

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., JULY 1, 1930

Number Thirteen

A Prayer

For Summer Conferences

O GOD, the strength of all who trust in thee and the joy of all who serve, look with favor, we beseech thee, upon our summer schools and conferences. Vouchsafe to us the sure guidance of thy Holy Spirit, and grant to us a fresh vision of the meaning of life, and of stewardship: that all we have and are, being consecrated to thee, may be instruments in thy hand for the advancement of thy Kingdom, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

—Spirit of Missions.

What's Happening

Rev. Jacob Herman of the Hurnville, Tex., church has resigned to accept the call of the church at Kyle, Tex. He begins his new pastorate on Sept. 1.

Rev. J. H. Ansberg, pastor of Immanuel Baptist Church, Kankakee, Ill., received seven new members into the fellowship of the church on Pentecost Sunday, June 8.

Rev. C. H. Edinger of Wasco, Cal., had the honor of preaching the baccalaureate sermon to the graduating class of the local high-school. His topic was: "What Is Your Choice, Character or Gold?" Proverbs 22:1.

Mr. Walter Orthner has graduated from Temple University, Philadelphia, Pa., and now has an "M. D." behind his name. He is now on the staff of Bryn Mawr Hospital, Bryn Mawr, Pa. Dr. Orthner is a brother of our well-known Kamerun missionary and of Rev. Frank Orthner of New York City.

Rev. H. Gezork of Germany, who has been pursuing studies for several years at the Southern Baptist Seminary at Louisville, Ky., has been elected General Secretary of the Young People's Work in Germany and enters on his new duties Jan. 1, 1931. During the summer months Bro. Gezork is supplying the pulpit of the Burns Ave. church until the arrival of their new pastor.

Missionary C. J. Bender of Soppo, Cameroon, reports showers of blessing that have come over the work at Soppo station. During the first three months of this year he was privileged to baptize 230 persons, mostly adults and to receive 16 excluded members back into the fellowship of the church again. Over 200 other converts are at present receiving instruction preceding baptism. A special cause of gratitude and joy is the newly organized Sunday school with an average attendance of 100 children. Church attendance at the main station and the various outstations is very encouraging.

The Lake States Assembly at Linwood Park, Vermilion, O., August 4-10, 1930

Just a few weeks more, and the time of the assembly will be here. We are hoping to surpass last year's splendid registration of nearly two hundred. We are again offering food and lodging for the six days of the assembly for only \$10. Young people wishing to take advantage of this offer kindly send in their reservations to the undersigned at once. We have but limited space, and "first come, first serve," will be our rule. Families desiring cottages or rooms, kindly get in touch with the undersigned as soon as possible. There are good cottages available now. They may not be available any longer if you wait too long. Hotel reservations should also be made as soon as possible. They may be made directly,

by writing to Linwood Park Hotel, Vermilion, O., or through the undersigned.

We are again arranging for a story hour and for supervised play for the younger children. We have secured the services of Miss Amanda Koester of Canton, O., and are hopeful of securing in addition the services of Miss Celia Kose of Detroit. Parents of younger children may rest assured that the children are well taken care of.

The teaching personnel is as good as ever, and those who have attended our assembly in the past will readily admit that the teachers we have had are second to none.

Further information will gladly be given by the undersigned secretary.

REV. C. FRED LEHR,
3161 East 99th Street,
Cleveland, Ohio.

Stony Brook Assembly for Baptist Young People of the Atlantic Conference

July 26-Aug. 2, 1930

Stony Brook, Long Island

LECTURE COURSES

"History of the Period between the Old and New Testaments," Rev. A. A. Schade.
"The Story of the Early Christian Church up to the 14th Century," Rev. Geo. Hensel.

"Youth Movements of the World" (India, China, Russia, contrasted to American Youth), Rev. M. L. Leuschner.

"Comparative Religions," Prof. A. J. Ramaker.

Bible Dramatization and Pageantry, Mrs. J. Rauscher.

"Preparing and Presenting Sunday School Lessons," Miss M. Baudisch.

OPEN FORUMS

"Can we apply Christian principles to modern business?"

"Is the American Home life disappearing?"

"What are the effects of the machine age on modern life?"

"Have we made progress toward permanent peace?"

"Are we less spiritual than the last generation?"

Open forum discussions to be led by the students.

EVENING ATTRACTIONS

7.00 P. M.—Sunset Service.

Entertainment has been planned for each evening.

EXPENSES

Registration Fee, \$1.00.

Room and Board, per week, \$15.00.

(Per Day, \$3.50.)

(Children, about \$9.00 per week.)

Railroad Fare, \$1.97.

(L. I. R. R. from Penna. R. R., 33rd St., N. Y. C., to Stony Brook, L. I.)

Registrations are to be sent to

Rev. G. H. Schneck,
32 Burgh Ave.,
Clifton, N. J.

The Minnesota Summer Assembly

The Minnesota German Baptist Young People & Sunday School Workers will get together for their Summer Assembly at Mound, Minn., on July 7-13. It is, as you read these lines in the "Baptist Herald," still possible for you to come and join us here besides the lovely waters of Minnetonka. We advise you to do so.

We are very fortunate in again having obtained our two Secretaries as instructors. Rev. A. P. Mihm will teach two classes daily, namely "The Bible—What It Is and How to Study It," and "Christian Ethics." Rev. A. A. Schade will also teach two classes. They are "Adolescent Psychology" and "Church History."

A "Forum" period will be held each morning and the young people will discuss the problems of every-day life and some of the questions that come up in a Christian life. The young people have already sent in their questions and are ready to start the argument.

In the evenings addresses will be delivered by Rev. H. R. Schroeder, Rev. A. P. Mihm and Rev. A. A. Schade, Monday to Thursday respectively. Friday evening is the Banquet and Rev. Lee J. Beynon of the Calvary Baptist Church will speak.

Other items of interest are on the program which you will enjoy.

RUDOLF WOYKE, Sec.

Money Talks

This common saying is a true one. A Christian may talk very loudly about his love for Christ, but if he gives nothing for the work that is closest to the heart of Christ he cannot love him. The primary eloquence is deeds, and no deeds are more forceful than gifts to God's cause.

The Baptist Herald

Published semi-monthly by the
GERMAN BAPTIST PUBLICATION SOCIETY
3734 Payne Avenue Cleveland, Ohio

Rev. A. P. Mihm, Editor

Contributing Editors:

Albert Bretschneider
O. E. Krueger

A. A. Schade
H. R. Schroeder

"The Baptist Herald" is a denominational periodical devoted to the interests of the German Baptist Young People's and Sunday School Workers' Union at the subscription price of \$1.25 a Year.

(24 cents additional to foreign countries)

Advertising rates, 60 cents per inch single column, 2½ inches wide.

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

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

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

The Baptist Herald

Our Denominational Financial Situation

IT is improving. We are all glad to hear that. The recent financial statement given to the members of the Finance Committee by Dr. Kuhn, executive secretary, shows that the receipts during the past 22 months, since the General Conference, are in excess of the receipts during the 22 months of the last triennium. The figures are \$307,226.98 as against \$290,937.14. The increase of almost \$17,000 is most encouraging.

It is also worth while to call attention to the contributions which are not a part of the budget. They aggregate the sum of \$136,627.01. A considerable portion of this is applied to our own work, although it does not count on our budget. Adding this to the budget receipts we have a total during this period of 22 months of \$443,853.99.

In the light of this statement, we may say without fear of contradiction that our churches have done very well. Though times are hard, unemployment prevalent in many places, and business not so good, yet we believe the Lord, through the sacrificial giving of his people, will continue to supply the money needed to carry on the work of our denomination. It may take a hard pull and a long pull, but if we all pull together, we believe we shall not fail in our efforts. Let us have faith in God. Let us have faith in our churches.

Our Duty to Childhood

C. C. ALBERTSON

TAKE heed that ye despise not one of these little ones; for I say unto you, that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father." Dr. John H. Finley, distinguished educator and publicist, some years ago published a little book under the title, "The Debt Eternal." It is a plea for the literal and spiritual acceptance by the church of the charge which Jesus Christ laid upon it when he said, "Despise not one of these little ones." It is a forceful reminder of the obligation of men and women to the children of their generation in the interest of a fair future for the sons of men. Neglected childhood means ultimate social ruin. Children have a right to be well born. They have a right to education. They have a right to childhood, which is to say they have a right to play. Frederick Froebel, founder of the kindergarten, discovered to what extent play may be made educational.

The inventions and discoveries of the future, the reforms of tomorrow in church and state, the hope of a world redeemed from cruelty and crime, all slumber in the brain of the child of today—the

child in his cradle, the child in the kindergarten, the child in the Bible school, the child in the home.

At the funeral of a child, some one quoted the saying of a philosopher, "The death of a beautiful child is a public calamity; the earth, for the moment, is less fair." Far more tragic, far more disastrous, is the life of a child whose parents and teachers are unaware of the possibility locked up within that little breast. For their welfare, material and moral, the Lord Christ holds us responsible. As they are sacred in his sight, so must they be in ours.

An Essay on Friendship

By F. W. GODTFRING

Secretary-Manager, German Baptists' Life Association

This is the offering to Actuary William Francis Barnard made upon the celebration of his tenth anniversary with the Society. Mr. Godtfring has produced a beautiful piece of work. It first appeared in "The Fraternal Age," an insurance magazine, and was sent to us by some friends who requested its republication in "The Baptist Herald." We are glad to accede to their wish. Editor.

AT this anniversary of our actuary's ten years' useful and valuable service it seems appropriate to speak on Friendship. I well remember when I was here in Syracuse the first time for purpose of getting acquainted with Mr. Barnard. That first interview resulted in a friendship that has lasted these past ten years. Oh, yes, this friendship had to be further cultivated in order to reap the fruits of it. A friendship can be easily wrecked. Of course, there are also limits of friendship.

In spite of the selfishness which seems to blight all life, our hearts tell us that there is possible a noble relationship of disinterestedness and devotion. Friendship is not only a beautiful and noble thing for a man, but the realization of it is an ideal. Friendship is thus made the flower of ethics. There is possible today, as ever, a generous friendship which forgets self. The history of the heart-life of man proves this. For a good man, men have even dared to die. Mankind has been glorified by countless silent heroisms, by unselfish service, and sacrificing love. Men have given themselves to each other, with nothing to gain, and with no self-interest to serve. It is false to history to base life on selfishness, to leave out of the list of human motives the highest of all.

The Miracle of Friendship

has been too often enacted on this dull earth of ours, to suffer us to doubt either its possibility or its wondrous beauty. "The classic instance of David and Jonathan represents the typical friendship. They met, and at the meeting knew each other to be nearer than kindred. By subtle elective affinity they felt that they belonged to each other. Out of all the chaos of the time and disorder of their lives, there arose for these two souls a new and beautiful

world, where there reigned peace and love and sweet content. It was the miracle of the death of self. Jonathan forgot his pride, and David his ambition. It was as the smile of God which changed the world to them. One of them it saved from the temptations of a squalid court, and the other from the sourness of an exile's life. Jonathan's princely soul had no room for envy or jealousy. David's frank nature rose to meet the magnanimity of his friend.— In the kingdom of love there was no disparity between the king's son and the shepherd boy. Such a gift as each gave and received is not to be bought or sold. It was the fruit of the innate nobility of both. Jonathan withstood his father's anger to shield his friend; David was patient with Saul for his son's sake. They agreed to be true to each other in their difficult position. Close and tender must have been the bond, which had such fruit in princely generosity and mutual loyalty of soul. Fitting was the beautiful lament, when David's heart was bereaved at tragic Gilboa. 'I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan; very pleasant hast thou been unto me; thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of a woman.' Love is always wonderful, a new creation, fair and fresh to every loving soul. It is the miracle of spring to the cold dull earth.

Seeing with the Heart

The joy that comes from a true communion of heart with another is perhaps one of the purest and greatest in the world, but its function is not exhausted by merely giving pleasure.

The divine meaning of a true friendship is that it is often the first unveiling of the secret of love. It is not an end in itself, but has most of its worth in what it leads to, the priceless gift of seeing with the heart rather than with the eyes. To love one soul for its beauty and grace and truth is to open the way to appreciate all beautiful and true and gracious souls, and to recognize spiritual beauty wherever it is seen.

The possibility at least of friendship must be a faith with us. The cynical attitude is an offense. It is possible to find in the world truehearted and faithful dealing between man and man. To doubt this is to doubt the divine in life. Faith in man is essential to faith in God.

The great miracle of friendship with its infinite wonder and beauty may be denied to us, but we may believe in it. To believe that it is possible is enough, even though in its superbest form it has never come to us. To possess it, is to have one of the world's sweetest gifts.

"It Was He! It Was I"

When Montaigne wrote his essay on Friendship he could do little but tell the story of his friend. The essay continually reverts to this, with joy that he had been privileged to have such a friend, with sorrow at his loss. It is a chapter of his heart. There was an element of necessity about it, as there is about all the great things of life. He could not account for it. It came to him without effort or choice.

It was a miracle, but it happened. "If a man should importune me to give a reason why I loved him, I can only answer because it was he, because it was I." It was as some secret appointment of heaven. They were both grown men when they first met, and death separated them soon. "If I should compare all my life with the four years I had the happiness to enjoy the sweet society of this excellent man, it is nothing but smoke; an obscure and tedious night from the day that I lost him. I have led a sorrowful and languishing life ever since. I was so accustomed to be always his second in all places and in all interests, that methinks I am now no more than half a man, and have but half a being." We would hardly expect such passion of love and regret from the easy-going, genial, garrulous essayist.

In Walt Whitman there is the same insight into the force of friendship in ordinary life, with added wonder at the miracle of it. He is the poet of comrades, and sings the song of companionship more than any other theme. He ever comes back to the lifelong love of comrades. The mystery of it and the beauty of it impresses him.

Oh tan-faced prairie-boy,
Before you came to camp came many a welcome gift,
Praises and presents came and nourishing food, till at last
among the recruits
You came, taciturn, with nothing to give—we but looked on
each other,
When lo; more than all the gifts of the world you gave me.

Heavenly Mystery

Friends are born, not made. At least it is so with the higher sort. The marriage of souls is a heavenly mystery, which we can not explain. The method by which it is brought about differs very much, and depends largely on temperament. Some friendships grow, and ripen slowly and steadily with the years. We cannot tell where they began, or how. They have become part of our lives, and we just accept them with sweet content and glad confidence. We have discovered that somehow we are rested, and inspired by a certain companionship; that we understand and are understood easily.

Our true friends see the best in us, and by that very fact call forth the best from us.

But the glory of life is to love, not to be loved; to give, not to get; to serve, not to be served. It may not be our fault that we can not respond to the offer of friendship and love, but it is our misfortune. The secret is revealed to the other, and hid from us. The gain is to the other, and the loss is to us. The miracle is the love, and to the lover comes the wonder of it, and the joy.

Culture of Friendship

There is much to be said on the culture of friendship. The Book of Proverbs gives valuable instructions; it is rich, it might be called a treatise on Friendship, so full is it of advice about the sort of person we should avoid. It is full of shrewd, and prudent, and wise, sometimes almost worldly-wise counsel. It is caustic in its satire about false friends, and about the way in which friendships are broken. Friendship needs delicate handling. We can ruin

it by stupid blundering at the very birth, and we can kill it by neglect. Lack of reticence, which is only the outward sign of lack of reverence, is responsible for the death of many a fair friendship. Nothing is given to the man who is not worthy to possess it, and the shallow heart can never know the joy of friendship, for the keeping of which he is not able to fulfill the essential conditions. To do to, and for, your friend what you would have him do to, and for, you is a simple compendium of the whole duty of friendship. The very first principle of friendship is that it is a mutual thing, as among spiritual equals, and therefore it claims reciprocity, mutual confidence and faithfulness. There must be sympathy to keep in touch with each other. Suspicion kills friendship. There must be some magnanimity and openness of mind, before a friendship can be formed. We must be willing to give ourselves freely and unreservedly.

Worth Being Loyal and True

If there has come to us the miracle of friendship, if there is a soul to which our soul has been drawn, it is surely worthwhile being loyal and true.

Friendship can not be permanent unless it becomes spiritual. There must be fellowship in the deepest things of the soul, community in the highest thoughts, sympathy with the best endeavors.

And now: about the highest friendship obtainable (and what a privilege) such as existed between Abraham and God: Abraham is called the "Friend of God." Thomas A' Kempis says:

Love Him and keep Him for thy Friend, who, when all go
away, will not forsake thee, nor suffer thee to perish at
the last.

And how does Browning express himself?

Hush, I pray you!
What if this friend happen to be—God!

Women of the Bible

MRS. R. E. MARTIN

III

Hannah

We next must consider an old-fashioned, Old Testament woman named Hannah who named her first son Samuel, saying, "Because I have asked him of the Lord." She has been acknowledged as the greatest of all mothers excepting only Mary, mother of Jesus. Long had Hannah prayed for this son, and when the Lord answered her petition, she pledged him to enter the ministry. While he was yet a little lad, Hannah sent him to school to Eli, the grand old Priest of Shiloh. So Samuel grew up, with a hunger for knowledge and a devotion to duty which made him the strongest constructive force in his generation.

You can picture Hannah, the mother, at home thinking daily of her little son, missing him sorely yet delighting in her sacrifice. Picture also the yearning affection that went into "that little coat" to be taken up year after year, as she visits him. She did not buy the cloth and sew it up. She sheared and washed, and dyed the wool, and carded and

spun and wove it. Then she measured her own absent son with a mother's loving imagination and cut the cloth to that measurement, and every year the coat was larger.

The son of such a mother could hardly fail to be great. Hannah represents motherhood at its zenith of spiritual joy and renunciation.

Esther

We find in the Book of Esther a thrilling narrative and no figure stands out more life-like than that of beautiful Esther, who by her courage saved her people. The story comes late in the Old Testament. Ahasverus was ruler over the big Persian kingdom, in which many Jews had preferred to stay, rather than return to Palestine. Among the latter was Mordecai. Esther was his niece. She probably was an orphan for she lived with Mordecai and was carefully educated by him. When Vashti, the king's wife, had been deposed by the king for her failure to obey his command, his choice fell upon Esther. Mordecai counseled her not to tell the king or any one of her nationality. She was made "the lawful wife" and for a time was the favorite of the harem. But after a time the king found other favorites and Esther was not called to court for a long time. Meantime Mordecai was plotted against by a politician named Haman, who through misrepresentation had Mordecai discharged and caused the king to issue a decree of massacre against the Jews. It was at this crisis that Mordecai went to Esther telling her that the only hope was through intercession of Esther with the king. It was a rash act to enter the king's presence unsummoned. It might mean death. In noble words Mordecai argued the case, and at length Esther was persuaded. Putting fear behind, asking three days of prayer and of fasting on the part of her people, she adorned herself and started on her perilous venture with the words, "and if I perish I perish." Modestly, but with firm step and head erect, she moved into the inner court where Ahasverus sat on his mighty throne. There was an awful moment of suspense while the courtiers watched with bated breath to see what destruction would descend upon the girl who dared break the law. But her beauty was irresistible. The king held out his scepter, the sign of royal recognition. Esther knelt and touched it and made her plea and won. The wicked decree was revoked and the Jews were restored to favor.

As for Esther, her name became imperishably glorious, the Joan of Arc of the Old Testament, the woman who dared and triumphed when the men of the nation were at their wit's end.

Editorial Jottings

MISS PEARL MAE VILHAUER, whose interesting and informing contribution, "A Visit to the Baptist Missionary Training School, Chicago," appears in this number, is a member of the Immanuel Church, Milwaukee, and was a very faithful and efficient worker there for several years. She entered the Training School last September. We call the attention of young women in our churches, who have decided to enter Christian Life Service, to the earnest consideration of this article.



Glory Hill Y. P. Society, Alberta, Can.
Young Ladies Group, Miss Emma Albrecht, Teacher

Glory Hill Young People's Society, Alberta, Canada

We present two pictures, one the young ladies' group, Miss Emma Albrecht, teacher, the other the young men's group, Mr. Leonard Jespersen, teacher. Mr. Harold Jespersen is president of the society.

These energetic young people have been giving interesting programs at home and in other societies, also uniting with song and word in gospel meetings. Once the young men rendered a program in which only male members took part. And now the young ladies are planning a program in which ladies only will be on the program.

On Sunday, May 25, the Leduc young people and their esteemed pastor, Rev. Philip Potzner, paid us a visit and rendered a fine program.

These gatherings of young people stimulate interest in Christian activity. "All for the glory of God" should always be our aim.
A REPORTER.

Marching On in Madison

Through the "Herald" we have received many fine reports of the activities of other societies. Our group here in Madison, S. Dak., has been trying to do many things to make our work a success.

Recently we decided that our society was getting so large that much more work could be done if our group was divided. As a result of this decision we now have an active and enthusiastic group of Juniors working in their own B. Y. P. U. group. The remainder of the members have been divided into four groups, each taking charge of one meeting a month. In addition, the four groups have combined and taken charge of the evening services twice this year. It is our endeavor to take charge of one evening meeting each quarter.

At Easter time five new members were taken into the church through baptism. One week later, our church choir, composed mostly of members of the B. Y. P. U., delivered a beautiful cantata, "Christ is Risen," under the capable leadership of Rev. J. F. Olthoff.

At the present the local organization is busy planning for the State Convention of B. Y. P. U. and S. S. Workers which we expect to entertain at the beginning of July.

In all ways our society is doing its best to further the work of God. May we be remembered in the prayers of other societies.
ALICE ROBECK, Sec.

Passaic and Union City Choirs Render Cantata

An Easter Cantata, "Life Eternal," by Fred B. Holton, was rendered by the combined choirs of the First churches of Passaic and Union City, N. J., on three occasions during the week following Easter, being first presented at Passaic, then at Union City, and on Sunday, April 27, at Grantwood, N. J., and it was with much enthusiasm and appreciation that the audiences listened to the Easter message brought in so vivid and impressive a manner.

The orchestra of the Passaic church assisted the choir by rendering several numbers at the beginning and close of the program.

At one of the meetings Dr. C. H. Thiesen, Dean of Evangel University in Jersey City, brought a very appropriate message, choosing as his text Luke 19:11-27, and took the opportunity not only to commend the choir, but also to urge every Christian to use the talents which were given to him or her for the glory and honor of God.

Much credit is due to Mr. Oscar H. Conrad for his untiring efforts in directing the chorus, which consisted of 35 voices, and for the patience and time he devoted in rehearsing with the choir.

After each rehearsal, the choir enjoyed a social hour as well as good "eats" which were always on hand.

E. WYRICH.

Be Thyself

Be thyself
Not the one thou art
But that better self
God planted in thy heart.
—Loyal M. Thompson
in Epworth Herald.

Schedule of Field Secretary Schade

Our Field Secretary is kept pretty busy on the great field of our denomination. He announces the following appointments for the spring, summer and fall:

May 24-30: Meeting of the Directors of Religious Education of the Northern Baptist Convention, and beginning of the Convention.

May 30-31: Lake Erie and Ontario District Institute, High Street, Buffalo.

June 2-5: Kansas Young People's Convention, Marion, Kansas.

June 6: Big Brother Banquet, Lorraine, Kansas.

June 10-12: Iowa State Young People's Convention, George, Iowa.

June 14-22: Home.
June 25-29: North Dakota Assembly, Wishek, N. Dak.

June 30-July 3: South Dakota Young People's Convention, Madison.

July 7-14: Mound Assembly.

July 15-18: Wisconsin State Young People's Convention, North Freedom, Wis.

July 20-25: Home.

July 26-August 2: Stony Brook Assembly, L. I., New York.

August 4-10: Linwood Park Assembly, Linwood Park, Ohio.

Aug. 17-24: Oregon Assembly.

Aug. 30-Sept. 1: Washington State Young People's Convention, Spokane, Wash.

Sept. 2-28: Pacific Conference churches.

October 3-20: Home.

October 21-Nov. 13: Chicago Institute, Northern Baptist Seminary, Chicago.

November 14-30: Open.

December: Home.

Baptismal Service at Ebenezer Church, Dillon, Kans.

It is with joy that we read the reports of activities and special occasions of our various churches. No doubt, others would be glad to hear from us also.

We are not able to report of a big revival or of an extraordinary growth, but it is with joy that we tell of our baptismal service Sunday, June 8. Our service was held out in the open at a beautiful spot on Turkey creek. The Lord gave us a splendid day, and a large host of friends gathered with us in the afternoon for the solemn occasion. At this time five souls were willing to follow the Lord in baptism. Four are adults and one a Sunday school scholar, the pastor's only son. Two other individuals are waiting to be baptized at a later date.

As Bro. Rev. Geo. A. Lang of Lorraine, Kans., helped us in our protracted meetings, he was invited to be with us for this baptismal service. The baptizing was performed by Bro. Lang. May the Lord use mightily and bless abundantly those who have been added to his church! "He that winneth souls is wise" (Prov. 11:30).

A. R. SANDOW.

The Sunday School

When

When, oh when can I break the rule
And no longer go to Sunday school?

That is the question I asked one day,
And my teacher answered this funny way:

When the water is gone from all the seas,
When gooseberries grow on apple tress,

When horses sing and donkeys dance,
And pigs wear hats and coats and pants,

When pussy-cats grow on the pumpkin vine,
And three times seven are twenty-nine,

When black is white, and red is green,
And children's faces are always clean,

When boys and girls no longer eat
Cookies and cakes and candies sweet—

Then, oh then you can break the rule,
And no longer go to Sunday school.
Betty Bumblebee.

Program for B. Y. P. & S. S. Workers' Union Convention

to be held at Lodi, Cal., July 17-29, 1930

THURSDAY, JULY 17

Opening service, 7.30 P. M.
Roll-call. Reports. Welcome. Response.

Address by Rev. A. P. Mihm: "Young People and Leadership."

FRIDAY, JULY 18, A. M.

9-10: Devotions, led by Rev. H. Penner of Franklin church.

10-10.30: Baptist Home Missions in the United States, Rev. F. J. Reichle.

10.30-10.45: Baptist Missions in Europe, by Anaheim Society.

10.45-11: Kamerun Mission, by Wasco Society.

11-11.45: Missions in South America, by Los Angeles Society.

11.15-12: Rev. A. P. Mihm: "Young People and a Winsome Personality."

FRIDAY P. M.

2-3: Junior Work, by Rev. O. R. Schroeder.

3-3.30: Young People's Society Programs (What other Societies are doing).

3.30-4: Question-box by Mr. Lohr.

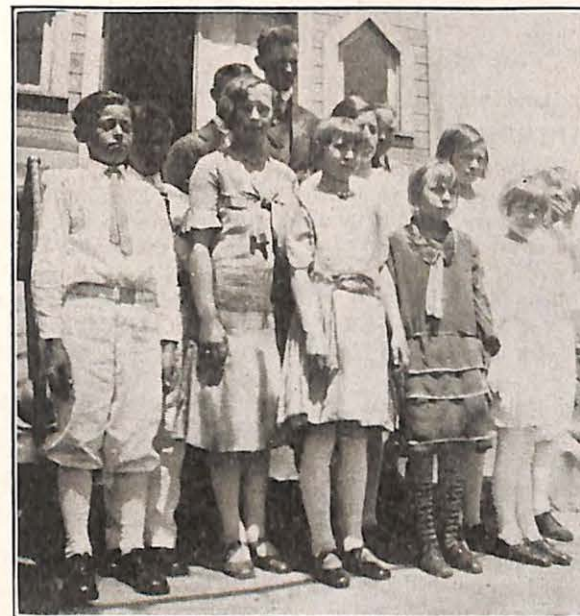
4-4.30: Echoes of the B. Y. P. U. Convention in San Francisco.

7.30: Address by Rev. A. P. Mihm: "Young People and a Thrilling Religion."

SATURDAY, JULY 19, A. M.

9-10: Devotion, led by Anaheim Society.

10-11: Sunday School Problems. Material for Teachers, Rev. C. H. Edinger. Sunday School Objectives, Rev. M. Leuschner.



Eleven Sunday School Scholars recently baptized at Munson, Pa.
Rev. H. Rieger, pastor, in last row

11-12: Business. Election of new officers.

P. M.: Outing.

SUNDAY, JULY 20, A. M.

9.45: Sunday school.

11: Morning service. Sermon by Rev. C. H. Edinger.

2.30 P. M.: Program by the societies present.

7.30 P. M.: Closing service.

Installation of new officers.

Address by Rev. A. P. Mihm: "Young People and Growing in the Christian Life."

Consecration service, led by Rev. O. R. Schroeder.

A Teacher's Prayer

Up to me sweet childhood looketh,
Heart and mind and soul awake;
Teach me of thy ways, O Father,
Teach me for sweet childhood's sake.
In their young hearts, soft and tender,
Guide my hand good seed to sow,
That its blossoming may praise thee,
Praise thee wheresoe'er they go.

Give to me a cheerful spirit,
That my little flock may see,
It is good and pleasant service
To be ever taught of thee.
Father, order all my footsteps,
So direct my daily way,
That in following me, the children
May not ever go astray.

—Author Unknown.

If you are in earnest, you can do anything that God has meant you to do.

Christianity is the continuation of Jesus Christ in the lives of his followers.

Soul Harvest at Munson, Pa.

Within the past year a harvest of 12 souls was reaped for the Kingdom of God in our church. All twelve were, and still are, Sunday school members. They are all young people between the ages of 10 and 20. Recently they declared themselves as followers of Jesus and 11 of them were baptized on April 27, 1930, and immediately after united with the church. Enclosed is a picture of those baptized with our minister, Rev. H. Rieger.

Why They Hold Their Classes

A teacher who had held a class of fifteen-year old boys was recently under observation. It was found that first of all he came to the class with a well-prepared lesson and was given attention; he mingled with the boys before and after the session; he conversed with them about athletics, school problems, and vocational yearnings; he had a hike with them in the spring, a corn roast in the autumn, and a "wiener" roast in the winter.

The teacher of a large class of sixteen-year-old boys recently saw several of them received into the church. Neighbors notice the class, like a gang, going into Sunday school together, and regularly. The teacher of that class is known as an eager inquirer for the best lesson helps and is conversant with many helpful books about work among boys. He is seen at Sunday school rallies and conventions with the boys of his class. He seems to believe in exposing them to every contagious interest in Christian work. Perhaps that is why he holds his class.—The Heidelberg Teacher.

GINGER ELLA

By ETHEL HUESTON

Copyright by

The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

(Continuation) CHAPTER IV

"Ginger, do run up and change your dress. Mr. Andrews is coming to take me for a ride, and the very sight of you would disgrace the parsonage. He is in the bank, you know."

"Mister who?" demanded Ginger.

"Mr. Andrews. You know—the young man who came with the crowd last night—"

"To take who out driving?"

"Me. At least, he didn't mention anybody else."

Ginger squared about in her chair, drew the rumpled smock carefully about her, crossed one knee over the other, planting a deliberate elbow on the top-most one, and dropped an amazed face in her palm, staring at her sister.

"You don't mean—Miriam, you certainly do not mean—I must absolutely have misunderstood you—that Andrews creature, called Tub, as I remember, who twanged that godless ukelele for three hours without stopping—is coming to take you out—alone—in a car—for—for sentimental purposes?"

"Don't be silly. Of course I didn't say any such thing. I merely announced that he will be here—"

"Tub—Tub Andrews. Mr. Tub Andrews, father,—you will enjoy him. He converses to the squeal of a ukelele."

"Father, he isn't fat. They called him Tub when he was just a boy, that's all. A very nice chap. In the bank, father."

"Tub. Referring to his mind, perhaps, since you say it does not fit his avoirdupois. And you should know. Disgusting, father, simply disgusting."

"They used to live here, father, and then moved to Detroit. He went through college, and now he has a position in the First National Bank."

"Assistant janitor, father.—Next week, he licks stamps."

"He was just joking, father. He is assistant cashier. The president, Mr. Mills, is his uncle."

"Simply disgusting," reiterated Ginger.

In his heart, Mr. Tolliver was inclined to agree with her. He had found life very pleasant in the old days, with the interest of every daughter centered exclusively in the parsonage confines, the five of them as one mind and spirit. But now, what with Helen and Horace, Marjory and a town-ful of admirers, and now Miriam and this new young man with the ukelele, his sigh rivalled Ginger's own. Besides, although he blushed for the thought and decried his selfish interest, Miriam was just a little better with the reading than Ginger, whose intentions were the best in the world, but

whose glib young tongue would follow her wandering thoughts.

"It is the beginning of the end, father darling," she said drearily, as she unfolded the "Evening News." "You may as well begin to get reconciled. Shall I bring the dictionary?"

"It won't be long now," he said encouragingly. "The beauty prize will take us to Chicago on Monday, and I think—at least, I hope—that my eyes are quite well now—or nearly well. I dare say I will be able to read for myself—at least partly—after this. Enough to give you a brief respite from Coolidge and Lloyd George."

"Oh, father, I adore them. Especially Coolidge. Some of those Britishers are a bit wordy, I admit, but Coolidge,—why we could do a year's speeches in fifteen minutes."

Mr. Tolliver, in buoying Ginger's hopes, was trying also to buoy his own. There was still the strained, high tension in his bandaged eyes, still the vague sensation of a firm hand circling his brow. It seemed a shameful thing to him, in his gentle orthodoxy, that he should chafe at the temporary restriction upon him. He had so much, was denied so little. Even Paul had suffered his thorn in the flesh. His great yearning for restoration was almost un-Christian, certainly unscriptural. He had said that to Ginger a few weeks before.

"Yes," she had agreed pleasantly, "but awfully human."

Particularly, he desired recovery before the formal dedication of the new church. It was a great accomplishment for Red Thrush. He wanted to look into the glad faces of his members on that day,—he wanted them to see the grateful joy in his. It is hard for a blinded face to mirror the heart's emotions. He sometimes felt that he would be willing to accept blindness for months,—for a year even,—at another time, if only on that day he could meet his people face to face, his eyes reading their eyes, and all reflecting their gratitude for the realization of their hopes.

In many ways, his misfortune had come at a critical time for the minister. The building of a new church, designing of a new parsonage, disposal of the old property, all entailed a great deal of careful figuring. It was hard to figure finances through the eyes of committees, and boards, and daughters. Approximately two thousand dollars was still pledged on the church debt. It had been his dream that on the Sabbath of the dedication, his people, of their own free will, should make up that amount, calling the church a free church, consecrated to the service of Red Thrush without encumbrance. He sighed a little.

"Oh, father, you aren't listening. I'll bet you don't know what Lloyd George said about that."

But Ginger's light words hid a heavy heart. An outsider could not know, not even a loving daughter could altogether fathom, the depths of longing, the greatness of need, that gave the dreary droop to his once sturdy shoulders.

Ginger read persistently on, but her heart yearned over him.

"There is something about it that is our fault,—there must be," she thought, tempestuously. "I couldn't be mean enough to think God would do it on purpose. It's nothing father ever did—it must be we girls.—Maybe it is I, for sometimes I'm pretty awful—perhaps—"

And yet she read on and on about the League of Nations.

The day of rest, in a parsonage, affords scant leisure for sisterly recriminations, and Ginger was forced to forego her plan to subject Miriam to a bitter grilling on the subject of sentiment in general. By nine-thirty, the girls were on hand for Sunday school, leaving their father the entire house for a half-hour of silent meditation and prayer. In the interval while the classes were reassembling for dismissal Miriam ran across to walk with him the short distance to the church, where he usually conducted a brief review of the lesson. Sunday school was followed by the formal morning worship, where, as there was no pew system in Red Thrush, the girls sat where they liked with their especial friends. From a corner far back on the right side, Ginger's heart went out tenderly, as it did every Sunday morning, to her father. She used to say the pulpit was becoming to him. Against the dark wood, he seemed very tall, very pale, almost radiant. His voice seemed gentler, yet somehow more incisively penetrating, since his blindness.

"Poor dear," she thought compassionately, for she followed the sermon but intermittently, and usually consecrated the hour of her own thoughts, "I dare say if the heathen are right, and we really do reincarnate in this world, I was father's mother the last time. I feel like a mother to him now, he's such a lamb."

Mr. Tolliver's library was a generous one, broadly calculated to give information along all lines of religious inquiry, and Ginger, a voracious reader, was well-posted on comparative religions. While her father's books were especially chosen to show up the fallacies or the shortcomings of the old, the virtues, the evolution of the new religion, she was young enough to be indiscriminating. She often thought, with something akin to an unholy glee, what a good joke it would be on us if the heathen turned out to be nearer right than we.—Not that she really thought so, you understand, she would quickly add in her own thoughts,—but she was broadminded enough to see the joke.

Sunday afternoon in the parsonage was given up to quiet recreation. Helen went

out with Horace. Marjory, too, went out, with any one who asked her, strolling, driving, or calling, sometimes with Miriam in the party, sometimes not. Ginger usually retired to her attic studio. This studio was a retreat of her own conniving, graduated to its present dignity from earlier years of service as a mere playhouse. Upon their first coming to the parsonage at Red Thrush, they had found the attic entirely unfloored, but for the pleasure of his young daughter, Mr. Tolliver had covered the beams of one small corner of it, the choicest corner, under the dormer-window in the front gable.

This one small section of the house from the very beginning of their residence, was Ginger's own. It was difficult of approach, for there were no stairs leading to it, and sole admission was by means of a wobbly old ladder, of six rounds, which, carefully balanced against the wall at the end of the upper hall, led to the trap-door which opened upward into the attic. Ginger loved the attic most of all for its inaccessibility. The trap-door, which swung on a hinged lock and had to be pushed upward with one hand, was no obstacle, but an added charm in her eyes. Mr. Tolliver liked to keep the trap-door tightly barred, because even the slightest summer zephyr set the old house swaying and caused the trap-door to rasp rustily. Ginger liked to keep it locked also, because it pronounced yet more the utter remoteness of her withdrawal. On the attic side of the trap-door, she had, with her own hands, driven another big staple, added another hook, and when she went thither on matters of any special moment, she locked it furtively behind her.

The studio was her sacred retreat, and on this particular Sunday afternoon she had a definite motive in retirement, for she sought the guidance of the Muses. This was not work, not as she considered it, but only the expression of her inner nature. That such expression would, if successful, meet with financial reward, made it none the more laborious. Ginger had made a find. Eddy Jackson had brought to the parsonage, as a Saturday gift from his mother, a jar of preserved peaches wrapped in an old page of the "New York World." Helen had crumpled it lightly into the waste basket, where the sharp eye of Ginger Ella had espied it, whence her greedy fingers had rescued it. And from it she learned, to her delight, that the "New York World" would pay five dollars each for the *Bright Sayings of Children*.

One of Ginger's great grievances in life was the tendency of her sisters to recall, and repeat, smart saying of her own none-too-remote childhood. Such repetition reduced her to abject and helpless fury. But she noted that the auditors always laughed, ample proof of the presence of humor. She cast about in her memory for the most amusing of these pseudo laugh-producers, and unable to discover merit by her own judgment, she hit upon the one that had produced the greatest merriment. She bit her pencil,

portentously, made two or three false beginnings, heavily scratched out, and at last wrote rapidly, merely changing names and relationships from her own and Helen's to that of a mother and daughter.

"Mrs. Ingraham spent an entire afternoon assisting a neighbor to cut out and fit a gown, and when the garment was entirely finished, she wished to make payment for the time consumed. 'Oh, no,' said Mrs. Ingraham pleasantly, 'I shall not take a cent for it. I did it entirely out of friendship.' The neighbor was insistent, but Mrs. Ingraham remained firm, and would not take the money. At last she turned to Alice, Mrs. Ingraham's small daughter, standing near, and said, 'Alice, tell me, how can I make your mother take this five dollars which she has fully earned?' Alice considered a moment, and then announced gravely, 'You might give it to me, and she will borrow it.'"

Ginger wrote, corrected, and copied. Then she read it, distastefully. "It's a dumb thing," she thought frowningly. But the memory of unfailing laughter encouraged her, and she folded it neatly, tucked it into an envelope, and addressed it in a firm large hand.

"Anyhow, I don't have to enclose a stamp," she thought with some satisfaction. "Because it says they won't return anything, and I don't blame them."

Still, she felt pleased with the day as one not altogether fruitless.

At six o'clock the girls came together in the kitchen where they hurriedly set out a light supper, in order to be at church again for the meeting of the Epworth League. Mr. Tolliver did not attend this, as it was a service especially calculated to encourage and train the younger members of the congregation in active participation, and he inclined to the belief that they took part with more freedom in his absence.

To Ginger, the meeting of the Epworth League, far from being the spiritual consolation that was fondly intended, proved a trying ordeal as it did to all the more inexperienced members of the group. The leaders, chosen from among the older, the more hardened, the more spiritually outspoken ones of their own number, had a horrid way of calling upon others, by name, to do all sorts of unexpected things, to testify, to lead in prayer. Ginger Ella, so vividly active in all regular pursuits, was no credit to the parsonage in her participation in public worship.

She suffered from what she called church fright. She did not mind when she was handed a brief paragraph to read aloud; she did not particularly object to reading poems, even foolish poems, designed to impress Biblical truths in strained rhyme. These were usually given out in advance and she had time to practise them silently, and could even, when occasion required, refer doubtful pronunciations to her sister Miriam in a subdued whisper. Ginger made it a point to sit beside Miriam at the meetings of the Epworth League, which had

been the background of most of the humiliations of her sixteen years.

On this occasion the subject for the evening was "The Divine Word," and the leader, who is supposed to show as much originality in the conduct of the meeting as possible, had set apart fifteen minutes for Scripture quotations.

"Suppose we give three verses each," he said brilliantly. "I'll call the names, and I hope you will all be ready to respond.—Miss Stevens, please."

Miss Stevens rose gracefully. She was grateful for being called first. She was sure of three verses. "Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my redeemer. . . . For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life. . . . Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." These three are the standard life-savers of the young Epworth Leaguer.—Why, oh, why, had that idiotic leaders asked for three verses from each?

As Miss Stevens slowly recited them, other members were desperately striving to recollect verses, and among these, most desperate of all, was Ellen Tolliver.

"Let the words—" No, she said that.—"For God—" No, no I—"Let me see no man—" "Let the words—" No, she said that.

"Ellen Tolliver."

Ginger stood up, a driven lamb. "Let—" Then, in panicky thought, she remembered that Miss Stevens had said that. "Let—Let—" Surely some other verses began with "Let!"—"Let—your women—keep silence in the churches." A slow, soft, ruffling sound, that is unmistakable suppressed laughter, surged around her. Ginger struggled on. Why, she knew half the Bible—she knew a hundred verses—she must think!—"Let—" The word haunted her. She could not get away from it. "Let—not the price of a dog enter into your house. . . . Let—Let those who are on the housetop not come down." Three! Ginger sat down, bathed in a cold sweat. And after a stillness, a short stillness but a great one, the leader called another name.

But the evening was ruined for Ginger. She found no real comfort even in the fact that Mavis Tigue said "patriarch," with an *arch* instead of an *ark*—and Mavis Tigue's father a steward! Her depression lasted even through the evening service, which was usually her favorite, with a very short sermon and a great deal of singing. She tried to console herself with the thought that she was thinking of something else—that she was sorry about her father—that she was wishing her "Bright Saying" had been more truly bright—but she was not consoled.

On Monday afternoon, at one o'clock, the anxious little family gathered in the living-room to say good-bye to Mr. Tolliver and Miriam, starting for Chicago. Such tremendous issues were involved in

this small journey. Perhaps he would return without the hated glasses, perhaps the dear tired eyes would see once more the love that shone in theirs. Perhaps the dreaded operation would be declared inevitable. Perhaps things would drag on and on, month after month, as they had dragged in the past.

And yet light words covered heavy hearts.

"Now, don't be extravagant, father, just because the Elks' Club is paying the bills."

"And do look out for Miriam. Chicago is just full of janitors."

"Don't forget to write, Miriam,—write every day, won't you?"

They followed them out to the veranda, Miriam leading the way with the light bag. Her father reached for it, struggled with her playfully for possession of it. She tucked her hand into his arm, looking back. The girl's smiled at her, she smiled in return. Their smiles were sad, their father could not see the smiles. Their young eyes yearned with pain. Their father could not see the yearning. He waved a hand at them in blithe farewell.

"Be good girls. Ellen, don't let anybody else go man-mad while I am away."

"You must mean Miss Jenkins. She is the only one left."

Light words they were, and gay voices, for their father heard.

But Miss Jenkins, unaccountably, without a word, detached herself from the cluster of girls and ran up to him. She threw both arms about his shoulders, and kissed him on both cheeks.

"Be careful,—oh, be careful," she said, and her face worked with emotion.

In the dramatic silence which followed this unexpected outburst, Miriam's light hand led her father away.

"Why—my dear—" gasped Helen. "Why, why—"

"Oh, the poor, brave, dear, afflicted soul," wept Miss Jenkins. "Going away like that—with just that helpless young girl to look after him. I shouldn't have permitted it. I should have gone myself."

"Oh, Miriam is very capable. She has always gone before. She will take care of him."

But Miss Jenkins, still weeping, without a word, pulled away from her and hurried down the flagstone path toward her own home.

Ginger's eyes were stormily reflective. "H'm," she murmured. "H'm!—Man-mad. The thing's surely catching."

(To be continued)

The Honeymoon Defined

The honey-moon is that part of a girl's life which comes between the lipstick and the broomstick.—*Sniper.*

Marble Cake

Husband (on paper-hanging job): "My dear—I've mixed the flour-paste, but unfortunately upset the bag of currants into it. D'you think you could make a cake of it?"—*Passing Show.*

Forgetting God

JOSEPH E. HARVEY

I forgot my Lord in the summer time,
Just the time I was needed most.
I was not away, but on each Lord's day
I just failed to be at my post.

I forgot my church in the summer time,
As I lazily lay in bed.
While the faithful few had my work to do,
I was spiritually dead.

I forgot my dues in the summer time,
When he needed them most of all.
While my cash was spent, I was pleasure-bent,
Just off duty for God till fall.

I forgot my class in the summer time,
But the devil did not forget,
Working day and night, he kept up the fight,
He's a go-getter, you can bet.

I forgot my soul in the summer time,
Got along without spiritual food;
While my Lord on high sent me blessings,
I Showed him naught but ingratitude.

If my Lord should come in the summer time,
When from duty to God I'm free,
Wonder what I'll do, when my life is through,
If, by chance, he should forget me.

The Lake Erie Association

met with the East Street Church, Pittsburgh, N. S., Rev. Wm. L. Schoeffel, pastor. The moderator, Rev. P. C. A. Menard, could not come on account of an operation which had become necessary. Others were kept away through illness, distance, or the approach of the Northern Baptist Convention in Cleveland. Numbers count but are not everything. The people who did come had a fine time of spiritual fellowship and stimulation.

Never have greater conveniences been offered a group of delegates than were given by the East Street Church. The dormitory and Chapel of the Western Theological Seminary and the Cafeteria of the North Side Y. M. C. A. are a pleasant memory to them.

The October session will be held in Beaver, Mich. Watch for announcements and plan to go. The East Street Church honored its pastor, Mr. Schoeffel, on the closing night with a birthday party and a much appreciated gift.

Look Out!

Bettie (just home from a holiday in Egypt): "And, auntie, it was so interesting, the tombs and pyramids and things were all covered with hieroglyphs!"

Aunt Louisa: "O dear! I hope you didn't get any on you, child."—*Everybody's Weekly.*

Corner Stone Laid for New Bethany Church

Impressive and appropriate services, attended by a large crowd, marked the laying of the corner stone of the new Bethany Baptist church, Lincoln County, Kans., Sunday afternoon, May 25. The Rev. G. O. Heide, pastor, was in charge of the program which included songs by the Bethany choir, responsive reading by the pastor and congregation and short talks by a number of ministers who were present, among which were Rev. George A. Lang, Lorraine German Baptist church; Rev. Reynolds, Barnard Baptist church; and Rev. R. Kaiser, Oklahoma, who is visiting relatives in the Bethany neighborhood enroute to a new pastorate in Parkston, S. Dak. All of the speakers congratulated Rev. Heide and his congregation on the work they have undertaken and spoke of the significance of the cornerstone in relation to faith. Following the singing of a hymn a number of articles were placed in the corner stone and the stone was laid. The services closed with another song and the benediction.

The articles placed in the corner stone included a new Bible, the gift of the Young Men's Bible Class; an old German Hymnal, used in the church for many years; a new Hymnal, now in use; two denominational papers, one containing the report of the Golden Jubilee of the organization of the Bethany church held in 1928; reports of the work of the Mission Society, Senior and Junior B. Y. P. U. and Sunday school; and the complete church membership roll, containing the names of all the church members from the cradle roll, whose youngest member is Marjorie May Jaeger, to the charter members.

The dates carved on the corner stone are 1883-1930, the former being the date of the first church building. The church was organized in 1878 and three of the charter members, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kanzius and Henry Stussy, Sr., were present at the ceremonies.

Corona B. Y. P. U.

On Sunday evening, May 25, the B. Y. P. U. of Corona, S. Dak., gave a program, after which a collection was held for mission work.

Two dialogues were given: "Lordship and Stewardship" and "Die Missionskollekte."

We had a good attendance and the collection brought \$38.

We can say the Lord has really been with us. Lately we added 12 members to our society and hope to add more shortly.

We hope God has blessed all our B. Y. P. U.'s as he has us here at Corona.

Under the leadership of our new pastor, Rev. J. H. Schmidt, we shall press onward.
MABEL POPPEN, Sec.

July

Royal tiger-lilies
By the garden gate,
Rows of regal dahlias
Close beside them wait;
Haycocks in the meadow,
Wild fowl on the fen,
Hail to thee, midsummer,
And July again.

Boy's Day Service

On Sunday evening, May 4, the Fleischmann Memorial Baptist Church of Philadelphia, Pa., held a "Boys' Day Service." The boys of the church took part in the conduct of the service. The minister, the Rev. M. L. Leuschner, spoke on the subject, "Give the Boy a Chance!" One of the boys, George Steinbronne, who is a member of the church, read a brief essay on "What it Means for a Boy to be a Christian." It is a masterly presentation which portrays a boy's thoughts and ideals. It is being published in order that others can read and enjoy it.

"The question, 'What does it mean for a boy to be a Christian?' is answered by saying that it means he has taken steps of Christ. He can do this in work or play by showing a Christ-like friendliness to all with whom he comes in contact. He can show his Christianity by playing fair, standing up for what's right, helping everyone who deserves help, and by leading a clean and pure life himself. Take for instance a boy who has become a Christian and who, when he sees someone he can help, passes him up. This is not what it means for a boy to be a Christian. He should help everyone he can, no matter who he is. A boy who is playing a game and cheats wherever possible, is not at all like a Christian boy. Instead he should play fair and square with the others. Suppose he is laughed at and made fun of just because he does what is right. Should he stop doing what's right just because the others make fun of him? Of course not, for if he is a Christian, he does not even hear the laughs and jeers, but continues doing right. If he follows these Christ-like ways, he really understands what it means for a boy to be a Christian."

Seminary Quartette at Gladwin

The Colgate-Rochester Seminary Quartette, consisting of Messrs. Herr, Laude, Reeh and Ittermann, gave a splendid program at the Round Lake Baptist Church, Gladwin, Mich., on the night of June 4. The church was filled to capacity and every one was delighted with the songs sung by the brethren. Brothers Reeh and Ittermann also gave interesting talks, the former in German and the latter in English, which were likewise very much enjoyed.

The brethren are to be congratulated upon their ability as a quartette, and we wish them the best of success as they continue in this work. May God bless them!



Glory Hill Y. P. Society, Alberta, Can.
Young Men's Group. Leonard Jespersen, Teacher

Kansas Union at Marion

Another convention of the Kansas B. Y. P. U. & S. S. W. Union has been, and is now gone, but not forgotten. I think that we will all agree that this one, held at Marion, Kans., June 2-5, 1930, was one of the best conventions we have had for years.

The hospitality of the Marion people was generous both in their homes and in the basement of the church, where the meals at noon and evening were served by a host of willing waiters and waitresses.

The theme of this convention was, "The Master Teacher, His Message, His Method and His Mission." Luke 4:18, 19. The devotional theme carried out throughout the three days was, "Thy Name Above Every Name, the Son of Man, the Son of God, the Prophet, the Priest, the King."

We were very fortunate in having Dr. A. J. Harms and Rev. A. A. Schade with us.

On Monday evening Dr. Harms delivered the opening address on "The Fine Art of Living." Tuesday evening Rev. Schade gave an inspirational address on "The Problems of Christian Conduct and How Jesus Met Them." A rich and entertaining literary program was rendered Wednesday evening by the young people of the various societies, with the church crowded to its capacity.

Each morning classes were in session. Dr. Harms conducted a class for those interested in Sunday school work and Rev. A. A. Schade conducted a class for those interested in B. Y. P. U. work. We also enjoyed an interesting Question-box and general discussion in which practical problems were discussed.

In the afternoon Dr. Harms conducted a Bible class. The social part of the convention was not neglected, as the later part of each afternoon was spent in the city park where we played games.

Thursday marked the climax of our convention with a picnic in the afternoon. Rev. Schade delivered the closing address.

The officers for the coming year are: Harvey Kruse of Lorraine, president; Mrs. Ted Langhofer of Marion, vice-president; Vera Schroeder of Lorraine, secretary, and David Zimmerman of Durham, treasurer. The members of the

promotion committee are: Hugo Kohrs, Stanley Geis, and Opal Ehrlich.

According to all present, these were days of great blessing and a source of inspiration. As we went to our homes, we resolved to put forth greater efforts as young people for our Lord and Master.

Next year our Union will meet with the Bethany Church.

VERA SCHROEDER, Sec.

New Pastor Greeted at Meriden

The Liberty Street Baptist Church of Meriden, Conn., celebrated the happy occasion of accepting the new pastor, John L. Hartwick, and his cheerful wife into their midst on Friday evening, June 6, as their future leaders. This service was well attended by the members of the church as well as by members from the Memorial Baptist Church of New Britain, the First German Baptist Church of New Haven, and the Boston Ave. Baptist Church of Bridgeport. The music of the evening put everybody into good spirits, the floral decorations gave expression to a very cheerful welcome, and the weather made it a very warm reception.

The various organizations of the church were all brief in their welcome speeches but very much to the point. They gave expression to the value of a pastor and realized the importance of his leadership. The ministers of the city of Meriden accepted Bro. Hartwick into their service. The remark of welcome in behalf of the New England Vereinigung was given by Bro. E. Berger of Bridgeport. He pointed out the values of this association. Prof. F. W. C. Meyer of Rochester beautified the occasion with a bit of humor and then emphasized the great task of the church and the ministry. After all expressions of welcome the pastor and his wife were given opportunity to reply. Their reply made us feel that the work in Meriden was in accord with the divine will.

The hour of refreshment was like a great family reunion. Everybody enjoyed himself and talked about the "good old days." We hope that this happy event will prove the beginning of a progressive ministry.
W. H. BARSCH.

* * *

Harping on one string, blowing our own horn, and fiddling our time away does not make for harmony.



Baptist Missionary Training School, Chicago, Ill.

A Visit to the Baptist Missionary Training School in Chicago

PEARL MAE VILHAUER

"This is a glorious spring day and I would enjoy a walk in the fresh air, but Miss Brimson said we were to study those eighteen Bible verses this afternoon, so I suppose I will do that first and then go for a walk." Thus mused Mary Jane as she took her Bible and settled herself for an hour of preparation for the class in Personal Evangelism. She had hardly succeeded in mastering two verses on sin, Romans 3:23 and Romans 6:23, when she heard someone call her down the corridor. She went to the door and inquired what was wanted.

"Friends to see you down stairs," she was told.

Mary Jane stopped long enough to take one look at herself in the mirror, decided she was presentable and then hastened down stairs. Her heart gave one big leap as she saw seated in the front parlor Mrs. Schmidt and her daughter Betty.

"Oh, Mrs. Schmidt! I am so glad to see you, and Betty, this is almost too good to be true! Come on up to my room and remove your wraps." Mary Jane was excitement itself as she led the way to her room on the second floor.

"Oh, mother, isn't this a darling room? It's so cozy and homey looking. Do you live her alone, Mary Jane?" Betty asked this all in one breath.

"No, I do not live alone. I have a roommate, but she is home in the afternoon only. She is taking practice teaching in the Negro Kindergarten on the third floor."

"You mean to say you have a real Negro Kindergarten right here in this building? Oh, how interesting!"

"Won't you take this chair, Mrs. Schmidt? Betty, you come and sit here with me; now tell me all about the old home town. I haven't seen anyone from there for such a long time."

"Oh, the old home town is just the same as ever, most of the people are still there. Not much excitement there. But, Mary Jane, I want you to tell me about this school. Really, I never heard of such a place as the Baptist Missionary

Training School until I got your letter last Fall telling me that you were here." "Yes, Mary Jane," put in Mrs. Schmidt, "you know Betty is finishing High School in June and that means college somewhere, and since we were coming through Chicago just now, we thought we would stop in to see you and also see what your school was like."

"I'm so glad to hear that and I'll do my best to show you the building and give you an idea of the real life of the B. M. T. S., as we often call our school. Let's begin right now by seeing the building."

They left the room and went down the hall.

"The students all live on the second floor. There are two girls in each room; they care for their rooms and keep them just as attractive as possible."

"Isn't this a nice room, mother?" Betty said this as they entered a bright, airy room.

"Irma, I want you to meet my friends from South Dakota. Mrs. Schmidt, this is Irma Theis from the German church in Rochester."

"I am glad to know you," said Irma.

"This is Betty, Irma. She and I used to attend the same Sunday school in South Dakota and haven't seen each other for years."

"I am glad to know you, Betty. Won't you folks be seated," said Irma as she pulled up a chair.

"How much time have you to spend with us, Mrs. Schmidt?" Mary Jane asked this anxiously.

"Our train leaves at six o'clock this evening."

"Oh, you won't have much time, will you? Irma, I'm anxious that they see all of the building, so I think we had better not remain any longer. Maybe we will have another girl from a German church here in school next year." This last was whispered into Irma's ear, as the three left the room.

They went down to the end of another hall and entered a room which contained a piano, a small table and a number of very attractive pictures.

"This is our Music Studio," explained Mary Jane. "You know it is a policy of

the school that every girl know how to play hymns and other simple music when she leaves the school. For this reason everyone takes music."

"Well, I wouldn't object to that very much, would I mother? Music was always my hobby," said Betty.

"Now we can go to the third floor where we have a number of interesting rooms," said Mary Jane.

"This is a rather large building," remarked Mrs. Schmidt, as they reached the third floor landing.

"Oh, yes, we find it large enough for our present needs. Let's stop here a minute. This is our Prayer Room." Mary Jane said this as she led the way into a neatly furnished room.

"A Prayer Room? What do you mean?" asked Betty. "You can't get very many people in here for a prayer meeting; it's too small."

Mary Jane's face became very serious. "We live such a busy life here, and there is not much chance for a girl to be alone, and so this little room was fixed up and put at our disposal. We come up here, and hang this large key on the outside of the door, close it and no one will disturb us. It gives us a chance to be really alone with God."

As they left the room silently, Mrs. Schmidt thought, "An ideal room for the purpose and certainly a wonderful plan."

"There is one more room on this floor which I am anxious to have you see. Here it is. This is our Junior Room," remarked Mary Jane as she led the way into a room simply furnished, but the atmosphere of which made you want to sit down and stay awhile.

"Let me explain why we call this our Junior Room," continued Mary Jane. "We have a three-year course here. If you come as a college graduate you enter as a senior. If you have had one or more years of work above High School, either College or Normal School, you enter the Junior class, and if you come directly from High School you enter as a Freshman. So you see we have the three classes, each one is organized and each class has a room of its own."

"What do you use these rooms for?" asked Betty.

"We use them for class meetings, for little parties and 'spreads,' each girl's birthday is celebrated and sometimes we use our class room for that purpose. We use them for our class prayer meetings every Thursday morning. Just the members of our class are present; one of our number leads with a short devotional talk and then we have a circle of prayer. If any girl has a special request for prayer she tells the group and we join her in asking God's help."

As Betty arose and walked to the window she remarked, "I think we had better be moving on, it will be time to leave before we have time to see all of the building and I do so much want to see all there is of it."

"You are right, Betty," said Mary Jane as she too arose, "but before you leave this floor I want you to see what we have

in the parlor at the other end of the hall."

They walked down the hall and entered a room on the walls of which hung many pictures. They were pictures of senior classes of the school.

"Who are all these people?" Betty was looking from one picture to another with increasing interest. She came to one in the far corner of the room and paused. "Mother, will you come and look at this picture, please? That name sounds familiar."

After looking at the picture carefully, Mrs. Schmidt said, "Mary Jane, do you remember the Miss Kose who was missionary in North Dakota for a while? I wonder if this Emma Kose here on this picture is her sister?"

"This is an aunt of Miss Kose's. She is now Mrs. Kampfer; she and her husband were missionaries in Assam for a time."

"Did she go to school here?" asked Mrs. Schmidt.

"Yes, she is a graduate here and so is Miss Alethea Kose. There are several other girls from German churches who have graduated from B. M. T. S.—Augusta Jordan, now the worker at the German church in Burlington, Iowa, and Metta Johnson, working in the Temple Church, Pittsburgh, are both graduates of B. M. T. S. One of our faithful workers, now gone to her reward, Miss Anna Dingel, who worked so faithfully and long at the Immanuel Church, Milwaukee, was a graduate of this school also."

After a little thought Mrs. Schmidt said, "I never knew so many of our German girls got their training here. We as a German denomination have been greatly benefitted by the Baptist Missionary Training School, haven't we?"

"We must hurry on as the time is going fast, and I do want you to see all of the building."

They left the room and made their way to the first floor.

"This is one of our class rooms," said Mary Jane, as she opened the door to a bright, cheerful room. After all, this is a school, and it was the aim of the founders to prepare Christian young women for efficient leadership in the missionary service by means of physical and intellectual equipment, social enrichment and the wholesomeness of consecrated womanhood. To do this we need to have classes. This is our Bible Class Room. I have never been so thrilled with a subject as I have been with my Bible courses here. Hebrew Poetry, Life of Christ and the study of the Book of Hebrews were all fine."

"Come this way. I want you to see our Chapel," said Mary Jane as she led the way down the hall. "We meet in here four days of the week for an hour in the morning for worship and prayer." "This looks like a regular church," said Betty.

"The meetings which we have in here are very much like a church service. We are very fortunate in having different people lead us. We have the pastors from the different Chicago churches, returned

missionaries and other interesting people who come to the city. Miss Brimson, our president, very often leads the service." Mary Jane reached for a typewritten page on the table. This is what Miss Brimson talked to us about some time ago. It is her ideal for the school. Please take this with you and read it later."

"Mary Jane, I see my watch says that it is time to go, if we want to make our six o'clock train." Mrs. Schmidt said this as she slipped one arm around Mary Jane and the other around her daughter Betty and started upstairs to Mary Jane's room.

Betty was silent and seemed deep in thought. When they had entered Mary Jane's room once more and were preparing to leave she said, "Does your work keep you awfully busy, or do you have time for parties and things like that?"

"We are kept busy but we also take time for play. We have a large gymnasium in the basement and we have games of Captain Ball there between classes. One Monday evening of every month we have a dinner party. We have a special dinner and after this we go upstairs and have some form of entertainment or special program."

"Well, you always have your Saturday and Sunday free to catch up in your work," said Betty, as she put on her hat.

"Oh, but we don't," corrected Mary Jane. "You see we not only learn how to do things from books but we go out and actually do them. Because of this each girl has two appointments for practice work. We call it Field Work."

"Do you have two appointments also?" asked Betty eagerly, "do tell us about them."

"Yes, I do. Every girl does. I have one at a small mission called Raymond Chapel, not far from here. I go there every Saturday morning and help with the Boys' Club. On Sunday morning I go to the Second German church and teach a class of Intermediate girls in the Sunday school. I enjoy both of these appointments."

"Well, that doesn't give you much time in which to get homesick, does it?" added Mrs. Schmidt.

"It is a busy life we lead here, but I don't think I would want it otherwise. Oftentimes on Sunday evening we go out as Evangelistic teams and hold meetings at the different churches. Quite the most thrilling thing I was ever permitted to have a part in was when I spoke at one of these meetings and then when the minister gave the invitation six boys came to the front to accept Christ as their Savior."

There was a timid knock at the door. "Come in," said Mary Jane.

The door opened and there stood Lillian Fehlberg.

"Hello, Lillian, won't you come in and meet these German friends of mine from South Dakota? Mrs. Schmidt, this is Lillian Fehlberg from Detroit. We like to count her as one of our German girls, although she is not now a member of the

German church. Her parents are still members, so she belongs to us somewhat."

Miss Fehlberg was very glad to meet Betty and her mother, but could not remain long.

"Now, Betty, we must go, or we will miss our train," said Mrs. Schmidt.

The three left the room and went down stairs. When they reached the door Mary Jane said, "It's too bad you haven't time to see our library and some other interesting things. I'm certainly glad you have stopped in to see me, Betty. If you have any question about the school you'll write to me, won't you?"

"Yes, I surely will, Mary Jane. Thank you for showing us the school. Good-bye!"

"Good-bye, give my love to the folks back in South Dakota, won't you?"

A few hours later, when Betty and her mother were comfortably seated in the train carrying them back to their home in South Dakota, Betty thought of the leaflet which Mary Jane had given her, when they were going through the building. She took it out of her purse and began to read it. She was soon very much absorbed in such sentences as these:

"The school of my dreams is a school where life is a foretaste of heaven. It is a school where a calmness of faith in God and the common sense of self-control in eating and sleeping and exercise make health the normal way of life. The school of my dreams is a school where there is no intellectual fear, but rather a firm belief that Jesus Christ is the truth. The school of my dreams is a school of evangelistic passion. It is a school where prayer is the power for every day of life and every act of service."

As Betty read, she became very thoughtful, and there is a reason for believing that then and there, during this homeward journey, one of the great decisions of her life was made.

Getting It Right

Two American Negro soldiers were discussing musical instruments:

"Yas," said one, "I'se gwine to get me a eucalyptis."

"A what?" queried the other. "A eucalyptis—dat's a musical instrument, you fool."

"Go long, niggah! You caint kid me—dat's one of de books ob de Bible, I know."

Knows Pop

Teacher: "Johnny, if your father earned \$40 a week and gave your mother half, what would she have?"

Johnny: "Heart failure."—Washington Dirge.

True to Nature

Customer: "Look here, isn't that a hair in the butter?"

Waiter: "Yes, sir, a cow's hair. We always serve one with the butter to show that it isn't oleomargarine."

Our Devotional Meeting

H. R. Schroeder

July 13, 1930

Worth-While Hobbies

Ps. 8:3-9.

All young people should have both a vocation and an avocation. It is necessary to have a vocation in order to accomplish anything worthwhile in life. You must live for a purpose if your life is not to be in vain. Learn a trade or prepare for some profession, and then you will be more able to fill some definite place in life. But if you are to do your best work in your chosen calling, you must relax occasionally. No one can stand the constant strain of our modern life and maintain the highest form of efficiency unless he can get away from the daily grind now and then. But anyone who wants to make something of himself can't afford to be idle, and so it's advisable to have some worthwhile hobby with which you can occupy yourself while away from your regular work. This, apparently, has been the custom of all great men.

Even such a man as the Psalmist David had his hobbies. His immediate task was that of a king, it was his duty to rule a great nation. But whenever he could snatch a few moments from the busy routine of his everyday life, he would turn to his favorite pastime of writing psalms. To write psalms and compose music wasn't the main business of his life, but probably he accomplished more doing that than by pursuing his regular work. Another favorite pastime of his seems to have been the study of the stars. Perhaps he found more enjoyment in considering the heavens than he did in working out the practical problems of the state.

Of course, we can't expect everybody to write psalms in the spare moments of the day, some will naturally have to choose another hobby. Some find great pleasure in collecting butterflies, flowers, foreign stamps, or else they try their hand at painting or doing some fancy work. Such hobbies stimulate interest in life, enrich your knowledge and make you more efficient for your daily tasks. It might be interesting to have each one tell of his favorite hobby.

July 20, 1930

Some Good Summer Reading

Eccl. 12:11, 12; 1 Tim. 4:12, 13.

It's a real problem in our day to know what to read. The world is flooded with books, magazines and papers. No one could ever think of reading everything that comes from the press today. And much of the present-day literature isn't worth reading.

But what should we read during the

summer? At this time of the year some have a little more spare time; they have laid their school books aside and forgotten about their studies, others have been granted a vacation from office or factory, and even though they spend their time at the sea shore or some mountain resort or visiting friends, yet they often find themselves with a little spare time on their hands, and so they have an opportunity to do a little reading.

But should I tell you what books and magazines to shun and what to read? If I did, then some might be eager to read those I had warned against and wouldn't pay any attention to those I had recommended. After all, everyone must choose his own reading material. There are libraries and book stores everywhere where information about the latest books can be secured. Our own Publication House in Cleveland will gladly advise anyone who doesn't know what to read during the summer.

Pursue some plan in your reading. Read something that will help you along your line of work. And then read something for which you wouldn't find time during the rest of the year. And finally, do just a little bit of light reading, some reading that will afford you a real and lasting pleasure.

Perhaps you can find time to make a more or less detailed study of a certain book of the Bible. Then you might read a biography or two, or you might read travel accounts and descriptions of other countries and people. You may not be able to travel far yourself, but by reading wisely you can soon learn to know as much about other people as the most famous world traveller. If you want to read with a purpose, you'll have no trouble at all in finding good summer reading.

July 27, 1930

Missions in Changing China

2 Chron. 15:1-7.

There are perhaps few countries in the world today where there is so much unrest, confusion and uncertainty as in China at the present time. Large portions of this vast country have been stricken with a terrible famine. Millions of people have already died of starvation, and many others cannot escape a similar fate unless some one sends them something to eat. Then we also read of fighting and banditry almost everywhere. There is no strong, unified and responsible government that can control the affairs of this vast nation. And at the same time there has been a rising sentiment against all foreign interference and influence. This, of course, is but the reaction against the policy of exploitation

that some of the world powers have pursued with regard to China.

These and other similar conditions are making it very hard to carry on the mission work in China. Some have even suggested that this work should be abandoned, at least for a while. At a recent minister's meeting in the Twin Cities the question was asked of a returned missionary from China, "Can the mission work in China be saved?" But this missionary assured all present that the mission work in China is going forward in spite of all opposition. Some property has been destroyed and a few missionaries have been massacred, that is true, but there also have been gains that more than make up for the losses.

Newspaper reports should never be taken too seriously for they are mostly exaggerations. Conditions are not as bad as the newspapers would have us believe. The encouraging side of mission work seldom gets into the newspapers. Native Christians and pastors have largely taken over the leadership and they are doing wonderfully well. The government officials are friendly toward Christianity, the masses are quite receptive to the Gospel message, and native business men do all they can to further the mission work everywhere. Recently a native banker in Shanghai gave \$500,000 toward a Christian school in that city.

In view of such facts should anyone suggest abandonment of mission work in China today?

August 3, 1930

Chances to Serve Christ in Summer

John 6: 1-14.

(Consecration Meeting)

Most city churches let down a bit on their activities during the summer. Some services are curtailed as much as possible while others are abandoned altogether. Consequently some young people get the idea that nothing much can be done for the Master during the summer. You just have to wait until the people get back from their vacations and the work is resumed in the fall.

But that is a mistaken notion. It may be that the regular church work must be curtailed somewhat for a while, but on the other hand the summer season offers opportunities of service that cannot be found at any other time of the year. Outdoor evangelism can be carried on and many may be reached who would never think of going to church.

Then the vacation season is just brim full of opportunities to serve the Master. The vacation can be spent at assemblies or at conferences where you can prepare yourself to do better work in church and Sunday school. Then you will have many

July 1, 1930

chances to speak to your friends and acquaintances, as well as to strangers, about spiritual things. You may meet some people you'll never meet again. Make the best use of that opportunity and tell them of the Savior who is abundantly able to save. Even while on a picnic you can make yourself useful. There is always someone somewhere whom you can save. If you have a machine, you can take others on an outing and in this way provide them a real pleasure, especially to children.

The boy in our Scripture lesson found the greatest opportunity of his life when he gave his picnic lunch to the Master. He might have gone off and eaten it all by himself, or he might have invited a few boys of his neighborhood to share it with him, but then it wouldn't have meant very much. By giving it to the Master it became the means of feeding a vast multitude. If you are really desirous to serve Christ during the summer, then just open your eyes and you will see more chances than you can use.

A Quiet Talk With God Each Day

Daily Bible Readers' Course

July 7-13. Worth-while Hobbies. Ps. 8: 3-9.

" 7. Sports. 1 Cor. 9:24-27.

" 8. Nature Study. 1 Kings 4:29-34.

" 9. Astronomy. Ps. 8:3-9.

" 10. Gardening. Eccl. 2:4-6.

" 11. Literature. Mark 12:10-27.

" 12. Letter Writing. Philemon.

" 13. Music. 1 Sam. 16:14-23.

" 14-20. Some Good Summer Reading. Eccl. 12:11, 12; 1 Tim. 4:12, 13.

" 14. Reading for Amusement. Eccl. 12:11, 12.

" 15. Reading for Information. Esther 6:1-12.

" 16. Reading for Efficiency. 2 Tim. 2:4-16.

" 17. Reading for Knowledge. Matt. 12:1-8.

" 18. Reading for Culture. 2 Tim. 4:9-13.

" 19. Reading for Inspiration. Ps. 119:105-112.

" 20. Reading for Spiritual Growth. Ps. 119:9-16.

" 21-27. Missions in Changing China. 2 Chron. 15:1-7.

" 21. Change is Inevitable. 2 Chron. 15:1-7.

" 22. Not All Change Is Progress. Exod. 1:8-14.

" 23. Change May Be Beneficial. Matt. 2:13-23.

" 24. Changed Physical Conditions. Luke 4:38-43.

" 25. Changed Intellectual Conditions. Isa. 32:1-8.

" 26. Changed Spiritual Conditions. Isa. 40:1-5.

" 27. New Native Leadership. Titus 1:5-9.

" 28-Aug. 3. Chances to Serve Christ in Summer. John 6:1-14.

" 28. Time to Rest. John 6:1-14.

" 29. Time to Plan. Exod. 18:13-27.

July 30. Time to Prepare. Mark 3:13-19.

" 31. Time for Inspiration. Luke 9: 28-36.

Aug. 1. Time to Get Acquainted with God. Gal. 1:11-17.

" 2. Time to Help in Service. Mark 9:14-29.

" 3. Time to Learn Needs. Matt. 9:35-10:1.

Atlantic Young People's Conference

The young people from the Atlantic Coast churches held their annual conference of the Young People's and Sunday School Workers' Union from May 9 to 11 at the Clinton Hill Baptist Church, Newark, N. J. As the tenth annual conference, the anniversary marked a significant milestone in the young people's history of our churches. The Clinton Hill church under the leadership of its minister, the Rev. Charles W. Koller, provided friendly hospitality to all the guests. The conference keynote, "Adventuring with Christ," exemplified that splendid blending of youthful enthusiastic adventure with the sincere devotion to the ideals of Christ.

The opening session on Friday evening was conducted by Mr. Reuben Blessing, the president of the Union. The whole-hearted singing of favorite hymns was a feature of the sessions. Mr. H. Theodore Sorg led the song service on the opening night. Brief addresses of welcome were made by Mr. William Schmidt, the Bible School Superintendent, and by Mr. H. W. Speidell, the young people's president of the local church, to which the president of the Union graciously responded. The opening address was presented by the Rev. Otto E. Krueger of Pittsburgh, Pa., on the theme "Building a Home with Christ." The true home was described as "the dwelling-place where Christ is the Unseen Guest and the Head of the house." He impressed upon the young people the characteristics of the Christian atmosphere in a home and sounded a warning as to certain enemies that destroy the home. Factors in home-building were brought strikingly in short epigrammatic sentences. "If you will learn the spirit of Jesus, if you will love irrespective of self, then the success of your home is assured."

Mr. Herbert Dorbandt of Union City, N. J., led the devotional half-hour on Saturday morning, using as his subject "The Power of Prayer." The forums on Bible school and Young People's problems were well attended and a manifest interest was shown in all the subjects. The four groups, two of which were held simultaneously for an hour, with their subjects and leaders were as follows: "Keeping the Interest of the Intermediate," by Rev. Charles W. Koller; "Weekday and Vacation Church Schools" by Rev. O. F. Laegeler; "What is Wrong with the Midweek Prayer Meeting?" by Walter Marklein, and "Recreation" by Rev. M. L. Leuschner.

The outstanding event in the afternoon business session was the announcement

by the mission treasurer, Mrs. Josephine Rauscher, that the Union had gone over the top in meeting its goal of \$1200 for missions during the year. The other reports by the officers described the achievements and progress in their respective fields. The afternoon was made memorable by a sight-seeing trip into the Orange Mountains to several inspection points overlooking the metropolitan centers of the New York area.

The banquet, which was held in the spacious dining hall of Kresge's department store, was attended by more than 500 young people. It was a festive occasion with much singing and laughter and many group yells, creating a rivalry among the societies. The address was brought by Dr. W. N. Houghton, the pastor of the Calvary Baptist Church in New York City and the successor to the late Dr. Straton. With a keen and natural humor he won his way into the hearts of the listeners and then spoke earnestly to them about the paralytic who was brought to Jesus by four men through an opening in the thatched roof of a house.

Dr. George McNeely of Newark, N. J., and Rev. O. E. Krueger of Pittsburgh spoke at the Sunday morning and evening services respectively. The young people's mass meeting in the afternoon was again the climax of the conference. The opening song service with Mr. Reuben Windisch as leader, the well rendered numbers by the choir and double male quartette of the Clinton Hill church, a tenor solo by Mr. Windisch, the original responses by the societies to the roll call, the offering for the Stony Brook Assembly, and the announcements dealing with special types of young people's work made up a long and interesting program leading up to the main address of the afternoon. Dr. Alfred W. Beaven, president of the Colgate-Rochester Divinity School, spoke to the young people with a convincing and challenging appeal on "Making a Career with Christ."

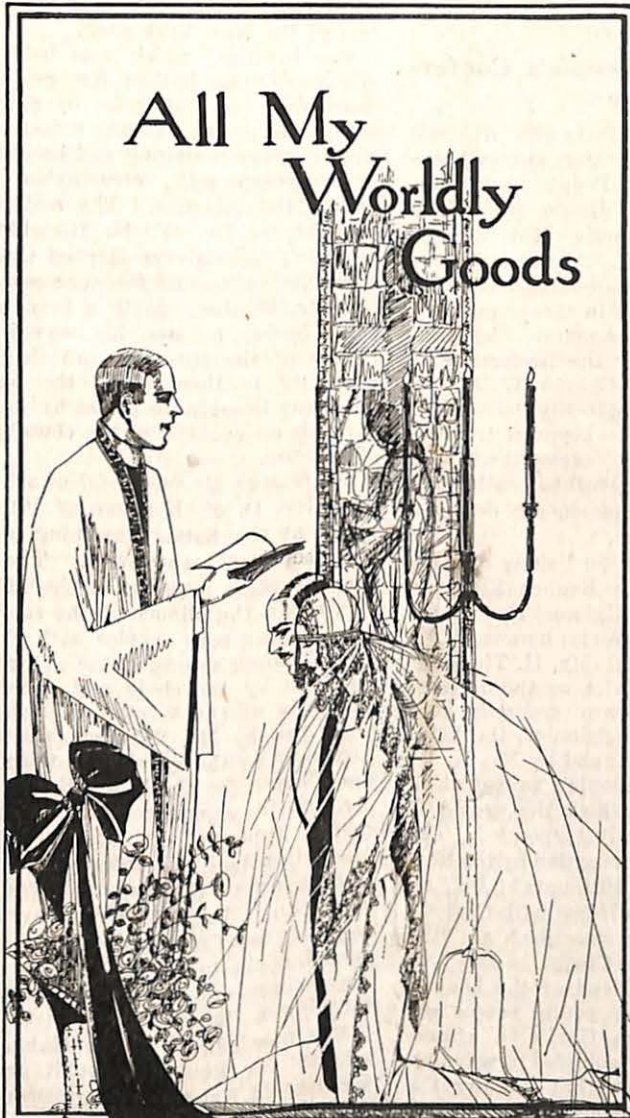
The new officers of the Union are as follows: Mr. Reuben Leypoldt, president; Mr. Harold Krieger, vice-president; Miss Alice Kaaz, secretary; Mr. Edwin Marklein, treasurer; Miss Erna Hoelzen, mission secretary; Mr. Charles Kuenne, Bible Reading and Stewardship secretary; Mr. Frank C. Arnold, Council member. The new members on the Promotion Committee are Mrs. Josephine Rauscher and Mr. John Luebeck, representing the Sunday schools, and Miss Lena Koller and Mr. Arthur Niebuhr, representing the young people.

An English critic wrote that "youth is a compass telling which way the wind is blowing and what tomorrow's weather is likely to be. When we catch youth expressing his innermost thoughts, we possess a key to the good or bad times coming." If these young people in the Atlantic Coast conference are such a compass of tomorrow's religious weather, then the future of the German Baptist churches has a bright and promising outlook.

MARTIN L. LEUSCHNER, Reporter.

The German Baptists' Life Association

860 Walden Ave., Buffalo, New York



Courtesy of Fraternal Age Magazine

All My Wordly Goods

By Tom H. Roberts

OUR wedding was such a happy and exciting event that it took some time for my mind to get on its feet again. Of course I was up in the air. I was getting the most wonderful girl in the world. My dreams were coming true. I was the happiest man alive. You know how it is at a wedding; the groom doesn't amount to much. Everybody is interested in the beauty of the bride and how she is dressed. And Mary was certainly beautiful that day. It was not a big wedding, and everything went off on schedule, but I was in a daze. I suppose all bridegrooms are that way.

Of course the ceremony was cut and dried. Somebody had told me I wouldn't remember a word of it. But later a few phrases came to me. I was taking the woman, Mary, to be my lawful wife, and I was to love

and cherish her. She promised to love, honor, and obey. Oh, yes, she insisted on the "obey." Then there was that expression, until death do us part. On second thought it was all very solemn.

Then there was that part where I agreed "with all my worldly goods I thee endow." That was almost a joke. I didn't have many goods or much money or anything else with which to endow Mary. I could understand the sense of it, all right. It meant I was to protect my wife with my wealth as well as my devotion and strength. But she didn't get much in the way of worldly goods when she took me.

The subject got on my mind. Of course I had a job and would work hard to support Mary and keep our home going. What money I had was spent in getting ready to be married and preparing a home. There was the furniture. Worldly goods, certainly. But the installments were to be paid. That was letting Mary in on a debt.

Suppose something happened to me. Suppose Mary were left a widow. How much of worldly goods would I leave her? She would be up against it.

We could save and create an estate. I got out my pencil and figured. It would take some time to save a thousand dollars. And what would be left of a thousand dollars after the funeral and other bills were paid? You can guess I was worried. I did some tall thinking. There seemed no way out.

I thought of Uncle Jim. He was a wise old bird and had made himself pretty wealthy. I explained the whole thing to him.

"It's easy," he said. "You can create an estate at once of, say, five thousand dollars, and it will cost you only about ten dollars a month."

"But how?" I was surprised and excited.

"Take an insurance certificate in our good, dependable German Baptists' Life Association," he replied. "Fraternal insurance societies nowadays are just as safe and strong as old-line companies. You apply for five thousand of protection, and if you are in good health now, you will get a certificate giving Mary five thousand dollars when you die. You can make the payments by the year, or semi-annually, or quarterly, or monthly. You will hardly miss the money. You will be relieved of worry. You will be worth five thousand more than you are today. And you will get other valuable benefits."

Well, we joined. I took five thousand; Mary thought it was so good that she took two thousand. I say "we joined" because we found that we became members of a mutual co-operative organization for life protection managed and controlled by our own church people. The management of the society is economical, and in that way we save money.

Yes, sir, my worldly goods are no joke now. I hold my head just as high as my neighbor who owns a lot of property. I am doing the right thing by my wife. I have endowed her with my worldly goods, just as I promised in the marriage ceremony.

German Baptists' Life Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

Please send me rates for \$..... of protection.

I was born

Name

Address