

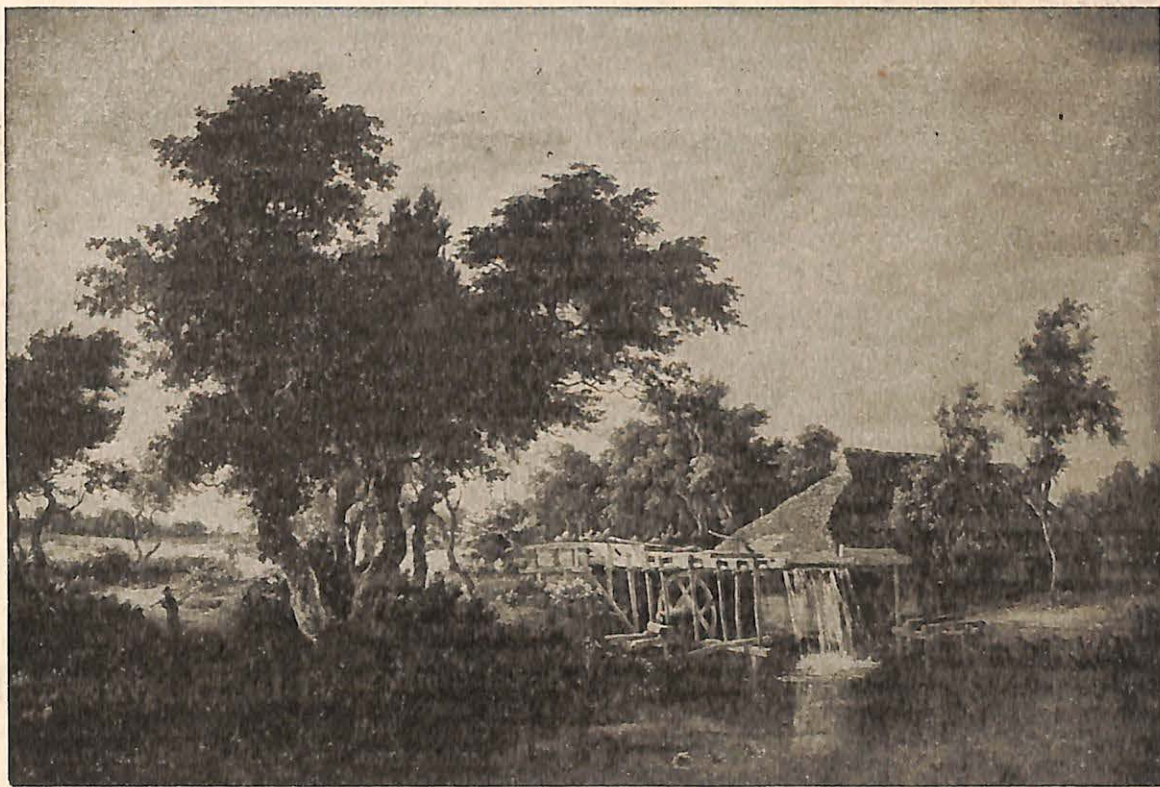
The Baptist Herald

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

Volume Eight

CLEVELAND, O., SEPTEMBER 15, 1930

Number Eighteen



The Old Mill

Courtesy Chicago Art Institute

What's Happening

J. Julius Fehlauer and his wife of Detroit, Mich., celebrated on September 2 their golden wedding with their children and grandchildren. They were married in Germany on September 2, 1880 by Pastor Kuenzel.

Mr. Walter R. Brunken of Maywood, Ill., won a number of first and second prizes in the glider contests held at the National Air Races Meet at Curtis Field, Chicago, Aug. 23-Sept. 1. Bro. Brunken is a member of the Oak Park German Baptist Church, Chicago.

Rev. J. E. Ehrhorn of Okeene, Okla., Rev. O. Roth of Stafford, Kans., Mr. H. A. Schacht of Lorraine, Kans., and Mr. K. F. Ehrlich of Durham, Kans., were elected into the Southwestern Conference Missionary Committee, with Rev. O. Roth as Missionary Secretary.

The membership of the Southwestern Conference is 2254. The number of baptisms for the Conference year was 94, an increase of 35 over last year. There are 24 Sunday schools with 2569 pupils and 28 young people's societies with 986 members. The next session of the Conference is to be held with the Zion Church at Okeene, Okla., Aug. 12-16, 1931.

Rev. E. Broeckel of Turtle Lake, N. Dak., had the joy of baptizing four persons on Aug. 10. Two adults and a girl were from the Turtle Lake church and one woman from the Bethel church. The baptismal service was held at Brush Lake and was followed by a communion service at which the hand of fellowship was extended to the new members.

The latest Sunday school statistics as reported at the Toronto convention of the International Council of Religious Education give the total S. S. enrollment in the United States as 21,038,526. The total number of teachers and officers is 2,167,848. The total number of Sunday schools is 159,305. The ratio of S. S. enrollment to population under 19 years of age is 44.1%.

Rev. Albert Knopf of Dillon, Kans., presided as moderator at Stafford with dignity; Rev. A. Rosner of Shattuck, Okla., was elected vice-moderator of the Conference; Rev. Chas. Wagner of Marion, Kans., recording secretary and Rev. R. A. Klein of Geary Co., Kans., statistical secretary. Mr. O. G. Graalman of Okeene, Okla., was re-elected Conference treasurer.

The new house of worship of the church at Beulah, N. Dak., will be dedicated on September 28. Rev. Wm. Kuhn, D. D., will preach the dedicatory sermon. Among other ministers who are invited and will participate are W. Schweitzer, J. J. Lippert, F. E. Klein, E. Broeckel and A. Heringer. A baptismal service was held on July 20 at which 24 persons were baptized and received into the church.

During the fifty years of the Southwestern Conference 7446 baptisms were

reported, an average of 149 per year. For local church purposes \$1,508,467 was raised and \$664,218 for outside missionary objects. Rev. Chas. Wagner visualized the history of the Conference by several graphs and a map he had made in vivid manner. It was a noteworthy achievement which received the recognition of the Conference.

The Young People's and Sunday School Workers' Union of the Central Conference elected the following officers at Chicago for the new year: Walter Pischke of Detroit, president; Walter Pankratz of Chicago, vice-president, and Miss Dorothy Grosser of Oak Park, secretary. The missionary goal of the Union for 1930-1931 is \$3000—of which \$2250 is designated for the Cameroon Mission.

The Fiftieth Anniversary of the Southwestern Conference at Stafford, Kans., was a gala occasion. The commodious edifice of the Methodist Church in the city of Stafford was placed at the disposal of our German Baptist church and the meetings gained much by being so conveniently housed. It was a fine demonstration of Christian courtesy and fellowship. Rev. O. Roth and his loyal people were generous hosts and their warm-hearted hospitality was greatly enjoyed.

The Union Young People's meeting of all the Protestant churches of Stafford, Kans., on Sunday, evening Aug. 24, from seven to eight o'clock filled the local Baptist church to capacity. It was a pleasing evidence of Christian Unity and co-operation. Mr. Elliot of the Epworth League presided and General Secretary A. P. Mihm addressed the gathering on "Training for Leadership." Most of the group remained for the service from 8 to 9 P. M., at which Prof. A. J. Ramaker of Rochester preached the sermon.

Miss Erna Hoelzen, whose striking portrayal of "Whitefield as a Revival Preacher" is given in this number, was, until recently, a missionary worker at the Second German Baptist Church in Philadelphia. She has now accepted a call as missionary at the Clinton Hill Church, Newark, N. J. She comes from the Oak St. Church, Burlington, Ia., and received her training at the Kansas City Theological Seminary. The paper was originally presented at the recent meeting of the Delaware Association in Jamesburg, N. J.

The B. Y. P. U. and S. S. W. U. of the Southwestern Conference

The meeting of the B. Y. P. U. and S. S. Workers' Union of the Southwestern Conference was held Saturday afternoon, August 23, 1930, with the church at Stafford, Kans.

A devotional period led by Mr. Ringering preceded the business session. Rev.

A. Sandow, the president, was in charge of the meeting. The secretary's and treasurer's reports were accepted as read. After the appointment of committees, the standard for awarding the banner was discussed. Last year the Union accepted the Standard of Excellence as outlined in the Manual by Leavell. Therefore it was decided to present the banner to the B. Y. P. U. which has made the greatest progress in adopting the Standard. It was again accepted this year. We were favored by a number from the male quartet from Bison, Kans.

The following officers were elected: President, Herman Hildebrand; vice-president, Rev. A. Sandow; secretary, Dorothy Knopf; treasurer, Werner Schantz.

Rev. A. P. Mihm then gave a splendid address on "The Place of the Sunday School in the Church Program."

Sunday afternoon, August 24, the second meeting of the Union was held. It was opened with a song service for the children, led by Rev. Wiebe, after which Miss Hannah Schlotthauer talked to them about "Names." The children enjoyed it very much. After a song and prayer, the officers for this year were introduced. The banner was presented to the Dillon B. Y. P. U. and honorable mention was made of the Okeene and Immanuel societies. The Union decided to raise \$300 to support Rev. Minkoff, who has charge of the Gypsy Mission in Bulgaria. A musical number was given by a few members of the Ellinwood, Kans., society. Then General Secretary Mihm gave an address on the important subject, "The Challenge of Today to Our Young People."

All those who attended the Young People's meeting at the Conference at Stafford will long remember the blessings and inspirations they had received. May the Lord bless our efforts to serve him better! DOROTHY KNOPF, Sec.

The Baptist Herald

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The Baptist Herald

The Lure of Leadership

EVERYONE aspires either secretly or openly to be a leader. This is especially true of young people. There always has been a strange fascination for young people in the thought of leadership. And yet it is not so strange when we take into account the ardor and ambition of youth, the venturesomeness of young people and the numberless challenges in the world today for exploits in all fields of activity.

God has set the urge of leadership in man's heart. The first commandment and the first promise that has come down the centuries is, "Thou shalt have dominion." The longing is in the soul of youth to fare forth and to do the big and valiant thing, to rise above the dead level of commonplace, to ascend the heights where worthwhile things may be done. He who fails to respond to that lofty passion falls short of his greatest calling. Some may carry their ambition too far, but a life without ambition is tame and fruitless, and not at all attractive or admirable.

It may be well to make a systematic effort to stir up better ambitions. This seems desirous in view of the craze of many thoughtless youths and maidens for empty pleasures and their evident willingness to waste their powers in selfish indulgence.

But, thank God, there are others! One of the most encouraging things of today is the increasing number of young men and women who see great needs and noble tasks beckoning them and who have dedicated themselves to meet the challenge of the kingdom of God under the inspiration of Jesus Christ. They are not selfish or greedy for power but they are ready to prepare for and to accept leadership because of their earnest wish to make their lives count for the most.

It is the privilege of every Christian to be a leader. Every young Christian deserves a trial at leadership. The chance for leadership needs to be offered every follower of Christ. It is the only way of making sure whether the latent powers within can be awakened. "Neglect not the gift that is within thee." Stir up, or stir into flame the gift of God which is in thee. The lure and attraction of leadership ought to stir up into flame the legitimate spiritual ambitions of every young Christian. The consideration of this subject ought to lead him to measure himself, to determine whether he or she by the grace of God may not become a leader and enter the training camp of Christian preparation in order to render a larger service.

The Need for Leadership

THE crying need of every Christian organization is for trained and consecrated leaders. True leaders cannot lead unless the followers follow.

But experience proves that whenever a cause has the right kind of leaders there is apt to be the right kind of followers. It is obvious that the progress of a church, of a denomination, depends, humanly speaking, upon the right kind of leadership. That statement needs no detailed explanation or defense.

Yet there seem to be special reasons for the church's need of trained leadership in our day. Always important, such leadership is practically indispensable at the present time. The church is brought into comparison, if not competition with trained leadership in every other field. The church today has to compete with a thousand other interests, many of which command adequate resources and experienced leadership. We may grant that the church is not an enemy to these interests, that its mission may be to incorporate them in due proportion into a wholesome bundle of life, yet the fact remains that unless its leadership is competent to correctly understand and evaluate these interests and to prevent men from being drawn away from Christ by them, the church will be at a disadvantage.

The bad consequences of untrained leadership always exact a high price. Untrained leaders fail where better leaders would succeed. Blind leaders are doomed to stumble into ditches. Untrained leaders bungle the job. They fall short of achievement. Men and women who are in places of leadership in our churches and do not really lead and who have no desire to qualify themselves for better leadership are dishonoring God and are stumbling blocks to man. All progress demands leaders of the better kind. Produce better leaders and the whole organization will be strengthened.

The Possibility of Leadership

WHAT about the possibility of becoming a leader? Is leadership only and always the prerogative of the natural competent? Is leadership a gift or a cultivated quality? Can leadership be acquired or must one be a "born leader"?

We believe upon careful consideration that leadership is more of an acquisition than a gift. Tralle is right when he says: "The world's leaders come from the crowds and not from the clouds." Leadership qualifications are not hereditary, they must be personally earned. The individual does not inherit ability. He inherits capacity. Inherited capacities have to be developed through experience. No person was ever born a doctor or a lawyer, or born a Sunday school teacher or preacher. Even though we may inherit tendencies and capacities, every "natural" leader will be more effective through education, preparation and training.

Imperfect and inadequate powers can and should

be encouraged. It was prophesied of Jesus: "A bruised reed he shall not break and smoking flax he will not quench." He saw the weakness of Simon Peter but also his strength. He knew the doubting of Thomas but also saw the fine quality of loyalty in his makeup. He saw their possibilities and strengthened them and cast neither of these men aside.

Training for Leadership

IT is not safe for any Christian youth to imagine that he is going to tumble into leadership. He must prepare himself for it with all diligence. To receive teaching and training is essential for leadership, for the leader must know and must do.

Training under proper instruction is essential to the development of leadership. Every task calls for training. Everyone must serve an apprenticeship of some sort before he can become a master workman. Usually master-mechanics are developed by training with master-mechanics; great athletes are developed by great coaches; great musicians become leaders in their profession by studying with the masters. Every such schoolday becomes a rich payday in larger living and finer achievement.

The four Gospels show us how Jesus took his twelve disciples and put them through a practical course of training for the work that lay ahead. He bore patiently with them when their tasks were imperfectly performed and showed them better ways. Jesus selected men with open minds, who were willing to learn. He could not use some of the leading men of his day because they were not willing to learn. They didn't know and the tragedy of it was, they didn't know that they didn't know.

Every leader should train his successor or successors. That is what Moses did for Joshua and Jesus for his disciples. Paul writes to Timothy: "The things which thou hast heard from me among many witnesses, the same commit thou to faithful men, who shall be able to teach others also." It is the glory of a leader that he finally can be spared. But it requires the grace of Christ to practice Christianity to that extent and to willingly step aside when usefulness is over. Many leaders are so fearful for the wreck of their little world if ever they step out. Unconsciously they accuse themselves of faulty workmanship. They should have trained their helpers. Success without successors is failure.

Are we asking too much when we say: Every pastor is in duty bound to secure at least one future pastor from among the youth of each church he serves? That every superintendent needs to train a helpful superintendent? Every class officer needs to coach his successor. Every teacher should work for the preparation of other teachers. Leadership is the applied ability of uniting with others for the planning and working out of a common program and training them in the process of attainment.

An old formula for the production of leaders tells us, we must find them, grind them and mind them. First, seek them out and encourage the urge; then

train them and then take care of them by using them. How can leadership be developed? By giving our young people responsibility. Youth is saying to the church: "Use us or lose us."

That church will benefit most which is careful to see that those who have been given a chance for training also have some place of responsibility given them in the church. It is the poorest sort of policy to send a group of young people away for training and then smother their enthusiasm when they come back. Expect them to have some new ideas and give them a chance to use them. Where there is no effort there is no growth. Let us foster leadership rather than make any foolish move to suppress it.

Our Valuable Enthusiasm

THREE girls came into a waiting room the other day and approached a fourth, who was evidently expecting them. But did they all have a peculiar form of sleeping sickness? What affected them?

The fourth girl did not rise as the others drew near—she barely lifted her languid eyes and breathed 'H'lo."

As for the three, they dropped into chairs as if overcome with weariness of the spirit and their legs and arms slacked as dolls' limbs do, when the elastic bands holding them together grow weak.

For a second or two no one spoke, then, "Rotten day," said Girl No. 2, and relapsed into her lethargy.

Girl No. 3 looked weakly at Girl No. 4 and said, "Cute hat," with as much spirit in her tones as a dying man might have.

They were all so blasé it amounted to a positive world-weariness, and my friend says they were typical of young girls in general these days. I wonder.

OF COURSE girls are not naturally blasé. A glorious bubbling enthusiasm is one of the priceless gifts of youth, so if they have it at all it's only an acquired mannerism. But what a dangerous one!

I remember when I was in high school my best friend and I decided that we would begin then to mould the future expressions of our faces. She chose for her conscious pose blasé ennui—doesn't it sound attractive!—and bright eagerness was to be my role.—For quite a period of time we adjusted our adolescent features to these expressions whenever the thought occurred to us, and within a year or two my friend was afraid she had ruined her face for life. Almost subconsciously her mouth would droop and her eyes grow distant and dead whenever she became preoccupied.

Fortunately for me I don't think bright eagerness ever hurt my facial expression at all, aside from making me look insufferable at the time. In fact, I sometimes wish when I encounter my face in an elevator mirror, or some such unexpected place, and find it looking almost blank, that I had retained more of the bright eagerness.

As we grow older we do tend to lose our enthusiasm, we change gradually from radicals to conservatives; from enthusiasts to passivists. But conditions are not improved, and the world is not helped on and up by those who remain passive.

We see cynicism, however, all through our environment these days. In polite conversation it is correct now to treat of life and the living of it as the greatest trivialities. One may wax enthusiastic only over dogs and motor cars and such. Writers of novels seem soul weary; even great leaders are pessimistic and sometimes flippant. All the more important, then, that our youth should foster its God-given enthusiasm.

Imagine the spirit of "don't care" carried to the limit in our social order. You mount a street car. The motorman says, "I'm sick of this job, it doesn't get you anywhere—let her go." And he either refuses to start the car or turns on the power and lets it tear down the track at will. You go to church and the minister says, "People have grown calloused—they no longer have ears for my message," and he walks out from the pulpit. You go into a store and the manager says, "Business is bad, it's dull and discouraging, people are dishonest, I'll shut up the shop!" And he shuts it up.

Or imagine the same group of people filled with an inspiring enthusiasm. The motorman declares, "This shall be the best-manned car in the city," and he makes his run a joy to passengers and a model for the emulation of his fellow motormen. The minister says, "My church shall be a power in the community. God will furnish the power if I will furnish enthusiasm and hard work." And his church becomes a power. The business man says, "We are entering into a new era in merchandising—we will put service first, and labor heartily for the public good, and our profits will take care of themselves." And his business grows apace.

ENTHUSIASM makes all the difference! Consult your history and see if it doesn't. Luther in the church, Columbus and Peary and Scott in the field of discovery, Madame Curie in science, Tolstoi in literature—what were they all but divine enthusiasts? And Christ the greatest enthusiast of them all.—Classmate.

Meeting the Opposition

THAT great English institution, Oxford University has bestowed its tardy honors upon John Wesley, the leader of the Holy Club. On the two hundredth anniversary of his election to a Lincoln fellowship, a bronze bust of Wesley was placed in a room of the University which he occupied as a student.

The Holy Club, a small group of students banded together in the interest of a more spiritual service to Christ, was much spoken against in John Wesley's day. But now its leader is honored. "So it will be in the long run with those young men and women in college who are true to the faith that is in them and who stand for it against the winds and tides

that beat upon it," declared "The Christian Advocate" with no uncertain sound.

In or out of college, young men and women who resolve in their hearts to forsake the things of secondary importance to follow in the footsteps of the Master, find themselves opposed by a group who seem to be too busily engaged with other matters to pay much attention to out-ond-out spiritual pursuits. They like to think of themselves as belonging to the intelligentsia. Some of them carry a Paris-green-covered magazine under their arms which they would do well not to read, but which they do read, and which gives them a wrong sense of values.

Let a young man or woman go to Sunday school, become a member of the Young People's organization, or join the Church, and this group which has cut loose its mooring ropes takes a fiendish delight in making sport of virtue.

"Come on and have a good time with us," they say. "Why look at everything through blue spectacles? Put on our rosy-tinted glasses and see life!" they shout. "Don't let the Ten Commandments interfere with your good time. You live only once. What's the use of throwing away these golden hours in praying, hymn-singing, and Bible-reading?"

Sly as a serpent sneaking through a garden is this sort of opposition. We do not want to appear old while we are young. We do not want to take pledges and make vows that will curtail our liberties. We do not want to seem peculiar in our efforts to follow in "the paths of righteousness." Too often the dictum of the careless crowd, "It is not done," decides for us the way we take.

Against this subtle opposition we need to stand firm and strong. One favorable condition to this defensive is the realization that life is more than the frills. In the stirring words of Maltbie D. Babcock:

Be strong!
We are not here to play, to dream, to drift.
We have hard work to do and loads to lift.

We are not here merely to make a good showing before men. We are here to please God and to help men.

Then, too, youth does not last so very long. After twenty-five our minds are pretty well set and we do not grow much in stature. Why let youth put a mortgage on all the rest of the years? Perhaps Browning was not far from the truth when he said:

Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made.

But even in a lifetime our stand for Christ against the foes of righteousness may not be recognized by men. Never mind. It is our duty to live up to the highest ideals that we have. Maybe two hundred years hence the world will take notice of our devotion. Probably it will not stop to honor us. But more to be desired than all the memorials of bronze and stone that man may erect is the approval of our God.—Selected.



Choir of the Church at Medicine Hat, Alta.

Choir of Medicine Hat, Alta.

Who are we? A happy crowd of young people, the Medicine Hat choir, with their capable leader and organist, Rev. and Mrs. F. Adler.

We are glad to give our testimony in song to praise our Lord, who did so much for us. Rev. Adler had the joy of baptizing a number of the young people last winter and we are praying that the rest may follow and take a stand for Christ.

The above picture was taken when we were invited for an outing to the country home of Mr. and Mrs. Sponholz. We enjoyed it very much. Lunch was served out on the lawn.

In the evening we had a short service and sang several songs which gladdened the hearts of the people who attended the service, held in the small log house where the Albeck Sunday school meets. Then our cars were turned homewards, with our hearts full of gratitude.

May God bless all young people and choirs!
A MEMBER.

The Baraca Class of Passaic

The Baraca Class of the First German Baptist Church, Passaic, N. J., wishes to make itself known through these columns to other German Baptist Baraca classes and also wishes to hear from them.

Our class name was adopted in 1927. Since that time we have continued to keep going and growing and are looking forward to doing greater service for God, our church and community this coming fall and winter than ever before.

Our class membership is eleven including our pastor, Rev. G. H. Schneck, whom we feel honored in having become one of us and to whom we shall look for help, inspiration, encouragement and blessing in our work.

We have had four meetings this year, beginning with our meeting in May, at which time we elected the following officers: Harry Schroeder, president; Walter Beyer, vice-president; Herbert Alnor, secretary; Ewald Krueger, treasurer; Alphonse Conrad, reporter. Mr. E. Earl Traver was re-elected teacher of the class for the sixth time. Rev. Schneck gave a short inspirational address, fol-

lowing which the class adopted its motto for this year: "Let's Go!" A few words followed by our teacher and also by the newly elected officers.

One June 30 the regular monthly meeting of the class was held at the church. After the meeting, we combined with the Philathea Class for a social hour. Games and refreshments were enjoyed.

July 17 we held a swimming party at one of the swimming pools in the vicinity and on August 19 we enjoyed our annual week-end party, this year going to Pine Bush, N. Y.

For the month of October, one of our new members will give us a talk on "First Aid." November will be Stunt Night, at which each member will be called upon for a stunt. December, our pastor will give us "An Hour of Parliamentary Law," and for January we have our annual class banquet.

There being no further business, we will close this our report and ask that German Baptist Baraca Bible classes please observe paragraph one above.

YE SCRIBE.

Farewell Party to Pastor Appel

Wednesday evening, August 13, after prayer meeting the First German Baptist Church of Minneapolis, Minn., gave a farewell party to their pastor, Rev. Wm. J. Appel, and family, who are leaving our midst right after the Northwestern Conference closes.

The party was in charge of our Senior Deacon, Mr. E. G. Brachlow. The president or a representative, where the president was unable to attend, of each organization in the church expressed their regret of losing such wonderful helpers as Rev. Appel and wife are. They tendered thanks for the ministries rendered and also their best wishes that God may abundantly use them in their new field.

Rev. Appel and wife were presented with a beautiful table lamp and a small rug as a token of our love, and we trust that when using these things they will not forget the host of friends they have left behind in Minneapolis.

May the Lord richly bless all those that are in special service for him!

"A REPORTER."

Texas B. Y. P. U. and S. S. Workers' Union

The nineteenth annual business meeting of the Texas B. Y. P. U. and S. S. Workers' Union was held with the Carrol Ave. Baptist Church, Dallas, Friday afternoon, July 25, during the Texas Conference. We are indeed grateful to the Dallas church and the pastor for the hearty welcome which was shown us. We felt very much at home and enjoyed the splendid meals.

Ten B. Y. P. U.'s answered the roll-call with a Bible verse. Every B. Y. P. U. and Sunday school reported a growth in membership during the past year, and we know from the letters which were read that great blessings were also received. Our Union is sending \$42 to Miss Erica Bender and our prayers are following her in her distant field of work. The officers elected for the coming year are as follows: A. W. Guderian of Cottonwood, president; Rev. H. G. Ekrut of Donna, vice-president; Eleonore Bremer, of Cottonwood, secretary; Henry Engelbrecht of Crawford, treasurer. After all business transactions had been finished, Bro. Kuhn gave us a very interesting address.

In the evening the Union met again for a program given by the various B. Y. P. U.'s. Bro. C. C. Laborn, the vice-president of the past year, who served us so faithfully, introduced the new officers. The program consisted of a fine variety of numbers. We felt that each B. Y. P. U. had sent its very best.

Dr. McConnell, the editor of the "Baptist Standard," brought a wonderful address on Sunday afternoon on, "The Privilege of being a Co-worker with Christ." Dr. McConnell's words will long be remembered by all who were present.

Plans are already made for the Institute which will be held during the Thanksgiving holiday with the Cottonwood church. Remember, Cottonwood is expecting a large crowd.

Everyone went home with more zeal and earnestness to work in the coming year. In the coming year we wish to go forward and upward. Only then will our highest ideals be realized and we can feel that we have given the very best we have to our Master.

ELEONORE BREMER, Sec.

An Object Lesson

An Alabama darkey was telling a friend of a certain church service he had attended.

"De preacher wasn't feelin' so good last Sunday," he said, "an' he made de stove preach de sermon."

"Made de stove preach?"

"Yessuh; made it red hot from top to bottom; an' den he tells de sinners to take a good look at it an' go to thinkin'!"

Not Worth Mentioning

"Professor, I owe all I know to you."
"O, don't make such a fuss about a trifle."

Our Missionaries' Needs

Do you hear them pleading, pleading,
Not for money, comfort, power,
But that you, O Christian worker,
Will but set aside an hour
Wherein they will be remembered
Daily at the Throne of Grace,
That the work which they are doing
In your life may have a place?

Do you know that they are longing
For the sympathetic touch
That is theirs when friends are praying
In the homeland very much,
That our God will bless the efforts
They are making in his name,
And that souls for whom they're working
With his love may be aflame?

Do you see them seeking, seeking
For the gift of priceless worth,
That they count of more importance
Than all other gifts on earth?
Not for gold from rich men's coffers,
Nor relief from any care;—
'Tis a gift that you can give them,—
'Tis the Christian's daily prayer!

There'll Be Room in Heaven

She was a little old woman, very plainly dressed in black bombazine that had seen much careful wear; her bonnet was very old-fashioned, and people stared at her tottering up the aisle of the church evidently bent on securing one of the best seats, for a great man preached that day. The house was filled with splendidly dressed people who had heard of the fame of the preacher, of his learning, his intellect and goodness and they wondered at the presumption of the poor old woman. She must have been in her dotage for she picked out the pew of the richest and proudest member of the church and took a seat. The three ladies who were seated there beckoned to the sexton, who bent over the intruder and whispered something but she was hard of hearing and smiled a little withered smile and said, gently: "Oh, I'm quite comfortable here, quite comfortable."

"But you are not wanted here," said the sexton, pompously, "there is not room. Come with me, my good woman; I will see that you have a seat."

"Not room," said the old woman, looking at her shrunken proportion and then at the fine ladies. "Why, I'm not crowded a bit. I rode ten miles to hear the sermon today, because—"

But here the sexton took her by the arm, shook her roughly in a polite underhand way, and then she took the hint. Her faded old eyes filled with tears, her chin quivered; but she arose meekly and left the pews. Turning quietly to the ladies, who were spreading their silk dresses over the space she left vacant, she said gently: "I hope, my dears, there'll be room in heaven for us all." Then she followed the pompous sexton to the rear of the church where, in the last pew, she was seated between a threadbare girl and a shabby old man.

"She must be crazy," said one of the ladies in the pew which she had first occupied. "What can an ignorant old woman like her want to hear Dr. Smith preach for? She would not be able to understand a word he said."

"Those people are so persistent. The idea of her forcing herself into our pew. Isn't that voluntary lovely? There's Dr. Smith coming out of the vestry. Is he not grand!"

"Splendid! What a stately man! You know he has promised to dine with us while he is here."

He was a commanding looking man, and as the organ voluntary stopped and he looked over the great crowd of worshippers gathered in the church, he seemed to scan every face. His hand was on the Bible when suddenly he leaned over the reading desk and beckoned to the sexton who obsequiously mounted the steps to receive a mysterious message. And then the three ladies in the grand pew were electrified to see him take his way the whole length of the church to return with the old woman, when he placed her in the front pew of all, its other occupants making willing room for her. The great preacher looked at her with a smile of recognition and then the service proceeded and he preached a sermon that struck fire from every heart.

"Who was she?" asked the ladies who could not make room for her, as they passed the sexton at the door.

"The preacher's mother," was the reply.

Why Wonder

DOROTHY DIXON PORGESS

If the radio's slim fingers
Can pluck a melody
From out the night and toss it o'er
A continent or sea;
If the perfumed, petaled white notes
Of a frail old violin
Are blown across a mountain,
Or a city's noisy din;
If songs like crimson roses
Are culled from out the air,
Why should any mortal wonder
If God hears and answers prayer?

Glory Divine

A little girl was sent to the drug store by her mother to get "a dime's worth of chloride of lime," but when she arrived there she forgot the exact name and asked for "glory divine." When the bewildered druggist asked her what her mother wanted "it" for, she answered, "To make bad places smell sweet." Now the world needs chloride of lime, lots of it, to make bad places smell sweet, but more than that does it need "glory divine" or "the Kingdom of God" in the hearts of men.—Brooklyn Eagle.

How to Spell "Joy"

Do you know how to spell "joy"? J for Jesus, Y for you, and nothing (O) between.

Why Is New Birth Needed?

A speaker asked, why must we be "born again" in order to be saved? Here is an apple with a worm hole in it. Did the worm begin to bore that hole from the outside? Several answered, "From the outside." But an old saint said, "No, from the inside." He was correct. The egg was laid in the blossom, and the worm was hatched in the heart of the apple. The worm bored its way out. Even so, the germ of sin is born in the heart of the child, and the sinful nature is developed as growth comes along. That nature—inborn nature—must be transformed, "born again," in order to become one spiritually with the Spirit of God.

The Challenging Fact

"I do not know why it is that by the constitution of the universe evil hath so much more power than good to produce its effect and to propagate its nature," quaintly writes an eighteenth century clergyman to his son at college. "One drop of foul water will pollute a whole cup of fair; but one drop of fair water hath no power to appreciably improve a cup of foul."

Doubtlessly a good many of us have been perplexed by the same problem. Evil, by its very nature, seems to be positive and aggressive. A garden, left to itself, quickly runs to weeds. Disease is contagious. One diseased person passing through a crowd will contaminate many, but a strong, vigorous person passing through a throng of infected people, will not communicate his good health to a single one. Certainly there is one practical conclusion to which we should come: if we are wise we will accept the fact and carefully avoid even the beginning of evil.

Improved Their Chance

It seems a somewhat ridiculous story, but it conveys an important lesson to relate how a great life insurance company in New York invited all its agents throughout the country to a business conference in New York, and while in attendance one of the agents from the West insured the barber, the elevator man, and a waiter in the restaurant, all of whom had been employed for years by the insurance company in its great building. No one had thought to offer policies to these men in the home office building! Exactly so. We presume that is one reason the professional evangelist sweeps in so many; he simply improves the chance that has been there all the time. But why must we wait for him? Why be like that insurance company?—Central Christian Advocate.

A Smile

"Remember when we first met in the revolving door at the post office?"
"That wasn't the first time we met."
"Well, that's when we began going around together."—Exchange.

GINGER ELLA

By **ETHEL HUESTON**

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(Continuation)
CHAPTER IX

Three startled white faces, and a terrified black one, stared in the direction indicated by the bony finger.

"Sperrits, jes' as I done tole you," repeated the devout old Baptist, crossing his fingers to ward them off. "When you see signs o' de bridal floatin' about yere an' dar, hit's a sign de bride ain' goin' to live out de year. Oh, de po' li'l Missy."

High up under the eaves of the parsonage there floated, or seemed to float, the small shimmery cloud of a wedding veil. Black Ben fingered his rabbit's foot prayerfully. The two men, leaning farther and farther out the small window, gazed speechlessly at the strange apparition. But Ginger Ella was of a practical nature, and after the first shocked moment, her thoughts cleared.

"It's a signal—she wants help.—It's my dormer window in the attic—She—Oh, good gracious, I'll bet she went up there to pray, and I locked her in."

But long before her thoughts reached this ultimate conclusion, Ginger, in her delicate blue gown, was flying back over the well-worn path to the parsonage, to the noisy interest of the outdoor audience along the walk.

"I bet Eddy forgot the ring," chortled one gleefully.

Horace Langley, for all the double dignity of his profession and his estate as groom, would have gone out the window, head first, after Ginger, to the rescue of his bride, had not the more thoughtful best man quickly intervened to save him from such humiliation by pulling him forcibly back, and volunteering to go in his stead. A prolonged cheer went up along the walk at this unexpected turn of events.

"I'll bet the little spitfire got her ginger up and walked out on the wedding," was the general opinion. "And Eddy's gone to fetch her back."

But neither Ginger, nor Eddy Jackson behind her, heeded, nor so much as heard, the chorus of huzzas. By the time Eddy Jackson reached the front door, Ginger had unlocked the trapdoor. By the time he was up the stairs, Helen, crying, laughing nervously, was faltering her way down, still, even in her excitement, mindful of the sacred veil.

On the landing, without a word, the three co-operated to restore her shattered morale. Ginger ran to the bedroom for powder, Eddy Jackson straightened the bridal wreath, Helen patted her hair into order.

"I'll go ahead and give the sign to start," said Eddy Jackson. "Ginger, you go over with Helen and then dash for

lowed Helen leaned forward, put both arms around her father's shoulders, and kissed him tenderly.

Helen was married—it was all over.

With laughter and kisses, and many gay words, the crowd surged down to the Sunday school room for the buffet luncheon served by the Rutheans. And when the proper moment came, Helen slipped away from the others, and went into the small room beside the pulpit where she changed quickly from her bridal robes to trim black and white, for traveling. And then, just a very little later, there was a cab at the curb, and the guests from within flocked out to mingle fraternally with those equally interested outside.

Horace took Helen's hand in his, and in a shower of flowers and rice, they ran down the walk. With her foot on the running board of the car, she paused. Her eyes swept the small sweet sea of loved and loving faces. She found the bright eyes of Marjory and Miriam, found her father standing a little away by himself. Then she found Ginger, a small, solemn figure, with lips forced to a grim smile. And Helen tossed her great bouquet, lilies-of-the-valley, forget-me-nots and tiny rosebuds.

Ginger had not thought of this, it must have been sheer instinct which shot her lithe young arm high over others to catch the precious trophy. Helen smiled at her.

"My Ginger." Her lips merely formed the words, but Ginger, staring, read the syllables distinctly.

The cab rolled away.

A shout of laughter, a chorus of prophesies, surrounded Ginger, with the captured bridal bouquet in her hand. But she heard none of it. She was going home. She answered no smiling thrusts, called no responsive greetings, to the merry throng about her. She just set her small face toward the old brown door, and her obedient little feet carried her leadenly toward it.

Up the stairs, heavily, heavily, and down the hall to the bedroom she had shared with Helen. The room looked strange—big and roomy. She marveled at its bigness, for she and Helen had often complained laughingly of its slight dimensions. Suddenly she realized. One of the little twin beds was gone, and the other, her own, was in the center of the space the two had occupied. But she was glad the other bed was gone. She had not realized how it would have been, lying there, and gazing across at that empty pillow where Helen's brown hair, Helen's gentle face, Helen's friendly eyes, had been before.

"She thought of that," she said aloud. Conscious of the weight of the flowers, she crossed dully to the desk by the window. There she found a fat blue vase, filled with fresh water, waiting to receive them.

"She did that. She meant all the time that I should have her flowers." Carefully, with fingers that seemed unfamiliar and strange to her, she loos-

ened the white ribbons, folded them carefully, and placed the flowers in the blue bowl.

Then she sat down, on the solitary little twin bed, and stared at them, stared all about the room.

"That's what she was doing all morning," she thought, "fixing this room for me. Putting my things where her things had been, straightening the drawers, and tidying the closet,—so everything would be full of me, and wouldn't show so much emptiness of her."

She got up suddenly, and turned down the hall. The ladder was against the wall, where they had left it after Helen's rescue. She climbed dismally, pulling herself, a great weight, through the trapdoor, and crossed the beams to the dormer-window. From force of habit, she drew the small stool up to the table, and reached for her pad. And then she saw a white envelope.

"My Ginger."

Her tears came then in a great torrent. So Helen had not come to the attic to pray, but to leave a last loving farewell for her little charge. Not prayer—or was it prayer? Helen would have said it was. Such a storm of tears swept Ginger's eyes that for a while she saw no more than the blurred white envelope. The hot tempest passed quickly. Ginger mopped away her tears, smiled reassurance to herself, and picked up the letter. It was then she saw the velvet box. She opened it curiously—a small diamond, in an old-fashioned setting—her mother's engagement ring that Helen had worn for sixteen years. Ginger did not weep over this. She held it in her hand a long time, and stared into the dim recesses of the dusty old room with grave, glad, wondering eyes. This was to her a symbol of Helen's trust.

"If I'm not a whole lot better after this, I'm a whole lot worse than I think I am," she decided finally. "I know Helen expects me to keep a motherly eye on father and the twins, and I shall not disappoint her. Oh, how pleased she'll be when she hears about my home for the blind."

There was a certain confidence in her manner as she slipped the small gold band upon her finger. After all, already, she had taken the family affairs in charge. The first links of her chain were firmly forged.

CHAPTER X

When Miriam went to Chicago with her father, Miss Jenkins moved across to the parsonage to remain with the two girls. Miss Jenkins was glad to do this. The girls felt it was for that she had followed them through a series of three charges,—that now and then, in emergencies, she could step largely into the household and assist in its management.

Still some discouraging reports from the city. Mr. Tolliver was "run down," on a high nervous tension, mentally strained. Orders were more peremptory curt than ever. The doctors could not

offer any possible hope for the ultimate recovery of his sight unless he followed their regime, which called for absolute rest, an abundance of fresh air, good wholesome food, and complete mental freedom. The girls at home, in conference with Miss Jenkins, considered this bitterly.

"How can a man rest when he has to support a family, and keep peace in a whole church?" wondered Marjory.

"Of course, later on, I shall be able to take care of him," said Ginger, "but he seems to need care of now."

The girls were so well used to Ginger's largeness of expectations that her remark called forth no discussion of ways and means. Besides, they were far too depressed for argument. A growing horror preyed upon their thoughts,—permanent blindness,—a horror which they tried to kill by ignoring.

When Eddy Jackson called on the telephone, it was a welcome diversion.

"I thought perhaps you would like to go alone with me in the car again," he offered, "and tell me all your secrets, and ask my advice about investing this fortune of yours."

Ginger promptly accepted the invitation, delicately passing over the hint as to her confidence.

"Now you are not invited, Marjory," she said firmly, when Marjory offered to join them, "I want to talk business with Eddy Jackson, and you know what chance I have to talk business when you and your complexion are around."

Fearful that the sight of the car would drive her sister to more open desire, she was waiting at the curb when Eddy drove up. And in a moment they were rolling off to the country.

"You see, it is a long time since you bought those bonds," he said, "and I thought you might need help in clipping the coupons."

"If you are trying to be funny," she said, "I don't mind telling you that—my business—is off to a very good start. Unfortunately, the first returns are not large ones. And right now is when I want it most." She sighed a little.

"What's the matter? Bad news from your father?"

"Yes. Oh, Eddy, how can people quit work, and rest, and play, and eat,—if there isn't any money to pay the bills?"

"What do the doctors say?"

"Just what they have been saying for five months. He is worn out, nervous and weak. His eyes can't get well until the rest of him is stronger. A nervous shock may make him blind—for ever.—Oh, Eddy, I'm going to give him everything he needs—time to play, the best things in the world to eat, and fresh air, and mountains, and seashores—everything, after a while. But he needs it now!"

"How soon do you expect to be able to do these things?"

Ginger figured, painfully, counting on her fingers, her lips moving. "Well,—I'm afraid—I couldn't do very much—not so very much—for maybe six months.

Maybe longer. I don't exactly know. And he may be entirely blind by then."

They drove for a while in silence.

"Ginger, your inspiration is catching. I have a good idea myself. A quiet atmosphere, fresh air, good country food, pure milk.—Well, what's the matter with Pay Dirt?"

Ginger did not understand.

"Why, send him out to Pay Dirt for a rest. He won't have any salt air, but he'll have complete quiet and rest. He won't have any mountain breezes, but he'll have unadulterated Iowa. He won't have any French menus, but plenty of fresh eggs and good milk, and chicken three times a day if he wants it. And it won't cost him a cent. You can come along, to read to him, and walk with him, and sort of jolly him along. You can have the right wing,—two little bedrooms, and a bath. He shall rest until he is sick of resting. He shan't marry, bury, or preach. He shall lie around in the sun, and lounge in the hammock, and eat and sleep,—and you can make him laugh."

"But Eddy—the church!"

"Oh, hang the church. Give 'em a vacation—do 'em good. The best way to make some people appreciate their religion is to take it away from 'em for a while. But anyhow, if we can't go to such extremes, and I dare say your father would object, we can get a student preacher to fill in for a month or six weeks. Best thing all the way round. I'm a member myself, and I'll go to old Jop this very day, and get things started. We'd better have it all fixed up before your father comes back, for he just might have an objection or so. Now you be ready to come out with him—"

"Miriam will have to go with father. She's his crutch—his horn-brimmed spectacles would be more appropriate. Anyhow, she pronounces a lot better than I do, and she's not so apt to forget and run off without him. Besides—remember—I have my own personal business to look after at home."

"Oh, is that the way of it? Well, Miriam then,—anybody. And the rest of you must come out and visit very often to keep him from getting lonesome. I wonder we didn't think of this before. Why, it's just the thing all the way round. It will tickle mother to have some one around for her to make a fuss over, and your father— You see, Ginger, when he is at home, he can't rest. He lives every minute five times over, once for himself, and once for each of you girls.—Oh, there are only three of you now. But there's Jenky. And when you want things he can't afford, it simply makes him sick. And when the bills come in, and he hasn't the money!—Rest? How could any man rest! Get him away from it, that's the ticket."

"Oh, Eddy!" Ginger was spellbound at the depth of his understanding. "Isn't it too bad you haven't got a family of your own? Why, you'd be perfectly wonderful with children,—just like father."

So Eddy, with some reluctance, turned

the car back from the pleasant lanes, and went into consultation with Marjory and Miss Jenkins.

"I asked Ginger to come out with her father," he said frankly, "for she looks pale and tired, and I thought the change might do her good. But she says Miriam out-pronounces her."

"Ellen could learn," said Miss Jenkins, with quick partiality for her favorite.

"But Ginger also has affairs of her own which require her continued presence in the city—at least, she says so, though she did not take me into her confidence. At any rate, I shall make arrangements for Miriam and your father at Pay Dirt."

"And Ginger—and the rest of us—will come and visit," promised Marjory, with a sly smile for the young man. But she added, with great seriousness, "Eddy, I think you are a dear good boy. You are so sympathetic and so generous it simply isn't fair,—it leads us to expect too much of human nature."

"And it will be the best thing in the world for father," interpolated Ginger proudly. "And something we can well afford—since it doesn't cost anything."

"Eddy, believe me," added Miss Jenkins almost tearfully, "you shall have your reward for the good you are doing."

"Well," he said facetiously, "I hope the reward happens to be the thing I want. The worst thing about rewards is that they are usually just what you want least."

"What do you want especially?" demanded Ginger, her thoughts flying to the future affluence attendant upon her home for the blind.

"Something that I dare say will disagree with me if I ever get it," he replied, laughing. "But I want it."

"Don't eat anything that will give you indigestion," she continued. "I had it after the strawberry festival. It's terrible."

Quietly then they made their plans for their father's return. Eddy promised to go that same day to Joplin Westbury to ask for a month's vacation for Mr. Tolliver, to take effect the following Saturday. This would allow a full month after his return for winding up affairs in the old church before the formal dedication of the new.

"But if the board should object—" faltered Marjory.

"The board won't object," he declared firmly.

"Don't worry," counseled Ginger. "Leave it to Eddy. He's not so dumb."

But when Eddy broached the subject to Joplin Westbury, that influential man acquiesced with an alacrity which rather disconcerted than pleased him. He was prepared for arguments, expostulations, complaints about expense. Instead of this Joplin Westbury listened gravely, with his shrewd eyes reflectively narrowed, nodding his head in tacit agreement. Indeed there was something very much akin to relief in his manner.

He promised to consult the district superintendent by telephone the very

next day, and to call a special meeting of the official board. As he was already well in the confidence of most of the members, he felt himself quite safe in assuring Eddy that the plan would go forward just as he desired. Only one minor detail he wished altered. Mr. Tolliver needed more than a mere four weeks of rest, he must have eight weeks—his vacation must continue until the formal dedication of the church.

"We've got things well in hand, now, and what's left can wait until we've moved over. If a little rest will do him good, a big rest will do more. And that will bring us up nearly to the fall conference,—and if he is well, why, good. And if not,—why, there's no harm done."

A somewhat cryptic remark, but when Eddy Jackson asked for explanation, Joplin Westbrook was noncommittal.

"Oh, nothing,—nothing at all. But it's good to be prepared for any possible emergencies—both in the church—and out."

(To be continued)

Some Resolutions of the Publication Board

The members of the Publication Board met in Cleveland in July and among the resolutions passed were a number that are of interest to the readers of the "Baptist Herald."

The secretary of the Publication Board, Rev. S. Blum, sent in a complete copy of the minutes and assures us, we are at liberty to publish what may be of special interest to the "Herald" family.

1. The Editor of the "Baptist Herald" is requested to publish a series of biographical sketches of outstanding Christian leaders during the coming year.

2. Both of the editors of our papers, Rev. G. Fetzer and Rev. A. P. Mihm, were asked to publish articles by our leading brethren containing personal experiences and reminiscences about our work. These are to be collected later and, if possible, to be published in book-form.

3. The Publication Manager, Bro. H. P. Donner, is requested to present definite recommendations to the Publication Committee when he regards the time as ripe concerning the issuing of collections of German recitations and dialogues for use in our churches.

4. The brethren H. G. Schneck and F. W. C. Meyer are to confer with Prof. A. J. Ramaker concerning the possible collecting of historical material with a view to the publication of a history of the German Baptist work.

5. The report of the Editor of the "Baptist Herald" was read. Resolved that the Board takes full recognition of his faithful work, and that the secretary of the Board set up special resolutions of thanks and transmit them to our editor for publication.

• • • • •
A superintendent that ruleth his own spirit is greater than one who bawls out his people.

Fortieth Anniversary of Elgin B. Y. P. U.

The 40th anniversary of the Elgin, Iowa, B. Y. P. U. was held August 31.

For a number of years the society did not celebrate an anniversary but a few months ago we felt we ought not to overlook this important event in our history. Therefore a program committee was appointed and the following program adopted and rendered at the above mentioned date.

1. Song by audience.
2. Scripture reading by President M. Zurbriggen.
3. Prayer by Benjamin Baumgartner.
4. Song, Male Chorus.
5. Short speeches by M. Zurbriggen and Karl Miller, the new president of our Northwestern Conference B. Y. P. U. and S. S. Workers' Union.
6. Violin solo, Gust Hunger, accompanied by Leo Grether.
7. The "Sketch of the Past" by one of the charter-members, Hans Keiser, informed us vividly of the history of our society.
8. Quartet: Eda Zurbriggen, Gert. Hackman, Luella Miller, Esther Krueger.
9. Piano-duet, Freddie Lauer and Erna Grether.
10. Reading, Edna Miller.
11. Quartet, Mrs. F. Muehlethaler, Mrs. K. Hackman, Mrs. Esther Kiple, Mrs. Tofield Heck.
12. Pianologue, Grace Miller.
13. Duet, Clara Kohls, Karl Miller.
14. Festival speech, "A Prediction of the Future," Rev. Ph. Lauer.
15. Collection, offertory by Gertrude Hackman.
16. Song, Choir.
17. Prayer, Benediction, Rev. Ph. Lauer.
18. Refreshments.

The weather was very favorable and a full house listened attentively to the fine Christian numbers. The anniversary was a strong impetus to the entire society and its members are greatly encouraged to do their very best in the coming year. Those present were convinced that the society has many talented members. May each consecrate his gifts anew in the service of our Master!

PH. LAUER.

Pray Audibly—But

One day a little girl, about five years old, heard a ranting preacher praying most lustily, till the roof rang with the strength of his supplication. Turning to her mother, and beckoning the maternal ear down to a speaking-place, she whispered: "Mother, don't you think that if he lived nearer God he wouldn't have to talk so loud?"—King's Business.

Not Like Arctic Rivers

Spirit-filled Christians will never be like the rivers which flow into the Arctic Ocean—frozen at the mouth.—Selected.

Central Conference at Chicago

The 50th session of the Central Conference was held with the historic First German Baptist Church of Chicago, Ill., Rev. J. A. Pankratz, pastor, from Aug. 26-31. Of special interest, of course, was the fact that this was the Golden Jubilee of our Conference. Rev. G. Fetzer read a historical sketch of the Conference in which some interesting facts were brought to light. In the year 1880 the then Western Conference was divided into three Conferences, i. e. the Southwestern, the Northwestern and the Central. The latter, the smallest of the three, with a membership of 19 churches and 1154 church members was organized in Peoria, Ill. In the year 1890 there were 34 churches and 3416 members; in 1900 there were 41 churches and 4534 members; in 1910 there were 45 churches and 6247 members; in 1920 there were 35 churches and 5500 members; in 1930 there are 34 churches and 6564 members.

In the entire 50 years 12,018 members were received into the churches through baptism. In the first 10 years the total contributions for local and missionary and benevolent purposes amounted to \$243,978. But in the entire 50 years just a little less than \$5,000,000 were contributed for all purposes.

The Rev. Paul Wengel preached the opening sermon, Prof. L. Kaiser the Jubilee sermon. The Rev. John Leypoldt preached the missionary sermon and the Rev. Wm. Schmitt the sermon for the Y. P. and S. S. Workers. The Rev. H. W. Wedel preached the Sunday morning sermon and Prof. L. Kaiser the closing sermon.

The time and place of next year's meeting has been left in the hands of a committee. A. F. RUNTZ.

Wanted—A Hard Job

Forbidden for me an easy place,
O God, in some sequestered nook
Apart to lie,
To doze and dream and weaker grow.
And less and less to do or know,
Until I die.

Give me, O Lord, a task so hard
That all my powers shall taxed be
To do my best;
That I may stronger grow in toil.
For harder service fitted be,
Until I rest!

This my reward—development
From what I am to what thou art,
For this I plead!
Wrought out by being wrought upon,
By deeds reflexive, done in love,
For those in need!
Charles Earle in The Expositor.

Right ambitions will push you upward,
but wrong ambitions will pull you downward.

• • • • •
Every time you read the New Testament you become better acquainted with Jesus Christ.



Wetaskiwin, Alta., Male Choir
Mr. Edward Dickau, director, Mrs. Hannah Dickau, organist

Revival and Baptism at Fenwood, Sask., Canada

The above picture shows a group of the new converts who were baptized on Aug. 17 by Rev. E. S. Fenske. These are the fruits of the revival meetings which were held in the church at Fenwood from July 21-25, in which Rev. Willy Luebeck of Southey assisted. Bro. Luebeck preached every evening. God heard the earnest prayers of his children, so that at the close of the meetings there were eleven souls confessing Christ.

The 17th of August was then a day of special joy for the congregation here. In the morning service, Rev. E. S. Fenske preached a forceful sermon on "Gathering Souls," Isaiah 56:8. In the afternoon the baptism was held at a beautiful lake about 4 miles distant from church. After preaching a sermon on Acts 8:35-38, to a gathering of over 300 people, baptism followed. We then went back to church where Rev. Fenske spoke on "Remembering Christ," 2 Tim. 2:8. The hand of fellowship was extended to the newly baptized as well as to one brother, who has come from Poland and was received by letter. This beautiful day came to a close by partaking of the Lord's Supper, after which every one went home rejoicing and praising God.

MRS. E. S. FENSKE, Reporter.

Two Applications

I would that every student of the Bible would take the motto which Bengel took for his guidance in study: "Apply thyself wholly to the Scriptures, and apply the Scriptures wholly to thyself." Some are applying themselves wholly to the Scriptures with microscopic intensity of search and research, but they neglect the other half.—Northfield Calendar.

Finding the Right Note

That wonderful woman, Mrs. Frances Ridley Havergal, who was such a choice instrument in God's hands, once said: "Once the will of God was to me a sigh, but now it has become a song." When we are in tune with that sweet will it becomes easy to sing praise.

Wetaskiwin Male Choir

The Wetaskiwin male choir has rendered valuable service during the last few years.

Their singing at the regular and festive meetings of the home church has been a means of blessing and inspiration. Animated with a missionary spirit they also went out to neighboring churches and communities where the Gospel story is not well known. There they brought uplifting messages in song. "That we should be to the praise of his glory," is the aim of this choir. Truly: "Music is putting life into the heart and vision into the soul of men." A MUSIC LOVER.

Oregon Young People in Mass Meeting at Portland

The German Baptist Y. P. of Oregon held their annual mass meeting Tuesday evening, Aug. 26, at the First Church, Portland.

The mass meeting followed the second Annual Assembly, which terminated a week of session at Twin Rocks, Oregon.

The Rev. A. A. Schade, field secretary of the G. B. Y. P. and S. S. W. Union, was on the faculty at Twin Rocks and was the principal speaker at the mass meeting.

Rev. Schade's talk was especially for and about the Young People. The interesting message which was so inspiring and enlightening dealt with the problems of the Young People and their remedies.

We all feel grateful and thankful for having had the opportunity of hearing Rev. Schade's message so inspired with the truth of God.

Harry Johnson is president of the Young People's Association and presided at the mass meeting.

ANNA WARDIN, Reporter.

To be explosively generous has its advantages, but it does not compare with the "weekly-envelope" system.—Hugh Elmer Brown.

God and the Preacher

The parish priest of Austerity
Climbed up in a high church steeple,
To be nearer God, that he might hand
down
His word unto the people.

So he daily wrote in sermon script
What he thought was sent from heaven,
And he dropped this down on the people's
heads
Two times one day in seven.

In his age, God said: "Come down and
die."

And he cried from out the teepole.
"Where art thou, Lord?" and the Lord
replied,
"Down here, among my people."

W. C. Doane, in *British Weekly*.

Whitefield as a Revival Preacher

ERNA HOELZEN

Matthew Henry once said, "There are remains of great and good men, which like Elijah's mantle ought to be gathered up and preserved by the survivors—their sayings, their writings, their examples; that as their works follow them, they may stay behind in the benefit of them." No doubt just such thoughts and sentiments influenced our program committee to have the life of this great evangelist studied and reviewed. Surely the study of this character is one of the most healthful exercises that can engage a Christian heart. Such studies tend equally to humble, to instruct and to encourage; to excite love for Christ, zeal for his glory, and compassion for the souls of men.

It has ever been thus that those of our great preachers in the past who have succeeded best in proclaiming the Gospel to the masses, have been those men who not only were imbued with power from on high, not only experienced their message but also understood the age in which they lived. They studied the needs of high and low, of priest and peasant, of church and state, for their time.

Condition in England in 18th Century

To better understand this man and his labors let us review a few of the conditions that existed in the 18th century. In politics, England was the center due to her wonderful expansions throughout the world such as the conquest of India and America. To the sudden uprising of the English nation against the Stuarts which drove James II. from the throne succeeded the reign of William and Mary, and of Anne. Then followed the Georgian period, in its early years brutal in manners, corrupt in morals, infidel in principles. This century in literature as well as politics seemed a rather transitional and preparatory age. We have the beginning of the novel in those coarse stories of Fielding. In theology, Butler and Law are notable names.

The moral and religious conditions cried out for a revival. Political corruption

was rife, vice was hideous and unblushing, coarseness, profanity, drunkenness, gambling and debauchery desolated the land. The growth of skepticism was marked in all classes. Philosophical writers such as Bolingbroke and Hume brought churchly religion into contempt with thinking people. In his famous "Analogy" Bishop Butler complained, "It has come to be taken for granted that Christianity is no longer a subject of inquiry; but that it is now at length discovered to be fictitious. And accordingly it is treated as if, in the present age, this were an agreed point among all persons of discernment, and nothing remained but to set it up as a principal subject for mirth and ridicule." Even among professed Christians there was a great laxity of life and want of devotion to truth.

And what about the clergy, the preachers of the Gospel? Many of them were utterly unworthy. Preaching sank almost to its lowest point. It had no message and therefore it had no motive. Most clergymen seemed to be afraid to preach Christ crucified. One bishop told John Wesley that "Belief in the immediate guidance of God's Spirit was a horrid thing, a very horrid thing." Another complained of this same reformer because "he believed that God's Spirit was still in the world, miraculously renewing the hearts of men."

The core of the gospel was not to be found in the sermons of even preachers of note. Blackstone, the famous lawyer, when first he went to London visited church after church and "did not hear a discourse which had more Christianity in it than the writing of Cicero." He said it would have been impossible for him to discover from what he had heard whether the preacher was a follower of Confucius, Mohammed or Christ.

The Widespread Skepticism

of the age had made the preaching polemical and the general immorality had made the sermons ethical but there was no spiritual exaltation in either. The preaching of morals without any recognition of the regenerating power of the Holy Spirit was of little practical use. Certainly it failed to interest the congregations. "Dull, duller, duller" is the sentence passed by a competent critic.

Yet the situation was not entirely hopeless. The hidden life of piety among the people, small leaven though it was, demanded and responded to a presentation of gospel which should nourish the heart as well as the reason. So much has needed to be said about the condition of England at this time in order that we may appreciate the marvelous change which was wrought by the evangelical preaching of Whitefield and Wesley and their associates. This great movement reclaimed thousands of the lower and middle classes and to some extent reached the upper classes also. It changed the current of English thought and life towards a higher morality and a more spiritual religion.

Whitefield's Birthplace

Belcher's biography on George Whitefield says, "Rising from the beautiful valley of the Severn and on the borders of that noble stream, reposes in antique glory the city of Gloucester.... In that city the traveler may examine three spots which will long be interesting to the student of ecclesiastical curiosities. The first of these is the ancient church of Mary de Crypt, where reposes the dust of Robert Raikes, the founder of the Sunday school; the second is the little stone which marks the site on which the truly noble-minded Bishop Hooper was burnt, an early martyr of Bloody Mary's reign. The third spot and the one most interesting to us is the Bell Inn or hotel, yet standing though enlarged and beautiful. There Whitefield, the saint, the seraph, the angel flying in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel to preach to them that dwell on earth—first breathed the vital air."

Reared in an Inn

George Whitefield was born in 1714 the son of an innkeeper, who died leaving several children, when George was but two years old. When he was ten years old, his mother married again and with one of her older sons kept up a tavern. It was scarcely to be expected that a lad so brought up should escape serious faults of conduct and George became a "typical bad boy." His mother, however, was a god woman and her influence was not entirely lost. Evil and the good strove together in the youth and for a time it seemed as if the bad would win. He was full of mischief and pranks at home and school and fell into profanity, sometimes drank more than was good for him. Then one day this lad, after he had stolen his mother's purse and given part of the money to the poor, purloined books but these books of devotion, drawn liquor for the tipplers, entered Pembroke College, Oxford. From his childhood, Whitefield tells us, he was always fond of being a clergyman and used frequently to imitate the ministers' reading prayers. But up until this time, at the age of 18, the battle had been between a passion for the drama and a conviction that he must preach, for he had great dramatic and elocutionary powers. Although many a time his mind was turned with penitence to more serious thoughts of religion, it was not until his Oxford days that he was genuinely converted and fully consecrated himself to the ministry.

Joins the Holy Club

Here he met the Wesleys and joined the Holy Club. When 22 years old he was ordained by the Bishop of Gloucester and henceforth he lived to preach. Of his first sermon he says, "Some few mocked, but most for the present seemed struck." When 24 years old, at the urgent call of the Wesleys, Whitefield went to America. Thirteen times he crossed the Atlantic. At one time he preached 175 sermons in 75 days. His "short allowance" was once a day and three times on Sunday. On the return from his sec-

ond trip to America he found that the Wesleys had gone over to Arminianism and he withdrew from their fellowship because of his rigid Calvinism.

When the news reached London of the death of Whitefield in America, a follower of Whitefield went up to John Wesley and asked him if he expected to see Whitefield in Heaven. Wesley said that he did not. "Ah," said the woman, "I thought you would say that." "But wait, madam," added Wesley, "when I get to heaven George Whitefield will be so near the throne that a poor sinner like me will never get a glimpse of him." Whitefield first discovered the deep emotions he could stir in the hearts of his hearers when he was preaching to thousands of miners in the fields near Bristol and saw the white channels in their black faces made by the tears coursing down their cheeks. He left an unforgettable impression behind him wherever he preached. The masses of people, the philosophers, the actors, all heard him gladly.

Graphic Preaching

Preaching once in a drawing room to the aristocracy of London, he so graphically described a blind man on the verge of a precipice that the worldly Chesterfield cried out: "For heaven's sake, Whitefield, save him!" He could kindle at will in his hearers the same feelings which burned in his own breast. Franklin, who once went to hear him in Philadelphia, determined that he would give nothing for his collection and thus prove himself above the weakness of his fellow countrymen. As Whitefield proceeded, Franklin relented and decided to give what coppers he had; then the silver and then the gold and when the places were passed the begged a Quaker who sat next to him to lend him some money. "At any other time," was the rejoinder, "I would lend thee freely, but not now, for thee seems to be out of thy right senses."

Whitefield Was Always Ready

Passing over a common, he found himself surrounded by 1200 people collected to see a man hung on chains. Within sight of the criminal he preached within a few moments' time. At the famous Moorfield's fair in London, he started to preach at six o'clock in the morning and had an audience of 10,000 people. "For once," he says, "I got the start of the devil. I mounted my field pulpit, when all flocked immediately around it, I preached on these words, 'As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness,' etc. They gazed, they listened, they wept and I believe that many felt themselves stung with the deep conviction of their past sins." The drummers, puppet shows, players found their occupation gone. At the sight of Whitefield's robes even the clown was deserted. Stones and dirt and rotten eggs and dead cats were flung at him in vain.

Dies in America

In 1770 in Newburyport, Mass., worn out with labors and grievously suffering with asthma, he came to his journey's

end. But just before ascending the stair to go to bed that night he stopped with the candle in his hand, and spoke to the gathered company till the candle burned out.

The inner spirit and outward effects of Whitefield's preaching have already been somewhat indicated. Perhaps some of the leading characteristics of his preaching are those a London writer suggested.

He Preached Christ

"First. The prominence given to leading truths of salvation, and the constant exaltation of Christ in them. The pervading theme of this popular minister was Christ and his crucifixion. He saw at once the hollowness and insufficiency of the sermons of his day. As to their prescriptions of ceremonial virtue and sacramental grace he knew them not. His acquaintance with the human heart was deep and his knowledge of the various forces of original sin was so great that he despaired to preach any other saving power but the gospel of the grace of God. To set Christ forth in the glories of his wonderful person, the variety of his offices, the perfection of his righteousness, the completeness of his atonement, was his perpetual aim. His was a positive message and this gave him the key to the hearts of many.

A Passion for Souls

Second. The glow of feeling, the melting compassion, which pervaded his own soul. He stood among them as one of their race, one of their number conscious of the common misery into which all had fallen. Not as one who had a cold lecture on ethics to deliver, or some philosophical thought to expound or a problem in mathematics to solve, but he spoke as one who felt the weight of his great commission and knew the worth of never dying souls. 'Out of the abundance of his heart' he spoke to others.

He Appealed to the Heart

Thirdly. The direct address of his ministry. The characteristic mode of his preaching was to direct his appeal to the hearts and consciences of his hearers and to 'preach to the people and not harangue before them. He constantly used the personal pronoun 'you.' Had he called the people by name, they could not have been more certain that he intended his message for them.

Fourthly. His habitual dependence on the Spirit of God, and his earnest aspiration for the manifestation of his power. That he was conscious of his own superior talents as an orator, and knew how to employ them on sacred themes, that he had a good amount of common and sacred learning at his command, that he understood the powers and passion of the human soul, are facts that accompany him in his labors. But with all these there is manifested an underlying dependence on the power and grace of the Spirit of God. In reviewing his labors it can also be said that his sentiment was: 'I have planted, Apollos watered, but God gave

the increase.' 'Not I but the grace of God was with me.'

Dargan says: "Whitefield's life was a busy, eventful life, crowded with striking details; his character had enough of human weakness to check extravagant eulogy but stands out lofty, pure, magnificent, beyond depreciating by criticism; the fruits of his abundant labors remain a benediction to mankind and his preaching, for earnestness, eloquence and immediate effect was the admiration of his own age, and of the Christian pulpit for all time.

New Books

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

Sugar is Sweet. By Dorothy M. McConnell and Margaret E. Forsyth. A course on the Caribbean Islands for Junior Boys and Girls.—The Friendship Press, New York. Cloth, \$1.00. Paper 75 cts.

Children of Sea and Sun. By Mabel Garrett Wagner. A course on the Caribbean Islands for Primary Boys and Girls.—The Friendship Press, New York.—Cloth \$1.00. Paper 75 cts.

Porto Rican Neighbors. By Charles W. St. John. Friendship Press, New York. Cloth \$1.00.

Three splendid books on the Home Mission Study course recommended for the year by the Missionary Education Movement. The first two of the above books contain stories, outline of the courses as conducted in the classes, worship material, dramatizations, games and music. They are instructive and attractive and in the hands of a capable leader will certainly make the story of missions and world friendship interesting for the age groups intended. The third book contains five stories with appropriate illustrations. It makes a nice gift book for a child.

West Indian Treasures. By Winifred Hulbert. Illustrated by Margaret Ayer. Friendship Press, New York. Cloth \$1.00. Paper 75 cts.

Stories of the West Indies that will make the history and the peoples of these Islands fascinating to young people.

Bhaskar and His Friends. By Clara Gray Larabee. A Course on India for Primary Children.—Friendship Press, New York. Cloth \$1.00. Paper 75 cts.

The Star of India. By Isabel Brown Rose. Illustrated by Edith E. Stratton.—Friendship Press, New York. Cloth \$1.00. Paper 75 cts.

A splendid book on India for Young People.

These two books do for India what the three others mentioned above do for the West Indies. India is at a crisis of her history. We ought to know more about that great land and people that need to be won to Christ.

Men use dynamos to generate electricity, and wise Sunday school superintendents use a Weekly Teacher's Meeting to generate power to run a Sunday school.

God Is a Poor Shopkeeper

ANDERSON M. SCRUGGS

God is a poor shopkeeper, so it seems,
He gives no thought to market or supply,
But heaps the counters of the earth with
dreams

That busy-minded people will not buy.
In most absurd extravagance, he throws
His rainbow-tinted scarves around the
sun,

And on the canopy at night he strews
A million gems to feast the eyes upon.

But people passing by will take no heed,
Whose minds are turbulent with little
things;

Enough for them that each tomorrow
brings

The tawdry toys that satisfy their need.
God looks down from his mountains in
amazement;

And sees them rushing to some bargain
basement.

Holland's Magazine.

"The Pastor and His Young People"

A CORRESPONDANCE BY ARMIN N. BENDER

3242 Le Moyne Avenue.
Chicago, Ill.
June 18, 1930.

Rev. A. P. Mihm,
Forest Park, Ill.

Dear Mr. Mihm:

In the last number of the "Herald," June 15, on page 14, is a short article entitled "The Pastor and His Young People." I feel that some of the thoughts expressed therein ought to be qualified and commented upon. I am going to do so, not so much in an antagonistic spirit—for after all my ideas are only individual reactions—but rather in a manner meant to promote discussion and thought.

"Very rarely," says the article, "will a group of young people be disappointed when they go to their pastor with their individual or group problems." Limited to our German Baptist denomination, this may be true. But did the writer of this article ask himself just what kind of problems they are that young people will take to their pastor? There are several subjects which young people in our churches will rarely continue to take to their pastors. The problems of dancing and the movies are outstanding as illustrations. There are dozens of pastors in our denomination who will never mention these things on the pulpit. Why? Because, as a rule, they do not disapprove of dancing and the movies in themselves. Yet they are not free to say so from the pulpit because of the older element in the churches, to whom these things signify the surest way to damnation. What is the relationship of these pastors to their young people? No one knows. The majority of our young people attend the movies. They are sincere in doing so. But just what can be expected of them or of the pastor when the conditions I outlined above exist? Obviously the pastor cannot openly commend the young

people for attending the movies. He cannot even speak in general terms. He would lose his job before he knew it, for the young people do not control the church.

On the other extreme there are those pastors who are avowedly against the movies and dancing. Just what can the young people do in such cases? I am convinced that our young people as a group no longer argue about the desirability of the movies. They are concerned now primarily with the question of how far they may go as Christians. They realize that to gain the respect of the people around them they cannot avoid the issue, by flatly condemning them, but rather by doing their part in making the public's demand for higher grade productions more potent and pronounced. And yet there is no real understanding between these young people and their disapproving ministers. Obviously it is hard to maintain harmony. To me it is a wonder that our churches get along as well as they do—for it is easy to see that if the pastor and young people are at extremes on such vital points, the young people can hardly be expected to listen whole-heartedly to sermons and addresses delivered week after week for their benefit.

And the tragedy of the situation is that our churches differ so radically in this respect. No two pastors can be counted upon for the same interpretation. On the whole the young people, however, are one in their attitude. One finds the young people of a narrow-construction church attending as many dances and movies as those in a liberal one. The only difference—and it is a lamentable one—is that in the former church the young people through their membership technically are at one with the policy of the church administration, whereas in reality they are not.

On the editorial page, number three, is this sentence: "The world needs the strength and the vigor of youth. It is always growing old and is in danger of becoming too conservative, afraid to venture forth into unexplored fields and to undertake untried projects." This is certainly truth—but it is my impression that in our German churches at present it is hard to realize because of the diversities in standard as outlined above. What we as young people are doing, it is easy to see, is in reality done under cover. We do not feel an approving eye over us.

I think that these thoughts are worth our consideration. I am convinced that solution to them will constitute very largely the future of our work.

Very sincerely and fraternally,
ARMIN N. BENDER.

"I suppose you will want me to give up my job, Henry, when we are married?"
"How much do you earn at it?"

"Sixty a week."
"That isn't a job. That's a career. I wouldn't want to interfere with your career, dear."—Louisville Courier.

What Do I Owe?

What do I owe to the Lord?
My love? Surely that is all
He should ask of one like me,
When I heed his anxious call.

Then what do I owe the Lord?
My Time? How much then, I pray;
Do I owe him every hour,
Or only each week one day?

What do I owe to the Lord?
My talents? But they are few;
Does he wish them for himself,
No matter what their hue?

What do I owe to the Lord?
My money? It isn't much;
Can he take my little mite,
And increase it by his touch?

What do I owe to the Lord?
My life? Feeble though it be
Will he make it fit to dwell,
With him through Eternity?

What do I owe to the Lord?
The answer comes clear and plain:
"My child, give me your all,
That in your life I may reign."
—W. B. M.

Babe Ruth in the Bible:

Down in St. Petersburg, Fla., last spring we called on a nice old lady and found her much disturbed. "In my 'Northwestern Advocate,'" she said, "they tell how a questionnaire was sent to 100 Northwestern university students and only 11 of them knew who Saul was, but every one knew who Babe Ruth was."

We laughed, in moderation, but she went on earnestly: "I've read my Bible through and thought I knew it pretty well, but I can't find Babe Ruth. The first time she was mentioned she was a widow."

Naw, Just a Separation

Bashful Clerk (trying to get up courage enough to ask for a raise): "Why—er, the fact is that my wife and I find it very hard for two people to live on my salary."

The Boss: "Yea? Well, just what do you expect me to do—grant you a divorce?"

Powder

Somebody wrote this for the truth.
Judge for yourself:

"A hundred years ago today
A wilderness was here;
A man with powder in his gun
Went forth to hunt a deer.
But now the times have changed some-
what,

Along a different plan;
A dear with powder on her nose
Goes forth to hunt a man."

Don't shun the little things—it takes
a mastery of detail to produce an artist.

Annual Report of the Oak Street Church, Burlington, Ia.

June 25, 1930

We thank God that we have been privileged to carry on the work without interruption since our last report. In our preaching we have endeavored to exalt Jesus Christ and to interpret his teaching in the light of the problems of our generation. We are convinced that the Gospel of Jesus Christ is the only hope for the world, and that the realization of this hope depends upon his followers.

The meeting of the Northwestern Conference with this church gave us the opportunity of coming into closer contact with our denominational work, and the celebration of our 60th anniversary marked a milestone in the history of the church. The loss by death and removal of a number of prominent and valued members was a painful experience to the church and the pastor. There were days so dark and gloomy, that only the assurance that every Gethsemane and every Calvary must have its Easter morn, sustained our faith. We wish to pay loving tribute to such departed members as Brothers F. C. Lohman, F. C. Mueller, H. G. Ficken, and Mrs. Minnie Zenk. Verily their works do follow them. Mention should also be made of Mr. and Mrs. Edw. Kohrs, whose removal was a distinct loss to the church. However, we have also experienced seasons of refreshing and ingathering. We were privileged to baptize 19 during the current year and receive 10 others by letter or experience. Owing to the fact that we are pruning our membership list of some of its "dead timber," we have a net loss to report. This ought to humble us before God.

Last fall we commenced inviting groups of members to the parsonage for a social evening once a week. The illness of Mrs. Zummach compelled us to abandon the plan for the time being. We hope and pray that her condition will so improve that we can resume the plan at some future date. We set ourselves the goal of calling on every member of the church during the year, we regret that in a number of cases we were unable to carry out this plan fully. However, it will have been fully accomplished before the summer is over. We again suggest, that the members could greatly assist the pastor in this matter, if they would make an appointment when all the members of the family could be at home. Also, the cards, placed in the pews, should be made use of, for the purpose of keeping check on the sick, the stranger, etc. You can be a great help to the pastor and the church by making ample use of them.

The purchase of 350 new Baptist Hymnals supplied a long-felt want in the church. Also the equipping of the gallery with new seats, was not alone a decided improvement, adding greatly to the appearance of the auditorium, but incidentally made possible a much better arrangement in our Intermediate and Senior departments. The Service Guild, the

Ladies' Missionary Society and some of the other organizations have done a notable piece of work during the past year, and their example deserves emulation. Our church debt has been reduced by approximately \$3000 since our last report, and we are now in a position where we can hope to wipe it out in the very near future. We wish to repeat what we said last year, that we must continue to educate our members to realize their financial responsibility to the church. Only a systematic and persistent campaign for an every member, systematic contribution to the budget of the church, can cure the present situation, where a large number of members make no contribution whatsoever to the church.

As to the spiritual condition of the membership,—it is impossible for any human being to sit in judgment; only God, the searcher of all hearts, can be the true judge. There are seasons of ebb and flow in the soul of the individual, as well as in the life of the church. There are times when the flame of the Spirit burns brightly, and times when it is almost quenched by the spirit of worldliness and indifference. That some of our members are in this stage, we cannot deny.

There are also those, who because of ancient or fancied grievances permit themselves to harbor an unkind spirit toward the church, and rob themselves of the blessings they might receive, if they would share the fellowship of Christ with their fellow-members. Spiritual poverty is the certain result of such an attitude, and if persisted in is followed too often by moral delinquency and spiritual death. We hope they will realize their condition before it is too late. The best nurtured and most steadfast Christians are those who partake regularly of the "Bread of Life."

The work of the B. Y. P. U. has been carried on with faithfulness on the part of those entrusted with it leadership. The results have not been all that we might expect. Bro. Schade's visit was helpful. It may be, that we have yet to solve the problem of the B. Y. P. U. New methods may have to be devised to meet new conditions. There is nothing to be gained by clinging to old methods after they have outlived their usefulness. And yet our future church leadership must be developed here.

The attendance of our Sunday school has not met our expectations. While the enrolment remains about the same, our average attendance has fallen below that of the previous year. It would be easy to place the blame for this upon the leaders and teachers, but that might be hitting wide of the mark. Irregular attendance on the part of the pupils can in most cases be traced to indifference on the part of the parents. This, of course, does not absolve the teacher from his responsibility. Regular attendance on the part of the teacher, and a warm personal interest in the individual members of the class are essential. A campaign for an

increased attendance in our Sunday school is in order. The need for a "Teacher Training Class" has become imperative, and ways and means will have to be found to organize one in the near future. We suggest the Sunday School Workers' Union again meet monthly.

While we have been gratified by the response of the young people in attending Divine worship, still the proportionate attendance leaves much to be desired. We cannot help but impress upon the parents and teachers the importance of inculcating in the child the habit of church-going in the formative period of his life. There is no valid reason why every teacher and pupil in the Sunday school from the Junior grade up, at least, should not attend Divine worship in the morning. The Sunday school is not an end to itself, but a means to an end, and unless it trains the young people for Christian service through the church, it has failed in one of its most important aspects. The fact that many of the older folks, and even some of the teachers in the Sunday school do not remain for the morning service, is setting a bad example to the young. Unwittingly they become a stumbling block in the spiritual life of some child. May God forgive us this offense, and may we repent!

Our Daily Vacation Bible School has an enrollment of 100, though the average attendance is 66. Here again, irregular attendance is our chief handicap. We have learned some things this year, which should keep us from making the same mistakes next year. The fact that so many of the pupils come from homes not connected with the church, while many of the children of members are absent, leads us to wonder, if outsiders do not value this form of religious education better than some of our own members. Mr. Lutz has been doing fine work and we consider his employment for the summer a good investment, and hope the employment of a student for the summer months will become one of the regular features of our church program.

In conclusion we wish to express our appreciation to the many loyal and faithful members of the church, to the various Boards and organizations, the teachers in the Sunday school, and all the officers, and to Miss Jordan, our missionary, for their devotion and loyalty during the past year. Some, it is true, still have to learn to subvert their own wishes to the common good, but the great mass of our members are devoted and loyal. The observance of the pastor's wedding was a gracious act, and one we cannot pass over without mentioning. We pray that for the coming year we may be among you as "one that serveth," and we are never so happy as when we are permitted to serve in some capacity.

Yours in His Service,

CHAS. F. ZUMMACH.

Good cheer is a great missionary.
Christians do a world of good just by
being happy.

The German Baptists' Life Association

860 Walden Ave., Buffalo, New York



Courtesy of Fraternal Age Magazine

All My Wordly Goods

By Tom H. Roberts

OUR wedding was such a happy and exciting event that it took some time for my mind to get on its feet again. Of course I was up in the air. I was getting the most wonderful girl in the world. My dreams were coming true. I was the happiest man alive.

You know how it is at a wedding; the groom doesn't amount to much. Everybody is interested in the beauty of the bride and how she is dressed. And Mary was certainly beautiful that day. It was not a big wedding, and everything went off on schedule, but I was in a daze. I suppose all bridegrooms are that way.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"But how?" I was surprised and excited.

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

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

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

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

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

I was born

Name

Address