

# The Baptist Herald

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

Volume Eight

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Number Seventeen

## Missionary Supplement



The Outer Waves

Courtesy Chicago Art Institute



## What's Happening

Rev. F. J. Niebuhr of the Third Church, New York City, baptized two persons on Sunday, June 29, and on July 6 extended the hand of fellowship to the newly baptized members and two others. Rev. R. Wegner of Boston supplied the pulpit on Sunday morning, Aug. 24.

Miss Adelheid Orthner, missionary at the Harlem Church, New York City, for almost ten years, has resigned. She brought her fruitful work with the church to a close on Sept. 1. Miss Orthner will make her future home in Miami, Fla., in which city her parents recently also have made a new home.

Several months ago, Rev. F. A. Licht completed his eight months activity as acting pastor of the Burns Ave. Church, Detroit. He enjoyed preaching to large audiences three times on Sunday in both German and English. After a period of recuperation, he is again ready and willing to serve as pulpit supply. His address is 1152 Haeberle Ave., Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Our Missionary Supplement in this number furnishes our readers with a vivid story of the progress of the gospel at home and abroad. In spite of opposition and indifference, superstition and religious formalism, the gospel is proving itself to be the power of God to all who believe. The material in this supplement could be used profitably for a missionary evening in the B. Y. P. U. meeting.

Rev. Philip Daum, District Missionary for Saskatchewan and Alberta, had the joy of baptizing fourteen young people in the church at Glidden, Sask., on July 27. The weather was splendid and a large crowd was present. These young converts were the fruit of meetings conducted by Bro. Daum in June and the untiring work of Colporter A. Knaut on this field. The meetings were held in a tent as the church edifice proved too small for the number of people who attended. Bro. Daum characterizes them as a faithful group. May the Lord strengthen them!

Rev. and Mrs. G. M. Pankratz of Hillsboro, Kans., held two weeks of successful meetings at the German Baptist Church, Beatrice, Nebr., in June. The result was that Rev. A. J. Marquardt, their former minister, now retired, was permitted to baptize seven Sunday school pupils on June 29. Others have expressed the desire of following soon. The meetings have been an inspiration to the older members and some that have been indifferent or cold, have shown new life again. Bro. and Sister Pankratz have accepted a call to the church and will start their work in Beatrice on Sept. 1.

Miss Katherine Muehl, formerly a member of the East St. Church, N. S., Pittsburgh, and later a member of the Second Church, Detroit, during Rev. A.

Bredy's pastorate there, has been appointed a missionary nurse by the Woman's Am. Bapt. For. Miss. Society of the Northern Baptist Convention for the Christian Hospital, Shaohsing, East China. Miss Muehl sailed for her new field on the S. S. President Harrison from San Francisco on Aug. 22. Miss Muehl on her way to the Coast was a guest of her former pastor for several days in Indianapolis and on Sunday, Aug. 10, gave a stimulating talk to church and Sunday school.

Rev. William E. Voigt, pastor of our church at Creston, Nebr., died, following an operation in the hospital at Yankton, S. Dak., July 18 at the age of 29 years, 9 months and 17 days. He had graduated from our Divinity School at Rochester German Department in May, 1929. Following this he spent a year at the Northern Baptist Seminary, Chicago. He had become pastor at Creston since the first of the year and had been ordained in May. It is a mystery why this young life should have been cut off at the threshold of larger service, but "some day we'll understand." The funeral services took place in his former home church at Avon, S. Dak., on July 21. We extend heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved parents and five sisters. On another page of this number of the "Baptist Herald" we publish a "In Memoriam" from the pen of a classmate of Bro. Voigt, Rev. E. Gutsche, pastor of the Plum Creek church, Emery, S. Dak.

### The Fire Call

A band of young preachers once asked John Wesley how they could get the multitudes to come to the hearing of the Gospel. His reply was, "Get on fire and the people will come to see you burn."

## The Baptist Herald

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## The Baptist Herald

says to himself in his silolology:

I am going on eight years of age. For seven years I have done my best to serve my denomination and most especially the young people. When I entered upon my career in 1923 I was very favorably received and was subscribed for by 3235 people. In the second year I won many new friends so that the mails carried me to 4166 regular readers. The next year, namely the year 1925, I reached the height of my popularity, for 4634 individuals looked for my appearance every time I came from the press.

But then something happened. What it was, I cannot say. But my friends commenced going back on me. Whether it was due to a cooling off of the enthusiasm, or if it was sheer indifference, or a loss of spiritual life, I cannot say. At any rate only 4411 wanted to see me the next year and the following year the number dropped to 4348. In 1928 I lost 97 more of the loyal ones and in 1929 my list went down to 4134. In this present year of 1930, however, I got the shock of my life, for there was a great falling away—it was a real apostasy—with the result that my circle of influence was greatly reduced and I was forced to go under the four thousand mark. Today while I am brooding over this dismal situation I have exactly 3800 who have remained true according to the newest record.

### WHAT DOES THIS MEAN?

You cannot blame me for being dejected but I do hope this is the end of the landslide, that I have gone through the crisis and that many old friends and many new friends will rally to my standard and not only restore me to my former pinnacle of fame but will carry me clear over the top and let me rest my feet on the mountain top of

### FIVE THOUSAND

To be honest, that has always been my ambition and I feel that this goal must yet be reached. Will you help me to it? I'm making it easy for you and so I am offering myself to any old reader who has so shamefully neglected me or to any new one who ought, by all means, to join the "Herald" family for

### THIRTY-FIVE CENTS

for the remainder of the unfortunate year nineteen hundred thirty. You can reach me by putting thirty-five cents in an envelope, writing my name on it in nice clear letters to make me believe that you are going to stick by me to the end and send it to

3734 Payne Ave,  
Cleveland, O.

# The Baptist Herald

## The Opportunities of Rally Day

RALLY DAY is usually one of the mountain peaks, one of the high days among the special days in the Sunday school year.

Rally Week and Rally Day ought to have a special significance for young people. Theirs is the age of rallying and theirs is the spirit of rallying. Youth is the time of life when the rallying call comes with a peculiar appeal and generally brings forth a spontaneous response.

Rally Day is a time when new members are to be brought into the Sunday school and careless ones brought back. Rally Week can be youth's challenging opportunity for service. It is not only planned to stimulate their own interest in the church and its school but to make them anxious to bring other young people into their helpful fellowship. There is an everlasting thrill in bringing to other people the privileges and pleasures which are ours. Rally Week and Rally Day are youth's opportunity to serve and to give childhood and growing youth the things which will make their lives worth-while.

What are the opportunities afforded by the observance of Rally Day? It gives opportunity, 1) for the gathering up of the forces that have been scattered during the summer; 2) for the renewing of enthusiasm; 3) for the enjoyment of fellowship; 4) for the gaining of better knowledge of the community by means of a survey; 5) for personal work and evangelistic effort.

These opportunities, however, do not roll in on us by merely announcing on one Sunday that the next Sunday is Rally Day and requesting that the news be spread to all the members and newcomers. Good results, lasting results are to be gained in this as in every other enterprise only by careful preparation.

Several weeks before the date set apart to be observed, plans should be carefully considered and given definite and fixed shape. It must be remembered that the personal element in endeavors to gather up scattered forces and bring in new members is very necessary. Any attempt to rally an institution or a project by mechanical means without using the personal element is a foredoomed failure.

Some put the personal element into Rally Day by personal letters written to each member by the teachers of the classes. However, a better plan is a personal call upon each member by the teacher. The same is true of new members. Few newcomers will come to Sunday school as a result of form letters, but many will come if they are visited by teachers or by members of some class.

Do not disappoint the people whom you have invited to Rally Day. Give them a profitable time

by planning an interesting program. (A special speaker with a real message is very helpful in arousing enthusiasm for the Sunday school. Special invigorating music is always liked. Some schools have boys' and girls' orchestras. These could be used to advantage in a Rally Day program. If you have special exercises, have as many children taking part as possible. Parents, brothers and sisters are then apt to come.

It has been said you cannot tell whether Rally Day has been successful until January or February. How many of those present on Rally Day are then still in the Sunday school and working? Have they been disappointed with what the Sunday school had to offer or have their expectations been exceeded? This is the real test. One must take it into account when buying up the opportunities of Rally Day.

## A Mis-Spent and a Well-Spent Year

IN George Adam Smith's "Life of Henry Drummond," a story is told of an American student in attendance upon Edinburgh University. This student was a graduate of an American medical college and was spending a year in postgraduate work in Edinburgh. At the close of his year he called on Henry Drummond, then the recognized leader of the university, to bid him good-bye. Drummond's parting words to him were, in essence, as follows:

"You have lost your opportunity in Edinburgh. You are a professing Christian. You have had as a side partner in the laboratory this year the most pronounced skeptic in the entire student body, yet you have done nothing by word or example to win him to the Christian faith. I am sorry for your sake."

The American student staggered under this unexpected blow. Nevertheless, he came to himself. He decided to forego the opening of his practice for a year, and to spend the next twelve months in Edinburgh for the one purpose of redeeming the lost opportunity referred to by Professor Drummond.

In the following autumn he met Mr. Drummond again. "Why," said Drummond, "I thought you were in America."

"No," replied the American, "I have decided to remain in Edinburgh and redeem the year I lost."

And he did. Near the close of the year, in one of the Sunday night meetings conducted by Henry Drummond at that time, the skeptic friend of the American student made open confession of his faith in Christ. He did more. At the same time he offered himself as a medical missionary in some needy foreign field. The American student had won his man; had redeemed his lost opportunity, and had gained a wonderful new strength of character.



But few of us have a chance to redeem our lost opportunities for Christian service. It behooves us, therefore, to improve our opportunities as they present themselves, to take them at the flood.—The Expositor.

### To Think Is to Live

WE hear a great deal about "the thoughtlessness of youth." Some one has said, "If you are going to be thoughtless wait until you are old. You can better afford to be thoughtless then than now."

When a man has done his work and nothing can in any way be altered materially in his fate, let him forget his toil and jest with fate, if he will, but what excuse can you find for wilfulness of thought at the very time when every crisis of your future fortune hangs on your decisions?

A youth thoughtless! when all the happiness of his home and loved ones depends on the chances, or the passions, of an hour!

A youth thoughtless! when the career of all his days depends on the opportunity of the moment!

A youth thoughtless! when his every act is a torch to the laid train of future conduct, and every imagination a foundation of life or death!

Be thoughtless in after years rather than now, though, indeed, there is only one place where a man can be nobly thoughtless—on his deathbed. No thinking should be left to be done there.

Socrates used to say to the youths gathered about him, "For God's sake, think!"

If you want to really live, think. To think is to live.—Intermediate Weekly.

### Why Not Radiant Youth?

RECENTLY we have heard a great deal about flaming youth. It is the age when young people have the fullest opportunities to express themselves for good or bad that the world has ever known. The eyes of the world are on the young people, and the greatest measure of encouragement is given from every source to lead them to make the very most of their lives. Religious, civic, physical, mental, and social advantages such as kings and queens of former years never dreamed of are theirs for the taking. Upon every high hill and under every green tree there is a college, or a church, or a community house, or a business opportunity, or some alluring scientific discovery waiting, and the young people are looking out upon dazzling prospects. But, as ever happens, along with opportunities for good there are temptations toward evil. There are those who confidently say that youth is all right and only old fogies are the critics, while others are equally sure that there is a strong element in the ranks of youth that is armed more powerfully by the great advantages to work evil, and is working evil in an alarming manner by thought and word and deed.

Why not radiant youth instead of flaming youth?

Flames suggest violence, destructiveness, danger, while radiance seems more powerful but calm and steady and attractive. The glowing, luminous arc light can be depended upon more than the blazing bon-fire that goes up and down. Why not expect radiance of youth instead of fitful spurts of flame? Moses coming down from the mount with the tables of stone wist not that his face shone. There are young men and women all aglow with intelligence, self-control, modesty and the highest ambition the world can know—that of serving. Lindbergh might have become so elated that he would have lost his head amid the applause of the throngs that greeted him in two continents, but from all reports he is still the same modest young gentleman that he was when entirely unknown.—Young People.

### The Student's Ten Commandments

1. Thou shalt set the service of God and man before thine heart as the end of all thy work.
2. Thou shalt inquire of each study what it has for thee as a worker for a better world, not relinquishing thy pursuit of it until thou hast gained its profit unto this end.
3. Thou shalt love the truth and only the truth, and welcome all truth gladly, whether it bring thee or the world joy or suffering, pleasure or hardship, ease or toil.
4. Thou shalt meet each task at the moment assigned for it with a willing heart.
5. Thou shalt work each day to the limit of thy strength, consistently with yet harder work which shall be thy duty on the morrow.
6. Thou shalt respect the rights and pleasures of others, claiming no privilege for thyself but the privilege of service, and allowing thyself no joy which does not increase the joy of thy fellow men.
7. Thou shalt love thy friends more than thyself, thy college more than thy friends, thy country more than thy college, and God more than all else.
8. Thou shalt rejoice in the excellence of others, and despise all rewards saving the gratitude of thy fellows and the approval of God.
9. Thou shalt live by the best, holding thyself relentlessly to those ideals that thou dost most admire in other men.
10. Thou shalt make for thyself commandments harder than another can make for thee, and each new day commandments more rigorous than thine own laws of the day before.—J. M. Thomas, President Rutgers University.

### The Minister and His Wife

WE wish to speak a good word for the preacher's wife. In the hey-day of life she may have a good time moving every few years from one town to another, but as old age creeps on and it becomes increasingly difficult for her husband to obtain another church when he is told that his usefulness in his present position is exhausted, the preacher's wife is a rather tragic figure. It would be different if all preachers were men

of genius and could command a wide hearing and a large salary, even unto old age; but this is not so. Too often we see a white-haired, rather futile old man who has given the strength of his youth to the cause of Christ, and has lived on a pittance through the years, bowed beneath a load of worry as he finds it impossible to secure new employment. Foxes have holes, and birds of the air have nests, but the preacher and his wife often find it difficult to maintain even a humble place where they may lay their heads.

The demand for youthful preachers, who can work with young people, preachers modern in spirit, who can organize hikes and parties and lead pep songs, is partly to blame for the sad plight of the aged minister and his wife. The woman is in a hard position. She can do little to help. To see her husband discarded is not amusing. Who knows the agony that preachers' wives have suffered on this ground. Some denominations provide for the old age of their preachers; but many do nothing. One of the tragedies of the ministry is the uncertain future. One cannot do one's best work when dark days loom ahead.

Perhaps neither the preacher nor his wife will thank us for calling attention to their needs. Perhaps they prefer to cling to their faith and their Father. After all they have given themselves and made their sacrifice. Why regret it now? If old age were the end, they might complain, but they feel that it is only the prelude to eternal youth. In that confidence and with noble courage they go on meeting each day bravely with a smile.—R. P. Anderson in C. E. World.

### A Ladder of Mistakes

THE only person who never makes a mistake is the one who never does anything, thinks anything or learns anything.

There is only one unpardonable mistake and that is not admitting it when you have made one.

So do not be ashamed of your mistakes. They are signs of growth, of effort, of struggle. Before we learn to do a thing in the right way we must have done that thing in the wrong way at least once. Until then, what we think about it is only theory or, at most, second-hand knowledge, what someone else has thought and learned. And that is never quite as useful or dependable to us as what we have learned for ourselves.

Do not hide your mistakes away as if they were so many disgraces. Bring them out in the light, consider them seriously for the germ of wisdom you may abstract from them. Then lugh over them. Wholesome laughter is as great a purifier and disinfectant in the mental world as sunshine is in the physical. After that their sting will be gone and you may put them away in the filing case of your memory to be referred to at any future crisis of your life.

Active people, growing people, make a good many mistakes. But they don't let that bother them. They are too busy going on, learning, progressing.

And to go on, to learn and to progress is not a mistake. Their small blunders, even sometimes their serious ones, are swallowed up, over-shadowed by the great deeds they do, the great ends they achieve.

Remember that scientists make a thousand experiments that are unsuccessful; follow up a thousand wrong theories, that they may establish one fact. Of course no one wants to make foolish mistakes or stupid mistakes. But don't worry over the ones you do make. Try to learn from them, no matter what kind they may be. Accept them as part of your education, as indeed they are, and a most valuable part of you have but the wisdom to see it. So use them, binding them into ladders on which you may mount from the shadows into the sunlight, from the gloom of failure to the glory of success, from the depths of "I wish I could," to the mountaintops of "I can!"—Young People.

### Alibis

HOMER could have squatted in the dust at the gates of Athens. The rich would have pitied him, and tossed gold into his cap. He, like Milton, and Prescott, the historian, had the best of alibis. He was blind.

Demosthenes, greatest of all great orators—who could have blamed him for waiving his ambition and settling comfortably in Attica, on the remains of his father's fortune? His lungs were weak, he had a harsh, unmusical voice, and he stuttered.

Julius Caesar, the first general, statesman, and historian of his age, and—excepting Cicero—its greatest orator, a mathematician, philologist, jurist, and architect—he had an alibi for leisure and in-different effort. He was an epileptic.

Beethoven, the ultimate genius of the classical schools of music, beyond whose creations, as Wagner said, instrumental music can never go, became stone deaf before middle age, and never heard, except by the inward ear, his own great symphonies. Here was an alibi, surely.

Charles Lamb, prince of essayists, Elizabethan scholar, and chum of Coleridge, spent his twenty-first year in an insane asylum, and the rest of his life as a clerk in the accounting rooms of the East India house, supporting his periodically demented sister. Here would have been an alibi.

Pope was a hunchback. Carlyle had chronic indigestion and melancholia. Robert Louis Stevenson was a consumptive, and wrote most of his books in bed. Daniel Webster was too timid to recite in school. Booker T. Washington was a negro and a pauper. E. H. Harriman, at the time of his greatest battles and achievements, was a physical invalid.

Alibis! Alibis! Alibis!

But never used. Never thought.

The road to the great achievement is peopled with cringing alibis, whining, winking, enticing, whispering of easy bypaths, tempting by their insidious allurements to divert the traveler from his objective, and promising to excuse his failure. **Shun them one and all.**—Anon.





Student Body, Stony Brook Assembly, July 26 to Aug. 2, 1930

### Young People's Institute at Stony Brook, L. I.

A place too beautiful to describe correctly—a wonderful place, situated among trees and flowers in a country atmosphere,—that is Stony Brook, L. I., where we as young people of the Atlantic Conference met again from July 26 to August 2.

#### Our Dean for This Year

was Rev. G. H. Schneck, who ably attended to our needs and desires. One of the latter was the reading of the famous "Log Book," in which Dean Schneck related the interesting happenings of the day, which was the cause of much merriment.

Saturday afternoon was arrival time for most of us. After our evening meal, the recreational director, Mr. Harold Kruger, took things in charge. We followed his car to Sunshine Acres, a summer camp for children, which is under the auspices of the New York and vicinity Y. P. societies. Before leaving we were privileged to see and hear the boys of the camp take part in an impressive evening worship.

Each day began with a rising bell. Some of us obeyed, while others had to listen to the famous song of "Late, late, late," upon arriving at the breakfast table. Devotions were led by various students after each morning meal.

Sunday morning the sun rose as it did all the following days; no rain whatsoever. The morning worship was in charge of the Stony Brook people. Rev. Bishop, a guest, was the speaker. The evening meeting was held in the small, quaint chapel, the prettiest building in the neighborhood. We were privileged to hear a very fine sermon on "The breath of the Almighty hath given me life," delivered by Prof. A. J. Ramaker, dean of the German Department of the Colgate-Rochester Seminary. It was the first time we had the opportunity of coming in closer contact with this godly man.

#### Our Annual Student Meeting

was held on Sunday afternoon. We were glad to have chosen such a competent

Institute president as Arthur Kettenburg, who guided us throughout the week. Alice Kaaz served as secretary for the week.

Our classes began at 9.30 each morning. Prof. A. J. Ramaker of Rochester and Rev. A. A. Schade, our Y. P. Field Secretary, had the first classes. The professor took us back to ancient history in his subject of "Comparative Religions." We traced religions of the earliest times up to that of the present day, and found that the Christian religion is the best; not one of fear, but one in which "God is love." We were very grateful to Prof. Ramaker for so ably enlightening us upon a topic with which we have not been so familiar.

How Rev. Schade covered hundreds of years in a few days is a mystery to us, but he did, and to our satisfaction. "The History between the Old and the New Testaments" was his very interesting topic from which we gleaned a great deal.

Rev. G. Hensel was also to have a class at this hour. It was a disappointment to hear that he could not be with us, but a letter signed by those present, seemed to make him feel 100% better, as he stated in his telegram.

Forty minutes passed quickly, then we rested our minds for ten minutes for the next period.

If our Sunday schools and churches do not have good dramas and pageants, it will not be Mrs. Rauscher's fault. All stories were not dramatized in class, so the students will have something to do on their return home.

Would you enjoy seeing a good Sunday school lesson taught? We will not give a guarantee, but those who learned valuable information from Miss Marie Baudisch ought to be able to give such a lesson if they follow instructions. We discovered there is plenty to learn and pupils.

#### Do You Believe in the Growing Generation?

Rev. M. L. Leuschner enlightened us upon what the "Youth Movements of the World" are. Youth is growing, learn-

ing, and moving and its movements are responsible for the happenings of the world in the future.

Following this second series of classes, we all went over to the chapel. Here it was that we gave our viewpoints regarding various movements of the world and their effect upon our modern life.

The mail desk was a popular place at noon and evening. Facial expressions could easily be studied here, for they portrayed desire, joy, and sorrow, in varying degrees.

Seven o'clock each evening brought us together for our

#### Sunset Services,

at which our dean gave us very inspiring messages. The Consecration Service on Friday evening was led by Rev. Schade. He reminded us of the fact that we must reconstruct our religious duties to keep abreast with the physical changes of modern times.

The afternoon and evening programs were very well provided for by Harold Kruger. We wish to thank the owners of cars for their kindness in helping him carry out his plans. One afternoon we enjoyed a boat ride across Long Island Sound to Bridgeport, Conn. The other afternoons were spent in playing tennis, baseball, volley ball, and swimming. Beach games were also participated in, especially one, from which some of the fellows still have trade marks.

The evenings were devoted to auto rides, bonfire and beach parties, games, and an annual program given by Prof. Armitage. His sleight of hand tricks and dramatizing of book-personages amused us greatly. In each program everyone believed in good sportsmanship and helped to make the evening's fun worthwhile by taking part in sketches, or in original contributions.

Eleven bells meant "lights out" so that some beauty sleep could be acquired. Look at our picture to see if we did accomplish that. Seeing is believing, they say.

We all agree that this year was one of the best we ever had. Now that vacations are over, we will endeavor to put some of our acquired knowledge to use for the furtherance of God's kingdom.

ALICE KAAZ, Sec.

### Noise Worse Than a Ford Makes

Little Jean was making her first visit to the country and was one evening taken down to the big pond to see the tiny fish. She was also much interested in a big bull-frog that sat upon the bank and sang out his evening croak. On returning to the house Jean ran to her grandfather and said excitedly, "O Grandfather, I saw a great big bullhead and heard him crank up his car!"

Conductor: "How old are you little girl?"

Professor's Daughter: "If you don't object, I'll pay my full fare and keep my own statistics."—Presbyterian Advance.

# The Sunday School

## Promotion Program for the Sunday School

### General Plan

All well ordered Sunday schools, small or large, plan for an annual Promotion Day, when the work of the past year is recognized and the scholars are advanced to the next higher class or department. A successful Promotion Service requires that careful plans should be previously made by the officers and teachers of the school.

The last Sunday in September is found a convenient time for this purpose, thus making the first Sunday in October the recognized day for beginning the school year. The Promotion Service may well be included in the Rally Day Program.

It is well to use the church auditorium, having seats reserved and marked for the departments or classes of the school, and another section for visitors.

The service suggested below may be used in both one-room and departmentalized schools. In the small school the promotion will be from class to class, each class representing a department. In the large schools it will be from department to department. Where there are several classes in a department, the promotion from grade to grade within the department may take place the Sunday following the general Promotion Service.

### Promotion Day Materials

For this Promotion Service a small section of a picket fence, with two gates in the center, is necessary. The fence may be made of lath or heavy material, painted white and decorated with garlands, vines or autumn foliage. The fence should be conveniently placed at an angle on the platform.

Promotion Certificates for all graduates should be ready in advance, each tied with the department colors, while those of the honor graduates should have HONOR SEALS attached and tied with white ribbon, in addition to that of the department color. For the large schools, cards for promotion from grade to grade within departments the following Sunday should be ready.

It is suggested that Church Hymnals should be presented to the graduates from Junior to Intermediate Department, Bibles to the Primary graduates, and a Song Book, "Carols" or "Melodies," to each Beginner's graduate.

### Promotion Service

The service may be conducted by the General Superintendent of the Sunday school, the Director of Religious Education, or the Minister.

For the promotion of the scholars in all departments above the Junior, a brief announcement of the names of the graduates will be sufficient. For Juniors (nine to eleven years of age), Primaries (six to eight years), Beginners (four

and five years), and Cradle Roll (one to three years), the Service "Open the Gates," outlined below is recommended.

Two scholars from each department should be selected in advance to open the gates for the graduates coming into their department.

The appropriate verses of the welcome song "Open the Gates" may be sung by the scholars or by the teachers of each department, or by a special choir of children.

### Junior to Intermediate Department

The group of Juniors who are to be promoted (now twelve years of age or who will be twelve during the next three months) come forward as their names are read and recite or sing together a part selected from their Memory Work covered during the two years spent by them in the Beginners' Department. Such portions as the following suggest the kind of work which is possible for these little children to have accomplished: Single Scripture sentences on God's Care—such as, "He careth for you"; on Kindness: "Love one another"; "Be ye kind," etc.; one verse of a song, such as "Praise Him, Praise Him" or "Jesus Loves Me." After this song and recitation the Beginners' graduates are presented with their Certificates and Song Book, and the welcome "Open the Gates" is sung. Then they pass through the gates and take their place in the Primary Department.

*Open the gates for the Juniors so strong;  
Defenders of right and opposers of wrong;*

*Pledged in His service, Whose will they obey;*

*Leaving the Children's Division today.*

*Open the gates, open the gates;  
Leaving today, leaving today;  
Juniors so strong in work and in play;  
Open the beautiful gates.*

### Primary to Junior Department

The group of Primary children who are now nine years of age (or who will be nine during the next three months) come forward as their names are read and recite one or more portions selected from the Memory Work covered during the years spent by them in that department. Selections may be made from such portions as "The Shepherd Psalm" (Psalm 23), "The Story of the Good Samaritan" (Luke 10:30-37) or "The Christmas Story" (Luke 2:8-16). If time allows, one of their memory hymns might be sung. After this recitation the Primary graduates are presented with their Certificates and Bibles, and the welcome from "Open the Gates" is sung. Then they pass through the gates, taking their places in the Junior Department.

*Open the gates, we will give right of way;  
These Primary children are Juniors today;*

*May God in His heaven protect with His care  
These children dear in the new life they share.*

*Open the gates, open the gates;  
Welcome today, welcome today;  
Coming to learn about God's holy way;  
Open the beautiful gates.*

### Beginners to Primary Department

The group of Beginners who are now six years of age (or who will be six during the next three months) come forward as their names are read and recite or sing together a part selected from their Memory Work covered during the two years spent by them in the Beginners' Department. Such portions as the following suggest the kind of work which is possible for these little children to have accomplished: Single Scripture sentences on God's Care—such as, "He careth for you"; on Kindness: "Love one another"; "Be ye kind," etc.; one verse of a song, such as "Praise Him, Praise Him" or "Jesus Loves Me." After this song and recitation the Beginners' graduates are presented with their Certificates and Song Book, and the welcome "Open the Gates" is sung. Then they pass through the gates and take their place in the Primary Department.

*Open the gates for Beginners so dear;  
We've come to tell you we're glad you are here;*

*Joining the praise to our Father above,  
Learning each day of our Savior's love.*

*Open the gates, the beautiful gates;  
Welcome today, welcome today;  
Little Beginners, so happy and gay;  
Open the beautiful gates.*

### Cradle Roll to Beginners' Department

The children of the Cradle Roll, who are now four years old, under the leadership of the Cradle Roll Superintendent, are called to the platform, are presented with their Certificates, and remain on the platform while the welcome from "Open the Gates" is sung. Then they pass through the gates into the Beginners' Department.

If there is a Cradle Roll Class conducted for little children under four years of age, who are too young for the Beginners' Class, promotions may be made at this time from that class.

*Open the gates for the dear little feet,  
Open the gates for the children so sweet;  
From home they come, for work and for play,*

*And graduate now to Beginners' today.*

*Open the gates, open the gates;  
Welcome today, welcome today;  
Cradle Roll Children are here now to stay;  
Open the beautiful gates.*

—The Western Baptist.



# GINGER ELLA

By ETHEL HUESTON

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(Continuation)

"Why did you call me up?" Eddy asked at last, with the slightest accent on the personal pronoun.

Ginger flashed back to earth from her rosy dreams. She snuggled pleasantly beside him, and tucked her slim hand under his arm, folding it into the other.

"There wasn't anybody else," she said frankly. "And you're so comfortable, Eddy. Just like a father." He noticed that the small hands on his arm were trembling nervously.

"Be careful, Ginger. Don't do anything rash—I hope you haven't already done anything rash."

"Oh, no. Not rash. Wonderful."

But for all his comfortableness, she would not admit him into her full confidence. She urged him to drive fast, faster—wished she could fly—wished he had an airplane—faster— But she would not tell him. Later on she said when it was all over, and she had the money:

"Oh,—money."

"Yes, of course. What else would it be? Of course,—money."

They drove several miles in complete silence. Then he looked at her, slowly.

"This is the first time you've ever been alone with me, Ginger."

"Oh, surely not."

"Absolutely. The first time. Even when you first came to Red Thrush,—such a little kid, with bare knees, usually skinned from a tumble,—even then, whenever you came to the farm, there was always a crowd of you. Except for that minute at the gate the other day, I think this is the first time I have ever spoken to you alone. I know it is the first time we've been by ourselves."

Ginger considered it. She smiled. "Well, I like it. Let's do it again. You see, when the twins are around, I'm just background for Margie's complexion and Miriam's brains. But when I'm alone, I'm it." She considered again. "I like it very much. You know I always say, Eddy, that if all men were just like you and father, they'd be perfectly all right. It's only those disgusting creatures like everybody else who want to paw you all over—that make me so wild."

"They don't want to paw you—yet, do they?"

"Oh, my dear, you're obsolete. Why, they begin pawing us now before we leave off the skinned knees."

"You, Ginger?" Eddy persisted, with some gravity.

"Well, they try it. But as you know—the girls make no secret of it—I'm not the type. I think it's disgusting. But I'm plenty old enough. Why, my dear, at sixteen nowadays, a woman is middle

aged. She's just as good as raised a family."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, indeed. Isn't it disgusting. Base pretenders, that's what they are. And not only boys, either, mind you, it's old bachelors and widowers and even married men. Trying to pass themselves off for romantic figures."

"You seem to know quite a little about it."

"I know all about it," Ginger gurgled at him. "They begin by looking at your hand. They pick it up and examine it as if they never saw a hand before. They say it's very pretty." She flung out a slim hand for his inspection. "All hands are alike, aren't they? They're all just regular hands. But they seem as surprised as if it had nine fingers, or something.—Well, that's the way they get started. First look at it. Second, say it's pretty. Third, kiss it. Then they run their fingers up and down your arm, and look,—they adore to kiss you—right here. See?"

She thrust an indicating finger into the curve of her elbow. "That's quite a favorite spot. Disgusting! Why, it's the very perspieryest place, but they don't care. And then they say you are just wonderful. Aren't they dumbbells?"

"I'm afraid I hadn't realized what was going on. Somehow I never connected it with you."

"Well, I'm not just what you might call sympathetic." She burst into a low laughter, caused by some personal memories of her own. "But anyhow, you see, I know all about it, just as much as Helen, or the twins, or anybody. The only difference is that they like it, and I think it is simply disgusting. And father thinks so, too."

"So do I, Ginger. Count me on your side, will you?"

"I know. Father and I always say you're just like us."

He was quiet as they drove back to the parsonage, and Ginger was well content to lapse into the happy haven of her glad reflections. He would not come in as she urged him, pleading his postponed experiments, but as she stood beside the car, saying good-by, with small hands folded on the door, he picked one of them up and turned it about, in his. He smiled. She laughed merrily.

"You see. Aren't they all alike? But you ought really to kiss it to get the full effect."

Eddy put it down, joining her laughter. "I must say it seems a good deal like other hands—in most ways. Well, won't tell, call me up, will you?"

"Yes, thanks. Good-bye."

## CHAPTER VIII

Had it not been for the pleasurable excitement attendant upon Helen's wedding, Ginger felt she could not possibly have endured the strain of the days that followed. Her confidence in the outcome of her chain letter home for the blind was absolute. Winters might come, with their consequent coal and coat bills, daughters might go, with their petty love-affairs, but Ginger Ella and the chain letter would go on for ever.

Mr. Tolliver did not go to Chicago. When Helen and the twins tried to persuade him to this course, he and Ginger smiled at each other with intimate understanding and he felt, though he could not see, her daughterly pride in his denial. Plans for the wedding took precedence over everything else, for Helen, yielding to the argument that for her in this case the way of genuine sacrifice lay in gracious acquiescence to plans already made, proceeded calmly with her arrangements. She knew in her heart that she would have preferred a more apparent display of her unselfishness. She would have been proud to stand gloriously forth, to her father, her sisters, and Red Thrush, giving up her marriage for a year, for ten years, for ever if need be. But she was honest enough to realize that the course of true denial followed another channel. Mental rest, the doctors had prescribed, and that could never be had in the sacrifice of his daughter's plans.

The wedding was to be held in the church, with the girls of Helen's Sunday school class, the Rutheans, serving a buffet luncheon in the Sunday school assembly room, the room that was used for church dinners, socials and the like. This luncheon was to take the place of a home reception. The details of the ceremony had been carefully practised. Horace Langley, with Eddy Jackson as his best man, was to wait in the small room at the left side of the pulpit. The bridesmaids were to gather in the primary room, just inside the main entrance.

There would be many more townsmen, outsiders, those who were neither Methodists nor friends,—and many of these black,—who would gather along the edge of the walk to see all that could be observed from that vantage ground. Helen was not a proud girl. She decided that when all the invited guests sat silently waiting within the church, she, with her father, would walk quietly across the intervening space from parsonage to church,—such a very little way,—and while Ellen took him on around to the pulpit room on the right of the altar, she would join her attendants in the primary department.

The twins pleaded for a cab, protesting the inelegance of a bride setting satiated foot to the hard-worn path, full in the public eye.

"But I would rather go across with just my father," said Helen sweetly. "It would be ridiculous to have a cab carry me sixty feet, especially when I would

have to walk quite as far to reach the curb.—No, father and I will go together by the dear old path, worn through the grass by our feet, and those of former ministers, from door to door."

For fully a week, although but ten days had elapsed since the forging of the first link that was to grow into an endless chain of silver dimes, Ginger had dogged the steps of the postman.

"Letter for me?—There's not?—That's funny."

But on the very day before the wedding, as though to fill her cup of joy to overflowing, the postman delivered three letters, delivered to E. Tolliver, all in strange handwriting.

"Well,—that's funny," stammered Ginger, and held out a trembling hand, and with the guilty consciousness of the evil-doer, sure the very postman must be suspicious of such a sudden burst of correspondence, she added, "Bunch of ads, I suppose." She was so excited that she fell off the ladder three times before she finally got herself—and the three letters—into the attic studio under the dormer-window.

She was trembling nervously. Her chilly fingers tore uselessly at the stiff paper, she had it open at last, a dime rolled out upon the floor. She seized it and kissed it.

"You're my nest egg," she whispered, "you're my lucky piece,—you're what some dumb farmer would call pay dirt."

She opened the other letters, three dimes resulting. A sort of stillness came over her. She sat, huddled into a small hunch on the old stool and read the letters,—pleasant letters, sympathetic, "It is a joy to help in such good work," "God bless the cause," "Pleasure to add my mite."

"The darlings," said Ginger. "The dear, sweet, generous, Christian souls." Ginger had a significant habit of judging one's Christianity, not by his thoughts, but by his contributions. Three dimes to her represented three devout Christians. Very still she sat on the old stool, very quiet, enveloped in a sweet and grateful gladness. She, as the instigator, no longer seemed important. She no longer counted herself as the causing cause. But her mind leaped swiftly on, to expensive curative treatments for her father, new rich furniture to replace their threadbare shabbiness, coal and steak and chickens—

She kissed the letters, one after the other, and crumbled them in her hand, to be burned.

"Little white angels," she called them tenderly.

Then she cast about for a proper receptacle for this incipient fortune. Three dimes, of themselves, did not require much treasuring, but the highly imaginative eyes of Ellen Tolliver looked already upon the thousands, in neat little stacks, that were to come. In another part of the attic, where old furniture—older even than that they were still using, much older, else it had not been discarded—was stored, she ferreted out an old doll's trunk, very dusty, very shabby,

but stout, well made, with a strongly-hinged top, and best of all, with the old lock still intact and the key dangling from a string. The contents of this—queer, old-fashioned doll dresses of velvet and silk and lace—she dumped ingloriously into a barrel of manuscripts and photographs. The trunk itself, as became an object entering upon a new and brilliant phase of existence, she wiped carefully upon her skirt, and carried it to the studio.

Within it, side by side, she laid the three dimes, and turned the key in the rusty old lock. Then she moved everything else off her desk, and directly in the middle of it she placed the trunk, royally alone. The key she thrust unconcernedly into the table drawer. She was not afraid of thieves.

Her sigh was a great and glad one. "At last fortune smiles upon the parsonage, and all the Tollivers in it," she whispered joyously. "Perhaps not much of a smile so far—just a little giggle, but a nice little giggle. The poor little church mice are going to surprise folks one of these days."

She wished greatly to tell her sisters of this sudden turn in the tide of the family fortune, but that little inner monitor, which Ginger most unscripturally called a hunch, warned her against this confidence, and she buried herself and her seething emotions as well as she could in plans for the following day.

Long before the high hour of noon on Helen's wedding-day, she was daintily arrayed in her blue organdy, pirouetting up and down the hall from room to room, hurrying everybody, criticizing the general appearance of her sisters, offering endless pert suggestions, and always inciting them to greater haste. It was she who subjected her father to a last inspection, and placed the white carnation on the lapel of his cot. It was she who kept steady watch upon the front windows, reporting all that passed, as well as all who loitered, the coming of cars, the gowning of guests, the grouping of outlanders along the curb. It was she who announced the early arrival of Horace Langley,—very early, for there was not outside entrance to the choir room on the left side of the church, and he was obliged to pass through the main auditorium, which he was careful to do before there were witnesses to his appearance. Moping his brow, she said he was, and clinging like grim death to the arm of Eddy Jackson, who laughed at him. Much later, with the final announcement that the other bridesmaids were on hand, she dispatched the twins, in pastel pink and yellow, to join the springtime bevy of orange, green, mauve and rose in the primary department.

Then she led her father down the stairs to the living-room, where he was to wait for Helen.

"All the who's who are there," she proclaimed blithely, "and all the hoodlums are parked."

She ran up to her sister's room, and gave a last tender touch to the white

veil. "Oh, Helen," she whispered. Helen took her in her arms and the two girls wept together. After all, Ginger was Helen's baby, had been Helen's from the moment when, returning from the little cemetery on the hill where her mother was laid away in flowers and snow, she ran to the up-stairs room of that other old parsonage to answer the pleading wail of the orphaned baby.

"You—you mustn't," said Ginger stoutly, winking away her tears. "You'll spoil your looks. Helen—I wish father could see you.—Now, don't you cry. I'm going right down."

She smiled bravely, tearfully, at her sister, unfailing refuge of sixteen years, now leaving her, and ran down the stairs.

"Tell him to wait for me just a minute, I am coming at once," Helen called after her.

Ginger went to her father. "Father," she said, "I must go now. Helen said for you to wait here for her just a minute—I think she's going to pray, father, she looks just like praying. Oh, father, you were right. She is beautiful. She looks like a picture of a Madonna with all kinds of happy thoughts in her heart that nobody else knows anything about.—Just wait, darling, she is coming."

And Ginger tipped daintily down the flagstone path like a floating blue cloud in her airy gown. Shorter, perhaps, to cross by the footpath through the lawn, but Ginger Ella felt it no more than fair that the interested spectators lining the walk should be rewarded with a close view of her unwontedly fine appearance.

In the living-room Mr. Tolliver, accustomed to patience by weeks of blindness, waited quietly. But Helen, in the room she shared with Ginger, was not praying. Helen was not a sentimental girl, but one of deep feeling, much of which centered around the baby sister whom she had so long held as her especial charge. Helen was not going away briskly to happy marriage without a final tender word and gesture for the child who would come home lonely in her absence. She had written Ginger a letter—written in the night before her marriage, when girls may be excused if their every thought is for themselves and their lovers and their hopes. Helen's were for her youngest sister. It was for that purpose that she denied herself to Horace, and to the girls, shutting herself up for hours behind a locked door, to write to Ginger Ella, telling her how much she loved her, how much she had enjoyed the years of caring for her, how much she hoped for the future. Not a flowery letter, no literary work of art, but one that came from Helen's heart.

With this letter, she was going to leave for Ginger a precious thing, the little diamond ring that had been their mother's engagement ring. It had been given to Helen, at her mother's death, had been worn by her in sacred remembrance for sixteen years, but now, with the band of her own betrothal upon her hand, and soon to be enforced by the wedding circlet, she would pass this treasure on to



Ginger. She had intended to leave her farewell message on the dressing-table of the room they had occupied together, but now, upon sudden impulse, thinking of Ginger, she knew in a flash of revelation what the girl would do upon her return. She would fly straight up to the wobbly ladder to her private sanctuary in the attic, where, alone with her loneliness, she would weep out her heart to exhaustion, and fall asleep.

Helen smiled to herself with quivering lips. "The darling," she whispered, and then, mischievously, but with determination, she carefully draped her veil about her shoulders, ran down the corridor, set Ginger's ladder under the trapdoor, and climbed round by round, pushing open the trap-door above her. Into the attic, still smiling with the thought of how she would horrify her sisters, and Horace, as well, when she told them of this most unbridal adventure, she drew herself up, crossed the dusty beams, and stood beside Ginger's tidy little table desk. Her sympathetic eyes noted the pads of paper, the well-sharpened pencils, the little old doll's trunk, the pigeon-hole of letters.

"Oh, Ginger, my darling," she whispered, and wept again for leaving her. But she wiped away the tears, laid her letter in its sealed envelope, "My Ginger," on the table, with the ring in a velvet box beside it.

Now all of this emotional duress on Helen's part had taken but a moment of time. And in that same moment, Ginger, on her way to the church, had met the postman, loitering for the sake of what was to be seen, and he had given her two letters addressed to E. Tolliver. She fingered them exploratively, found the sought-for little hard circles in the lower corners, recognized them as dimes. Not even a wedding, not even Helen's wedding, could take precedence over matter that concerned the parsonage home for the blind. Whirling impulsively about, she ran back into the parsonage, and up the stairs, intent upon concealment of the letters. She could not go to her own room, thinking as she did that Helen was there in prayer. There was no time for the attic. Her action in this emergency was as quick as thought itself, and she deftly turned back a corner of the rug of the stairs, slipped the two letters far under, and out of sight, and drew the rug down over them.

But, as she raised her eyes from this swift movement, she stopped abruptly. What carelessness! What abject, wanton, criminal carelessness on her part! The old ladder stood balanced against the wall, and the trap-door above was wide open.

It had been a point of principle with her to keep her sanctuary sealed, even in the old days when she had no real secrets to hide. Now, with the attic fairly burning with its burden of wealth, or potential wealth, she was quite aghast at her own negligence.

"That's what weddings will do to you," she thought. And with the thought she was up two steps of the ladder and pull-

ing the trap-door down above her with a resounding bang as she slipped the hook through the great iron staple. And then she was down the stairs in a moment and out on the veranda, where, remembering the spectators, she drew herself up quickly to a sedate and dainty walk.

Patiently Mr. Tolliver waited, but Helen did not come. Across in the old church, the invited guests twisted, turned and wondered. The bridesmaids openly questioned, the bridegroom paced the floor in a fever of nervous impatience. The bride did not appear. The organist played mechanically on and on, beginning again with the opening number of his repertory.

It was Mr. Tolliver who was first driven to action. Helen, he thought, must have forgotten him, or perhaps he had misunderstood the plan. Surely the hour had come. Carefully, after calling her name up the stairs and receiving no answer, he made his way out of the house, and, feeling each step with great care, stumbled across the lawn toward the church. Old Black Ben, who saw to it that he missed nothing that could well be seen, hurried out to meet him, and led him carefully around the church to the pulpit room on the right.

A little later, Ginger, driven desperate, set out on a tour of inspection to learn for herself what had gone amiss, and went first to the pulpit room where she found her father.

"Helen did not come for me. She must be here. I called and she did not answer," was all he knew of her.

Could she, defying all known laws of proper wedding procedure, be with Horace in the choir room on the left? There was no admission to that room from without, but Ginger ran around the back of the church, and tapped on the window to attract attention. Two annoyed and puzzled faces stared down at her.

"What's the matter? Why don't they begin?"

"Is Helen here?"

"Helen!" No mistaking the amazement in their voices! "Of course Helen is not here."

"Then where is she, if you please?" demanded Ginger largely.

This they had no way of knowing.

"Would somebody steal her—for a joke?" she wondered.

"They don't do that until after the wedding."

"You don't suppose—for one minute—" began Horace anxiously, with the unreasoning fear of a bridegroom, who will believe any impossibility.

"If you mean, do we suppose she walked out on you, no, we don't," finished Ginger flatly. "Shall I run across to the parsonage, and look? But father called, and she was not there."

"Sh—Miss Ginger—hist," hissed a low voice, hoarsely, at her feet.

Ginger, nervously excited, gave a slight little scream of surprise. But, looking down, it was only the face of Black Ben that she saw, pressed into the narrow

aperture of the basement window below her.

"Bad luck," whispered the old man, his eyes rolling with superstitious awe, "look!"

He pointed a bony black finger, and Ginger looked, her blue eyes widening with horror.

(To be continued)

### Farewell to Rev. and Mrs. Wm. E. Schmitt

The farewell to the minister of Evangel Baptist Church in Newark, N. J., took place on June 26, 1930. The neighboring German churches as well as those of New York and vicinity responded to our invitation and attended in goodly number despite the exceedingly warm weather.

Our former pastor, Rev. F. Niebuhr, took charge of the program. Deacons J. F. Hoops and Wm. F. Kettenburg, Sr., expressed the regrets of the church at the departure of our pastor who served us so well for the three years he was with us. The representatives of the various organizations of the church also expressed their sorrow at this occasion and each presented Rev. and Mrs. Schmitt a token of remembrance.

The choir and men's quartet rendered appropriate selections after which the ministers of the visiting churches spoke words of farewell, wishing them both God's blessing in their new work.

Rev. Schmitt then responded and stressed the point that he felt he was obeying the call of God in making this change.

The congregation was served with refreshments and personal farewells were expressed to Rev. and Mrs. Schmitt.

We are thankful that our former pastor, Rev. Fr. Niebuhr, will preach the gospel until God sends us a new shepherd.

REPORTER.

### How to Read the Future

The following maxims are the result of long experience and study on the part of John J. Gilday, chief of the fire department of Hoboken, N. J.:

A crack in your chimney is a sure sign that you are going to move.

To see a paperhanger hang paper over a flue hole indicates an impending loss.

It is worse luck to look in a dark closet with a lighted match than to see the new moon over your left shoulder.

When the wind moans it is extremely bad luck to burn trash near your house.

If you smell gas or gasoline and look for it with a lighted match, it is probable that you are about to start on a long journey.

If you have a pile of rubbish in your cellar, it indicates that a crowd of people are coming to your house.

A quart of gasoline will cause an automobile to move three miles. A similar amount in household cleaning may cause three auto fire trucks and an ambulance to run a similar distance.

A child who plays with matches will gain experience—if he lives.—Popular Mechanics.

### The Dakota Conference

(Delayed in sending)

The 22nd Dakota Conference held its annual meeting this year with the church of Emery, S. Dak., June 17-22. A large number of delegates and visitors gathered for the occasion. About 50 churches were represented by 120 delegates. In spite of the large auditorium of the Emery church, it was by far too small to hold the people. The evening services and some of the afternoon services were held in the Conference tent.

Tuesday evening was the opening service. Rev. G. Pust, pastor of the church, extended a hearty welcome. Bro. Buening, the moderator, responded in words of thanks. The Emery male chorus sang a song after which Rev. J. C. Schweitzer, pastor of the Cathay Church, preached on the topic, "Looking Upon Jesus," Heb. 12:1, 2. The quartet of the Colgate-Rochester Divinity School sang "Home Greetings," which brought the evening service to a close.

The forenoon services were preceded by a prayer meeting of 45 minutes, leaders of these blessed moments were Rev. K. Gieser, Rev. F. Dobrovolsky, Rev. F. Klein and Rev. B. Krenz.

The officers elected at the Wednesday morning business session were as follows: Rev. J. F. Olthoff and Rev. E. Broeckel, moderators; Rev. K. Gieser and Rev. B. Schlipf, secretaries; Mission committee, Rev. A. Heringer, secretary, Rev. E. Broeckel, Rev. A. W. Lang, Rev. C. Dippel and Rev. B. Schlipf; Treasurer, J. J. Rott of Lehr, N. Dak., and Rev. G. Eichler, orphanage representative.

According to the letters 180 baptisms were reported. The membership of the Conference is now 5869 a gain of 69 over a year ago. Into various churches the angel of death entered and took 60 members to their eternal home. Fifty-one of the members were removed from the list by moving to other Conferences or excommunication.

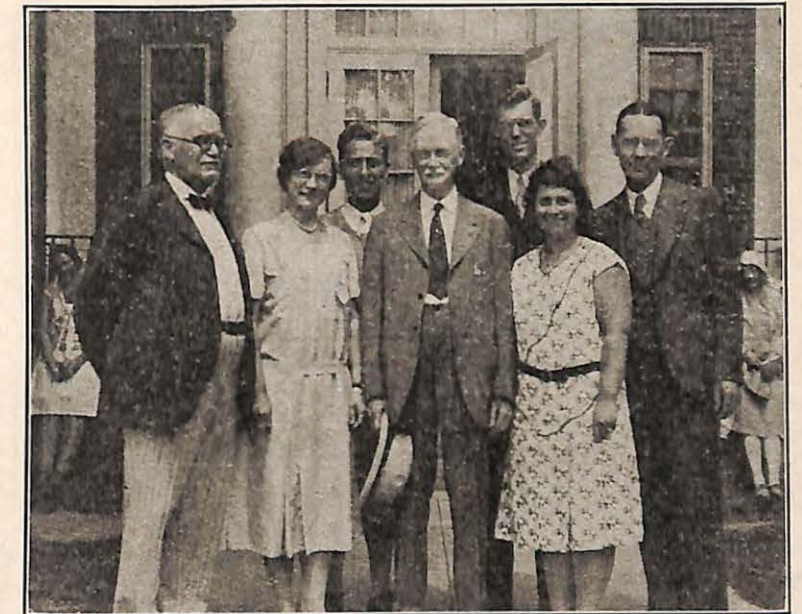
Our Lord manifested himself wonderfully in the new mission field at Harvey, N. Dak. This new congregation received the hand of fellowship into the Conference through one of their delegates.

We were glad to have Bro. H. P. Donner among us who gave us an address on the work of our Publication Society. It is a pity that the subscriptions for the "Baptist Herald" and "Sendbote" have decreased. Many subscriptions are ordered but people forget to pay. The Publication Society loses a lot of money throughout the year on account of such careless subscribers. Otherwise our publication work is progressing.

The 25 minutes of devotion every morning from 11:35-12 were moments which cannot be forgotten. Prof. Kaiser gave us four lectures on "Soul-culture." Wonderful words of life were spoken.

Bro. H. Koch, a representative of the Old People's Home of Chicago, brought greetings from the big family of 85 in number.

A letter from Bro. W. Kuhn, our Gen-



Faculty, Stony Brook Assembly, July 26 to Aug. 2, 1930  
G. H. Schneck, Dean, A. J. Ramaker, M. L. Leuschner, Miss Baudisch,  
Mrs. Rauscher, Mr. Krueger, A. A. Schade

eral Mission Secretary, was presented to the Conference. He could not be with us because of attendance at the Pacific Conference. Also a letter from the Children's Home at St. Joseph, Mich., written by Bro. H. Steiger, was read to the Conference.

"The Church of Jesus Christ" was the main topic for the Conference and was presented as follows: "A Picture of the Original Church," by Rev. B. Schlipf; "The Task of the Church Towards Its Members," by Rev. E. Niemann; "The Task of the Church Towards the Young People," by Rev. M. De Boer; "The Task of the Church Towards Missions," by Rev. O. Lohse; "The Task of the Church Toward Its Publication Society," by Rev. G. Eichler; "The Exaltation of the Church of Jesus Christ," by Rev. C. M. Knapp; "The Calling and Task of an Ordination Council," by Rev. C. Dippel.

The Friday afternoon service was dedicated to the women. Mrs. A. W. Lang of Tyndall presided at this occasion. Miss Margareta Lang, a missionary from Africa, gave a talk on her work and the need of workers over there. The Ladies Aid of Emery rendered a dialogue. Bro. H. P. Donner followed with a short and inspiring message.

The Friday evening service was under the leadership of the Young People's and Sunday School Workers' Union and has already been reported to the "Baptist Herald."

On Sunday the climax of the Conference was reached. All services were held in the tent. Sunday school convened at 9 A. M. Brethren E. Broeckel, R. Kaiser and D. Klein addressed the Sunday school. The mission sermon was preached by Rev. A. Heringer of Venturia, N. Dak., on 2 Cor. 8:2. After brief remarks by Rev. A. W. Lang the Conference mission offering was taken which brought the nice sum of over \$1500.

In the afternoon Prof. Kaiser brought the closing address. Topic, "The Fullness of the Spirit," Eph 5:18. After this the annual meeting of the Dakota Conference was brought to a close. May God bless especially the entertaining church and all those who helped to make the occasion successful! May God bring us all together at our annual meeting in 1931 at Anamoose, N. Dak.!

J. G. ROTT, Reporter.

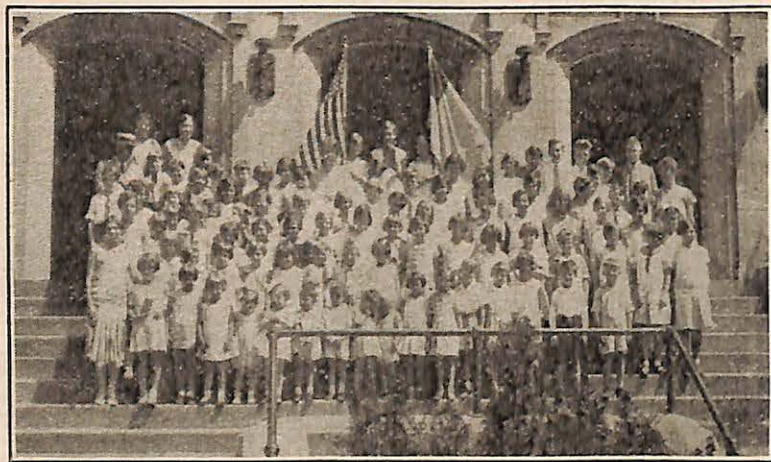
### Religion—and Christianity

Religion and Christianity are very different. Dr. David J. Burrell brought this out clearly in a recent article in "The Presbyterian." He showed that "A man may be very religious without being a Christian," and that the difference is just this: religion is seeking after God; Christianity is finding God. It is characteristic of "the modern mind" to urge that seeking God is the highest and best that a man can do. The New Testament has forever ended that mistake. Continued seeking is emptiness; finding is fullness. And in Christ "dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily" (Col. 2:9). So long as we seek we are unsatisfied. When we find we are satisfied. The merely religious man is unsatisfied; the normal Christian is satisfied,—not with self but with Christ. To sincere seekers everywhere the Holy Spirit is saying, concerning Christ, that which Paul said to the men of Athens, who were "very religious": "Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you."

### Realizing One's Importance

A homely recipe for the cure of pride is given by Robert Burdette, humorist and preacher. "If you want to realize your own importance," he advises, "put your finger into a bowl of water, take it out and look at the hole."





Daily Vacation Bible School, Clinton Hill Church, Newark, N. J.

### Daily Vacation Bible School, Clinton Hill, Newark, N. J.

Our Vacation Bible School was brought to an enthusiastic close with an audience of over 300 to witness the type of work done by the boys and girls. The total enrollment for the school was 176, with an average daily attendance of slightly over 100. Within the space of four weeks the boys and girls received the equivalent of six months of intensive Sunday school training, to say nothing of the handwork and the fun provided for them. Thirty-seven of the pupils received awards for perfect attendance. A cheering feature of the school was the fact that we were privileged to give training to a considerable number of pupils from other faiths which provide little or no opportunity for learning the Gospel plan of salvation.

A talented and faithful group of teachers carried the burden of the school, rendering a memorable service to the Kingdom of God in a beautiful spirit of unselfishness. Their names follow: Miss Gertrude Blackman, Miss Erna Hoelzen, Mrs. George Joithe, Mrs. C. R. Vickers, Mrs. J. J. Ulrich, Mrs. C. W. Koller, Mrs. Adam Ohl, Mrs. Frank Majestic, Mrs. Emma Steeple, Miss Louise Chester, Mrs. Martha Chester, Mrs. Edwin J. Poole, Mrs. Elfrieda Steeple, Mr. Elmer Schick, and a number of others who rendered help for shorter periods.

REPORTER.

### Daily Vacation Bible School, The Evangel Baptist Church, Newark, N. J.

*I want to live as Jesus lived,  
I want to love as Jesus loved,  
I want to serve and honor him,  
And please him in everything.  
I want my life to testify  
That he's my Lord and King.*

This was the aim of our Vacation School this summer and this is the motto you would have heard the children repeating if you had come to visit us shortly after nine o'clock.

Our Vacation School was in session from June 30 to July 25 and we had four

very busy, happy weeks of service. It was a great joy each morning to look into the bright and happy faces of the children, eager to come for a morning of study, work and recreation. Such remarks as, "Can't we have summer school for a few more weeks?" or "I wish we could come all the time," made us feel that our efforts were worth while. We had a total enrollment of 184 with an average attendance of 122.

Can we in truth measure the results of the Bible lessons taught, or the influence radiated by the teachers as they taught the children the many and varied articles of handwork; or was it not worth while to teach the children that it's as great to be a good loser as well as a winner when playing games?

Our auditorium was filled almost to capacity on the closing night in spite of the very warm weather. It was gratifying to hear the little children recite their memory verses and sing the songs that they had learned.

The children of the Junior department, in their Bible study, took a trip through the Old Testament in what they called a "Time Ship." On the closing night, in keeping with their lessons, they gave a pageant entitled "Out of the Bible." The two characters "Imagination" and "Religious Education" called forth from a large Bible made for the occasion, the children of the Old Testament, and each in turn told us very briefly some outstanding event in their lives, after which "Imagination" showed them a Tableau of the "Birth of Christ." As the children marched back into the Bible, the Juniors sang,

*"Back to the Book that we love so well,  
Come! Come! Come!  
Miriam, David and Samuel,  
Come! Come! Come!  
Children from history's pages,  
Youthful through all the ages,  
Dear with the ways of the ancient days,  
O! Come! Come! Come!"*

After the program the parents and friends were invited to see the exhibition of the articles that the children had made. Among these articles were a quilt, towels, face cloths and pillow slips which

were sent to Miss Priscilla Hoops, who has charge of an orphanage in France.

The many expressions of gratitude on the part of the parents and the children as they left the church, made us realize anew the words of the Master when he said:

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these ye have done it unto me."

### The Palm and the Gourd

A gourd wound itself round a lofty palm, and in a few weeks climbed to its very top. "How old may'st thou be?" asked the newcomer. "About one hundred years." "About one hundred years and no taller! Only look, I have grown as tall as you in fewer days than you count years." "I know that well," replied the palm. "Every summer of my life a gourd has climbed up around me as proud as thou art, and as short-lived as thou wilt be."—Sunday Circle.

### Paradoxical

A certain evangelical vicar was passing a well-known Roman Catholic oratory, and met two boys on the pavement. One of the youngsters, anxious to do the correct thing, greeted the clergyman with, "Good afternoon, father," mistaking him evidently for one of the priests of the oratory. The other boy, who was acquainted with the clergyman, corrected his mistaken schoolmate with the rebuke, "You silly; he ain't a father; he's got three children."

### Annual Picnic of the Cottonwood, Tex., Sunday School

The picnic was held on July 8 in Bro. Spitzer's pasture not far from the Cottonwood church.

Most everyone was present in time for the meeting in the forenoon. Bro. George Vorderkunz, our supt. of the Sunday school, was in charge of the program. The meeting was opened at 10.30 A. M. with Scripture reading by Bro. Ernest Gummelt, after which Bro. O. G. Miller asked God's blessing upon our gathering. Our pastor, Rev. Gassner, then introduced the speaker of the morning, Rev. Holt of the Calvary Baptist Church of Waco. In a very impressive way Rev. Holt spoke on the subject of "Love," which plays so great and necessary part in our lives.

About 450 people were present for the free barbecue dinner, served on the picnic grounds by the ladies of the church.

In the afternoon, this being a picnic for the children, many games and contests were played under the leadership of Mrs. Gassner, Miss Hilda Gummelt and Miss Eleonora Bremer.

This also being an election year, many of the candidates for State and County offices were present. The candidates among themselves were liberal enough to raise a sufficient sum of money to cover the expenses of the barbecue meat.

All in all it was an enjoyable picnic for everyone. H. H. GUMMELT, Sec.

### Progress in Herington, Kans.

It has been a long time since we reported. We have read the reports of other Sunday schools; also saw some of the photos,—so better late than never! We as a Sunday school of the German Baptist Church of Herington have watched the neighboring Sunday schools play the game, but in spite of all competition we are not losing or lagging behind. Our superintendent, a home run hitter, has held the record in good shape. The other bases well supplied, would not fail to support the game and for an audience to cheer and keep up the enthusiasm the parents and friends are on time.

After a successful Children's Day program on a Sunday morning, we were treated to a real, out of door church dinner. Why on a Sunday afternoon? We are not as fortunate as some Sunday schools are, to have our parents able to get off during the week days. They all work for the "Rock Island" railroad. We did have a wonderful time at Antelope Park where Rev. G. M. Pankratz of the Strassburg church gave us an inspiring message.

The week following the picnic we had a Daily Vacation Bible School with an average attendance of 25 pupils. Rev. and Mrs. R. A. Klein conducted the classes, four in all, two in German and two in English. As a Sunday school we co-operate with the church, attend the services both morning and evening, as well as the prayer meetings.

It was our privilege this spring to have Rev. R. Vase of Bison, Kans., with us for a few days. Two persons, one a mother of some of the Sunday school scholars, another a young lady of high school age, confessed Christ as their Savior. Both were baptized by our pastor at Antelope Park, south of Herington. We were fortunate in having the young people with orchestra and the pastor of the Strassburg church, near Marion, to bring the music and message for the afternoon. May God bless and repay them for their services!

So far the church shows some progress. The membership has almost doubled since we have a pastor, although he is only serving one-third time. We would like to have a pastor live here with us and then we believe our church would grow much faster. May God grant us souls! We praise him for his guidance thus far and trust in him. REPORTER.

### Give

Give, give, be always giving,  
Who gives not, is not living,  
The more you give, the more you live,  
Give strength, give thought, give deeds,  
Give self,  
Give love, give tears and give thyself,  
Give, give, be always giving,  
Who gives not, is not living,  
The more you give, the more you live."



Daily Vacation Bible School, Herington, Kans. Rev. R. A. Klein in rear row

### California Young People's and Sunday School Workers' Union

The fifth annual meeting was held in Lodi this year from July 17 to 20.

Nearly every Baptist Young People's Union and Sunday school in our Union was represented and responded at roll call the first evening. Also a short report from each unit was given at this time, and we could see the Lord's work is being carried on in our Union in a most encouraging way.

Our president, Paul Leuschner of the First Baptist Church at Los Angeles, presided at the meetings in a most capable manner.

We were very fortunate and indeed thankful to have our General Secretary, Rev. A. P. Mihm, with us. On Thursday evening after the reports were given, he gave us a short address and stressed "Leadership Among the Young People."

Friday forenoon after a short devotional service, the time was devoted to reviewing missionary work in the United States as well as in Russia, South America, and Kamerun. Different societies took one special field and the work was presented in such a way that it brought out facts with which many of us were not familiar, and proved to be very instructive. Rev. Mihm closed the morning session with an address on "Young People and a Winning Personality."

Friday afternoon was spent, first in a discussion of Junior work, led by Rev. O. R. Schroeder of Anaheim. Many interesting points were brought out. Then followed a discussion on programs carried out in our various B. Y. P. U. societies. After that we heard a few echoes from the Baptist Young People's Union of America Convention, held in San Francisco the previous week.

Friday evening Rev. A. P. Mihm again spoke to us. This time his address was on "A Thrilling Religion." He brought out very clearly the fact that the biggest thrill a Christian can have is in being instrumental in leading a lost soul to Christ.

Saturday morning we again had a de-

votional service, after which various phases of Sunday school work were discussed. These discussions were led by Rev. C. H. Edinger of Wasco and Rev. F. J. Reichle of San Francisco.

Just before noon we had our annual business session, and the following officers were elected for the coming year: President, Herbert Stabbert, Anaheim; vice-president, Henry Ifland, Wasco; secretary, Esther Leuschner, Los Angeles; treasurer, Meta Seidel, Lodi.

Saturday afternoon was spent in an outing with Lodi society as hosts. First we all went to Stockton and spent some time swimming at the Municipal Baths, and from there we went to Louis Park. Here refreshments were served and the early evening hours spent in playing games and getting better acquainted with one another.

Sunday was the big day of the Convention. After brief addresses by visiting pastors and Sunday school superintendents we began our morning worship at the regular time. Rev. Edinger of Wasco delivered the sermon, his text being Isaiah 52:1. It was a great appeal to young Christians to carry forward and not to weary of the task we have before us.

Sunday afternoon we had a literary program given by various societies present.

Then in the evening we had the presentation and installation of new officers. After that, we once more had the pleasure of hearing Rev. Mihm in the closing address. His subject was, "But grow in the grace and knowledge of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ." Rev. Schroeder then led in a consecration service which had a big response from young and old.

We heartily accepted the invitation from Anaheim to meet with them next year.

We all feel that we had a successful convention and that we gained new inspirations to go to our own societies and do better and bigger work for our Master.

META A. SEIDEL, Sec. pro tem.



# Our Devotional Meeting

H. R. Schroeder

September 14, 1930

## How Increase Our Membership?

Acts 2:42-47.

During the coming months every society should work with might and main to increase its membership. No society will grow of itself; the individual members must put forth every effort to win others, otherwise little will be accomplished along the line of numerical growth. This fact, no doubt, is fully realized by everybody, and all would like to see their society grow in numbers, but just how can the membership be increased? That's the perplexing question. What are the best methods to be employed in gaining new members?

Most societies, perhaps, resort to some sort of contest whenever a gain in membership is desired. Such contests are well and good if they are not overdone. A little friendly rivalry isn't to be condemned if it is carried on in the right spirit. But great care must be taken that the contest does not result in a mere temporary excitement. If all enthusiasm dies down as soon as the contest is over, then it failed to accomplish its real purpose.

It is perhaps much better to seek a more natural and steady growth. Appoint a membership committee and put them in charge of this meeting. They should make a list of all the available young people in the church and then go after them till they have been won for the society. At the same time urge all to bring their friends regardless of whether they are regular church attendants or not. Secondly, make the meetings so attractive that no young people will want to stay away. Finally try and impress all the young people with the purpose and mission of the society. Show them that the society is indispensable to the wellbeing of the church. Those who are most active in the Y. P. S. will always turn out to be the best church members in years to come.

In the end it will depend upon how hard you work your plan. A poor plan entered upon enthusiastically is better than the finest plan that isn't worked at all. A good plan to win new members is like a crying baby in church, it must be carried out.

September 21, 1930

## How Improve Our Organization and Team-Work?

Acts 6:1-7.

No new movement can continue very long nor accomplish its purpose unless it's well organized. The apostles soon realized this in those early days when the church was growing so rapidly in

Jerusalem. It became necessary to elect more officers and divide the work among them. They selected the best men for these new offices, and some of them, such as Stephen and Philip, soon did far more than was required of them.

A young people's society is no exception to this rule. If it is to succeed and be a real help to the church it must have the best possible officers. An organization is something like a machine. We all know what great improvements have been made in the manufacture of machinery. The first steamboat, the first railroad, even the first automobile was a rather crude affair. It ran, but not like the machines that are made today.

If machines can be improved in such a way, then why can't we also improve our organizations so that they will run a little smoother and do their work a little better? If the wheels of a machine don't fit together exactly, there will be more or less friction; and if the officers of a society don't fit together, the entire society will not run very smoothly. If a wheel, or just a cog on a wheel is made of poor material, it might cause an accident or a break-down. If the least officer of a society fails to do his duty, it will seriously hamper the work of the whole society. So to improve the organization we must get officers of the very best quality.

Then it is often good to re-arrange the officers so that they can work together without any friction whatsoever. Then, too, every society should be so well organized that every member has some office or is part of some committee or group. There should be no idle members in any society. Every member should be assigned some definite task.

Above all, each one should do his best regardless of where he is put. If you can't be the steering wheel, perhaps, be a tail light. If you can't be the self-starter, you might be a shock-absorber. But don't all try to be brakes. We have too many of them already.

September 28, 1930

## How Would I Spend \$1,000,000 on Missions?

Luke 10:25-37.

Most people are constantly wishing that they were rich. They look with envious eyes upon those who possess great wealth. But when they are asked what they would do with a million dollars if they had it, they hardly know what to say. Most of them would spend the greater part of it on themselves.

Then, too, there are plenty of members in our churches who are constantly criticizing the Mission boards for the way in which they spend the mission

money. It is very easy to find fault with what others do, but could you do better? Some seem to think that missions cost too much. The money is wasted or spent foolishly according to their way of looking at it.

But suppose you had a million—for the sake of argument we can suppose anything—we can suppose that the moon is made of green cheese or that Mussolini will be the next pope—so we can suppose, too, that you will have a million dollars to spend on Missions—how would you spend them?

In the first place, you would soon find out that even \$1,000,000 don't go very far in mission work. Thousands of missionaries are sadly underpaid. You would want to give them all a raise. Then you would find that many still have to travel in oxcars. Is it fair to pay them a good salary and expect them to do a great work when they have to spend their time traveling thousands of miles at the rate of 3 miles an hour? "The king's business requires haste." Give them all an automobile.

Then you would find that schools and hospitals are needed everywhere. You could easily invest \$500,000 in building and equipping a single hospital. At the same time you would discover famines and plagues everywhere, and you would soon wish you had a gold mine instead of a paltry \$1,000,000 to relieve the crying need on the mission fields. If you actually tried to figure out how best to spend \$1,000,000 on mission work, you would soon wonder how the Mission boards make the money they have go as far as it does. But even though you haven't a million to spend, you have something that you can give. Give all you can, and it will be just as acceptable as though you had given \$1,000,000.

October 5, 1930

## How May We Help Folks in Our Community?

James 1:27.

We usually say that charity should begin at home. Before we ever think of helping the heathen in distant lands, we should help those in our own neighborhood. In order to be true Christians we must manifest the spirit of Christ, and of Christ we read that he went about doing good. Of course, we can hardly expect to work the same kind of miracles that Jesus performed, still we can all manifest the same spirit of sympathy and helpfulness toward those who are in need in our own immediate vicinity.

Perhaps a new family has just moved into your neighborhood. They may be strangers and feel somewhat lonely at first. Try and get acquainted with them,

September 1, 1930

and if they have no church connection, invite them to your church. Then in every community there are some who are sick and shut in. What better service could Christian young people render than to visit these shut-ins occasionally? Jesus said that such service will be remembered on the great Judgment day. "I was sick, and ye visited me." And it will be against those who had the opportunity and didn't do it. James urges the same thing in our Scripture text. "Visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction." It isn't always necessary to give money. Often a word of cheer and encouragement means more than pecuniary aid.

*"He gave to Misery (all he had) a tear, He gained from Heaven ('twas all he wished) a friend."*

Then there might be some special need in your community. There may be some eyesore or a nuisance that should be removed. Perhaps a pool-room or a dance hall is ruining the young people. Make some effort to have it closed or removed, if possible, and plan some wholesome recreation in its stead. Work and vote for the election of honest officials and support every movement and project that is intended to improve your community. Anyone who really wants to be a useful citizen will readily find many ways in which he can help those in his community.

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

- Sept. 1-7. Our Plans for the Year. Exod. 33:12-15.
- " 1. Find Our Needs. Neh. 2:9-16.
- " 2. Consider Our Resources. Luke 14:25-35.
- " 3. Choose Our Objects. Exod. 33:12-16.
- " 4. Enlist Our Helpers. Neh. 2:17-18.
- " 5. Select Our Materials. Neh. 4:15-20.
- " 6. Plan Our Procedure. Neh. 3:28-32.
- " 7. Follow Our Plan. Neh. 4:20-23.
- " 8-14. How Increase Our Membership? Acts 2:42-47.
- " 8. A Worth-while Purpose. Acts 2:29-41.
- " 9. An Interesting Program. Acts 3:1-4:4.
- " 10. A Friendly Spirit. Acts 2:44-47.
- " 11. A Truthful Publicity. Acts 4:5-12.
- " 12. A Loyal Constituency. Acts 2:42, 43.
- " 13. A Definite Attempt. Acts 10:42-48.
- " 14. Attractive Results. Acts 4:13-20.
- " 15-21. How Improve Our Organization and Team-work? Acts 6:1-7.
- " 15. Consider Suggestions. Acts 6:1-7.
- " 16. Realize Needs. Rev. 3:1-6.

- Sept. 17. Recognize Unity. Rom. 12:3-8.
- " 18. Plan Definitely. Acts 1:15-20.
- " 19. Select Carefully. Acts 1:21-26.
- " 20. An Unselfish Spirit. 1 Cor. 1:10-17.
- " 21. Support Leaders. Acts 2:1-16.
- " 22-28. How Would I Spend \$1,000,000 on Missions? Luke 10:25-37.
- " 22. Evangelistic Missions. Acts 8:1-13.
- " 23. Educational Missions. Acts 26:16-18.
- " 24. Medical Missions. Luke 10:25-37.
- " 25. Industrial Missions. 1 Thess. 4:9-12.
- " 26. The Need of Equipment. 1 Kings 5:1-6.
- " 27. The Need of Workers. Matt. 9:36-38.
- " 28. The Need of Supporters. Phil. 1:3-11.



## For One We Loved

(In memoriam to Rev. W. Voigt)

"All flesh is as grass, and all the glory thereof as the flower of grass. The grass withereth and the flower falleth."

How infinitely true the comparison of flesh and grass, how shockingly real their innate nature, how unalterably sure their fate. Both, flesh and grass, appear in time, are subject to suffering and change, and finally sink back into the bosom of nature from which they have come forth.

What wonder that thinking and observing men of all times and ages compared the existence of man with blooming and withering grass, a noise between two silences, a bridge spanning two unknown territories, a wave of the turbulent sea? Does not the only lasting thing seem to be the flux of change of the stuff out of which all springs into existence?

Our life, says Goethe, is like a railroad car which carried a man who's mind had faded into a blank and whose destiny was a dungeon; and a bride on her way to her new home and the welcome of new friends. Thus time will soon bring all, the good, the bad, and the irresponsible to the last stopping place.

This has been the case with our recently deceased friend, brother and classmate Rev. W. Voigt, to whose memory these lines are dedicated. He, too, has reached his last stopping place, his earthly destiny, the grave, and his heavenly, the eternal abode of peace and everlasting life. To depart he was ready only in principle and attitude, not in intention and expectation. "Inadequately prepared," his own words, for the "greater task" ahead of him, Bro. Voigt intended to do more than ever before concerning education and the completion of his personality before he would have regarded himself fit for the best service. "There is only life to be shaped as ill as ignorance dictates or as well as knowledge permits," was the indirect slogan of his life.

To become a medical missionary, similar to noble men like Dr. Schweitzer and Dr. Meyer, was our brother's ultimate aim. It did not suffice him to render help to the souls of people alone, he also realized their suffering bodies were in need of care as well. In order to be more fit for that task he underwent an operation, which proved to be "fatal" to him, as we call it.

*"To will is ours, but not to execute.  
We map our future like some unknown coast,  
And say, here is a harbor, there a rock.  
The one we will attain, the other shun!  
And we do neither! Some chance gale springs up,  
And bears us far o'er some unfathomed sea.  
Our efforts all are vain; at length we yield  
To winds and waves that laugh at man's control.  
... Upon each beckoning scheme  
No sooner do we fix our hope than still  
Time bears us on, bearing each still undone,  
Adjourned forever!"*

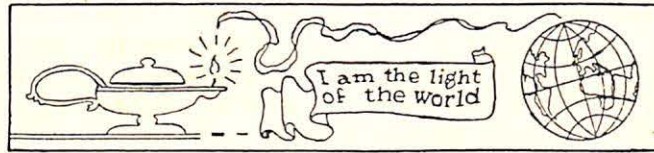
Adjourned, but not extinct. The quiet influence and the memory of our beloved brother still remains with all who knew him. The dead are often only dead because we make them so. Let us make him live and regard his death, as ruthless as it may have seemed to us, as an adventure, as a development into a higher order of existence. And to those nearest and dearest to him,

*"Let us be patient! These severe afflictions  
Not from the ground arise;  
But oftentimes celestial benedictions  
Assume this dark disguise."  
We see but dimly through the mists and vapors,  
Amid those earthly lamps.  
What seem to us but sad, funeral tapers  
May be heaven's distant lamps.  
There is no death! What seems so is transition;  
This life of mortal breath  
Is but the suburb of the life abysian,  
Whose portals we call death."*

E. GUTSCHE.



# Our Mission Fields



## The Christ Story in West African Dialect

By LORENZ B. GRAHAM

(This "Christ Story" is admirably adapted for a recitation or a reading. Someone who can speak the Negro dialect should be selected. It will be well to give the following introductory remarks before giving the "Christ Story.")

THE following represents the words of a native African missionary who has heard the story of Salvation and eagerly pours it from his own heart that his brothers might hear.

Picture him seated in a group of his fellow Africans. Perhaps he is dressed a little better than his brothers. His robe may be more colorful, he is one of the wise ones who has gone off to learn the "God-Palava." He speaks in English because among his hearers there are two or three tribes represented, and English is the only common language that all will understand.

Africans, like ourselves, recognize the heart as the seat of emotion. When he is at peace he says, "My heart lay down;" when he is excited he clutches his breast and cries, "My heart turn over."

The word "Palava" is used to express many things, among which are business, affair, knowledge, trouble, or argument. God palava refers to the knowledge or discussion of God. To make a palava is to bring up for discussion, to argue or explain.

"Pickan" is a very common word meaning baby. It probably originates from the Spanish "pickaniny."

It may be that the significant beauty of the dialect will be enhanced by a second or third reading.

The speaker raises his hand for silence. Those gathered about him settle into easy positions on the ground.

He speaks:

Long, long time past, before yo papa lived,  
Before yo papa's papa lived, before him papa lived,  
Long, long time past, before dem big tree lived,  
Before dem big tree ma lived, before him ma lived,  
Dat time—God lived.

And God looked down on de people he done make  
And God vexed, he vexed too much.

And God said, "All right, so you do me!  
No I gone kill all. I gone show you who be God.  
I gone break all de land, gone spoil all de water,  
I gone make a new place and I gone make a new man."  
Dat time God done vexed too much.

Now God's Pickan, He hyeah what Him Pa say.  
God's fine pickan go fore God's face to beg.  
He make small palava cause Him heart heavy.  
Hyeah how He talk, hyeah how God's Pickan say:  
Ay Pa, how do you do dem people so?  
No Pa, don't do so!  
How you gone kill all?  
No Pa, don't do so.

How you gone break all de land?  
No Pa, don't do so.  
How you gone spoil all de water?  
No Pa, don't do so.  
Sometime some man people can be good.  
Sometime I see man with good heart.  
No Pa, don't do so.

Pa, now you can let me go  
Let me go talk for my small part  
Let me go save dem people what try,  
O Pa, don't do like you say first time.

Den God's fine Pickan lay down fore God's face,  
And he hold God's foot.  
Now God, Him heart can't lay down  
When Him Pickan hold Him foot.  
So God make talk and say:  
Nev' mind. I hyeah Yo word.

I gone do how You say.  
I gone let You go.  
But You gone see, ah yes, You gone see.  
Man gone laugh in Yo face. He gone flog You.  
Man gone put You for jail. He gone kill You.  
You will see.

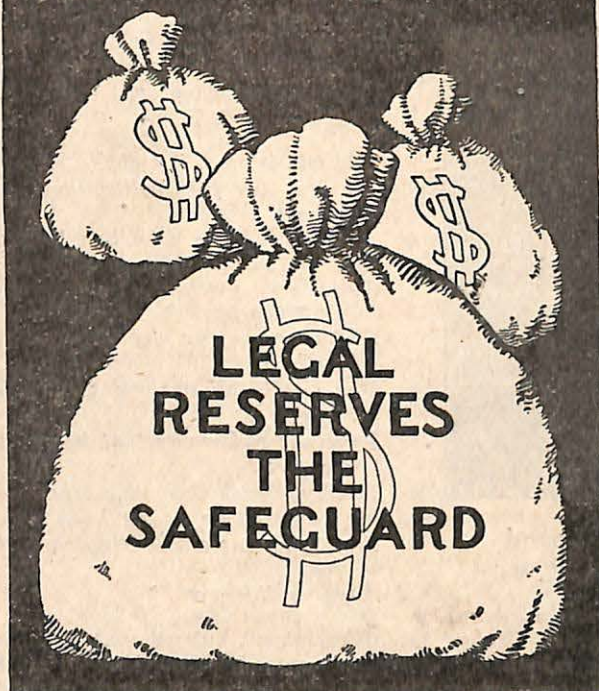
And I no gone put my hand out for help You,  
But if You go and any man gone trust You  
And he gone left de bad way and follow You,  
Dat man when he die, den will he live.  
I gone bring him for mine fine house dat hands aint make;  
I gone feed him wid de chop dat de farm aint grow;  
I gone give him de water de spring aint have.  
And he gone be my pickan and I gone be him Big Pa.



# The German Baptists' Life Association

860 Walden Ave., Buffalo, New York

## Will a Legal Reserve Society Increase its Rates?



Courtesy of Fraternal Age Magazine

## Will a Legal Reserve Society Increase Its Rates?

By Walter Bayse

**I** HAVE been asked many times if a fraternal insurance society based on modern plans is likely to increase its rates. The people who inquired had been members of societies on the old plan. They had paid rates so cheap they were ridiculous, and when the reraing came they were disappointed. Some of them had been rerated several times, and because of their disgust they dropped out.

They asked about the safety of rates under the new system because they had been invited to take more pro-

tection for their families. They knew fraternal co-operation was a good thing, but their former experience caused them to investigate.

It is wise to investigate, for from it comes understanding.

Fraternal societies on the old plan were a marvelous thing for America. They supplied protection for working men's families when it was impossible to get life insurance elsewhere.

They paid over four billions of dollars in benefits to people who needed the money.

Consider the homes that were saved and the families kept together with that great sum of money. A thousand or two here and there was a great help. A common citizen's fraternal insurance was a Godsend to his dependents.

I estimate that fraternal societies in fifty years gave financial relief to 2,300,000 families, kept 1,160,000 persons out of the poorhouses and orphan asylums, made it unnecessary for 1,230,000 widows to earn livings at washtubs and in factories, and educated 3,400,000 boys and girls.

Fraternal insurance was a glorious success.

The only trouble was that the rates were inadequate.

Those who lived and had their protection at less than cost were caught in the readjustment which was necessary to save the societies.

Fraternal insurance today is on a better foundation. The societies have been reconstructed; so was ours in the year 1911. They are on the legal reserve plan; so is ours and we have a big surplus besides.

What does this mean?

Life insurance is a sincere dealing with the probability of dying. Out of 100,000 insured persons, it is expected that 100,000 will die. They will die, some early and some late. If the 100,000 keep up their insurance, there will be 100,000 death claims.

Insured persons like to pay level rates from beginning to end. They pay a surplus when young, and that surplus meets the higher cost when they are old, and is paid back to them in yearly dividends.

That excess payment of yours is the legal reserve. It is put aside and credited to the member. It is calculated on a reliable table of mortality, which is a record of people who actually lived and died.

With a legal reserve to his credit, it is unnecessary to raise rates when the member gets old. The legal reserve has been saved for that purpose. The society invests it in interest earning bonds and mortgages, and it grows larger year after year.

An easy question to answer, after all. The question is simple, and the answer is simple.

Under every known probability, the member paying for legal reserve life protection will not have his rates increased.

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

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

I was born .....

Name .....

Address .....



But dat man what no hyeah Yo word—  
Him de devil gone have for make him humbug  
Every day, every day and he gone holler for You  
But you no gone hyeah him dat time  
Cause he won't hyeah You first time.

Hyeah me good now!  
If You go You must be man;  
And You must live like man;  
And You must be hongry like man;  
And You must go for jail like man;  
And dey done flog You like man;  
And You back must bleed like man;  
And when dey kill You like man  
Den You must die like man;  
Hyeah me good, when dat time come  
I no gone put my hand dere.

So God's Pickan, Him heart full  
And Him head hang down and Him say:

Pa, I agree.

And so God's Pickan come for people  
And He come like small, small baby  
And Him mammy be young girl  
What ain't never know man  
And all de people say "Oh."

Now all de people ain't know  
Dat de new Pickan was God's Pickan self.  
But dat same night one bright star shine  
And make de night time like de day.  
And in de sky de spirits sing  
And make fine music.

## Report by a Native Cameroon Sunday School Teacher

(Written by himself and printed unchanged)

Baptist Mission,  
Great Soppo,  
Buea-Cameroons

Dear Sunday School Friends:

With earnest enthusiasm I seize this opportunity to make a tiny clear statement about our new progressing Soppo Sunday School.

To begin with, the interest I have in Sunday School, is more than mouth and paper could express. When I dropped here newly I made a request of the same in question from my former Rev., but he daily pardoned me that we will soon open it. When I was wearied of asking; I gave up hope. Not knowing that the Lord my Helper and Listener is clearly hearing my poor prayer and desire.

Fortunately in August 1929 uncertain of the date, appeared my father and sister in Christ Miss E. D. Bender, whom the Lord had sent to quench my ceaseless desire. The second Sunday of their arrival, I listened carefully with sharp eager ears ready to hear if my wish may be fulfilled. Suddenly the Lord said, I am here to see about your desire. Then my father in Christ, Rev. C. J. Bender announced that the coming Sunday a Sunday School will be opened.

Immediately my whole body as cold and steadfast being that my long years wish was then put at the right open line of the beaming sunrays.

Our new progressing Soppo Sunday School was opened with

And from far, far country de people come  
Cause de God spirit done told de people  
Whose hearts was right.  
And dey come find de place where God's Pickan self  
All wrapped up in country cloth.  
And dey bring fine cloth, and fine oil for dash  
Cause dem people know dat dey look on God's Pickan  
What done beg for dem.

And de man who de mammy belong;  
He ain't savvy de palava.  
And Mary, de mammy self,  
Mary kept all dem ting in de heart.

And dey call de baby Jesus.

And when Jesus was big man He call de people  
And he tell de people de palava:

If you trust me you can live again  
In my Pa's fine house what hands ain't make.  
And de people laugh;  
And de flog Him;  
And de put Him for jail;  
And den dey kill Him.

But you can't kill God.

When dey kill de man den de God part rise up,  
And when de people see Him den dey believe.  
And every man make book for him brother read.  
And some man go in far country for tell all people.

Now I done see de God people what live for mission  
And de done show me how de palava be.  
And I tink so it be good for we  
Let we go, so by-m-by we gone learn  
How Jesus died for all we people who can love Him.

five classes. There is a teacher for each class and I am in charge of the primary section. Every teacher labors wholeheartedly so that the work is going on well; which I am proud to say "yes" it is, through the power and help of our Father in High.

Another charming event is this. Every Sunday I have to take strict notice at the children of my class. As soon as I am ready to speak a word they will all opened their eyes wide words. Oh! how funny it usually is when I gaze earnestly at them.

I remember one of my class boys by name Smith Ngando coming to me and said—Please sir, can you make me one of the Great Fishers of men? I said yes, with regard that you listen carefully and commit whatever I teach you into your memory and then go abroad and preach same to others till they follow you and become followers of Christ then you will be a fisher of men.

Truthfully, the Lord is so kind and good with us, that in reality speaking, our new progressing Sunday School of Soppo is stretching forth its arms to cover much ground.

We beg you to accept our warm greetings even from the least child of our Sunday School.

I am,

Ever to be in Christ of yours,

E. B. ARMONS.

September 1, 1930

## A Sketch Showing Missionary Work in Cameroon

Written by Erica D. Bender

For 9 persons

Father  
Mother  
Son Israel  
Son Matthio

Daughter Rebecca  
Missionary Ready  
Mrs. Ready, his wife  
Miss Willing  
Errand Boy

Part I

(The plaform is to display the interior of a native hut. In the center of a room is a fireplace, made by placing three logs in such a way that a pot may be put in the center. The parents and their two sons, Matthio and Israel, are sitting around the fire on low stools. Small boxes may take the place of the native low stools. Along the side of the room stands an old chair, on which the girl Rebecca sits with her foot bandaged.)

**Israel:** Say, mother, a white man has come to town. He goes from hut to hut and asks many questions and wants to know how the people are. He also tells them something about the God-palaver.

**Matthio:** Yes, he knows many, many things. When he talks his face looks as though the sun was shining on it. His eyes are so bright and he smiles. He is a good man. He will not hurt us. He says he comes to help us and most of all wants to tell us about the God-palaver.

**Father:** Did I not tell you before we do not want any white man to speak to us about the big man, they call God? He tells us we are bad and will be lost if we do not believe in the same God white man believes in. But if the God of the white men is different and better than our gods, why is it that the white men come to our country and only exploit and ruin us? They are wicked men.

**Israel:** But, father, this man is different from other white men. He calls himself a missionary. He only comes to help us.

(While this conversation is being carried on the mother removes the kettle from the fire. She has cooked plantains, which look somewhat like bananas. Therefore bananas may be used instead. The kettle is placed in the center of the group. They all help themselves. The mother takes some food to the sick girl on the chair in a small enamel dish. Bananas must not be broken but eaten whole. Every one must dip into the kettle in which presumably is some sauce.)

**Rebecca** (the girl begins to eat, then looks up suddenly): Oh, Israel, if the white man is a good man and only comes to help us why can't we call him so that he can help me? For weeks and weeks I am sitting here because of my wound. We have tried many different kinds of black-men medicines. But instead of my wound getting better it is getting worse right along. It hurts me so much to step on the foot. If I sit here much longer I will not be able to walk at all anymore. My leg is getting so stiff and oh, Israel, it hurts me so much. (She begins to sob.)

**Israel:** We shall call the white man, maybe he can help you, Rebecca.

**Matthio:** Yes, I think he can help. But I am afraid he has left the town. I heard one of his carriers say that they would leave this day yet, but their "Massa" wants to come again sometime.

**Rebecca:** Too bad he has left already. But now I have at least the hope that maybe the white man can help me. I will wait patiently until his return. If he only comes again soon! Oh, I will do anything for him if he helps me to get rid of that horrible wound. If I could only walk again! (All leave.)

1

## New Flashes from Home Fields

**Rev. Theo. Frey**, La Salle, Colo., reports that the work there is moving along and shows improvement in a number of ways. The Wednesday evening prayer meetings which were formerly discontinued about the month of March, will now be continued throughout the year, and Bro. Frey writes that his heart is gladdened by the loyalty of those who attend. The church has also increased its gifts to missions during the year more than 100%.

**Miss Hulda Brueckman**, Humboldt Park, Chicago, finds that there is truly "joy in service." Through a child who came to Sunday school, she gained entrance into a home where the mother was ill and in need of material help, but much more in need of the Savior's help for her sin-sick soul. This woman at last came to Him trusting in His promise, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." The Lord made a new creature in Christ and in spite of many threats and

warnings from relatives to hinder her in her obedience to the Lord, she followed Him in baptism. She is a very happy Christian, telling others of her joy in the Lord.

Miss Brueckman states that she finds few Germans when making house to house calls as the people are mostly Swedish and Norwegian. She is thankful, however, that four have been won who attend the German services regularly and are very near the Kingdom. She writes: "They are seeking the Truth and it has been a great joy to show the way of life to them."

**Miss Minnie Proefke**, Second Church, Chicago, writes: "The Lord has blessed us during the past months. Three Sunday school pupils have followed the Lord in baptism. (All children of non-members.) Another woman from Jugoslavia is ready for baptism."

**Rev. E. Bibelheimer**, Mound Prairie, Minn., reports the conversion of two Sunday school scholars who came from non-Christian homes. These were the result of revival meetings held there.

**Miss Mildred Baum**, First Church Chicago, writes: "Two young women have recently made their decision for Christ, but have not yet been baptized. The one was raised in a Catholic home, and while she held to some of the teachings of the Roman Church in the hope to satisfy her soul, yet doubts crept into her mind regarding some of their practices. About two weeks ago she said: 'I would like to be a Christian, but I don't know how.' The 'Sword of the Spirit' gave light and victory. Her burden of sin was taken away and she could thank Him for salvation by grace."

Miss Baum also reports 18 baptisms mostly boys in the teen-age.

**Rev. H. C. Wedel**, Randolph, Minn., states that he Senior B. Y. P. U. is sponsoring a Junior Society which is under the direction of the pastor's wife. The boys and girls meet Sunday afternoon for religious instruction. The present enrollment is 25. The prayer services on Wednesday evening prove to be a real blessing and a large group of the women meet once a month on Sunday afternoon for prayer.

**Rev. C. F. Stoeckmann**, State Missionary, rejoices that he has been privileged to baptize 10 candidates recently at Holloway, Minn. This service was held out in the open air and afforded an opportunity for him to preach the gospel in the presence of many listeners. The short sermon on baptism seemingly made a deep impression. After this service the Lord's Supper was celebrated at the church and the hand of fellowship extended to these new members.

**Rev. Phil. Daum**, Leduc, Alta., held revival meetings recently at Glidden, Sask. Twenty young people confessed their faith in Jesus Christ and there are prospects of a baptismal service in the near future.



**Rev. H. A. Meyer**, Hitchcock, Okla., relates an incident where he has experienced anew that his labors for the Lord are not in vain. At a Sunday school and Young People's Institute he met a married couple with whom he had become acquainted five years ago in Marion, Kansas. At that time he used the opportunity when visiting them to read God's Word and to pray with them. Also inviting them to the services. Last winter they were both converted and are happy in their Christian life. When asked, how they came to accept Christ in faith, they replied: "We know of no other reason except that Brother Meyer prayed for us." They are now members of a Baptist church in Cordell, Okla.

**A. R. Sandow**, Dillon, Kans., is happy to report progress and states that they have had some blessed times during the last quarter. The recent baptismal service held made a deep impression on all and has been a strengthening event for the church. Two others are ready to follow the Lord in baptism. The church has undertaken to build a new parsonage and the basement and foundation for the new house are already completed.

**Rev. F. Balogh**, Grand Forks, N. Dak., writes that God has answered the prayers of His children and eight persons have followed the Lord in baptism. He expresses a desire that God may touch the hearts of the many young people who have not yet accepted Him.

### Important Announcement

We have recently prepared two new stereopticon lantern-lectures. "Scenes in Cameroon, West Africa" comprises about 100 very fine slides. Many slides are artistically colored. We supply a lecture complete either in German or English. "Mission Work in the Danube River Country" portrays most interesting scenes in Southeastern Europe. This lecture also includes about 100 slides. We also furnish a German or English lecture complete. Many churches have their own stereopticon-lantern and in other places such lanterns can be secured from high schools. We will be glad to send these lectures to any church requesting them. The return postage for the slides is the only expense connected with the use of these lectures.

### Arrange a Cameroon Meeting

This number of "Our Mission Fields" contains suitable material for an interesting Cameroon Evening. Someone speaking the Negro dialect could recite "The Christ Story in West African Dialect." Then the reading of the report of the primary teacher E. B. Armons will prove amusing and interesting because of the peculiar diction. The sketch showing missionary work in Cameroon written by Miss Erica D. Bender can be used as the principal number on the program. We will be glad to supply sufficient copies of this sketch either in German or English.

### Part II

(Platform represents the sitting room in the mission-house. Missionary Ready and his wife, Miss Willing and the errand-boy are characters in the second part. Mrs. Ready and Miss Willing are seated in a chair busy with some sewing.)

**Miss Willing:** I am so glad Brother Ready has returned safely from his last trip. He has been away four weeks and he surely looks very tired!

**Mrs. Ready:** Yes, I praise the Lord for His kindness and mercy. He has watched over all of us and has supplied us with strength and courage for all our tasks. I wonder what experience my brave companion has made on his last trip? (Just then Brother Ready steps into the room and sits down.)

**Miss Willing:** Well, Brother Ready, have you rested a little? Sister Ready and I are both anxious to hear something about your last trip's experiences.

**Brother Ready:** Thank you, Sister Willing, I feel quite rested. I came in just now as I have so many things of interest to talk about. This last trip surely was full of events. Praise be to God that I am back alive and in your midst again.

**Sister Ready:** Do tell us quickly, John, what happened on the trip? You were nearly losing your life, did you say?

**Brother Ready:** My four men and I had been walking for six days. On the seventh day we were approaching Lango-Town. As you know this town is on the other side of the Mongo-River. Both of you have accompanied me previously when we crossed the river and reached the other side safely. When we reached the river this time, it went like a flash through all our minds: It is impossible to get across, for on account of the heavy showers the riverbed was filled to its brim. There was an extremely strong current which was absolutely inconsiderate of anything that came in its way. Large tree-trunks were swept away as though they were nothing but a small toy. Well, in order to continue our journey we had to cross. To turn back would have meant that all the days walking so far would have been in vain. My carriers, at my command to get ready to cross simply shook their heads and said: "No, Massa, we not want to die yet. We want to live." But when they saw me getting ready they finally agreed to go with me. The attachment of my men was very touching to me at that time. I prayed to God that he should help us to reach the other side safely. We were in the middle of the river when the boat suddenly capsized.

**Sister Willing:** Oh, Brother Ready, no wonder your heart is filled with gratitude that you are in our midst again as a live man!

**Mr. Ready:** I cannot describe to you how fierce the struggle was for all of us. I realized that my life's work was not yet done. God wanted me still for a few more tasks. I prayed earnestly that He should save my life.

**Mrs. Ready:** Who saved you, John? Who came to your rescue?

**Mr. Ready:** It was God's providence that some natives on the other shore had witnessed the overturning of the boat. With their help the life of every one of us was saved.

**Miss Willing:** God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will we not fear.

**Mr. Ready:** The meetings were simply a success. I can truly say that the Lord was with us. In Odra I baptized four men and three women. In Liga a new searching and inquiring for the truth of life has begun. The native teachers are faithfully filling their places. On my tour I also came across a new settlement. It is a very small town which I had never visited before. My heart was filled with awe and pity at the wretched looking creatures I saw there. Women and children with horrible wounds that are exposed to dirt and all sorts of insects.

2

### Facing Persecution in Bulgaria

**Rev. G. Wassoff**

Rasgrad-Machala, near Lom

You may know that I am working on a field where the people are staunch Orthodox Catholics, and I endeavor to bring the genuine gospel to those who sunk deeply in sin and superstition. Since the Baptist conference was held in our church, a movement has started in the Catholic church which is almost a persecution of Baptists. The young Orthodox priest does all he can to drive me out of

the village. As he did not succeed this last winter in frightening me away he tried last week by the help of the bishop of Widin. The bishop sent his secretary and two other priests to our village. There they conducted a series of meetings against Protestants, and their aim was to influence the people against us, to boycott our meetings, if possible to destroy our church and drive me from this place.

They did not succeed, however, in doing the one or the other. They invited me by a letter to attend their "high brow" lectures. I followed this invitation but

**Miss Willing** (very enthusiastically): Oh, Brother Ready, that shall be the next place I shall visit. I felt it within me that God wanted me for some special work in some strange town where I had never been before.

**Mrs. Ready:** Did the people there seem receptive for the message of salvation?

**Mr. Ready:** They are hungering and thirsting for the Word of God. We should place a new teacher there permanently. A school-house and a chapel must be built. For this town alone we need much medical material as almost every inhabitant there is suffering from some disease. How much could be done if the folks at home were more willing to bring sacrifices for the building up of God's work among their brothers and sisters in dark Africa.

**Mrs. Ready:** It makes my heart so calm and composed to know that we may bring all things to God in prayer. For: "The Lord is my rock, and my fortress and my deliverer; my God, my strength, in whom I will trust."

(Sister Ready begins to sing the song: "'Tis so sweet to trust in Jesus," No. 155 in "Songs for Service." Miss Willing and Bro. Ready fall in on the chorus. Then all three sing the rest of the song until the end. As they are finishing the song a knock is heard at the door.)

**Mr. Ready:** Come in! (A native boy enters with a bundle of mail.)

**Miss Willing:** What a happy day, mail again from home! (The boy is opening the bundle and gives the mail to Brother Ready who sorts and distributes the mail. Each one glances over his mail and hastily opens one letter after another.)

**Mr. Ready:** Glory to God! This is a letter from the B. Y. P. S. of the First Church. (Bro. Ready begins to read and all listen eagerly.)

Dear Bro. Ready:

With great interest has our Y. P. S. read your reports of the significant work you are doing among the natives of Africa. You are sacrificing many luxuries and comforts which we enjoy in the homeland. You are even risking your life for the sake of bringing the message of salvation to the many heathen. Every member of our society has admitted freely and openly that they have been giving money for foreign missions but they have never really brought a sacrifice. They have just given a little of their excess money. But at our last meeting each one pledged to give \$10. As our society has 30 members the total amount pledged is \$300. A member was appointed to collect the donations. He has already made the round and every cent of the pledged money was collected. The treasurer has forwarded the \$300 to Mr. Kuhn, our General Missionary Secretary. This money is to be used for whatever you need most. May the Lord crown all your efforts with success and be your ever-present help at all times. We are praying for you.

With best wishes to you, Sister Ready and Sister Willing, we are,

Yours sincerely,

B. Y. P. S. First Church,  
Wm. Waldow, Secretary.

**Miss Willing:** The Lord has answered our silent prayers. We are able now to go to the new settlement in Bwenga-Town to bring comfort to the many suffering souls there. There will be a teacher, and enough money to build a chapel and a school house. We can also purchase plenty of Bibles. Oh, Brother Ready, let's not keep the poor suffering souls waiting much longer. Let's go next week!

**Mrs. Ready:** Yes, John, all three of us shall go. There will be so much work which one could never take care of alone. Sister Willing and I both want to help you to find entrance into the hearts of our brothers and sisters in that far-away town. We want them to find comfort and relief in the sweet words of Jesus: "Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden and I will give you rest."

3

I could not remain indifferent at the things that were said and therefore asked to speak. They assented—not willingly—only because the people wanted to hear me, perhaps out of curiosity. I opposed the priests, of course, in many things. This the priests could not stand and they interrupted me several times. This caused a hot discussion and the scene became one of wild disorder. They began to shout as the audience became divided and a great number of them took my part. They derided the priests on account of their unjust actions in the church (over

money matters and other affairs), which greatly embarrassed the ten priests who were present. They sought an opportunity to sneak away. This, however, was very difficult and they were obliged to stay. At this moment Brother Minkoff and Brother Michailoff arrived whom I had wired to come, and the debate continued until dark. The priests were now driven into a corner. They were looking for a chance to declare the meeting ended and then left the place immediately. Everybody went home greatly excited and in a state of expectancy as to what would



Rev. G. Wassoff, who as a courageous minister of the Lord Jesus Christ is facing persecution in Bulgaria, receives from our society \$325 annually toward his support. His church, which is very poor, pays him the balance. Some individual or society may wish to assume the \$325 paid by us in whole or in part. Anyone interested please write the General Secretary.

follow the next day, for the priests had arranged for a program lasting three days.

According to an agreement with the priests we were to have a debate on the following day, but the audience in the Catholic church consisted of only 16 men. The debate was therefore postponed to 6 o'clock in the evening. At that time we went to the appointed place and took a number of our brethren with us as we were not quite sure and did not know what the priests had planned. A little later the priests arrived and held their lecture against the "Protestants" before a large audience. They had purposely delayed with the beginning and pretty soon it was dark. The priests talked for about three hours before they gave us a chance to speak, but they did it rather impolitely and with much agitation. The mayor of the village assumed a stern and threatening attitude against us. We began to refute much of what the priests had said but they interrupted us continually so that disorder arose again among the people. The priests influenced the people against us, cut us off from further speaking and all of a sudden we were surrounded by a number of strong men who were armed with big clubs. They shouted to us: "You shall be silent." It had become dark by this time and it was dangerous for us to be in the open place because we feared an attack. We were therefore compelled to be silent. This became the convenient moment for the priests to declare the debate ended, and thereupon they departed quickly. We too, deemed it wise to go home. By the third day there were no more priests to be



## Part III

found in the village. They had gone to Kowatziza and from there to our mission stations.

A sultry atmosphere now prevails. The priest and his friends are working against us in all possible ways, trying to harm us wherever they can. I do not believe however that he will accomplish much by it, for in the hottest debates I have noticed how many people there were who although not converted are sympathizing with us and taking our side.

At such a crisis one can very plainly see that the religion of these people consists of merely an outward state of national religion and that they know nothing about the real gospel truth. They hold church services, celebrate feasts, but they do not know a Savior and have no peace in their hearts. I see that the task set for our little church is a great and difficult one. May God help us to bring the light of the gospel to these people so that souls might be saved for Him.

### Love Worked Out in the Daily Life

Mr. D. E. Hoste

Every true Christian wants more love. How does the Lord make us to increase and abound in this love?

One way may be by putting alongside of us somebody who very much calls for the exercise of love. You see, it is quite easy if somebody wants to do us a good turn, to be kind to such a one, but it is another matter to have one right alongside who tries you very much, and if you are going to get along at all it has to be by the exercise of love.

I am inclined to think that this is one way in which the Lord increases our love. We pray to Him, "Lord, fill me with Thy love," and perhaps we have an idea that there will be a warm, benevolent feeling floating down towards us, of love towards everybody. Well, praise the Lord when we have that! But ah, you have got to work it out in the daily life! The Spirit of God shows us the beauty of love, we rejoice in it, but it has to be worked out like algebraic problems. And it is so important to see that before the Lord can entrust us with a lot of people, He has got to see how we can love a few.

One reason why there are not more converts gathered in is that we fail right here. The Lord puts alongside of us perhaps a babe, a babe in Christ, a vexatious sort of person, one who walks along the natural plane, carnal, self-willed, self-opinionated, self-conceited. That babe is in Christ. What are we going to do? We can learn to love that person. I am sure you will agree with me that it is absolutely essential in these matters of relationship with individuals that we win through on the side of love.

You remember what it says in the Book of Proverbs, "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city." We want to take a city—we would like to see New York with many converts gathered in. The Word of God says to rule your spirit is a greater thing than to take a city. If you are longing to go out to

(In the native hut again, Rebecca alone in room on chair. Her brother Israel is running in excitedly.)

**Israel:** Oh, Rebecca, that white man has come back to town. He is not alone either. There are two white mammies with him.

**Rebecca:** Why, Israel, go tell him quickly to come here. Tell him about me and my big wound. I would be so glad if those white mammies would come too.

(A knock at the door and Sister Willing is first one to enter followed by Sister Ready and Bro. Ready.)

**Israel:** Oh, Massa, my sister just told me to look for you and tell you to come here. You see, last time when you were in town we really wanted you to visit us as we thought you could help my sister. But you were gone so quickly.

**Rebecca:** I have waited and waited and was almost giving up hope of ever seeing you. But Israel and Matthio told me not to lose patience as they knew you would come back to Bwenga-Town. They said you visit many villages and that you were a busy man. You cannot be in each town very long and very often. You see I have a big wound. I have tried many medicines, but they do not help. Then Israel said you have some very fine medicine which you put on wounds. But you also did something else when you helped people. I guess he called it praying.

**Mr. Ready:** I am so glad we have come to your hut as you have been waiting for us so patiently. We will try to help you, Rebecca. Sister Willing will take care of your wound. (Sister Willing steps closer to Rebecca.) This is Sister Willing, Rebecca.

**Rebecca:** Mammy, I am so glad you came. This leg hurts me so much. If you can help me I will do anything for you, yes, I will be your servant the rest of my life. You see, if you don't help me some more time my leg becomes so stiff that I cannot walk at all.

**Miss Willing:** Be assured, dear sister, we shall try all in our power to make you well again. But you know, we cannot do anything, if Jesus does not help us. He is the big physician, who not only brings relief to your bodily aches and pains, but He also removes the burden of your heart. (She takes out a Testament.) In this book it tells you all about this wonderful Jesus, who died for us on the cross that with His blood all our sins are washed away. (While she is talking mother and father and also Matthio are entering. The three missionaries shake hands with them.)

**Rebecca:** Mother and father, this mammy has just told me about Jesus, who will help that my leg gets better. She also said that He died for us on the cross and with His blood all our sins are washed away. (Sister Ready steps closer.)

**Mrs. Ready:** Jesus has died for all of us, for you and for me. He wants to come into our hearts and cleanse them from all sin. All He asks us to do is to believe in Him.

**Matthio:** If that's all we have to do I want to believe in Jesus, so that I become as good as you.

**Mr. Ready** (opens his Testament to John 3:16): "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

(Then Sister Willing and Sister Ready sing the song (duet) "What shall wash away my stain? Nothing but the blood of Jesus," No. 338 in "Sacred Songs and Solos," Sankey. All leave.)

Africa or India, how about your spirit—do you rule it? It says a man who does not rule his spirit is like a city with all the walls down. The passions go in and out of him just as they like.

If you fail to love one, you will certainly fail to love others. It is so easy to say, "People are so trying. I should get along so nicely, and grow in grace so much more, if only So-and-so were not rubbing up against me." But So-and-so is the greatest means of grace you can have. It means suffering. Let us remember, friends, that the taking of cities to come depends

on these things. It means being delivered unto death, but our future usefulness depends upon it.

I speak especially to the young among us, because God has great desire to use you for the blessing of the nations, it may be by your active ministry, or it may be by your prayers, or by your faith. Cannot you see that if you are not loving those beside you, you cannot love and pray for others? Other love than that is not true love. It is wood, hay and stubble, a kind of love that will not last.—(From "China's Millions," August, 1930.)

### What Our Missionaries Say

**Cleveland, Ohio.** "As I look back I see that I might have done far better and far more if the Holy Spirit could have had his way with me. How often we must be reminded: Without me, ye can do nothing. How our hearts rejoice when we are conscious that we are in touch with God. I have a little card on my dresser of only one word—P R A Y. This is a constant reminder of what I need.

You surely are doing your part in reminding us of our privilege of being guided and controlled by the Holy Spirit. It is surely, "Not by might and not by power but by my Spirit" saith the Lord, that souls can be won for Christ. May I let him use me to the glory of his name."

Minnie Gebhardt.

**Rev. H. C. Wedel, Randolph, Minn.,** reports that they had the privilege of having the baccalaureate service of the local High School in their church for the first time.

The church was also very happy to be able to entertain the Minnesota Vereinigung. The committees and members showed a fine spirit of co-operation and worked together harmoniously. Due to the tornado the meetings were disturbed and many of the plans made, had to be changed. Rev. Wedel writes: "There was a real missionary spirit shown during this time of disaster. Many of our members are hard hit and have lost financially, but we hope and pray that they will have spiritual gain."

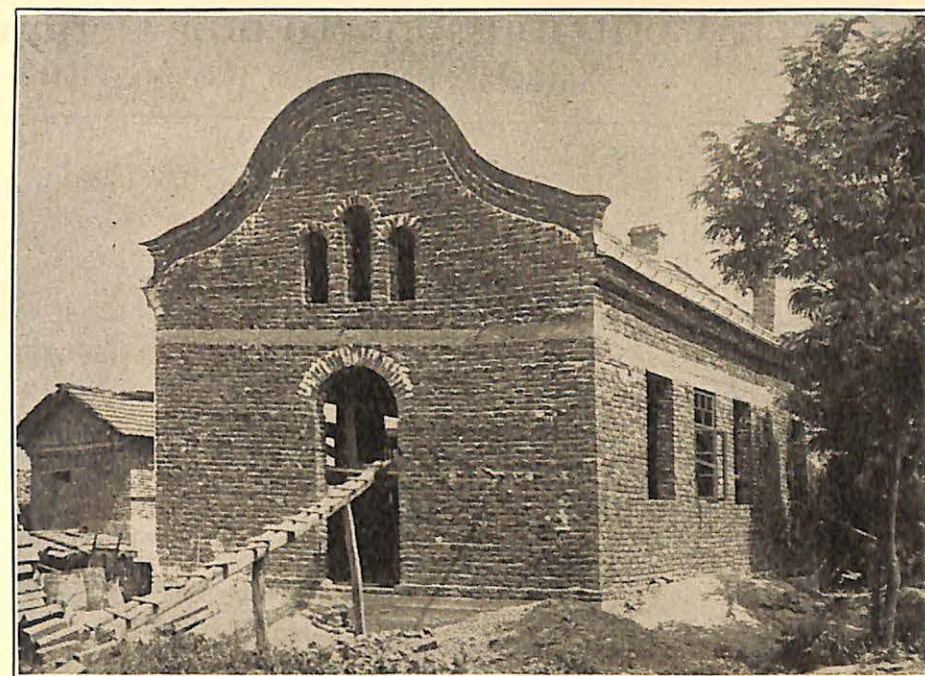
**Rev. H. Baumbach, Kassel, Russia,** rejoices that they have been privileged to hold a baptismal service in Kassel. Fourteen persons were buried with Christ in baptism. He writes that those are the happiest hours when we see that the blood of Christ has the same power as of old to cleanse from sin and makes people willing to lead a godly life.

**Rev. H. T., Neu H., Russia,** writes, "At present, the spiritual life is better than some time ago. We are conscious that prayers are being offered for us and that God is still at the helm. We are glad to trust him for our future as it often looks very dark to us. God is still building his Kingdom here although the progress is slow."

**F. Hammer, Dorf R., Russia,** states: "During the past year I have had some special experiences. Often times when I felt as if I could not make ends meet any more, help came from an unexpected source. Three times when I did not know where to get money for bread, I was helped in a wonderful manner.

There is little opportunity at present for spiritual work. The people are all seeking for employment so that they can earn enough to exist. However, on Sundays we always have good meetings."

### STUDY THE LAST PAGE



### The Only Gipsy Church in the World

Just as this number of "Our Mission Fields" was to go to press we received from Rev. P. Minkoff the above photograph. Our own Baptist church in Golinzi near Lom, Bulgaria, has the distinction of being the only church erected for a Gipsy congregation. The generosity of certain individual members of our churches has made the erection of this church possible. The Gipsies in Golinzi do not roam but are settled in their own village. As these Gipsies are brick-makers, they have themselves made all the bricks used in their own chapel. In addition they have done a great part of the work of building. In a letter of August 2, Peter Minkoff, the pastor of the Gipsy church, who himself is not a Gipsy but a Bulgarian, writes that the

church will be completed about the middle of August. The dedication is to take place on September 28. They have invited Rev. Carl Fuellbrandt, our European representative, to be present on that happy occasion. In their gracious way they also invite us to come, assuring us that we would find very much of interest to us if we could be there on September 28. Doubtless this will be a memorable day in the Kingdom of God and in the history of the Gipsy Baptist church of Golinzi.

Some of our missionary friends have made the erection of this church possible. Others might care to assume a definite part of the salary paid by us to the pastor Rev. Peter Minkoff. The General Secretary invites correspondence.

### Walk Before God

Genesis 17:1

Walk before God, and perfect be;  
Care not for human eyes,  
Which but the outward see:  
To Heaven's standard rise.  
Be not afraid to let thy ways—  
Each thought, each word, each deed—  
Be tested by the searching rays  
Which from his throne proceed.

Walk before God: be not at ease  
Though saints may think you right;  
Be careful that himself you please;  
Be perfect in his sight.  
The fear of man brings but a snare—  
Care not for smile or frown,  
Misunderstood, still do and dare,  
"That no one take the crown."

Walk before God: obey his word,  
And yield to his demands;  
Beware of calling Jesus—Lord,  
And slighting his commands.  
Live for that moment when, unveiled,  
Each secret thing shall be,  
Which every eye but his has failed  
Within thy breast to see.

W. B. in "Living Waters."



# Church Contributions to our Denominational Budget

August 1, 1928—June 30, 1930—Twentythree Months

## ATLANTIC CONFERENCE

Churches	Membership	Contribution
Boston	155	\$ 365.65
Bridgeport	78	490.79
Meriden	97	279.15
New Britain	176	528.33
New Haven	147	1389.10
Brooklyn, First	303	847.90
Brooklyn, Second	276	2891.96
New York, Second	157	351.30
New York, Third	161	1561.81
New York, Harlem	170	735.61
New York, Immanuel	126	1155.65
Egg Harbor	71	180.00
Hoboken	61	317.52
Jamesburg	141	457.00
Jersey City, Pilgrim	80	2597.08
Newark, Clinton Hill	404	1903.16
Newark, Walnut St.	105	2613.11
Newark, Evangel	243	3330.60
Passaic	96	1142.87
Union City, First	123	1179.50
Union City, Second	91	376.00
West New York	172	3811.00
Philadelphia, First	281	7304.12
Philadelphia, Second	454	956.69
Bethlehem	79	650.30
Wilmington	46	502.73
Baltimore, Miller Memorial	55	505.00
Baltimore, West	117	

J. A. CONRAD, Treasurer.

## EASTERN CONFERENCE

Churches	Membership	Contribution
Buffalo, Spruce St.	174	\$1304.58
Buffalo, High St.	191	1737.09
Buffalo, Bethel	184	1469.91
Folsomdale	31	31.00
Rochester	334	2507.92
Arnprior	111	485.36
Hanover	75	20.00
Killaloe	175	291.00
Lyndock	91	277.82
Neustadt	104	325.15
Sebastopol	28	95.35
Erie	153	1357.01
Munson	45	179.65
New Castle	48	176.36
Arnold, Union	133	1061.91
Pittsburgh, Temple	466	4587.59
Pittsburgh, N. Side	85	825.27

CARL GRIMM, Treasurer.

## CENTRAL CONFERENCE

Churches	Membership	Contribution
Chicago, First	355	\$3024.77
Chicago, Second	171	1139.95
Chicago, Humboldt Yark	208	944.66
Chicago, South	155	271.53
Chicago, Englewood	68	420.55
Chicago, Immanuel	75	1083.58
Chicago, Irving Park	15	15.00
Oak Park	428	7125.62
Kankakee	231	1995.71
Pekin	101	596.81
Peoria	152	1397.15
Trenton	76	1080.96
Indianapolis	72	417.65
Alpena	93	447.37
Bay City	35	106.57
Beaver	105	458.24
Pinconning Mission	100	82.50
Benton Harbor	316	1488.23
Detroit, Bethel	483	4959.08
Detroit, Second	203	962.70
Detroit, Burns Ave.	419	6530.53
Detroit, Ebenezer	470	16269.94
Gladwin	100	166.61
Lansing	125	235.95
St. Joseph	229	2249.40
St. Louis, St. Louis Park	253	2283.05
Akron	48	331.51
Canton	120	593.97
Cincinnati	122	1349.04
Cleveland, First	156	557.00
Cleveland, Second	318	3720.09
Cleveland, Erin Ave.	229	1198.89
Cleveland, Nottingham	282	1033.39
Dayton	208	2121.66

CONRAD VOTH, Treasurer.

## NORTHWESTERN CONFERENCE

Churches	Membership	Contribution
Baileyville	97	\$ 856.99
Applington	199	5570.55
Buffalo Center	139	1372.60
Burlington	644	2945.95
Elgin	187	1707.43
George, First	119	1852.23
George, Second	152	889.06
Muscataine	95	425.83
Parkersburg	73	327.05
Sheffield	112	837.60
Steamboat Rock	139	1068.59
Victor	63	584.08
Faribault		

Holloway	28	216.00
Hutchinson	67	203.40
Minneapolis	193	1413.26
Minnetrista	130	576.90
Mound Prairie	29	229.53
Randolph	56	363.94
St. Paul, First	268	1388.16
St. Paul, Riverview	183	660.12
St. Paul, South		14.65
Sharon	31	277.74
Jeffers	51	111.47
Ableman	44	112.57
Concord	29	
Gillett	28	45.82
Kenosha	68	484.05
Kossuth	60	524.77
La Crosse	20	248.24
Lebanon	45	481.83
Milwaukee, Immanuel	423	1613.49
Milwaukee, North Ave.	283	1032.77
North Freedom	144	2026.69
Pound	167	471.00
Racine	246	2541.88
Sheboygan	81	693.35
Watertown	52	194.92
Wausau	150	432.05

HANS KEISER, Treasurer.

## SOUTHWESTERN CONFERENCE

Churches	Membership	Contribution
La Salle	71	\$291.34
Bethanien, Lincoln Co.	90	882.64
Bison, First	108	1619.30
Dickinson Co., First	170	2140.96
Dickinson Co., Ebenezer	96	368.66
Durham	124	1011.31
Ellinwood, S. S.	81	1268.04
Geary Co., Mt. Zion	33	511.00
Herington, First	19	92.87
Lorraine	283	5748.55
Marion, First	111	656.83
Stafford	130	5047.24
Strassburg	69	295.25
Tampa	16	136.45
Concordia		458.60
Mt. Sterling		202.79
Kansas City		73.10
Beatrice	49	476.98
Creston	67	961.86
Shell Creek, First	107	2302.86
Scottsbluff, Salem	64	255.65
Bessie	58	1058.99
Bethel (Ingersoll)	67	444.13
Emanuel (near Kiel)	75	420.99
Okeene, Zion	135	1746.67
Gotebo, Salem	71	632.43
Shattuck	105	951.81
Kingfisher		74.77

O. G. GRAALMAN, Treasurer.

## TEXAS CONFERENCE

Churches	Membership	Contribution
Beasley	21	\$ 82.85
Brenham	16	212.64
Cottonwood	188	1446.74
Crawford	91	1416.82
Dallas	113	2219.36
Donna	30	514.04
Elgin	34	209.19
Elm Creek	33	137.00
Gatesville	134	549.97
Greenville	84	424.90
Hurnville	81	312.09
Kyle	101	312.58
Waco	76	795.09
Mowata	46	618.15

O. G. MILLER, Treasurer.

## PACIFIC CONFERENCE

Churches	Membership	Contribution
Anaheim, Bethel	248	\$2341.51
Franklin, Zion	91	490.98
Fresno, First	59	167.60
Lodi, First	237	2844.74
Los Angeles, First	224	1811.84
Los Angeles, Ebenezer	48	223.06
San Francisco, First	41	395.50
Wasco, First	91	1300.20
Bethany, First	130	954.45
Freewater, First	27	74.06
Portland, First	651	11876.06
Portland, Second	219	2787.09
Portland, Third	76	624.87
Salem, First	143	1220.89
Salt Creek, First	111	808.42
Stafford, First	47	462.27
Colfax, First	100	883.06
Lind, First	40	423.90
Odessa	43	629.53
Spokane, First	63	753.10
Startup	76	486.82
Tacoma, First	204	2309.60
Yakima, First	7	13.60
American Falls, First	82	562.71

G. SCHUNKE, Treasurer.

## NORTHERN CONFERENCE

Churches	Membership	Contribution
Fort George	19	\$ 38.30
Vancouver	85	201.94
Calgary	41	287.50
Craigmyle	45	753.40
Camrose	49	568.55
Edmonton	274	1074.11
Forestburg	87	112.00
Freudental	141	1608.16
Glory Hill	41	362.52
Hilda	113	486.45
Josephsburg	19	90.50
Knee Hill Creek	25	68.20
Leduc, First	287	474.45
Leduc, Second	40	456.72
Medicine Hat	62	349.90
Olds	47	104.96
Rabbit Hill	36	189.40
Richdale	53	109.29
Trochu	109	227.87
Wetaskiwin, First	64	339.32
Wetaskiwin, Second	19	48.10
Wiesental	102	260.36
Estuary		245.15
Burstal	24	161.35
Ebenezer, Ost	122	529.59
Ebenezer, West	185	202.08
Edenwald	116	158.20
Esk	23	106.04
Fenwood	72	169.45
Glidden	28	434.30
Homestead	98	
Leader	12	268.15
Lemberg	36	156.00
Lockwood	54	65.24
Nokomis	183	328.74
Regina	103	302.70
Rosenfeld	92	447.85
Serath	69	398.42
Southey	122	631.48
Sutherland	58	
Yorkton	71	187.33
Congress		15.00
Moosehorn		19.30
Minitonas	123	43.90
Morris	88	198.35
Whitemouth	72	121.70
Winnipeg	415	2014.14
St. Rose		40.00

H. STREUBER, Treasurer.

## DAKOTA CONFERENCE

Churches	Membership	Contribution
Anamoose	188	\$1531.00
Ashley	248	2345.45
Berlin	70	518.25
Bethel	30	1077.69
Beulah	73	894.11
Bismarck	27	330.88
Cathay	131	900.70
Danzig	166	3458.89
Fessenden	176	889.24
German town	133	744.94
Goodrich	195	2093.83
Grand Forks	59	671.17
Hebron	139	605.88
Lehr	174	1429.92
Leipzig	41	184.25
Linton	178	2215.03
Martin	124	881.63
Max	33	476.05
McCluskey	76	631.47
Medina	32	347.01
Pleasant Valley	101	546.65
Rosenfeld	126	510.56
Selfridge	58	431.34
Streeter	183	603.03
Tabor	78	131.45
Turtle Lake	91	1315.33
Tuttle	40	224.29
Venturia	261	1644.90
Washburn	128	1187.21
Harvey		60.00
Avon	266	4718.04
Chancellor	115	1572.58
Corona	96	915.39
Delmont	49	789.96
Ebenezer	49	363.85
Emanuel's Creek	40	1570.47
Emery	191	3858.43
Eureka	263	632.45
Herreid	181	2025.08
Madison	230	2271.53
McIntosh	289	718.22
Parkston	101	1914.99
Pleasant Ridge	126	489.59
Plum Creek	48	2322.19
Spring Valley	130	305.26
Unityville	37	350.75
Box Elder	40	3.65
Brady		230.14
Lambert	22	385.17
Missoula	42	263.27
Pablo	56	126.70
Plevna	27	1340.37
Glanoria	92	12.18

J. J. ROTT, Treasurer.