

The Baptist Herald

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

Volume Eight

CLEVELAND, O., FEBRUARY 15, 1930

Number Four



Choir of the Edenwald Church, Edenwald, Sask., Can.
Organist and Choir leader seated

What's Happening

Rev. E. P. Wahl of Trochu, Alberta, assisted Rev. Aug. Kraemer, pastor of the Edmonton, Alta., church in revival meetings the first two weeks in February.

The Minnesota Young People's and Sunday School Workers' Union have set the dates for their 1930 Assembly at Mound on beautiful Lake Minnetonka. It will be held July 7-13.

The Oklahoma Young People's and Sunday School Workers' Union will hold their annual session and institute on May 28-June 1 with the Salem church at Gotebo, Rev. John Borchers, pastor.

Walter W. Grosser, the president of our General Young People's and Sunday School Workers' Union was the speaker at the B. Y. P. U. meeting on Sunday evening, Feb. 2, at the Immanuel Baptist Church, Milwaukee, Wis.

Rev. S. J. Fuxa of Nokomis, Sask., assisted Rev. F. Adler of Medicine Hat, Alta., for two weeks in evangelistic meetings during January. Thirty-one persons, mostly young people, are reported to have taken a stand for Christ.

The Detroit Young People's and Sunday School Workers' Union will hold an institute during the week of March 2-7. Four classes will meet every evening and besides Rev. John Leypoldt and Rev. Paul Wengel of Detroit both Young People's Secretaries, Rev. A. A. Schade and Rev. A. P. Mihm, will be on the teaching staff.

Rev. A. Itterman, formerly of South Africa, was formally inducted in his new charge at Freudental Church, near Carbon, Alta. Bro. Itterman preached his first sermon to his people on Dec. 22,

taking as his text Acts 10:33. In the afternoon meeting, Rev. F. A. Mueller of Edmonton presided and many speeches of welcome were made by representatives of the church and its societies. It was a delightful occasion.

Berthold Jacksteit, who entered the German Department of Colgate-Rochester Divinity School last fall, was an honor student in Monroe High School, Rochester, N. Y. He was also elected to Monroe Chapter of the National Honor Society. Mr. Jacksteit is the son of Rev. R. Jacksteit, formerly of Rochester and now pastor at Minitonas, Man. This interesting bit of news was sent to us by a correspondent who read the reference to the election of Wm. Umbach to the National Honor Society in the "Baptist Herald." Perhaps there are other young people in our German Baptist churches who attained this honor. We would be glad to publish their names.

The Second Annual Mid-Winter Institute of Minnesota

The second annual Mid-Winter Institute of the Minnesota German Baptist Young People's and Sunday School Workers' Union will take place at the Riverview church of St. Paul, February 21-23, inclusive. If you don't think we'll have a good time just take a look at the following program:

Friday, February 21
7.45 P. M.: Debate: "Resolved that the nations should adopt a plan of complete disarmament, excepting such forces as are necessary for police purposes."

Saturday, February 22
9.45 A. M.: Devotions.

10.00 A. M.: Class session. Rev. A. A. Schade, teacher. Topic: "A Friendly Introduction."

10.45 A. M.: Recreation.

11.00 A. M.: Forum. Rev. A. A. Schade, leader. Topic: "Recruiting the Kingdom."

12.30 P. M.: Dinner.

2.00 P. M.: Recreation.

6.00 P. M.: Supper.

7.45 P. M.: Story telling and State Song Contest.

Sunday, February 23

Services in respective churches in the morning.

2.45 P. M.: Mass Meeting.

7.45 P. M.: Closing session. Final address by Rev. A. A. Schade. Topic: "The Generation and Cultivation of the Christian Life." RUDOLPH WOYKE, Sec.

Correction SOUTHWESTERN CONFERENCE August 1, 1928, to Nov. 30, 1929 (16 months)

Churches	Membership	Contribution
La Salle	80	\$ 146.79
Bethany, Lincoln Co.	88	611.64
Bison, First Church	88	1204.89
Dickinson Co., First	171	872.12
Dickinson Co., Ebenezer	104	413.36
Ellinwood	73	962.37
Durham	128	682.31
Geary Co., Mt. Zion	34	221.00
Herington, First	16	58.87
Hillsboro	55.00	
Lorraine	290	3612.85
Marion, First	115	364.91
Stafford	131	3854.31
Strassburg	69	88.00
Tampa	17	82.90
Kansas City	...	40.00
Mt. Sterling	77	130.69
Concordia	...	353.10
Beatrice	50	313.25
Creston	71	425.53
Shell Creek, First	109	1157.20
Scottsbluff, Salem	96	216.65
Bessie	55	780.11
Ingersoll, Bethel	67	339.16
Emanuel, near Kiel	74	316.48
Okeene, Zion	131	1024.59
Gotebo, Salem	73	427.17
Kingfisher	...	74.77
Shattuck	103	451.43

O. G. GRAALMAN, Treasurer.

We regret that an error was made in the office of the Finance Committee at Forest Park, in reporting the contributions of the churches of the Southwestern Conference, as they were published in "Our Mission Fields" January 15.

The Baptist Herald

Published semi-monthly by the
GERMAN BAPTIST PUBLICATION SOCIETY
3734 Payne Avenue Cleveland, Ohio
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"The Baptist Herald" is a denominational periodical devoted to the interests of the German Baptist Young People's and Sunday School Workers' Union at the subscription price of \$1.25 a Year.

(24 cents additional to foreign countries)
Advertising rates, 60 cents per inch single column, 2 1/4 inches wide.

All editorial correspondence is to be addressed to Rev. A. P. Mihm, 7346 Madison St., Forest Park, Ill.

All business correspondence to German Baptist Publication Society, 3734 Payne Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

Entered as second-class matter January 9, 1923, at the post office at Cleveland, Ohio, under the act of March 3, 1879.

The Baptist Herald

Young People's Religion

LEANDER TURNEY

A CONSTANT problem with Christian workers everywhere is to enlist the young. This is a pleasure-loving age, and youth is especially pleasure-loving, often in the direction of doubtful pleasures. And this is a flippant age, while Christianity is serious—tremendously so.

Christian teachers and leaders need, because of these conditions, to remind themselves of the fact that Christ's religion is the young people's of the world. It has power to appeal to a degree exceeding that of any other religion, and of any other system of thought or life. It will help to analyze a bit why Christianity is so much the religion of youth.

Its Founder Was a Young Man

However old the world is, it is new to the child, for he has entered it with new eyes. Jesus, at twelve, was seeing things through his youthful eyes which nobody had ever seen before. The world which Jesus saw, though sprayed with the salt tears of ages, was glorified by the rainbow splendor of the truth and the love of God; and none before him had seen the magnificent light as he saw it. He chose for his apostles a group of young men. And they went to their stupendous task with the new conviction, love, zeal and joy which nothing could have but the upleaping freshness of a new and abundant life.

It Is the Joyful Religion

It goes forth conquering and to conquer, singing, shouting and bubbling with happy optimism. Early Christianity leaped like a mountain stream, and sang even in prison dungeons and martyr fires. Today, it is the religion of song, of laughter, and of play. Children run, shout and play in Christian lands; they are silenced and repressed in heathen countries. Those who have best learned that the joy of the Lord is their strength are most successful in doing the Lord's work. In the matter of its joyfulness, Christ's religion is in marked contrast with every other. Youth is the joyful time of life. All the powers are at their best. And a joyful view and presentation of religion best appeals to the young.

It Is a Religion of Ideals

Truth, honor, purity, justice, helpfulness, friendship, cleanliness, courage, endurance, fortitude, and all such manly qualities are held up for emulation in the Christian scriptures. The highest possible objective is to be like Christ. The idealism of youth is perhaps its most wonderful asset. In youth, ideals can be awakened, and they can be appealed to. There is nothing in humanity so mighty as an ideal;

and Jesus is the very source of humanity's noblest ideals. No wonder Christ appeals to youth.

It Is Aggressive

Youth is aggressive, and is appealed to by the same quality in its religion. The most aggressive utterance that ever fell from human lips was the Great Commission from the lips of Jesus. The followers of Jesus are to go, possess, and take. His church is to break down the barriers that the powers of hell erect across the way. He provides his soldiers with defensive armor, but none for retreat, or for the back. The hymn, "Move forward, valiant men and strong!" is a hymn in the Spirit of Christ, and it is a hymn for the spirit of youth.

That Christianity is a Young People's Religion is shown by the fact that most who enter upon the Christian life at all do it in their youth. Most of the greatest Christian workers attain their leadership while they are still young people. The Sunday school teacher, the B. Y. P. U. leader, whether working with children or youths, has a field of labor much easier to till and of much more fertile soil than almost any other Christian worker.

The Ideal Life

THE sense of the ideal is one of God's greatest gifts to man. It is that something which is always pulling us onward to better things. It is the thing that is always making us remember that nothing must be taken as finality until it has been compared with the ideal, the thing that ought to be. This sense of the ideal must be applied to life. What is the ideal life?

The ideal life is the life that is always lived up to the minute. The failure is the person who waits for things to come right. Probably they will no more come right of themselves tomorrow than they did today. We must live each moment as jealously as a diamond cutter polishes a gem. The moment is ours. It is priceless. But it is lost unless it is lived while it lasts. The secret of a happy life is this—no ungathered roses, no unsung songs, no unrequited kindnesses, no unrequited compensations.

The ideal life is the one that builds into itself the strongest and finest selfhood. The great question about one is that as to what he would really be if shorn of all pretences, appearances, titles, honors, and imaginary distinctions. Some of us are miserable because we have to live with ourselves when we are such poor company. Why not be such people that we can be happy with ourselves? Misery flees from a rich inner life.

The ideal life is the life that reads most deeply

Gypsies in Bulgaria

Missionary Program

for

Sunday Schools und Young People's Societies

Material for an interesting program featuring our work in Bulgaria, which also includes the work among the Gypsies, will be sent gratis in German and English to Sunday schools and Young People's Societies requesting copies.

Programs covering other countries are now being prepared.

Write the General Missionary Secretary.

the meaning of things. The world is full of beauty and delight, and every separate item in the list is the gift of a Father's affection. Too many heart-ties, too many kindnesses, too many wayside blossoms are taken as matters of course. To know intimately its joys and beauties would enrich life beyond measure.

The ideal life is the one that gives off most of service and achievement as its gift to mankind. After all, life is only something we hold in trust for our race, and its success is largely measured by its effect upon the years. One of the happiest things to learn is our obligation to other people in the world.—Convention Teacher.

Value of Church Membership

“DO you think a man could get to heaven without joining the church?” asked three good men of a preacher.

“I think he could.”

They laughed, patted him on the back, and called him broad-minded.

“Let me ask you a question, and I want you to answer me just as quickly as I answered you,” said the preacher. “Why do you want to go to heaven that way?”

They were speechless.

“Why don't you ask me another question?” suggested the preacher. “Why don't you ask me if a man could get to England without going on a boat?”

“Well,” they said, “we will ask you that. Now what is the answer?”

“I see no reason why a man could not get to England without going on a ship, provided he was a good swimmer, tied some food between his shoulders to eat on the way, had strength to buffet all the waves—if a shark did not get him. And suppose you did get to England without a ship, do you think you would get there much ahead of the man who goes by ship?”—Selected.

A Rebuke That Helped

THE most important part of every Christian life is its influence upon others. We may not always be conscious of our influence.

No one can measure the extent of the influence of a single act. There are some striking examples of this.

One of the most prominent men in Christian America recently told the following story. “Before I became active in Christian work I used to be one of those young men who came to a young people's meeting and sat in the back seat waiting for the meeting to adjourn in order to have the opportunity of walking home with one of the girls. She was a good friend who was active in the work of that church. On this particular occasion, after the meeting, while walking home I facetiously referred to the stammering efforts of one of the young men of the society who was called upon to lead in prayer.

“To my surprise the girl turned upon me with flashing eye, and in a tone and manner I shall never

forget said, ‘Yes, and I hope that some day you will be man enough to make a stammering attempt like that yourself.’

“In an instant my whole viewpoint was changed. That young woman had suddenly turned a world around for me, for I respected her opinion. The next time I saw her I told her I had been thinking about the matter, and that I had resolved that I would try to have the courage to undertake a manly program.

“It was two months before I could give my consent to respond to a call to lead in public prayer. This young woman led the meeting, and asked me to pray; and I made an effort that resulted in my stammering and sputtering just as the other fellow did; but I experienced a new sensation, the joy of having made a conscientious effort to serve my Lord at some real cost.

“Humanly speaking, I attribute the beginning of my activity in Christian work to the very definite rebuke I received from that young woman that night.”

The Song of the Grasshopper

IN the January number of the “Homiletic Review,” Rev. George H. Hubbard gives the text and the origin of the Song of the Grasshopper. This is the way it goes:

“It's of no use. I can't do it.
I can't do it. I can't do it.
And I won't try.”

And this song may be sung to the tune of any sort of whine.

As to its origin the report of the ten spies on their return from Canaan has been given. Moses sent twelve spies into the land of Canaan to “spy out the land.” On their return ten of the spies reported that the land was good and rich, but that the people were so big and strong that “we can never conquer them. Why, we look like grasshoppers, just grasshoppers, besides them.” And they began to sing—

“It's no use. We can't do it.
We can't do it. We can't do it,
And we won't try.”

And all the people were so impressed by the song that they began to weep and wail. The other two spies, Caleb and Joshua, tried to comfort them, as they reported, “We can conquer these people if we will. God has promised us their land.” And they sang “The Song of the Hero.”

“God is with us. Never fear!
We can do it. We can do it.
We can do it.
And by his help we will.”

But this song only angered the people, and they threw stones at Caleb and Joshua, and sang the “Song of the Grasshopper” so loudly that no one could hear the “Song of the Hero,”—and the people were led back into the desert where they were made to remain forty years until all the cowards had died. Only Joshua and Caleb were permitted to enter the promised land together with a new generation that had grown to manhood in the wilderness.

Did you ever sing the “Song of the Grasshopper”? When you were asked to do something you did not like to do, or when you had a real hard lesson to learn, have you never said, “It's of no use, I can't do it, and I won't try?” The spirit of this song is very bad. It has a retarding influence on your efforts, as no one can succeed who says, “I can't and I won't try.” Like the children of Israel who turned back into the desert and were retarded forty years in getting possession of the promised land, that would have been theirs had they only listened to the “Song of the Hero,” we will retard our own progress if we permit the spirit of the “Song of the Grasshopper” to fill our hearts and minds with its “can not” and “will not.”—The Y. P.

A High Calling

A COMPARISON of the Sunday school with the state school usually issues as a contrast; and this is often disheartening to the Sunday school teacher. “The day school is so much stronger, in every way,” she sighs; “the teachers have much more time, they have power to compel attendance and study, and far better equipment. How can the church folks expect anything of us?”

This is certainly the way it looks, from one angle. But there are other viewpoints, and from these many efficient teachers see a very different situation. Granting all the points in the contrast, it is a fact that anyone can verify that Sunday school teachers do have a real opportunity and they do achieve shining and lasting success in their beautiful labors of love.

A Labor of Love

In the first place, the Sunday school teacher enjoys a decided advantage in the fact that hers is a labor of love. She is giving her time and toil, her efforts and her prayers, and often her money, without a dollar of pay. She can never be accused of working for money. Nor yet for social or political advantage. Her time and her sympathy are freely given to her pupils, and they know it. Her devotion speaks for itself, and it needs no loud speaker.

Then, her seeming privations are often a real asset. She really needs but little in the way of equipment, and she often accomplishes much with none at all. The way is clear for the currents of the spiritual forces, warm with personal affection. There is usually no school building; but the church is enough. There are no regulation seats or desks, few blackboards and maps, no marchings or drills, no recesses, no penalties, and few formalities of any kind. These have values in their place, but they would sadly hamper a Sunday school teacher.

Her Work is Freer and Simpler and More Personal

She enjoys freedom of conversation and near contacts and sweet intimacies that must be out of the reach of the other teacher, who is an officer of the state and armed with the authority of the state. The latter is circumscribed. She is herself under the law, and may not venture out of lawful bounds.

Discipline bulks large in the schoolroom, and the teacher must be more or less of a martinet.

In the matter of teaching she does a wholesale business. She may have a class of forty or fifty or even sixty pupils to be taught together. They must be kept together and pushed along to meet the severe tests that are handed down to her from above. She may not approve of all these. She may know that they are not best suited to her particular class, but she must forget this and center all the aims of her pupils upon them.

Fewer Pupils But All Friends

But the Sunday school teacher has only a few pupils, and they all meet as friends. Around her class is the atmosphere of a home, rather than of a institution. Here are freedom and spontaneity. There is no rule against whispering, or anything else. Teacher and pupils talk together without restraint. There are no knitted brows and no frowns. Smiles are there, and eager tongues and happy faces; all conducing to the release of moral and spiritual forces. There are intimate confidences and kindly sympathies and wise counsels that may never be forgotten. The Sunday school teacher works upon a higher plane of privilege.

She Also Excels in Her Spiritual Opportunities

She is free to teach religion, and that to the fullest extent, unafraid of sectarian restraints. She may use the Bible in her work. She deals with spiritual and eternal truths, and is perfectly free to divide the word of truth as she may deem best. In the precious intimacy of her chosen few she may speak to their very hearts and mould them in their plastic years into the image of their common Master. She works under the high calling of God. She is no drudge, but a prophetess, who feels not only a divine inspiration but the divine presence in her incomparable work for human souls.

It is a fact of common experience that some of the most powerful influences that play upon human character emanate from the heart of the Sunday school teacher. Many of these are remembered when all others are forgotten. A teacher's voice is heard in quiet moments after long years have passed, and her hand still guides the man and the woman in their long pilgrimage of life.

Let no Sunday school teacher repine. There is no higher calling on earth than hers.—The Church School Journal.

Editorial Jottings

AN IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT concerning program material for missionary meetings is found on page two of this number.

MISS BERTHA M. LANG of Pingyanghsien, Chekiang, China, writes in a recent letter: “I'm always so glad to get the ‘Herald’—it does help much to keep one in touch with what is going on in the churches.” This statement is appreciated. What Miss Lang says, is just as true for the workers in our home churches. Live young German Baptists feel their need of the “Baptist Herald.”



B. Y. P. U. German Baptist Church, Calgary, Alberta

B. Y. P. U. of Calgary, Alberta

Have you ever heard of the City of the Foothills in Sunny Alberta? If not—stand by for a few moments! C-A-L-G-A-R-Y and that spells Calgary.

Calgary is named after a small town in Scotland; the word "Calgary" is of Gaelic origin, and means clear water. The city is approximately 840 miles west of Winnipeg, 620 miles east of Vancouver, 138 miles north of the boundary line between Canada and the United States, and 80 miles from Banff, "The Playground of Canada, and the Canadian Alps." By reason of its geographical situation, the abundant supply of water, the untold wealth of the surrounding country awaiting development induces anybody to live in this beautiful city.

The Young People's Society in Calgary is rather young, being organized in November, 1929, with a membership of 32. Although young and small we are looking forward to a successful year in which we can glorify the work of the Master and be a blessing to the church and community.

We are glad to let you look at the faces of the talented group of men and women. The president, Mr. J. Litke, kneeling in center, and our pastor, Rev. A. Kujath, second from left standing in second row, are doing their utmost to encourage and foster the great work in Calgary.

We had the pleasure of having Rev. F. Adler of Medicine Hat in our midst in November to help us with revival meetings. His intellectual and spiritual talks to the young people were inspiring and helpful, binding us closer together and arousing us all to a keener effort to work for him who died on the cross of Calvary for us.

On December 24 we united with the Sunday school and put on a splendid program, consisting of dialogues, recitations, choir and musical numbers. A brief encouraging address by our minister brought the evening to a close.

We are looking forward with great interest to the conference of the Northern Mission Board which is to be held here sometime in March. May each delegate bring with him showers of blessing!

The B. Y. P. U. of Calgary extends

a hearty welcome to anyone passing through, or intending to visit the City of the Foothills in Sunny Alberta.

ALBERT W. KUJATH.

Tabitha Class of Temple Church, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Colossians 1:18: "And he is the head of the body, the church: who is the beginning, the first-born from the dead; that in all things he might have the pre-eminence." Believing this as Paul did and striving to live that Christ may have pre-eminence in our lives, we, The Tabitha Class of the Temple Baptist Church of Mt. Oliver, are enjoying a prosperous year.

We have been active in many ways and on November 14, 1929, held a Bazaar and Supper which netted the class \$443.35. We also collect 10 cents a month dues from each member and pass a missionary jar around into which the members put pennies or such small change as they care to. This is done every Sunday and does not interfere with the regular collections and these gifts put quite a large sum in our treasury.

All money is used for missions and our treasury, like the widow's meal, is never exhausted, for which we praise God. We remember our Orphanages and Old Folks' Home as well as the shut-ins, sick and needy. A Negro school and the Russian Bible Fund have been helped, also a missionary in Cameroon.

Our worthy president, Mrs. O. E. Krueger, an efficient and consecrated woman, and our teacher, Miss Lenore Sayenga, are leading us to greater things. We have adopted a plan whereby we can read the Bible through in a year and hope it will deepen our spiritual life and our knowledge of God's Word.

Our Class Verse is Jeremiah 33:3 and our motto: "Win One," our object, to make all people feel at home in the church, a stranger but once; and every member feel it is her class and thus we will all feel a responsibility to our Master and class.

ANNA WRIGHT, Sec.

Money-loving tightens the mouth strings as well as the purse strings.

God News from the Choir of Edenwald, Sask.

(See picture on front page)

Looking back over the past year, we can recognize the faithful help of our Lord. We are grateful to God for the rich blessings we enjoyed.

All choirs have their difficulties, and so we had ours in the past year. One great difficulty was in choosing a leader.

Since our beloved pastor, Rev. E. S. Fenske, left us in the Spring of 1929, we might say, we were left in an awful mess, but our dear Lord has changed it to a somewhat different condition.

We soon re-organized and chose one of the choir-members to be our leader.

A choir singing without a leader is quite different than singing with a leader directing. The leader had a few difficulties with the choir from the beginning, but within a short time the choir became a great success and also proved it by giving an excellent program at the church shortly after its re-organization. The choir members did their very best in this short time of practice and were congratulated by many listeners at the program and after. The choir also rendered a number of songs at the Saskatchewan Jugendbund, which was held in Edenwald on Oct. 24-27, 1929, which were greatly appreciated.

May the Lord help each and every one so that the year 1930 will be a greater success than the past.

The members of the choir are extending their best wishes to all the choirs and their leaders throughout Canada and the United States of America.

F. BRUCKER, Choir Director.

The Sunday School of the First Church, Los Angeles, Cal.

Looking back over the past year we as a Sunday school surely can praise God for the many blessings bestowed upon us.

The superintendent, teachers and workers have worked hard and we know that "our labor in the Lord is not in vain." Our prayer is that our Sunday school in the coming years will grow in numbers and "in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ."

On Christmas night we had our festival. The meeting was well attended both by members and friends of the Sunday school who were delighted by a very attractive and spiritual program in which most of the children of the Sunday school took part.

At the close of the meeting an offering was taken for the purpose of aiding those who are not as fortunate as we. The people showed their gratitude and the spirit of Christmas by contributing \$101.98. Part of this will be given to our Orphanage at St. Joseph, Mich.

We as a Sunday school extend our greeting and good will to the Sunday schools and all readers of the "Baptist Herald." May God bless you all!

LYDIA EVANSTON.

The Sunday School

My Opportunity

MARION B. CRAIG

My opportunity! Dear Lord, I do not ask That thou shouldst give me some high mark of thine,
Some noble calling or some wondrous task—
Give me a little hand to hold in mine.

I do not ask that I should ever stand
Among the wise, the worthy, or the great;
I only ask, that softly, hand in hand,
A little child and I may enter at thy gate.

Give me a little child to point the way
Over the strange sweet path that points to thee;
Give me a little voice to teach to pray,
Give me two shining eyes thy face to see.

The only crown I ask, dear Lord, to wear
Is this—that I may teach a little child
How beautiful, how divinely fair
Is thy dear face, so loving, sweet, and mild!

I do not need to ask for more than this
My opportunity! 'Tis standing at my door.
What sorrow if this blessing I should miss!
A little child! Why should I ask for more?

Hidden Resources

There are so many possibilities within the average church school which might be utilized to good advantage that one scarcely knows where to begin to call on them. Many of them are overlooked and unused because they are not recognized.

A superintendent with an ear for music discovered in the membership of his school a boy with an excellent voice. Soon that school had an acceptable soloist for special features on the program of worship.

Another superintendent found a girl, living three miles from town who was skilled in using colored crayons. He recognized the opportunity, spent a sum for chalk, blackboard, easel, and a book of suggestions. The girl's blackboard illustrations became one of the school's strongest features, and, what is more, a rural community of fifty persons was tied up to the school.

One cold, rainy Sunday, when the atmosphere was very meager in a small North Dakota school, a watchful secretary discovered dramatic talent in a pair of young people who were acting a pantomime. This talent he turned to good advantage in the production of a beauti-

ful pageant, which was presented effectively in various churches and a county Sunday school convention.

Ability to sing, draw, speak, declaim, or write is always awaiting discovery and utilization. A wide-awake superintendent will be on the watch for talented persons and make use of them. In doing so he will find (1) that the talented ones are more closely tied up to the school, and (2) that the use of them will attract others and make possible contacts that will build up the school in membership and efficiency.—Ch. School Journal.

Large or Small Bible Classes?

I do not believe any organized Bible class should have more than fifty. Above that it ceases to be a class and becomes a lecture period, a church service, or something else.

The standardizing agencies for colleges and universities stipulate that no class shall have over thirty. If we are to improve our Sunday school teaching methods, we must adopt sound principles of organization.

Furthermore, the tendencies of the extraordinarily large classes are away from the church. Sometimes even they become antagonistic to the church and its program. This is neither wholesome nor healthy.

It were much better to have five hundred in ten classes than to have that many in one class.

Smaller, and a larger number of classes also furnishes opportunity for Christian leadership and service to a larger number of individuals and, therefore, develops more people.—M. E. Dodd in Church Administration.

The One Following

At the inquest upon the body of a little boy who had been run over, the chief witness was a youth who narrowly escaped injury himself. "I saw that I had just time to cross the road in front of the car," he said; "but I had no idea that the lad was following me." Are we sure that no one is following us in the little doubtful pleasure, and that although we escape injury others will not be hurt?—The Sunday School Chronicle.

* * *

"Seek and ye shall find;" spiritual activity with a worthy purpose will surely be rewarded.

* * *

Young Lady: "Were you pleased with the new school, little boy?"

Little Boy: "Naw! Dey made me wash me face an' when I went home dey dorg bit me 'cause he didn't know me."

How Churches Used to be Desecrated

When Doctor Madden, a Revolutionary soldier, was sent, in 1820, to what was then the Cumberland Settlement, now a part of the State of Tennessee, as pastor of the Methodist Church, he found a placard nailed to the door of his church bearing the following:

"This church shall not be desecrated by its use as a Sabbath school."

Mrs. Grundy, a good sister of the church, had attempted to conduct a Sunday school in the basement, but had been ejected by the church officials and was having a meeting with the children in a servant's building on the lot.

It took the new pastor almost a year to get a board of trustees to be willing to open the church for its use as a Sunday school.

About the same time a neighboring Presbyterian church burned. Subscriptions were printed to encourage donations for a new building, and upon the cards was included, just below the "I-promise-to-pay" line, this statement:

"I am making this pledge with the understanding that this building shall never be desecrated by its use as a Sabbath school."

These two churches are now the McKendree Methodist Church and the First Presbyterian Church of Nashville, Tenn., each of which has a large church school plant, a director of religious education, and Sunday school staff of more than fifty workers.

It is not surprising that much interest is being aroused by the review of one hundred and fifty years of Sunday school work, culminating in the great Sesqui-Centennial Sunday School Convention in Toronto, June 23-29, 1930, when one realizes something of the tribulations through which the Sunday school has developed.

Table Prayers

For all these gifts, O Lord, make us truly thankful.

Heavenly Father, bless these thy gifts, which of thy tender kindness thou hast bestowed upon us, through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

Grant us thy grace, O Lord, that whether we eat or drink, or whatsoever we do, we may do it all in thy name and to thy glory. Amen.

God is great and God is good,
We will thank him for this food;
By his hand we all are fed,
Give us, Lord, our daily bread. Amen.

* * *

A willing mind is better for Kingdom purposes than a gold mine.

Faith Lambert

By MAUD C. JACKSON

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Sunday School Board Southern Baptist Convention
Nashville, Tenn.

(Continuation)

CHAPTER VI

*He who has a thousand friends
Has not a friend to spare,
And he who has one enemy
Will meet him everywhere.*

—Omar Khayyam.

When Jed left Faith's presence that eventful night, the one great purpose of making his life worthy of the beautiful gift which now seemed within reach was paramount in his thoughts. To win his heart's desire, Faith's love and tenderness, seemed easy now. All he had to do was to break from the old crowd, and call upon her for help and guidance whenever the old doubts threatened.

Perhaps it was due to the fact that Fate sometimes loves to play tricks upon earth's children that he met "Slim" Dickson as he turned into the street which led toward home.

"Why, hello, Jeddie, old boy! Haven't seen you for a deuce of a time. Where've you been keeping yourself?" Slim's greeting lacked nothing in effusiveness.

Slim belonged to the "old crowd," and here was an excellent opportunity to begin the "break away" process. Jed stepped along briskly and replied evasively, "I've been busy as a country barber on Saturday afternoon. Senior year, you know. Lots of back work to make up."

"Well, well! So the boy's beginning to study, is he?" said Slim, turning about and increasing his own pace in order to keep up with Jed. "I thought there might be something more serious back of your staidness. Love affair or something. You've been about as jolly as a cemetery lately, and you haven't been to a party since—when? Want to look out for these quiet girls, Jed. First thing you know they've got you under their thumb and then there's the devil to pay. Don't always stay quiet, you know, once they've got you going." Slim assumed a worldly-wise mien, which was all lost on Jed in the darkness of the dimly lighted street.

"I'll look out," he returned shortly. He had no desire or intention of discussing Faith with Slim Dickson. Such an act would seem nothing short of desecration.

"Oh, well, well, you needn't act so cut up about it. Of course, we've all seen which way the wind was blowing. You've got my best wishes, old man, whatever you do. But you needn't drop all of your old friends just because you've found a new one. Fact is, I've been hunting all over for you this evening. We've got a swell party on, down at Jerry's Place.

Select crowd, good music, dancing. Want you to come."

"Mighty good of you, Slim. Thanks so much. Sorry I—" Jed began when Slim broke in,

"Now, no excuses, Jed. What's the harm? If you're going to be a monk, for heaven's sake wait until you get out of school, and don't make yourself the laughing-stock of the whole bunch over a little, brown-eyed nun."

"That'll do, Slim," said Jed a bit harshly. But he began to wonder if, after all, Slim might not be right. Perhaps he should break away from the bunch by degrees. In that way he might save Faith from much unfavorable criticism from their lips. Then, when school closed, and he was away from them all, he would begin traveling the straight and narrow path, which, for him, would eventually lead to Faith. Surely, surely in this new strength he found so inspiring he would be able to withstand the demon, which he sometimes felt might be his undoing. Just then a big, brown car slid up to the curb and two young men sprang out.

"Well, well, well, if it ain't Jeddie himself!" said one.

"And Slim, too, 'pon my word," said the other.

"Hop in, fellows, we're going your way," said the driver of the car, and almost before Jed knew what was happening, he was in the car, the driver had backed and turned, and they were speeding in the direction of Jerry's Place.

Jed never felt so helpless before in his life. He knew now that the boys had planned to take him to this party, by any hook or crook. This being true, he decided that discretion would be the better part of valor, and he resolved to keep his head, and then after it was all over, he would make it clearly and definitely understood that this was his last.

Jerry's Place had been under the surveillance of the police upon sundry occasions, but, unfortunately, no incriminating evidence could be found at such times. The place appeared no different from the average dance hall, and was presided over by Jerry Wilkins, a suave, pasty-faced man of uncertain age and indeterminate nationality; a derelict in the backwaters of civilization. He spent his life preying like a vulture on the lives of the thoughtless and misguided youth who frequented his place. Jerry's Place was exclusive in that his rates were high and only those with fat pocket-books could afford the luxury of an evening of dancing at this luxuriously appointed hall.

THE BAPTIST HERALD

Upon entering, Jed immediately found himself the central figure of a chattering, admiring group of men and maidens, not all students, but nearly all of whom he knew. He was led to a big punch bowl in an alcove behind some palms and vines and cut flowers. One taste of its contents was sufficient to tell him that it had been liberally "spiked." He resolved to imbibe lightly, knowing full well what would be the result if he should let his appetite be his guide.

After that he could never be exactly clear as to what happened at that ill-fated party. He realized hazily that someone had partaken repeatedly and freely of the punch; that that person had danced more and more boisterously, and then, as the evening's crowning achievement, he had made a speech, amid much laughter and applause, pledging allegiance forever to the banner which bore the emblem: "Faith: Fidelity: Loyalty."

Stupor and forgetfulness came over Jed then, and it was not until he awoke at nightfall of the following day, in his own room, very much disheveled and exceedingly depressed, that the full import of what had probably happened at that party came to him. And what memory failed to supply, the two boys who came to his room to see how he felt recounted amid much chaff and laughter.

"You sure were stewed, Jeddie, old boy. Like to never have got you home," said "Joney" Jones. "And that speech! Funniest thing I ever heard!"

"Tell us all about her, Jed," plead "Pug" Evans.

Poor Jed! Miserable beyond words, he could scarcely wait until he could be alone to think this terrible thing out. He would not go down to the dining-room for dinner for two reasons: None of his comrades there had been "in" on this event and many of them looked with disfavor on the wild parties he had been known to attend; and he wished to have an understanding with Pug and Joney, since they and Slim were largely responsible for the predicament in which he found himself. So he dressed and went with them to a little, down-town restaurant, where a warm dinner and a cup of coffee helped to fortify his physical condition. Nothing could assuage his mental anguish.

When their dinner had been served and they were left to themselves, Jed said to his companions, "Fellows, that was a fiendish trick you played on me last night. You knew my weakness. I'm trying to play straight. I'm telling you right now, that thing must never happen again."

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed Pug. "Going into the ministry, Jed?"

The hot color mounted to Jed's face. His dark eyes looked ominous as he repeated in a low, tense voice, "You heard what I said. I'm through."

Joney ventured some trivial remark. There was no laughter in Jed's voice when he replied, "You both heard me. I'm through with you and your crowd."

February 15, 1930

If this thing ever happens again, somebody will get hurt."

Except for a few desultory remarks exchanged by Pug and Joney, the meal progressed in silence then, and Jed soon left them and walked down to the river to the spot where he had often gone before, to think out his perplexities, and to try to straighten out the tangled threads of his life which had never seemed so intricate as now.

He had violated Faith's love and belief in him, when scarcely out of her presence, with his pledge still warm upon his lips. Her precious name had been bandied about in a maudlin crowd. He, who had hoped by all that was right and sacred to guard that name and shield its owner, had made a drunken speech using her for his theme. What would she think of him when she knew? What could she think?

He wondered at his temerity in even thinking she could care for such as him. And she did care. Oh, the marvel of it! Rather, she had cared. It was all over now. He would go to her and apologize as best he could. Then he would go away and out of her life forever. It mattered little what became of him after that.

The sky was partially cloudy, with a high wind blowing, and as he stood muffled in his warm overcoat, staring at the dark and troubled waters in the river below him, he experienced a mad desire to plunge beneath their turbid depths and end it all. Life without Faith would be worse than death, and he could never hope to win her now.

The clouds parted and a single, bright star was mirrored for an instant in the plunging, surging water. That single shaft of light, like a gleam of hope, seemed to break the spell of his despondency, and he turned and started for his room, resolved to see Faith on the morrow, confess the whole, miserable affair and secure her forgiveness if possible. He could never hope to win her love, but at least, he would be a man in renouncing her.

CHAPTER VII

Let us have done with vain regrets and longings for the days that will never be ours again. Our work lies in front, not behind us, and "forward" is our motto. Let us not sit with folded hands gazing upon the past as if it were the building; it is but the foundation. Let us not waste heart and life thinking what might have been and forgetting the "maybe" that lies before us.—Jerome K. Jerome.

It was with a sense of guilt amounting almost to trepidation, that Jed presented himself at the Rogers home the following afternoon, a stormy Sunday of clouds and wind and swirling snow. The music room, where Faith awaited him, was poignant with memories. It seemed incredible that such a short time had elapsed since he had gone forth from that room, filled with the high resolve to live his life nobly and worthily. Those intervening hours had seemed like years

to Jed. Now he had come to renounce forever any claim to her whose love and trust he had so wantonly outraged. That done, he knew the future would hold for him only a series of blank, interminable days, each one drearier than the one which had preceded it. He would indeed, thenceforth, be a desert traveler.

Faith's smiling, gracious welcome only increased his misery. He lost no time in getting to the subject which was uppermost in his mind. Every moment spent in her presence would only make the telling of it and the parting more difficult. He was scarcely seated in the big armchair by the fire, before he had plunged into the subject and was telling of his meeting with Slim, of the trip to Jerry's Place and what he remembered of the wild party which followed.

Faith offered no interruption to his story. Pained and shocked, she did not even look at Jed as he miserably floundered through his confession, sparing himself not at all, but trying to make her see how unwitting his part had been in the whole wretched business at the outset. Instead, her gaze was fixed on the wildly tossing branches of the old maples outside the window, and she prayed silently for strength and patience and guidance to face this, the most trying situation of her whole life. And as she listened and thought and prayed, she began to realize how infinitely more difficult the traveling of the strait and narrow way must be for one whose footsteps have wandered far afield, than for one whose feet have been set thereon at life's beginning. As he talked on, she began to see that, after all, Jed was but a big, blundering boy in matters pertaining to religion. She must not begin her office as his helper, by doubting the sincerity of his intentions even if he failed so ignobly at the outset.

He had just said something about "going away and out of her life forever," when her course of action suddenly seemed clear to her. Crossing the room to where he sat, the picture of abject despair, she laid her hand tenderly for a moment on the crisply curling hair and said soothingly,

"I shouldn't worry so much over what is past. God has mercifully given you a tomorrow and you can make of it what you will."

Jed looked up in great surprise. He had expected angry reproaches for his failure at the very outset to live up to the high ideals which he knew Faith maintained. He wasn't prepared for such magnanimity and he told her so in words of humble gratitude. He had another chance. Life still held for him hope and promise. It was unbelievable.

"I promised to help you," said Faith. "I couldn't fail you, now."

Then, quite tactfully, knowing Jed's was a nature which could not be preached to, she told him of that regenerative Power, which was abundantly able to sustain one in hours of temptation.

"Faith, Faith," said Jed. "Where do you acquire so much wisdom?"

"I do not know," Faith smilingly answered, "unless it be true that 'He has hidden these things from the wise and prudent and revealed them unto babes.' You are very much wiser than I, Jed. I am only a singer with just a smattering of other knowledge."

"Nevertheless, you are wise enough to know what to say to a fellow when he is crushed with shame and humiliation. I'm going to try again, Faith, harder than ever. You make me feel like I could go out and slay dragons."

"We all have our dragons, Jed," answered Faith who could not help feeling gratified at his words.

And Jed did try thereafter, "harder than ever." Of course his days were not all blissful ones. New doubts and unbeliefs assailed him in spite of the hours spent with Faith, when quite simply and in her own way she attempted to explain them away. It seemed, sometimes, the harder he tried to be convinced by her patient reasoning, the more skeptical he became. And he came to marvel more and more at the beautiful gift which was within his reach if the power were ever vouchsafed him to claim it for his own.

"Breaking away from the old crowd," in spite of the warning to Pug and Joney, was difficult. More than once Jed was tempted to fall in with their devices and once he said moodily, "It's no use, Faith. Goodness and happiness were never meant for me. It was predestined I should go to the devil and I'd as well go and be done with it."

Jed had yet to learn that the Christian life was the outward expression of an inward consecration to the ideals of love, truth and duty, as taught by the greatest of all teachers, more than nineteen hundred years ago. So he stumbled on, falling many times, learning to rely more and more on the beautiful example of the girl who seemed to him on a plane which he never could reach.

CHAPTER VIII

*More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of.*

—Lord Tennyson.

Faith did not have an opportunity to tell her father of her new found happiness, with its attendant responsibility, until the Christmas vacation. Such intimate, personal news could not be written for other, and possibly unsympathetic eyes to read. Mother Helen, as she called her step-mother, since that young woman had appeared highly scandalized when first addressed as mother, by a great girl only ten or twelve years her junior, would never be able to understand her point of view with regard to Jed, should she see him. She would be captivated by his agreeable manners and by his charming personality. And with his prospects for wealth and position, she would consider him a good "catch," and would deplore Faith's lack of sense in imposing any condition which would make the securing of him a hazard. No, she could not tell Mother Helen—yet. But father,—good old, sympathetic, understanding father—Faith's face regis-

tered a smile of sweet content as the train slowed down for Clearwater and she realized that she would soon be with him again.

She was disappointed when she alighted on the station platform, where big, soft, lazy snowflakes were falling in large, white splotches, for her father did not appear. Instead, Mrs. Lambert came hurrying up, looking very smart and youthful in her modish clothes. Her greeting was characteristic. She gave Faith a cool little kiss, exclaiming, "Dear me, child! Your figure is a sight. You should exercise more. Why, you're getting fat!"

"I've lost two pounds lately," laughed Faith as she followed Mrs. Lambert to the waiting car. "Where's Father?"

"Oh, he's busy with a trustee's meeting or a deacon's meeting or some other such nonsense connected with the church. He has no time for his family. I'd just as well be a widow for all a husband means to me," answered Mrs. Lambert with an injured air as she started the big car and prepared to drive away. "I really didn't have time to meet you myself. I'm on my way to a benefit card party right now. So I'm going to leave you at home and go right on if you don't mind."

"Not in the least," replied Faith, glancing sidewise at the tiny bit of the selfish, beautiful face which the becoming toque and the high, soft, fur collar left visible. And she couldn't help wondering as she did so, what it would be like to see that face warm and alive with a tender, compassionate regard for someone; such a love, for instance, as she felt at that very moment for the absent Jed; poor misguided, struggling Jed.

Faith had once hoped that she might some day be the recipient of Mrs. Lambert's love. She had often, in her lonely girlhood, tried to imagine just how it would feel to be caressed by those lovely, shapely hands, which were now guiding the car through the busy streets with such unflinching accuracy and such apparent ease. But she had long ceased to expect more than a cool tolerance from this beautiful woman whose life was so full of this club and that party, and whose head was so filled with the enormity of her own importance, that she had no time to endear herself to the girl who should have meant so much to her in life.

Faith entered the big, silent house alone and after changing from her traveling clothes to a soft, becoming dress, she went down to the library to rest and read while she waited for her father's return. Even the maid was out that afternoon and the house was singularly quiet. She couldn't help feeling just a little lonely and unwanted. But not for long. An outside door opened, a familiar step sounded in the hall, and a dear familiar voice called, "Where is she? Where is my little Faith?" And she sprang up to be enveloped in her father's gracious arms and to be rumpled against his shoulder, while he kissed her with tender solicitude and declared she was growing prettier every day.

And of course it wasn't long until she had him seated in his favorite arm-chair while she, perched on its arm with her cheek close to his silvery hair, was telling him all about school, her work, Professor Buschmann's encouraging words concerning her voice and then, very softly and tenderly, while her eyes held a far-away look, of Jed.

Her father patted the hand lying nearest him affectionately, but his face looked grave as she told of her meeting with Jed, of the little friendship which had developed between them, and then of the night when Jed had broken down all the barriers to her heart by his avowal of his love for her. A relieved look came over Mr. Lambert's face as Faith told hesitatingly of the condition she had imposed before she would give herself unreservedly to the man she loved.

"You did well to wait," he said. "Trust my Faith to follow the right course. But suppose he never overcomes the obstacle between you?"

"Oh, but he will," said Faith confidently. "He is trying so hard. He just has years of the wrong kind of living to overcome, and I couldn't expect him to do that in a day. And you've said yourself many times, that prayer is a wonderful force for good if people really want to believe. Jed wants to, and with you and me to pray for him, I know that some day, it will all be clear to him. And now, I would like to ask you, father, to keep my little secret a while longer. Mettler Helen might not just understand how I feel about—about—"

"I understand," said Mr. Lambert, kindly. Your secret is safe with me. And we will wait and pray. And may God bless my little girl."

And while little more passed between them on the subject, Mr. Lambert's manner toward his daughter held a new tenderness and devotion, for his heart was filled with a father's loving desire to shield her from any disappointment the future might hold for her.

Almost before she knew it, the short, winter days had slipped away, the vacation was over and Faith was back at her work again, busy and happy. Then, late in March, there came a time when she was sorely tried and felt the need of sustaining grace and divine power as she had never needed them before in her twenty years.

To be continued)

A Sour Note

In a certain Mid-Western university letter grades are used, A, B, C, D and E, the latter standing for complete failure. A student recently appended the following brief note to his poorly written paper:

"Dear Professor: I know this is pretty bad; but I have been awfully busy leading the campus sings and have had little time for study."

When the paper was returned, it bore a short annotation. The professor had drawn a musical clef and inserted a single note—E flat. Beneath it he had written, "Sing this!"

German Baptist B. Y. P. U. of Minneapolis, Minn.

*I come to the throne with quivering heart,
The old year was done.*

*Dear Master, I want a new leaf, I said,
I've spoiled this one.*

He took the old year so stained and blotted,

*And gave a new one all unspotted,
And into my sad heart, smiled and said,*

Do better now, my child, do better.

Thus the new year had begun, leaving the old year, 1929, behind forever. We have had our trials and joys in our society but as a whole the past year has been a great success and blessing to us.

Our active membership list is about 35 members. We also carry on our list a number of persons who have reached the age of forty and have a good Christian standing. These are our honorary members.

Our meetings, scheduled for each Sunday evening from 7 to 7:30, were well attended and have been encouraging. The fellowship we had with one another was fully enjoyed.

Our society in 1929 was under the leadership of Mr. Fred Woyke. The four groups in the society arranged very inspirational services. Outside of these the mission group took charge every first Sunday in the month. These meetings were especially set aside for mission work.

During the past year three of our members have taken a stand for a more definite service for the Lord. We rejoice with them that they have been called to work for the Master.

Beside our regular Sunday evening services the society held meetings in the City Work House several times; in the Union City Mission every fourth Monday of the month, and a meeting at Princeton, Minn.

In the society the members pay dues once a month, which is practically the only income we have beside our mission collection and an annual offering. Our membership dues amounted to \$57.78, our mission collections to \$22.42. The total income with the balance of Jan. 1, 1929, amounted to \$102.36. Our expenditures for the year have been \$85.89. These have been for missions, for the poor, for our state work and for needs in the church and society.

We have a splendid treasury (the birthday treasury), the money of which is used to buy flowers to cheer the sick.

The members are filled with the mission spirit, which makes it possible to do what we have done thus far. We feel assured that our new officers, with the co-operation of the members, will go on with our Father's work, which has been so successfully carried on in the past.

ADELE ELFTMANN, Sec.

* * *

The items which we enter under "gain" and "loss" determine whether we win or lose in the game of life.

Two Mothers

A woman sat by a hearthside place,
Reading a book with a pleasant face,
Till a child came up with a childish frown

And pushed the book, saying: "Put it down."

Then the mother, slapping her curly head,
Said: "Troublesome child, go off to bed;
A great, great deal of Christ's life I must know

To train you up as a child should go."
And the child went off to bed to cry,
And denounce religion—by and by.

Another women bent o'er a book
With a smile of joy and an intent look,
Till a child came up and jogged her knee,
And said of the book: "Put it down and take me."

And the mother sighed as she stroked his head,
Saying softly: "I never shall get it read;
But I'll try by loving to learn His will,
And his love into my child instill."

That child went to bed without a sigh,
And will love religion—by and by.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

Joyful News from Sheboygan

This winter our Young People's Society is following up a study of "The Life and Times of Jesus." It is a most wonderful life, this life of our Master! One who earnestly pursues this study can't help but to acknowledge him as the true Messiah.

For the Christmas season, on Dec. 29, the members of the society rendered a Christmas Cantata entitled, "Peace and Good Will." It was put over in splendid shape, and the house was filled with appreciative listeners.

The Sunday school Christmas program was also successful. Our new orchestra, composed of children of the school, played joyful tunes to brighten the festival. The offering resulted in the sum of \$13.43.

Our New Years Watch-Night service was delightful with good interest shown by the members and visitors. The pastor did not have to do it all. He delivered his short sermon and the members freely took part in prayer and testimony. An intermission of three quarters of an hour served for social fellowship, while the ladies served dainty refreshments.

We were privileged to have our evangelist, Rev. H. C. Baum, with us for 11 days, from Jan. 5-15. The meetings proved to be a great spiritual blessing and an uplift for the church. Bro. Baum's sermons were forceful, dignified, to the point and strong in evangelistic appeal. Five dear souls took their stand for Christ, our Lord. We hope and pray that others who are near the Kingdom will ere long surrender to the Master. The Mission offering taken at this occasion amounted to \$63.50.

The church in its last annual meeting voted to accept \$150 less support from the Mission Board. Last year we reduced the sum by \$50 and this year by \$150 so we are climbing slowly towards self-support.

A. RORDE.

Killaloe Society Re-organizes

The Baptist young people of the German Baptist Church out in the country at Killaloe, Ont., have re-organized in the latter part of November with a membership of 27. It is the wish of the society to become known and to be united with all our B. Y. P. U.'s in our Eastern Conference. We are wishing our other societies the best of success in the year 1930. It is our earnest wish as a group of young people to help our church as much as possible; to help our young people to a better understanding of the Bible. The young people of today will surely be the church of tomorrow and according as we train them in their youth, our future church will be.

As a B. Y. P. U. we bought lights to brighten up our big room for prayer meetings and we hope by doing so the good Lord will lighten our hearts from above.

We are planning to help in mission work with at least a donation of \$50 for the year 1930.

Our church needs some repairing here and there and as B. Y. P. U. we assist. During the winter months we meet every fourth Sunday. We look forward to great success in the future.

We would like to hear of some B. Y. P. U. where they used a stereopticon in making the mission work interesting. We would like to find out what success they had. We are planning to get something in that line but at present we are not able to do so.

In February we will have a Valentine Day program. In March we intend giving a mission program.

Young People's Society, Walnut St. Church, Newark, N. J.

During the past year of 1929 our Young People's Society was active in various ways.

We have had two socials, consisting of a Lunch Box Social and a Christmas Social; two entertainments, one by our ladies' "Industriae Filiae," and another by our Senior girls' "Buds of Promise Club." We had a Bible baseball game, with the married people playing against the single people. We also had a mission night, the topic being "Our Cameroon Mission." We observed three devotional meetings, each one led by different members of our society. Another feature of our meetings was the fellowship of other societies by exchanging visits with them.

Our society would be very glad to exchange any ideas or suggestion with other societies. We pray that under the able leadership of our president, Mrs. J. Rauscher, and the earnest co-operation of our members, God will continue to bless our society.

M. HEIN.

Skill and Luck

It is said that some workmen can make new furniture look as if it were made a hundred years ago. And so can some children.—Passing Show.

B. Y. P. U. of Washburn, N. Dak.

The B. Y. P. U. of Washburn has a great number of lively, good and willing workers. Its membership has been increasing rapidly. With the help of God we have had many a blessed day since it has been organized. "Our aim is to serve Jesus."

On New Year's Eve the B. Y. P. U. celebrated its fifth birthday. A program was given which consisted of male quartets; a dialog, "Ten Virgins," all dressed in white; in between time a mixed quartet sang in the back room; several ladies quartets; recitations; violin duet; another dialog, given in German. Last of all and the best of all Rev. Klein, our president, gave a very good talk to the young folks. When the program was over, refreshments were served, ice cream and cake by the B. Y. P. U. The church was filled to capacity. Everyone departed with joy and gratitude.

May God be with us so that we will be able to accomplish more for Jesus this coming year!

R. S., Sec-Treas. of B. Y. P. U.

B. Y. P. U. of First Church, Portland, Oreg.

Although the B. Y. P. U. of the First Church, Portland, has not been heard of for a long while, we are still progressing and have started the new year with new enthusiasm.

The B. Y. P. U. has been divided into four separate societies of approximately 30 members each, who meet every Sunday evening in their own rooms.

The Junior society, consisting of members from the age of 12 to 16, is a society of new members and have shown great interest under their advisor, Emma Meier.

The following presidents have done excellent work, and with their leadership and that of our general president, Henry Schroeder, we hope to strive forward in our work for the Lord: Ruth Zink, president of the Junior society; Martha Pfaff, president of the Senior society; Lenore Ritter, the Adult society, and Emma Gaps, the Married People's society.

Once every two months the four societies meet together and give a program where everyone is welcome.

Our monthly business meetings are started with a supper beginning at 6 o'clock. This gives everyone a chance to talk with their friends before the business is taken up. A mimeographed paper is issued every two weeks, giving the activities of each society.

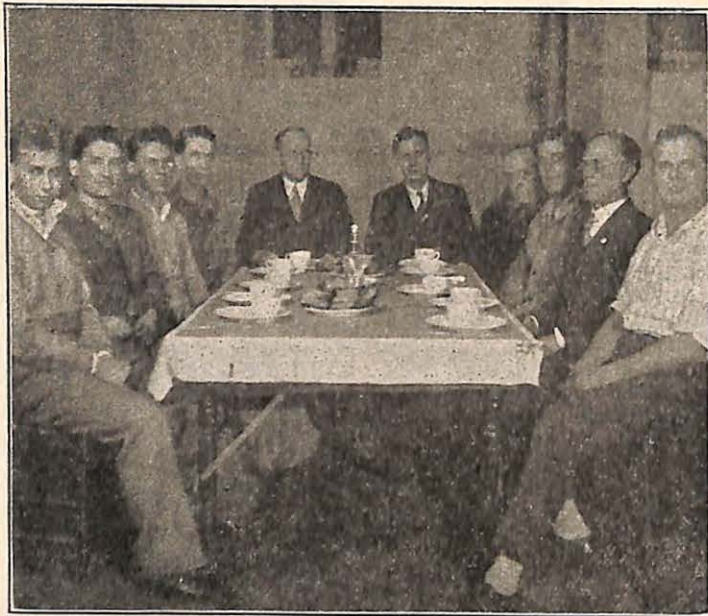
GRACE MEIER, Reporter.

A Friend of the Family

The client came to pay his fee to the lawyer who had conducted his case.

"How much do I owe you?" he said. "Your father and I were old friends," replied the lawyer, "so we'll say two hundred dollars."

"Two hundred dollars?" gasped the client. "Thank heaven you didn't know my grandfather as well!"



The Knights of Labor, St. Louis Park Church, St. Louis, Mo.

The Knights of Labor, St. Louis Park Baptist Church

Above you find a group of men of our church, which is doing some very fine service. We call them the "Knights of Labor." They come to the church from their work on Friday nights, where they partake of a tasty lunch prepared by Mrs. Edwin Marty. Then they turn their hand to any work of repair or changing that becomes necessary. They have to their credit such work as classrooms, cement floors, repainting, installing new electric lights and various repairs. Not all the regular attendants are on the picture. Mr. Rudolph Pfund, one of our most faithful, was in the hospital at this time. This organization contributes not only its labor for the benefit of the church but is a real stimulus to sociability among the men. Non-members have participated as cheerfully as members.

The work in our church is progressing steadily. We received 18 by baptism and 18 others by letter in November. We have others that have expressed a desire to join in the near future. Recently a father, whose wife I baptized in November and whose children had been members, was converted. The happiness of that woman and children was touching indeed.

THOS. STOEHL.

Careless Cut-ups

An Irishman coming out of ether in the ward after an operation exclaimed, "Thank God! That's over!"

"Don't be sure," said the man in the next bed. "They left a sponge in me and had to cut me open again." Then the patient on the other side said, "Why they had to open me, too, to find one of their instruments."

Just then the surgeon who had operated on the Irishman stuck his head in the door and yelled, "Has anybody seen my hat?"

Pat fainted.

THE BAPTIST HERALD

A Lively Prayer-Meeting

WILLIAM ALPHONSO MURRILL

The new pastor found less than fifty members of his church at prayer-meeting; so he began to think. The following week he divided those who were present into four equal groups representing the gospels of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John.

"During the month," he announced, "I am going to make brief mid-week talks on the four gospels, beginning with Matthew. We are also going to have a contest among the four groups of members and find out who the workers are."

This announcement met with instant response. I could see people waking up and taking an interest. The idea of something new at prayer-meeting was rather pleasing; and the plan for a contest aroused them to action.

"During the coming week," continued the pastor, "read the Gospel of Matthew and get all the new members you can for your groups. Sit in the same seat every time if possible. I will appoint four leaders and two secretaries."

There was a cheerful hum in the air the following Wednesday evening. People came early to get their seats; new members were introduced to the groups; there was good-natured banter about the contest; and everyone was expectant.

Having just read the Gospel of Matthew, the members showed an unusual interest in the pastor's talk about the life of the author and his work. There were no dull moments. Everybody was glad to be there.

At the close of the service, a blackboard was brought out by the secretaries and the following questions asked: (1) How many are present in your group? (2) How many new members? (3) How many have read all the chapters? (4) How many chapters have the others read?

One little girl of four caused a laugh by raising her hand to indicate that she had read all the twenty-eight chapters. Her father explained that they were read at family prayers, and therefore, according to the rules of the contest, his little daughter was right.

Belonging to the Mark group myself, I did not enjoy being beaten by the John group, although we ran them a close second. Better success next time, we whispered among ourselves. The telephones were kept busy the following week.

Successful? Let the attendance speak. At the beginning of the month, the Sunday school room was half filled; the second week, chock full; the third week, we overflowed into the classrooms; and the fourth week, we had to move into the church auditorium!—Young People.

There was a man, his name was Small, What money he made, he kept it all.

If tithing does not rebuke the devourer in the field, it certainly rebukes the devourer in man.

February 15, 1930

40th Anniversary Celebration of the Oak Park German Baptist Church

Four days were set aside to commemorate the birthday of our church. These days, Jan. 19-22, will not soon be forgotten by the members and friends of the church for they were memorable days. In spite of extremely cold weather the celebration was most gratifying both in attendance and in the spirit manifested. The only fly in the ointment was that the editor of the "Baptist Herald," an honored member of this church, could not participate due to his itinerary program that kept him away from home.

Bro. Wm. Kuhn, our General Missionary Secretary, was the preacher on Sunday. The platform was fittingly decorated with palms and roses and all people were in festive mood. In the morning sermon, the speaker reminded us of him, who can do exceeding abundantly above all that we can ask. The sermon presented a panorama of the grace of God experienced during the last 40 years.

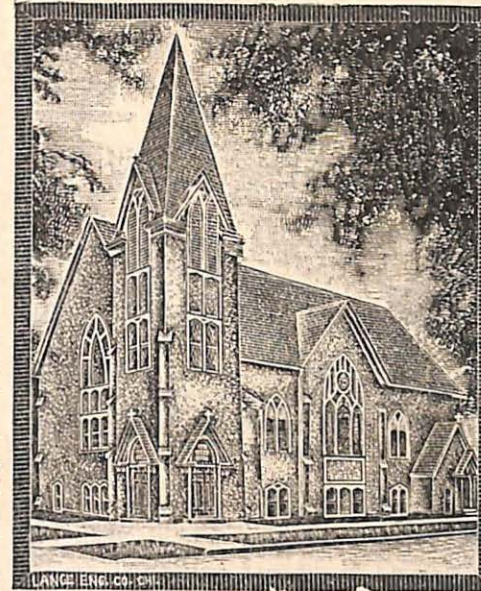
The evening service was dedicated to our two Mission Sunday schools, Morton Park and Bellwood, which received due recognition. Six young people from Morton Park and three mature people from Bellwood followed Christ in baptism. The two student missionaries, J. Frey and Mr. Crockett, participated in the service. Dr. Kuhn then spoke on the New Testament Church to which God adds unto the church those who would be saved. It was a day of great blessing in the house of the Lord.

Special mention should be made of the music rendered during the anniversary services. The Sunday School Orchestra, the Choir, the West Suburban Male Quartet and Ladies Duet excelled themselves during these days. If you visit Chicago during these days. If you wish to in-at some time or another we wish to invite you to worship with us and enjoy the music at the same time.

Monday evening was devoted to the Sunday school and Young People. The Superintendent, F. A. Grosser, and the B. Y. P. U. president, Harold Johns, were in charge of this meeting. Prof. White-sell of the Northern Baptist Seminary spoke to an attentive audience on "Why I believe Christianity will survive and triumph." The message was full of inspiration and thought.

On Tuesday evening our Chicago churches were represented by a large delegation. And, needless to say, we were indeed glad to have this evening in fellowship with our sister churches. Such gatherings serve to bring about a spirit of unity and co-operation which means so much to kingdom enterprise. Prof. J. Heinrichs, Rev. H. Koch and the pastors of all the churches in Chicago participated with a word of greeting and congratulation.

Wednesday evening formed the high spot in the anniversary celebration. We termed this night "Church Night." We in spite of the thermometer registering 10 below we had a capacity crowd. Greetings from former members and pastors



and letters from absent members were read. But the main feature of the evening was the honoring of the charter members. There are still 18 in our membership, 12 of whom made it possible to be in the service. After a few appropriate remarks by the pastor, each of these charter members were presented with a beautiful rose. It was a touching scene which will long linger in our memory. A lovefeast brought the anniversary to a close.

The missionary spirit has always been predominant in our church and to a large measure is responsible for the success God has granted us. During the pastorate of the present minister 50 have been added by baptism and more than 50 by letter and confession. Our prayer is that this celebration will bring us into closer grips with Christ, who is the head of the church.

A brief sketch of the history of the church may be in order:

About the year 1865 a small group of German Baptists banded themselves together and met in their homes weekly for prayer. In the year 1874 a small chapel was built in Forest Park. As happens in rural communities so in Forest Park, some of the members moved away and the work lagged. A group of Christian people of Oak Park purchased this chapel and started what for many years was called "Onward Mission Sunday School."

After several years the pastor of the First German Baptist Church of Chicago succeeded in reviving the work in this locality. In 1887 the present church site at Harlem and Dixon streets was purchased and the following year a frame chapel was erected. By January, 1890, the church membership had grown to a point where the congregation felt that it was strong enough to function as an independent church.

Accordingly under date of January 22, 1890, 91 members of the First German Baptist Church of Chicago were dismissed from its membership to form the Oak Park German Baptist Church. Rev. F.

Hoefflin was the first pastor. Of the 91 members, 18 are still members and active in the work.

In 1903 the frame chapel was sold to an Evangelical Church of Austin. At this time the present stucco-coated structure was erected at a cost of \$14,000.—In 1918 extensive alterations were made which cost about \$22,000.

During the 40 years the church has had the following as its pastors: Rev. Fred. Hoefflin, 1890-1893; Rev. J. Fellmann, 1894-1900; Rev. August Pistor, 1900-1911; Rev. O. R. Schroeder, 1911-1916; Rev. S. Blum, 1917-1919; Rev. H. Kaaz, 1920-1926; Rev. Theo. W. Dons, 1927 to present time.

Membership at time of organization 91, in 1900, 175; in 1915, 323; in 1930, 430.

The church has a mixed choir of upwards of 30 voices which is under the able leadership of W. J. Krogman, organist and director. T. W. D.

Youth and Old Age

Often it is said that this is a day for the young man and the young woman. To strengthen such position, Dr. B. W. Spilman assembles some interesting facts of history: Samuel was called at 12, Shakespeare began writings at 24, Michael Angelo was famous at 23, Newton did his great work before 25, Raphael died at 37, and Mozart at 36, Alexander had no more worlds to conquer at 32, Grant was president at 46, Martin Luther began the Reformation at 29, and Christ died at 33.

To this list might be added many more famous. Among them is the heroic achievement of Charles Lindbergh at 27. But there is another side. Age is not always an index to service, certainly not to great service, so Dr. Spilman proceeds to set out the exploits of men much past what is thought to be the decadence period of life: Rev. John W. Wellons, ex-president of a noted college, preached until he was 101; John A. Stewart was active chairman of U. S. Mortgage and Trust Company, New York, at 103; Gladstone was Prime Minister and a great speaker during his eighties; Joseph Choate was an active lawyer at 84; Clemenceau, the Grand Old Man of France, was in leadership at 80; Haydn composed "Creation" at 73; Jacob was called to go to Padam-aram at 77; Cato began the study and mastered Greek at 80; George Bancroft the historian, published his history at 84; R. S. Buckner toured China seeking to found an orphanage when past 80; John D. Rockefeller is still active at 90; Roger B. Tanney was Chief Justice, United States, at 87; John Marshall was Chief Justice at 80; John Wesley was no less a great preacher at 88; Joe Cannon, Illinois, was in Congress at 89; Depew was active in business at 91; so also was C. W. Elliott, president of Harvard, active at 91.

To these may be added others, and the conclusion must be that it is imperative that each do his best according to his own opportunities and gifts from the age of accountability to the grave.—The Southwestern Evangel.

God's Mirror

WILLIAM L. STIDGER

Help me, Master,
That I may
Mirror thee
Each passing day.

Make me, Father,
Pure and true
Like a river
Deep and blue;

So the world of
Men may see
Thy dear self
Mirrored in me.

I am lowly,
Thou art high,
At thy feet
I humbly lie.

This my hope,
That I may be
Open-hearted
Unto thee.

This my dream,
That I may show
All the world
I love thee so!

This my prayer,
The world may see
All thy love
Reborn in me!

A Safe Ground for Faith

M. SAFFRAN. Translated from the German by A. P. M.

(Sent in by Miss Augusta Seils)

On one of my walks I wandered along a way that was planted with old willow trees. Many of them were almost all hollow because of age and only a few small green branches were to be seen in the tree-tops. It will not be long and they will have completely died. A storm-wind will throw them down and they will decay.

On one of these old trees I saw something that interested me and caused me to think. In the crown, which was often bare of branches, so that only a rough, ragged stump remained, a thin layer of soil had formed, composed of dust, decayed tree-parts and rain. Seeds carried by the wind had found lodgement there and were showing a flourishing growth. Among others the wind had cast a seed of the ash up there. Now it had become quite a little tree which looked happily out into the world and was being swayed softly back and forth by the breezes.

As I beheld the little tree up there, I thought at first: You have selected a good spot. Way up there no foot of man or hoof of beast can easily crush you as has perhaps happened to many of your companions. But soon after very sad thoughts came to me. You poor little tree, I thought, you who today are looking so merrily out into the world and enjoying your life; how soon will there

be an end to your glory! How soon will your faded leaves hang down in sorry fashion and you will die. Don't you know that a few weeks, perhaps only days of the hot, glowing heat of the sun will make an end of your young life, because the ground in which you are growing is thin and shallow? And even if you survive the crisis, some day the storm will blow down the hollow tree you have chosen as a life-ground and with that you will lose all your life-conditions and will die. Only one thing might save your life; if some one would come and uproot you thoroughly and plant you in the earth where you would not need to fear that some day you would be deprived of the conditions of life

"All things that pass away are but a parable." And so the little tree spoke to me of spiritual things. It became to me a picture of many a young person who has grown up under the faithful care of pious parents. Early these parents planted faith in God and love to the Savior in the young heart of the child. They rejoiced to see the good seed spring up nicely and give promise to become a strong little tree, a tree of righteousness unto the praise of the Lord. But then this young soul stepped forth from the parental home out into life of the world so rich in temptation. Perhaps also the parents died early and the unsecured young plant of faith was like that young ashtree in the hot glow of the sun or on the tree blown down by the wind. How alluring the siren voices of worldly pleasure sounded to the ears. And the hot winds of temptation dried up the young life of faith and it drooped and died.

How was it possible? The nourishing soil of the child-faith handed down by the parents, the parental authority of faith was not sufficient to preserve the weak faith-life in the hot blasts of temptation. It was neglected to have the faith of authority become a faith of experience. The child believed because the parents believed. Or perhaps it was a devoted teacher who had awakened this faith in the life of the child. But the own experience, the own personal contact with Christ and the personal commitment was lacking. At the time when Jacob left his father's house, God was to him only the "God of his fathers." It was only on the way when he was returning to his native home and had that mysterious meeting in the night, when in earnest wrestling he lay at the feet of God and cried: "I will not depart except thou dost bless me," that God became his personal God.

Why do so many of our young people, so many children of believing parents, as soon as they enter on a certain age, go the way of the world and are lost for the Lord and the church? May we not seek the reason in this, that although they in their childlike simplicity once received the message of the Savior, who bore their sins, into their hearts, because they believed their parents and the messenger of the gospel, they nevertheless failed as they became more intelligent

to strive after a personal experience of the Redeemer and his redemption? As a child one cannot receive and experience the truth of salvation, so very deeply. The conversions of children are mostly such where feeling plays a great part. That does not detract from their value in any way if the decision of the will is added later on. But if it is neglected to deliver the awakening will of the developing young man or woman unto the Lord and thus to make the personal experience of the grace of God, the faith of authority proves to be too weak a bearing ground to resist temptation. Just as a transplanting should have taken place with that young tree in order to maintain its life, so the plant of childhood faith needs to undergo a transplanting into the solid ground of a personal experience of faith to withstand all the storms that come and break over it.

You young children of God, who read this, do not neglect to give diligence to "make your own calling and election sure."

In Ox-Cart Days

How did they do it, those old fellows? Take a novel of Thackeray, for example.

It is monumental. Looks as if one of them would be a life-work.

The mere penning of it appalls a modern man.

Yet Thackeray turned out volume after volume as if time and energy were interminable.

And his work was practically perfect. No slovenliness, no carelessness, no haste, no guess-this-will-do-ness.

Today we have every accessory to speed, every time-saving device, all knowledge classified and compendiumed and stored in convenient libraries.

But where are the Thackerays? Or the Goethes, Dickenses, Hugos, and Balzacs?

Men of their day were compelled to waste time.

A journey of a few miles took all day, or several days.

A dinner involved sitting up all night and drinking one's self under the table.

A message to a friend was not a ten-word telegram, but a beautifully penned and excellently expressed essay.

Such letters were preserved and handed down.

Later they were put into print.

How many letters have you written which will be handed down?

And how would you like to have the best letter you ever wrote put into print?

Chances are that if you write more than two pages you apologize.

And you sign it, "Yours hastily."

The men of the ox-cart days did things thoroughly and well.

In the days of the wireless, we "have no time."—Lynn Item.

* * *

Jesus Christ himself is the cause of giving. World needs are the occasions for giving.

The Young People's Society

Purpose—Program—Plans

Double the Attendance of Young People at Church

The human-interest element remains much the same through the ages. The basic principles of interest in a thing continue to be, as ever, information about the thing and action for it.

The key-note of success in doubling the attendance of young people at church lies in enlisting interest in the church as a whole, and utilizing the enthusiasm, zeal, and vigor of youth in direct activities for the church and its program.

The business of the church may need to be handled by those of years backed by ability and experience, but youth's interest will be enlisted if it has a representative on the church board who will carry reports to the young people and their suggestions to the church board.

Let the minister secure from the young people their suggestions on sermon subjects, and then make the most of them.

Let the church as a whole stop expecting youth to stay away from it. Let age set the example of church-attendance, giving the word of encouragement and commendation to youth instead of the assumption that youth cannot be expected to be interested in such matters. Let age do only those things that youth cannot be got to do.

Give to youth the opportunity for self-expression, which results in efficient training that calls for a release of information through the avenue of service.

Let the idea that "youth must have its fling," that its tendency is downward, that the natural desires of youth of this generation are lower than those of any previous groups, be wholly exploded.

Let us be as careful about overestimating both the good and the bad of youth as about underestimating them.

Let us tighten our grip on our belief that Christ is as attractive today as ever, stop approaching the subject in an apologetic attitude, do more praying, more genuine living, more hustling for the Kingdom, and not only will the attendance of youth at church be doubled, but that of age as well.—C. E. World.

Tell It

Do you want to remember a fact? Discuss it with a friend.

Do you want to remember a funny story? Let your family laugh over it with you.

Would you like to impress on your mind a fine quotation? Impress it on some other mind.

Do you want to become learned in Bible lore? Teach a Sunday school class.

In short, if you desire to become well informed, impart information to others.

It is the golden principle of gaining by giving.

Committee Excuses

Check those used most often by your committees!

1. I had to go to another meeting and couldn't get there.

2. I forgot all about it.

3. Had company in my room and just couldn't get away.

4. I didn't think anybody would be there, so I didn't go.

5. I knew I couldn't contribute anything to the meeting any how.

6. Am I on that committee? Well, I didn't know it.

7. Didn't have time; have an exam tomorrow.

8. Got interested in a novel and the time slipped by.

9. I didn't know what we're supposed to do on that committee.

10. I didn't want to be on that committee in the first place.

11. There's nobody that is anybody that's on that committee.

12. Had a date and you surely don't think I had any time to think about being on a committee.

List of Activities of Membership Committee

1. Almost spoke to the new fellow who came to B. Y. P. U. Sunday night.

2. Would have had a committee meeting IF I had thought I could have got the members there.

3. President told me to put on a membership campaign next month, BUT that's "Rush Month" and we won't have time.

4. NEARLY had to preside in the absence of the president, but he got well.

5. I'm going to resign from this committee UNLESS I get more co-operation.

(Signed) IMA KICKER,

Chairman, membership committee.

—B. Y. P. U. Magazine.

* * *

Rightly dividing his pile of cash is a religious matter to which every steward must give attention.

The Lookout Committee

1. Aims.

1. To increase the society in size.
2. To prevent old members from becoming lax in duties and attendance.

2. Organization.

1. Chairman.
2. Secretary.
3. Two or three other members, with definite assignments of work.

3. Routine.

1. Monthly meetings.
2. A detailed, constructive year's program.
3. Monthly written reports submitted to the society president.
4. Records of all statistics.

4. Program Regarding Old Members.

1. Keep accurate record of attendance at all meetings.
2. Send cards to absent members telling them they were missed.
3. Personal visitation of absentees if cards fail.
4. Send cards to all persons reminding them of consecration and special meetings.

5. Recruiting New Members.

1. Sources.
 - a. Personal friends.
 - b. Newcomers.
 - c. Sunday school.
 - d. Day schools, etc.
2. Points of contact.
 - a. Invitations to meetings.
 - b. Socials.
3. Socials, when well planned, are frequently valuable in first introducing new members to the society. Follow the social with an invitation to the meeting.
4. When the prospect does come to the meeting, pay some attention to him; let him see that you are glad he came. Give him a part in the meeting which you think he can handle. Then send him a card during the week following, thanking him for coming, and extend an invitation to the next meeting.
5. When the prospect has signified his willingness to join the society, after having considered the pledge, make his introduction into the society a simple ceremony.
6. Get the new member into the habit of regular attendance.

—The C. E. Reveille.

Bosses

How many times have you heard people say, "I don't like working for someone else. I would much rather be my own boss"?

That is an unfortunate, not to say foolish, attitude of mind. The only person who hasn't a boss is one who hasn't a job.

Every human being above the rank of parasite is striving to please someone beside himself, is trying to make good in someone else's eyes. And that one is his boss.

The higher we rise the more taskmasters we have. The more exalted our station becomes the more our bosses multiply. So, since we can never get away from them, we might as well get used to bosses.

One boss is easier to please than many bosses. Yet it is only when a man can please many bosses that he gets very far in this world.

The day-laborer, the clerk, the dishwasher, these, as a rule, need please only one superior in order to hold their jobs. But the man who manages a big business, runs a railroad, or governs a nation, he must please hundreds, even thousands in every particular of his work, if he is to hold his job.

The men who dislike their bosses rarely have more than one at a time and seldom rise very high either financially or socially. The men who like their bosses understand them and try to get along with them no matter who they are or how many are the men who hold positions of trust, command high salaries, and attain respected names.

As long as you live you will work for someone else. Strictly speaking, you will never be your own boss. So you might as well accept the fact and make the best of it. And the best is very good, as all the great, the good, and the powerful men and women of your time will testify.
—Young People.

Be a Good Blamer

I know a boy who had a bad temper. He blames it on his ancestors, which seems rather mean, since they cannot defend themselves.

He blames his failure in school on his little brothers and sisters who refuse to keep quiet when he wants to study.

He blames his tardiness on his mother for not calling him earlier.

He blames all the other fellows on the team for the loss of the game.

He blames his inability to get a certain job during vacation on someone's favoritism.

He is a downright blamer.

The only trouble is that he has never learned to put the blame on himself, where it belongs.

It's easy to put the blame on others, but, like most easy things, it doesn't amount to anything.

It's hard to take the blame yourself, but it gets you somewhere.

So, if you must be a blamer, be a good one; blame things on yourself.—Youth's World.

We Need the Practice

"The only way to learn to write is to write," advised the late Barrett Wendell, Harvard's celebrated teacher of English literature. Some people expect to be writers some day, but in the meantime they do little writing for the waste-basket. "No day without a line," says an experienced author to literary aspirants.

In the sphere of character-building the Scouts have given us a similar rule—the daily "good turn." Character does not fall ready-made from heaven into our hands. We need practice in character-forming. Right thinking, speaking, and acting day by day is the only method that will work.

Prayers for the Child

Lord, the day has now begun,
Keep me till the set of sun;
At its setting may I be
One day nearer home and thee. Amen.

We are little children,
Weak and apt to stray;
Savior, guide and keep us
In the heavenly way. Amen.

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray thee, Lord, my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take. Amen.

Every One to Lift

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