

The Baptist Herald

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

Volume Eight

CLEVELAND, O., OCTOBER 15, 1930

Number Twenty



Baraca Class, Union Baptist Church, Arnold, Pa. F. Joswig, Teacher

What's Happening

Watch for our Annual Book Number of the "Baptist Herald," which will appear on November 15. It will contain abundant information and good pointers for your Christmas book gifts. Wait till you read it for your holiday book purchases.

A brief pageant, "Under the Cross," whose author is Rev. F. A. Bloedow, has been mimeographed at our office and copies will be sent to all writing in to our editorial office, Box 6, Forest Park, Ill. Enclose a two cent stamp. Those who wish copies in German can write to Rev. F. A. Bloedow, 865 Winnipeg Ave., Winnipeg, Man.

Rev. C. Peters, pastor of the church at Jamesburg, N. J., was permitted to receive six new members into the church by baptism on Sunday, Sept. 7. All of these, together with another young lady, received by letter several weeks previous, are members of two families. The father of the one family had been brought up as a Roman Catholic, the other as an Episcopalian.

The newly elected officers of the Young Peoples Society of the church at Passaic, N. J., are E. Earl Traver, president; Ewald Krueger, vice-president; Mrs. Harry Schroeder, secretary; Miss Florence Alnor, treasurer. The society has printed a neat vest-pocket size card with the programs for the Fall of 1930. Rev. G. H. Schneck, the pastor, conducts a Bible Study on the "Life of Christ" during this period.

About twenty children from the Children's Home, St. Joseph, Mich., accompanied by "Mom" Steiger and several adults, by invitation visited the Sunday school of the Oak Park German Baptist Church, Chicago, Mr. Fred. Grosser, Supt., on Sunday morning, Sept. 28. They furnished a fine program of recitations, songs, harmonica selections by some of the boys and a play in which all the children took part. It was a treat for the children from St. Joe and a treat for the Oak Park school. The offering of the morning amounted to \$75. The children arrived Saturday evening and were entertained in various homes of the church members. Sunday afternoon after an auto sight-seeing trip, they left again for St. Joseph. No doubt it was a red-letter day for them, which will live long in their memories.

The church at Anaheim, Cal., some time ago purchased an Estey Pipe Organ with chimes and harp. On Sunday, Sept. 21, the dedication of this organ took place. Mrs. Walter Gooden presided at the organ. The pastor, Rev. O. R. Schroeder, preached an appropriate sermon and led in the dedication prayer. Mrs. Harry Urbigkeit gave a fitting

reading. The choir, under the leadership of Mr. Walter Schroeder, sang two inspiring anthems. The cost of the organ was fully covered before its dedication, but a special collection was taken to be applied on the church debt. This collection amounted to \$1000. On Monday night, Sept. 22, a dedicatory concert was given. Prof. M. F. C. Westphal presided at the organ. The choir gave two splendid selections. Mr. Herbert Stabbert played a violin solo in a masterly way. Rev. E. Burgi, chairman of the Ministerial Union of Anaheim, brought to the church the felicitations of the pastors and churches of the city. May this joyful event in the history of this church serve to advance the church work in Anaheim and to glorify our blessed Master!

Cameroons Mail

(Soppo Letter)

Dear Readers of the "Herald":—

I am on trek again visiting my outstations in the lowlands and am now at Tiko. This was an unusually hot day, but toward evening it cooled off a bit. We had a well attended and enthusiastic meeting tonight. As I had been on the go all day, I was very tired and hoped to have a good night's rest. But everything seemed to work together to beat me out of it. Shortly after the close of the meeting a night monkey, lodged in a high tree right back of the chapel, broke the stillness of the night by his incessant and monotonous "tja, tja." I tried to scare him away, but he felt himself quite safe on his lofty perch and had no regard whatever for my exasperated mood. In between, at intervals of exactly one minute, a chameleon made himself heard with his long-drawn and plaintive "oo." Then the crickets and bullfrogs all fell in line, each group with a distinctive concert of their own.

Under such conditions it was impossible to sleep, so I thought it best to redeem the time by penning you a few lines. But even my writing is done with difficulty. Tiny little sandflies, so small that you can hardly see them with your bare eye, take pleasure in pestering me by crawling up my trousers leg and getting into my hair, causing irritating swellings by their bites. At the same time a number of jiggers who have lodged in my toes bother me quite a bit. To make my misery complete, mosquitoes right and left insist on singing to me their latest tunes.

Now, dear friends, knowing under what exasperating conditions I am writing, you will not be surprised at the brevity of my letter. The thought even struck me that it would not be so bad if you were in my place for an hour or two, just for the sake of "knowing how it feels." In the interest of a thorough understand-

ing of the difficulties under which we live and labor out here in this paradise of plaguy pests and vermin it certainly would be worth while—don't you think so?

And now I want to tell you something about our work in general. At Soppo, our base, we have had well attended meetings up to now. This is a great encouragement. On our outstations too a new spirit seems to have taken hold of the people. Last Sunday (March 16) over 50 new converts were baptized at two of our outstations on the Mongo River. Since the latter part of December up to now over 300 were added to the church, so that our membership has now passed the 1000 mark. Your prayers and material gifts have helped much to bring about these glorious results, and you have every reason to rejoice with us. We all, you at the home-base and we here on the field, are co-workers together with God. I am sure no greater honor could come to us nor greater reward crown our feeble efforts. It is simply overwhelming when we ponder the intrinsic value of the individual soul. So let us not become weary in well doing, but rather increase more and more in our labor of love. By so doing we help to answer our own prayers for the coming of God's kingdom on earth.

But it is nearly 12 o'clock, and therefore time to retire. The chameleon is quiet now. The concert of the bullfrogs has ceased. The crickets too are resting up. Only the monkey is still at it, but he shows signs of weakening and there is hope that he too becomes quiet after midnight. So I may still get a night's rest after all.

With cordial greetings to all,
Yours for intensified effort for the coming of God's kingdom on earth,
C. J. BENDER.

The Baptist Herald

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

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

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

All editorial correspondence is to be addressed to Rev. A. P. Mihm, 7346 Madison St., Forest Park, Ill.
All business correspondence to German Baptist Publication Society, 3734 Payne Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

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

The Baptist Herald

Eight Gates for Thoughts

IN the Bible we are given the Eight Gates for Thoughts. The Bible says, "As a man thinketh in his heart so is he." This shows how important our thoughts are.

God knowing the great power of thought for good and for evil, has placed Eight Gates in the Bible through which our thoughts must pass before they meet the standard.

They are found in Philippians 4:8.

"Whatsoever things are true,

"Whatsoever things are honest,

"Whatsoever things are just,

"Whatsoever things are pure,

"Whatsoever things are lovely,

"Whatsoever things are of good report,

"If there be any virtue,

"If there be any praise,

"Think on these things."

A thought might be true and honest and so be able to get through the first two gates, and if it was just and pure it might get to the fifth gate, but if it was not lovely it would have to be shut out of the mind and heart.

A thought might be true and honest and just and pure and lovely and of good report, but there might not be any virtue or good come from thinking it, so that thought would have to be barred.

A thought might pass all the first six gates, and there might be much virtue and good in thinking of it, but if there was nothing in it of praise, it would have to be excluded. Not by any man's choice or command, but by God's express command.

When you are thinking just sit as censor and lock each and every gate, for unless the thought is true and honest and just and pure and lovely and of good report and unless there is virtue and praise in it, you are not permitted to think of it.

Let us pray with David, "Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth, and keep the door of my lips." Let us join with all our hearts in the closing prayer of the 19th Psalm, "Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation (thought) of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my redeemer."—C. C. Coad.

Capitalism and Poverty

ECKHARD UMBACH

WE hear in our day a great deal about capitalism. Almost all of our economic evils are blamed on the capitalistic system. And there can be no doubt that capitalism is responsible for many of the troubles of the present generation. But a man may have capital and do nothing with it which is just as bad as setting it to work for mere purposes of self-enrichment. In one of his parables the Lord speaks of a man who had been entrusted by his master with one talent (\$1000, Prof. Goodspeed's translation), and who dug a hole in the ground and buried the money. He was a capitalist, but he robbed the world as well as his master of the good he could have done with his capital.

We Are All Capitalists

Well, we are all capitalists, and that man was not the only one who buried his talents. There are many in our day who do the same. It is not only money that constitutes capital. A healthy body is capital and means much in the battle of life. A young man who was deeply dissatisfied because he did not earn as much as he desired was asked once whether he would give up one of his fingers for a thousand dollars. "Indeed not," he replied. "Well, you have ten of them, and if you consider one of them worth more than a thousand dollars, you are worth ten thousand dollars, and you are a capitalist," his friend replied. How few people realize the value of a healthy body. We only become grateful for it when we happen to see a cripple or at times when we have lost our health. Some of life's greatest satisfactions come to us through the possession of a healthy body: the joy of being able to do things, the ability to enjoy life, the zest and buoyancy of conscious strength. Yes, a healthy body is a great capital.

And that is no less true of our mental faculties. It is the mind of man that makes him the superior being that he is. The great Frenchman Pascal said once: "It does not take much to kill a man. A little germ in one of his vital organs can accomplish that. But even if it would take the Universe to kill a man, yet man is greater than the Universe, because man knows that he dies. But the Universe does not know that it kills him." Manush, the thinker, is the word that the old Assyrians gave to man. The German word "Mensch" is derived from that. Because he thinks he has a history. That cannot be said of any animal, even of the most advanced. A swallow builds her nest the same way as ten thousand years ago. There is no progress. But man has risen from a cliff-dweller to the comfort and attraction and convenience of a modern home. The brain that God

has given him has been the capital with which he has accomplished it.

And time has been his capital. We here in America are wont to say:

"Time Is Money"

It is, if it is used rightly. I once read: "Time is an estate which produces nothing without cultivation, but duly improved never fails to recompense the labors of the diligent worker." It was the little bits of time, snatched from his hard work in the spinning mill, that enabled Livingstone to get his education. It was the improvement of his spare moments that made Abraham Lincoln the great man he was. Paul's injunction of "redeeming the time," is sound advice not only in evil times but all the time. Horace Mann's "Lost Ad." is worth pondering over: "Lost yesterday, somewhere between sunrise and sunset two golden hours—each set with sixty diamond minutes. No reward is offered for they are gone forever." Surely, time is money. Show me a man who has benefited the world by his wisdom, or his country by his patriotism, or his neighborhood by his philanthropy, and you show me a man who has made the best of his every minute, says Orrison Swett Marden.

And furthermore, personality,

Character Is Capital

It was Moses' towering personality that gave him the influence that has outlasted the centuries. It was his wonderful Christian character that enabled Robert Moffat to gain the confidence of Afrikaner and blaze the way for the cross in South Africa. The world, it is said, is always looking for men who are not for sale; men who are honest, sound from center to circumference, true to the heart's core. Men who know their message and tell it; men who know their places and fill them; men who know their business and tend to it; men who will not lie, shirk, or dodge; men who are not too lazy to work, not too proud to be poor; men who are willing to eat what they have earned, and wear what they have paid for; men who are not afraid to say "No" with emphasis and who are not ashamed to say, "I can't afford it."—Some things which you never could buy with money you can win by character. Character is capital, indeed.

But when we thus become aware of the capital we possess, the question naturally arises,

How Can We Best Invest Our Capital?

And the answer given to this question is the same that must be given to any kind of investment. It is a well known maxim that a sound investment must be satisfactory from three points of view: First, is it safe? Second, does it pay? and Third, is it lasting? Let us probe our spiritual and higher investments from this standpoint.

Now it is clear as daylight that indulging in anything that impairs our health of body and mind is not what you would call a safe investment. There

are pleasures that break down our bodies and stunt our mental faculties. There are pursuits that make the soul shrivel and die. There are surroundings that are a danger to strongest and best. Of course, we should avoid them. We cannot afford to risk what makes for manhood and mental alertness and achievement in order to gain the fleeting pleasures of a gay and empty life. It is a poor investment simply to be out for a good time.

We have the best time if we make our lives to count for something in the service of God and humanity. George H. Knox writes: "The aim of every man should be to get out of life all there is in life; to develop latent possibilities; bring to life dead talent; discover new forces; learn how to deal with men; develop the great art of persuasion, grow a character; build a soul—in fact to become a leader in the world's work, a man of affairs, a man who delights in raising the standard of men and who carries the flag of civilization forward. Men do not acquire such a place by trying to get all they can out of the world, but by trying to put all they can into it." We live by radiation and not by absorption. And therefore we ought to resolve and say like David Livingstone: "I will place no value on anything I have or may possess except in relation to the kingdom of Christ. If anything will advance the interests of that kingdom, it shall be given away or kept, only as by giving or keeping of it I shall most promote the glory of Him to whom I owe all my hopes in time and eternity." That surely means investing safely and sanely. And an investment of that nature does pay.

Enriching Our Personality

It pays because it enriches our personality. What we become and not what we acquire is the test of a successful life. Diogenes, though he lived in a barrel, was a great personality, so that kings were anxious to visit him; while the rich man in the parable of poor Lazarus was an insignificant and poor wretch notwithstanding all the wealth he possessed. It is personality and character that counts. But the reward of such an investment is not only to be seen in the enrichment of our character; it is also evident in the glory of achievement through it. It was character that saved Joseph in the house of Potiphar from wrecking his life and laid the foundation of his great career. It was character that enabled Luther to face the diet at Worms without flinching. It was character that enabled Garfield to face his constituents when they complained about his way of voting in the United States senate and say to them: "Gentlemen, if I become your representative, it must be because your opinions coincide with mine, and not because I have obeyed the dictates of my conscience; for obedience to muffle its teachings, bury my beliefs, or cover my convictions." Any man speaking thus is investing his life, his time and strength, in causes which it pays to live for.

And such investments are lasting, for "the world

passeth away, and the lust thereof; but he that doeth the will of God abideth forever."

Only the truth that in life we have spoken,
Only the seed that on earth we have sown;
These shall pass onward when we are forgotten,
Fruits of the harvest and what we have done.

Now just one thought in closing.

Capital That Is Not Invested Will Be Lost

Any faculty that is not put to work will shrivel up and be gone before long. There are fish living in the waters of Mammoth Cave in Kentucky who do not see though they have eyes because the darkness deprived them of the use of their eyes. The domestic goose cannot fly like her sister, the wild goose, because she has not made use of her wings. So the soul will lose its wings and man will lose his finest and noblest qualities unless they are put to work and used for the attainment of high and noble aims. Oh that we might ask the guidance of God in the investment of our God-given qualities, so that Christ may be honored and the world may be ennobled by the use we make of them!

Do Program Builders Know Beans?

THE effort to put a quart of beans into a pint measure has been the subject of numerous laboratory experiments. Up to the hour of going to press nothing has come of it, except the spilling of a good many beans.

Nevertheless some program makers keep on trying. They plan a mass meeting, or a convention, or something. The time available is, let us say, one pint. But the managerial eagerness to make the most of it is not satisfied with a pint program. And so a quart of speeches, songs, reports, special music, introduction, collections, announcements, and miscellaneous business is provided.

This would be all right, if it stayed on paper. For example: "A pint cup will hold a quart of beans." Now that statement isn't true. But nothing happens, if you leave it where it is. The ink and the paper do not get in each other's way. Real trouble begins only when you try to do the trick with real beans.

Then comes Neighbor Trouble himself. Then come platform conversation, confusion, and consternation. Then come—or, rather, go—those delegates from Trolleyville who must catch the 9.35 car or walk seven miles. Then comes a bad quarter of an hour for the last man on the program. He's wholly innocent, but the restless ones consider his every word a new offense. And the meeting ends "in shallows and in miseries." Like the bumble bee, it was biggest when it was born.

Engineers and designers know better than to plan structures just strong enough to carry the exact load that will be put upon them. They provide a margin of safety; an overplus of resources, against unforeseen emergencies.

Program engineers might learn to do that. They could, if they would, consider all the possible elements that will enter into the program they are

building, and then provide against some that seem impossible.

Among these: The chorister calls for another song. The choir sings a second anthem. Somebody asks permission to make a wholly extraneous announcement. An unexpected dignitary turns up at the last moment, and must be asked to say a "few words." A special report is called for and must be made verbally, because the manuscript is lost in the mails. A package of literature must be distributed.

And so on, and on, and on, while the clock travels unfeeling toward nine, reaches it, passes it. Then, "we have with us tonight" a perturbed orator with forty-five minutes of eloquence in his system, and a scant fifteen minutes at his disposal for the operation of getting it out!

The ideal paper program for an evening gathering is built like a railway time table, with one important difference. Between "stations" it provides a total leeway of one-fourth of the total time available. For a program beginning at eight and closing at half-past nine it seems to show, all told, not less than twenty minutes with nothing doing. That meeting may expect to close at half-past nine, comfortably. But no meeting will do so if full ninety minutes of events have been scheduled.

All this is on the assumption that the speaker or speakers of the evening will stick to the time allowance, trespassing not a minute beyond what is agreed on.

But even as to that, insurance is ever better than assurance. A speaker's promise is lightly given, since he does not foresee that he will be carried away on the wings of his own exuberance. And a goodly margin of safety may come in handy.

Some constructors of conference programs may overlook this well-meant group of practical suggestions. Their friends will do them a kindness by calling their attention to it early. Program builders should know beans.—The Epworth Herald.

"Home, Sweet Home"

LAST winter when the National Association of Real Estate Boards offered a prize for the best definition of the word "home," 10,090 persons entered the contest. Miss F. Luena Williams, of Massachusetts, was adjudged the winner, with this brief definition:

"Home is a domestic sanctuary—wrought out of desire—built into memory—where kindred bonds unite the family in sharing labors, leisure, joy, and sorrows."

What We Need

IN a day when we are magnifying machinery in everything else we are apt to put too much stress upon it even in our religious activities, local and general. But it is still true as it was when the great Baptist commoner, Dr. J. B. Gambrell, said it with wonderful effect before a great Convention: "It is not more harness we need, but more horse!"



D. V. B. S. Children on picnic, Arnold, Pa.

Progress at Union Baptist Church, Arnold, Pa.

The Union Baptist Church of Arnold, Pa., Rev. E. D. Stevener, pastor, is still on the march for the "Cause." We are not progressing by leaps nor bounds, but are enjoying a steady and healthful growth. In membership the church has grown remarkably during the past two years, and the Sunday school has doubled its enrollment during the past five years. Every class of the Sunday school is very active and anxious to help pay our church indebtedness. Some of the classes have made wonderful contributions during the past year.

The Baraca Class of our Sunday school, whose picture appears on the front page of this issue of the "Herald," wishes to make itself known to other Baraca classes of our German speaking Baptist churches. It sends greetings to, and invites correspondence from other Baraca classes.

Our Daily Vacation Bible School was a huge success. We anticipated an enrollment of about 50, but instead it went up to 116, and was indeed the largest school ever conducted in this church. A demonstration by the Beginners and Primary departments, and a fine program given by the Juniors and Intermediates, on the closing evening, packed the church to capacity. The free-will offering taken that evening more than paid all expenses of the school.

We are happy to report that one of our young ladies is entering the Eastern Baptist Theological Seminary, Philadelphia, this Fall to take a course in Religious Education and prepare herself for home mission work. It is Augusta Theis, and Augusta is the first one from our church to enter upon the work of the ministry. We are proud of her and hope she will have much success and do much good for the cause of the Master.

THE REPORTER.

Bismarck Young People at Work

Bismarck, N. Dak., has not boasted of the work that is being done here. But we are at work for our Master just the same. We have talented young people, and they make good use of their talents.

Between the months of February and June we broadcast a number (seven to

be exact) of musical programs, including a short address by the pastor. These programs were in the German language. The people of three states and three provinces of Canada responded very generously with their words of congratulation and encouragement, for which we give God the glory.

This Spring we held evangelistic meetings in which Rev. Albert Alf came to assist us. Nine Sunday school scholars confessed to the saving power of Christ.

Following the meetings, a Bible Study and special prayer services were instituted for these new converts and other young people who were interested. A goodly number attended these meetings which continued over a period of two months. One evening a week of this time was devoted to the upbuilding of these "babes in Christ."

For some time we had planned to have our baptismal service. But for various reasons it was postponed until the latter part of July. Five young people followed the Lord in this act of obedience. We pray that the Lord may use them as workers for him.

MRS. J. J. LIPPERT.

The Southwestern Conference

The Southwestern Conference met for its 50th session August 19-24 at Stafford, Kans., Rev. O. Roth, pastor. The special feature of the Conference was the celebration of its Golden Anniversary. A large attendance, royal entertainment by the local members, convenient conference equipment in the commodious and beautiful Methodist church in which the sessions were held, and appropriate addresses and sermons marked this anniversary occasion.

Rev. O. Roth, on behalf of his church, and Rev. Fly, on behalf of the Methodist congregation and of the city, gave gracious and cordial words of welcome. Rev. A. Knopf, the moderator, gave a fitting response, and led the Conference during the subsequent sessions. Rev. J. E. Ehrhorn preached the opening sermon; Dr. Wm. Kuhn the anniversary sermon. Rev. Chas. Wagner gave a complete resumé of the work and development of the Southwestern Conference during the fifty years, illustrating them by charts.

Prof. A. J. Ramaker delivered the doctrinal sermon, and Rev. A. P. Mihm addressed the young people. The missionary and closing messages were brought by Dr. Wm. Kuhn.

The morning devotionals—the general theme, "The Activity of the Holy Spirit"—were led by the Brethren A. Rosner, Theo. Frey, A. Foll and H. A. Meyer. Rev. G. M. Pankratz and Rev. L. Hoeffner led the afternoon devotionals. Essays were read by Brothers F. W. Socolofsky, J. Borchers and G. A. Lang. A blessed period of meditation and consecration was held every morning immediately before noon under the leadership of Dr. Wm. Kuhn. We were happy to have our general workers with us. Besides those already mentioned, Mrs. H. Steiger represented our work in St. Joseph, Mich., and Rev. G. Fetzner our publication work. The days of the Conference were days of blessing and of inspiration. To the members of the Stafford Church, to their pastor, Rev. O. Roth, to those who through song, message or in any other way contributed to the program, and to our Heavenly Father we would again raise our voice in thanksgiving and gratitude.

Okeene, Okla., August 12-16, 1931, were decided on as the place and time for our next Conference.

GEO. A. LANG, Reporter.

We Praise Thee, Oh God!

CABL A. DANIEL

Dedicated to the Teachers and Young People's Union of the German Baptist Churches of Chicago.

We praise thee, oh God, for our B. Y. P. U.

For faithful young people, devoted and true.

Hallelujah, thine the glory,

Loyal B. Y. P. U.

Ready now to tell the story

Of Jesus so true.

For pastors, who pray, plan, study and preach;

Who never grow weary young people to teach.

Hallelujah, thine the glory,

May our pastors be brave,

Never fear to tell the story,

That Jesus can save.

Our Bible schools too, with teachers whose mind

Is filled with God's Spirit and whose hearts are kind.

Hallelujah, thine the glory,

Lord, our leaders endure

With the power to tell the story

Of Jesus anew.

We praise thee, oh God, for people, who heed,

Who are ready to help us in every good deed.

Hallelujah, thine the glory,

Revive us again.

Help us all to tell the story

Of Christ and his reign.

New Books

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

Selected Choir Anthems. 36 Approved Choir Anthems. Publishers, Religious Book Repository, 3734 Payne Ave., Cleveland, Ohio. Single copies, 85 cts. Dozen at \$9.00.

Here is a splendid collection of selected anthems from various numbers of the "Kirchenchor," which have proved their popularity and worth. The unique value of this collection is in its bi-lingual character. The text of all the anthems and responses is given in both English and German. This makes it of special value to many of our German Baptist churches in which both languages are used in the services as well as to churches of other denominations in similar situation and with the same needs. What "Selected Gospel Songs" has proved to be to hundreds of our church schools and young people's societies, "Selected Choir Anthems" will in like manner be to our church choirs.

The selection of the Anthems was based by the editor upon the opinion of hundreds of choirs who judged them to be the most excellent and most practical. The very names of the composers, Lorenz, Wilson, Carrie B. Adams, Herman von Berge, Nolte and others, assure music of high quality, yet tuneful and melodious. Special occasions like Christmas, Mother's Day, Pentecost have been kept in mind and numbers have been provided for them. The book has been made possible by permission of the Lorenz Publishing Company, owners of the copyrights, and the skillful and expert hand of Prof. H. von Berge is manifest in the editing of this serviceable collection. We commend it heartily to all of our choir leaders and chorus-directors everywhere.

Winning Youth for Christ. Paul Judson Morris. The Judson Press, Philadelphia, Pa. 123 pages. \$1.25.

A book warm-hearted in tone, up-to-date in method and material and glowing with a great purpose,—the winning of youth to Christ. The reading and study of this book will lead every Sunday school teacher direct to the center and primary purpose of this important work. Every pastor, looking forward to a fall or winter evangelistic campaign will do well to read this book. It will deepen his evangelistic passion and enable him in most effective ways to reach young people by causing him to understand them. It would also be a fine book to use with a class of personal workers. Questions for class discussion are given at the close of each chapter.

A Quiet Talk with God each Day. 1930-1931. J. Sherman Wallace. The Judson Press, Philadelphia, Pa. 35 cts.

This is the fourth annual volume of a little book rich in content. It contains the topics for the weekly meetings of the Young People's Society and Bible Readings with suggestions for daily devotions. It is not a substitute for the Bible but rather a guide for the daily use of the



Beginners Dept. of D. V. B. S., Arnold, Pa.

Bible. The faithful daily use of this vest pocket size book will help each B. Y. P. U. member to take part in a helpful way in the weekly devotional meeting as well as train the member in his personal devotional life.

A. P. M.

Burns Ave. Young People's Union, Detroit, Mich.

Even though we have been quiet for many months we have not been idle. In fact we've been so busy doing everything and having such a good time that we haven't had a chance to let others know what we were doing.

In June our B. Y. P. U. had a "Get Acquainted Banquet." A delightful program was rendered and Bro. Gezork, who served the church until our new pastor arrived and who was loved by all the young people, was the main speaker of the evening. Bro. Gebauer also honored us with his presence. Little Elmer Dymmel, our child soloist, sang two selections. Our new president was toastmaster. A very enjoyable evening was had by all.

June 16, 1930: This was prayer meeting night, after which all young people, as well as some adults, gathered in the basement for a farewell to Bro. Gezork, who served the church in the capacity of minister from May until July 17, and we came together to show him our appreciation as young people. Bro. Gezork was called upon to say a few words which we will not soon forget. He was one of us in work and play and we think that we can truthfully say that he felt at home with us and almost disliked to leave. We had a card with an engraved Bible verse, signed by every member of our Union, presented to him as a farewell token by which we hope he will remember us; for these few short weeks that he was among us will always be a beautiful memory. After the service, refreshments were served.

Still later: Burns Ave. Church was a very active and busy place during the following week. Our new pastor, Rev. W. E. Schmitt, and his wife had made their appearance. Every branch of the church was busy welcoming and getting acquainted with them.

On August 23, 1930, one of our most active and well liked members of the B.

Y. P. U. and church, Harold Hoppe, bid us farewell at a picnic given in his honor at Belle Isle. Harold left us to answer the call and is preparing himself for the work of the Lord at the Moody Bible Institute, Chicago. We wish him God's speed and our prayers are constantly with him and our president, Fred Schilling, who left for Rochester. Fred was elected president of the B. Y. P. U. at our annual meeting and served in that capacity only a short time. He was active in the church, male choir, mission, Sunday school and B. Y. P. U. He worked very conscientiously on the Commission Plan which our Union was adopting. He handed in his resignation because he had heard the call and is at present at our school in Rochester. A farewell gathering was held at the church, August 27, at which meeting he tendered the work over to our vice-president. We, as young people, are praying for these boys who are preparing themselves for the highest vocation.

Sunday, Sept. 14, 1930: This was the last day that Fred was in our midst. He spoke to the congregation at the morning service, at which time his father delivered the Word. In the B. Y. P. U. meeting that evening, after an interesting talk by Mrs. Orthner, wife of our Missionary Orthner, who is in Africa, Fred was presented with a beautiful Bible by our young people.

As the vacancy occasioned by our president necessitated an election of officers, we had a "Get-together Social" on Sept. 9 in the basement of the church, at which meeting the young people admitted 17 to their membership, including our new pastor and his wife. The officers elected are as follows: President, Henry Holzimmer; vice-president, William Schulz; second vice-president, Roland Ernst; secretary, Grace Brandt; recording secretary, Elizabeth Wasco; treasurer, Jack Retting; asst. treasurer, Albert Wolfe; pianist, Elenor Knopf.

We have a lively and willing group of young people, not only in our B. Y. P. U. meetings, but especially so in our prayer meetings and church services, not mentioning the interest they take in our Mission work in Canada.

GRACE BRANDT, Sec.

GINGER ELLA

By ETHEL HUESTON

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(Continuation)

Some two hours later, Hiram Buckworth, with his most ingratiating smile, stepped out on the rambler-shaded veranda, where his eyes fell upon a pleasant picture. Miss Jenkins sat in a low rocker, carefully mending a torn new summer frock, while Ginger, in a plain flame-colored smock, sat on a stool shelling peas, charming enough for all the dark waves of iodine that marred her white skin here and there. And in the hammock, one slim foot crossed over the other, both white arms over her head, lay Marjory, so still and lovely that Hiram Buckworth caught his breath at sight of her.

"I beg pardon," he said pleasantly, "may I come out? I don't have to stay in my room until supper, do I?"

Marjory sat stiffly upright in the hammock. Ginger shook the dust of the garden from her hands, and set the pan of peas on the floor at her side. Miss Jenkins flushed and fluttered anxiously.

"Of course not," she stammered. "I mean, by all means. Come right over. I was going to introduce you to the girls, anyhow."

Hiram Buckworth joined the small group in the shadowy corner.

"This is Marjory, Marjory Tolliver," fluttered Miss Jenkins. "Not the oldest, —Helen's the oldest, but she's married,—Marjory is one of the twins. And this is Ginger Ella. Ellen, I mean. We just call her Ginger. She's the baby."

Marjory indicated the other rocker with a graceful gesture of a white hand. "Do sit down," she said. "We think it is going to be very nice to have you with us. Ginger, I mean Ellen, and I are very good managers, with Helen and Miriam away, so if we make mistakes you must be patient with us."

Hiram Buckworth looked hard at Marjory.

"Twins," he said. "It doesn't seem possible."

Marjory's lovely eyes questioned him mutely.

"Does she, the other twin, look like you?"

"Oh, no, no indeed, not a bit," chattered Miss Jenkins. "Just the opposite, you might say. Miriam is still and dark and—"

"Miriam is very brainy," interposed Ginger quickly.

"I thought there couldn't be two," he said, in a tone of great relief.

They talked together in the comradely fashion of parsonage people the world over, as a family, one in spirit.

"I wish I could see your father today," he said. "I would feel more at home in

his pulpit if I know him personally. Don't you suppose we could rent a car tonight, and drive out to see him? If it is not too far?"

"Eddy Jackson would come for us," said Ginger.

"Tub Andrews would take us," suggested Marjory.

"Mr. Tolliver would be so pleased—such a nice man," said Miss Jenkins.

"Can't we just rent a car? I hate to bother your friends—and it wouldn't cost much."

"But when you take out ten dollars for board," said Ginger warningly.

"Or perhaps Miss Jenkins forgot to tell you," added Marjory.

"I don't recall that she mentioned it," he said pleasantly. "It seems very reasonable indeed."

"But when you consider that you only get fifteen—" Ginger's voice trailed off to a significant silence.

"But we decided that if you objected, we would keep you for eight," encouraged Marjory.

"I shouldn't think of objecting," he said. "Quite contrary. I am sure putting up with me is worth even more."

"And I will do your laundry with the girls," added Miss Jenkins. "And there really isn't much to spend money for in Red Thrush. Unless you smoke."

"I don't," he said. "The idea! Has Iowa Methodism gone to such lengths?"

"If you mean father, he doesn't," defended Ginger quickly. "But I have heard—Well, never mind. We don't gossip—very often."

They told him of their father, of his patience, his faith, his sense of humor. They told him of Joplin Westbury, and the new church. They told him of Eddy Jackson, at Pay Dirt.

"And whose boy-friend is Eddy Jackson?" he asked, reflective eyes on Marjory, sitting stiffly erect in the hammock.

"Nobody's. Eddy Jackson isn't that kind," said Ginger indignantly.

"I may as well explain Ginger, I mean Ellen, right at the start," said Marjory, laughing. "She is against boy-friends. She thinks they are simply disgusting. And she thinks the rest of us—even Miss Jenkins—are simply man-mad. Ginger thinks a man who 'paws' should be shot at sunrise, if not sooner."

He smiled understandingly. "And who, then, is Eddy Jackson?"

"Eddy Jackson," exclaimed Ginger, with one of her sweeping gestures, forgetful of the iodine stains on her white skin, "is father's best and dearest and most intimate friend, a genuine character, and no base pretender."

In the early evening, answering their meek request over the telephone, Eddy

Jackson, busy with his experiments, sent one of the college students in his car for them and they drove out to the farm. Eddy was still busy in the laboratory, but Mr. Tolliver waited on the porch for them, with Miriam, and—this to Ginger's speechless fury—Alexander Murdock. Without a word to any of them, she marched into the laboratory, completely spoiling a delicate experiment.

"Eddy Jackson, you double-crossed me."

"I did not," he denied, quickly following her line of thought. "I didn't invite him. He came out by himself this afternoon, and he looked at Miriam, and stayed. I don't think he'll ever go home again. And besides, you didn't tell me to keep him away from anybody but Marjory."

This Ginger could not deny, so, with her usual *sang froid*, she dismissed the entire subject, and led Eddy out to meet the new minister.

Hiram Buckworth shook hands with him cordially. "I am glad to meet you," he said, "and I am looking forward most keenly to knowing your father. I have heard nothing but the recital of his rare virtues since I reached Red Thrush."

"My father?" Eddy was nonplused. "You must be mistaken. I have no father, my father is dead—"

"Oh, I beg pardon. I see I am mistaken. I inferred that it was your father—they merely spoke of him as Eddy Jackson, Mr. Tolliver's particular friend and crony."

Eddy looked unutterable things. "Oh, you mean me. I am Eddy Jackson. The only one."

"You? But, gracious, they said—Well, I understood—My mistake, I see, excuse me."

"I know," Eddy Jackson laughed. "You mean Ginger Ella. Sure. She puts me, and her father, and Moses in the same class. We're all archangels together."

CHAPTER XII

Life is no bower of roses for the schemer of schemes. Ellen Tolliver was not the first to make that discovery in actual experience. There could be no possible question but that she had figured the family future along the most pleasant as well as profitable lines, and yet it grew increasingly difficult to hold her recalcitrant subject to the designated stars. Take Miriam, the sensible twin, for instance, frivolling away the precious hours of her life out at Pay Dirt in the company of a mere can grocer. And it was not merely that she did those things, she enjoyed the doing. That was the painful side of the situation.

And there was Marjory. Hiram Buckworth remained a pleasant and comradely member of the household, cheerfully paying ten of his fifteen dollars into the general coffer every week, and obviously counting this not so much a hardship as a privilege. Miss Jenkins liked him, Mr. Tolliver liked him, the members of the church liked him. All the young daughters of the influential mem-

bers developed a strange assiduity along lines of religious activity. On the surface, things seemed to progress with a sweet serenity which should have been highly satisfactory to everybody concerned.

But Ginger Ella, casting about with keen eyes that saw everything, and a keen mind that suspected even more, knew intuitively that all was not well,—not in the church, where were heard vague murmurings, indefinite suggestions, and were seen strange and significant looks; nor in the parsonage itself, where Hiram Buckworth looked too often, and too long, upon the slender white hands of Marjory Tolliver. This was a bad sign, one of the very worst. Hiram Buckworth was good-looking. Marjory had always been man-mad. The situation held all sorts of horrible possibilities.

It was not often that he looked straight into Marjory's glad young eyes,—not before Ginger, at any rate. When, by chance his eyes encountered the full glance of hers, even in the most casual and inadvertent manner, suddenly, for no reason, they both smiled, smiled warmly, with a pleased air of surprise in no way accounted for by the circumstance itself. Ginger renewed her vigilance.

Hiram Buckworth, good-looking, brilliant young student, had deliberately chosen the ministry as his life work. She tossed him a scant respect for that choice, which, although it accorded him a high mark for character, in no way entitled him to a permanent place in her plans for the family's future. Being a seminary man, with special study at Oxford, he would begin perhaps at a thousand dollars, or twelve hundred if he was lucky, and would progress upward, slowly, perhaps as far as two thousand, twenty-five hundred, possibly—he was so very good-looking. If he married, he would instantly, according to time-honored Methodist parsonage statistics as figured by Ginger, become possessed of a minimum of three children.

Small good would be one of his estate to the impoverished and needy Tollivers. Encouraging him was a deliberate throwing away of their one resource. It was the wilful choking of their oil well. It was the burning of their liberty bonds. Ginger reconnoitered carefully. She did more than reconnoiter. She hounded. She was all-present, all-pervasive, all-observing. She was neither to be out-talked, out-walked, nor out-sat. If Marjory and the young minister inclined for a stroll in the moonlight, Ginger inclined also. If they sat in the shade of the rambler on the veranda, Ginger sat with them, bored, but unyielding.

Had she washed dishes all these years merely to save the fair hands of Marjory for the dishes of Hiram Buckworth and a minimum of three? The attic saw little of Ellen Tolliver during these days. She met the postman, thanked him warmly for the letters he gave her, and flew to the attic. The dimes crashed into the doll's trunk, the letters, unread now more often than not, in spite of their sympathetic

nature, were tossed to the devouring flames of the kitchen stove. And Ginger returned to her veranda vigil.

In a way considerable disappointment attended the accumulation of funds for the blind. Rarely did she receive more than five contributions in a day, a stingy fifty cents. Lovely daughters can not be sent to finishing schools, shabby parsonages can not be done over, suffering eyes can not be operated upon by expensive surgeons, upon a paltry five dimes a day. Not that Ginger frowned upon her receipts, far from it. It was only that she had hoped so greatly.

In the three weeks of Mr. Tolliver's idleness in the country, he had acquired a thick coat of unaccustomed tan, and five pounds in weight, with such an increase of strength, enthusiasm, and ambition, that he was inclined to feel ashamed of his continued idleness. Word from town that a special committee from the official board wished to meet him at the parsonage on Thursday evening for a discussion of important church matters, gave him real pleasure.

Eddy Jackson drove him in, with Miriam, and feeling, with his usual tact, that the family would like to be alone for a few hours of intimate reunion, he pleaded important business, and left them, promising to return for them at eleven o'clock. And after their modest supper, they sat, the three girls and their father, in the pleasant old living-room for the coming of the committee.

"They want that last two thousand raised?" said their father, smiling, "and so do I. But I am sure the people will contribute it of their own free will, in gratitude, on the day of the dedication."

"Some people think we ought to have a paid quartet when we go into the new church," said Marjory. "They say a chorus choir is so common."

"I shall never favor a paid choir in Red Thrush," said Mr. Tolliver firmly. "In a small congregation like ours, free worship is best."

"I am sorry the Ladies' Aid ever promised the carpet," said Ginger. "They are fighting like cats and dogs. They have two committees,—appointed by themselves,—one for red, and one for blue. When new members come in, they never think of asking if they are Christians or not—they just want to know if they are red or blue."

Into this quiet discussion presently came Joplin Westbury, alone, ill at ease, but obviously a man with his mind made up.

"Well, Brother Tolliver," he said, "it's good to see you again. You are looking better. Eyes any stronger?"

"I think so, yes, I am sure of it. I feel much better. What hour was appointed for the meeting? Isn't the rest of the committee late?"

"Well, as a matter of fact, the rest of the meeting is not coming. Brother Dawes was called out of town on business—late this afternoon, and Brother Mackler is in bed with an attack of acute indigestion. Not that I believe a word of

it myself. They just backed out, that's all."

"Is the meeting postponed then?"

"Well, no. You see, I was the chairman anyhow, and I can do as well without the committee. We'll just have it out by ourselves."

The girls rose quickly. "We'll run upstairs if you will excuse us," said Miriam.

"No, don't go," said Joplin Westbury quickly, evidently not at all desiring to be left alone with his gentle, unseeing pastor. "You stay right here. It's a family matter as you might say, and we'll just have it all right out in the open."

Mr. Tolliver sat very still, a rigid figure against the faded blue velvet of the big chair, his head bent forward.

"You see, we had a meeting of the Official Board Monday night."

"You did! Why, I could have come in for it."

"Well, we just had it by ourselves. In fact we've had several. Well, there's no use beating about the bush," continued the embarrassed official. "You see, Brother Tolliver, that while all our people like you, and like your work,—like your whole family in fact,—sill—Well, you can see that a blind man can't run a church—not rightly—not a fine new church like this one of ours. Now that we've put so much money into this new church, we've got to get in the crowds to fill it up, and help pay the expenses. And a blind man—"

Mr. Tolliver did not move. "Yes, Brother Westbury. Go on," he said gently.

"Well, you see how it is. And since the Congregationalists have started to hold meetings of their own in the Odd Fellows' Hall, they've taken about a dozen of our good payers, and we've got to get in others to take their places. Now you see how we're fixed. We like you, first-rate, but we've got to work for the church, first and last. Well, we waited, and hoped you would get over it. We wrote to the doctors, and they say you've not got much chance,—not one in a hundred. You're all run down, and you need a long rest—maybe a year, maybe two years—to build you up."

"But perhaps an operation—it would be expensive, but—"

"We asked about the operation. They just talked about that to cheer you up. An operation wouldn't do any good. Your eyes are just plain worn out—that's the straight of it."

"I see."

"Well, we talked it over with the district superintendent, and he hadn't a word to say against you, Brother, nor any of us either for that matter. But you see how it is. The new church and all. So he said he would fix it up at the conference this fall, and they'll retire you according to the books—I don't know just how it is, but they pay you right along, and—it's all down in the 'Discipline.' And you'll get a good long rest, and we'll get in some fresh young chap to draw the crowds and fill up the new church."

"But—but its' father's—the new church

is," gasped Ginger, unable to endure the dead silence that hung so blackly over the little group.

Joplin Westbury turned on her sharply, evidently glad of a chance to switch the tide of his talk from the stricken minister. "No, Ellen, it's not your father's church. It's not our church. It's God's."

Ginger wilted suddenly. "Yes," she assented. "Yes, of course—I wish we could let God run it."

"Ellen," reproved her father gently. "I'm sorry—I didn't mean—" she stammered nervously.

"Yes, never mind. We know you meant nothing wrong.—You are quite right, of course, Brother Westbury. It is all true. A blind man would be an encumbrance—in a new church like that. I should have resigned before—but I kept hoping I would recover. And I had my family—"

"Oh, you'll be taken care of, Brother Tolliver, don't you worry. You won't be allowed to suffer, you nor your family either. Just you remember that. It's all down in the 'Discipline.' The conference will take care of you."

"How soon—When do you—"

"Well, now, Brother, we figured we would just keep you right along until conference, on full salary and everything. And you can just rest up in the country, and let this young Buckworth do the preaching. We like him first-rate. And we want you to preach the dedication, we're absolutely unanimous on that,—nobody but you for the dedication, for as you might say, it's your church.—That is, you understand, you raised the money and all."

"Yes, I see. Thank you very much."

Awkwardly, the trustee made his good-bys and hurried away. He did not look back. Miriam walked with him to the door, shook hands with him. She even smiled. Then she slipped back and joined the hushed little group.

"F-father," begged Ginger, in an anguished tone, "don't be shocked—please don't. Remember what the doctors said."

He put out his hand to her, with a sad smile, and she crushed it between both of hers.

"You see, there is no hope," he said. "They were only pretending that I had a chance."

"No, father," contradicted Miriam sweetly. "No, they were not pretending. They said you had a chance, and they meant it. They said the only way was for you to become so strong and well that your eyes also would grow strong and well. They did not deceive you. You did have—you have got a chance. I asked them a dozen times, and they told me honestly."

"And as far as money goes," cried Ginger, more cheerily, "I have quite a few little secrets of my own. It is two months till conference. By that time, old darling, I shall probably be able to take care of you myself."

He smiled at her again. "Dear Ellen," he said gently. "If only these slim hands could carry out the kindly projects of that

eager little heart we should never want for much in this world."

"Oh, but this time I really mean it—I mean—I am quite sure—" The disclosure of her hopes trembled at the tip of her tongue—her eyes grew rapt and luminous. But her sisters, so used to her daring dreams, and her extravagant promises, paid small heed. Their thoughts were upon the sordid reality of the present moment and its disappointment.

"It's a good thing the wedding is over," said Marjory. "Helen would never have gone, if she had suspected this."

"Boarding Mr. Buckworth will help out quite a little," said Miriam. "As for us, as long as we stay at Pay Dirt, we're simply gorging ourselves among the flesh-pots of Egypt."

Ginger shook the rapture from her eyes, closed her teeth firmly upon her secret. The time had not come for her triumphant pronouncement.

"Well, as Old Jop says—" she began. "Ellen!"

"I mean Brother Westbury. Eddy Jackson calls him Old Jop. Well, as he says, the conference will take care of us. What will we get, father? Where is the 'Discipline'? Let's look it up."

She ran up-stairs for the book. "You must keep on hoping," pleaded Miriam.

"They like Hiram," continued their father. "They evidently want him."

"Oh, no," gasped Marjory. "Not Hiram, father. Not in your church."

"I like him myself," said her father gently. Better him than—some others."

But Marjory shook her head passionately. "No, no," she whispered. "Not in your church."

Ginger hurried back with the "Discipline."

"Find it, Miriam. You're up on indexes."

Miriam deftly turned to the index, referred to section 341, hurried down to paragraph 2, and read aloud:

"The annuity claim of a Retired Minister shall be no less than one-seventieth (1/70) of the average salary, house rent excluded, of the effective members of his Conference who are Pastors or District Superintendents, multiplied by the number of his years of service in the effective relation, including two years on trial, as a member of an Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church."

"Mercy," interrupted Ginger. "It's geometry. We'll have to wait till Horace comes home."

"Why, it's very simple," explained her father. "One seventieth of the average salary of our conference—we are not a very rich one, you know,—is twenty-one dollars. Multiply that by—"

"X—darling, you forgot x," interrupted Ginger again.

"X is the number of years one has been preaching. My x is twenty-three. Multiply twenty-one dollars by twenty-three years, and it comes out to four hundred and sixty-five dollars. But we have not quite enough money in our treasury to meet the claims in full, so the pro rata

reduction would allow me about three hundred and twenty dollars a year. Approximately twenty-five dollars a month. That will hardly support a family."

"Oh, dearest, you have supported us long enough," said Miriam. "It is our turn now."

"Why, father, with your twenty-five a month, and my—er prospects— Why, darling, we'll be—simply—jake."

At eleven o'clock, Eddy Jackson came with Hiram Buckworth and the two men listened in silence as they told them, as indifferently as they could, of the purport of the special meeting.

"So that's what it was," Eddy said soberly. "I was afraid of it."

"They needn't offer me your church," said Hiram Buckworth stoutly. "I wouldn't accept it for any consideration—either financial or spiritual." Marjory glowed at him. "Unless," he added reflectively, "unless they would make some arrangement to let us both work along together, and use me as your assistant—until your eyes are restored."

"You couldn't work as my assistant, Hiram. You are too good a man for that. And I couldn't assist you—blind as I am."

"I don't believe the church as a whole will stand for it," Eddy Jackson broke out, finally. "Old Jop has just talked them into this. And I'll bet I can talk them out of it. I say we just walk out on them and start a church of our own. They might keep most of the money, but we'd tak most of the religion."

"An affectionate thought," smiled Mr. Tolliver. "But not a very Christian one. No, Eddy, this is the thing a minister accepts, and does not fight."

"Put up your sword, Peter," quoted Ginger softly.

"Well, if worst comes to worst," declared the young man, "I'll move the whole gang of you out to Pay Dirt, and install you in the lab. And we'll start a farmer's spiritual union."

Laughing at that, they walked slowly out the flagstone path to the curb.

"How's the private business coming along?" Eddy asked in a low voice.

"Rather slowly, in the face of such an emergency as this," Ginger Ella sighed. "I may have to forge another link or so."

(To be continued)

Testifying Beyond Experience

Testifying beyond one's experience is like planting seed in sand. In the early days of Northfield, Mr. Moody called a conference of Christian workers for prayer, confession, and consultation. One man declared that he had been living on the Mount of Transfiguration for five weeks. "Wait a minute, my brother," said Mr. Moody in blunt directness. "How many souls have been led to Christ in your ministry in these five weeks?" "I hardly know," said the man hesitatingly. "Have any been saved at all?" Mr. Moody asked. "I am afraid not," was the answer. "Well," said the great evangelist, "you are living too high up; no man ought to get so high up as not to be able to reach souls."

Sunshiners of Medicine Hat, Alta.

Dear "Baptist Herald" readers:

We, the girls of the Sunshine Club of Medicine Hat, had our first bazaar here in the last week of June. Our little sewing circle started in March under the generous leadership of Mrs. Adler, the ministers wife.

As we met weekly at her home, she taught us not only to sew and do hand-work but also the greatness of true friendship, the unselfish love towards each other and to our fellowmen.

Conducted by her, we celebrated each other's birthdays with congratulations, hymns and prayer, followed by a light repast. As we took our places at the table, the "birthday girl" found a gift near her plate awaiting her.

Because of the busy season starting in we met for the last time in June when our bazaar was held, the sale of the articles amounting to \$56.

For our closing, Mrs. Adler composed a pageant entitled, "Faith, Hope, Love," which the girls of the Sunshine Club rendered here at the Baptist Conference.

May God bless the work done by Mrs. Adler is our prayer.

We are enclosing a picture of the girls of the Sunshine Club of Medicine Hat, Alta.

HELEN HARMS.

A Word Picture—An Appreciation

Home from school—big welcome—second summer at Ebenezer—getting job—being put to work—Junior Church all summer—B. Y. P. U.—holding babies at Mother and Daughter Banquet—serving tables, washing dishes—preaching in all four Detroit churches—teaching Sunday school classes from small boys to adult classes—Linwood Assembly—numerous dinner engagements—visiting—comforting—learning—studying—reading—at home in any group—a good mixer—captivating personality—willing, earnest, sincere—appreciative—full of pep, the life of a picnic—ready to fill any gap—will even play golf if there is no way out—loved by infants, boys, girls, men, and women.

The last day—Sunday—a last word in every meeting—pleasant things said about him all day—final handshaking—a hurried trip to the old Union Depot—red caps, hopping about—some twenty other cars drawing up—more than sixty Ebenezer young people surprise him at the depot with a send-off of laughter and well wishes—being mistaken for the mayor leaving town—train attendants looking on at this enthusiastic group—quiet—a hush—a song, "God Be With You Till We Meet Again" echoed to the high ceiling—a final round of handshaking—misty eyes—a lump in throat—a moment of hesitation—"All Aboard!" from a deep-voiced caller—we retreat back to our cars—gladness mixed with sadness of farewell—a true friend leaving—it is late—we go to our home—many a prayer of Godspeed uttered that night for one we love.



Sunshine Club, Medicine Hat, Alta.

Thus has Paul Gebauer won himself a place in the hearts of friends at Ebenezer. For the last few years he has been studying at the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, a bosom friend of Rev. Herbert Gezork—a David and Jonathan of today. Rev. Gezork will go back to Germany as newly elected secretary of the Young People's work of Germany, and Mr. Gebauer will finish with another year of preparation for a life of service as a missionary in Africa.

Does it pay, young people, to love—laugh—lift—to be in Christian service? Ask one who is. Onward! Upward! Young People—Crown Him King of All! N. J. B.

The Fidelis Society, B. Y. P. U., First Church Portland, Ore.

Sept. 16, Sunday night, the "Fidelis Society," a group of young married couples, met at the home of our president, John Johnson. We were all glad to accept John's invitation and enjoy a social evening on his farm. On arriving, two large bon-fires greeted us. As we were gathering around the one bon-fire and singing songs, the other bon-fire was filled with corn. The whole ear, husk and all, was put in the hot bon-fire to roast. While the corn was roasting, we had an open and frank discussion about future plans for our group.

Bro. Schade had given us much knowledge concerning B. Y. P. U. work, and we therefore feel, our society will profit greatly by the newly acquired ideas and plans.

After our discussions, the corn was roasted, and how we all relished the hot buttered corn. We also relished roasted wieners with buttered buns, and roasted marshmallows.

We had a wonderful time and all thanked our president, John Johnson, for the good time he gave us.

ANNA WARDIN.

Discover Christ as your Savior and thus put the "found" in the foundation of your life.

The best season to begin the Christian life is at the earliest season, in the spring of life.

Fellowship Meetings of the German Baptist Y. P. Union of New York and Vicinity

1930-1931

1. Devotional period of 15 minutes under direction of the General Secretary or other officers of the Union.
2. Program of 30-45 minutes to be given by visiting society.
3. Collections for Missions in the Cameroons.
4. Get together and get acquainted and play games.
5. Refreshments served by entertaining society.

SCHEDULE OF MEETINGS

Place of Meeting, Date, and Program given by:

West New York, Oct. 7, Clinton Hill, Newark.

Union City, 2nd Church, Oct. 14, Walnut St., Newark.

Union City, 1st Church, Oct. 21, Brooklyn, 1st Church.

Jersey City (Pilgrim), Oct. 28, Passaic, Brooklyn, 2nd Church, Nov. 4 or 11, Evangel, Newark.

Passaic, Nov. 25, Hoboken.

Walnut St., Newark, Dec. 2, Brooklyn, 2nd Church.

Clinton Hill, Dec. 9, Immanuel, New York.

New York, 3rd Church, Jan. 20, Union City, 1st Church.

Hoboken, Jan. 27, West New York.

Immanuel, New York, Feb. 3, Jersey City (Pilgrim).

Harlem, New York, Feb. 10, Union City, 2nd Church.

Evangel, Newark, March 3, Harlem, New York.

New York, 2nd Church, March 10, New York, 3rd Church.

Brooklyn, 1st Church, March 24 or 31, New York, 2nd Church.

P. S. If date is not convenient, arrange suitable date with the other society, and notify the General Secretary:

John Schmidt,
411 8th St., Union City, N. J.

We can make no headway in following Christ unless we go the way of loving service.



Sunshine Class, Marion, Kans.

The Sunshine Class, German Baptist Church, Marion, Kans.

We introduce ourselves to the readers of the "Baptist Herald." This is our first appearance in word and picture. We are doing our part in the Kingdom of God and have selected the name "Sunshine" for several reasons. First: because we live in the state known as the "Sunflower State," and the days of "sunshine" are more than the days of "rain." Secondly: because Christ is our sun and we, his friends, wish to shine for him all the time and at all places.

We come together every Sunday to study the lesson under our loving teacher, Miss Barbara Kaesler. If we have learned our lesson well, our teacher, who keeps notes of all our class-doings, will make a special mark. Then we get together once a month in the home of a member of our class. Each one in turn has to lead the devotional, and each member has to give a number in the program. Few moments are spent in a social way. Refreshments are then served by the hostess and then we journey home with a thankful heart.

We try to live up to our class name "Sunshine" and our beloved teacher reminds us of our duty. As she leads on, we follow and do the kind deeds she suggests. On one occasion we brought sunshine to a home where there is a lame girl. We gave her sweet gifts. We sang, prayed and read God's Word. How happy the heart of the dear "Lilly" was, and we were even more happy for having done this for Jesus.

Our pastor, Rev. Chas. Wagner, was surprised by our "Sunshine Class." It was really a surprise to him, and it brought "sunshine" to his home and heart. We rushed through the front door and called "Surprise" and "Happy Birthday," for it was our beloved minister's birthday. We sang: "There is sunshine in my soul today" and each one of us recited a favorite Bible verse and sang another song. Then we presented our pastor with a gift of love. Pastor Wagner thanked the class and wished them God's blessing in their future work, to be a real "sunshine" to many, many others. Then we had a social time in

playing games. Refreshments were served and with a prayer we brought this happy evening to a close.

Praise the Lord that he finds us a class worthy to spread "sunshine."

A REPORTER.

A Thip Across the Andes

From Buenos Aires, Argentine, to Valparaiso, Chile, South America

RALPH T. WEGNER

While every day of our visit brought new vistas and surprises, we, however, received the greatest thrill in the trip across the Andes, the great backbone of South America. After having spent a delightful week in visiting the places of interest in

Buenos Aires,

the charming capital of Argentine, with over two million people, the Paris of S. A., where something of everything can be found. We noted the wealthy Jockey club, with the finest club house in the world, the fashionable suburbs, where everything that luxury may demand and money can buy is to be found. We visited the principal square, the Plaza de Mayo, where the government buildings are located, here also stands the Casa Rosenda, "the White House" of Argentine, with its tropical gardens extending to the La Platte. At the plaza are the banks, City Hall and Cathedral. Elegant department stores, with splendid restaurants, invite the purchaser. Buenos Aires is also a great center of luxury, sport and pleasure, with its magnificent Opera House, also its cabarets. The streets are congested, the subways crowded, the shopping district, the Florida, is jammed. The National Capitol Building resembles ours so much. It cost the nation more than \$9,000,000.

What however interested us so much was the visit to our

Baptist Theological Seminary

under the auspices of the Southern Baptist Convention. It was a genuine pleasure for us to be privileged to take dinner with the students and bring them the greeting if the Northern Baptists and particularly of the New England Bap-

tists. We told them of our Tercentenary celebration at Boston and of the part our Baptist Fathers had in the struggle for religious liberty during the colonial period of our Commonwealth.

Dr. and Mrs. Truett of Dallas, Texas, whom we had previously met at Sao Paulo, Brazil, were here in the interest of kingdom work. Great throngs of appreciative listeners attended the services.

Two De Lux Trains

leave Buenos weekly for the Trans Andean Trip. We were indeed fortunate in having all our reservations previously provided for by the Bence Tourist Co., New York City. Our seat in the observation car, as well as the bed in the "carro dormitorio" on the train was so much appreciated, for other N. A. passengers who had subsequently arrived expecting to secure their quarters at the station were obliged to use the less comfortable day coaches for the long trip.

The International Express train left Retiro Station from the heart of the city at 10.30 A. M. and after a full 30 minute ride did we first reach the outskirts of the great city when we found ourselves on the wide pampas of the rich Hinterland of the Metropolis. The great herds of the grazing cattle, the splendidly plumed birds arising continually, the wealthy ranchmen, "estancieros," at the stations, topbooted and spurred, after a panoramic all-day trip, attracted our attention. On retiring into our sleeping apartment, not a compartment as we have in the U. S., we found as our companion a Mr. Hero Furuta, a high class Japanese gentleman of the editorial staff of the monthly magazine "Japan," P. O. Box 5, Konda, Tokyo, Japan. We spent our time agreeably and profitably, comparing notes and eventually accepting his gracious invitation to visit him in Japan.

At 6.10 A. M. we arrived at

Mendoza

and were surprised to find ourselves in a country which for miles about was covered with great vineyards. Wine is the chief product, for here annually about four million barrels of wine are made. After changing cars for the narrow gauge road we are now continually on the up grade. In the distance we see the snow-covered mountains, and soon we reach the snow-line. As our engine pants and puffs we make the horseshoes, the hairpins and curves, we cross bridges, pass through tunnels and under snow-sheds, and often through great snow drifts, which had been cleared by great circular snow plows. At Puente del Inca we saw the old natural bridge over which for ages the aboriginal trail was used by the primitive people, long before the Spaniards came to this country. Here is located a fairly good hotel, where people spend their summers in pursuit of health and pleasure. We noticed something that neither New York nor Boston can duplicate: Skeeing parties having hilarious good times down the snow covered mountains

on Aug. 2. There we also saw the azure Incan lake, jeweled among the snow-capped mountains, 9000 feet above sea-level. Here we had our first good view of the highest mountain of America,

Mt. Aconcagua

23,300 feet high, the monarch of all the Andes, and one of the highest in the world.

We are still climbing westward, along steep precipices, over deep chasms, where we look down and see the track over which we have ascended; up and up we go slowly and laboriously through a narrow gorge till we reach Paramillo de los Cuervos. This was originally the terminus of the railroad but since the tunnel was cut through the crown of the mountain, two miles long, we now reach the highest point of the railroad at 10,400 feet and 109 miles west of Mendoza. Our train was the first to make this trip on time, for during three weeks prior the mountains were snowbound.

At this place there is the "El Christo de los Andes." This

Christ the Redeemer Monument

was dedicated March 13, 1904; it stands on the boundary line between Argentine and Chile. The spot was selected by King Edward VII, on top of the watershed between the two oceans, at the height of 12,800 feet above sea level.

Soldier's Leap was pointed out to us; a deep chasm over which a Chilean soldier leaped while being pursued by the Spaniards. We also saw many phantastic rock formations on the side of the mountain; there were the "Los Penitentes," a mass of pinnocled rocks giving the impression of a mighty cathedral, and the smaller pointed rocks beneath resemble a number of cowed monks, marching up to the cathedral. At Caracales we reached the first station on the Chilean side, where the descent begins. Here is some of the grandest rock scenery in the world; words fail to describe the majesty or the weirdness of these rugged scenes. Nowhere else in all the world has so an abrupt descent been attempted in so short a distance. At Los Andes we again change for the broad gauge cars, and soon we reach

Santiago, the Capitol of Chile

To our great surprise we arrive at our destination exactly on time, after a 36-hour hazardous, thrilling but most fascinating trip of 888 miles.

Santiago, the third largest city of South America, a lively, energetic, throbbing industrial center, surrounded by the peaks of the Andes. Of its many beautiful parks, the Cerro Santa Lucia on a hill 400 feet high, is unsurpassed. It reminds one so much of the description of the Hanging Gardens of Babylon, one of the seven wonders of the old world.

Santiago has grown around this hill, and because they could not remove it, converted it into a thing of greatest beauty. A wonderful fountain at the entrance, the serpentine road with vistas, monuments, fountains, a long stretch of



Happy Class, Second Church, Portland, Ore.

blossoming peach trees, reminding us of the avenue of cherry blossoms in Washington. On the highest peak of this wonderful park hill is a fantastic chapel, inviting the pilgrim for rest and meditation.

During our drive through the city we were impressed with

A Students Strike

High school boys and girls with their schoolbooks under their arms, paraded through the city, protesting against the discharge of 15 fellow students who were expelled for "speaking against the government." The streets were packed with sympathizers; our guide informed us that on former similar occasions the students had won out.

The next day we reached

Valparaiso

the greatest harbor as well as the financial center of Chile. This "Vale of Paradise" lies in a crescent like bay surrounded with high hills in the background. Its three principal streets run parallel with the sea. We motored to Vino del Mar, the fashionable seaside suburb, where the better class reside luxuriously.

Returning to our hotel, and much invigorated by the visit we were just seated for dinner when a gentleman of the "National Geographic Magazine" pointed out to us the specialty on the menu for that evening. It consisted of lobster from the Island of San Fernando; while we were enjoying this delicacy, we wished that we could have had the pleasure of roughing it with Robinson Crusoe and his boy Friday. Now excursions are run during the summer to this interesting island.

Boarding our steamer, the "Santa Clara," at Valparaiso, Chile, we were rejoiced to receive mail from the home folks.

The Happy Class, Second Church, Portland, Ore.

We are the Happy Class of the Second Church, Portland, Ore., having an enrollment of ten.

We are happy because we can come to

Sunday school every Sunday; that we all have Christian parents and that, most of all, we love having our teacher, Theo. Wuttke, tell us about Jesus.

There are not many things that a class of boys, nine to twelve years old, can do in the Sunday school, but when our superintendent, Bro. Adam Hoelzer, asks how many brought their own Bibles Sunday mornings, our class 'most always, is 100%.

You know, our pastor, Bro. J. A. H. Wuttke, preaches over the radio one Sunday a month and at each meeting our choir or individual singers help him by being there and singing several numbers. Well, believe it or not, our class sang at one of these services and one of us even sang a solo. Who said, boys can't sing?

On September 13 we had our annual class picnic. And did we have fun! At one o'clock we met at the church and our pastor and Rev. Eymann, whose son is in our class, drove us to the City Park, one of Portland's beautiful parks.

We had the pleasure of having three visitors with us. Mrs. L. Gorling from far away Winnipeg who is visiting with her parents here and who wanted to be one of us boys so she could come to our picnic. Then one of the boys brought his sister along and another one brought his brother. So you see we were a merry bunch.

Arriving at the park we decided to explore, which we surely did from one end to the other, uphill, downhill, under gigantic trees through the brush. We paid our respects to the animals from the tiny birds to a herd of monstrous buffalos.

When we were through exploring we played a stiff game of baseball, then, believe me, we were all ready to explore the contents of the lunch basket.

The climax of our picnic was when someone suggested walking home, about four miles to the church, so because walking and endurance contests are in style, we walked home. Needless to say, we were all glad to see our church and our pastor's faithful "Dodge" waiting for us to take us to our respective homes. We all had a wonderful time.

REPORTER.



German Baptist Pastors and families at Gull Lake, Alta. Sept. 1930

Baptist Pastor's Retreat, Gull Lake, Alta.

Sept. 12-15

Can you imagine what it must mean at the end of a week of recreation and inspiration to have to part from friends and from such a beautiful spot as Gull Lake, Alberta?

Nearly all of the Alberta pastors and families with a few of the members of their respective churches gathered on the grounds of the English Baptist Summer Camps for these days. The camps were granted to us through the kindness of Dr. C. C. McLaren, the leader of these grounds and of the pioneer work of Alberta.

When calls, sighs and expressions of regrets were heard, and sayings as these: "Our week is up—now we must go back to work, glad I saw you here," then one's conclusion is, it surely is good to draw back out of the tugging and pulling and rest for a while.

No bird ever flies before its wings are strong enough. The time which was so beneficially spent here caused all to grow stronger, healthier and better too. The pastors led the morning devotions, bringing before us new challenges of service; evening services and testimonial meetings were enjoyed around campfires. During the day swimming, horse-shoe and baseball brought out the competitive spirit within each one. Not only this but it also showed the willingness to "play together." Which, when interpreted, shows those who know how to play together also know how to work together.

The meals must not be forgotten either. Every family brought provisions, which were then put together and prepared by the courtesy and willingness of the ladies, and the men, who did their share of helping.

Bro. P. Potzner was our dean, and he carried the worries of this large family, —if there could have been such.—He saw that meals were prepared at correct hours, with the proper helpers, recreation programs planned, devotional periods taken care of; yes, and even saw that we would get to sleep in time with the necessary quiet.

We are filled with gratitude towards our English friends for the great privilege we had of camping on their grounds. All who spent a week there this year will surely feel the drawing power of Gull Lake whenever they hear this name spoken hereafter. FRIEDA L. WEISSER.

China Letter from Miss Bertha M. Lang

Pingyangshien
Chekiang, China
Aug. 9, 1930.

My dear fellow-workers of the Iowa Jugendbund:

Again your most generous gift has reached me and again I seek to convey to you my very sincere thanks for the large gift and for the love which prompts the giving. I am using some of the money for my own pleasure this time as well as for my fellow-workers. It was considered wise for us to go north for a rest and change this year. We've had a most delightful time and feel better equipped both spiritually and physically to face what lies before us the next two years, D. V.

Most everyone advises us to see Pekin since we are so far north and it is some of your money that makes that possible. Thank you all very, very much for your share in it. We hope to go next week and stay for three or four days.

We are faced with a tremendous problem these days. Never before have we had so many invitations to hold Bible schools. There seems to be a real hunger and thirst for the Word of God on the part of the women, and again and again have we stopped and said, "What shall we do?" I'm going to ask you the question, "What would you do?"

Last fall one of our evangelists came and said, "Can't you come this fall for a Bible school in my district?" We had to say we were booked full until Christmas. That didn't satisfy him and then he said, "Come in the spring." Again our answer was, "We're booked full." Still he insisted, "What about next fall—give me a date now. I want you in my district for 10 days." And so it was arranged a year ahead of time that if nothing interfered, we would come in the fall of 1930.

We went to our Bible schools. At the close of almost each one we were begged to come again the next year, but what would you do if there were over 60 outstations awaiting help from you? Could you promise to come again the next year and neglect the smaller, weaker churches?

Last fall we visited one place for a week. They wanted us for two. When leaving they said, "You're kept busy, we can't ask you to come again next year, but won't you come the year after that?"

A few months ago we went to some special meetings held in an Independent church. At the close of the meeting one preacher came to us, pencil and paper in hand, and said, "I want you at my church for a Bible school. What about the eighth month?" "That's full," was our reply. "Well, then the tenth or eleventh month." Again we had to put him off, for our time was taken until Christmas. "When can you come?" was his question. Again I ask you, "What would you do?" We had to send him away without a definite promise.

We visited another church one Sunday. They welcomed us so hearty but what a disappointment it was to them that we had come for the day only. Several women said, "We thought sure you were here for a week." Others begged us to stay at least a few days. We had to put them off the same as the other preacher. Our only chance of going is if we can't go to the Ta-yung District. One girl of 14 heard our reply and said, "I hope you can't go, we want you here." Again I ask, "What would you do?"

And how they appreciate the little we can do for them. Several months ago we were brought to tears at the gift a dear woman brought to us. She came one morning before breakfast. She placed a dollar into my hand and said, "Take this and use it for yourselves. I want to help entertain the Lord's servants. You are giving yourselves for me and my people. I want to help with your expenses." I didn't want to take it for she needed it more than we did, but when I saw it grieved her that we wouldn't take it, I took it. We felt that dollar was sacred. It was our first gift in money since being in China.

With all these privileges—with all these responsibilities—with all these opportunities, may I ask again, "What would you do?" There are Chinese men to carry on the men's work but so few women. Will you pray with us that the Lord will raise up women capable of teaching?

And now this week appears an article in the paper saying the governor of Chekiang province cannot be responsible for the safety of missionaries owing to the roving bands of Communists. I can but make one request and that is, "Pray ye therefore."

With very many thanks and kind greetings to the members of the Iowa Jugendbund,

Yours in His Service,
BERTHA M. LANG.

Jack Tells Mary About the Young People's Conference, Northwestern Conference

"Welcome home, Jack," cried Mary, enveloping him in a sisterly hug. "I'm all agog to hear what happened at the young people's sessions of the Northwestern Conference in the Twin Cities. Wish I had gone, but as it is, you'll have to reproduce it for me."

"Hey, wait a minute—give a fellow a chance to catch his breath," laughed Jack, as he flung down his suitcase and draped himself over a comfortable chair.

"Sure wish you could have been there, Sis," he continued, "so much happened that I don't know where to begin. What you want to hear about, of course, is the Y. P. and S. S. W. U. banquet on Friday night, and our meeting on Sunday afternoon."

"Were there many at the banquet?"

"Were there! The place was jammed. You know the conference took place at the Bethel Institute, and the gymnasium served as dining hall. When the places for over 300 down there were filled, they quickly had to set tables on the balcony. They say it was the largest banquet in our history. And rightly so, for it was the 50th Jubilee of the conference. A great big golden 50 was hung from the balcony railing amid beautiful green and gold decorations."

"Well, what sort of a program did you have?"

"Very good. Mr. Quade of Milwaukee, our president, presided. William Adam, president of the Minnesota Union, gave us a warm welcome. Her certainly is a fine fellow. There was excellent music, including several numbers by the Mounds-Midway Hospital trio. But before the speakers were introduced we had our annual business meeting and election."

"Gracious—didn't that make it awfully long?"

"Yes, it did. I don't think the banquet is the best time to have it, but neither is Sunday, so until the young people are given more time it will have to remain so."

"Who are the newly elected officers?"

"We've a fine group of new officers," replied Jack, his face lighting up with enthusiasm. "Our president is Karl Miller of Elgin, Ia. Ida Glewwe and Milton Schroeder, both of St. Paul, were re-elected as vice-president and secretary respectively, and Edna Voock of our own church is our new treasurer."

"Good for Edna!" cried Mary. "That brings conference responsibilities close home, doesn't it? We'll have to stand back of her and see to it that our own dues, at least, are always paid up."

"There was one motion carried that will interest you a lot, Sis," continued Jack. "It was decided to ask for Friday afternoon next year in which to have a conference on Sunday School Administration, to be led by someone who is an authority on the subject."

"Oh, Jack," exclaimed Mary, "how perfectly splendid! We do our best here,



Sunbeam Class, Martin, N. Dak. Mrs. Robert Rust, teacher

but are so often handicapped by lack of knowledge and training."

"Yes, I'm glad," answered Jack. "I hope it can be arranged. We need it. But to go on. Before the main address, Mr. Quade introduced Mr. Hagstrom, president of Bethel Institute, who in a few minutes gave us a fine greeting and outlined the purpose of the academy and seminary there. Finally, Dr. Babcock of Minneapolis delivered his address. It was worth waiting for. He spoke on the subject: 'Let the Best Man Win,' and emphasized the fact that being the winner depends on one's own self and not on outward circumstances, and that the man within whom Christ dwells cannot help but be his best. It was a vital message, and Dr. Babcock, in his charming and witty way, sent it straight home."

"But say, Sis, speaking of banquets, I'm starved. Got anything to eat for a hungry man?"

"Certainly," answered Mary. "Come into the kitchen and tell me about the Sunday service while you eat," as she led the way.

"Sunday," said John between mouthfuls, "was a great day. Our new president, Mr. Miller, presided, and the other new officers were presented. The music that afternoon was superb. Among other things, the Jubilee Chorus consisted of the combined Twin Cities choirs, sang twice. No kidding, Mary, they could sing!"

"I wish I had been there to hear them. Who was your speaker this time?" questioned Mary.

"Dr. F. W. C. Meyer of our seminary at Rochester. He spoke on 'Contacts.' And believe me, Sis, right at these conferences we make some of the finest Christian contacts. I have many new friends among the Minnesota and Iowa young people, not to mention those of the other churches in our own state. And there was one girl from Iowa—" Jack's eyes took on a dreamy look.

"Oh, come out of it," smiled Mary. "I'm sure she must have been perfectly charming. Perhaps you'll see her again at the General Conference. And that reminds me. You didn't mention one of the most important things, but I did hear it already—that our own church will enter-

tain the conference next year. Let's work to get a large group of young folks to come up, at least for the weekend, and go from here to the General Conference in Detroit."

"That's the stuff, Sis, I'm all for it, and we'll bring direct evidence that the Northwest is alive and working. It's great to belong to a group like this, who make the Master's work an important part of their lives." F. L. K.

Sunday School News from Martin, N. Dak.

Every one, old and young, joined in on the picnic and Children's Day program given at Martin Fiesel's home. It was a very windy day but all came out with joy and gladness in their hearts. The program was given by the three smaller classes, a missionary dialogue, "The Missionary Hen," and recitations. After lunch all lined up for races and games, and in that way enjoyed the rest of the day in God's lovely Out-of-doors.

The Sunday school at Martin is growing and going forward. Every Sunday there is improvement in attendance and collection, but we have not reached our limit yet. God wants more of us. He wants our heart, mind and body in his service, and not until we surrender all to him, will we be able to say, "We have reached our goal."

(MRS.) K. GIESER.

More Presbyterian churches were built during 1927 in the United States than were heathen temples in all the world.—Robert E. Speer.

Hard Work At That

"Do you know, angel face, each night I write my thoughts down in a little book?"

"Fie, fie, little rosebud, and how long has this proceeded?"

"Nigh onto foah years, sugar plum." "Gracious, and you must have the first page almost full."

Never think that it makes no difference what you think; you are the sum of your beliefs.

A Birthday-Party at the Children's Home

Readers of the "Baptist Herald" who are so unfortunate as to live too far from St. Joseph to be able to visit our Children's Home don't know what they are missing. And a family of 45 children ranging from 1½ years to almost grown-up age who live in harmony under one roof, under the care of one housefather and housemother, are well worth attention.

Recently two of the older girls confided in me that "Mom" Steiger was about to have a birthday, and wouldn't I please take her away on Thursday long enough for them to bake cake and decorate the dining-room? Of course I gladly complied, though it was almost necessary to use force to get her to leave the big day's work she had planned and already vigorously begun. And I really don't see how those girls, energetic and efficient as I know them to be, ever accomplished all they did in the few hours time they had, beside preparing and serving dinner to all those hungry girls and boys.

When we returned to the Home at 6 P. M. the supper bell was just ringing, and you should have seen that lovely dining-room, and Mrs. Steiger's surprise. The chandeliers were festooned with green and white, the tables had green and white bouquets, and a green-and-white bon-bon package at every place. The spaces between the windows had green leaves and white waxberries on the walls, and Mrs. Steiger's chair was artistically decorated by one of the boys, and had MOM across the back so there could be no mistake as to who was the guest of honor. And there were cards and packages at her plate, and all the children wore their good clothes and looked so pleased and sang the birthday greeting song most heartily. Of course the supper was not only delicious but also good to look at, for our girls are not only good cooks but quite artistic. And of course the boys helped energetically about everything.

The cakes would have been a credit to a first class cakener and the big birthday cake was a work of art.

Best of all came the crowning glory of the feast when a beautiful floor lamp with a green silk shade, a gift from the children, was placed beside Mrs. Steiger's chair. It was something she had long wished for, and represented the secret savings of those who had but little to give, but gave gladly to one whom they knew loved each one of them.

As you know, our Home stands on a hill which has always been covered with a fine lawn. The recent grading and paving of Langley Ave., the street which passes the Home, sliced off all the front lawn, making the descent quite abrupt, and in order to prevent the winter storms washing away more real estate than we could afford, it was necessary to sod the hillside this Fall. The sod was taken off what was once a tennis court, which meant plenty of work for Mr. Steiger and the boys and with the much needed pay-

ing of the driveway, made an unexpected and unavoidable expense. But the fine result justified the cost, as you will see when you visit us.

The new wing of the building with its pleasant rooms and sleeping porches, to the furnishing of which so many of our good friends have contributed, and the attractive grounds, and most of all, our CHILDREN are really worth your time and trouble to visit. And you really ought to know Rev. and Mrs. Steiger.

The debt on the building is sure to be paid in time, and as our children have

never yet had to go hungry or cold we feel sure the Lord who loves children will continue to provide for them, although the bills for coal and food and clothing for the coming winter sum very formidable. Through the kindness of Mr. Max Stock stockings are provided, but oh, the shoe bills for 45 or more pairs of restless feet! But "the Lord is mindful of his own," so we will trust and not worry.

We most cordially invite you to visit our Home, and sincerely thank you for your interest and your gifts, past, present and future.

Dr. H. S.



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MINION BLACK FACED TYPE SELF-PRONOUNCING REFERENCE BIBLE

21 When thou shalt vow a vow	ch. 22, 12-13	as ye
unto Je-ho-vah thy God, thou shalt	21: Num.	10
not be slack to pay it: for Je-ho-vah	5, 12, 28	bor a
thy God will surely require it of thee;	5: Mt. 5, 31;	not a

We are calling attention to two numbers today because these are so desirable.

These are printed on thin India paper, are only ¾ inch thick, measuring 4¾x7 inches in size, minion black faced type, and self-pronouncing, which means so much; you know how difficult it often is to pronounce Bible proper names and how embarrassing it is. They are both bound in genuine leather and both leather lined. They have the much desired overlapping feature and have red under gold edges. They are also silk sewed. The only difference is in the leather used for the binding. The higher priced one is genuine Morocco.

No. 153x sells for \$5.25

No. 154x " " \$7.50

If you have the money to spare buy one of these Bibles, the best is none too good, and you will thank the Publication House for this recommendation.

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