young people take an interest in the work, and in many places where the women very rarely took a share in the public service, their voices are heard now and they enjoy it. The number of those who have family prayers is increasing.

* * *
"The fulness of time has come, and the end seems at hand, which is also the beginning of the last and greatest age. God is specially working, and loudly calling his people to closer fellowship and more diligent co-operation. Such facts mark and make the crisis of missions. Now or never! Tomorrow will be too late for the work that must be done today. The time and the tide will not wait.

He who lags behind will be left behind. Every day will make or mar the future of great peoples."—A. T. Pierson.

Thirty-third Anniversary at Bethany, Kans.

On September 3 the B. Y. P. U. of Bethany, Kans., again came to the close of another year's work. During the past year we have gained five new members, making a total of 42. Although our society is not a large one, we are all working to serve God and his kingdom. In the past year we had the following programs: 2 literary programs, 1 musical program, 4 Bible studies, 3 devotional meetings and 1 chalk talk.

At three different occasions we had Rev. Griffith, Rev. Rose and Rev. Kaiser speak to our society. These talks were enjoyed by everyone present and a large blessing was received from them.

On May 2 our young people gave an Easter Cantata, and a special effort was made to render the music in such a way that a great blessing should be received. We have also given two socials during the past year, the Thanksgiving social in November and the wiener roast in May.

On September 3 we celebrated our anniversary by giving a program entitled "Ruth," and also having a social.

In the past year our financial report was an income of \$52.21 and the expenses were \$44.56.

And now we are again looking forward to another year of work and we trust that with the help of God we will make it the best we have ever had.

META NITSCH, Sec.

Anniversary Mt. Zion Young People

The 29th of August we realized a very pleasant evening, it being the occasion of the annual anniversary of our B. Y. P. U., Mt. Zion Church, Geary Co., Kans. The young people of three different churches responded to our invitation, those of the Swedish Baptist Church of Enterprise, of Junction City and of Manhattan, Kans. Some from Herington were also present. We considered it a special honor to have the young people of Manhattan with us; Manhattan is a college town, the State Agricultural College is located there. Then it was quite a sacrifice on their part, coming a distance of 40 miles to a quiet country church.

The evening hour was filled with readings, declamations, scripture lesson and an address by Walter A. Schade, who grew up and was a member in this church and B. Y. P. U. till he left here and now is in the Lord's work at Manhattan. He had for his topic, "The Eyes of the World on Our Young People."

A trio, duet, cello solo, male quartet and a chorus added much to the success of the evening.

After the program light refreshments were served in the basement of the church by the young ladies of the society followed by a social hour with the singing of appropriate B. Y. P. U. songs.

Elderly members of the church observed "that this was one of the best evenings Mount Zion has had for a long time."

Looking back over the year just past, we cannot speak of any great achievement. Our aim has been to become better acquainted with the Word of God in order to be able to use the sword of the Spirit in the warfare against sin and Satan to the glory of God. May our prayer be realized in the coming year, that we may grow in the knowledge of our Lord and Master and be a guide to the erring one!

C. A. ZOSCHKE.

Peter

Now he walked on the angry wave,
Now he sank in the watery grave;
Now he rose in triumphant faith,
Now he fell toward threatening death:
Peter, the wave man.

Now he firmly stood for the Lord,
Based his life on the living Word,
Saw in Jesus the Godhead shine,
Dared to call him the Christ divine:
Peter, the rock man.

Now he rebukes Christ in his pride,
Now he has even his Lord denied;
Now he uses a silly sword,
Now he shrinks at a maiden's word:
Peter, the wave man.

Now he weeps in his agony;
Now he listens: "Lovest thou me?"
Now and for aye, as at Pentecost,
He stands for the Savior that once he lost:
Peter, the rock man.

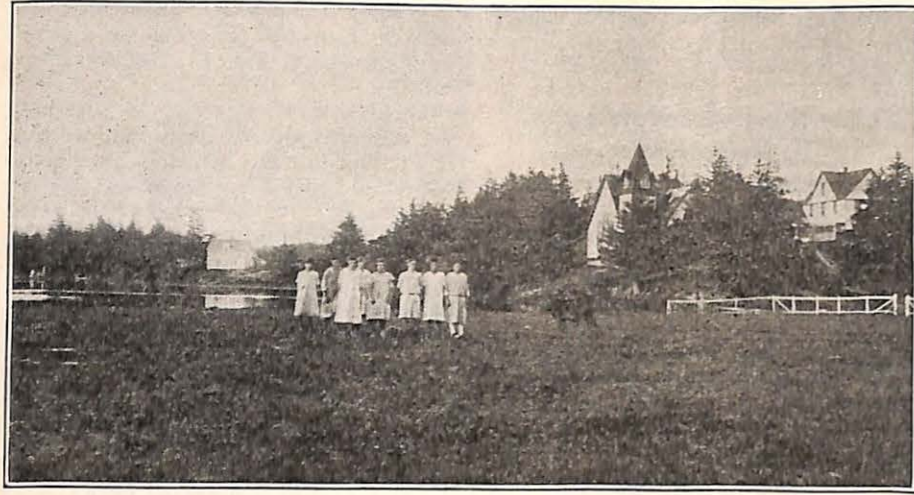
Rough old fisherman, brotherly dear,
Near to my weakness, very near,
Far from your folly I would flee,
Brave with your boldness I would be
Peter, a rock man.

—Selected.

His Note-Book

For Society Presidents

Every president should have a note-book and carry it with him. In this book he should record the times and places of all coming society events—committee meetings, socials, business meetings, and the like. The names and addresses of the members of the society, and especially the officers and committee chairmen, should be there. In the note-book should be memoranda of all the work to be done during the coming month by all the officers and committees. A page should be reserved for whatever is to be brought up at the next meeting of the executive committee. Another page should be set apart for bright plans that should be carried out in the future. The local union will have another page, with notes as to the coming meetings of the union and all union activities that call for the co-operation of his society. In short, the president's note-book will be a picture of the society in miniature; and the fuller it is and the more promptly each item is checked off as accomplished, the better work will the society and the president be doing.—C. E. World.



The buildings from left to right are: 1. Boy's Cottage in which 22 boys with their housemother live since the fire. 2. The only Baptist church in Alaska now used also for a kitchen and dining room by the K. O. B. family. 3. The girls dormitory where 27 girls and their housemother live.

Alaska . . . Land of the Midnight Sun

HILDA D. KRAUSE
III

On the third day we reach our first port of call in Alaska, Ketchikan, and we find it to be much like a thriving city of western United States. In the harbor and along the water-front is an array of boats—steamboats, gasboats, sailboats, snorting tugs, big schooners, fishing smacks, etc. The snow-capped mountains rise protectingly back of the city, a portion of which extends out over the water, many of the streets resting on piles. "Just look at that crowd on the wharf!" someone exclaims. "The whole town has come out to greet us!" It is a typical water-front welcome. A score of nationalities are represented. There are no railways in this part of Alaska. All transportation is by way of "God's highway o'er the deep," and the great event of the day is the arrival of a passenger steamer, when everyone who is able comes out arrayed in his best to meet the boat. In Ketchikan it rains on the average 235 days in the year, and as this happens to be one of the 235, it is raining,—but we are prepared for rain, so we hasten to don our raincoats in order to go ashore as soon as the boat has docked. We shall be in port only an hour, so we must make haste to see as much as we can of this terraced city. The plank-paved streets feel strange under our feet. A short distance from the wharf we encounter the first totem pole, grotesquely carved and painted, to which the street light is attached. We pass dizzy wooden stairways which lead to the heights where the Americans live, in modern comfortable homes surrounded by gardens of flowers and vegetables. As we walk along a sound of music comes floating toward us. We follow the direction of the sound which becomes plainer with each step, and we finally can distinguish a band playing "Onward Christian Soldiers." Can it really be? We stand amazed! We thought we were in a heathen country! Drawn by the martial

music we go on, forgetting the rain, the passing of time and the oncoming darkness, and finally come upon a group of people on a street corner, dressed in the uniform of the Salvation Army. With the exception of one man and woman all have dusky faces which have the light of Heaven shining through their eyes, as they proclaim the gospel message in song to the crowds standing around them, in a language that is strange to us. They are ready to move on; most of the crowd follows,—the Alaskans are very fond of music,—and we too are irresistibly drawn on. We pass along narrow planked streets leading to the native section of the city. Here the cabins are small, some of them built on piles, having the ocean for a foundation, and all around in front of each cabin are totem poles. In the midst of this we came upon a neat, white frame building into which the band leads, and the crowd follows,—and we enter too. The interior reveals a little chapel with a platform on one end, on which the leaders seat themselves, and the rest find seats on the plain wooden benches which are soon filled. English song leaflets are passed to the children and young people who can read, and the service is commenced. Some of the songs are sung in their native language and many of the older ones join in the singing. There is no address, but testimonies from the platform and audience. We feel the presence of God and our spirit is lifted heavenward. We would tarry here, but in the midst of this inspiring service the ship's half hour warning whistle is heard, and we leave reluctantly to retrace our steps to our boat, reaching it just before the gangplank is pulled up; but strengthened in spirit for having witnessed just a little of the power of God in this far-away country.

Ketchikan is an important fishing center with one of the largest salmon canneries and cold-storage plants in Alaska. But it being evening and our stay very short, we can not visit any of these industries. We shall have more time when we reach the end of our destination—

Kodiak, however, where also a large salmon cannery is located, which extends a hearty welcome to visitors from the outside. So we continue our journey
"Through channels and narrows and sounds and straits

*Northwest for a thousand miles,
The main bluffs hugging our starboard bow,*

*Port-primed by chains of isles;
O'er the reefs we ride on a swelling tide
To the land of the nightless days,
Where lone shore camps and canneries hang*

*On piles in her silent bays.
And ever we speed through the silent vast,*

*Nor tarry by night nor day.
God stands by the man in the pilot house,
And the good ship knows the way."*

Toward morning we reach Wrangell, that historic little fishing town, likewise nesting in the bosom of giant mountains, many of its streets built up on piles like those of Ketchikan and other Alaskan ports. Although the sun has advanced in its daily course it is still early and the little town lies asleep. Only the row of seagulls at the top of the warehouse roof along the wharf is stirring in anticipation of getting some food thrown to them from the ship. According to schedule our stay here was to be a brief half hour, but because of low tide it would be impossible for our steamer to get through Wrangell Narrows just ahead of us, so we shall be detained here for several hours waiting for the tide to rise, during which time we visit some of the old historic native cemeteries in which a large number of totems are located. After breakfast, therefore, we go ashore to study their grotesque features at close range. Opposite the dock we see the huge Goonyah totem, carved by Chief Goonyah for his son. At the top is the young raven with his stolen moon in his mouth. Below is the crane piercing the frog. This is the emblem of the mother's side of the house. Underneath is the beaver, the bear and the owl which constitute the coat-of-arms of the father's side of the house. Each one reveals a most interesting history and loses its grotesqueness when studied. A happy looking squaw, working in her garden before her house with her brood of children, tells us, "Me husban' 'merican, so we put eagle on top," when we question her regarding the crest of the totem before her house. We visit Chief Shakes' house, a typical high caste Indian house of olden time, and the Chief shows us his wonderful collection of curios and tells us their history. The mountain-sides and tundras are brilliant with myriad-colored flowers. There are geraniums, larkspur, asters, wild rose, painted-cups, fireweed and smilax, besides beautiful grasses and ferns, but we do not have time to revel among these, for the ship's warning whistle is blowing and we must return or we shall be left.

Along the wharf, trying to detain us long enough to buy, are no less than a dozen Indian squaws, squatting on the ground displaying sealskin and moose-skin moccasins, miniature totems, baskets and other curios.

We find that the tide has risen so that we may now walk along the level gangplank instead of climbing down a steep ladder to the level of the first deck to which the gangplank had been adjusted when we went ashore.

Wrangell Narrows through which we next pass, resembles a beautiful, winding stream more than the Pacific Ocean.

At Petersburg, our next stop, we remain only long enough to discharge a few passengers, several cases of canned food, and an automobile—a Ford, and we wonder whether Petersburgers have discovered that Fords may run on the ocean, for there seems to be no other place to drive. But a departing passenger, evidently a loyal citizen of this quaint town, who overhears our remark, genially informs us that in order really to see the city we must get off and walk the "planks" to the Main street, and we will find that it has a large salmon cannery, sawmill, shark-oil factory, a bank, a good hospital, schools and churches and several miles of good roads. We apologize to our friend, and then watch one of the cook's assistants draw up a wide-mouthed bag net from the water, filled with crabs whose backs measure about eight inches in width. The luncheon menu today contains crab salad which we find to be a real delicacy.

Toward the end of the fifth day we sight Juneau, the Capital city of Alaska, built up on terraces of the steep mountain sides which rise up almost perpendicularly back of the city. Paved streets which are lined with automobiles of every make, up-to-date stores, beautiful homes, equipped with modern comforts and conveniences, several hospitals, a \$75,000 public school building, a public library and a number of churches make this little metropolis of the North really like any other city in the States, and were it not for other local touches in the scenery it would be difficult to imagine that we are in far-away Alaska. We go to visit the famous Alaska Historical Museum which contains a wonderful collection of Alaskan specimens. The Rev. Kashevaroff, custodian of the museum, takes an especial interest in us when he hears that we are going to Kodiak, and himself conducts us through the building, telling us many things about Alaska which we would not otherwise find out, for he is very well informed regarding the history of the Territory; and when we leave he sends greetings to his brother who is priest at the Kodiak Russian Orthodox Church. Standing on a high eminence we can see the Governor's Mansion and Court House, and in the opposite direction, situated partway up the mountain-side with tunnels running into the interior, is the great Gastineau Gold Mill, the largest in Alaska.

From Juneau many tourists continue their trip along the Inside Passage to Skagway, which is the gateway to the Canadian Klondike. There commenced the famous "Trail of '98" which Robert Service describes so graphically. But as our destination lies a thousand miles to the westward, we return to our steamer which leaves the sheltered channels now



Rev. Rickman baptizing in Long Lake on Wood Island, Alaska—summer of 1925. Those who followed in baptism were seven girls and two boys—Andy McKeon who had a Scotch father and native mother, and Kholia Kazahaya, whose father was a Japanese.

for the open sea, going through Icy Straits. The sun is still quite high above the horizon when we leave, and before long one sights a monstrous, white glittering mass, floating in the water, and shouts, "An iceberg!" which immediately brings a crowd together to watch the awe-inspiring spectacle toward which we are moving. If only one-eighth of it is seen above water, the over seven-eighths being submerged, we can readily imagine the dangers to navigation. The awful catastrophe of 1912 when the "unsinkable" ship "Titanic" collided with one, flashes into our minds; but we know that our captain and pilot have encountered many of these while sailing this sea, so trusting in their ability and God's care we forget the dangers and enjoy the beautiful sights before us. The steward passing then, jovially remarks, "We'll have ice cream tomorrow! I'll bet the cook lassoes that fellow out there!" Soon we see others—small ones and large ones, and finally we are surrounded by them. We hold our breath, for fear we will collide. A turn of the boat brings us parallel with Taku Glacier, a dazzling sight to behold, as the rainbow colors play in the sunlight! This living, moving stream of ice is the source of hundreds of icebergs which break off and with a thunder-like boom crash into the sea, every few minutes. The steward passes a joke on to us; he tells us to watch the glacier and listen for the steamer whistle. We obey, and the next minute the hoarse voice of the ship echoes against the jagged face of the glacier, which responds immediately with a grinding roar, and with a crash hurls thousands of tons of ice into the foamy depths. We see the humor in it and join the chorus of laughter that ascends from the crowd. It was indeed an impressive sight, and the glory of it stamped itself indelibly upon our minds.

**Daily Scripture Portion
Bible Readers Course**

ENDORSED BY YOUNG PEOPLE'S AND SUNDAY SCHOOL WORKERS' UNION

SEPTEMBER.		OCTOBER	
St. John.	Leviticus.	St. John.	Leviticus.
1 10. 19-30	1 1 1-14	1 10. 19-30	1 1 1-14
2 10. 31-42	2 2. 1-13	2 10. 31-42	2 2. 1-13
3 11. 1-16	3S 4 27-35	3 11. 1-16	3S 4 27-35
4 11. 17-31	4 8 10-24	4 11. 17-31	4 8 10-24
	5 9 22-24		5 9 22-24
5S 11. 32-46	10 10 1-11	5S 11. 32-46	10 10 1-11
6 11. 47-57	6 14 1-18	6 11. 47-57	6 14 1-18
7 12. 1-19	7 16 1-10	7 12. 1-19	7 16 1-10
8 12. 20-36	8 16 11-19	8 12. 20-36	8 16 11-19
9 12. 37-50	9 16 20-34	9 12. 37-50	9 16 20-34
10 13 1-17	10S 19 1-18	10 13 1-17	10S 19 1-18
11 13 18-30	11 25 1-17	11 13 18-30	11 25 1-17
	12 26 3-18		12 26 3-18
12S 13. 31-38	13 26 40-41	12S 13. 31-38	13 26 40-41
13 14. 1-14	1 St. Peter	13 14. 1-14	1 St. Peter
14 14. 15-31	14 1 1-12	14 14. 15-31	14 1 1-12
15 15. 1-17	15 1 13-25	15 15. 1-17	15 1 13-25
16 15. 18-27	16 2 1-12	16 15. 18-27	16 2 1-12
17 16. 1-15	17S 2. 13-25	17 16. 1-15	17S 2. 13-25
18 16. 16-33	18 3 1-12	18 16. 16-33	18 3 1-12
	19 3. 13-22		19 3. 13-22
19S 17. 1-12	20 4. 1-11	19S 17. 1-12	20 4. 1-11
20 17. 13-26	21 4 12-19	20 17. 13-26	21 4 12-19
21 18. 1-14	22 5 1-14	21 18. 1-14	22 5 1-14
22 18. 15-27	Deuteronomy.	22 18. 15-27	Deuteronomy.
23 18. 28-40	23 1. 1-17	23 18. 28-40	23 1. 1-17
24 19. 1-16	24S 3. 18-29	24 19. 1-16	24S 3. 18-29
25 19. 17-30	25 4. 1-13	25 19. 17-30	25 4. 1-13
	26 5. 1-15		26 5. 1-15
26S 19. 31-42	27 5. 16-29	26S 19. 31-42	27 5. 16-29
27 20. 1-18	28 6. 1-12	27 20. 1-18	28 6. 1-12
28 20. 19-31	29 7. 1-11	28 20. 19-31	29 7. 1-11
29 21. 1-14	30 8. 1-9	29 21. 1-14	30 8. 1-9
30 21. 15-25	31S 8. 10-20	30 21. 15-25	31S 8. 10-20

(By Courtesy of the Scripture Union)

We do not touch Muir Glacier, but there are many others which we sight in the distance as we wend our way into the open sea in which we shall spend the next three days, until we reach Cordova, on Prince William Sound, our next port of call.

Use Your Head

The woodpecker pecks
Out a great many specks
Of sawdust,
When building a hut.

He works like a jigger
To make the hole bigger;
He's sore if
His cutters don't cut.

He's not caring for plans
Of cheap artisans.
Another thing
Can fairly be said:

The whole excavation
Has this explanation:
He builds it

BY USING HIS HEAD.
—Summer Breezes.

Our Devotional Meeting

G. W. PUST

October 10

How to Pull Together

Mark 2:1-5; 1 Cor. 3:1-9

It is evident, of course, that pulling together is a necessity for an organization, if anything worth while is to be accomplished. Two strong horses will hardly move an empty wagon if, instead of pulling together, they see-saw back and forth. We ought to remember this in all of our endeavors as B. Y. P. U. organizations.

There must be unity of purpose. The four men who brought "one sick of the palsy" to Jesus, were unanimous in their aim and intention. They were determined to bring their sick friend to the great physician, be the obstacles ever so great. They were willing to face the anger of the landlord as well as that of the Jews in pursuance of their aim. In unity there is strength. What may not be accomplished by a young people's society, if in aim and purpose its members are one! On the other hand, how much power can be wasted in doing nothing, when this unity in purpose is lacking!

Self must be eliminated. Self so often stands in the way of accomplishment. It has run governments and corporations and churches on the rocks. There can be no unity and hence, no pulling together, where the selfishness of one or more members is determined to prevail. A Christian should be able to speak Gal. 2:20 with the apostle Paul.

We must be actuated by love. Love is the great unifying force of the universe. Before it selfishness will hide its face in shame. Where it reigns, hearts will unite for that which is true, honest, just, pure, lovely and of good report. (Phil. 4:8.)

October 17

What Ideals Are Found in the Constitution of the United States?

Rom. 13:1-8

(Citizenship Day)

By the term, the Constitution of the United States, we mean the written instrument of the government, the greater part of which was drafted in 1787, was ratified 1788, and took effect in 1789. Ideals underlying the constitution are set forth in the preamble.

"To form a more perfect Union." There is here an implied comparison to the "Articles of Confederation," which the constitution supplanted. The articles "were inefficient in practice and erroneous in theory. They allowed the continuance of Congress as a single body." Every State, large or small, had one equal vote. In all matters of importance the assent of nine States was required.

To "establish justice." Congress had the right to make laws; but it had no means of enforcing them. "Indeed, Congress was characterized by little else than power to recommend measures." That justice under such conditions suffered and a stronger central government was needed, is obvious.

To "insure domestic tranquility." This can only be done by just laws and a power strong enough to enforce them. Must there not also have been grave danger of animosities springing up between the various States when the federal government was entirely powerless?

To "provide for the common defense." This, too, was entirely impossible before the adoption of the constitution, since Congress could make war, but not raise a single soldier.

To "promote the general Welfare, and secure the Blessings of Liberty." All of this became possible when the constitution became the instrument of government.

Let us work and pray that these ideals may be sustained.

October 24

Lessons from Great Athletes

1 Cor. 9:24-27; Heb. 12:1-3

The apostle Paul and the writer of the epistle to the Hebrews must have been deeply impressed by the racers and combatants in the Isthmian games. May we, too, learn from these athletes of old!

They had a definite aim. The Grecian racer had his mind set on the crown and the applause of the victor. But those crowns were composed only of "withering leaves of boughs of trees, of olive, bay, or laurel." The Christian, too, must have an aim. The greatest ambition that can fire his soul is to become more Christlike. "But Christians have an incorruptible crown in view, a crown of glory that fadeth not away."

They stripped for the race. "Lay aside every weight." What chance, for instance would a runner have had with his loose robe flapping about his limbs while he ran? The Christian, too, must lay aside every weight and besetting sin. Weights may not always be sinful in themselves; but they become so when they hinder the runner. And that when it is constantly tripping the Christian, causing him to fall!

They ran within a marked course. From this they did not dare to deviate. The Christian's course is also circumscribed. He must remain upon the track of righteousness and truth. The Bible calls it the narrow way.

They were in dead earnest. Every nerve was strung and every faculty braced to the utmost. Should we as Christians be less in earnest?

October 31

What Are the Good Points of the Various Races in America?

Acts 10:24-38

(Missionary meeting)

"Today in the so-called white population of the United States there are over eighty millions of Nordic blood, and of this number, sixty millions, including the Irish descendants, are of the English-speaking type. The remaining twenty-one millions of Nordics are made up of German, French, Dutch and Scandinavian stock, all of whom are predominantly Nordic by descent. It is interesting to note that the United States has the largest Nordic insistence in the world, and one that surpasses that of the British Empire, including Canada. This insistence is the dynamic of the Republic, the pillar which supports its cherished institutions.... Of course it must be understood that there has been a large intermingling of races here in which every European stock has shared."—Dr. S. Parkes Cadman.

Note the large percentage of Nordic blood. Generally speaking, they are industrious, thrifty, honest and intelligent. *Japanese in this country* There are 150,000, of which 100,000 live in California. Because they are considered inassimilable, no more of their countrymen are allowed into this country. They are a highly intelligent and industrious people.

The Negroes. Their progress since their emancipation has been phenomenal. They have 40,000 schools for children with an attendance of 1,800,000 and an annual expenditure of \$15,000,000 for education.

Material on the various races. This can be found in any up-to-date encyclopedia.

November 7

How Make War Against War?

Matt. 7:12; Isa. 2:1-4

(World Peace Sunday. Consecration meeting)

By exposing the terrible iniquity of war. We quote from a recent preacher on the subject: "In war there are wounds and death, hatreds and ferocity, the sack of towns and the wholesale making of widows and orphans. Hardships attend its steps. Privation awaits its march. Amid its ordered columns death walks undaunted, malevolent, impatient. Its arms are instruments of torture and pain. The purpose of its coming is the slaughter of mankind.... Yes, war is a carnival of rage and pain, a revelation of revenge and of hate, a saturnalia of conflagration and of pillage. Its flag is red with blood, its glory is devouring men, despoiling women, ravishing chil-

dren. Looking back through the centuries we behold them drenched with the blood of men, making the earth one mighty necropolis, strewing the continents with the whitened bones of the slaughtered, and filling the air with the wailings of the widowed and fatherless.

In the 125 years, preceding the World War, 20,000,000 men fell in arms on the world's battlefields or died on the march, in camp or in military prisons—a man every three minutes a day and night for 125 years. How much more awful was the World War in which a man died every five seconds during the terrible four years."

By opposing the futility of war. The World War ended in disappointment to all nations concerned, leaving most of them in poverty and ruin.

By uniting against war. What if the Christians of the world (some 45,000,000 in Protestant and Roman Catholic Churches of the United States alone) would take a definite stand against war! Surely the prevention of another catastrophe, such as the years of 1914-1918 witnessed, or one probably far worse, should be the paramount object of our endeavor.

Training Christian Leaders in Industry

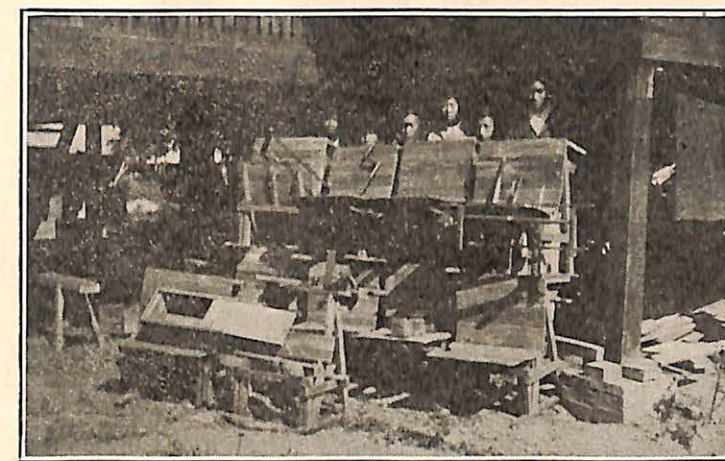
GEO. J. GEIS, MYITKYINA, BURMA

The touring season is over and the heavy rains have the right of way. This of course means flooded fields and muddy roads with bridges washed away and in some places landslides. So our activities must be confined largely to the mission compound with short visits to nearby villages at week ends.

Here on the mission compound we have our hands full. On account of the opening of five village schools early in the fall we had expected a smaller number in the central school, but on the day of opening 115 boys and girls came filing in to crowd our dormitories.

One of the first lessons to learn on this compound is the gentle art of living together. This involves first of all constant lessons in sanitation. In their mountain homes diseases are attributed to malignant spirits. This at once shifts the responsibility and leaves little or nothing for the individual. The demon priest is called and the necessary sacrifices are turned over to him. There is great danger that this shifting of responsibility, of "passing on the buck," may creep into the Christian church. I am a firm believer in prayer and in a God who answers prayer, at the same time I also believe in a God of laws for our protection.

In the villages dogs, cats and pigs act as scavengers. In the absence of these otherwise useful animals the older boys last year built two modern cement latrines where flies can not breed and all trines where flies are kept as much as possible under cover. This practical lesson in sanitation during the many years on the mission compound has had a very wholesome effect on the village life of our people. While there is still much to be desired,

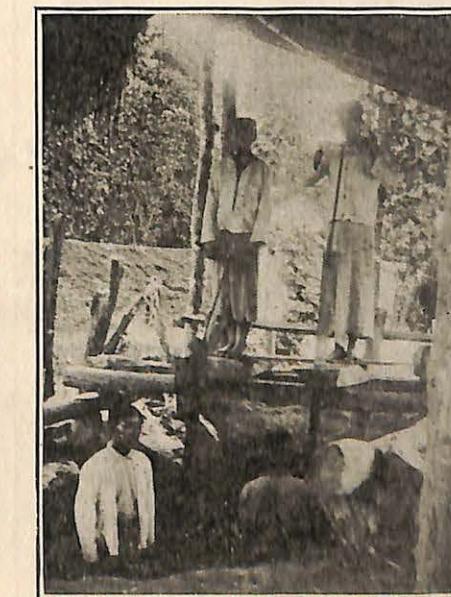


School desks made by the Carpenter Class, Myitkyina, Burma

yet there is a vast difference between a heathen village and a Christian. I know of no place where pigs are still kept under the house like in the heathen villages. Saturdays are the usual cleaning up days for the common people just as their children wash their dormitories and their clothes on the mission compound.

Thus teaching them the causes of disease and man's responsibility are producing a lower death rate among our Christian people. This all stands to the credit of the school.

For us who have been raised in civilized lands it seems almost impossible to think of people who know little or nothing of the use of tools. The dah or short sword is the universal tool of the Kachin. This he uses to cut his hair, cut wild animals, his enemy, the jungle of the new field and even beat his wife and children. In our carpentry class the boys are taught the use of various tools. In a sawpit four boys each morning and after school in the evening are taught to convert logs into building material. In the jungle the tree is cut down, the branches lopped off and hauled to the



School boys at Myitkyina, Burma, converting logs into boards for school desks and building material

sawpit where it is converted into planks and scantlings. From there it is taken to the carpenters who turn out school benches and build houses. Just now the boys are erecting a sewing house for the girls. As a result of this kind of training we are receiving constant orders for cross-cut saws, pitsaws, hand saws, chisels, brace and bits and hammers. They are slowly but surely becoming a tool using people, all or largely through the teaching of this school.

In spite of the fact that every man, woman and child among the Kachins uses a dah or short sword there are very few blacksmiths among them. During the dry season large numbers of Chinese Shans come to Burma to make dahs and sell them to the Kachins by the thousands. Two years ago we opened a smithery where our boys are taught simple lessons in shaping, hardening and welding of steel. Some of the boys of last year's class can now make these dahs and other simple tools. In years to come we hope to see a blacksmith in most of the villages, in fact a beginning has already been made in one of our Christian villages.

In past years our boys have made many cement fence posts and cement foundations for their house posts. House posts are usually stuck in the ground where in a few years the white ants eat them and then they have to be replaced. Some of our people are beginning to lay down cement foundations, the original outlay is a bit high, but in the end it is a great saving of time and labor.

In the school garden all kinds of garden tools are used such as rakes, hand-cultivators and small plows; with these a small boy can do more in a day than a grown person can do in their primitive way in a week. In the hills buffaloes and oxen roam about until they are used as sacrifices by the priest. The women and children are the beasts of burden. They carry the rice and vegetables from the field as well as the daily supply of fuel for the household. In our Christian villages the burden is shifted from the shoulders of the weak to the shoulders of these animals. The buffalo and oxen are hitched to the plow and the cart. This change is largely being brought about through the influence of the school.

Every morning thirty girls come to the mission bungalow for an hour and a half of needle work, house work and weaving. The men usually buy their scant clothing in the bazaars, the women weave their skirts. A little cotton is raised with the rice, this is ginned and spun and woven into rough clothes for a skirt. It usually takes a woman a month or more in the dry season during spare hours to weave such a skirt with their very primitive methods. Here on our looms, under the mission house, they can weave a dozen such skirts in a month with much more comfort. No wonder the wives are asking permission to come to the mission station to learn modern methods of weaving. All the older girls when they have learned to make by hand a jacket such as they wear then they learn to sew on the machine. They also embroider Kachin designs which are just now highly prized by the English ladies, so much so that we have orders enough ahead to keep the girls busy for the next six months.

The preaching of the Gospel to primitive people such as the Kachins involves more than expounding the way of salvation. In order to raise a self-supporting, independent and self-propagating church we must develop the whole man, and thus change their whole social and economic ways of living.

God wants us to live long and happy

lives. But in order to do this we must live in accordance with his laws. We must live clean lives and take care of this body. In this way we save the tremendous waste of young lives.

God wants us to have sufficient food and to have time for the cultivation of the higher things of life, but this can not be done if all the time is consumed in gathering food; hence the great value in learning to use tools and making animals who have more strength do the work of women and small children. How can we expect the wild mountaineers to support schools and the work of the Lord if all their time is consumed for feeding himself and clothing his body? This question is largely answered by the various industries which these boys and girls are learning in the mission schools and are rapidly introducing them in their Christian villages. What a broad Gospel we have to preach! What a powerful Savior we have to present to these wild hill tribes!

* * *

God did not slight the little things of his creation. A bird's bright wing and the coloring of the flower are just as perfect in the far wilderness as where many eyes can admire them. Doubtless the duties that we call small, in God's eyes are as well worth care as the things we think great.



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Paul Zimbelmann

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