

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., JANUARY 1, 1930

Number One

The One Thousandth Psalm

O God, we thank thee for everything!

For the sea and its waves, blue and green and gray,
and always wonderful!

For the beach and the breakers and the spray and the
white foam on the rocks.

For the blue arch of heaven, for the clouds in the sky,
white and gray and purple.

For the green of the grass, for the forests in their spring
beauty, for the wheat and corn, and rye and barley.

For the brown earth turned up by the plough, for the
sun by day, and the dews by night;

We thank thee for all thou hast made and that thou
hast called it good.

For all the glory and beauty and wonder of the world;

For the glory of the spring-time, the tints of the flowers
and their fragrance;

For the glory of the summer flowers, the roses and car-
dinals and clethra;

For the glory of the autumn, the scarlet and crimson
and gold of the forest;

For the glory of winter, the pure white snow on the
shrubs and trees.

We thank thee that thou hast placed us in the world
to subdue all things to thy glory.

And to use all things for the good of thy children.

We thank thee! We enter into thy work, and go about
thy business.

—Edward Everett Hale.

What's Happening

We wish all our "Baptist Herald" readers and friends a happy and blessed New Year. May temporal and spiritual prosperity abide on all of them and may it be a year in which we glorify our Christ and give him pre-eminence in all things!

With this issue the "Baptist Herald" enters into the eighth year of its career. It will strive to maintain its high ideals of service and earnestly requests the prayers of all German Baptist people to the end that it may be a medium of blessing.

Rev. A. Ittermann, formerly of South Africa, is now located as pastor of the Freudental church in Alberta, Canada.

Rev. C. E. Cramer of the Spruce St. Church, Buffalo, N. Y., baptized two in December. One of these was the pastor's son, Curtis.

Obey that Impulse. Subscribe to the "Baptist Herald." Win another subscriber. We need a thousand more. You can help. Do it now.

The Thirty-Ninth Convention of the B. Y. P. U. of America will be held in the Exposition Auditorium at San Francisco, Cal., July 9-13, 1930.

Rev. Daniel Klein, pastor of the Walnut St. Church, Muscatine, Ia., closed his work the end of December to become pastor of the church at Beulah, N. D.

The Young People's Society of the church at Madison, S. D., had their annual program on Thanksgiving Day evening. Rev. Geo. W. Pust of Emery brought an appropriate message in keeping with the day and the occasion.

A striking portrait of Roger Williams, the Baptist pioneer of religious freedom, was recently unveiled at the Roger Williams Hospital, Milwaukee, Wis. It was painted and donated by Mr. A. Tiemann, a well-known artist and member of the Immanuel Church. The portrait hangs in the reception hall of the hospital.

The Immanuel Church Bulletin, Milwaukee, Wis., devotes a section of its weekly pages to news items from its Sunday school. Rev. O. R. Hauser, the superintendent of Immanuel Sunday school, sailed for Tuebingen, Germany, early in December to join his family there. He expects to return early in the Spring with Mrs. Hauser and the children.

The Sunday school of the Lansing church celebrated the annual Homecoming and Rally Day on Oct. 13. Attendance was 127 on time. A goodly number were late, but the late comers do not count in our Sunday school. In the evening the Bible school had the Harvest and Mission Festival, with a fine program and an attendance of 215. An extra offering was taken. The Sunday school is progressing very nicely under the efficient leadership of its Supt., Bro. A. Baier.

Our church at Lansing, Mich., had the pleasure of receiving four members on Sunday, Dec. 1. Again as many are on the waiting list to be taken up in the near future. The Sunday meetings are well attended and strangers are always present. The pastor, Rev. A. G. Schlesinger, has had the joy of adding 45 people to the membership during the two years of his pastorate. He gives a sermonette in English at both services. Bro. Schlesinger conducted two weeks of revival meetings in the Benton Harbor church. Over 20 professed to have received Christ as Savior during these meetings.

Rev. G. Wetter baptized four adults, a father with his two sons and a young mother on Sunday morning, Dec. 8. These were all from the Concord, Wis., church. As the Concord church has no baptistry, the service was held in the Watertown, Wis., church. There was a large and inspiring gathering. The Watertown male quartet sang an appropriate selection. After a brief address by Bro. Wetter, pastor of the two churches, Rev. E. H. Otto preached a sermon on "Repentance and Baptism." We wish the new converts much joy and happiness in Christian service.

The Baptist Men's Union of Wishek, N. D., celebrated its first anniversary on Sunday evening, Nov. 17. An appropriate program was given with Rev. H. G. Bens of Herreid, S. D., as the principal speaker. Others who gave short addresses were E. W. Herr, J. J. Cramer and Rev. C. M. Knapp. Secretary W. H. Mehlhaff and treasurer E. W. Herr rendered reports. The first annual banquet was held in the Wishek City Hall on Oct. 23, the Ladies Aid preparing the dinner. About 35 were present. The Men's Union was organized at the suggestion of the pastor, Rev. C. M. Knapp, who also is its president. Gottlieb Herr is vice-president. The organization meets the first Sunday of each month. It discusses matters pertaining to the church life and the community in general.

A Minister's Gathering, somewhat in the nature of a Retreat, was held with the church at Winnipeg, Nov. 26-28. Twenty-two pastors from our churches in Western Canada were present. The main speaker was Dr. Wm. Kuhn of Forest Park. The general theme about which conference and prayer centered was "Revival." In connection with this meeting, immigration and colonization matters were also discussed. Because many railroad passes were granted, it was possible to hold this minister's conference. In the great Northwest where it is difficult for pastors to meet frequently and to keep in touch with one another, these gatherings are greatly appreciated and result in much good. The well-known hospitality of the McDermott Ave. Church evidenced itself in generous care of the conference visitors.

The Bible School of the German Baptist Young People of Manitoba at Morris, Man., and the Institute of the Texas Conference Young People's and S. S. Workers' Union at Waco made heavy drafts on the Editor's time during November. He taught at the school in Morris three hours daily from Nov. 4-11, preached 7 times at Morris and visited the McDermott Ave. Church, Winnipeg, twice during this time, preaching one Sunday evening and addressing the fine group of young folks on a Thursday evening. Rev. H. P. Kayser has a great church with many strangers always present. In Waco the Editor taught 9 periods in an institute course and preached the sermon on Sunday morning to a full house. The weather was cool in Texas but hospitality and enthusiasm waxed warm. We returned to the office Dec. 3. No doubt detailed reports of these meetings will be sent in to the "Baptist Herald."

Olds, Alberta

The young people of the German Baptist Church of Olds, Alta., wish to announce that they have organized a Young People's Society.

The organization took place on November 15, 1929, with 20 members.

It is the wish of the society to become united with all the Sunday school and young people's associations.

We look forth to great success in the future and ask for the Lord's blessing upon our society.

IDA FALKENBERG, Sec.

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If you are on the wrong road, you must first change your mind before you can face in the right direction.

The Baptist Herald

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The Baptist Herald

New Year

"God takes our yesterdays, worn and old,
Touched with failure and sinning,
And gives to us each with a grace untold,
A bright new year with a dawn of gold,
Gives us a fresh beginning."

What About Resolutions?

NEW YEARS resolutions are decried by many in our day as a vain thing and are regarded with amusement by others. It has become a chronic affair with some writers to make jests about New Year's resolves. It is true many resolutions made at New Years are shortlived and form a tragic commentary on the weakness of our human nature. The fault, however, is not in the making of the resolutions but in our conduct afterward, the attitude we take to them. Not long ago, a great student of church work, when asked what he thought to be the weak point in organized Christianity, said, "Forgetfulness of our vows to God."

Yet we are urged in God's Word to make vows. Many earnest Christians have made resolutions regarding their life conduct. In fact, the plain truth is that if we are going to mend our ways we must come to the resolution point sometime and somewhere. When a man comes to the point of resolution he is to be respected, he is on the threshold of better things. When the prodigal son came to himself in the far country, he formed the resolution to return to the Father's house. The making of such a resolution is a sublime spectacle. When we see a Luther at Worms, standing immovably for the truth of God's Word against a host of bitter enemies and hear his high resolve: "Here I stand, God help me. I can do no other," the picture of that majestic moment always helps to revive our weak and failing energies.

No life just happens into goodness. People never grow good without purpose. We don't rise upon the stones of anything other than sublime purpose when we mount to be sons of God. It were better to attempt the higher life a thousand times and miss it than never to have tried at all.

Would it not be profitable for all of us to think more about our vows and resolutions? It has been said that the sense of obligation to vows is the mark of all true, strong, worthy and wonderful men.

The New Testament, it has been pointed out, knows nothing of new years. There are no new years in the Gospels, in the Epistles, no new year's celebrations. But the New Testament writers are tremendously interested in the new man. To them it is the old man and not the old year which is to be put away. To them the new man and not the new

year is cardinal. New year's resolutions are torn into tatters by the old man. The new man prompted us to make them and honestly desired us to keep them, but the old man hates them and brings them to naught. We need the help of some one who is mightier than we are. We need the help of him who is ever saying, "Behold I make all things new." Let us take our omnipotent Christ into partnership and victory will come into our life in the new year.

Running the Race

CARL A. DANIEL

PAUL is referring to the Olympian games in 1 Cor. 9:24, 25. He must have seen them in his day, for he refers to them frequently in his letters, viz: the Corinthians, Philippians, to Timothy and to the Hebrews. What wonderful lessons he drew for the Christian life!

The Olympian games were the great events of Greece. Everybody was interested in them as everybody in America is interested in baseball. They are truly the outstanding feature in the life of the people. Every five years the people would gather from every town and village of Greece.

"The time has come, the spring time for the races. Merchants and peddlers are coming with their wares; princes with their retinues, women in their pomp and circumstances. Poets are coming with their poems; historians with their dramas, for there were no printed books and circulars to distribute. Politicians too are coming to ply their trade, in short all Greece is gathering to witness to Olympian games."

The hour has finally come. Men are arranged alongside of each other. The signal is given. They start and run their eager course; and when it is all over, the crown is given to the winning one. And the greatest poet of Greece does not count himself unworthy to sing the praise of a man, who is fortunate to come out as a winner in the Olympian game. Such a picture Paul is portraying in 1 Cor. 9:24, 25 with its special application to the Christian life.

"Running the Race and Winning the Goal" is our subject.

1. In running the race the Christian must keep in trim.

It is not all play to participate in these games. Every participant has been trained and has made himself fit for the race. "Every man that striveth for mastery is temperate in all things." He has had his exercise, his training, his diet, his abstinence, his selfdenial in order to keep himself in proper trim for the race. There is a seriousness and an intense earnestness in every move and preparation.

It is not all play for the Christian to run his course. He may claim liberty and freedom, but his liberty is not license. He is not at liberty to do as he pleases. He has a Captain to serve, a Master to please, a course to run and a reputation to make. Eternal vigilance is also his price of liberty.

Christianity is not a set of rules and regulations to follow, it is a life to live. Its followers are not without discipline, practice self-control and regard for the other fellow. It is a life of self-denial and exhibition of conduct and upright life before God and man; and all of this is not play but downright earnestness. It is not easy to take Christ seriously and to follow him closely. Notwithstanding, it is a joyous life.

There is a moral earnestness about it, a continuous striving and reaching out, a perpetual preparation of mind and heart. The Christian must feed his soul on the Bread of Life, he must work and wait upon God, he must watch and pray, toil and serve and must exercise himself in godliness, which has the promise of the life that now is and of the life that is to come. He must needs keep himself in continuous practice, to keep himself in trim. It often took a long time to prepare for the Olympian games.

In our day so many Christians neglect the services in the sanctuary, the daily communion with God and his Word. We surely cannot dispense with prayer and devotion, with church attendance and with willing service in the kingdom of God and expect to be found fit and prepared to run the Christian race. We must cultivate the habit of prayer and of reading, of service and the development of our mental and spiritual faculties and thus put ourselves in proper fitness and trim.

We must remember that there is a goal to reach and a crown to gain. Paul says "they had a corruptible crown to win." We must keep our eye upon the goal and not allow ourselves to be detracted. There were thousands of spectators standing, and there were judges and prominent personages on the platform, there were friends and enemies in the witnessing crowd.

We too, says the writer to the Hebrews, have a cloud of witnesses and observers looking on, many critics are watching, a divine judge is keeping tab of us and our incorruptible crown is spurring us on. Our continual slogan is: Keep yourself in trim, keep your life pure, your record clean, your character unstained and your conduct unblemished.

2. In running the Christian race, the Christian must retain his vim. By this we mean his pep, his courage and his enthusiasm.

He must not grow weary in the race. There were three columns in the Olympian stadium on which there were the following inscriptions: 1) Excel, 2) Hasten, 3) Turn. In its application to the Christian we can also note three pillars in the Christian stadium and they have the following injunctions: 1) "Lay aside every weight and the sin, that does so easily beset us." 2) "Run with patience the race that is set before us," and 3) "Look unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith."

We must not turn aside. In the Olympian games there were many counter attractions that were aimed to detract the runner. Flowers were strewn on the track, coins were thrown onto the course, young men and women were shouting or jeering to cheer or to mislead. It was a dangerous policy to stop or step aside, it was absolutely necessary to keep on going and to keep the eye toward the goal in order to come out as winner of the game.

This same thing obtains with the Christian, he has many counter attractions to contend with. Temptations of all sorts beset him, amusements, enticements to the world allure him, idlers, scoffers and crapehangers discourage him. Jests and sneers are hurled at him; many traps are set to sidetrack and halt him and many a castle of despond is met on the road. There are unbeliefs, doubts and misgivings concerning the Christian course. There are difficulties to overcome, discouragements to avoid and clouds of gloom that darken the path. Thus it behooves us to lay aside every weight and the sin that doth so easily beset us. We must run with patience the race that is set before us; we must keep our eyes on Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith, the Captain of our salvation. In short, we must retain our vim, our enthusiasm and fervor for him.

Finally—if the Christian has kept himself in trim and has continually retained his vim he will 3. **At last be thanking his Lord and Master, who has brought and led him safely to the end.**

His Savior has reminded him: "Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee the crown of life." He has trusted his Lord all the way, he has cultivated the spirit of devotion, of cheerfulness and of hope. He has kept the faith, he has fought the glorious contest, he has run the race to the end. Paul says: "I know whom I have believed and am persuaded that he can keep that which I have committed to him unto that day." Thus the Christian has firmly stood on the promises of God.

He is grateful to Christ for his leadership, guidance, encouragement and help all the way and is full of joy at the achievement and victory.

There will be a shout of victory, a cheering of the victor and the winner in the race. I shall never forget the sight I saw several years ago at a ball game. It was between amateur teams and extremely interesting. Three men were on bases and the fourth man at the bat. The umpire had called strike one and strike two and now interest was tense. The batter struck the ball with such force that it flew beyond the reach of the outfielders and the batter struck the home plate safely and the I heard and the enthusiasm I witnessed! It was thrilling, it was contagious! The young fellows carried him around and hugged him. He had won the game and brought victory to his team.

I immediately thought of the words of Jesus, when he said: "The children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light." What would happen in the church if every Chris-

tian worker and struggler were cheered like that man? How much more could really be accomplished if all the young people and members of the church would appreciate one another more in the Christian service. We would have less discouraged ones, less stragglers, less halfhearted and fainthearted Christians in the church.

God will cheer every victor at the end. The incorruptible crown is waiting. Come now and yield yourself to the Lord and Captain's will and please him! Join the ranks of strugglers and runners! Run! Keep yourself in trim! Retain your vim! and thank him, who extends to you the incorruptible crown!

The Bread of Life for All

PAUL ZOSCHKE

We must practise the virtues of love and sympathy and understanding and forbearance toward all people. They are just as much a part of the program of the Christian religion as repentance and forgiveness. We must love and understand those that are different than we are. We must see in the struggles of non-Christians the deep-felt desire to find God.

Sherwood Eddy, in "India's Awakening,"

tells of a poor girl who had worked for a number of years as a stenographer and writes: "She offered to go to the foreign field, but was rejected on account of her health. Since then she has been saving her money, supporting native workers at thirty dollars a year. There is a community in native India where more than a thousand souls have been brought to Christ by this one frail girl. A thousand who have passed from darkness into his marvellous light because one girl cared! How many are in the light because of what **you** have done?" There are still enough non-Christians for you to put your interest there and do much good with it.

This little incident is taken from "Bright Bits for Reading in Missionary Societies": A woman writes: "It was the communion day in our church. My thoughts were all of my own unworthiness and Christ's love for me, until Mr. E. asked the question nobody ever notices: 'Has anyone been omitted in the distribution of the bread?' And it seemed to me I could see millions on millions of women rising silently in India, Africa, Siam, Persia, and in all the countries where they need the Lord but know him not, to testify that they have been omitted in the distribution of the bread and cup. And they can take it from no hands but ours; and we do not pass it.

Sudden, before my open vision,
Millions of faces crowded up to view;
Sad-eyed they said, For us is no provision;
Give us your Savior too.

Give us, they cry, your cup of consolation,
Never to our outreaching hands 'tis passed;
We long for the desire of every nation,
And, Oh, we die so fast!

WHAT'S HAPPENING

The recent missionary offering at the Third German Church, Bronx, New York City, Rev. J. F. Niebuhr, pastor, was \$283. The offering for the Orphanage amounted to \$67. The church observes the week of prayer Jan. 5-10.

In one of our Western churches, the word "boostress" has been happily coined to designate our young women "Baptist Herald" boosters. Some of our best boosters are among the "boostresses." God bless our boosters and boostresses and give them much joy in their special service!

The Anchor Class of the Fourth St. Baptist Sunday School, Dayton, O., held its election of officers for 1930 on Dec. 16 at the church. The following were elected: J. Reinecke, president; W. Tapper, vice-president; R. Cottrill, secretary; H. Behrend, treasurer; G. Bausman and P. Walters, librarians. The teacher of this live-awake Sunday school class is Prof. H. von Berge. Our pastor is Rev. E. Baumgaertner. After the election and other routine business, plans for the coming year were discussed. Refreshments were served at the close.

The Mound Prairie Church, Minn., Rev. E. Bibelheimer, entertained the Minnesota Association of German Baptist Churches in October and was richly blessed. Immediately following the neighboring Swedish Baptist Church held revival meetings at which quite a number connected with the Mound Prairie Church confessed Christ as their Savior. On Sunday, Dec. 15, a Union Baptismal Service was held as a happy result. This took place in the English Baptist church at La Crosse, Wis. The Swedish brethren baptized 11 converts and Pastor Bibelheimer buried 7 in Christ's death. One candidate was ill, so another baptismal service is looked forward to in the near future, when others are also expected to join.

The Sunday school teachers of the Second German Church, Chicago, had their annual election of officers on Sunday, December 7. To the regret of all, Supt. Bro. Herman Siemund declined to consider a re-election to this office for reasons that seemed valid to him. No member has filled this office with better ability and greater devotion and success for the last 24 years than has Bro. Herman Siemund. The discipline and conduct of the Sunday school have been exemplary and good. He has left the impress of an efficient service and love upon the school and this will never be forgotten. We are indeed happy to know that he will continue to be an active worker in our Bible school. His faithful services were thankfully acknowledged by the teachers and by a hearty vote by the church at its annual business meeting on December 11. The officers for the ensuing year are: Otto Adler, Supt.; Henry Frederick, Vice-Supt.; Edward Langwost, Secretary; Mrs. Ella Yerke, Treasurer; Miss Minnie Proefke, Supt. of Primary Dept.



King's Daughters Class, Lodi, Cal. Mrs. A. Auch, Teacher

King's Daughters of Lodi

The King's Daughters of the Baptist Church of Lodi, Cal., have been quite busy during the past year. Besides being a diligent Sunday school class, they have formed a club in 1923 numbering 16 members which meets one evening a month at the home of one of the members. During these evenings frames for pictures and lampshades have been made. Some embroidery work has also been done. They have given several parties for various members of the club. Several food and candy sales have been given in order to raise money for the treasury.

This club has also decorated its classroom and another room of the church in 1928 and 1929 respectively. On every Christmas the girls send a gift box to the Orphan's Home at St. Joseph, Mich.

The officers of this club are as follows: Isabel Kuehn, president; Violet Burgstatler, vice-president; Carol Gross, secretary; Esther Stabbert, treasurer; and Erna Fetzer, reporter. Mrs. August Auch is the Sunday school teacher.

ERNA FETZER.

Re-Dedication Service at Arnold, Pa.

The Union Baptist Church, Arnold, Pa., reports a spiritual and financial blessing gained from the Re-dedication service on Nov. 22-24 under the leadership of Rev. Edward Stevener, the pastor, and Rev. A. J. Meek, Ph. D., the associate pastor.

These services were opened on Friday evening, Nov. 22, by Rev. O. E. Krueger, pastor of the Temple Church, Pittsburgh. Rev. Krueger delivered a very fine address on "Kingdom Building." The following evening was for the young people with Rev. W. L. Schoeffel, Rev. Birch and Rev. Schumaker as the speakers. Three meetings were held on Sunday, Nov. 24. Our well-beloved Professor L. Kaiser preached both morning and evening. Sunday afternoon an informal vesper service was opened by the former pastor, Rev. C. E. Cramer, with a short history of the Union Church. He was followed by Rev. Hanson, Rev. Morgan and Dr. Chapell. Following this meeting, a supper was served to all present.

Sunday morning a love offering was taken which amounted to \$800, which is to be paid on the indebtedness.

Special appreciation and recognition of the splendid music rendered by the church orchestra under the leadership of Andrew Becker, Jr.; the inspiring vocal interpretations of the choir and quartet under the leadership of John Zaborowsky; the kindly hospitality of the Ladies Missionary Society, who served luncheon after each session and supper on Sunday evening, under the able leadership of Mrs. G. G. Gunther, Sr.; the artistic and beautiful decorations by P. F. Gunther; and to all those who helped make these services a memorable occasion, we extend our sincerest thanks.

Our church work here is progressing very nicely. The newly organized Teacher's Training Class reports splendid success. The Sunday school and all other departments of the church join in the grand finale: "On for the Kingdom of God!"

ANDREW BECKER, JR.

Ladies Choral Society of Second Church Portland, Oreg.

Just a little over a year ago on a rather bleak and foggy evening, a group of ladies of the Second Church met and organized a chorus. We have 18 charter members and are known as "The Ladies Choral Society." It is our purpose to render our services to glorify God whenever possible.

America has a unique heritage in the awakened consciousness of her great public, that they love to sing. It is said that "A singing army is a winning army." At one time only musicians really believed that, but today the truth of this statement is acknowledged all over the land and there always is a vast number who stand ready to prove that good music is a force which will win souls for Christ, that possibly may not have been won by word.

Some of our best songs have been those chosen by the foreign born Americans, which are the heritage they have brought with them to this great land which is now their home. Many of them are known to be among the favorite songs of America.

The Choral Society has a weekly rehearsal with an average attendance of 12 to 15 members present. During the past year we had 35 rehearsals and had the privilege to sing at 16 different occasions. We sang four times for the Union Gospel Mission and for two broadcasting services. Probably the time that we derived the most happiness from was on Easter morn, when we arose at 5 o'clock and sang to a number of our shut-ins. We left a beautiful white Easter Lily here and there as a symbol of love of our risen Lord. Then we sang for special programs and at our Young People's "Jahresfest" on Thanksgiving night we rendered "I've found a Friend."

Miss J. A. Hoelzer is our director and Miss Emma Freitag is accompanist; Miss Theo Wuttke, president; Miss Mildred Hoelzer, librarian; and Miss Lydia C. Moser, secretary-treasurer.

We wish to use the "universal language," music, as one of the strongest links in our great chain of Christianizing the world.

May we all give the best of our God-given talents cheerfully and consecrate ourselves to a greater mission when we sing "All I have I give to Jesus!"

LYDIA MOSER, Sec.

At the Soda Fountain

"This is a drug store, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I want a malted milk and a ham sandwich, and please make up that sandwich according to my prescription. My prescription is thicker bread and more meat."—Judge.

Baptist Herald Renewals

This number of the "Herald" marks the beginning of a new subscription year. The publication office is now looking for the renewals of old subscriptions either through the church booster or direct.

PLEASE DO NOT DELAY!

In connection with this announcement we would again urge upon those who for some reason or other cannot continue with the "Herald" family to accord us the courtesy of notifying us to discontinue the service. This office is not in a position to handle subscription matters like the million circulation magazine and for this reason we continue to mail copies to subscribers of the former year until our clerical force can act in the cases that have not renewed. As rapidly as practicable the eliminations take place but those who continue to accept the publication through the mails continuously will in time receive an invoice and payment will be expected. We are counting on the co-operation of our friends. Thank you.

German Baptist Publication Society.

January 1, 1930.

The Sunday School

Your New Year

MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

Here's a new year,
A new year
For you to shape and make.
Let the old year
Be gone now,
With its old heartbreak.

Let the old year
Be memories
And nothing more to hold;
But the new year—
The new year
Is yours to mold!

Here's a clean year,
A white year,
Reach your hand and take it.
You are
The builder
And no one else can make it.

See what it is
That waits here,
Whole and new:
It's not a year only,
But a world
For you!

Training for Sunday School Work

AMOS R. WELLS

Some folks are natural-born teachers, and seem able, as soon as they are placed before a class of youngsters, to catch their attention, hold it firmly, and send them away with a valuable lesson fastened solidly in their eager minds.

Others have only the germ of this ability, and it needs to be developed with long and patient study and much practice.

Any one, however, with the love of Christ and of his dear children in his heart, may become a successful Sunday school teacher, if he will take the necessary training. This is because the children are so responsive to love that any true lover of children can win them, and they are so ignorant that any true lover of Christ has much to tell them.

But, though the fundamentals of this fine art of Sunday school teaching are already in the possession of some and are obtainable by all, it does not follow that any one is so skilled that he may not become more skillful. The work of the Sunday school teacher is so important, for time and eternity, that no pains are too great for perfecting it.

Much of this training may be gained from other teachers, and the Sunday school teacher should take time regularly to visit both the public schools and other Sunday schools, noting carefully the methods of the brightest instructors, that he may add them to his own equipment.

Much training is also to be gained from books, and today the Sunday school boards of all the larger denominations, and most of the publishers of religious books, offer shelves full of fascinating and sagacious treatises on the Sunday school art in all its phases and applications. Send for catalogs, visit book-stores, buy some of these books every year, and make yourself master of their contents.

Numerous helpful periodicals are also published, and if you collect sample numbers from all sources, you will be amazed at their variety and worth. Subscribe to at least one of them, study it, and put its advice into practice.

Attend Sunday school conventions and rub elbows with the Sunday school enthusiasts you will find there. You can hardly go away without a headful of new ideas for your work.

Then there are correspondence courses for Sunday school teachers, and Uncle Sam's post-office has become a veritable university in these days. The text-books provided for such courses, the regular lines of study, the examinations, the directions for practical work, and the personal touch of sympathetic correspondence—all of this is arousing and uplifting.

And finally, if you can manage attending for a while on some school established for the training of Bible teachers, you will be immeasurably stimulated and strengthened for your work. Select a sound school, one that believes in the holy doctrines of our faith, one that is well equipped with vitalizing teachers, and you will find your money well spent. There is nothing quite equal to the living voice, the face-to-face enthusiasm, the contact with spiritual personalities.

I am writing this for those who hardly need what I shall say in conclusion, and yet I must not close this article without the reminder that, after all books have done their best, the one essential is the Book of books; and after all earthly teachers have lavished their wisdom, the one source of wisdom and inspiration is the Holy Spirit. He will take of the things of Christ and show them to you, and through you to your pupils.

Not how much, but how well we work, is the divine measure of labor.

A cat-fancier has declared that there is only one rule about fine kittens: "Keep them growing." The same might be said about young Christians. Keep growing, and the rest will take care of itself. Stop growing, and the result will be weakness and failure.

The Church needs men and we need the Church to help make us the men we ought to be.



Senior Girls Class of Goodrich, N. D. A. H. Felchle, Teacher

Senior Girls Class of Goodrich

The Senior Girls Class of the German Baptist Church of Goodrich, N. D., sends greetings to all readers of the "Herald." Our class numbers 24, which Bro. A. H. Felchle has served for three years as their teacher.

We wish to make acquaintance with other classes of the "Herald" Sunday schools, by our photograph which you will find here.

In July we contributed 50 cents each to buy two dozen Testaments which we sent to Miss Frieda Appel, our missionary in the Philippine Islands. We also sent our photograph to Miss Appel. At this time, however, we have not heard from her.

May God guide and help us to be true to him from whom all blessings come!

Some Good Resolutions

Let me be a little kinder,
Let me be a little blinder
To the faults of those about me;
Let me praise a little more,
Let me be, when I am weary,
Just a little bit more cheery,
Let me serve a little better
Those whom I am striving for.

Let me be a little braver
When temptation bids me waver,
Let me strive a little harder
To be all that I should be;
Let me be a little meeker,
With the brother who is weaker,
Let me think more of my neighbor,
And a little less of me.

Judgment on Sin

Nothing can hold back judgment from sin. We read of a little mountain pine growing above the timber line. It possessed twenty-eight rings, showing that it was twenty-eight years old, and yet it was only a few inches high. It was a useless thing because it was growing in an alien atmosphere. A life that is lived apart from God is a useless life and passes under the sentence of judgment.

Faith Lambert

By MAUD C. JACKSON

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Sunday School Board Southern Baptist Convention
Nashville, Tenn.

CHAPTER I

A friendship formed in childhood, in youth,—by happy accident at any stage of rising manhood,—becomes the genius that rules the rest of life.—A. Bronson Alcott.

"Why the big hurry, Miss Lambert?"

Faith Lambert turned. Big Jed Carlton, upper classman and gridiron hero, was coming up the hill. He gallantly relieved her of her music case and fell into step beside her.

"Are you training for a walking Marathon or something?"

"Oh, no," laughed Faith, "but I so enjoy a brisk walk these crisp autumn mornings.

"So do I," said Jed, "on level ground. But I've learned to take this hill 'on low.' Otherwise I would find myself completely winded at the top."

"Well, I'm often 'winded' as you say," said Faith. But I've formed the habit of pausing here to get my breath and, incidentally, to admire the view. Did you ever see anything more magnificent?" with a gesture which included the green slope of the campus, the lake, the silvery river and the distant purple hills.

"I never did," said Jed solemnly, looking straight into Faith's glowing face.

"Oh, come now, Mr. Carlton."

"Ain't nature grand?" said Jed mockingly as he turned to gaze with Faith at the beautiful panorama spread out before them.

*Bright October days have sought us;
Wealth of beauty they have brought us;
The wild ducks winging southward,
On the lakes and rivers rest.*

*Fields are filled with autumn glory,—
Defly painted by frosts hoary,
All the trees in all the woodlands are in
gorgeous garments dressed."*

Faith quoted the lines as they entered the campus.

"Where did you hear that?" asked Jed.

"I composed it—made it up—well, anyhow, the lines are mine."

"I see. So you are a poet as well as a singer. They—the lines—were quite pretty. You will have to let us have them for the Annual. Do you often write poetry?"

"Oh, they aren't good enough for that. No, I do not often write poetry. Once in a while those silly things come into my head. I'm usually too busy practicing to have time for other things."

"You should cultivate the gift, for I thought them quite pretty. By the way, Miss Lambert, why have you never joined

I always think of forty things I wish to talk about with her, the minute I'm out of her sight. Oh, well, perhaps tomorrow evening will solve the mystery, for I've never had a real chance to converse with her before."

And Jed, the somewhat spoiled only son of a fond but austere mother over at Morristown, soon forgot all else in the mysteries of the dissecting room.

It was a stiff climb to the summit of Hudson Hill. More than once Faith had to pause for breath, while she clung to a small sapling or bit of shrubbery lest she be precipitated amidst the vines and undergrowth far below. Even big, athletic Jed, who went ahead to break a path through the underbrush, was panting when he reached the top. He flung himself down on the leaves, which carpeted the ground, to rest and get his breath.

Faith walked on until she came to a big rock, set in the midst of a little clearing. Then she gave a little gasp of delight, for the view below her was indeed magnificent. Brown patches of corn, green alfalfa fields, the city with its smoke and spires and multi-colored trees, and far beyond, the river, winding in silver majesty at the foot of mist-shrouded hills.

"So it must have looked when Satan took our Lord into the mountain to be tempted," she said half aloud.

"Do you believe all that bunk?" asked Jed at her elbow. She turned in some surprise, for she had not been aware of his approach.

"I believe the Bible," she said quietly. "Well, I do not," said Jed decisively. "Pardon my bluntness, but I think Jesus Christ was the biggest 'sissy' whose story was every written."

Faith flushed painfully and stared at him in troubled silence for a moment. She had often heard of the increasing cynicism among certain university students toward the Christian religion for whose freedom her forefathers had sacrificed and died, but until now had considered these reports as idle gossip which could not be substantiated by facts.

She said quietly, "Yes, I suppose if a life of service, of consideration for others and loyalty to an ideal are the earmarks of a 'sissy,' he would be considered one. But I never think of that type of person as a sissy."

"Pardon me, if I have offended you, Miss Lambert. I only spoke my thoughts. You who love liberty so will grant that we all have a right to our opinions. Just what is your idea of a sissy?"

"I really cannot say. I always thought the usually accepted meaning was a weak, effeminate, male being, without convictions, or lacking the courage of his convictions. But I know the word is often misapplied. My father tells of a boy he once knew, when I was quite a small girl. All through high school this boy was dubbed 'Sissy Whitlock.' I think he earned the name because he didn't care much for athletics. Pardon me if I seem personal; I do not mean to be. He preferred to spend his time with his books and his music rather than 'riding the bumpers' to a game in a distant town or

loafing about the pool hall or soft drink parlor. Of course, he was graduated from high school with the highest honors and then went to New York City to study medicine. When the war came on, many of the boys who had spoken deprecatingly of him as 'Sissy Whitlock,' extolling their own manly qualities, scuttled to get married or took refuge behind a preacher's coat to evade the draft. 'Sissy Whitlock' went over with the Rainbow Division and was later killed in action doing first-aid work or something in one of the first German air raids. Since then I have never liked the word and never use it as an uncomplimentary sobriquet."

"What an egotistical donkey you must think me, Miss Lambert."

"Not at all. 'We all have a right to our opinions,'" quoted Faith a little mischievously. "Now isn't it about time for that gypsy supper? I'm ravenous after that climb."

They spent a busy half hour getting sticks and leaves together and soon had coffee boiling over a jolly camp fire. Then they sat munching delicious sandwiches and watching the glorious October sunset. Jed idly picked up Faith's little, old-fashioned drinking-cup, which she had brought along, after all, and studied the monogram thereon.

"F. L. Florence Lambert. Is that your name?"

Faith laughed. "I wish it were. The 'F' stands for Faith."

Jed looked curiously into the serious brown eyes. "Why Faith?" he asked.

"It was my mother's name," said Faith simply.

"Faith, fidelity, loyalty. I presume you live up to your name, Miss F— Miss Lambert?"

"In all the years I've worn it I've never troubled to look up its exact meaning. Since you've told me, I see I have a difficult task ahead of me. However, I'm glad you've told me its meaning. The knowledge may prove useful sometime. Now it is my turn to catechize. Is 'Jed' all of your name?"

"Lord, no!" exclaimed Jed, sitting bolt upright and tossing pebbles over the precipitous cliff.

"That's all I ever heard," said Faith.

"It is Jed A. Carlton, of Morristown, on the class roster," said Jed, "and the rest is a dark secret."

"My name is really no secret and I told you," said Faith.

"Well, then, I'll tell you. I was christened Jedidiah Alexander Carlton, but don't let it be known or I'll never hear the last of it among the boys."

"Why Jedidiah?" asked Faith.

"It belongs to my grandfather, and I inherited it, as I shall inherit the rest of his property some day."

"Jedidiah, the beloved of Jehovah," quote Faith softly.

"Is that what it means? I'm like you, I never troubled to look up its meaning."

"It was an affectionate title bestowed upon Solomon. Do you expect to live up to your name, Dr. Carlton?"

"Say, cut out the 'Dr.' stuff for a while.

I feel old as Methuselah with that appellation. I'm afraid living up to my name and what it implies would be a herculean task beyond the power of mortal man. Have a cigarette, Miss Lambert?"

"No, thank you, Mr. Carlton."

"Oh, come now," said Jed in his most wheedling tone. "Be sociable. All the girls I know smoke."

"I'm afraid you'll have to amend that statement after this evening. That is, if you intend to continue to know me. I hope you will find me quite sociable, but I do not smoke, nor do I intend to learn."

"I suppose you consider smoking—er wrong?" Jed did not know why he sought for Faith's opinion on subjects concerning which the sentiments of others had affected him mildly, if at all, heretofore. But, somehow, he loved to watch the glowing face and the deep, serious eyes, and to listen to the soft, well-modulated voice, whose tones were almost a caress.

"For me, yes," said Faith quietly.

"And for me?" questioned Jed, blowing rings of smoke and lazily watching them as they floated away into the crisp October air.

"I do not know that I ever gave smoking a thought in connection with you."

"Hang it all, do you ever give anything a thought in connection with me?" asked Jed petulantly.

"Yes, I'm thinking if you are going to show me the old mill as you promised, we had better be moving before the daylight is all gone," said Faith, rising and beginning to pack the lunch-kit with deft fingers.

Jed extinguished his cigarette and lazily flung it aside.

They merrily descended the hill, Faith laughingly saying, "What goes up must come down," as she slipped and tripped over stones and brambles, occasionally steadied by the intrepid Jed. They lingered for a time in the deepening twilight at the old mill, and when they started for town the moon was beginning to shed its silvery light about them.

"Do you know," said Jed in the affectionate, confidential manner which had wrought tumult in more than one feminine heart, "it seems strange to me that I haven't met you until this year. I remember hearing you sing a few times. I always enjoy your singing, Miss Lambert. You surely do not go much."

"I do not go much."

"What do you do to get a 'kick' out of life? It's pretty dull at the best, sometimes, it seems to me."

"I'm not looking for 'kicks' just at present. I presume I shall get plenty from the critics when I am launching upon my career, if I ever am launched," said Faith, laughing.

"What are you planning to do?"

"Concert singing, if my voice develops as Professor Buschmann thinks it will. Consequently, I cannot afford to have my nerves unstrung and risk throat colds when my future means so much to me," and Faith's voice rang with the glad, sweet confidence of youth.

"But do you not find this 'simple life' stuff dull?"

"I never find life dull. I have my other work—I am studying social service, you know—I sing in the Park Street Church choir, and that, with the time I spend in Y. W. work, keeps me pretty well employed."

Faith was making her home with an old friend of her mother's while at school, and as they neared the aristocratic, old mansion Jed said,

"Well, what about the H. H. R. dance? Have you decided to go with me?"

Faith hesitated. She *did* love light and laughter and gaiety. But she said slowly, "I haven't danced much of late, and I probably shouldn't know many of the people who will attend. So perhaps you had better stay 'within the law' this time. I am sure you will enjoy the evening more with a better dancer."

"Perhaps," said Jed stiffly as they lingered on the shadowy porch. "Personally, I shouldn't care for a career which meant the sacrificing of all personal pleasures."

"Father says everything really worth while in life calls for self-denial at some time or other. I should think a doctor would consider that, for your life will undoubtedly be one of service."

"Not necessarily," said Jed. "Service, of course, but service paid for in good American dollars and an opportunity to rise to the very pinnacle of fame. That all sounds very selfish to you, Miss Lambert."

"Forgive me, yes. Father has often said he knew of no one who could do as much good in the world as a Christian doctor."

"A Christian doctor, yes. But then I told you I am not a Christian."

"I'm sorry," said Faith softly.

"Why?"

"Because life must seem so empty, so futile to one who believes as you do."

There was a little silence on the porch. Jed and Faith had seated themselves by this time in the wide porch swing. Jed studied Faith's beautiful profile as she sat with her face slightly upturned and her gaze fixed on the full moon, whose light flooded the place where they sat. She was such a queer mixture of sparkling wit and religious devotion, that he smiled somewhat whimsically as he said softly, "You are very fond of your father, Miss Lambert."

"He is all the world to me," answered Faith a little tremulously. "After mother left us, he was father and mother both to me."

Then followed a brief account of the happy days on the big ranch; of "Bud" Thomas, the little playmate who was now her father's righthand man in managing his business affairs;—and something in Faith's manner when she mentioned Bud led Jed to suspect that it was no fault of Bud's that the relation was not a nearer and more lasting one;—of the Irish housekeeper about whom Faith told so many amusing anecdotes that Jed's boyish laugh rang out more than once. Of her father's re-marriage and subsequent removal to town, Faith spoke but briefly.

"But certainly we can find a more enlightening subject for discussion," said Faith, stopping suddenly when she realized how much she had been telling about herself and her home life. "Why are you not in football this season?"

"Wrenched my back while at practice the first time out and haven't been worth anything since."

"Well, the team surely needs you. They have lost every game so far, haven't they?"

"Yes," said Jed, "but they have only played three games. They will doubtless speed up as the season advances."

He rose to go. "Goodnight, little nun." "Goodnight, Mr. Carlton, and thank you for the pleasant evening," said Faith, taking his outstretched hand and smiling into his handsome face.

Jed went down the street, whistling softly and silently musing. "Queer little kid; and queer little name—Faith. She must be living up to it. Wonder if she gets all those queer, old-fashioned notions from that dad of whom she seems so fond? Some fanatical old nut, I suppose."

Jed's handsomeness, his light-heartedness, and gay, irresponsible ways had won him many friends among a number of the Hanford students. He laughingly answered the chaff concerning his afternoon's outing of two or three boys who lingered about the fireplace in the big hall of the fraternity house. Then, going to the telephone, he called up Trixy Tompkins, the best dancer in his set.

"That you, Trixy?"

"Yes, you bad thing. Where've you been all afternoon?"

"I walked out to Hudson Hill to watch the sunset."

"Alone?"

"Yes; no; that is—I walked out with Miss Lambert—"

"Oh, her."

"Yes, she is keen on views and I wanted her to see the one from Lover's Leap. Say, Trixy, how about the H. H. R. dance? Dated yet? Not? Well, I'd like awfully to take you."

Trixy's cooing voice came back over the wire and Jed fancied he could almost see the pouting, red lips as she said. "If you didn't dance so well I'd go with 'Slim' Dickson just to punish you for running off with that Lambert girl. Who is she, anyway? But—oh, well, yes; I'll go with you."

"All right. S'long, Trixy"

"Bye, Jeddie."

Trixy didn't think it wise to tell Jed she had been in a state of anxiety bordering on despair for two or three days, because he had not asked her to go to this particular dance, the most important one of the season for their crowd, and that she had spent half the afternoon trying to locate him, hoping he would make definite plans to take her.

Jed lingered a few minutes with the boys about the fireplace, then, being tired from his afternoon's outing, he went to his room. He retired almost immediately and fell asleep, to dream that

he was struggling up a snowy and difficult mountain path, trying to bear aloft a banner on which was emblazoned the emblem: "Faith: Fidelity: Loyalty."

(To be continued)

B. Y. P. U. Second Church, Philadelphia

Lest our many friends forget that we are still existing, we must make ourselves heard. Despite the fact that our reports in the "Herald" have been few, we are really wide awake.

Under the leadership of our president, Mr. Samuel Leyboldt, and with the able assistance of our missionary, Miss Erna Hoelzen, we are glad to say that we are experiencing one of our best years as a Young People's Society. A large part of this success can be attributed to the adoption of the Commission Plan under which new system of conducting our B. Y. P. U. we find more interest is shown by each individual and the difficulty of getting each member to take active part in the meetings, whether they be the monthly or Sunday evening ones, is greatly overcome. We are all striving to attain the goals for the year.

At our last meeting, December 10, we were privileged to have a letter from our former pastor's wife, Mrs. S. A. Kose. We are always glad to hear from former members and friends and greatly appreciate their kind thoughts and good wishes. The above meeting was in charge of the Stewardship Commission. A Christmas story was told by Miss Marie Draewell and several appropriate songs were rendered by members of the Commission.

The main feature of the program was the story "The Mansion" by Henry Van Dyke, presented in dialogue form and in reading. The conversation of Mr. Weightman and his son was carried on by Arthur Schmidt and Anton Oster respectively. We could clearly see that in spite of the great sums of money which Mr. Weightman gave for the building of churches and other benevolent enterprises, it was always given in such a way as to build up his name and reputation here on earth. His theory was that every investment must pay! It was obvious, on the other hand, that the son knew the true meaning of stewardship and was desirous of giving in such a way "that the left hand knoweth not what the right hand doeth."

Through the splendid reading of Miss Daisy Schubert we were able to accompany the father in his dream into the Celestial City. We could visualize him walking with the angel through the golden streets, passing mansion after mansion, until he finally reached his "little hut." Then we fairly saw the look of disappointment, consternation and even a trace of indignation as he turned to the angel and said, "Surely there must be some mistake!" The words of the angel are still ringing in our ears: "There is no mistake made here. Only that which is truly given counts; only those plans in which the welfare of others is the master thought; only those labors in which the sacrifice is greater than the

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reward; only those gifts in which the giver forgets himself."

We pray that we may all be honest stewards with our money as well as with time and talents. "How long must I give?" says the tired giver. "Until God stops giving to you," comes the answer.

*We give but thine own,
Whate'er the gift may be,
All that we have is thine alone,
A trust, oh Lord, from thee.*

K. YUNG.

Baraca Class, Oak Park German Baptist Church

The fifth annual banquet of the Baraca Class of the German Baptist Church of Oak Park, Ill., was held in the Carlton Hotel, Oak Park, on the evening of Dec. 5. A fine number of class members with their wives and friends entered the banquet hall at 7 o'clock and enjoyed the tempting menu presented. Mr. Roland E. Ross led the group singing of jolly pep and fellowship songs. Mr. Robert J. Krogman made a genial toastmaster during the evening. The new officers for 1930 were introduced and made brief remarks. They are as follows: Paul L. Ross, president; Harry O. Boyer, vice-president; Otto Busch, secretary; Earl T. Marquardt, treasurer; Otto R. Saffran, pianist. Otto C. Braese, the efficient teacher of the class since its organization five years ago, resigned his position during the year because of illness. His presence was greatly missed and special prayer was offered in a reverent pause for his recovery. Dr. V. J. Vita, formerly a pastor of one of the Bohemian Baptist churches of Chicago and now engaged in the profession of dentistry, has become teacher of the class after helping out for some time. The new teacher made a brief address at the banquet, outlining his ideals and purposes for the class.

The pastor, Rev. Theo. W. Dons, and General Secretary Rev. A. P. Mihm were on the program for remarks and acquitted themselves well. The main speaker of the evening was Dr. Roy E. Vale, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Oak Park, who spoke on "The Song of the Nightingales." The address abounded in wit and humor, pathos and practical truth and was enjoyed by all. The numbers by the West Suburban Male quartet, composed of class members, vocal selections by Mrs. Harry E. Ross, and a violin duet by C. F. Granzow and R. J. Krogman were musical treats of a high order.

The class numbers 42 members and meets every Sunday morning. Eight class meetings were held during the year. The total receipts were \$129.21, the expenditures \$56.14, leaving a balance of \$73.07. With the new teacher the class looks forward to a more prosperous year.

Two-Thirds Married

Tom: "Did you hear about Joe being two-thirds married to that Easton girl?"
Tim: "No, how come?"
Tom: "Well, Joe's willing, and so is the preacher."—Lafayette Lyre.

January 1, 1930

On the Threshold

I stand upon the threshold of two years,
And backward look, and forward strain
my eyes;
Upon the blotted record fall my tears,
While brushing them aside, a sweet
surprise
Breaks like a day-dawn on my up-
turned face,
As I remember all thy daily grace.

Thou hast been good to me; the burdened
past
Thou hast borne with me, and the fu-
ture days
Are in thy hands; I tremble not, but cast
My care upon thee, and in prayer and
praise
Prepare to make the coming year the
best.
Because of nobler work and sweeter
rest.

Happy News From Minnesota

The bell of time ceases to swing for each year, but not so for the Minnesota Y. P. & S. S. Workers' Union. When the last hour of the year becomes one of the past, we hop on to the midnight-train of time, and thereby keeping the joy-bells ringing in our hearts and filling the atmosphere with blessed harmony. Our train comes from the Cross and our destination is no less than Heaven. The Almighty God is our Engineer, Jesus Christ is our Conductor, and the Holy Spirit our Porter. Only three, but since they work in such incomprehensible unison we speak of them as only one. They keep our train moving on its track of Love very smoothly and consistently.

It has been of great interest to many people, and mayhap will interest you to hear that the young people of this State have adopted Evangelism as their main aim of life in 1930. It is our desire to love our neighbors as ourselves, not only at our State gatherings, but at all times to see the other person's needs. The Lord Jesus Christ has implanted this desire in our hearts and minds, and we hope to daily practice it for the sake of the unconverted persons in our homes, among our friends, and in this wreck of a world, that seems to be drifting down to ruin.

We always enjoy reading of the wonderful times the young people of the other States are having, and now we are anxious to tell you of the good times that are in store for us and will crack open in the near future. We now particularly think of the Mid-Winter Institute, that is to be held in the River-view church of St. Paul, February 21-23, inclusive. Above all, Rev. A. A. Schade will be there, and this will make you want to be there too. We haven't seen him since last summer.

Friday evening of the Institute will be featured with a debate by some of our own young people. The subject of the debate has not yet been definitely decided upon, but will assuredly be very interesting.

Saturday morning a class will be conducted by Rev. Schade, and also some

other interesting things will take place. In the afternoon our good old bodies will receive some exercise, as the recreation committee has charge of that time. In the evening there is to be a Bible story telling contest, in which the various societies will each have a representative, and the way it looks now, they will all be there with their very best. That is something you will enjoy.

Sunday afternoon a brother from the Baptist Headquarters of the Twin cities and probably one of our great missionaries will speak. In the evening Rev. A. A. Schade will speak, and then send us home thanking ourselves that we were there.

Those of you who now live in Minnesota, and who have previously been here will come, we know, but we also heartily welcome the other folk who have, as yet, not had that splendid opportunity. If you want to gain strength of body, mind, and soul, come to the Mid-Winter Institute of Minnesota.

Watch the "Herald" for a definite program.
RUDOLPH WOYKE, Sec.

Unique Memorial Service at Madison, S. D.

On Sunday, December 1, we had a unique and expressive service although very brief, preceding the morning sermon. It was in memory of the 100th anniversary of Mrs. T. H. Krause. This memorial service was suggested by her daughter, Mrs. H. F. Krueger. A beautiful bouquet of chrysanthemums caught the eyes of all present. Bro. W. S. Argow, who came to Madison to visit his daughter, Clara, and our church, over which he was pastor formerly, in connection with his trip to Hutchinson, Minn., was with us on this occasion. It was very fitting that he should give the address, since he was pastor of the church at Kankakee, Ill., during the last years of Mrs. Krause's earthly pilgrimage, which came to an end when she was 86 years of age. He likened the flowers to the fine traits of her Christian character.

A similar service was held in Kankakee, where two of the daughters are still active in Christian service, at First Church, St. Paul, where her son, F. P. Kruse, is pastor, and at Anaheim, Cal., where the youngest daughter, Mrs. O. R. Schroeder, the pastor's wife, lives. Such memorial services might well be observed by more of us in honor of our parents who meant so much to us and the Lord's work.

The following poem, written by Mrs. H. F. Krueger and reluctantly released for publication, pays a fine tribute to the mother and will be of interest to all who knew Mrs. Kruse.

In Memory of Mother on Her 100th Anniversary
A lover of flowers was this mother of mine,
And our home was a bower of flowers and vine.
Not selfish was she with these treasures so rare,

For her seed and flowers she was willing to share.

The passer-by, attracted by her flower-bed,
Was given a bouquet of poppies so red,
And when Arbor Day came 'round she would ask with cheer,
What do you want to plant on your school grounds this year?

Something she dug from her garden each Arbor Day
And was planted at school where the children did play;
And the woodbine and shrubs that beautify that place,
Still remind me of mother and her dear old face.

The Dakota prairies, too, felt the touch of her hand,
When her lilacs and roses she sent to this land,
Then these western prairies were still bleak and bare
And roses and snowballs and lilacs were rare.

Traces still can be found of the shrubs that she sent
At the farms where the days of her daughters were spent.
Not only flowers did she liberally give,
She gave of her time and strength and for others did live.

And through all her life, it could truly be said,
To her living meant giving and giving meant living.

Driftwood

How aimlessly some people drift through life! They drift to a certain school because it is close-by. They take up certain studies because they like the professor who teaches those classes. They go to parties they don't want to attend because somebody asks them. They take a job as helper in the garage on the corner rather than wait two weeks for a place in the wholesale warehouse downtown where the chances for advancement are twice as good. Just drifting! Is it any wonder they circle about endlessly in an eddy, get caught on a snag or grounded on a sand-bar and never get anywhere at all?

On every hand stronger souls gather up this human driftwood, tie it together into a raft with the strong ropes of organization, hang the out-board motor of purpose over the side and, running their engine on a rich mixture of energy and will-power, they ride successfully into the port of achievement. Sometimes the driftwood shares in the rewards, but not often. And why should it?—Young People.

Fading Fast

An instrument very much like a modern ukulele was found in an excavation at Ur. There seems to be less and less in this Good Old Days myth.—Detroit News.

"The Chimes"

RUTH STEVENER

Clear as an echo o'er the sand,
Wild and strangely sweet they rang—
Filing the earth with joy and bliss,
Touching each heart with blessedness;
Spreading songs of days of yore,
Songs that have died to rise no more;
Telling tales of love and hate,
Speaking alike unto friend and mate.
Wild and mystic through the years,
Pealing on through showers of tears;
Bringing comfort and joy and peace—
Ring on sweet bells and never cease:
Till all the weary are hushed to rest,
And all the true have found the best!

Breezy Dakota, Sunny Texas and Elsewhere

ARTHUR A. SCHADE

The New Year's issue of "The Baptist Herald" offers a favorable opportunity of sharing the rich experiences of my fall trip of about sixty days, covering 8000 miles, visiting churches, conventions and attending committee meetings in about seven states with the many friends of our Young People's and Sunday School Workers' Union in the churches.

Space in the "Herald" and reader's time in this hurried age prohibit a very detailed report. Yet the details are a thousand times as interesting as generalities. So I am confronted with the problem of putting a vast amount of experience with many and varied interesting features into one article.

What I have said in previous reports about the German Baptist hospitality in homes of pastors and members is no idle boast. It held true every place I went on this trip and I returned with quite a number of pounds added to my quantity. To all these dear friends who shared the best that they had with me I can but say "Vergelt's euch Gott!"

I trust the new students who were grilled by our School Committee in connection with their entrance examination to the Seminary will not feel slighted if they get but this passing mention, and that the more populous regions of the East and Middle West such as Detroit, Chicago, Burlington and the churches of North Dakota and Kansas yield their position in the limelight to their sisters in the farflung frontiers of Texas and Louisiana. To these states with their charming interests to the traveler I would direct your attention.

When We Hear the Name Texas

we are likely to think of long horned cattle, cowboys and cotton. These are there in an abundance to be sure, but they do not hold a monopoly on the items of interest. The state has a heroic history which was written with the blood of many unselfish patriots. It has climatic conditions, cultural institutions and commercial enterprises which entitle it to more than passing notice even on the part of the cultured Bostonians or commercial New Yorkers.

Our chief interest naturally centered about the churches of our Conference which are settled in various sections of the state from the extreme northern to the extreme southern borders. Three weeks were spent meeting with these valiant companies of Christians who responded most encouragingly to the message and participated most intelligently in the conferences. Their membership may in many instances be small, but their interest is healthy.

Kyle

My first Sunday was spent in Kyle where Bro. Vassel just recently terminated a prolonged and successful pastorate. Kyle is about 25 miles south of the capital city of Austin in the midst of a great cotton producing section. But last summer the boll-weevil and the boll-worm destroyed the cotton crop and threw a gloom over the spirits of the farmers. But this was little evident in the meetings which through mutual participation were prolonged till rather late in the evenings.

Donna and Rio Grande Valley

My next appointment was with the church in Donna, a beautiful, modern little town nestling in the rich lower basin of the American-Mexican border stream. This basin, comprising from 6000 to 8000 miles of territory, is said to have the richest soil in the world, not excepting the Nile delta. This has been deposited there by the many successive floods which during the thousands of years of the past inundated the region covering the substrata with a fertile, black loam to a depth of about 17 feet. It is protected from further floods by a direct to the sea outlet for any excessive waters which in certain seasons may come rushing down the Rio Grande. The land is irrigated by a network of canals which receive their water supply from the river which carries the fructifying moisture down from the deep lying mountain springs of Colorado and Mexico. The latitude is that of Miami, Florida, and frosts are rarely ever experienced.

A few years ago this land was nothing but a vast wilderness, covered with mesquite shrubs and cacti, inhabited by poisonous rattlers, fleet-footed deer, and occasional herds of ranch cattle. But the faith and industry of man, mostly German speaking people, with the aid of cheap Mexican labor have transformed this wilderness into a veritable paradise. The mesquite and cacti have given way to rich citrus groves bordered by high-towering palms, and with winter vegetable gardens which send their produce to all sections of the country.

Land, in the natural state, is now valued at \$300 to \$800 per acre, depending on the location, while producing fruit farms command a price of \$800 to \$2000 per acre. It will produce three crops for the ambitious farmer each year by following a scheme of rotation.

We have the honor of having several high grade citrus farmers down there; they moved thither from our churches in Emery and Chancellor, S. D., about ten

years ago as pioneer farmers. The Lord has blessed and prospered them. In anticipation of others following them to this balmy climate and this land of golden opportunity, they united and organized a little church and built a suitable meeting house. Bro. H. G. Ekrut is the esteemed pastor of this little flock. While the North was enveloped in a frigid blast we were wandering about the citrus groves and plucking ripe, luscious fruit from the trees.

Naturally these pioneers in a new country long for an occasional visit of their brethren from the North. They therefore very highly appreciated the visit of the Field Secretary and offered him the best at their disposal. How they would appreciate others who seek a milder climate for the winter months, or who are looking for a home in their land of opportunity communicating with them and settling down in the section where they can share in their fellowship. For this reason I give names and addresses. Please make note of them and if fortune favors one or another to enable him to travel, look up this settlement. Communications may be directed to Rev. H. G. Ekrut, or Mr. Burt Schroeder, Mr. D. W. Heidland, Donna, Texas. May the Lord bless this advance post of our far flung battle line and help us to do our duty by the settlers who are establishing their homes in this frontier!

Over in Mexico

While there Bro. Ekrut treated me to a journey across the Rio Grande to the town of Rynosa, Mexico. What a contrast from a Protestant American to a Catholic Mexican city! We browsed about paying visits to the primitively furnished, ancient Catholic church, the amusement halls, the curio and other shops, spending a few nickels for souvenirs which would have cost from five to ten times as much in the United States. Space will not permit a further description of the primitive dwellings, the interesting water carts which supply the households with river water, the narrow streets, the hollow cains into which long bottles are fitted for the purpose of smuggling something that is stronger than water across the border. Such a visit will be an added treat to those who are fortunate enough to visit that section.

My second week in Texas was spent with the churches

At Elm Creek, Elgin, Greenvine and Brenham

Elm Creek is an old congregation far out in the country off the main highway in cotton producing territory which also suffered a complete failure last year. Since the resignation of Bro. Sprock the church is without a pastor. The people were very kind and responsive, showing every appreciation of the visit. The same must be said of Elgin, a very small congregation ministered unto by Rev. A. Becker along with his Waco charge. From there I went down the line to Greenvine where Bro. Mindrup is pastor. It was agreed to hold the meetings for both Greenvine and Brenham churches

at Greenvine. But weather and road conditions interfered with a large attendance. The days spent with my esteemed Rochester classmate, Bro. Mindrup, were very delightful. The meeting at Beasley had to be cancelled because of the Texas roads which are as impassible as those in Missouri when it rains.

In Louisiana

On Saturday morning I took the train at Houston for Mowata, Louisiana, 200 miles East of Houston, 165 miles West of New Orleans and about 65 miles North of the Gulf of Mexico. The land is level, covered with second growth of timber and swamps most of the way. The immediate region about Mowata is devoted to rice growing. The level terrain, abundance of rain and warm climate along with the fertile soil together make this an ideal country for producing this crop.

Many have expressed surprise that we have a church down in that section. Evidently these dear people have been very modest about announcing their existence to the world. But they are there, and very much alive, and have been there about 25 years. The membership of our church numbers but about forty but what they lack in numbers they make up in sterling worth. Among them are a number of prosperous rice farmers who annually produce in the neighborhood of 20,000 bushels. When dry spells come the land is irrigated by means of wells which throw up to 10 inch streams of water as they are pumped by mighty oil burning engines or electric motors. The rice land must be covered with water during the entire growing season.

Our little church there has erected a suitable meeting house and under the leadership of its pastor, Rev. Paul Hintze, whose entire salary is paid by these few faithful Christians, is doing excellent work. The young folk and their parents as well responded delightfully to the message and participated in the conferences which were held. The "Baptist Herald" will find its way into practically every family this coming year. But as we became acquainted and learned to appreciate the new friendships the month showed signs of wearing away and the date of the Waco Institute called me away to return to the lone star state.

Institute at Waco

Since a special report of this Institute will likely be sent in from some other writer I will not pause to go into details concerning the happy affair. Bro. Mihm came down to share in the teaching and lecturing program. The church at Waco under the cheerful and efficient leadership of Pastor A. Becker received, entertained and provided for the guests in a most pleasing manner. Though we were away from home on Thanksgiving Day, yet the "hiker's breakfast" in the park after the long and jolly tramp through the hills and vales, the delicious turkey dinner with cranberry sauce in the Cotton Palace, and the spiritual and intellectual treats which the program offered filled the day with experiences which all will rejoice to recall as the time goes on.

But Texas is not always balmy and warm while the cold wind and icy snow stings the toes and bites the nose up in the colder North. The mighty sol is not always successful in keeping sneaky Jack Frost in check. The frigid storms that come dashing down the Rocky Mountain sides switch their stinging tails across the Lone Star state in blustering blizzard fashion. One of these "Northers," as they are dubbed down there, paid the state its compliments just as the Institute came to a close.

Hurnville Church

On Monday morning Bro. Eric Arnold, our genial and well beloved Texas Conference Colporter, invited me to accompany him in his model "T" Ford which had arrived at the fag end of its career on a 200 mile drive to Henrietta to visit the Hurnville church, Rev. J. Herman, pastor. We had to stamp our feet, rub our hands and eat spicy cough drops to keep warm. Bro. Herman had just moved in from Petrolia to Henrietta, but of this we had not been informed, so the cold night found us hunting our way back and forth to Petrolia, making short cuts through unknown oil fields with uncertain roads on a three lunker Ford. It was about 8.30 when we found ourselves seated about the delicious dinner in the warm room of Bro. Herman, feasting on his delightful humor as well as on Mrs. Herman's delicious dinner.

On Friday I brought the congratulations of the Young People's and Sunday School Workers' Union to our Grace Baptist Church in Racine, Wis., Rev. Paul Zoschke, pastor. It was the occasion of the church's seventy-fifth anniversary. Now I am at "Home, sweet home" till the 31st of December, when I must again pack my kit and be off for a ten-weeks trip to the far Northland where the sun makes but a feeble journey each day along the southern horizon and darkness enshrouds the land for nearly 18 hours of the day. Up there, when mercury hits the bottom of the glass I will recall again the comfort and delights of *Sunny Texas*.

Annual Program Young People's Society of the Second Church, Portland, Oreg.

Through the grace of God it was again our privilege to celebrate our annual program. Although our year closed in June it was the desire of our society to have our program on Thanksgiving Day. We found this a very successful arrangement.

As we look back over the past months we can say with the Psalmist: "Praise the Lord; for it is good to sing praises unto our God; for it is pleasant; and praise is comely."

Our four groups did commendable work in taking care of all Sunday evening meetings which included: 15 devotional, instructional and stewardship services; 3 Bible study periods by our pastor; 5 missionary programs; 8 literary programs, including a Mother's Day, a Father's Day and a memorial day program; 3 song services; a debate; a "Bap-

tist Herald" booster night; 2 programs given by our Juniors; 3 business meetings and 3 socials.

We are always happy when we can make others happy and we have been assured several times that we have succeeded in this. For instance, a number of our members spread the gospel in song down at one of our slum missions; we sang carols to shut-ins, supplied a number of needy families with bountifully laden baskets for Thanksgiving, and through the joy and happiness distributed in this way we were lifted up to the heights and our hearts were filled with a longing to do more for him who gave himself that we might be saved. The least we can do for him who did so much for us is to follow his example and minister to mankind and spread sunshine wherever possible.

Our program consisted of pipe organ, piano and vocal solos, 2 readings, 2 young people's choruses led by our chorister, Mr. William Freitag, a selection by the Ladies Choral Club, led by Mrs. J. A. Hoelzer.

A one-act play, entitled "The Color Line," brought forth enthusiastic comments which were well deserved. Each one of the participants put forth his best efforts to make it a success. The moral brought out in this play was very timely and if you were given to the encouragement of race distinction you received something to think about which helped you to change your way of thinking.

Our united resolve is to make this year "bigger and better" than ever before, and with our Lord Jesus as counselor and friend we know that we will succeed.

THEO WUTTKE.

A New Year Wish

L. M. THORNTON

The joy bells ring, and East and West
The New Year wishes make their way,
A happy year, a merry year,
A care-free year, and gay.
Companion of the years gone by
What wish for thee, today?

The snow lies white, and North and South
The New Year wishes speed;
A year of wealth, a year of health,
A year that knows no need.
Since great my love, oh, long-away
Most for thy good I plead.

The hearth-fire burns, thy chair is set
And this my wish shall be:
Safe journeyings and safe return
And home a haven for thee,
And every hour, upon thy way,
God's blessing full and free.

And Helped by Two Banks

First Student: "I wish I could be like the river!"

Second Student: "Like the river? In what way?"

First Student: "Stay in my bed, and yet follow my course."—Christian Science Monitor.

Our Devotional Meeting

H. R. Schroeder

January 12, 1930

How Can Nations Practice the Golden Rule?

Matth. 7:12; 20:20-29

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It may seem somewhat presumptuous on our part that we as young people should try and tell the nations of the world what to do. In almost every community there is a man who can tell just how the government should be run. If he were in the White House, he would show the world how things should be done. But most people pay very little attention to the advice that such a know-it-all tries to give. Are we as young people wise and experienced enough to say how nations should act toward one another? What do we know about the tremendous problems that confront every government today? We must confess our ignorance in this respect and admit that if we held positions of responsibility, we might make even greater mistakes. So when we discuss this topic we must not do it in a spirit of superiority and criticism, but rather in a spirit of humbleness, praying that God will endue all rulers with wisdom and power to see and do his will.

The "Golden Rule" applies first of all to individual people. It would be useless to expect a nation to live accordingly, if the men and women that comprise the nation didn't. It's not a law that tells us how to act in every detail, but a principle that can guide us in every action. It demands that we should put the interests of others first; forget our own advantage and think of the welfare of others.

Now, if the statesmen of the world made this the guiding principle of their lives, then some great changes would take place in the world. The nations would no longer fear one another. Germany wouldn't be afraid of France, and France wouldn't suspect Italy, and Italy wouldn't have sinister designs with regard to the Balkan States, etc. One nation wouldn't try to rob another nation of its markets and grab all wealth for itself. And of course all war would be impossible. No nation wants to be harassed by others, then why try and oppress some weaker neighbor? The Golden Rule is the best guiding principle that could be devised for private or public action.

January 19, 1930

Should We Abolish or Expand Missions? Why?

Why should anyone ever want to abolish missions? Should we withdraw from the great missionary enterprises because

of the cost? Does anyone really think that it costs too much to send missionaries across the seas to distant lands as well as to neglected parts of our own country? Several million dollars are spent every year for these purposes and besides a number of precious lives must be sacrificed every year.

When Mary anointed Jesus, one of the disciples asked, "Why this waste?" Some of our members seem to think about the same way about missions. Why waste so much money and risk so many lives? Are the degraded heathen people really worth it? And does the success attained in the past justify a continuance of such great sacrifices? Isn't the progress that missionary work is making rather slow? Isn't it after all a hopeless task to try to evangelize the world? Why not abandon the whole affair?

Such a proposition is really absurd. The cost shouldn't be considered at all. Jesus didn't shrink from the cost when he came to redeem the world. And before God the backward nations are just as important as the most highly civilized. The soul of a Hottentot may be worth as much as the soul of the richest American. And the progress is too slow? Then the only thing to do is to work so much harder, send out even more missionaries and arouse every Christian to do his or her part in bringing the Gospel to all the world. To abolish missions would be the same as betraying Christ, so the only alternative is to expand them. So far we have only been playing at missions. Christ's command to go into all the world should be taken seriously. It isn't merely a polite request, but a command. It places a responsibility upon us that we cannot avoid. How much are we young people doing to support Christ's missionary program? Are we giving to the limit or could we do more if we only tried a little harder?

January 26, 1930

What Is Our Church Planning This Year?

Acts 2:41-47; 13:1-3.
(Denominational Day)

In this meeting we are to discuss our denominational objectives and then, too, consider the plan of our local church. Every church should have some sort of working program. We are often told to plan our work and then to work our plan. Just what every individual church will plan for the year will depend upon local circumstances, and there plans cannot very well be suggested by some one who doesn't know anything about the needs and opportunities of the local church. Have you set yourself a goal as a church or a society? If not you ought to do so at once.

But all young people ought to know also what we are endeavoring to do as a denomination. We are but a small body of people, some 34,000 members all told, and they are scattered all over the United States and Canada. And our resources are somewhat limited, too. So we cannot expect to turn the whole world up side down at once, but we can do our proportionate share in extending the Kingdom of God here upon earth.

We are trying to raise \$650,000 as our missionary and benevolent budget for 3 years. We are falling somewhat behind in raising this money. Then we have again taken up the Cameroon mission work. This is perhaps one of the most important and the most difficult tasks we have tackled in recent years. Pray for the missionaries that represent us on this field. We are also assisting hundreds of immigrants that are settling in Canada. Many of these would never be able to come over here if we didn't help them.

Again we are trying to stress evangelism in all of our churches. One full-time evangelist has been appointed, but single-handed he cannot accomplish very much. We are also trying to enlist our young people more and more in our denominational enterprises. We cannot carry on our work without their active interest. We are trying to form a prayer-league whose constant prayer it shall be that God may revive all of our churches. What are you doing to realize these and other aims that have been set before us?

February 2, 1930

How May Young People Crusade With Christ?

Rom. 12:1-9.

Christ has gone forth conquering and to conquer. Great changes have already been wrought since Christ came into the world. Anyone who has read a little bit of history and knows what the world was like when Jesus was born in Bethlehem will readily see these changes. But the task is still far from being finished. A small beginning has only been made so far and greater things will have to be undertaken in the future.

The fine thing about this crusade that Christ has started is that all who will may have a part in it, even the youngest are not excluded. In the mercantile world no children under 16 years of age are to be employed, and when a man is over 45 he finds it very difficult to get a permanent job. But not so in the Kingdom of God. Here the youngest as well as the oldest may find something to do.

The story is told of some children that were playing on a dock. Suddenly the youngest, a girl of about 3 years, toppled

over and fell into the water. The oldest boy, realizing the danger, jumped in after her in order to save her. He wasn't much of a swimmer, so he had quite a bit of difficulty in getting her to shore. The next boy seeing the difficulty waded in as far as he could and pulled them both out while the youngest, a boy of about 5 years, cried for all he was worth. In the evening when the incident was related to the father, each one proudly told of what he had done to save his sister. Turning to the youngest the father said, "And what did you do, my boy?" and the little fellow said, "I just screamed." We may not all be able to play the role of a hero, but we can all do something, and if we can't do anything else, we can at least scream and call for help.

But most young people can do more, they can engage in some definite task. First, however, everyone must present himself as a living sacrifice unto God as required in our Scripture lesson. That is really the hardest thing. After that is done, any task will seem easy. Almost all young people can either sing or play or teach in the Sunday school or hold some office in some society, and all, if they try, can win their friends for Christ. And some, perhaps, can answer God's call and enter upon some larger work. What a force for righteousness the young people would be if they were only all fully consecrated to God!

A Quiet Talk With God Each Day Daily Bible Readers' Course

- Jan. 6-12. How can Nations Practice the Golden Rule? Matth. 7:12; 20:20-29.
- " 6. The King's Highway. Matth. 7:12-14.
- " 7. The Way to Greatness. Matth. 20:20-29.
- " 8. A Call to the Nations. Ezek. 34:20-31.
- " 9. The Hope of the World. Isa. 11:1-5.
- " 10. A World at Peace. Isa. 11:6-9.
- " 11. A World Ruler. Isa. 55:6-13.
- " 12. A United World. Acts 1:6-8.
- " 13-19. Should We Expand Our Missions? Why? Matth. 28:18-20; Acts 1:8.
- " 13. The Supreme Impulse. 1 Cor. 9:15-23.
- " 14. The Supreme Obligation. Rom. 1:8-15.
- " 15. The Supreme Command. Matth. 28:16-20.
- " 16. The Supreme Need. Rom. 10:11-15.
- " 17. The Greatest Encouragement. Acts 10:34-48.
- " 18. The Effective Way. Acts 13:1-3.
- " 19. The Supreme Aim. Acts 15:36-41.
- " 20-26. What Is Our Church Planning This Year? Acts 2:41-47; 13:1-3.
(Denominational Day.)
- " 20. Effective Evangelism. Acts 2:37-41.

- Jan. 21. Religious Education. Neh. 8:1-3.
- " 22. Closer Fellowship. Acts 15:22-29.
- " 23. Helpful Worship. Heb. 10:19-25.
- " 24. Generous Benevolence. 1 Cor. 16:14.
- " 25. Growth in Numbers. Acts 6:1-7.
- " 26. Enlarged Missionary Efforts. Acts 13:1-12.
- " 27-Feb. 2. How May We Find Our Life Work? Ps. 119:105; James 1:5-7.
(Life Service Day.)
- " 27. The Purpose of Life. Phil. 2:5-11.
- " 28. Using Our Talents. Matth. 25:14-29.
- " 29. False Ambitions. Matth. 20:20-24.
- " 30. True Ambitions. Matth. 20:25-28.
- " 31. Doing the Next Thing. Acts 16:6-10.
- Feb. 1. Finding God's Will. James 1:5-8.
- " 2. Following the Vision. Acts 26:12-20.

New Year's Greeting From the President of the Baptist World Alliance

To the Members and Friends of the Baptist World Alliance:—
Greeting.

In this New Year Message for January 1930 to the Baptists throughout the world I wish to express on your behalf our profound thankfulness to God for the signal blessing attending the efforts of world Baptists during the past year. "The Lord has done great things for us, whereof we are glad." This seal of his favor is but the challenge to larger endeavor and deeper consecration in the year upon which we now enter.

In 1930 the Baptist World Alliance, organized July 1905, will complete the first twenty-five years of its history. It is to be hoped that this event will receive fitting recognition in our churches, conventions and unions. The achievements of the Alliance in the quarter of a century have been most noteworthy. It has served to create a Baptist world-consciousness which is a distinct force. It has been the greatest single agency for promoting world-wide fellowship and understanding among our people. Through its inspiration and sympathy, fresh courage and hope have come to small and struggling and persecuted groups in their witness for Christ. In his tireless efforts and statesmanlike devotion, Dr. Rushbrooke, its trusted General Secretary, has greatly furthered the purpose, and widely extended the ministry of the Alliance. At the present moment the clarion call to Baptists is a summons to intercession for our sorely-persecuted brethren in Russia. Let Baptists everywhere continue to pray until the burdens of these loyal souls have been lifted and their liberties restored. To them we send the loving as-

urance of our deepest sympathy and earnest prayers.

The year 1930 will mark an anniversary of universal significance to the Christian Church, viz: the 1900th anniversary of the day of Pentecost! Preparations are being made by every branch of the Church of Christ to recognize this event. Baptists of all others have good reason to do so. Ours has been an invariable testimony to the presence and power, the leadership and illumination, of the Holy Spirit of God. Earnestly let us seek and pray for a fresh outpouring of the Holy Ghost upon God's people everywhere. An abiding baptism of Divine power is our supreme need. We are growing steadily in the spirit of unity. Our message is clearly defined and loyally proclaimed, centering as it does in the Lordship of Christ, our Savior and our God. Only by the power of the Holy Ghost can our life and word become effective. "Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you."

I am happy to announce that during the autumn of 1930 it is the purpose of the President, in company with Dr. Rushbrooke and other Baptist leaders, to visit the various groups of Baptists on the Continent of Europe, and conduct a series of Regional Conferences in chosen centers. We earnestly covet your prayers that these conferences may bring courage, inspiration and blessing to the ever-increasing host of Baptists in these European lands. We are strongly encouraged by the memory of the Presidential tour that was undertaken in 1926 by my predecessor, Dr. Mullins. The inspiration of the presence and words of the distinguished and beloved leader is not yet spent.

I would also solicit the prayers of all our people on behalf of the Latin-American Baptist Conference to be held in Rio de Janeiro in June, at which the General Secretary is to represent the Alliance.

No true Baptist can fail to see how perfectly our distinctive principles answer to the pressing needs of present world life. A golden opportunity awaits us. Let us urge upon you the Spirit's call to continuous evangelism. Let us preach and live Christ and him crucified. It is that Christ men need. Let us wait with expectant faith upon him in prayer. Let our sacrifice partake of the spirit of his cross. Let us lay hold, as is our privilege, on the power of him with whom nothing is impossible. "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth—and, lo, I am with you always."

Toronto, Canada. JOHN MCNEILL.

Our lives cannot become radiant unless they are exposed to the warm rays that stream from the Throne.

Imagine how difficult the work of character-building would be if there were no difficulties in the way.

Or, as some one has said, "When one has an attack of real religion, it is always contagious."

New Books

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

Voices of the Great Creator. Studies in Devotion. Rev. Albert D. Belden, B. D. Publishers, Cokesbury Press, Nashville, Tenn. 190 pages. \$1.50.

One of the encouraging signs of the times from a religious point of view is the increasing number of books published which are devoted to the cultivation of the devotional life. Our spiritual seers note with penetrating discernment the need of emphasizing the rekindling of the spiritual flame and passion. The author of this book believes there is no greater need in these days of rush and strain than the re-discovery of the secret of vital spiritual recuperation. These studies of the voices in God's creation again evidence Belden's gift of interpretation, his attractive style, his wide range of reading and use of effective illustration. It is a book which will deserve and bear repeated reading.

Behold The Man. Friedrich Rittelmeyer, Ph. D. Publishers, The MacMillan Company, New York. 167 pages. \$1.75.

This is a translation of the German Original by two professors in the University of Pittsburgh, and the translation has been excellently done. The author, Dr. Rittelmeyer, is one of the foremost religious leaders in Central Europe today and is known for his critical studies of Nietzsche, for his work as editor of religious journals and for his preaching in Nuremberg and Berlin. In four parts the book presents the life, the personality, the message and the significance of Jesus for our own time. The book is a presentation of the historical reality of Jesus' life against those who have claimed the story of Jesus was only a "myth." It is intensely interesting to all how the study of the life of Jesus has made his matchless personality grow in the life and estimation of the author. Some of the finest things we have ever read about Jesus as a human personality are to be found in the pages of this book. We regret to say, however, that Jesus seems only to be a sublimated man to the author, high, supreme, exalted and matchless, but nevertheless only a man. The Jesus, who is the only-begotten of the Father, the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world, the risen and ascended and ever-living Son of God is not here portrayed. The book is stimulating and has value and is worthy of study even though its presentation of Jesus is incomplete as we know him. A. P. M.

A Muffler Needed

Mother was speaking to Hortense touching a matter of much importance. "I wish, my dear," said she, "you wouldn't stand on the steps so long with young Spooner when he brings you home."

"Why, mother," said the girl, "I only stood there for a second last night."

"Is that all?" asked mother. "I really thought I heard a third and a fourth."—Harper's Magazine.

Encouraging Points

At Point Barrow, Alaska, stands the only hospital built within the Arctic Circle. It was erected by the Presbyterian Board of National Missions and serves a parish 1000 miles long on the northern shore of Alaska. Here are located three Presbyterian churches ministering to a thousand natives.

This work was begun in 1890 by Dr Sheldon Jackson who secured the use of a room in a refuge station for the first Eskimo school. Later the school was taken over by the Government and the mission concentrated on medical and evangelistic work. The hospital was built in 1921. The physician in charge of the hospital lists the following encouraging points about the people:

Every Eskimo in the village attends every service as a rule.

Everyone in the audience sings or tries to, thus making a joyful noise.

Every man, young or old, will pray publicly and consider it a privilege.

Every Eskimo in the place over fourteen is a member of the Church.

Every Sunday school teacher attends every training class weekly as a rule.

Every man is willing to do janitor work at church when requested by the Eskimo deacons.

Eskimos as a whole are honest and will not lie—few exceptions.

There are no swear words in the Eskimo language.

In those northern regions none of the Eskimos drink booze, desire to, or make it.

Because We Are Different

According to the fable, the mountain said to the squirrel, "You cannot bear great forests on your back." The squirrel retorted, "Neither can you crack a nut!" Gifts have their advantages. But that is no reason why one person should call another hard names.

Every human being is different from every other human being. Each has some peculiar gift which makes him different from every other. What a queer world this would be if all were exactly alike!

Yet how uncharitable we are, how lacking in courtesy and respect, in our attitude toward the peculiarities of others! In a world where all are differently endowed we need more and more to live in the atmosphere of the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians.

* * *

"Is your father a Methodist?" asked a good woman of a child.

"No, ma'am," was the answer. "Mother says he is a Seven Day Absentist."

* * *

Lady: "How much are these chickens?"

Butcher: "A dollar and a half, ma'am."

Lady: "Did you raise them yourself?"

Butcher: "Yes, they were \$1.25 yesterday."

Cured

Enquirer (to nerve specialist): "And is your treatment completely successful?"

Nerve Specialist: "Quite. So much so, that only last week one of my patients tried to borrow \$50 from me!"—Humorist.

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