

The Baptist Herald

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

Volume Six

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Aug. 27-Sept. 2, 1928

Pre-Conference Aug. 26



Clarendon bathing beach, one of Chicago's lake shore playgrounds, has 10,000 lockers for adults and 4,000 lockers for children. Locker fee is 10 cents, and bathing suits are rented from 25 to 50 cents a day. Rapid Transit Lines to Wilson Avenue and walk east.

CONVENTION CENTER

WITH its central location, unexcelled transportation facilities, ample hotels, famed market, healthy climate and numerous attractions, Chicago is the natural and actual convention center of the United States. In 1927 there were 780 conventions held at Chicago with an attendance of 1,028,320 persons. Chicago's facilities for handling conventions are highly developed. Practically all loop hotels are new and modern, numbering among them the best in the country.

What's Happening

Rev. C. C. Laborn of Denton, Tex., has accepted the call of the church at Gatesville, Tex., and has already begun the work with his new charge.

Rev. L. F. Gassner of Streeter, N. D., will be the new pastor of the Cottonwood church, near Lorena, Tex., succeeding Rev. A. Knopf. Bro. Gassner begins work on his new field about June 1.

Rev. Geo. W. Pust, pastor at Emery, S. D., had the joy of baptizing 34 converts on Easter Sunday evening. A number, who have professed conversion, are holding back on baptism, but it is hoped they will take this step later.

Eighty members of the Ebenezer Church, Lehr, N. D., signified their intention of joining a newly organized Young People's Society, the starting of which was advocated by Rev. A. Guenther, the pastor, and Rev. L. F. Gassner of Streeter, N. D. Bro. Gassner assisted in revival meetings for 5 weeks and 26 confessed Christ as their Savior.

At the Bethel church, Buffalo, N. Y., Rev. E. Umbach, pastor, three followed the Lord in baptism on Easter Sunday. The Sunday school had a fine program in the morning and made an Easter offering of \$25. The Ladies Missionary Society gave \$10. The offerings in the church services were \$230, so the total Easter offering totaled \$265. Bethel rejoices in this gift.

Missionary work is always necessary in our cities, writes Missionary Hannah Neve of the First Church, St. Paul, Minn. In her visitation work recently she found an old couple without a Bible in the house. She brought them one and now they use it daily. The husband is an invalid and not able to go out much but the wife is now a faithful attendant at the church services.

Since its establishment 480 students have passed through the Baptist Theological seminary at Hamburg, Germany, and have since become leaders in the work in Germany and in other European countries. In the three years from 1924 to 1927 the German Baptist Union was able to record a notable increase, with 17 new churches, 35 stations, 8 chapels, 12 pastors, 238 lay preachers, 11,370 baptisms, and an increase for the churches of 3215 members.—(Baptist.)

Miss Hulda Brueckman, missionary at the Humboldt Park Church, Chicago, writes that a Junior society was organized in January which meets every Saturday afternoon. "I find it very hard to get many boys and girls interested in it, as their home influences are not conducive. Most parents give their children money for the show or else say they need the children at home. However, I have felt it worth while teaching the 10

or 12 boys and girls that meet with me every Saturday afternoon. And with God's help I do hope to build it up."

Many churches had the joy of baptismal services on Easter Sunday, April 8. Rev. F. L. Hahn at Humboldt Park, Chicago, baptized nine; Rev. Theo. W. Dons at Oak Park church baptized two; Rev. J. H. Ansberg of Immanuel Church, Kankakee, Ill., baptized 18 and received 6 by letter. Rev. C. E. Cramer of the Spruce St. church, Buffalo, baptized 3 on April 1 and others are waiting. Rev. L. B. Holzer of the North Ave. church, Milwaukee, baptized two on Easter Sunday morning. Rev. F. P. Kruse of the First Church, St. Paul, baptized 11 on April 1 and 14 others on Easter Sunday.

Miss Minnie E. Gebhardt, missionary of the Erin Ave. Church, Cleveland, O., writes: "Our special meetings every week with the children have been very precious because their hearts seem to open to the Word of God as flowers do to the sun. Every fourth Sunday of the month we go with our young people's society to the Warrensville Farm, where they have a song service in the hospital, conduct meetings, distribute tracts and do personal work with the inmates.—Visiting from house to house we witnessed to the saving power of Christ, both by testimony and distribution of tracts and gospels. Only in two places were the people rude."

Rev. C. F. Zummach, pastor of the Oak St. church, Burlington, Iowa, baptized ten on Easter Sunday evening. There are still a number of others to be baptized. They are for the most part the results of personal work on the part of the teachers and members. Bro. Zummach preached in the morning on "The Quest of Immortality." The sermon was published in the local press. The church was crowded in the evening in spite of the unfavorable weather. The choir rendered an Easter cantata: "The Morn of Victory." The Easter offering amounted to \$2000.—Unfavorable weather and impassable roads prevented the Sunday school from attaining the goal of 500 present but 470 were in attendance the Sunday previous.

Easter Sunday morning at the communion service Rev. D. Hamel, pastor at the Andrews St. Church, Rochester, N. Y., had the joy to welcome 16 young people into the fellowship of the church. 13 of these followed the Lord in baptism on Palm Sunday and 3 came by letter. Several more are awaiting baptism. Personal work in soul saving on part of the pastor and the Sunday school workers, and a well planned evangelistic program in the opening and closing exercises of the Sunday school hour have helped much to bring about the above gratifying results. Easter Sunday evening the church chorus, under the leadership of

student Assaf Hussman, rendered the Oratorio Cantata "Die ewige Stadt" in a most masterful way. This Easter message in music and song met with an appreciative response on the part of the congregation that filled the church. The special Easter Offering for missions was over \$235.

Walnut Street Baptist Church, Newark, N. J., George Hensel, pastor. "At the evening service on Palm Sunday we had the joy of baptizing five Sunday school scholars, a fine congregation witnessing the impressive ceremony. Easter Sunday found our church filled again and five others confessing their Lord in baptism, two of which were scholars of our Sunday school and the other three were adult ladies. One of the latter came to us from the Catholic Church, which she had not been attending any more. At the close of the Easter message, the right hand of fellowship was extended to the ten new converts after which the church gathered about the Lord's table. This Easter harvest of souls was the result of a week's evangelistic services held in February at which the two pastors, Rev. Chas. Koller of the Clinton Hill church and Rev. William Schmitt of the Evangel church assisted. We are grateful both to God and to these brethren for the success that has been achieved and we pray that we may measure up to the added responsibilities." * * *

If you have heard some word of praise of your friend or some commendation of his work, tell him. He may be waiting for just such help.

The Baptist Herald

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The Baptist Herald

Our Mothers

EDWARD S. LEWIS

EVERY one had a mother, and hence the appeal of Mother's Day should find universal response. This appeal is tender and sweet, like the fragrance of a rose and the delicious fruit of an orchard.

A good mother is so precious that words fail and thoughts fail in the effort to express her worth. Living or dead, she is the center of all our best thoughts and memories and aspirations. We owe her so much that as we contemplate this debt we seem to be lost in her rich and outgoing personality. The thought of a mother, like that of our native land and our God, stirs us to the depths, and arouses all that is best in us. Indeed, out of the thought of her grows our very recognition of God and home and country. It is to the high honor of our generation that we seek, in formal fashion, once a year, to recall to vivid thought our mothers and fathers, and all the dear and sacred associations of the home that gave us birth and nourished us to manhood and womanhood in safety and in plenty.

Mother's Day means more than the wearing of a flower or the sending of a telegram. To the living mothers there are loving services that may be rendered. For all mothers there may be some things done, and through them for the general community.

It is a pity if such an anniversary as this should exhaust itself in an ephemeral flourish. It would be a real achievement if in some way we might make it minister to the wide motherhood of our land, promoting true parental affection and nurture, arousing the indifferent, and correcting the vicious.

Human life begins with mothers, and the ultimate cure for all social ills must begin with them, and in the homes they make.—Classmate.

Five Thousand

IF it was a Five Thousand Dollar prize, every young person and perhaps some old people would be very interested and we would have a flood of mail coming into the office, all out to get the prize of Five Thousand Dollars.

It is not dollars, however, but subscribers, and may we ask every pastor, Sunday school worker and young people, yes, fathers and mothers, to check into the matter at once and see if your home, friend's home, or the homes in your church are subscribers to "The Baptist Herald."

We have, up to April 1st, 4753 subscribers. We need 250 more to reach the coveted goal of five

thousand. Will you do your bit by getting a few more subscribers in your church? I especially call the attention of the four conferences, the Eastern, Northwestern, Southwestern and Northern, to a loss in subscribers over last year. This may be due to an economic situation and lack of employment, but a careful survey may bring a number of new subscribers and by this time possibly some of those that could not subscribe during the months of January and February may now be able to do so.

Your co-operation will be appreciated.

EDWARD HOEK.

What Is Lacking?

P. GEISSLER

SUCH a question! We lack nothing at all! At second thought, however, being confronted with the above inquiry on every hand, we admit that something seems to be out of joint in the universe. What is it? Open your eyes in your own community and read that which is written so plainly that "the wayfaring men, yea fools, shall not err therein."

Sin is not a characteristic peculiar to the heathen. It is a human characteristic; but it is not our intention to sit in judgment over our fellowmen nor our fellow-Christians. Let us ask ourselves individually: "What is lacking in me?—which is the paramount sin in my own life?" There is the

Squandering of Our Spiritual Heritage,

the absence of the Divine standard of conduct and the appalling disregard of the sanctity of our being. Many others might be mentioned, but we agree that the gravest and the root of all others is the sin of irreverence. The finger of Divine Justice points to each one of us.

Many things sacred in the sight of God have ceased to be so considered by us. We are living at such an unparalleled high rate of speed that we are dangerously incognizant of the irresistibly compelling force driving us on; much less do we seem to find time to meditate on the final destiny to which we are so madly rushing. Much of our literature is good; some of it is unpardonably sentimental and not a little of it is plainly vulgar. Yes, times have changed. But sacred things seem to be losing their power over us. Often we are so

Indifferent to the Church—

God's representative on earth—that we neglect her services and withhold from her our material as well as moral support. Little things, which never interfere with our going to business, keep us from

attending her periods of united worship. Thoughtlessly, not to say maliciously, we expose her to the mockery and ridicule of those to whom she is to minister. Judas preferred death rather than to witness the agony of the Savior, whom he had so treacherously betrayed.

The Church is still the body of Christ. For some church members the mid-week prayer-meeting and the Sunday evening service seem to be obsolete. We do not refer to those who can not attend. Kindly let us read that beautiful hymn "The Church's One Foundation" in this connection and ask God to make us all more worthy of membership in his Church and to show her loving reverence at all times.

Not infrequently we find ourselves counting the words of the servant of God and ignoring the message. Over the Sunday dinner the length and the grammatical mistakes of the morning's discourse are discussed with an interest worthy of better things, while not a word is uttered to recall the message or to deepen its impression. Nineteen years ago the writer heard our beloved Brother R. Stracke make the following statement: "My Church makes her ministers!" A beautiful tribute indeed! Alas, it is not always thus! Is the

Word of God Still Sacred

to us? Of course we answer in the affirmative. And yet we neglect to read for the nourishment of our own souls. Often our reading of the Bible is void of reverence, even to the extent that it fails to be the divinely appointed means to acquaint us with the Will of God. The little we know of its contents is often hidden beneath the bushel of gross non-conformity to its precepts in our daily occupation. It is small wonder therefore that some can join the ranks of irreverent critics who laugh the Holy Book to scorn and refuse to bow to it with whole-hearted devotion. These have always furnished abundant material for all "isms" down to John A. Dowie and still farther down to the present "Aimeeism." (2 Thess. 2:9b-12.)

Not in conformation to the world, but rather in being transformed by the renewing of the mind by the Spirit of God lies our strength and security. "Hid with Christ in God," man is inviolable and invincible. Are we on God's side? Is our tribute to him loving, soul-ful and reverent loyalty to his will? "Abide in me?"

Where the Crime Wave Begins

Where does the sadly evident and much talked-of crime wave begin? It begins with the man or woman who refuses to give unto God that which belongs to him. Do we possess anything which is not his? Only the other day a young woman stood in court, in one of our Atlantic States, and asked the judge: "Do I not have the right to do what I please with my own body?" "He that is without sin among you, let him cast the first stone at her."

The present retrenchment all along the line of Christian Conquest is made obligatory by the lack of material support and even much more by the

soul-sickening lack of spiritual co-operation. "Honor Jehovah with thy substance, and with the first-fruits of all thine increase,"—be it material or spiritual. Must we not cry out with Simon Peter: "Depart from me; for I am a sinful man, O Lord!" Christ came not to be ministered unto, but to minister and to give his life as a ransom for many." "As the Father hath send me into the world even so send I you into the world."

"When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.
Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all."

In conclusion, we are confident that it is not altogether out of place to say just

A Word to the Ministers of the Gospel,

the men who have often cried out with the prophet of old: "Oh that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people!"—Those men who know something of the experience of the Psalmist: "My tears have been my food day and night." My brethren, may we always be the patient, loving and unselfish shepherds of the flock, the Lord wishes us to be; feeding the lambs, as well as the sheep, and always bearing them all in the untiring arms of prayer. There are many faithful souls in the Church of Christ, our Lord. On bended knee, with head and heart bowed, they are even now joining with us before the throne of God, in the spirit of the wonderful prayer Acts 4:24 ff.

"My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Savior divine!
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
O let me from this day
Be wholly thine!"

Imagination and Teaching

THE field in which we need most to recognize the greatness of the imagination is in education. Prof. Phelps, of Yale, once said: "If a teacher wishes success with pupils he must inflame the imagination." This ability has always been characteristic of great teachers.

No one can successfully teach children without a constant appeal to the imagination. Adults are in this matter but children of a larger growth. Because we often fail here a great deal of our teaching in the church school is abstract and colorless.

Jesus, the greatest of all teachers, recognized the supremacy of the imagination. It is his use of the imagination which seems of the richest suggestion to the modern teacher. "He did not appeal to the reasoning power in man," says Drummond, "but to the seeing power—that power of imagination which deals with images of things. That is the key

to all Christ's teachings—that he spoke not to the reason but to the imagination." We do not find the big words of the modern psychologist in the teaching of Jesus, but instinctively the great teacher knew the way in which the mind of man acts. First we see and then we feel and then we act. As you go through the teaching of Jesus, you find him leading men to action by this method of awakening the imagination which in turn aroused the emotions, the emotion in its turn driving on to deed as its natural expression.

Christ's parables were the fruit of his imagination—pictures drawn from that vivid source and transferred to the minds of his hearers to impress the lessons he wanted to impart. He tried to make people see what he was by telling them that he was a Vine, a Door, a Spring; he urged men to their tasks by telling them that they were salt and light.

We shall never understand Jesus as a teacher until like him we learn to use the imagination in appealing to the pupils whom we teach.

Cultivate the imagination then, if you would be successful in living, in business, in teaching; use it to make men see the danger of the ignoble life and the beauty of the life everlasting.

Editorial Jottings

WHO THEY ARE. Among the contributors in this number is Rev. P. Geissler, who is pastor of our church at Sheffield, Iowa. Rev. H. F. Schade is pastor of the Grace Baptist Church, Racine, Wis. Our national president, Bro. Edw. W. Hoek, needs no special introduction, but let everyone read, mark and inwardly digest his brief but timely call for 5000 in this number.

Like Christ

H. F. SCHADE

OUR Lord calls upon men to follow him, and he is specific as to the meaning of his call to follow. A few examples, out of numerous ones, will show us how he expects us to do as he did and to be as he was.

Christ says of himself: "I am the light of the world." Of his disciples he says: "Ye are the light of the world." This can only be when we walk in the light as he is in the light.

Our Lord bore his cross. When the wooden cross was laid upon him to bear to Calvary, that was only symbolical of what he had been doing all the time. He bore his cross, and to his followers he said: "If any man come after me, let him take up his cross and follow me." The disciples should do as the Master did.

Again we hear our Lord say: "I am the good shepherd. A good shepherd giveth his life for his sheep." And he calls his disciple to the same office by saying: "Feed my sheep," and then continues to tell him that when he was young he girded himself, and went whithersoever he would, but now that he is old another would gird him, and lead him

where flesh and blood would not go. "This spake he signifying by what death he should glorify God." The disciple, too, should give his life for the sheep.

One morning when Christ was in the wilderness praying, his disciples sought him, and finding him said: "All men seek for thee." Our Lord answered with the words: "Let us go into the next towns that I may preach there also, for therefore came I forth." This reminds us of the great commission given to the church: "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." And again he says: "As my Father hath sent me, even so send I you." And here we could well include that bold and significant statement: "He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also, and greater than these shall he do, because I go to the Father." He that believes on Christ should be engaged in the same great service, whatever particular kind of service that might be.

When nailed to the cross Christ prayed for his murderers: "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do." And he has instructed us to love our enemies, and he says: "Pray for them which persecute you and despitefully use you."

Our Lord expects his followers to be like him. You can easily recognize a Christian, for he will be very much like Christ. Yes, we ourselves may know that we are Christ's by the Spirit which he hath given us, for his Spirit manifests himself in our daily walk. This is the evidence of faith in him.

The Twelve

FRANCES CROSBY HAMLET

Not a well-known name among them!
How had he chosen these,
Twelve simple, humble followers
By Galilee's quiet seas?

They had no talent the world heeds;
Only their craft they knew.
"Fishers of men I will make you."
Strange were his words, and few!

He had no prestige, no kingdom.
The future lay veiled and dim.
Often they must have wondered
Why they had listened to him.

But as water finds its level,
As the great tides seek their own,
Their humble grandeur responded
To a grandeur they had not known.

They gave their all to his keeping,
Though the neighbors wondered how;
Those wiser, practical neighbors,
Long ages forgotten, now.

These too might have passed, unnoticed,
At their nets, by Galilee,
Answering, they stand immortal,
Through the Master's "Follow me."

—Classmate.



Motherhood

ELEANOR ROBBINS WILSON

So short a time at my command
These children that I hold tonight,
God give me grace to understand,
Wisdom to guide their steps aright
That I may be throughout the land
A lamp unto their feet for light.

So short a time do small hands cling;
With confidence of babyhood,
Let me not idly dream the thing,
But live the noble part I should,
That henceforth from such mothering
They shall instinctively seek good.

So short a time for my embrace;
For love, cheer, comfort, lullabies;
God help me hallow the brief space
That turns to gold each sacrifice—
So surely does a mother's grace
Build her soul's mansion in the skies.
Good Housekeeping.

B. Y. P. U. at Grand Forks, N. D.

On Sunday evening, April 1, our society gave an interesting program which was enjoyed by all present.

The program consisted of several recitations, a number of good musical selections, a dialog and a play entitled, "It is more blessed to give than to receive," which was very ably rendered. At the close our pastor, Rev. F. Balogh, made a few remarks and the older folks expressed their appreciation of our efforts and encouraged us to go on.

We are a small group of only 20 members but are active and have a desire to do something worthwhile. We can do all things through Christ who strengthens us.

SECRETARY.

Forging Ahead in Folsomdale

We are still on the march for Jesus. Every department of our church is working and co-operating very nicely. The Sunday services are comparatively well attended, and everyone is showing a great deal of interest in the work of the Lord.

The week of March 5-10 was dedicated to protracted meetings. The weather was indeed very bad, rendering

most of the roads impassable. Yet the meetings were well attended each evening and two young ladies found their Savior in the Jesus whom Rev. Eckhard Umbach proclaimed. We were all richly blessed and sorry to see Bro. Umbach go so soon. There are a number of prospects we expect to reach during the summer months. As soon as the weather permits we are going to have an open air baptismal service.

The Easter services were well attended considering the siege of wintry weather that broke in upon us on April 7. The evening service was in the hands of the Sunday school. A goodly number of Sunday school scholars recited their recitations; the program culminated in an Easter pageant presented by the young people of our school. Our special Easter offering amounted to \$20. Pray with us for the success of the Gospel Kingdom of Jesus Christ.

EDWARD STEVENER.

The Sunday School and Young People's Institute of Saskatchewan

The 13th and 14th of March were days that shall not so soon be forgotten by the S. S. & Y. P. Workers of Saskatchewan. It was during these days that we held our S. S. & Y. P. Institute at Regina. There was a goodly number of representatives from the different schools and Y. P. societies. Rev. Chas. B. Thole of Lemberg served as chairman. Some committees of minor function were nominated for the duration of the Institute. Many lectures were given on S. S. & Y. P. work.

Rev. E. S. Fenske lectured on: "The teaching of the Kindergarten Class."
Rev. Chas. B. Thole of Lemberg on: "The Grading of the S. S. Classes."
Rev. S. J. Fuxa of Nokomis on: "Some Qualifications of the Teacher" and: "How can we establish a successful Y. P. Society?"

Rev. A. J. Milner of Regina on: "How the S. S. Teacher shall prepare for his class."

Rev. O. Ratschkowsky of Yorkton on: "The meaning of singing and music in the Sunday school."

Mr. A. Pekrul of Regina on: "The meaning of a Y. P. Society in the Church."

Rev. G. Ittermann of Fenwood on: "The main aim of a Y. P. Society."

The discussions of these themes were led by members of the different schools and societies. Our Institute came to a close with a consecration service led by Rev. W. Lübeck.

An inspiring atmosphere prevailed at all meetings. The nice weather with which Providence favored us and the hospitality of the Regina people helped to make the Institute a success.

E. S. FENSKE.

Some people make their minds very much as the old-fashioned housekeeper used to make her bed coverings—out of patches contributed by the neighbors.

Evangelistic Endeavors in Erie

An enthusiastic Easter Sunday evening was the climax. Three weeks of intensive evangelistic efforts, followed later by a quiet and heart-searching study of the events of Passion Week, preceded the Easter Sunday. The C. A. Blackmore family of the City Mission sang and preached the gospel for two weeks. Fourteen souls confessed forgiveness of their sins. A large number of members expressed a desire for a closer walk with the Master. The pastor conducted the first week of meetings in German.

A neat two-color folder listed the following topics: "With Christ in Jerusalem;" "With Christ in Bethany;" "With Christ in the Temple;" "With Christ in Retirement;" "With Christ in the Upper Room" (the Lord's Supper was taken); "With Christ on Calvary" (stereopticon lecture—the Passion Play); "With Christ at the Open Grave;" "With Christ in Baptism."

Easter Sunday came with a snow-storm. But there was warmth and beauty in God's house. The Ladies' Missionary Society had provided palms and Easter lilies. The morning service, the Sunday school and Young People's gathering revealed happy faces. The choir under the direction of Prof. A. B. Mehnert, F. A. G. O., rendered the cantata: "The Resurrection" in the evening. The pastor gave a short message on: "Thus it becometh us to fulfill all righteousness" and 11 souls followed their Lord in baptism. Our love and appreciation to our Lord found expression in the Easter offering. These converts and 4 others who came to us by letter were the guests of honor at an informal reception on Wednesday evening.

The W. W. G. has been active all winter and made substantial contributions to our work on Bro. Geo. J. Geis's field, as well as to the work on the Philippine Islands. The young people are looking forward to the Young People's convention to be held in our church June 2-3 and desire at this time to extend a hearty invitation to all young people in this territory. The Erieites will endeavor to live up to their reputation.

WILLIBALD S. ARGOW.

A Little Child Shall Lead Them

A young man in a Southern Mountain community, who was once the terror of the neighborhood in which he lived, was brought to see the error of his way through the gift of a Testament by his little sister who was in a mission Sunday school. She put it in his suitcase on his leaving home, and he started to read it. "Enough warrants were out for me at one time," he remarked, "to paper an ordinary-sized room." He returned home, sent for the Sunday school representative to come and help to organize a Sunday school, and on organization he was elected secretary. Truly "a little child shall lead them."

The Sunday School

Mother's Kisses

ANNIE BALCOMB WHEELER

They're good for bumps, and good for lumps,
They're even good for dumps and grumps,
They're good for stings of "bumblebees"
And barks from "shinnying" cherry-trees.
For splinters, sun-burn, "skeeter-bites,"
For "injured feelings" after fights,
And scratches, scratched while Tabby hisses—
Mother's kisses.

There's naught so pure, there's naught so sure,
Indeed they seem a heavenly cure,
For pounded fingers, stubbed toes,
And all the long, long list of woes,
Yet did you ever think it queer
That while they're fine for every fear
They're just as fine with all the blisses—
Mother's kisses.

A Sunday School Teacher's Creed

(The following creed was sent in by our good friend Roland Riepe, formerly our Council member from the Pacific Conference. It was drawn up by the Board of Education of the First Baptist Church of Seattle, Wash. Bro. Riepe is one of its deacons of this great church, a member of its Board of Religious Education and Chief-Counselor of the Royal Ambassadors. We are glad to know of his continued interest in our German Baptist Young People's and Sunday school work and our "Baptist Herald." Editor.)

1. Essential to be a Christian.

As a Sunday school teacher I must necessarily be a Christian, and believe in and strive to live in strict accordance with the teachings of Jesus, and be a loyal supporter of my church and a faithful attendant upon its services, whenever possible.

2. Primary Purpose.

I should realize and keep in mind at all times that the primary purpose of my teaching is to bring all the members of my class to a better and clearer understanding of the Bible; to arouse in them a belief in, a greater appreciation of, and love for Jesus; and to lead them to dedicate their lives to his service.

3. Adequate Preparation.

I should attend teacher's training classes, specializing, if possible, in classes designed for the particular department in which I teach. I should never attempt to teach my class without careful study, and without having in my own mind a definite outline of the method of presentation and of the particular points I desire the class to carry away from the lesson.

4. A broad knowledge of the field of Religious Education.

I should inform myself concerning the various methods and tendencies in religious education, and should be conversant with the best thought on the subject.

5. Permanence.

I should prepare for my work with

the intention of teaching for a long enough period to justify preparation and to insure that sincere, painstaking and enthusiastic type of work which characterizes a real profession.

6. Solidarity and Co-operation.

I realize that mutual respect and loyalty should characterize the relationship among teachers and officers of the Sunday school, and that I should co-operate with them in any program adopted by the school. I realize further that to make such programs effective, and for the best solution of our various problems, frequent conferences, departmental and general, are essential and I should attend all such conferences and assist so far as I am able in the framing of such programs and the solution of such problems.

7. High Quality of Christian Citizenship.

I should always remember that acts speak louder than words, and never do anything that is not in conformity with my teaching. I should make myself the friend and confidant of the members of my class.

I believe that Sunday school teachers should exercise to the fullest extent the duties and privileges of Christian citizenship, and should be exponents of what is best in civic life.

8. Home Co-operation.

If a teacher in any department below the Adult Department, I should realize that the sympathetic understanding of the problems and advantages of religious education should be cultivated with the parents and guardians of my pupils, that we may secure from them a more active co-operation in our main objective.

9. Duty to be prompt and present.

I should never be absent if such absence can possibly be avoided. I should notify my departmental superintendent as soon as I know that it will be impossible for me to meet my class, and co-operate with him in securing a substitute.

I should make it a point always to be present at the opening worship service, to be on time, and to encourage and urge my class to do likewise.

Edison's Tribute to His Mother

I did not have my mother long, but she cast an influence over me which has lasted all my life. The good effects of her early training I can never lose. If it had not been for her appreciation, and her faith in me at a critical time in my experience, I should likely never have become an inventor. I was always a careless boy, and with a mother of a different caliber, I should probably have turned out badly. But her firmness, her sweetness, her goodness, were potent powers to keep me in the right path. My mother was the making of me. The memory of her will always be a blessing to me.—Thomas A. Edison.

Great Men and Their Mothers

A kiss from my mother made me a painter.—Benjamin West.

My mother was my first preacher as well as my first teacher.—Lyman Abbott.

All that is good in my life, I think has come from my mother.—Dwight L. Moody.

There is nothing sweeter than the heart of a pious mother.—Martin Luther.

Do you know what especially impels me to industry? My mother.—Jean Paul Richter.

She was the best of all mothers, to whom I owe endless gratitude.—Thomas Carlyle.

All that I am or hope to be, I owe to my angel mother.—Abraham Lincoln.

Referring to his mother's death, "I had but one friend in the world and she is gone."—Lord Byron.

My mother was the source from which I derived the guiding principles of my life.—John Wesley.

Back in the brick-yard of Philadelphia my mother taught me the principles of success.—John Wanamaker.

My first desire for knowledge and my earliest passion for reading were awakened by my mother.—Charles Dickens.

Ah! who was happier than I when I could still utter the name of mother, and it was heard?—Ludwig von Beethoven.

I remember my mother's prayers—and they have always followed me. They have clung to me throughout my life.—Abraham Lincoln.

I remember a multitude of maternal kindnesses which I have received from my mother and which have endeared her memory to me beyond expression.—William Couper.

I had a mother once, who cared for me with such a passionate regard, who loved me so intensely, that no language can describe the yearning of her soul.—William Lloyd Garrison.

The simple faith of my mother is good enough for me. If we believe this faith, what harm? If we disbelieve it and thereby do wrong, what of our future?—Chancey M. Depew.

If ever I make anything of myself in this world or another, I shall owe it to the blessed influence of home. It was my mother who brought out the best that was in me.—Daniel Coit Gilman.

Whatever I have done in my life has simply been due to the fact that when I was a child my mother daily read with me a part of the Bible, and made me learn a part of it by heart.—Wendell Phillips.

My mother's influence in molding my character was conspicuous. She forced me to learn daily long chapters of the Bible by heart. To that discipline and patient, accurate resolve I owe not only much of my general power of taking pains, but the best part of my taste for literature.—Ruskin.

Cherry Square

By GRACE S. RICHMOND

(Copyrighted)

(Continuation)

XI

"We'll give him five minutes more," said Gordon Mackey, "and then we'll go home on our own. He can't expect us to wait indefinitely. We'll be suspicious characters if we stand here much longer."

At the end of five minutes he took charge of the situation. "We can get a train to Stamford," he said, "and drive over from there in what we can find. I'm mighty sorry to take you to the station in the subway, after Hunt's coupe, but that's the best I can do."

He didn't tell her he had but a five dollar bill and a little small change in his pockets, but he didn't need to. Jo Jenney herself had nothing. The little blue dinner frock had no pockets, and she didn't carry about a vanity-bag with a twenty-dollar bill tucked into a corner with which to meet emergencies, as Adelaide Sturgis did.

"It will be fun," said Jo valiantly. "The subway never ceases to be amusing to a country girl."

For a country minister Mackay proved to be an experienced escort. He seemed to know every trick of the subway, even to the final run through devious passages for their train. They made it by a breathless ten seconds, and stood laughing together in the vestibule before they looked into the crowded cars on either side.

"This is an inglorious end to a glorious evening," Mackay reflected, "but it has its points—for me, at least. A dash like that has in it an element of real sport—the do-or-die flavor of a race. If you'd been one stone heavier you couldn't have made it, and we should have been standing forlorn, with an hour to wait for the next train."

"We could have spent the hour talking."

"We could. Shouldn't you have minded that?"

"Not a bit."

"Then I'm sorry we caught the train. I'm afraid I can't get you a seat in either of these cars."

"We're better off out here, anyway. I don't mind standing—if they'll let us stay."

"They'll have to. Not another sardine could be crammed inside. It's worse than the train between Glasgow and Edinburgh on a Bank Holiday."

He had put his arm through hers, for all places to which to cling were already preempted, and the train was well under way, swinging around curves at a high speed. He glanced about him at his fellow passengers. Then he gently but determinately made Jo perform with him a slow evolution which shifted their position so that his own sturdy shoulders

came between her and a fat-necked young man with a red face whose gaze was fixed upon her.

"Now—there—what did ye do that fer?" inquired the young man in his ear. His breath was heavy with the fumes of liquor.

Mackay made no reply, but to Jo's eyes his shoulders assumed the aspect of a sheltering rock. She was sure that in physical combat the other wouldn't have a chance with him.

"Fraid I'd make a hit with the dame, eh?" went on the offensive one, leering.

Somehow or other Mackay conveyed to him that silence would be safer than speech. It was done by a sudden half-turn toward the man, a straight look in his eyes, the gripping of his big arm with muscles like steel. Jo thought for an instant that the intoxicated one would break out into ribaldry, but incredibly he gave the impression of one confronted by something of which he was afraid. If the sturdy Scotsman had shown him a badge inside his coat he could hardly have slunk away faster—so to speak, for in the crush there was nowhere to slink to.

This was the memory which Jo carried with her of the forty-five-minute journey. It was impossible to talk while the train was in motion, the roar in the vestibule was so loud. All that could fill the time was the sense of Mackay's protruding arm in hers, for he didn't withdraw it, and held her safe from being swung heavily against the other occupants of the platform, most of whom were men. The conductor, worming his way through in his passage from car to car, was heard to mutter, in answer to an impatient question as to why there weren't more cars on the train, that this was the worst jam of the season. Somebody else asserted that all the country people within a hundred miles had gone to the city that day to hear the Governor of the State, who had been speaking in a great popular debate.

"Train's quicker'n auto," another commented. "All them's gone, too—millions of 'em. Nobody's left to do the milkin'." At which there was loud laughter.

It was good at last to be off the train and in the fresh night air. Now to get away. Cherry Hills was eleven miles ling to make the trip for a higher fee than was righteous, but there was no other way.

"We could telephone for somebody to come and get us," Jo suggested, having overheard the price mentioned. Mackay shook his head.

"That would double the time it'll take to get there," he said. "We're pretty late, for Cherry Hills' ideas, even now."

So they were. It was nearly one o'clock, so much time had been lost in

the futile wait for Dallas Hunt. Jo realized that the sooner they reached home the better, for she knew something of the rigid standards of the little place. The Sturgises and their friends might come and go with more or less impunity, at varying hours of the night, for the town grudgingly accepted their ways as those of their class. But let Gordon Mackay and Josephine Jenney be seen driving in at two in the morning—somebody would be sure to see them—and gossip would flame forth as the word went around.

As their taxi swung into the open country road a sudden crash of thunder, apparently from a clear sky, startled them. The night had thus far been warm and close, but under the electric lights nobody had thought of an approaching storm. The driver quickened his pace, for it was evident that rain would follow the tempest of wind which swept after the noise of the thunder. It was upon them before they could do more than close the windows, and Mackay ordered the driver to stop until the violence was past. The attack was soon over, and they proceeded, but it was to go carefully, for the road was slippery and strewn with small limbs from the trees which lined it. Therefore it was well past two o'clock when the car rattled into Cherry Square, and by this time a second tempest was threatening, after the fashion of electric summer nights. As the car came by the Manse, Mackay ran in to replenish his flat pocket-book. Then they rushed on to Cherry House.

To their surprise, it was alight with the soft flaming of candles from top to bottom. Bradley Sturgis's car stood in the driveway, backed by that of Doctor Fiske.

"I'm glad they're all here," said Jo. "They must have been delayed, too."

"They must have just got back," Mackay surmised. "Yet—it seems rather strange the whole house should be lighted. I hope nothing's wrong. Perhaps I'd better come in with you and see—if I may. And I'd rather like to hear Hunt's explanations," he added, somewhat grimly.

They went in together, for the front door was open, and they met Doctor Fiske coming through the hall. He looked so grave that Jo asked quickly: "Has anything happened?"

"I hope not." But his look didn't lighten. "We can't find Doctor Chase in the house."

"Oh!—I oughtn't to have gone!" Jo cried remorsefully, under her breath.

"That's the way we're all feeling, of course. But we can't imagine what he could have done. Mrs. O'Grady says he went to bed after half-past ten, after a talk with her, and that his light was out a few minutes after. Her windows at the back all look toward his in the upright."

"Perhaps he couldn't sleep, and went for a walk," Mackay suggested. "He told me sleeping is deeficult for him just now."

"Always has been. But he wouldn't have been able to go far, and the storm

should have driven him back. Anybody on a country road would have seen him coming."

Evidently Richard Fiske was genuinely worried, though his manner changed quickly enough as Sally Chase came out into the hall.

"Two more rescuers arrived," he said cheerfully. "It's just a matter of a little looking. We'll all go in different directions, and we'll soon find him. He may have gone in somewhere out of the storm, and a lighted window will tell us so."

It was at this juncture that Dallas Hunt came dashing into the house. Evidently he had driven into the dooryard but a moment after Mackay and Jo. As a matter of fact, it wasn't ten minutes since the others of the party had reached the place, and the discovery of Schuyler's absence had but just been made. Hunt noted nobody's face except Jo's as he made straight for her.

"Can you possibly forgive me, Miss Jenney?" he cried. "I can never tell you how sorry I am—or you either, Mr. Mackay." His look swung for an instant to Mackay but returned to Jo as he scanned her sober face. "The whole story will take an hour. But the honest fact is I couldn't help it, and I feel confoundedly chagrined about it. How did you get home? Did the others come across you?"

"Mr. Mackay brought me home by train," Jo explained. "Never mind, Mr. Hunt—you're excused, entirely. We're thinking of something else, now. Doctor Chase isn't here."

"Isn't here!"

He was told quickly of the missing invalid, and eagerly expressed his concern. He would take his car and scour the country side, he said.

But before anybody could leave the house, the second and severer storm of the night struck with fury. The weather had been aridly dry for a fortnight, with excessive heat; the break, now that it had come, was as if Nature had broken out in blind anger and would give no warning of her blows. There was nothing to do but to wait till the tempest was past.

Sally Chase went upstairs again, and Jo followed her. Adelaide Sturgis had gone to her room, but came to its open door, as Sally and Jo passed it.

"You're imagining things, Sally," she said. "What could have happened to Schuyler, in a dead little place like this at midnight? It's just as Rich Fiske says: he went for a walk and got caught, and they've put him to bed and he'll come home in the morning."

"I can't believe that explanation!" Sally said, under her breath. "He might have gone for a walk, though I doubt it. But he wouldn't have left us to be anxious about him—he'd have sent some word."

It did look strange, Jo thought. She went to her own room and took off the clothes of the evening, putting on a cotton frock and stout shoes in which she could tramp. Full of remorse that she hadn't insisted on remaining at home,

she meant to do her part in the search, no matter where or how far it led.

The moment the storm was over—and it ceased for the second time as it had begun and ceased before, as if some mighty stopcock had been turned on and off—the searchers left the house. Urged to remain behind lest her husband come in and need her care, Sally reluctantly yielded to the harder task of enduring her suspense unoccupied. Even Norah O'Grady was ready with a lantern, her son Jimmy beside her, for she and he, she insisted, knew every nook and byway of the village and country, as the others did not.

"You don't need a lantern—the moon's out again, gorgeously," Bradley Sturgis reported. He was eager for the hunt—it was an excitement he welcomed. But he asserted that he was sure old Schuyler couldn't be sick—couldn't have met with thugs—not in this rustic neighborhood—couldn't have done away with himself—

Richard Fiske's hand came heavily upon Bradley's arm as he gave carelessness voice to these assertions, for Sally was close by, seeing them off. She was very pale, though she kept her head. Doctor Fiske knew she was blaming herself mercilessly for having left her husband behind, alone except for a servant. In her mind, as in Fiske's own, the knowledge of Schuyler's unsteady spiritual balance in this illness, with its threatened hopeless outcome, was reason enough for anxiety. Though of late he had seemed to have himself better in hand, not to be brooding on his prospects unduly, both wife and physician understood that it took little to upset him and bring on an attack of nervous depression. A morbid chapter in a book, a newspaper account of a crime, even— for so susceptible he was—the very approach of a severe electrical storm, such as the two which had passed this night, might have sent his mercurial temperament down to a point of danger to his impulses.

The party set off. Bradley Sturgis went with Jo—she couldn't prevent him. "Think I'm going to let you dash off alone down dark lanes?" he demanded.

"They won't be dark in this moonlight."

"If you should find him, you'd need a man's help," he insisted, and she couldn't deny this. As for village gossip, that wasn't to be thought of, no matter whom they met. No matter how silently the search was made, the whole town would know of it, in some way, by morning.

XII

It was Gordon Mackay who found Schuyler Chase. The others scattered to dale and pond, tragedy in the minds of all, even Bradley's, though he denied it. Mackay tried to reconstruct the plan in the mind of a man who came out of the house, unable to sleep on a fine moonlight night. He decided that in his physical weakness Doctor Chase would simply start down the road. In what direction?

Very likely it would occur to him that he might meet the returning party from the distant city by walking toward them, so that they might pick him up. If he went into any house, driven by the sudden storm, it would be one on that main highway, and that was the place, Mackay thought, to look for lights. Schuyler's strength might conceivably have failed, he might even be lying unconscious somewhere beside the road. Anyhow, Mackey's instinct was that this was the direction to take, and he followed it.

A quarter of a mile down the road he saw the lighted windows of a small house, but they didn't make him pause, for these same windows were lighted every night. Mortal illness lay within, as he well knew, for he had been making daily calls at the place since he came to the town, more than a month ago. His sympathies had been strongly aroused, for an aged pair were nearing separation, after sixty years of life together, and the wife who was soon to be left behind was pitifully frail. Even in his quest, the sight of that light, burning in the outer room from which the small bedroom opened, called to him to stop. But his anxiety for Doctor Chase was too keen, and he was striding rapidly by when the door opened and two figures came into view, silhouetted against the light.

One was that of the little old woman—Mackay knew that tiny stooped figure in every line. The other was the one he sought. He knew that figure, too. The tall man was clasping the hand of the little old woman, and saying something to her, very low. Then he was coming down the two steps of the little porch, slowly, his hat still in his hand. As the door closed behind him he stood still for a minute, looking up at the moonlit sky. Then he began to walk, with the step of a weary man, toward the road where Mackay, in the shadow of a great elm, stood watching him.

Was it best to join him, or to let him walk home alone, in comfortable ignorance of the fact that the whole household had been anxious about him? For a minute Mackay considered the latter the wiser course. But Chase was likely to be met by others of the searching party, less discreet; and anyhow, Mackay was eager to know just what it meant that he found Chase coming out of that particular house. Had it been only the chance of the storm that sent him there?

He came up behind the slowly moving figure, with a quiet hail. Chase turned, startled.

"I didn't expect to see you here, Doctor Chase. You see, when Mrs. Chase reached home and found you out, she was afraid you might have been caught in the storm. So I came along down the road, having a notion you'd gone for a walk."

"I see. Yes, I suppose I've roused everybody's fears, if they're back. I thought I'd be home long before they were. I—have rather lost track of the time, I believe."

"One does—in that house." Mackay glanced back toward it. "I know the people well, and know what you found there. I lose track of time, too, whenever I go."

Schuyler was silent for a minute, as the two walked along. Then he said in a tone which showed that he had been somewhat shaken by his recent experience: "They wanted you. You see—the old man died while I was there."

It was Mackay's turn to be startled. "He did?" He turned again to look back at the house. "Why, I—"

"You ought to go back."

"I will—but I'm going to walk home with you first. If you've been through that, you've a right to be leaning on the arm of a friend. You're not so strong yet as you're going to be. Please!"

He offered his arm, and Schuyler Chase willingly accepted it. Since he had left the small house he was realizing how shaky were both his nerves and his sinews—if he had any sinews, after his illness. It gave him a pang to be leaning on the arm of a young man only a few years his junior, but there was no doubt he needed that sturdy strength.

"I couldn't sleep," he said. "I went around the Square first. Every light was out, though it was only eleven. These little country towns!... I came by your house—the Manse my wife had pointed out to me. I met a boy who'd just come away. He asked me if I knew where you were. He thought I ought to go, in your place. The boy said the only other minister was away."

"It was my job." Regret was sharp in Gordon Mackay's voice. "I ought to have been on call. But poor old Jonathan Cutler has been at low ebb so often, I'd no possible expectation the tide would really carry him out tonight. I'm mighty sorry."

"You may be sorry for yourself," said Schuyler Chase, "but you needn't be sorry for me."

The other looked at him keenly in the bright moonlight, which at the moment was undimmed by any passing cloud. Mackay could see the fine profile clearly outlined, could even almost see, could fully guess at, the quiver of the delicately cut lips. He wanted the explanation of that last statement, though he knew what it was.

"I've always felt," Mackay said gently, "that it is one of the greatest privileges of a minister's life to be allowed to be with people in hours like that. I've never come away from such a place without being sure of that all over again."

"You see," Chase answered after a little, "for some years now I've had an assistant minister in my church. He's done the calling on the bereaved—mostly. Unless—an odd smile touched his lips—"they were very important people. Then I've gone myself."

All Mackay found to say to this was, in his turn, "I see." And he thought he did see.

"So—I've been spared a good deal of—the sort of thing I've seen tonight—especially among the poor. I think, perhaps, that wasn't wholly a good thing."

Well! The man was honest with him-

self, Mackay thought. To tell the truth, much as he had admired Doctor Chase—he had heard him preach at various times, and had envied him his amazing ability—the thought of that assistant minister getting most of the real contacts with the lowlier parishioners had bothered him. It was an undoubted fact that the head of a great church like Chase's couldn't possibly do all the work alone, he must have help. Yet—wasn't the result of it that something vital was lost by it? Chase seemed to be owning up to that very thing.

"Anyhow," Chase went on thoughtfully, "though I can't tell you how I dreaded going to that place, with my shaky nerves, I'm glad I went. I hope I was of use to that pathetic little old wife. I don't know about that. But—but she—she was of marvellous use to me. I never—never in my life—saw anything like her fortitude. Why, after it was over, she—came to the door with me, and thanked me for coming! And smiled—"

His voice broke. Mackay had a moment of fear that the emotional strain of a scene like that had been too much for the man who had his own heavy troubles to bear. But his next strong impression was that the sight of little old Mrs. Cutler's courage had really been, as Chase had said, to inspire his own.

So Mackay said, in the quiet, warm tone of confidence which is the best support for weakness in another, "I can imagine. Isn't she the greatest little old soldier you ever knew? She's been shouldering her crutch and marching to the music for years, one knows by the look of her. I don't think she'll march much longer, now her old mate is gone, but she'll be game to the end. I'm glad you were with her to see her and help her through. There's nobody like you, Doctor Chase, to know how to say the right thing. I've heard you do it many times, and I know."

Chase turned to look at him. You never saw me in a place like that. The pulpit's one place. A little room like that is quite another. I—Mackay—somehow I didn't feel very big in that little room."

"I know." And now Gordon Mackay felt a definite personal liking for this man that he hadn't quite had before. This was the real man speaking, he was sure.

But now the speaking was over. Suddenly Chase felt himself very weak and sick, and leaned heavily on Mackay's steel-strong arm. The younger man wondered for an instant if he oughtn't to leave him and run to the house for a car with which to bring him the few remaining rods. But Chase shook his head and moved slowly on.

"It's—just—nerves," he breathed. "I can—make it."

So they made it, and came to the house. They had also come a little way on that ancient road toward friendship made by the mutual understanding of each other's feeling in a great hour.

(To be continued)

To Mother

THOMAS W. FESSENDEN

You painted no Madonnas
On chapel walls in Rome,
But with a touch diviner
You lived one in your home.

You wrote no lofty poems
That critics counted art,
But with a nobler vision
You lived them in your heart.

You carved no shapeless marble
To some high soul-design,
But with a finer sculpture
You shaped this soul of mine.

You built no great cathedrals
That centuries applaud,
But with a grace exquisite
Your life cathedraled God.

Had I the gift of Raphael
Or Michelangelo,
Oh what a rare Madonna
My mother's life would show!

The Helping Hand Society of Oak Park Church

Through the goodness of God we were permitted to enjoy a richly blessed year as a society. Our membership has remained the same. We numbered 43 at the beginning of our society year. Three members moved away, two died and one wishes to be dropped. However, we took up 6 new members. We also have about 70 friends on our list, who receive the "Wegweiser" regularly and also written invitations to our Thursday meetings. Our attendance is about 28 on Sundays and about 45 at the Thursday meetings.

The Sunday devotional meetings number 12, two of which were held in co-operation with the Men's brotherhood. We had 10 special gatherings with our friends and 2 picnics. Among the speakers at the Sunday meetings were Rev. J. Luebeck of Winnipeg, Rev. Theo. W. Dons, and Prof. J. Heinrichs. Mrs. Wm. Kuhn led 3 Bible Study hours. Our program committee arranged with the president for the other meetings and always furnished us a richly varied program of a literary and musical nature.

The society has been very active in distributing tracts and Christian literature, also Bibles and New Testaments. This work has been under the leadership of Miss Rose Reinprecht. About 272 visits were made by the members of the society. By gifts of money we had a part in helping to defray our church debt, supporting a missionary in Russia, helping the Old Folks Home in Chicago as well as assisting our former missionary, Miss Elsie Miller, during her illness.

Our hearts are grateful to God and we praise his name for all he has done through us in the building of his kingdom.

* * *

Youth is splendid capital and calls for wise investment. He who thinks he can squander without impoverishing himself is mistaken.

In Memory of Louise Winkleman

We thank thee, Father, for her life,
So rich in faith and love;
We miss her, but we're glad that she
Is safe with thee above.

May we, too, consecrate our all
To glorify our King;
And seek, like her, to know and do
Thy will in everything.

She prayed for others; help us, Lord,
To pray as earnestly,
That all thy church may be revived,
And many saved may be.

She loved to praise thy name in song,
In word and deed as well;
So, trusting, Savior, in thy power,
May we thy message tell.

She waited for thy coming, Christ,
And longed to see thy face;
Oh, make us too, in life and death,
A tribute to thy grace!

She was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. August Winkleman of Buffalo Center, Iowa, and died at Chicago on Sunday, March 18, 1928. The funeral was held the following Thursday at Buffalo Center, being conducted by her pastor, Rev. A. G. Lang.

Louise lived most of her life at Buffalo Center. After graduating from High School, she taught several years. Then she attended Moody Bible Institute a year and a half. The past year she had been at home. In February she returned to M. B. I. for special study, as she wished to work with Juniors. While there she became ill with bronchial pneumonia and was taken to a hospital. A few days later she fell asleep in Jesus. She was well known to our young people and was a great blessing to many. Her life was truly rich in faith and love, a tribute to the grace of our blessed Redeemer and an inspiration to those who knew her.

ETHEL RENNISON.

Salt Creek Anniversary

The B. Y. P. U. of Salt Creek, Oreg., held their 32nd Anniversary program Friday evening, March 2. An unusually large attendance was present.

A fine program was rendered.

Music was furnished by the band and by the piano.

One song was given by the Choir; one by the Male Chorus, one duet and a ladies quartet. We had two recitations and two very interesting dialogs, "The Unread Bible" and "Der kirchliche Anstands-Verein."

A talk by our pastor, Rev. Reschke, and then the closing prayer by Bro. Ahrendt of Tacoma.

At the close of the festive evening a delicious lunch was served.

In looking back, we believe the year was a successful one and with God's help we hope to be able to do more for him in our society and to gain in number as well as in faith.



Group of Young Converts baptized in First Church Portland, Oreg.

Organized Bible Class of Randolph, Minn.

Passing another mile-stone we pause to recount the blessings of another year and to proclaim, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us."

We have been reminded of the brevity of life through the departure of two active members in the work of our church, who were called to be with Jesus during the year.

Bro. Charlie Engler, for years a deacon and superintendent of our Bible school, was an example of faithfulness to all.

Our Sister Martha Miller was beloved for the quiet, peaceful walk of life which characterized her in service for the Lord.

These have entered into the joy of their Lord and we are comforted in the hope of a reunion.

Our desire is that as members of the Bible Class we may take advantage of the opportunities of another year, letting our light shine to the Savior's glory, being made a blessing to our fellowmen and gathering riches that abide when all else fails.

C. ABENDROTH, Sec.

Nervous Saints

In his "Christ of the Indian Road," Dr. Jones writes: "Many of the saints are now painfully nervous. They remind me of the lady missionary with whom I walked home one night after a very tense meeting in a Hindoo theater. She said, 'Mr. Jones, I am physically exhausted from that meeting tonight.' When I asked her the reason she said, 'Well, I didn't know what they were going to ask you next, and I didn't know what you were going to answer, so I've been sitting up there in the gallery holding on to the bench with all my might for two hours, and I'm physically exhausted!' There are many like our sister who are metaphorically holding to their seats with all their might lest Christianity fall to pieces under criticism."

Young Baptized Followers at Portland

The above picture is the fruit-of the evangelistic meetings held at the First Church, Portland, Oreg. They were baptized Sunday night, March 18, by our pastor, Bro. Kratt, who is also shown on the picture.

Knowing the children understand English better than German, Bro. Dymmel called them together an hour before the regular meeting and spoke to them in English. In a room by themselves they sang songs, prayed and testified. Bro. Dymmel made the word very clear to them and the result was that several accepted Jesus and received clean hearts. Their names are Miriam and Elizabeth Pfaff, Ida and Ruth Haack, Ruth Pohl, Henry Bauder, Rudolph Schmidt, Howard Losli, Esther and Ernest Sonnenberg, Esther Rosen, Freda and Walter Krell, Helen Tacholsky and Mildred Nunnenkamp who is not in the picture.

Ring the bells of heaven!
Spread the feast today,
Angels swell the glad, triumphant strain,
Tell the joyful tidings,
Bear it far away,
For a precious soul is born again.

L. T.

A Smile

Consider the fish . . . If he didn't open his mouth, he wouldn't get caught.—Jack-o-Lantern.

"O George, a horrible thing has happened! You know that mousetrap you brought home? Well, there's a mouse in it!"

Bobby: "Did you hear the step-ladder fall, Mom?"

Mother: "Yes, I hope father didn't fall."

Bobby: "He hasn't yet. He's hanging to the picture moulding."

Remembering Mother

MARGERY ISABEL

The garden smiles on Mother's Day,
With roses all abloom;
I always pick a big bouquet
To put in mother's room.

And as I pass the easy chair
Where mother used to sit,
I see her there—in memory—
When ev'ning lamps were lit.

I take her Bible in my hand
From its accustomed shelf;
And sitting down in mother's chair
I read a page myself.

I think of all that mother was,
And wanted me to be:
How kind she was to ev'ry one,
How much she did for me!

No better way I know, than this,
For keeping Mother's Day;
And so I sit and read the Book
That guided mother's way.

Exchange Letter No. 3, by William to Albert

Dear Friend Albert,

That was certainly an excellent letter which you wrote me last week. Thank you most cordially for your treat. But I am afraid that I shall have to be shorter this time for some very obvious reasons. Now with regard to your treatment of the theme "Scientific Thinking or Independent Thinking and Jesus Christ" let me say just this:

Essentially, Albert, I am of your opinion regarding the solution of this theme. Science has indeed little to say on the person of Christ. However, I should stress this point, namely that there may be such a thing as independent thinking, if we define the latter as an attempt on the part of a conscientious scholar to extend the boundaries of knowledge by means of research of matters belonging to chemistry, physics, medicine, anthropology or biology and related fields of investigation.

Of course, it is true that no thinker is absolutely independent of the rest of the world of thinkers. We are all members of one body, to use a common metaphor. Take the field of medicine, for instance. Our time has witnessed enormous developments in this science. What medical surgery has accomplished during the recent World War is simply baffling to the human mind. But it has been done! However, all the work that those brilliant surgeons achieved for the welfare of wounded soldiers would have been impossible without the laborious research of such men like Virchow, the founder of our modern cellular pathology, or Pasteur, whose name is attached to every milk-bottle in America, for he it was who enlightened the world at the beginning of the 19th century through his studies on fermentation and putrefaction, thus

preparing the way for the germ theory of diseases.

We might go on mentioning hundreds of medical men, most of them forgotten by the men of today, who did great things on which our doctors of today are basing their work; we might mention Lister who gave us the antiseptic treatment of wounds, or Koch who in 1882 discovered the bacillus of tuberculosis. Morton of Boston, and Simpson of Edinburgh should have a statue in every city of the world, for without them we should still be suffering with terrible pain while undergoing serious operations or when we had a tooth extracted. These two last mentioned men were great benefactors of the race because of their discovery of local anesthesia.

Our modern preventive medicine would not be possible without these pioneers. Therefore it is always wise that we remind a forgetful race of the deeds of the past. We are like our granddaddies who sit in the easy chair, looking with surprise upon their grandchildren who seem to be so different and so much "badder" than they were.

It's really funny how soon we forget things and facts. Roaming in and thinking about the past should make us more humble, and takes away some of our self-conceit.

But I must hurry. Permit me to say that your statement that "Christ must shape our theology" expresses just my opinion of the matter. It might interest you, Al, to learn that I am going to preach on this topic soon: "Christ—Sphinx of life, or 'Prince of life, which?' Pray for me that this message may be helpful to my people.

In closing I'd like to throw out one question for you to consider. What do you think about "Making the world safe for democracy?" I have been pondering this problem for some time past, but I am almost tempted to say: Democracy is overdone these days; democracy seems to be a failure.

I wish you would write me regarding this theme.

I can report good news from our church. Life is coming back into our hearts. And you should see our B. Y. P. U. at work! Their meetings are well attended. Many immigrants have been coming in during the past ten months, so that we had to organize a German Department of our B. Y. P. U.

Alas, joy is most times mingled with sadness. One of our fine girls was recently knocked off her feet in an auto accident. She is in a hospital where she is slowly recovering. Happily the girl is not hurt at any central part of the body. The head is not hurt at all, but her legs were badly torn. Pray for her that she may speedily recover. Pray that this trouble might lead her closer to the Lord.

Another news, and then I'll surely close. My father-in-law is coming to the Baptist World Congress in June. Isn't that fine? My wife simply is tickled to death to know that her dad is coming from Germany to America. He is a fine preacher, 27 years in the ministry, a

noble soul and a man of prayer. And mind you, Al, he has preached 27 years and has never been sick for a single day! How is that for a change? A minister, 27 years in active service, and never sick a single day. . . . I wish I had such record at the time of my tramping over the world. Well, who knows what we may not see during the coming months and years. If you wait long enough, Du alter Kupferstecher und Zelot, then you might hear soon of an event in my family which may revolutionize things for me and my sweet little wife. Can you guess—I bet you can't, ha, ha???

By the way, don't fail to let me know what you think of "Companionate Marriage." I heard there was a debate in Buffalo recently on this topic. Judge Lindsey of Denver debating Evangelist Churchill and losing in the game. To be sure, I am against that sort of nonsense and perversion. Explanation follows if you take the bait.

As ever, through thick and thin,
OLD PAL WILLIAM.

Letter No. 4, Albert to William

Politik verdirbt den Charakter.

My dear William,

Your "medical letter" arrived here in due time. Say, Buddie, where did you pick up all that dope on medicine? Have you been a doctor before you became a minister? Most of the names you mentioned were all Greek to me. I guess, you have been readin' lots of books on the man-butcher art? I bet you, Bill, some of these days they'll make you professor at one of the two-by-four Middle West Prairie medical schools??

But really, I don't want to hurt you, Bill. I am not writing to bury your fame, I write to praise you, understand me right. (I hear you correct "right" and change it into "rightly.") Please don't be too critical, or. . . . Anyway, you are a cracker-jack, and so is your old man, I hear you grumbling in your cave. . . . But let me say this as a sort of pastoral advice: William, don't stick your nose too much into these books. You may think that I am prejudiced against books, because I "loved" them so much in school, but listen: *too much is too much!* That's common horse sense. And remember what the good old Book has to say about it: "Viel Studieren macht den Leib müde." You see, Bill, I am scriptural. . . .

No kiddin', young man, some of these days they will make you "prof" somewhere. You got the stuff and you got some nerves too, I am sure. But let me say once more, and with more emphasis: you still remember what our Dean used to say about "emphasis" in Rhetoric: "Repititio mater studiorum est"—which means that you have to say a thing over and over again so that people get you. I would say with more emphasis, please look out for your nerves. Don't over-work yourself. You may fool the people and you may fool me, the best friend you ever had in your life, but listen, Bill, you can't fool nature; you can't fool your anatomy, if you know what that means.

You want me to say something about "democracy." Huh, that's a big word, perhaps it's also a big lie in the mouth of many. I could never get to like the politicians. They have their fingers in too many pies. They even say that most of them are crooked. We need more men like the late Senator La Follette. He was a man from top to bottom. He was an honest man, honest to the core.

We need more constructive kickers. Not the socialistic type, but the sort that are like to the prophets. We need more men like Nathan who said to David: "Thou art the man."

"Lindy" has done more for America than most of the crooked politicians together. It was providential that he arrived in Le Bourget just when the Frenchmen were mobbing American tourists. He came just in time. Too bad that the people idolize him so much so that they forget all about themselves and forget to become peacemakers themselves. . . . But so it goes. . . . Well, Democracy is all right, but. . . . Well, I better drop the whole subject. Perhaps you will start me on this topic in your next letter. It may be that then I may kick myself into action and into some hard thinking.

I am sorry indeed that one of your members has been hurt so badly. Why didn't you tell me her name? Perchance I know her from last summer's visit to your church.

Last but not least, let me say that your "medical letter" certainly ran true to form. You started with medicine, and you ended with it. You can't fool me, young man, and I have not forgotten yet how you raved against birth control while in the Seminary. God bless you and your wife and your. . . And remember what good old Longfellow said once upon a time:

*Ah! what would the world be to us,
If the children were no more?
We should dread the desert behind us
Worse than the dark before.*

And that's my verdict on companionate marriage. If you want a better explanation of the matter, think of France and of the Jews, sela. . . .

Always the same as ever,
YOUR FRIEND ALBERT.

Activities at Erin Ave., Cleveland, O.

One of the splendid features of our denominational paper, "The Baptist Herald," is the space given to reports of the various societies and churches. It is refreshing and encouraging to read of the activities in the work of the Lord in various localities. By this means we are kept in touch with one another. Thus we are enabled to share with one another the joys of God's blessing and also bear with one another the sorrows that may cross our pathway, that our mutual faith may be built up in Him, who is the Head over all things to the Church. After all, we are not individual isolated societies, engaged merely in local work. We are all one body in Christ, branches

of the same vine, and members one of another.

It has been a year since Erin Ave. has reported, but it has been an eventful year and one of considerable interest and activity. We have had our trials, but we have also had our victories. We have gained the mountain tops only as we passed through the valleys. If at times the sunlight seemed obscured, it was only that it might shine forth in greater splendor when the darkness had passed.

In our Young People's Society we have attempted to stress the thought of service and of spiritual need. It has been our desire to make our young people appreciate the Christ who loved them and gave himself for them, whom they have accepted and whom they serve.

The Christian Endeavor topics which have been followed in our Sunday evening prayer meetings for several months have been largely devotional and the various leaders who were assigned the developments of these themes have done their work faithfully and well.

The Young People's work, however, is not confined to these Sunday evening meetings. Recognizing the need of a more intimate knowledge of God's Word, a Bible class has been formed under the direction of our pastor, Rev. S. Blum, which has met every Sunday afternoon, with the exception of the fourth Sunday of the month, for an hour's instruction in Bible fundamentals and doctrine. A real need has been supplied in this class.

While we believe in placing emphasis on the spiritual work in our church and society, we are not neglecting the social side. We have had a number of social gatherings within the last few months to which our friends were invited and which resulted in a pleasant time together. Our social and program committees are very active on such occasions and have succeeded in providing both interesting and enjoyable programs, supplying music, games and occasionally refreshments. We all know the value and appreciate the pleasantness of meeting our friends and fellow workers at these informal gatherings. It is a profitable diversion indeed.

Our Choir and Male Chorus also consider young people's functions. A recent endeavor of the Male Chorus in giving a "Deutscher Abend" has proved quite successful. The life of Paul, vividly portrayed in four acts, was presented. Interspersed, a number of male chorus songs were rendered. The life of Paul was strikingly interesting and has left a lasting impression upon our minds of the life work of this great apostle.

Easter Day was a day of especial rejoicing for us. Preceding the grand resurrection message of the morning, we were entertained by our Sunday school in their giving a splendid Easter program. What enthusiasm the children displayed! How well they performed their various parts, and contributed their best effort to make their program a success! We are encouraged to carry on the work of the Sunday school with even

General Conference, Chicago



The gateway to Chicago—Michigan Boulevard link bridge. Tribune tower (right) is open to the public from 8 A. M. to 5 P. M. daily, and a wonderful panorama may be seen through binoculars, admission 25 cents. Wrigley tower (left) is open from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. daily, admission 25 cents. Rapid Transit Lines to Randolph-Wabash station, walk east to Michigan Boulevard and thence south. (Photo by Underwood & Underwood.)

greater zeal and fervor than before, since such scenes as that of Easter Sunday morning present to us visible evidence that our labor is not in vain in the Lord.

The evening service was devoted to rendering of an Easter Cantata, "The Lord of the Eastertide," by our Choir. A well filled house sat in perfect quietness and intense interest, as, in song, the passion and resurrection of our Lord was again made real to us. A more vivid presentation of this memorable event could hardly have been given. Expressions of hearty appreciation of this wonderful rendition were heard on every hand as the audience was dismissed. Certainly it completed the joy of the Resurrection Day.

Our pastor, Rev. Samuel Blum, who came to us last November from Emery, S. D., is doing a good work here. During the comparatively short time we have become knit together in the bond of love and Christian fellowship. His sermons have been instructional and inspiring; his views sound and scriptural. We are looking forward to times of blessing and refreshing from the presence of the Lord under the ministry of his servant. We recognize in Rev. Blum a God sent, capable and faithful pastor and leader.

S. T.

Modern Shopper: "Have you anything snappy in rubber bands?"
Assistant: "No; but we have something catchy in fly-paper."

Money talks. Yes, but in church it only *whispers*.

"Mother," asked Benny when they had guests for dinner, "will the dessert hurt me, or is there enough to go around?"

Our Devotional Meeting

H. R. Schroeder

May 13, 1928

Home Life, A Test of My Christianity

Titus 2:1-14

We usually say, "Charity begins at home." Before we tell others what to do, we must do it ourselves. If a man makes loud professions of his faith in church, offers long prayers and perhaps claims to be sinless, as some do, and does not back up his claims with a true and sincere life at home, he is nothing but a miserable hypocrite. But on the other hand, if a man lives a godly life at home, he can be called a true Christian, even though he may not be able to take a leading part in church or state affairs.

The trouble with so many people is that they want to separate religion from life. To go to church on Sunday, to sing and pray, etc., are religious activities, but whatever is done at home or in business—well that is a horse of different color. We must either be Christians seven days or none at all.

Now, if everyone who claims to be a Christian, were a real Christian at home, what would be the result? Suppose a young Christian marries a man who is not a Christian, will she win him to Christ or will she allow him to draw her away from Christ and the church? That will be a real test. Or if people claim to be Christians, will they ever sit down at the table without first returning thanks unto God? And if a home is to be a Christian home, shouldn't there be a family altar in that home? And furthermore shouldn't there be Christian literature in such a home? And shouldn't all members of the family be kind and unselfish and filled with the love of Christ? It should be easier to be a Christian at home than anywhere else.

May 20, 1928

How to Train for Larger Leadership

Numbers 27:15-23

Moses evidently realized that all his labors would come to nought, if no man could be found to take his place and lead the people on after his death. If Moses had had no worthy successor, then all that he had done for the people would have been in vain. So God directed him to consecrate Joshua as his successor. In our Scripture lesson we are told how he was publicly set apart and vested with all the authority and responsibility of leadership. And to his everlasting honor be it said that he proved to be a worthy successor to the greatest man of the Old Testament.

Ever so much depends upon wise and efficient leadership. There is an old proverb that says, "Like priest, like people." Or in other words, the people

will always be just what their leaders are. History has often proved this to be true. Whenever Israel had a good king, they all served the Lord; but whenever a wicked king ascended the throne, the entire nation usually reverted into idolatry. Israel served the Lord after the death of Moses as long as Joshua lived and the elders who had been with him, but when they had died, the people forsook the Lord again. (Josh. 24:31.)

Now, it's true that we can't all be leaders, in that case there would be no followers, but we must always see to it that we have good leaders, especially in our churches and B. Y. P. U.'s. The older members are everywhere passing away one by one. They have borne the burden and the heat of the day. God is calling them to their reward. But others must be found to take their places and carry on their work.

Every B. Y. P. U. should be a training place for future leaders. And even in our denomination it will soon become necessary to choose new leaders. No doubt, God has some men somewhere in training who will be able to take up the denominational duties when our present leaders will have to lay them down. Pray earnestly that God may raise up spirit-filled leaders.

May 27, 1928

What Does It Mean to Me That "All Men Are Brothers"?

Rom. 15:1-6

The truth of the universal brotherhood of man is a comparatively new truth. When Christ lived here upon earth, the nations despised one another. The Jews called the Gentiles "dogs" and the Greeks called everyone else a "barbarian" simply because he could not speak their language. At this time there was no such word as our word "humanity." They always thought and spoke in national terms, but never in terms that included the whole human race.

But Jesus called himself the "Son of Man" and told his disciples to go into all the world and disciple all nations. And Paul said that in Christ there is neither Jew nor Greek, bond nor free, male nor female, for they are all one man in Christ. (Gal. 3:28.) All distinctions of race and nationality and social position have been abolished. God is no respecter of persons.

Now, what does this truth mean to us? First of all, it means that we must preach the Gospel to all. Every race, nation and tribe is included in God's great plan of salvation. And then, secondly, it means that we should never judge any man simply by his nationality. The Chinese and Japanese are said to belong to an inferior race, yet their

young people come and attend our universities and take all honors away from our American youth.

And then it can also be said that if this truth were actually accepted by all, it would result in a war-less world. Strong nations would no longer oppress and devour weaker nations but protect and help them. Since all men are brothers, it follows that all should live together as brothers and manifest a brotherly spirit.

June 3, 1928

My Plans for a Profitable Summer

Mark 6:1-6

(Consecration Meeting)

Vacation-time will soon be here. The schools are about to close. Those who have been away attending some higher institution of learning will return home, and all who have been employed in office and factory will receive a week or two in which they can do just as they please.

What we do with our leisure time is always a test of our character. For some it would perhaps be better if they never received a vacation. They spend all their money and indulge in all sorts of doubtful pleasures. But Christian young people should always plan to spend their vacations in the most profitable way.

No rule can be laid down that will apply to all, but each ought to guide himself by this general principle: "I will try to improve myself physically, mentally and spiritually and also try to be a blessing to others." Those who are not quite well should seek a quiet place of rest. Those who only need a change should go to where they can learn something or improve themselves in some other way. Travel broadens the mind, and association with other people will help to develop our character.

Summer assemblies will be held everywhere, and practically all of our conferences will convene some time during the summer. Plan your vacation in such a way that you can combine profit with pleasure. Plan also to read a good book or two and to use your talents wherever you go. A vacation spent in the service of God will be the best that you have ever had.

A Lot of Not Much

In describing a stage production, a dramatic critic used exactly six words. He summed it up as "quite a lot of not much." These words could be well used in describing some of our activities. We bustle around at projects that in the end are futile. Time, money, and energy slip away from us, and all that we have to show is frazzled nerves. What price pleasure?

May 1, 1928

A Quiet Talk with God Each Day. Bible Readers' Course

April 30-May 6. *Planning a Profitable Summer.* Mark 6:30-44.

April 30. The Call of the Country. Mark 6:30-34.

May 1. The Sights of the City. Luke 2:41-49.

" 2. Financial Profit. Matt. 20:1-6.

" 3. Physical Renewal. Exod. 34:21-22.

" 4. Mental Recreation. Eccl. 12:11-14.

" 5. Social Enjoyment. John 2:1-11.

" 6. Spiritual Inspiration. 1 Kings 19:9-18.

" 7-13 *How to Choose our Amusements.* 1 Thess. 5:21-24.

" 7. Choosing Carefully. 1 Thess. 5:21-24.

" 8. Avoiding Harmful Amusements. Prov. 4:10-27.

" 9. Regarding the Result. Gal. 6:7-10.

" 10. Considering Others. 1 Cor. 10:23-33.

" 11. Walking Straight. Rom. 6:1-11.

" 12. Choosing the Best. Rom. 6:12-14.

" 13. Principles of Choice. 1 Cor. 8:1-13.

" 14-20. *The Values and Dangers in Recreation.* Prov. 4:10-27.

" 14. Evil Associates. 1 Cor. 15:29-34.

" 15. Good Companionship. Prov. 4:18-22.

" 16. Pure Motives. Prov. 4:23-27.

" 17. Our Social Nature. Gen. 2:18-24.

" 18. Beautiful Friendships. 1 Sam. 18:1-4.

" 19. Questionable Amusements. Rom. 14:13-23.

" 20. For the Good of All. Rom. 14:7-12.

" 21-27. *Useful Recreations.* 1 John 3:16-20.

" 21. Proving our Friendship. 1 John 3:16-20.

" 22. Working for Others. Acts 9:36-39.

" 23. The Joy of Sharing. 1 Tim. 6:17-19.

" 24. Distributors of Cheer. Acts 27:13-25.

" 25. A Useful Holiday. Matt. 14:13-23.

" 26. Ministering to a Need. Matt. 25:34-40.

" 27. The Joy of Worship. 1 Chron. 15:16. 25-28.

" 28-June 3. *Why should we Go to School?* Prov. 3:13-18.

" 28. Education and Happiness. Prov. 3:13-15.

" 29. Knowledge and Wealth. Prov. 3:16-18.

" 30. The Wealth of Wisdom. Prov. 8:1-11.

" 31. Learning and Leadership. Prov. 8:14-36.

Pray: Lord, may I worship thee and honor thee in my play as well as in my work. May I use as much sense in en-

joying my play as in choosing my work. Help me to find and to love the things that make for purity, for happiness, and for strength of character. Help me to choose the best.

Farewell at Ableman, Wis.

Our hearts were sad and full of regret as we gathered at the church for the last prayer meeting in which Rev. H. Rieger and his wife would be present. The church had arranged a farewell service and a complete surprise to the Riegers.

After the usual devotionals Bro. McGarrity expressed the sadness of the church in the loss of our pastor and his wife. A wonderful spirit of love and co-operation existed during the four years we labored together. The congregation found it hard to give them up but because of the bad health of both Rev. and Mrs. Rieger we dared not hold them back.

The Juniors said their farewell as each one presented Rev. Rieger with a pink carnation, quoting a Bible verse as they gave a flower.

The Sunday school expressed their sorrow in a song, sung by Mrs. J. McGarrity and Mrs. John Pfaff. It was composed for the occasion and sung to the tune of "Must I Go in Empty Handed?"

*Must you go away and leave us,
Must you go? again we say.
For you know we need you sadly
We would like to have you stay.*

CHORUS:

*Must you go away and leave us,
Must you go? again we say.
May the angels guide you onward,
But we'd like to have you stay.*

*Oh, the time has passed so quickly,
Could it not forever last?
We shall not forget you, Riegers,
As you served us in the past.*

Mrs. Black, the president of the Ladies Aid, came next to tell of the joy she had working with Rev. and Mrs. Rieger. She spoke of the many talks given at our aid by him which resulted in inspiration to do higher and nobler things. Mrs. Rieger was always busy; she never forgot the sick or failed to bring sunshine to the needy. May the future hold a beckoning hand to her to continue in his work!

Prof. Maulwerf of our High School then said many nice things about our pastor and his work. He had been present many times and was impressed by the practical subjects discussed and in such a simple way that the smallest child could catch the vision and they were deep enough for the oldest heads to ponder over. Not only the church will miss him but the entire community.

Then Rev. Sproule of the Baptist Church Baraboo expressed the fact that he would be missed in the Ministerial Association. He made mention of the good work delivered by Rev. Rieger at the meetings.

Also Rev. Hirsch of our sister church at North Freedom told how he would miss him. They were intimate friends and exchanged joys and troubles.

General Conference, Chicago



Boating on the placid Des Plaines River at Dam No. 1. Row boats can be hired at a nominal hourly charge in this Cook County Forest Preserve Playground.

Rev. Rieger responded in a most gracious manner. He desired to stay and work longer but felt he could not because of his health.

After refreshments were served all joined in wishing Rev. Rieger and wife a speedy recovery and Godspeed on their journey. MARTHA ESCHENBACH.

Young People Bringing the Invitation

The Humboldt Park Young People's Society, Chicago, is wide-awake and seeking to serve the Lord. Sunday, March 11, nineteen of the young people volunteered to serve the Lord in a very definite way. They met at the church in the afternoon for a short season of prayer, asking God's guidance for their afternoon work. A certain territory for canvassing was outlined and each one with a pack of printed cards went to the streets assigned to go from house to house and invite the people to our special meetings held from March 18-31.

After being out for several hours the group returned to the church, where sandwiches and coffee were served and many interesting experiences were told. All seemed to enjoy the afternoon's work which was an entirely new experience for most of them. That very evening there were six strangers in our congregation, some of them the result of our canvassing. We also have a list of names and addresses of German-speaking people whom we are going to visit and try to win for the Lord.

H. B.

Mother Outranking Queen

It is related that once when on a visit to England, Phillips Brooks was called on to preach upon an occasion when Queen Victoria and all her court were present. Afterwards he was complimented on his apparent poise and freedom from embarrassment. "Why," said an English clergyman, "if I had stood up to preach before the queen I should have been so nervous that I doubt whether I should have gone on with the service. Didn't you feel at all disturbed?" "Not at all," replied the great American. "Why should I? I have preached before my mother."

A Native Conference in Nigeria

Egbe via Ilorim,
N. Nigeria, W. Africa.
Feb. 20, 1928.

My dear Fellow-readers.

You cannot imagine what the "Baptist Herald" and the reports of the different activities of the churches means to one who is far away from home and loved ones. It's just like a newsy letter.

As I find these various reports so interesting, I thought a report of the work here would be of interest to you.

The following is a brief sketch of our Native Conference, held January 8-10.

The people began to gather on Saturday morning, Jan. 7. Every little while you could see a single line of 5 to 10 people come into our compound or go into that of our native teacher with a bundle on their heads. Many came as far as 50 miles and on foot too.

It was a wonderful sight, then to see their fine peaceful faces as they gathered in the church and sang praises. A person couldn't help thanking God for the miracle he has performed in their hearts.

The conference didn't really begin until Sunday morning, but on Saturday night a testimony meeting was held. The services were to be held every morning and afternoon, but they lasted until evening most of the time.

A testimony meeting here is a little different from that at home as no time is wasted between testimonies. They are all so willing and anxious to testify for their Master.

Monday morning was a consecration and missionary meeting combined. Our field director, Mr. Playfair, was the speaker. At the close of his address he asked for volunteers to go outside their own tribes and tell others the Gospel message. There were 15 men who volunteered. Some of them are married, so the women will go also.

Tuesday morning was the day when all the different churches brought their mission money. This money is used to support the teachers in the different churches and also two of their own native missionaries who are witnessing for Christ where no white man can go. It was a wonderful sight to see the money brought up in front of the church and laid on the table for the Lord. Some churches brought much and others little. It varied from £45 (\$225) to 15 shillings (\$3.75). The total amount given

was about £480, approximately \$2400. This was £100 (\$500) more than last year.

This amount may not seem much when you think of the number of Christians there are, but then on the other hand when you think that a man's day's wages is only 9 pence (18 cents) to 1 shilling (25 cents) a day, you think it wonderful and see how they must sacrifice to give to their Lord, but they give willingly.

Oh, if all the people who call themselves Christians and earn such a great deal more than these poor black brothers and sister of theirs would give as these people give, I'm sure that the blessed gospel story would soon be spread throughout the world and Christ would return for his Bride.

Pray for the many thousands who never yet have had the privilege of listening to the gospel in this dark land of Africa!

Your fellow-laborer in His Vineyard
MARGARET LANG.

New Books

(Order all books through German Baptist Publication Society, Cleveland, O.)

Revival Sermons. J. C. Masee, D. D.—Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. 156 pages. \$1.50.

Here is a new volume of revival sermons, 10 in number, by the well-known pastor of Tremont Temple, Boston. Dr. Masee is known as one of the most outstanding evangelistic preachers, not only among the Baptists, but among all denominations in the United States. Dr. Masee believes on the basis of permanent results the best evangelistic preaching is doctrinal. His sermons represent that ideal. They are lit up with anecdote and story. They are good to read and to study.

How to Improve Church Music. Ernest O. Sellers. With Introduction by Edwin C. Dargan, D. D.—Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. 159 pages. \$1.50.

Mr. Sellers is director of music at the Baptist Bible Institute at New Orleans and his book is intended to be a practical hand book for pastors and choir leaders. The author's experience as choir leader in various churches and later for 12 years musical leader and teacher in the Moody Bible Institute in Chicago, qualifies him for writing on the subject of church music. His main object is to secure a more intelligent, worshipful

reverent and spiritually fruitful use of music in church services. Pastors, choir leaders and all others interested in congregational music will profit by the study of this book.
A. P. M.

Mother and Mathematics

"James, suppose your mother made peach pie, and there were ten of you at the table—your mother and father and eight children—how much of the pie would you get?" That was the question which the teacher put to young Jim in the arithmetic class.

"A ninth, ma'am," was the prompt answer.

"No, no, James. Now pay attention," said the teacher. "There are ten of you. Ten, remember. Don't you know your fractions?"

"Yes, ma'am," was the swift reply of little James. "I know my fractions; but I know my mother, too. She'd say that she didn't want any pie."

The answer indicated how thoroughly James understood his mother. Her spirit of ready sacrifice had impressed him at an early age. He had suggested a characteristic of true motherhood—the willingness with which she denied herself for the sake of the other members of the family.

To What Purpose

There is a story of a man who once appeared before his king, informing him that he would perform a most extraordinary feat. Then he set a needle in a wall a few feet away, the point facing him, and proceeded to throw boiled peas with such accuracy that each impaled itself on the needle's point. The story relates that the king was so impressed that he had a servant bring a very large bag and bestow it on the performer. The subject opened the bag eagerly, expecting to find treasure, but instead he found only peas. "Such extraordinary skill must be encouraged," said the king.

There is a moral to this story. There are things of importance to be done in this world, but impaling peas on a needle is not one of them. Of course you and I may never waste our time in such profitless occupations, but let us be sure that we are not wasting it on something just as useless.

A Long Wait

"Well" who's been waiting the longest," asked the physician cheerfully as he opened the door of his consultation office?"

"I think I have, doctor," said a tailor, arising and presenting a bill. "I delivered your clothes three years ago."—Pathfinder.

* * *

Mrs. Johnsing: "Ah thought you-all said you was gwine to name your new baby 'Victrola,' but Ah hears you-all done make a change."

Mrs. Moses: "Yes, Ah expected it would be a girl an Ah had decided to name her 'Victrola,' but she turned out to be a boy, so Ah done name him 'Radio.'"—The Christian Advocate.

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