

# The Baptist Herald

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

Volume Eight

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Number Twelve

## The Object of True Education

**T**HE entire object of true education is to make people not merely do the right thing, but to enjoy the right things—not merely industrious, but to love industry—not merely learned, but to love knowledge—not merely pure, but to love purity—not merely just, but to hunger and thirst after justice.

RUSKIN.



## What's Happening

Rev. C. N. Wiebe, pastor of the Ellinwood, Kans., church, has resigned.

The Theological Seminary of the Baptists in Germany located in Hamburg celebrates its fiftieth anniversary this month.

Rev. Hans Penner of Ste. Rose, Manitoba, has accepted the call of the church at Franklin, Cal. He begins his new pastorate July 1.

The "Jugendbund" of the South Dakota Association will convene with the young people of Madison, S. Dak., from June 30 to July 3. Rev. A. A. Schade will be the convention speaker.

Rev. C. M. Knapp, Ph. D., of Wishek, N. Dak., preached the sermon to the graduating class of the Wishek High School. The topic was, "The Picking of Life's Work and Sticking to It." The text was Eccl. 9:10.

Rev. W. J. Appel, pastor of the First German Baptist Church of Minneapolis, has resigned to accept a position with the Wisconsin State Baptist Convention, effective September 1. He will be assistant to Dr. Le Grand in convention work.

Rev. Leo F. Gassner of Lorena, Tex., preached the baccalaureate sermon for the graduating class of the Cottonwood High School, choosing for his text, 2 Tim. 2:15: "Timothy's Task and your Task." There were nine graduating this year from the school.

Rev. C. F. Stoeckmann, our state missionary for Minnesota, had a blessed time at Holloway, Minn. Ten adults, seven of whom are young men and three young women, were received for baptism by the church. The meetings are well attended. Prospects for other additions are good.

Dr. Wm. Kuhn, our General Missionary Secretary, addressed a Union Meeting in Racine, Wis., on Pentecost Sunday evening, June 8. The meeting was held in the First Methodist church and was under the auspices of the Minister's Union. Over 500 people were present. On Sunday morning Dr. Kuhn preached in Grace Baptist church, Rev. P. Zoschke, pastor.

Three Sunday school scholars of the Second German Church, Chicago, Rev. C. A. Daniel, pastor, who had previously accepted Jesus as their personal Savior, presented themselves voluntarily for baptism. They are from families in the neighborhood in which the parents are not members but who have nevertheless given their hearty consent.—The organist of the church, Louis Gregsamer, has started a Junior Choir which gives promise for the future.

The Yearbook for 1929 of the Baptists of Germany reports 262 churches, 462 ministers and elders, 637 stations, 1136 helpers, 316 chapels and 61,615 members. During the last ten years 33,502 were baptized, but the net gain in membership

was only 14,649. For 1929 2633 baptisms were reported but the net increase in membership was only 676. About \$712,000 were raised for all purposes. (2,845,204 Marks.) This amounts to 47.67 Marks per member, a not inconsiderable sum in view of the prevailing hard times. The larger Union, including Switzerland and part of Poland, numbers 64,822.

Sunday schools reported by the Baptists of Germany for 1929 in the larger Union (including Switzerland and Posen-Pommerellen) number 637 with 31,344 pupils. As the church membership in the larger Union is 64,822 our brethren in the Fatherland are still far from the goal: a Sunday school scholar for every church member. There were only 47 pupils for every 100 members. Two years before there were 55. There are about 3000 active teachers.

Young People's and Women's Work does not seem to be developed as much yet among Baptists in Germany as among German Baptists in North America in proportion to membership. There are 372 young people's societies with 11,216 members and 257 Women's societies with a membership of 5437.

### Ordination of W. E. Voigt

On Wednesday evening, May 28, 1930, Rev. W. E. Voigt, new pastor of the Creston, Neb., church, was ordained to the Christian ministry here at Creston in connection with the Nebraska Association.

At the call of said church, 8 delegates, mostly representing neighboring Baptist churches, convened as an ordination council in the afternoon of above date. Rev. G. Bornschlegel of Omaha, Neb., was elected moderator and Rev. A. Foll of Columbus clerk of the council. After hearing the action of the church, the council proceeded with the examination of the candidate. This examination was open to the members of the local churches. Bro. Wm. E. Voigt presented his Christian experience, call into the ministry and views of Christian doctrine in a satisfactory way. After a thorough examination the council unanimously recommended to the church to proceed with the ordination.

Rev. A. Foll acted as chairman of the evening service which was well attended. Prof. J. Heinrichs, Dean of the Northern Baptist Seminary, Chicago, Ill., preached the ordination sermon on Rom. 1:1. Rev. A. J. Marquardt spoke the ordination prayer with laying on of hands by all ministers present. Bro. Bornschlegel welcomed the newly ordained minister into the ranks of Baptist ministers. Rev. Jacob Rott of Monroe, S. Dak., brother-in-law of Rev. Voigt, gave the charge to the candidate, Bro. Foll following with the charge to the church. The church choir and men's chorus rendered appropriate music.

Bro. Voigt has been pastor of the Cres-

ton church for a number of months and is gradually winning his way into the hearts of the people. At the close of the service Bro. Voigt gave the benediction. God bless the new pastor and his flock!  
A. FOLL.

### Now

We are told to "wait on the Lord," but never to wait away from the Lord. On the church calendar of St. Peter's Vicarage, the church of the well-known British Keswick speaker, the Rev. J. Russell Howden, is this striking sentence: "Those people who expect salvation at the eleventh hour often die at 10.30." Postponement is perilous in spiritual matters. That is a pleading and warning word of the Holy Spirit: "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation" (2 Cor. 6:2). For "now" is the only time we are sure of. Moreover, this meaningful little word "now" is not only a warning but also a blessed assurance. Those who are in desperate need and who are looking to God in longing and prayer for his help,—to these also God says, "Behold, now is the day of salvation;" and salvation means not only from eternal death but also from any and every distress and temptation. At England's Keswick some years ago a printed card was distributed, containing only two words, in capital letters. It read, "THOU—NOW." If the child of God looks moment by moment to the Lord Jesus Christ with those two words of faith in his heart and on his lips, all his needs will be met.

A Christian should know the Scriptures, grow in grace, and go on service for the Master.

## The Baptist Herald

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Rev. A. P. Mihm, Editor

Contributing Editors:  
Albert Bretschneider A. A. Schade  
O. E. Krueger H. R. Schroeder

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# The Baptist Herald



Professor L. Kaiser

### Prof. Kaiser's Fortieth Anniversary

THE Commencement Exercises of the German Department of the Colgate-Rochester Divinity School were made memorable this year by the fact of the fortieth anniversary of Professor Lewis Kaiser as teacher in the Seminary. Official recognition of this noteworthy event took place in a delightful manner at a banquet celebration in his honor arranged by the School Committee, which was held at the Student's Home on Monday afternoon, May 19. Many splendid and well-earned tributes by representatives of the Seminary and the denomination as a whole were paid to the personality and service of our beloved Professor Kaiser. Our denomination is grateful to the Lord for giving and preserving to us for so many years a leader of such sterling qualities and such high caliber.

Professor Kaiser is greatly beloved and esteemed in all of our churches for his noble character and for his work's sake. No great denominational event or celebration seems complete without him on the program. His choice gifts in the eloquent and finished presentation of truth in pulpit and on the platform have made him a much-sought speaker. His face is familiar at our young people's conventions. His calmness, his self-control and judicial fairness have qualified him for an admirable presiding officer. For eight terms he was elected to the moderator's chair at our General Conference and this repeated election to this high office bears eloquent testimony to the confidence the delegates from our churches have always reposed in him. As a frequent writer for our denominational press he has been copious, clear and convincing.

But while recognizing all these eminent qualities with which Professor Kaiser has been endowed and which without stint, he has placed loyally in the service of the denomination at large, it is to be especially stressed at this time (as Prof. A. J. Ramaker, his colleague for all these years on the faculty, pointed out at the celebration), that it has been chiefly as a teacher in the seminary that Dr. Kaiser has labored for these four decades. After all, the work in and for the classroom was Professor Kaiser's main work and it is there that his genius has had full play. It is in the daily contact with these young men, the students for the ministry, the budding leaders of our churches, who sat at his feet year after year, that he found his real, his most telling and supreme work.

Professor Kaiser has been one of the main molding and elevating factors in the lives of hundreds of his students. His faithful, conscientious teaching by word and by life, the aspirations which he has awakened and stimulated by his own charming Christian personality are among the irreducible remainders of student impressions and number among the outstanding things that are and will be of loving and lasting commemoration.

Still young in spirit, though the one time raven locks are now white, still alert and keen in mind in spite of the number of years as Professor Kaiser now is, we wish him many more happy years in his chosen field of service. May the joy of the Lord continue to be his strength! Our young people and our Sunday school workers everywhere unite in greeting him upon his fortieth anniversary as a teacher in our school of the prophets.

### Give Youth

PEOPLE who are no longer young in years speak of the enthusiasm of youth as a wonderful asset. The tragedy is that a person has to grow old in order to appreciate the tremendous energy that young people possess. Too often the fortieth birthday marks a decline in spirits; after forty a person has to wage an increasingly hard battle against cynicism.

This world needs the strength and the vigor of youth. It is always growing old and is in danger of becoming too conservative, afraid to venture forth into unexplored fields and to undertake untried projects. The stream of youth that is constantly pouring into the tide of human affairs saves society from stagnation. Let young people see to it that they leave the world a better place than they found it. Give your youth with its clear faith and high hopes to the task of bringing the world a little nearer to the ideal which Jesus Christ has for it.



## The Supreme Aim of Life

H. G. BRAUN

"For me to live is Christ." Philippians 1:21.

**T**O live for Christ was the great purpose of the life of the apostle Paul. Paul's aim was a great one, and great aims make great lives. The aim determines the character of the life. If the aim is not right, the life never will be. A high ideal is the lever under human life. High ideals are our better selves. They will make us if we only give them room in our lives. When a student was told that he might win the second prize, in case he failed on the first, he replied, "I never try for second prizes." He always sought the highest and best.

### Low Ideals Will Not Support a Lofty Life

It requires the highest to bring out the best. Many a life is ruined by low ideals. We must get a true vision of life, no other will succeed. Judas' ideal was, "What will you give me?", and it was his ruin. Abraham Lincoln, while President of the United States, received many letters from citizens applying for a commission as officers in the army. To one of these Lincoln wrote: "We could have five times as many generals as privates, who seek honor and glory for themselves. What we need is privates who are willing to work in the ranks." One of the greatest temptations that comes to Christian workers is to work for personal glory and honor. We love to further our own reputation; we become victims of applause. This was not the case with Paul. Paul was too big to seek his own glory. He could and would not lower his life and character to that extent. Are we seeking to glorify the cause of Christ here upon earth?

Every life needs a high incentive to bring out the highest and best. It is pitiable to see children taught that the one business of life is to get rich, or to get something to eat, to drink or to wear. Many young people have no other aim in life than to find amusement. They lack incentive. Jesus is the great incentive to the highest and best in life.

### What Is Your Life? What Are You Living For?

Does your aspiration reach above the level of the earth? Says one: "For me to live is to gain wealth." For another, it is to get an education. For still another, it is winning of fame. The father says: "For me to live is to provide for those who are dependent upon me." The mother replies: "For me to live is to care for my little ones." The patriot answers: "For me to live is to serve my country." While these are worthy aims, they are not the highest and best. What is the supreme goal of life? It is the one Paul had: "For me to live is Christ." He did not forget family, business or country; but he had a master passion dominating all these, and that was to make Jesus supreme in his life and in the world.

This was the secret of his remarkable life. He measured everything in terms of Christ. Christ was the beginning, and Christ was the end. Whichever way he turned, he saw "Jesus only." He reckoned

life only from the day Christ was born in him. When he turned the direction of his life upon the Damascus road, he put away the old life forever. His face was set toward the new. Henceforth the question was with him: "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" Christ now ordered all his life. Christ was living in him, and he was living for Christ.

### Life Is Only Worth Living As We Copy Christ

"He who builds beneath the stars, builds too low." But he who patterns after Christ will never make that mistake. His single aim will be to please Christ. He will feel himself no longer his own, he will be entirely devoted to Christ and his work. Christ was Paul's goal. He said: "Brethren, I count not myself to have apprehended: but this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

The highest goal one can have is Christ-likeness. We were made in the likeness of God, but sin destroyed and marred the likeness of God. Life will end in failure if it does not bring us his likeness again. The purpose of the Gospel is to show us the way of redemption and restoration of the lost image of God in the soul, so that when we see Jesus, "we shall be like him."

A young man on the train was noticed carefully dusting and adjusting his clothes every little while. Finally a man said to him: "You must be nearing the end of your journey." To this the young man replied: "No, I am not, but if I keep clean all the way, I will be clean when I get there." So the one who takes Christ as his example will keep clean and become a blessing.

Let us sit down and study daily the "Life of Christ" and fashion our life after his. Christ satisfies the highest aspiration of the soul. His life is truly the drawing life, which brings the complete transformation. Let us follow his steps and our life will never be a failure. Let us do this, and people will take notice that we have been with Jesus. Just to the extent that we copy Jesus will our life be pure, clean, strong and helpful. The finest thing that ever was said of Jesus is this: "He went about doing good." He was helpful. Can that be said of us?

### When We Pattern After Christ,

we will both be good and do good. We will sow kind words that never die. We will brighten pathways that are now dark. We will bring the wanderers in and tell them about Jesus and his love. We will help up the fallen and plant their feet upon the straight and narrow way. We will wipe the tears from the eyes that sorrow, inspire hope in the heart of those who are despondent, comfort the broken-hearted, give sympathy to the grief-stricken, cloth the naked and give bread to the hungry. We will be strength to those who are weak.

If we write our name in deeds of love and kindness, we will be like our Master and say with the apostle Paul: "For me to live is Christ."

## Women of the Bible

MRS. R. E. MARTIN

II

Eve

First let us consider Eve. However one may prefer to interpret the old story of Eve, whether as myth, allegory, or sermon, Eve is Woman. As the Hebrew writers have related the story of "the first man and woman in the garden," they have portrayed in Eve many of the generic qualities of womanhood through the ages. She is alluring and persuasive, she is curious and ambitious for knowledge and possession. She is guided by intuitions, not by reason. She paid the price of her impulses as the repentant wife, the burden-bearing Mother of all living. She paid the price of her venturesome defiance of fixed laws just as her modern daughters, in real life, fiction, and drama have suffered, the penalties of disobedience of accepted standards. In the story of this first woman, as in the life stories of today, there is the question of justice; why was Eve more severely reproached, more heavily punished than Adam? The double standard of judgment upon man and woman for offences existed in the far-off days of Eve. It has not been changed wholly by the centuries of advancement toward sex equality.

No more beautiful stories of mothers have ever been written than those which are found on the pages of the Bible. The mothers of gentle breeding and maternal influence of the most elevating kind left their stamp of nobility upon their children and the state. Pre-eminent among them will ever stand

### Mary, Mother of Jesus

who lived beautifully before Jesus in everything. Many are the legends and poetic fancies that cluster about her, but she still remains a human mother, intuitive, courageous, unselfish. We who call ourselves Protestants have been almost rude in our attitude toward the mother of Jesus. Into the womanhood of Mary came the greatest joy and deepest sorrow ever allotted to a woman.

It was a simple home in which Mary lived, but it was a deeply religious one. She knew the Scriptures and the Psalms, probably some of the prophecies and she taught these faithfully to her children. We are told there were four other sons and two or more daughters. She also brought them up to attend the synagogue. Into her home life Mary brought other elements than those of open religious teaching. She was like all Jewish women, careful in the making of bread and preparing of other foods, she was dutiful in all household ways. Jesus uses in his parables many figures of speech that are drawn from the intimate knowledge of domestic customs in a small household, most likely that of his home and we find reflected in the words of Jesus the love of nature which he inherited from Mary.

The frequency of his allusions to the "poor that Mary was a widow, and in very humble circumstances" is considered by some writers as evidence during the young manhood of Jesus.

When we read over the life of Mary we find that being the mother of the Messiah was a costly privilege. Think what it meant to Mary to have to go to Egypt with the baby Jesus and remain there, while Joseph, resourceful and strong though he was, struggled to support the family. How her heart must have yearned for her home and girlhood friends. Think of the bewildering problems and perplexities of having a son grow up with ambitions and expressions which she and Joseph could only dimly apprehend. She knew in the utmost degree the wonder and the worry, the high hope and the deep sorrow of all the mothers of geniuses. Doubtless the family had to practice self-denial in order that Jesus might have time for study. Doubtless she was often disturbed by his dreamy absorption in ideas, and his apparent lack of interest in what they should eat, what they should drink and where-withal they should be clothed, though after Joseph's death he took up the burden of family support by carrying on the carpenter trade his father had taught him and did it nobly until the younger children were old enough to stand alone.

When Jesus returned to Nazareth and was rejected, his mother was there suffering and yet holding fast her faith. When his brothers turned away from him, assuming that he was unbalanced mentally—Mary remained faithful. She was with him that last week at Jerusalem and stood not far away during the last scene upon the cross. Every mother's heart can sympathize with her agony.

We are not given the record of her later years, but they must have been beautiful in faith and self-sacrifice. She is nobler, beyond comparison than any other women of the Bible, and the women on the whole stand higher in the splendor of their faith than the men. Humanly speaking, if there were more mothers like Mary, there would be more children like Jesus.

Jesus must have loved his mother deeply and seeing her as he hung in agony on the cross, he gave his last thought to her future safety and comfort. There is implied tribute to Mary in the universal chivalry of Jesus toward women, especially mothers, and it is one of the finest, most significant traits of the Great Teacher.

\* \*

Do you love your country? Then try to improve the small fraction of it that is within your reach.

\* \*

You become a person of promise, not by promising many things, but by accomplishing what you promise.

\* \*

Responsibility involves response to God; no one can be faithful to his responsibility without God's help.

\* \*

Some think that they are loving, when they are only allowing themselves to be loved; but love is active and not passive.





The Bethel Academy Bldg. of Mid-way

### The Northwestern Conference in the Twin Cities August 19-24, 1930

The Twin City German Baptists extend a cordial invitation to Baptist folk throughout the length and breadth of the Northwestern Conference to come to the Twin Cities August 19-24, to the 1930 Northwestern Conference.

The Twin Cities offer wonderful physical equipment for handling a large popular assembly.

It is intended that this Conference shall be a bigger and better Conference than any and all; that the spirit of unity, of fellowship and love shall prevail and make possible a fresh baptism of the Holy Spirit in this Conference.

A banquet is planned for Friday evening, August 22, at which Rev. R. W. Babcock will be the speaker.

Whatever the form of vacation pleasure you may seek you will find it in the Northwest with its crisp, invigorating air, its cordial invitation and fresh freedom. This is the country that makes sick people well. The Twin Cities invite you to the land of sky blue water and glorious sunshine.

THE MINNEAPOLIS B. Y. P. U.

### Chicago Teachers Union

The annual meeting of the Teachers and Sunday School Workers Union of Chicago and vicinity was held Tuesday evening, April 29, 1929, at the Second Church, Chicago.

The delegates met for supper, after which the business meeting was held. Reports were given and the treasurer's report showed about \$100 in the treasury, \$85 of which was given to various missionary enterprises. As it was our yearly meeting the following officers were elected: Mr. Herman Siemund, president; Mr. Fred Grosser, vice-pres.; Mrs. Engbrecht, treas.; Mrs. Eleanor Renne-garbe, cor. sec'y, and the writer, rec. sec'y.

We had a question box with questions pertaining to Sunday school work and Rev. C. A. Daniel gave very satisfactory answers.

The evening meeting was opened with a devotional service led by Mr. O. Alder, Supt. of the local Sunday school. Rev. Th. W. Dons led in prayer.

Mr. Alder extended a hearty welcome to all visiting Sunday school workers and friends.



The Gateway District of Minneapolis where the Conference will convene

Pres. Siemund then took charge and roll was called, showing 7 Sunday schools represented. Brief reports of the progress made by each respective Sunday school were given.

The music for the evening was supplied by the First Church Choir, Saxophone Quartet of the Second Church and Junior Male Choir from Englewood church.

Prof. A. J. Harms of the Northern Baptist Theological Seminary made the address of the evening: "Teaching Through Life Situations." Prof. Harms is a very able speaker and made us see our responsibilities. As Prof. Harms was one of the instructors at the Spring Sunday school institute he made those who attended feel they would go again and those who did not have the pleasure of attending a desire to attend the classes in the Fall.

Rev. Pankratz said benediction and grace for refreshments which the Second Church served.

OLGA M. JUSTIN, Rec. Sec.

### Mother's Day at Bethel Church, Indianapolis

Some of the members of our Sunday school presented a Mother's Day pageant, "The Light That Did Not Fail," Sunday, May 11.

The three main characters were: A mother, which part was taken by Miss Olga Schaefer; her daughter Mary, taken by Elsie Sutter, and her boy, Tom, taken by five different persons: as a child by Russell Burtis, as a boy by Kenneth Timmons, as a lad by Arthur Bredy, as a young man by Mr. Charles Oldham and as a beggar by Mr. Herman Schaefer.

The first scene showed Tom, the beggar, returning home after having served a twenty-year prison sentence, but he finds his mother is no more and the old house, too, is gone. He hears a church bell and from some children on their way to Sunday school he learns that it is Mother's Day. Crushed and broken-hearted he sits on a bench and dreams. He fancies he is back home again with mother and his sister Mary. In the next five scenes was told the story of a mother's love, sacrifice and suffering. In the last scene, after his repentance and conversion, the

beggar passes away and is welcomed by his mother and sister Mary, dressed in angel garb, to heaven's endless day.

After each scene touching vocal numbers were rendered by Mrs. Wm. Pohlkotte, accompanied by our pianist, Miss Ruth Schaefer.

The pageant was beautiful and appealing and everyone was inspired. Our church auditorium was so filled we had to put chairs in the aisles.

E. J. SHAEFER, Supt.

### Erie Happenings

WILLIBALD S. ARGOW

As in the past nine years, the writer has observed Passion week and met with his people during the week following Palm Sunday. This year we had invited four of the leading pastors of the city to speak to us on: "The Last Events of Christ's Life" as related to the happenings to that particular day. We had a blessed time. Nothing causes such heart-searchings as recalling the suffering and death of Christ.

Easter Sunday was a full day. The churches of Erie had planned for a "Sunrise Service" and as the sun rose on that day at 5.17 it meant being up an hour before that time to be out on the Peninsula when it would show itself. 784 cars were counted totaling about 3136 people. It was an awe-inspiring and never-to-be-forgotten moment when the trumpeters played the Easter hymn just as the sun appeared on the horizon and from the throats of the multitude came the joyous news of Christ's resurrection.

Christ's forbidding words to Mary: "Touch me not" and "Christ's resurrection, the only hope of eternal life," were our morning sermon topics. Our Easter offering from church and Sunday school was \$157.

The choir gave a splendid Easter Musicale in the evening under the direction of A. B. Mehnert, F. A. G. O., organist and director.

\* \* \*

"Is Tommy's new dog a setter, or a pointer?" asked Mrs. Jones.

"He's neither," replied Tommy's mother. "He's an upsetter and a dis-appointer."

### The Master as a Maker of Teachers

JOHN A. MARQUIS, D. D.

The Master turned out the greatest generation of teachers the world has ever known. The world had had great teachers before them, but they were natural teachers, born to it like poets. But the Master took poor material, or average material at best, and made epoch-making teachers of it. It required no great skill on the part of Socrates to make a teacher of Plato, for he was born with the genius for teaching. But to make a teacher of Peter and Thomas and James and their like was an achievement unknown before and unrepeatable since. Let us note some points in his method.

#### 1. He Made Teaching a Prominent Function of Discipleship

It enters into the genius of his Kingdom. The gospel has no other appeal than to the intelligence of men. It was not set forth on a military basis; no army went before the apostles. Much less does it resort to magic or mystery for support. Its appeal is to enlightened reason. Its first step, therefore, on entering a soul or a world, is instruction. Every one of the original disciples was called to teach, and when they were sent forth this was the chief duty they were to perform. They were saved to teach as much as they were saved to escape condemnation.

When Christianity became highly organized this function was delegated to a select class—ministers and officers, chosen because they were especially apt. But Christianity lost by it. When every believer was also a teacher there was a swing and an impetus to the Christian movement that made it irresistible.

Certain false forms of Christianity in our day have reverted to this early principle with tremendous effect. The growth of Mormonism, for example, is due to the fact that every Mormon is *ipso facto* a teacher, and must hold himself in readiness to leave home, family, and business and go to the ends of the earth to teach his religion and win converts to it.

Here is where to begin the process of teacher-making. Hold it before our boys and girls as part of their discipleship, a service every believer in the Lord must qualify himself to perform. We repeat that not one of the Twelve was a born teacher; they were simply average men of their day, no brighter and no duller than the common run of their generation. Yet the Master called them to be apostles. Keep this before your class—that they are called to teach as much as they are called to repent and believe.

#### 2. The Master Made Teaching Attractive by Doing It Well Himself

As we read the Gospels we are impressed with the ease with which he did

his work. It was not an effort for him to teach. He was so much the Master that it all seemed a sort of second nature to him. His life was so wrapped up in his subject that he taught by simply living. You cannot be with such a man without catching his enthusiasm, and you cannot watch him work without unconsciously falling into his ways. We instinctively admire a man who does a difficult thing easily and well. If we have a real interest in it we shall want to do it ourselves.

So the disciples caught the contagion of his teaching by seeing him do it. Their first ambition was to do what he did and as he did it. This is the most effective method of teacher-training that can be devised. Pedagogical schools and methods are good, but we must not overlook the historic fact that the best Maker of teachers is the Teacher himself. Whenever a really great teacher arises, a generation of teachers follows. Augustine, Anselm, Calvin, Knox, all the mountain teachers of the Church produced teaching epochs. Augustine did not set up a school of Christian pedagogy in Hippo, or Calvin in Geneva; neither of them knew anything about it in its technical sense. But they taught with such power and life that those who heard became teachers by induction.

#### 3. Our Lord Made Teaching the Chief Agency of Redemption

Christianity is distinctly a teaching religion. It propagates itself by teaching, and from the beginning has been the mother of schools.

The Master gave this peculiar point and emphasis. In proportion as the hearts of his disciples were fired with enthusiasm for the Kingdom, they yearned to become teachers. As they longed for souls they coveted the teacher's art as the most open way to win them. This is always true. As you excite a passion for the salvation of men you advance the cause of teaching. Christianity's greatest periods have been its teaching periods. Get people vitally interested in the gospel and they will want to teach it. When religion is warm-hearted in a church there will be no dearth of volunteers to teach. Keep this before your class, also: that as they want to save men and push the Kingdom around the world, so ought they to learn to teach. Every Sunday school teacher is a missionary.

#### 4. The Master Attached Large Importance to His Own Teaching Office

He was called "Teacher" oftener than by any other name or title, and evidently approved it or it would not have been done. He magnified the teaching aspect of his mission to the world. He was a teacher more than a healer or a worker of miracles. He did not teach when he was not doing something else, but when

he was not teaching he did something else. The feeding of the five thousand was a secondary consideration. The record is that when the multitude gathered "he began to teach them many things," and in doing so he kept them so long that it became necessary to feed them. All this magnified the business of teaching in the minds of his disciples, and made them want to undertake it and do it well.

Let your pupils know that you take your work as a teacher seriously and regard it as an important part of your life mission. As the Master was not a carpenter or a healer first, and a teacher incidentally, so we should not make our calling as Bible teachers incidental to our vocations—be bankers and storekeepers and doctors all the week except for an hour on Sunday morning, when we turn aside to teach. Be the teacher all the time; while you are keeping store or banking or farming continue your teaching function. The two will not interfere, and your class will catch the spirit.

#### 5. The Master Gave His Disciples Teaching to Do

It was not all classroom work. He established a sort of school of practice and set them to work in it. On one occasion he sent them two by two into places he was preparing to visit and told them to do what he had done and teach what he had taught. And when he went on high one of the last things he laid on them was that they should go all over the world teaching what they had received, and lay the same charge on their successors.

Encourage the members of your class to attempt some teaching themselves. Let them know that it is part of their Master's last command. In almost every community there is room for a week-night class or Sunday afternoon mission where those who want to teach can have the opportunity to try it; and while they are making the attempt stand by and help all you can. Give them practical training in the art of teaching, as by daily association with them you give them practical training in the art of Christian living. Occasionally it may be wise to turn the class over to one of its members to teach a verse or paragraph of the lesson. But let it always be arranged beforehand, and followed by discussion in order to make the experiment helpful.—Westminster Teacher.

\* \* \*

Frances, four years old, one day came running to her mother and hid in her skirts. Mother, surprised, asked the cause of her fright.

"I was telling myself a story I was making," explained Frances, "and there were wolves in it—and—and I got scared."



# GINGER ELLA

By ETHEL HUESTON

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(Continuation)  
CHAPTER III

As Mr. Tolliver sauntered up and down the slowly darkening streets of Red Thrush between his two daughters, each with a hand tucked into his arm, their gentle touch seemed not so much for his guidance as a simple gesture of close affection, his interest in their light talk was not assumed, no stereotyped parental pose on his part. He loved them not only because they were his, but also for their frank youth, their eager confidence, their buoyant enthusiasm.

They strolled slowly by the Elks' lawn, gaily festooned with bright-colored lanterns and streamers, where the crowds were already flocking inside the clubhouse for the beauty procession. The girls, staring, with as great an air of unconcern as they could assume, into the wide bright rooms of the Club, could see the great throne banked with flowers for the crowning of the queen of beauty.

There were many other observers from without, standing along the walk, leaning against the fence, and perching on the pillars of the gate. The Tollivers did not loiter. They passed, slowly, with a detached air, as if on business, and in silence, a silence that lasted only until they were beyond hearing of the other fence-side spectators. Then the girls' eager low voices recounted vivid details of what they had seen,—the judges solemnly arrayed like jurors, the flowered throne, the brilliant lights, the jazz orchestra in gaudy uniforms, the gowns of the women, the stiff dignity of the men—some of them in tuxedos—one dress suit.

They would have loved to watch the procession file past the windows, a procession that would lead up to Marjory in the old orchid gown with the borrowed golden chain. But after all, they were the Methodist minister in Red Thrush. It would hardly be the thing. They walked very briskly around the block and approached the Club again, slowly. Quick comments were drifting along the dividing fence.

"That's Marjory Tolliver—one of the Methodist twins."

They strained their eyes for a sight of the lovely face, trying to pretend they had not heard.

"The procession is beginning now," whispered Miriam. "The beauties are lining up. They do look nice. There's Alice James—"

"Why she has a cowlick," cut in Ginger.

"And Nona Reeves—"

"But her curl isn't really curly—it's just a permanent."

"There's Doris Spear—"

"The nerve of Doris Spear—with all her freckles."

"Gertrude Means—"

"I hope the judges get a glimpse of her swollen tonsils," said Ginger coldly.

"They look nice, father."

"Oh—" There was a sudden close, tight clasp on both arms, a sudden low breath on either side. They saw Marjory. Mr. Tolliver knew that. And his blind eyes yearned for a glimpse of her loved young beauty.

"Marjory Tolliver—"

How the whispers crept along the fence!

"Methodist preacher—"

"Sh—"

"She's a beaut, all right."

The three Tollivers passed sedately on. "Oh, father," whispered Ginger "Oh, father, I wish you could have seen her."

"Oh, father, she was a dream. She was laughing, and looking up through her lashes."

"I taught her that trick," said Ginger. "Am I so dumb?"

"The judges smiled at her, father."

"She was just like a star, father,—she was just shining.—Well, she should shine! Fifty dollars. In gold."

Around the block again, very, very fast, and back toward the Elks' Club once more.

"The procession is breaking up now."

Suddenly the band drifted from the slow processional into a brisk fox trot. The spectators surged about the contestants.

"We'd better go," said Miriam quickly.

"We might stay and listen to the music," offered their father, wishing to please them.

But already the sound of dancing was unmistakable. Soon even he would notice it.

"There's a crowd of common loafers peeping in," protested Ginger. "So nervy of them! Why don't they buy tickets, and go inside, I wonder?"

"If Marjory should see us, it might embarrass her. We'd better hurry along," added Miriam.

So they hurried along, talking still in low hushed whispers.

At the parsonage, barred from the comfortable living-room by the unwritten law of a family of sisters, they sat on the veranda. They were thrilled and expectant. They must wait—wait for the wealth of prizes—wait for Marjory shining, rapt, triumphant,—for fifty dollars in gold.

"Oh, father," cried Miriam suddenly,

"if we are just sitting here—waiting for it—and she should not get it—she will feel badly—about disappointing us—"

Breathlessly with the horrid fear of thus embarrassing their beauty, they rose simultaneously and hastened upstairs, crowding upon each other.

"As if we care whether she gets it or not," said Ginger stoutly.

Mr. Tolliver, with the courage of his conviction, went instantly to bed. Not for worlds would he confuse a daughter of his with the thought that he expected her to bring him money by her loveliness. But the two girls, however much they might wish to spare their sister's feelings, could not entirely sacrifice their own. They must see her—they must!—must catch the first thrill of her voice—feel the first touch of her quivering fingers.

They took off their shoes, making pretense, and thrust their feet into their shabby old mules. This was to prove that they were utterly indifferent to the outcome, practically in bed and asleep. Then they sat on the bed and waited a while. It seemed a long time to them. So they got up, and straightened the room a little, putting away the treasures that had been drawn forth from hiding in hopes that one additional touch might be added to her perfection. They arranged the dressing-tables, turned back the covers on the beds, got out their nightgowns and robes.

"She won't be here for hours and hours," mourned Miriam.

"But if we go to bed we may fall asleep," protested Ginger. "And she would come home in whispers, and it would be morning before we knew what had happened."

This was too hopelessly awful even to consider. They stared at each other disconsolately.

"We might look at the new magazines Mrs. Grimes sent yesterday."

"I read every one of them at the library last year."

"So did I."

They wandered down the corridor to their father's door. It was dark and silent within.

"Why, I believe he went to bed."

"How cold-blooded!"

"Shall we go in and talk to him?"

"He might recommend the Sunday school lesson. It's Friday. And I simply could not put my mind on Isaiah tonight."

Sheer desperation drove them up to the corridor again, beyond the twins' room, to the one Ginger shared with Helen.

Helen, in spite of the excitement attendant upon the Beauty Pageant, had been putting some last tender touches to her wedding gown, and left it carefully spread out across her bed.

"So slinky," cooed Ginger.

"Real lace," exulted Miriam.

"If it only were the Prince of Wales instead of Horace Langley."

"But Helen loves Horace."

"So dumb of her."

They lapsed into moody silence. Ginger broke it at last. "I'll bet he figures the cut of a woman's dress by mathematics. Let  $x$  equal her waist

measure. Then  $2x$  minus  $y$  would equal the neck measure. Find the length of the sleeve."

Miriam laughed at her.

"It's not that I'm altogether opposed to marriage, you know," explained Ginger. "But people should marry somebody that is somebody, if they're going to marry at all. You must admit that it is silly of Helen to marry a common school teacher who doesn't earn a cent more than father does. She's not gaining a thing by it, not a thing. She's giving up a rollicking good time with us to shut herself up alone with one mathematical man. You have to admit it's dumb."

"Money doesn't make happiness."

"No. But it keeps it from starving."

In absolute depths of desperation, although the slightest touch upon the shimmering whiteness of the gown was strictly prohibited, Ginger lifted it up, carefully, and held it against her own slight figure, smiling at her reflection in the mirror.

"Oh, beautiful," she sighed rapturously. "It would be almost worth attaching a husband just to get to wear it."

"You'd better put that down. Don't forget your tendency to leave spots."

"Miriam, listen. I couldn't possibly get a spot on it here, there's nothing to spot it with.—There isn't a thing to do,—she won't be home for hours and hours,—and she won't come up while he's there!—I'm going to try it on."

Miriam's start was one of abject horror—but she listened, frowning. And she showed interest. After all, the interval of waiting was tedious. Still arguing against it, she held the gown carefully high from the floor, while Ginger slipped out of her modest little frock and into its silken slip. Giggling ecstatically, nervously, both girls held their breath as Miriam lifted the soft folds over Ginger's sleek head.

"Oh-h-h," she breathed.

"Ah-h-h," sighed Miriam.

Ginger posed with great dignity before the mirror, practising a slow bridal step.

"Oh, Ginger, it's lovely.—Why, really, you're quite pretty."

Ginger paraded back and forth before her mirrored reflection in a complete ravishment of delight. "How sumptuous,—I mean scrumptious," she exulted.

"How dignified I am! Why, I look as old as Helen.—Oh, I wish we had a veil." Her face fell disappointedly.

Unfortunately, the family finances had not yet admitted of the purchase of that ultimate bridal accessory.

"Look in Helen's drawer, Miriam. She must have something. You can't get the effect without a veil."

Miriam obligingly ransacked the cedar chest, the dresser drawers, but in vain. She did produce, however, a small circlet of creamy white flowers saved over from the hat of a previous summer, and these she twined prettily on Ginger's head, admiring the effect. But Ginger was not to be pleased.

"But we've got to have a veil,—it looks like a nightgown, or anything, without a veil."

"You must wear white gloves. Wait." Miriam ran noiselessly to the bathroom, and returned with a pair of shapeless white canvass ones which Marjory kept there in reserve for her infrequent turns of dusting. She tucked these effectively into Ginger's hand, but Ginger would not be distracted from the quest.

"Miriam, think,—we must have something.—Look! The curtains!"

Forgetting the sacred gown, she swung herself lithely up to a chair by the window, but was quickly drawn from danger of disaster by her sister.

"Ginger, be careful. Come away. I'll get it."

Balancing herself on the chair, she removed one of the long thin curtains from the rod, and shook it carefully out the window to remove the dust. Then, with a nice regard for effectiveness, she attached it to the wreath in Ginger's hair. Ginger trembled with delight.

"Oh, Miriam,—honestly,—I'd marry him myself.—Think of walking into church like this. I'd marry Horace, or Joplin Westbury, or even old Black Ben, to walk into church like this."

"You must walk slowly and look very sad. Brides always look sad. To keep from laughing, I suppose."

"Can't I have your white slippers, Miriam?" Ginger cast a disapproving look at her clumsy old mules. "I wish we could go over and show Miss Jenkins. She would drop dead."

"We can't. She takes a mud message at night, and doesn't like callers. Besides, you'd soil the gown."

"Bring me your slippers— Mercy! What—on—earth—"

Sudden discordant clamor pierced the stillness of the night, and brought a sudden pause to their mischief. Ginger stopped in her peacock pluming, and tilted her small head under the creamy flowers and the filmy curtain, listening intently. Downstairs, Helen and Horace also heard the unaccustomed uproar, and went to the front window to investigate.

Across the street, Miss Jenkins in her small room, was pressing a mud-plastered face to the panes and gazing toward the parsonage, whence to her mind issued all new sounds and sights. Mr. Tolliver heard it, and sat up in bed, wondering, regretting his helplessness in his own home. But his life with four gay daughters had accustomed him to accept strange experiences without much question, and he soon subsided quietly.

The mad medley of noises presently detached itself into distinct and recognizable consonants. There was the continual wail of a motor siren, mingled with the gypsy strumming of a ukulele, and over both the strident cat-calls of young America broadcasting triumph to the world. There was an overtone of excited girlish laughter, a chorus of admiring bass.

"Marjory!"

The big car careened dizzily up to the end of the flagstone path, and figures, many figures, disentangled themselves from running boards, fenders and hood.

The dark shadow of them surged across the lawn, and standing out against it, laughing, pale silk, dull gold, with cream-white face and arms glimmering in the moonlight, was Marjory. The wailing siren had fallen to sudden silence, only the twanging discordancy of the ukelele proclaimed her triumphant return.

"Oh, Marjory," cried Helen, as she ran to the door to greet her. "How wonderful! How lovely!"

Like moonlight Marjory tripped into the dull old house, with her shadowy train of admirers,—glimmering moonlight.

"How lovely," murmured Helen, bewildered by the fresh revelation of her sister's beauty.

"I'll tell the world." "I'll say," crowed the bass chorus.

In Marjory's arms were roses, heaps of roses, soft-petaled and fragrant. Marjory's face was flushed, her eyes were twin stars, her red lips tremulous with sheer delight. Eddy Jackson bore the trophies of her conquest, a great loving cup, pieces of silk and lace, shimmering silver, golden chains. But in her own hand Marjory held a small purple box that bore the prize, fifty dollars in gold.

"It—was—unanimous," she stammered, with shy pride.

The two evil-doers above, rapt, speechless and spellbound, had forgotten their mischief as they crept to the stairs, noiseless, without breathing, hearing every word—sharing every heartbeat,—softly, down the top step, the next and the next, nearer and nearer, irresistibly drawn by the currents of joy that surged through the shabby parsonage.

Helen kissed her sister rapturously, and Horace Langley, flinging pedagogical dignity to the winds, clasped her in a boisterous embrace.

"This is my sister Helen—and Professor Langley.—Helen, this is—everybody," she introduced, almost incoherently.

"Where are the girls? Where's father?"

"Angels," cried Eddy Jackson, gazing suddenly up to the curve of the circular staircase. "Or are the goddesses coming down from Olympus to gaze upon, and envy, Beauty?" He pointed dramatically to the stairs where Ginger Ella, with Miriam fast on her heels, crouched in quivering excitement, the wedding gown forgotten,—forgotten, too, the veiling curtain, the canvass gloves, the flappy mules.

"Ginger—run!" cried Miriam, in sickening realization.

But Ginger, trapped, was not one to fly before confusion. She proceeded calmly down the stairs, even strutting a little.

"I didn't hurt it a bit, Helen," she reassured her sister. "It's—oh, just a rehearsal."

"Why, it's little Cinderella—just got a fall from her pumpkin," chortled Eddy Jackson, and the ukelele caught its cue and whined into the wedding march.

But Ginger turned away from them, scornfully, a bit too scornfully, for one of her flapping mules, too large for her, slid from her tender foot. Ginger, as she felt it slipping, in sudden consterna-



tion, hesitated for the barest fraction of a second. It was too long. Eddy Jackson saw and seized it, and ran to kneel mockingly at her unslipped foot.

"Cinderella,—the prince returns your glass slipper."

In the midst of their merry laughter, the ukelele's sudden hush silenced them.

"See here, somebody ought to introduce me," protested the player, plaintively. "You forget I'm a stranger,—I wasn't even invited." His eyes wandered to the bottom step where Miriam sat as she had dropped in that first shocking moment, still, rapt and breathless.

"Oh, I forgot," apologized Eddy Jackson. "Everybody's supposed to know everybody in Red Thrush. This is our friend Tub Andrews. He went to school with us when he was a kid, but they moved to Detroit, and now he's come back to run the First National Bank. Janitor, aren't you, Tub?"

"Assistant janitor," said Tub Andrews pleasantly. "But next week they are going to promote me to stamp-licker. Pleased to meet you. He dropped down on the step beside Miriam. "That's the worst of being a financier. One has to begin so low down and work so far up. Now in figuring out my future, according to the stars and the usual rate of promotion, when I am eighty-two years old I shall be the nineteenth vice-president and established for life."

"It seems incredible," said Miriam gravely.

Tub considered her thoughtfully. "Why didn't you go into the Beauty Pageant and give your sister a run for her complexion?"

"I?" Miriam was shocked with amazement. "She!"

"Sure. I was one of the judges. Your sister had it easy the way it was. But if you had been against her,—well,—me,—I'm one gentleman who don't."

"Don't what?" Miriam followed the jovial young banker with some difficulty, but with interest.

"Prefer 'em." He indicated the golden Marjory with a light wave of his ukelele. "They freckle on the nose, and peel on the neck, and go dark in streaks—their hair does. I'm a blond myself. I know all about 'em."

"I'm going to turn you all out now," called Marjory, with a smile that took the sting from her light dismissal. "I want to go up-stairs and see my father, and all my sisters have to come along. You've been perfectly wonderful to me.—Eddy, you're an angel—"

"I know it," he agreed briskly. "Believe me, next time I step out, I'll date up Miss Jenkins. This business of beauring beauties is not what it is cracked up to be. Why, the girl never gave me a look until she wanted some one to carry home the prizes."

With much laughter, many light sallies, a hundred gay words, the happy group dispersed slowly.

"I'll come and take you for a ride tomorrow," said Tub Andrews to Miriam. "If you have no objections to flivvers."

"I haven't. I like them."

"I don't. I only drive them.—About eight, then."

And then, breathlessly, with Ginger still in the forbidden gown and the ridiculous curtain, the four girls ran upstairs into their father's room and flung themselves upon his bed, where he sat erect, waiting, knowing they would come to him. Marjory dropped on her knees beside the bed, and buried her bright face in his shoulders, laughing, with tears in the laughter.

"Father—I got it. It was unanimous."

"I had a sort of vague idea maybe you got it," he said, teasingly, but with tender warmth, transferring her from his shoulder to the curve of his arm, where he held her closely. "It just seemed to me there couldn't possibly be such a racket without some prize to show for it."

"Father, give me your hand."

Into the outstretched palm she pressed five small round pieces, gold, fifty dollars in all, and curled his fingers tightly upon the treasure.

"Oh, my dear—" he began protestingly.

"Father, don't say a word. Why, Providence put on that Beauty Pageant—to give us the money for you to go to Chicago again. Oh, father, we knew you were just putting it off because you couldn't afford it! And now you can.—For your eyes, darling."

The silence that followed was so slight as to be barely noticeable, and his voice was only slightly husky as he said:

"You are a nice girl, Marjory. And you are quite right—the eyes need care, and I hadn't the money. It is a joy to take it from you—one of my girls. You're more than good-looking, Marjory, you're just plain nice. You're all nice. I wish they'd offer four prizes the next time—the proceeds would run the parsonage for a year."

(To be continued)

### Riverview "Searchlights"

At a joint meeting of the "Alpha Delta" and "Searchlight" classes of the River View Baptist Church of St. Paul Minn., it was decided to combine the two organizations. This created a class of 22 members which meets once a month for devotional and social gatherings.

On the evening of March 20 this combined class, now under the name of "Searchlights," gave a church supper. The food was prepared and served by the members of the class. The decorations were very springlike, the food was tasty and plentiful and enjoyed by a crowd of about 150 persons. A most enjoyable program was presented by the following persons: Humorous reading by Alice Hyers; songs by Caroline Krueger; and by a quartet of members, Mrs. Edwin Glewwe, Vera Leischner, Esther Fritzier, and Mabel Glewwe; reading by Marion Marks.

A Mother's and Daughter's Banquet was held on May 13 by the members of the class for their own mothers. A color scheme of pink and white was carried out

in all decorations and even in the menu. Forty persons were served at this delicious dinner. The following program was presented:

"God Gave Us Mothers," Chorus.

Scripture, Gertrude Kramer.

Prayer, Ida Glewwe.

Song, "The Bible My Mother Gave Me," Caroline Krueger.

Song, "Home, Sweet Home," Luella Glewwe, Ether Stassen, Esther Fritzier, Mabel Glewwe.

Dialogue, "Then and Now," Ethel Glewwe, Luella Glewwe.

Song, "Sing Old Hymns to Me," Lily Miller.

Reading, "An Old-Fashioned Mother," Mrs. A. J. McCreary.

"A Child on Mother's Knee," song by Lily Miller.

Reading, "No One But Mother," Alma Glewwe.

Song, "Nobody Knows But Mother," Caroline Krueger.

Reading, "A Toast to the Mothers of Today," Dorothy Tubbesing.

"A Prayer for Mother," Chorus.

Giving suppers and banquets is not, however, the only thing we do. We are always on the lookout for chances to do good even though it be but in a small way. For after all it is the little kindnesses and acts of thoughtfulness that make life sweeter. May the Lord give us strength to carry on in his name!

D. T.

### Iowa State Association at Buffalo Center

The Spring Session of the Iowa Association was held with the church at Buffalo Center, April 29 to May 1. On the preceding Sunday Bro. V. Wolff, pastor of the church at Baileyville, served as herald and forerunner.

At the appointed time the Association was opened in the usual way, with the word of welcome from Rev. A. G. Lang, pastor of the local church, and response by Rev. O. W. Brenner, pastor of the church at Sheffield, after which Rev. C. F. Zummach, pastor of the church at Burlington, preached the opening sermon, "Why I believe in Immortality." The morning devotional periods were led by Bro. V. Wolff. His subjects were, "Prayer in the Closet" and "Prayer in family worship." They contained much material for thought and meditation, as well as being a means of blessing. A number of other subjects, covering various important doctrines in the Bible were given by the attending pastors and discussed by those present.

One of the features not to be overlooked was the attendance of more young people than have been in some of the preceding sessions. The younger people ought to be encouraged to attend these sessions, as the State Association is a very vital means of getting acquainted with our denominational work, its growth and its needs. Cultivate the habit of attending, it is a good habit. The fall session is to be held at Baileyville, Ill. Plan now to attend.

### "This Do in Remembrance of Me"

WILLIBALD S. ARGOW

The Communion or Lord's Supper was given to his disciples during the last days of Christ's earthly life. He must have thought that it would have special value, for he said: "This do in remembrance of me" (Luke 22:19). And Paul reminds the Christians of Corinth: "For as often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do show the Lord's death till he come" (1 Cor. 11:26).

The Lord's Supper and the baptism are the only ordinances we as Baptists emphasize. And yet how little does the first named mean to many a member when he partakes of it. It must have possessed great possibilities or else the Lord would not have instituted it with the words: "This do in remembrance of me." The question has often come to the writer, Can it exert the full influence in the manner in which it is observed in most of our churches? It must of necessity be hurried, added as it is, on the end of morning or evening service. We rush through it, so as not to delay the opening of the Sunday school, or keep the Sunday dinner waiting, or are anxious to get home after a day spent in the house of God.

The late Prof. Walter Rauschenbusch, D. D., gave his classes much good advice. Among other things he said: "You can produce a great blessing if you occasionally set a Sunday afternoon aside for a Communion service." I have often thought of this advice, but the opportune time never seemed to arrive. An article on "A Silent Communion Service" appeared in the April, 1930, number of the "Expositor." The advice of Prof. Rauschenbusch at once came to mind and the article showed the way out. The more I thought and prayed about it, the more it impressed itself upon me.

The writer, Dr. Fredrick Maier, says in that article: "The thing that matters most is not what the preacher says but rather what the people think and feel while they are meditating and communing with God. Too frequently people get into the habit of attending worship with the sole idea of listening to what the preacher has to say, when they ought to listen to the voice of God who speaks in their soul. "Be still and know that I am God." "The Lord is in his holy temple. Let all the earth keep silence before him."

"This type of service develops participation. It puts the responsibility upon the worshippers. Music has a large part. There is singing by the choir and congregation. There are special numbers by the organ and violin. No spoken words are used apart from the singing. All prayers are silent. The whole service is printed and moves forward without any announcements. The elders and ushers are instructed beforehand, so they may know just what to do and when to do it. When it is time to pass the elements the minister just lifts the plate or cup in a silent blessing and then passes it to the

elders who distribute it while the organ plays suitable hymns very softly."

Thus far the article. The reader may see that it leaves room for original development. The writer is aware that some good soul may see too much of the Episcopalian ritual in such a service. But why hesitate and halt there? Why not go back and read the original accounts? We are not told that Jesus preached a sermon and then instituted the Communion. We do read however: "And when they had sung a hymn, they went out into the Mount of Olives" (Matt. 26:30). They may have sung more than one hymn, for the psalms were used to a large extent in the Jewish services.

In order to make the Communion service impressive, we have listened to sermons, sermonettes and short Communion addresses in order to be in the proper mood and spirit. Why not shut out man's voice once and listen for and to God's voice? The Communion service at our last General Conference was very impressive. Would not this impression be intensified by observing it in a manner such as set forth here?

On Sunday, May 4, at 7.45 the following program was carried out in Central Baptist Church, Erie, Pa. Some of the members are still speaking of the blessing and the worshipful atmosphere created. A neat little folder printed in gold and purple was sent out the preceding week with a letter calling attention to the coming observance and asking each member to acquaint themselves with the program and pray for the service. The whole service went forward without a single interruption. Personally I do not recall when my own soul was so quieted as in this service. Each church will have to decide how often they would want to observe it in such a manner.

"Be still and know that I am God." "The Lord is in his holy temple. Let all the earth keep silence."

Organ devotions, A. B. Mehnert, F. A. G. O.

Virgin's Prayer, J. Massenet; Ave Maria, Verdas.

Hymn: "Day is Dying in the West." Silent Prayer.

Response by the Choir: "Softly now the Light of Day."

Period of Silent Prayer. (Each one in his own heart.)

Response by the Choir: "Sweet Hour of Prayer."

Sacrament of the Bread: "On the same night in which Jesus was betrayed he took the bread and blessed it and gave it to his disciples, saying: Take, eat, this is my body broken for you, this do in remembrance of me." (Every head bowed while pastor offers prayer.)

Response by the Choir: "Break Thou the Bread of Life."

(Every one eats the bread.)

Sacrament of the Wine: "In like manner also he took the cup and blessed it. He gave it to his disciples, saying: This cup is the New Testament in my blood which was shed for the remission of sins, drink ye all of it."

(Every head is bowed while pastor offers prayer.)

Response by the Choir: "There is a Fountain Filled With Blood."

(Every one drinks the wine.)

Period of silent prayer.

Offering. Offertory-Communion by W. Faulkes.

Hymn: "Blessed be the Tie that Binds."

Postlude: Adagio Vesperale by A. Page.

Benediction. (All songs to be sung softly.)

### Surprise for Pastor and Wife at Benton Harbor

Rev. H. W. Wedel and his dear wife of the Clay St. Baptist Church in Benton Harbor, Mich., were pleasantly surprised by the members of this church, of which Rev. Wedel is pastor, on May 19 in memory of their 30th wedding anniversary. The main auditorium of the church had been beautifully decorated for the occasion. Rev. and Mrs. Umbach of St. Joseph had very kindly invited the pastor and his family to their home for the afternoon, which gave the committee in charge an opportunity to make preparations for the evening. After the members had assembled, the Wedel family was notified by telephone to return to their home at once for there were friends there who could not stay long and were anxious to see them. They were very much surprised when upon arriving at their home they were met by one of the members who ushered them into the church. As the audience stood, Miss Viola Behlen (organist of the church) played a march and the pastor and wife were led to a front pew. A miscellaneous program followed and Mr. A. Giese, a deacon of the church, presented Rev. and Mrs. Wedel with a bouquet of flowers in which was hidden gold and bills amounting to a substantial purse. Then Rev. Wedel took an opportunity to express his appreciation.

After the program all adjourned to the church dining room where refreshments of ice cream and cake were served by the ladies of the church at prettily decorated tables.

Then all were given an opportunity to extend hearty congratulations to their dear pastor and wife.

ONE OF THE COMMITTEE.

### Now, Will You Subscribe?

Subscription Agent: "Would you like to subscribe for the local paper?"

Lady: "No, we have newspapers all over the house."

Subscription Agent: "How about some good books?"

Lady: "We've got books in every corner."

Subscription Agent: "How about a magazine or two that—"

Lady: "Sorry, but we're swamped with magazines."

Subscription Agent: "Well, then, what about a good paper-baler?"—Sunday School Magazine.



## Commencement Exercises German Department Colgate-Rochester Divinity School

Though the weather was cool for May-time, yet Rochester was in its usual Springtime glory for the commencement season. Of special interest to our readers are the exercises of the German Department. They were opened Sunday morning, May 18, at the Andrews St. church. Student Julius Herr presided at the service. The annual sermon was preached by Prof. Herman von Berge of Dayton, O., the moderator of the General Conference of the German Baptist Churches of North America. His text was Eph. 6:10, 11, and in a forceful manner, he admonished the members of the graduating class as they entered into the ministry, to be strong, to be true, to be godly, to be aggressive, to be filled with the spirit and assurance of victory. It was a strong, practical message filled with pithy advice based on the speaker's experience.

In the evening the Editor of the "Baptist Herald," who is also a member of the School-Committee, spoke in the same church on "Our work among the Young People." A good attendance and an appreciative spirit was evident at both of these services.

The big event on Monday was the banquet at the noon hour in honor of the fortieth anniversary of Prof. Lewis Kaiser as teacher in the German Department. About 90 guests sat down to the well-laden tables in the Student's Home and did full justice to "Mother" Meyer's chicken dinner with all the trimmings. After Dean Ramaker had made some announcements, the festivities were turned over to Rev. A. P. Mihm, who presided as chairman of the special committee of the School Board which arranged for the jubilee celebration. After some introductory remarks and a song by the Student's chorus the chairman called on Prof. H. von Berge, moderator of the General Conference, to bring the congratulations of the denomination. Dean A. J. Ramaker followed with an address in honor of Prof. Kaiser as a representative of the faculty and his colleagues. In the unavoidable absence of President A. W. Beaven, who was detained by a meeting of the trustees at this time, his representative, Prof. C. H. Moehlmann, D.D., brought a fine appreciative message in which he also referred to own early boyhood impressions of Prof. Kaiser and his remarkable preaching. Rev. G. Fetzer, chairman of the School Board, presented a gift in the name of the Board from the denomination, embodied in a check of substantial amount. A similar gift was at this time also presented to Dean Ramaker, who celebrated his fortieth anniversary last year. Prof. F. W. C. Meyer presented a fine embossed fountain pen in the name of the faculty and read a poem composed in honor of the jubilee celebrant in which the poetic muse ran riot in characteristic Meyer fashion. Its serious and humorous strain was enjoyed

by all. Rev. D. Hamel, pastor of the Andrews St. Church, was detained by a funeral service from presenting a beautiful basket of 40 roses; the presentation was made in his stead by Prof. A. Bretschneider for the church from whose pulpit 40 years ago Prof. Kaiser entered into the professor's chair. Prof. Kaiser has been identified with the Andrews St. Church ever since in many helpful ways and possesses the love of all the membership. Rev. W. J. Zirbes, a member of the School Board, made a brief address on behalf of the Alumni of the Seminary and fittingly voiced their sentiments. The Student's Choir under the direction of Bro. Mittelstedt now sang a song in honor of Prof. Kaiser, the words of which had been composed by Prof. F. W. C. Meyer. Prof. Kaiser then received opportunity to give vent to all the pent-up feelings of his heart. He recalled and reviewed the ideals of his life and teaching ministry, confessed his shortcomings and exalted the grace of God and the kindness and patience of his fellow-workers and his students with him. With the strains of "Blest be the tie that binds" and prayer by Prof. O. Koenig, the celebration came to a close.

On Wednesday night the graduation exercises of the German Department took place in the Andrews St. Church. The commencement address was given by President A. W. Beaven, D.D., and the presentation of diplomas was made by Dean A. J. Ramaker, D.D. This year's class is one of the smallest in years, only three graduating. Julius Herr will continue studies at Rochester University, David Zimmermann becomes pastor at Arnprior, Ont., and Jacob Kraenzler's plans are still indefinite.

May God bless our school, both teachers and students and support them in their high work and calling!

## Lookout Club Gives Mother's and Daughter's Banquet

The girls of the Lookout Club of the Bethel Church, Indianapolis, gave a Mother's and Daughter's banquet Wednesday evening, May 14, in honor of Mother's Day. Each girl had her own mother or an adopted mother as her guest for the evening. Many beautiful songs were sang. Mrs. Ruth Mock was toastmistress and Rev. A. Bredy gave a very interesting talk. Miss Ruth Schaefer gave a short recital and Miss Martha Schaefer gave a musical recital. Miss Huldah Schaefer led the singing for the evening. The young men waited on the tables and all enjoyed themselves. A bouquet of flowers was given to the oldest mother and the youngest mother, Mrs. Kranzer, age 70, and Mrs. Smith, age 23.

Morning services were rather unusual Sunday morning. Each family sat together. It was very well represented by each family and Rev. Bredy had a very beautiful sermon. It was surprising how large some families are when all sit together.  
EMILY ARNDT, Sec.

## Events at First, Brooklyn

Sunday, May 18, we First Brooklynites had a great day of rejoicing. Do you know the reason why? Shall we whisper the secret of our joy into your ears? Listen and then praise the Lord whose mercy endureth for ever:

On the above Sunday we were able to celebrate our first Children's Festival at our new mission station in South Jamaica, L. I., N. Y. By car this new field is located about half an hour's automobile ride from Ridgewood, where we have our headquarters. The mission was started last fall in September. Regular Sunday Gospel services have been held by the pastor, Bro. William A. Mueller, and his assistants, while Bro. George Strunk has conducted a Sunday school and a Week-day school since January last. Now on Sunday, May 18, the first Children's Festival was held in the Mission, with over 40 children in attendance. These happy children rendered their recitations in the German language only. We hope and pray that this work will continue to prosper under the guidance of the Lord.

May 25 was another banner day in our church life. The MW Quartet of our Rochester School, composed of the brethren John Wobig, Frank Woike, Max Mittelstedt and Daniel Mayhoeffer, was in our midst, and they sang the glorious songs of Zion to the joy of all those present at the Sunday school session and morning service.

Bro. John Wobig, Senior in the Seminary, brought a splendid gospel message on the "Great Commission." Our hearts were uplifted as we listened to this heart-burning message of our brother. As long as our Seminary helps men to deliver such sermons as that brought by Bro. Wobig, we may trust it with the preparation of our gospel messengers to the utmost.

We wish the Quartet a hearty reception throughout the land, for we are convinced that theirs is an important function and task. God bless you, boys! Sing to your heart's content! Let Jesus Christ be praised from the Atlantic to the Pacific in order to exalt our wonderful Lord!

## Social Workers

When Jane Addams, of Hull House, Chicago, was asked some years ago upon whom she most relied for volunteer unsalaried workers, "creedless altruists or church members?" she frankly replied: "They are all Christians from evangelical churches. I have a good many 'altruists' try it, but I never knew any slum worker to stand the wear and tear of our work for over three weeks unless inspired by Christian love." And another testimony comes from Miss Kate Marsden, working among the lepers of Siberia, who writes, "The claims of humanity are insufficient, alone, to sustain prolonged consecration to the service of the suffering; a higher inspiration is required."—The Rochester Times.

## Mother's and Daughter's Banquet in Minneapolis

Saturday, May 10, was another festive occasion in the First German Baptist Church of Minneapolis. A Mother's and Daughter's banquet was held in the church basement.

The Eureka Men's Club members served a very good meal. The menu was as follows: Pineapple canape, veal and pork roast, mashed potatoes and gravy, celery, pickles, corn, buttered rolls, cake and coffee.

The tables were decorated with roses, each member of the Dorcas chapter of the W. W. G. having paid for one, which were taken to the respective homes after the banquet and worn on Mother's Day.

A spicy program was put on which was enjoyed by every one present and we all purposed in our hearts to be the ideal daughter or the ideal mother with His help. The program was as follows:

Mrs. Otto F. Minks presiding; Prayer, Mrs. W. J. Appel; Song, Men's chorus; Address, "Mothers," Miss Julia Siemens; Recitation, Elfrieda Reck; Address, "Daughters," Mrs. E. G. Brachlow; Recitation, Eleanor Minks; Address, "Daughters," Mrs. F. M. Siemens; Song, Helen Appel; Address, "Mothers in Africa," Miss M. Lang; Closing prayer.

In addition to the two missionaries on the program, Miss Margaret Lang and Julia Siemens, we had the fortune to have Fortunata Sulmorin, a native from the Philippine Islands, with us, who graduates from Bethel Seminary this year.

## German Baptist Ministers' Conference of New York and Vicinity

Blue sky overhead, murmuring brooks babbling in the woods, the scent of fragrant flowers in the air, a light breeze playing in the tree-tops, birds singing sweet melodies, beautiful lanes and meadows that invite weary pilgrims to rest and ease—picture all this manifold beauty in your mind, transport yourself to the estate of Brother and Sister F. Niebuhr at West Caldwell, N. J., and you will have an idea of the wonderful pastime we spent with these gracious hosts in such beautiful surroundings.

Most of the preachers and their wives gladly followed the invitation of Bro. and Sister F. Niebuhr to hold their May conference in their midst. Quite early in the forenoon of May 12 the brethren and sisters gathered at Caldwell, enjoyed a fine dinner at 1 P. M., then the preachers met for a short session, while their good wives met for theirs.

Bro. Charles Koller of Newark gave an informal talk on "The Minister's Use of Patriotic Holidays." His presentation of the matter was vivid, biblically sound, and full of suggestions as to the right use of our patriotic holidays. A lively discussion ensued.

We regret the going of Brother and Sister William Schmitt with whom we always enjoyed a most blessed fellowship.

We wish them many victories in their new work in Detroit, Mich.

The Niebuhrs at Caldwell are to be congratulated upon owning such a lovely retreat, far away from the noise of large cities, and surrounded with God's glorious handiwork.

Before we sign off, we should not fail to express our gratitude to the Niebuhrs for having entertained us in such a gracious manner on May 12 Anno Domini 1930. Inasmuch as the meal which was served by the gentle hostess was so exquisite, Bro. Hensel, our toastmaster, expressed the hope that we might soon be invited again.

And now for the task! Summer is coming and with it numerous opportunities for service. The writer realizes that summer is the time when people hurry away from the smoke and turmoil of the great cities in order to find rest and shelter in God's out of doors. May we take Christ with us as we journey away from our homes so that the seed of the gospel might be sown in season and out of season. Beware, dear readers, of the "summer-slump."

WILLIAM A. MUELLER, Clerk.

## A Voice from a Bulgarian Prison

February 28, 1930.

Dear Brothers in Jesus Christ our Lord and Savior:

The peace of God the Father in Jesus Christ our Lord abide with you now and forever. Amen.

In the year 1829 I was caught and put into jail as a lawbreaker and thief. At that time I was feeling very bitter against the prevailing system, and was filled with hatred like a man without God. My aim was to make a living for all of us by every means in my power, even by stealing, cheating and house-breaking,—anything to make a living. Methods were no object as long as I attained my end. But finally I found myself in prison where I had to account for my misdeeds and pay the penalty. Here I realized that I had myself to blame for all I had done, and not the capitalist system, of which I had thought myself to be a slave.

Nineteen months afterwards my case came up in court, and I was found guilty and sentenced to six years and seven months hard labor in the penitentiary. Here I began to hate everything and everybody. My thoughts grew worse from day to day, and I decided to put an end to my life and my worthless mode of living. But just when I was on the verge of discontent I heard the Gospel news, how Christ died for us, to save us from all our sins. Through this I found hope for my formerly hopeless life and peace in my heart.

Several Christian men and women used to visit our prison, where they distributed religious pamphlets and Bibles. At first, as I was feeling very bitter, I did not want to listen to them as everyone else did. Not long afterwards I decided to buy a New Testament, to read it just to pass the time away.

Thereupon a great battle took place within me, between the Light of Christ and the evil in me, but eventually Christ won and redeemed me, making a new man of me. Then I realized why these good Christians came to visit us, regardless of rain and bitter cold, snow storms and mud; they came to help us discover the best parts of our nature, which God had put in us, for we were all made in his likeness.

The Bible showed me that there was no other name given under the sun, whereby we can be saved. (Acts 4:12.) "The blood of the Son and our Lord Jesus Christ cleanses us from all sin" (1 John 1:7).

I went to Christ with prayers, asking him in simple faith to forgive my sins and make me whole again. Here I found forgiveness for my sins and joy entered my heart. I could not rest there but arose from my knees and went to see the other prisoners, to tell them what Christ had done for me.

While going about my good work among the prisoners, and daily growing in grace, God permitted me to be tested by sickness and I was declared to be suffering from tuberculosis in the third stage. The doctor informed me that I could even now be cured if I were provided with better food, good and warm clothes and pure air. But here I am in prison, extremely poor and without the means necessary for my recuperation, to enable me to continue doing God's work here. I believe that God will provide for me somehow if it is his will to have me live for his names sake.

I want you to pray for me that I may be of use here, to the glory of our God and Savior Jesus Christ.

I send my brotherly love to all my brothers and sisters in Christ our Lord.

Your brother in Christ, N. P.  
State Penitentiary in R., Bulgaria.

## Bravo, Brisbane!

Yes, that's what we say. Listen to the berating Brisbane gave the atheistic and bombastic Bosolas of Russia.

This: "A Russian university in Leningrad is opened to teach atheism. Three hundred students, 47 of them women, will prepare themselves for 'active propaganda of militant atheism.'"

"If any newspaper is published in heaven, that news item will go on the comic page."

"It suggests a colony of ants on a railroad right of way organizing a university to prove that there is no such thing as an engineer."

## Inflated Occasion

"Was Harold's wedding a swell affair?" "Positively! They even used puffed rice."—Montreal Star.

\* \* \*

"I wish that boy of mine adopted the same attitude to examinations as he does to motor cars. He wants to pass everywhere on the road."



## What the Bible Means to Me as a Business Man

HOWARD LASSEN

To me, the Bible means everything, principally because it is the Word of God, and being the Word of God, it has a vital influence upon my whole life. And secondarily, because every phase of human life is contained within its pages. Every possible experience of heart and soul and mind is pictured within the Bible, and the results clearly shown: the results of either the negative action (disobedience) or the positive action (obedience).

The Bible gives a simple and a beautiful and a divine explanation of all things hard of understanding: the Bible stabilizes my mind. As I grow in mind, as I grow in intelligence, my thoughts encompass the world and the universe. I, at times, meditate upon the creation of this wonderful world and the origin of all things.

If I heed every wind of doctrine concerning these things, I am confused; but if I consult my Bible which is man's universal text-book, I am stabilized and satisfied. For in the Bible I find a very wonderful and a very simple account of the creation of heaven and earth and all that is contained in them. And it is also a very logical explanation to the believing soul. Man was made in the image of God, with the capacity to name all the creatures which God made, and with all the attributes necessary to hold dominion over them. This satisfies my inquiring mind and my searching yet reverent heart. The Bible stabilizes my mind.

I am a lover of inspiring literature, and I find a great repository of the most wonderful stories right in my Bible, with the additional value of knowing that they are true. There is the story of Noah's Ark, with the whole world as its setting; there is the love story of Jacob and Rachel in which we find that true love annihilates time, time only enriches it; there is the story of Joseph and his brethren in which a castaway becomes Governor of Egypt; Samson with superhuman strength hanging on a hair's balance; Ruth and Boaz, that beautiful story of faithfulness and honorableness; David and Goliath, faith against brawn; Esther who feared not death, but bravely accused the wicked Haman of conspiracy against her people; for which Haman received the bitter fruit of his own conspiracy;—and there are many more.

If I desire to read philosophy, to read discourses on the ways and ends of life, to search into the reason and nature of things, I shall read the book of Job, in which God himself freely discourses about many things with Job, that great man of patience and faith.

If my soul delights in poetry, that elevated form of expression, in which the heart becomes so eloquent that its utterances seem surrounded by delightful music, I shall read the Psalms of David.

If my mind and heart desire to learn many short and helpful sayings of moral

and practical value, gleaned from the knowledge and wisdom of the world's wisest men, I may read the Proverbs and The Words of the Preacher, written by Solomon.

If I wish to consider the life, the office and the reward of a prophet, I shall read of Elijah. And I find that a prophet is a true man of God whose office is to communicate the Word of the Lord. A true man of God, though he be persecuted nigh unto death, yet upholds the Word of God, ever calling the people to repentance and obedience. A man who could draw upon the great spiritual resources of God, and yet live a life of privation, and who ever wielded his God-given powers for the denunciation of sin and the edification of truth and righteousness, and the glory of God. His reward is eternal glory, for Elijah appeared with Moses at the transfiguration of Christ.

If I desire to read an all-inclusive sermon, and wish to meditate upon the qualifications of a citizen of the Kingdom of God, I shall read Jesus' unparalleled sermon, the Sermon on the Mount. It is a summary of all his teachings. It is the perfect sermon, and it embraces the Christian's articles of covenant, and the source of all his spiritual comfort.

If I would read the persuasive dissertations, the authoritative reasonings of one of the world's most cultured, yet most humble scholar, I will read the Epistles of Paul, the Apostle.

And if I would traverse the realm of the Seer, the realm of the things yet to come, I shall reverently and prayerfully read the Revelations of John the Divine.

If it were my lot to choose but one book from all the literature in the world, I would not hesitate an instant to choose the Bible.

In my dealings with men and women, in the daily routine of my business life, I find that the Gospel of Jesus Christ is sufficient to cope with every situation. Men and women respond quickly to love, and even to sincere and righteous rebuke. We have upon the walls of our little lunch room several framed admonitions: kindly, but serious counsel taken from the Bible, principally, and we believe that they shed an atmosphere and a character of orderliness and respect which is perceptible in the conduct and the conversation of those who patronize us. The Golden Rule is practical, and works just as wonderfully in business as it does in the life of every lovable person.

Lastly, I am deeply conscious that our Lord Jesus Christ, in his sore temptation, overcame Satan completely by the power of the Word of God.

What the Bible means to me? It means everything:—truth, righteousness, faith, hope, love, and charity. It means reconciliation with God through Jesus Christ.

*Carrying my Bible on Holy Day,  
From my humble home to the House of  
God,*

*I feel a zeal to sing and pray,  
And penitent kneel, before my Lord.*

## The Pastor and His Young People

Barring some exceptional misfits, the pastor is the best religious leader the young people of a community have. Very rarely will a group of young people be disappointed when they go to their pastor with their individual or group problems. He may be busy, but he is never too busy to give counsel and leadership to the troubled student or the perplexed committee member. He can usually be depended upon to champion the cause of his young people in a board meeting and secure for them needed equipment and other privileges.

This is not always easy, for he himself belongs to the adult generation that is inclined to look critically upon the doings of modern youth. The unrecorded pleas that pastors have made for patience and consideration of the growing generation would make interesting reading.

But the pastor has faith in his young people. He knows that there is an idealism in youth that responds to the idealism of Jesus. He knows, too, that there is a dynamic capable of realizing their ideals. The pastor may not always be present at the social and religious meetings of his young people. The officers of the group ought to realize that and through frequent conferences with the pastor come so to understand his viewpoint and know his spirit that they can correctly represent him when he is necessarily absent.

I know of a group of young people who brought new life and hope to a pastor by deliberately including him in their social functions. He was invited to participate in meetings, tennis tournaments and excursions. Of course, such a relationship made for a sympathetic understanding on both sides.

A pastor's real success with his young people, however, is not to be measured by the number of hikes he takes with them. His success is ultimately to be measured by how well he succeeds in helping them solve their problems in the light that Jesus came to bring.

Much of the criticism about our pastors in their relation to young people is unfair, as unfair as some of the criticism that is directed against the young people themselves. Working together in mutual understanding and trust, a pastor and his young people can make great progress toward permeating school and community life with the spirit and the principles of Jesus.

### Both Missing

"Where is my wandering boy tonight,  
I wonder, near or far?"  
An anxious parent asks, and adds:  
"And also, where's the car?"

\* \* \*

Long Boy: "Big Boy, wuz George Washington as honest as dey sez he wuz?"

Shorty: "Ah tell you, Nigger, George wuz the honestest man dat ever wuz born."

Long Boy: "Den how come dey close de banks on his birthday?"

## A Story of Ten Young Girls

The point of this story which was uttered by our Lord is that five young girls took with them only the oil in their lamps. Those five made no provision for any unusual demand. They did not think of life as something which calls for precautions.

Those five said to themselves, "If things turn out all right, then we shall be all right." They had enough oil for the occasion should the occasion take place exactly as they hoped it would. If the bride and bridegroom arrived at the likely moment, they had enough oil to keep their lamps burning until they should meet them. But what made them foolish was that they had nothing to fall back upon as in case they found circumstances turning out differently from what they expected.

When the bloom of youth is in the cheek and vitality oozes from every pore, one is inclined to conclude that all of life will be easy. But experience teaches that there are hard days ahead. We may as well face the fact. Jesus faced it, and in sympathy and in love he tried to tell his hearers that those who fail to make provision for the time of disappointment and disillusion are indeed foolish.

Jesus had great concern for young people, as is shown in the story of the ten young girls. He surveyed life in its entirety and declared that the mere exuberance of physical vigor would not avail for the dark tragedies. Only with a strong faith in God can we meet the test.

## Chalk Talk

### To Show How to Read the Bible

Draw an old-time scroll. Above it print in large letters "SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES." On the scroll print the following acrostic on the word "Scriptures":

Systematically, Luke 24:27.  
Carefully, Deut. 15:5.  
Reverently, Ps. 119:161..  
Intently, Prov. 2:1, 2.  
Prayerfully, Ps. 119:18.  
Trustingly, Acts 24:14.  
Understandingly, Acts 8:30.  
Retentively, Ps. 119:11.  
Every day, Acts 17:11.  
Secretly, Ps. 91: 1.

Call upon the members to look up and read the references.

### "Mass Psychology"

A man in a New England state suffered from a fainting spell. When his wife discovered him, she, too, fainted. A son, entering the room and finding both his parents inert, was overcome. A second son, who came upon the other three, managed to retain his faculties long enough to telephone a physician. When the doctor arrived he found all four in a faint and revived them.

According to the newspaper account of this succession of collapses, no ex-

planation could be given except "mass psychology." Both science and common sense tell us that we are influenced greatly by the crowd we are in. The loud, vulgar gang tends to level down all its members. In like manner, the Sunday school, or Young People's Society is a real help to the person who is trying to live up to high ideals. Call it mass psychology if you want to: the influence is just as strong if you give it any other name.

### It's Too True

An oyster met an oyster  
And they were oysters two.  
Two oysters met two oysters  
And they were oysters too.  
Four oysters met in a pint of milk  
And they were oyster stew.

—Pitt Panther.

### The New Seven Wonders

Various groups have been amusing themselves and more or less edifying the public by making up lists of the new seven wonders of the world, which may be supposed to have taken the places occupied by the pyramids, the temple of Diana, the colossus of Rhodes, and the rest of the ancient marvels which have been so far outgrown.

The new lists include wireless telegraphy, synthetic chemistry, radium, the airplane, the telephone, antiseptics, antitoxins, the spectroscope, electric lighting, and other material aids to civilization. All of these are certainly wonderful enough, and any one of them far surpasses all of the ancient seven wonders combined.

But in reading the new lists I am filled with surprise at the absence of the higher wonders, those of the mind and soul. For example, I would place the works of William Shakespeare infinitely above every one of the marvels mentioned in any one of the lists referred to. I regard a missionary hospital as superior to all of them put together. The Constitution of the United States means more to mankind than seven times seven wonders of the old-time variety. And the King James translation of the Bible is a wonder that dwarfs them all.

If we are seeking material for amazement and surprise, it is in this realm that is to be found.—A. R. Wells in C. E. World.

\* \* \*

Oftentimes in the voyage of life sacrifices must be made in order to continue upon our course. Every day men part with money, business, society, for the sake of their health. Should we not be willing to give up something for the sake of the soul's welfare? If we could but realize the greatness of the destinies involved, perhaps the necessary sacrifices would be made more cheerfully.—Forward.

\* \* \*

"Mummy, is it lunch time yet?"  
"No, darling, not for another hour."  
"Well, then, my tummy must be fast."

## The Way We End

It is of the first importance that we start right. A bad start is a blight and handicap all the way.

However, it may be overcome and a few hard knocks in the beginning may simply strike fire out of the flint and enable one to make a bigger blaze in the world than he would have made otherwise.

But important as a good start is in a day's work or in an entire career, it is also of prime importance that we reach the end in the right way. At the races, the prizes go irrespective of a poor start and of any breaks along the way to those who come first under the wire. So the world judges us largely by the way we end.

There is, therefore, the incessant duty of vigilance. Our spiritual lives are in need of constant upkeep. If we think that having done well for many years or won the plaudits of men by a few heroic deeds, we can then relax, we are simply mistaken. The world forgets the good deeds. Its thought and talk are on the darker side of life.

It is thrice a pity when a mariner after sailing rough seas and winning high laurels, suffers wreck upon shoal or rock in sight of home.

\* \* \*

If the King is indeed near of kin to us, the royal likeness will be recognizable.

### What Is a Christian?

What a 10-year-old country boy thinks a Christian is, one may learn from the following composition handed in to an Oregon missionary:

"A Christian is one that believes in God and his Son and tries to do what he thinks is right. They help other people and try to have them be Christians.

"A Christian loves his enemies and does not hold a grudge against them. He does not stop for what other people think of his belief, he keeps right on doing what is right and tries to have others do the same.

"A Christian boy or girl helps their parents and studies good in school. On the playground they don't get angry and cheat and fight over games.

"There is no one fallen so low in life but what a Christian will help them back to the right kind of life.

"A Christian won't run off fishing instead of going to church school. He won't put on the appearance of being better than he is. He won't use bad language and do all kinds of bad things during the week and go to church on Sunday and ask the Lord to forgive him and then do the same things right over again.

"I think you will find a Christian will work just as hard in the finish as at the beginning.

\* \* \*

The man who exempts himself from serious thinking will suffer at the time of reckoning.



# The German Baptists' Life Association

860 Walden Ave., Buffalo, New York



M. Heringer



J. L. Moser



S. J. Fuxa



P. M. Janzen

**T**HE German Baptists' Life Association of Buffalo, N. Y., is an old Fraternal Beneficiary Society under the stringent insurance laws of the State of New York. It is licensed in the states of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, Michigan, Oregon and South and North Dakota. This means that it has complied in every respect with the laws of these states. It is the only corporation of its kind among Baptists, while the Quakers, Presbyterians, Lutherans, Catholics and Jews have many similar organizations. There is no doubt but that there was great need for just such a company in 1884, when the pioneer pastors of our German Baptist Denomination organized the society, offering sick benefits, accident benefits and death benefits to the members of our Baptist Churches.

Our Government has stated that Life Insurance is a necessity and has shown the amount carried by the American people is woefully inadequate. We believe

draw the draperies of his couch about him, and lie down in pleasant dreams, because he knows that if from that couch he should silently pass to the world beyond, his wife and children would be armed with the financial weapons with which to continue to fight the battles and discharge the responsibilities of life.

But, added to this fine sense of duty and to the exquisite pleasure of knowing the future of his loved ones is safe, may be and should be that other and none the less substantial sense of satisfaction that in making his yearly payment on his life insurance he is assisting in making safe and happy not only the future of his own, but also the future of thousands of other widows and orphans. When such a conception of life insurance becomes a real, practical, downright, everyday fact, all men who can will take insurance and more insurance, and will carry their insurance to maturity to the end of life.

**T**HE Life Insurance Underwriter is a multiplicity of blessings. He is the creator of wealth, the saver of estates, the payer of mortgages, the protector of orphans, the provider of comforts, the promoter of thrift, the teacher of duty and a benefactor. He is all this and more and therefore need never feel ashamed to have it known that he is a life insurance agent and when he sells a man a policy in a good reliable company, he knows it is as safe as a government bond.

that every man should practice thrift and thereby contribute to the capital accumulation of the world, so establish human happiness, and in doing it to lay aside something for the needs as against the time when he may become a burden to his family, to his friends or to society.

We say to every German Baptist brother that he assume the responsibility of looking out for the welfare of others as well as for himself particularly for those who are in any way dependent upon him. We tell him it is his duty to take care of his wife and children and provide for the future welfare of the family which he has established, even though misfortune should take him out of the world

Life Insurance is so broad, it has so many angles, it touches so many vital interests, that its value has not entered the minds of many of our people deep enough to find practical lodgment.

The ample insured husband and father may nightly

*Over One Million Dollars in Benefits Paid.* Since the founding of this Association, 47 years ago, there has been paid to families of its members \$933,148 in death benefits; \$64,946 in sick benefits, in accident benefits and total permanent disability benefits; and \$30,057 in old age and other benefits. The total amount in dividends paid in cash to members and credited to Option B members now amount to the sum of \$50,589. This makes a grand total of benefits to members and their families since the year 1883 of \$1,078,640.

Ready at all times to serve our German Baptist people and their friends we send out our brethren from our seminaries, whose pictures appear, with the request to welcome them with true Christian hospitality and to listen patiently to what they have to say to you when they visit you in your homes.

With sincere and hearty greetings, we remain, your own brethren of

THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS.



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