

The Baptist Herald

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

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Number Seven

What Does Easter Mean To You ?

What does Easter mean to you?
Stately church with cushioned pew,
Where Lenten season gone at last,
And days of self-denial past,
Richly clad devoted throngs
Of worshippers unite in songs
Of praise in lily-scented air?
Is this what makes your Easter fair?

Does it mean the end of winter's reign,
Bright skies and welcome warmth again,
Singing of birds, budding of trees,
Sweet spring odors on the breeze
From daffodil and crocus bed
And balsam-branches over-head?
Sad is the world and cold and gray
If this is all of Easter day.

But if this blessed season brings
A firmer faith in holy things,
Assurance of a living Lord,
A strengthening of the tender chord
Of love, that binds us to the life to come
Where loved ones wait us in the heavenly home,
No pain, no loss can e'er efface this bliss
Dear Friend, of Easter, when it means all this.

What's Happening

Rev. Herbert A. Meyer, pastor of the Immanuel Church, near Okeene, Okla., has resigned and closed his pastorate with the church. His address for the present will be at Ingersoll, Okla.

Rev. J. J. Abel of Canton, O., upon request visited the pastorless church at Newcastle, Pa., on Feb. 15 and held two services on that Sunday in Newcastle and one in the afternoon at Elwood City. It was a day of blessing and at the evening meeting five persons accepted the Lord Jesus Christ.

The Mission Circle of Bethany Church, Lincoln Co., Kans., celebrated its anniversary on Feb. 15. The general theme of the program was: "The Home and Religious Training of the Children," portrayed by two plays: "For their Sakes" and "The Only Day I have." The Bethany Band played a number of selections. The audience showed its appreciation of the program by an offering of over \$60.

Four new class rooms were dedicated on Friday evening, March 6, at the State Park church, Peoria, Ill. The large gallery has been rebuilt to make three splendid rooms. Another room has been added to the Beginners and Primary Department. On Feb. 26 the Agoga class entertained the Men's Club of Pekin with an oyster supper and program. Rev. L. H. Broecker was the speaker for the occasion.

Mrs. Anna Elizabeth Hoops, beloved wife of John F. Hoops and mother of the Rev. Frederick Hoops of New York City and Mrs. Herman F. Beck of Summit, N. J., passed into rest on March 11 at Newark, N. J., in her 78th year. She was notably active in the Evangel Baptist Church Newark, where she founded the Women's Missionary society and acted as president for many years. She was a true mother in Israel. We extend heartfelt condolence and sympathy to the bereaved, especially to Bro. Hoops, the pastor of the Second German church of New York City.

The Michigan House of Representatives and the Senate on February 20 adopted a concurrent resolution conveying their heartfelt congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Conrad J. Netting on their fortieth wedding anniversary. Mr. Netting has been a valued member of the Michigan Legislature since 1923. He and his good wife are honored and beloved members of the Bethel Church, Detroit, and active in both local church work and denominational activities. The "Baptist Herald" family joins with a multitude of friends in these congratulations and extends heartiest good wishes for many years to come.

Rev. O. R. Schroeder, pastor of the Anaheim, Cal., church, baptized two boys on Feb. 22, who had been converted during the week of prayer in January. At the "White Christmas" of the Sunday

school over \$200 was raised by the various classes. At the annual meeting of the church an increase in membership and a surplus in the treasury were reported. Evangelist H. C. Baum held meetings with the church from Feb. 22-March 1. Though no conversions resulted, yet the church was strengthened by the faithful presentation of the word. Pastor Schroeder is entering the seventh year of his pastorate.

Rev. Fred. W. Mueller, pastor of our church in Vancouver, B. C., had the joy of baptizing six persons on Feb. 22. They were the fruit of recent revival meetings in which his father from Edmonton assisted. Some who had fallen away were re-established in the Christian life so that sixteen were received into church fellowship at the Lord's Supper on March 1. About 100 are enrolled in the young people's society and the attendance usually runs over that number. Meetings are held each Sunday night before the regular church service. The B. Y. P. U. orchestra adds much to the enthusiasm of the gatherings. The society recently inscribed "One Lord one faith one baptism," Eph. 4:5 (in German) above the baptistry.

Donation Day, Chicago Home for the Aged

The annual Donation Day will be held at the German Baptist Home for the Aged, 1851 N. Spaulding Ave., Chicago, Ill., on Easter Monday, April 6, 1931, at 2 P. M. The Schwestern Bund (Ladies Union) of Chicago and vicinity wish to extend a hearty invitation to all our young readers of the "Baptist Herald" to join with us at the Home and make the old folks happy; also your gifts will be thankfully accepted, be they large or small. There will be an interesting program, also cake and coffee served. Donations can be sent directly to German Baptist Home for the Aged, 1851 N. Spaulding Ave., Chicago, Ill.

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A Few Surprises at the Walnut Street Baptist Church, Newark, N. J.

The first surprise was on the pastor. His birthday being on February 22, the Sunday school expressed its best wishes with a pretty bouquet which was presented by little Joan Rauscher of the Beginner's Dept., after which the Asst. Supt., Mr. John Gerber, made a few remarks. In the evening the pastor was again agreeably surprised with a check for \$25, which was presented in behalf of the church by the treasurer, Mr. John Gerber. Don't you wish you had a birthday on February 22nd?

The other surprise was on Mr. and Mrs. Aug. Buermann, Monday, March 9, the occasion being their 20th Wedding Anniversary. About 85 relatives and

members of the church gathered in the church basement while next door at the parsonage an Official Board meeting was held of which Mr. Buermann is a member. He was asked to bring his wife with him for a social time after the business session. At 8.45 P. M. the members of the Board proceeded to the church to investigate a few needs in regard to renovation of the Sunday school auditorium. Upon entering the church the strains of Lohengrin's Wedding March were heard and Mr. and Mrs. Buermann were escorted downstairs where the guests were assembled. And what a surprise it was! Of course they had to be remarried and many humorous and solemn promises were demanded of them to the great amusement of all. Mr. Louis Nutto was the soloist for the occasion and sang "O promise me" and "I love you truly" accompanied by Mrs. Rauscher at the piano. A beautiful bouquet of roses was presented to Mrs. Buermann from the Ladies' Missionary Society by its president, Mrs. A. Neuschaefer.

Mrs. Buermann has been president of this society for many years. A pretty set of China ware was also presented in behalf of the members of the church by the pastor. Refreshments were furnished by the relatives of the bride and groom. Among the many after dinner speakers at the occasion was also Bro. G. Sack of the Temple Baptist Church in Pittsburgh who had been a guest at Buermann's on Sunday. His plan to leave on Monday was changed when he heard of the surprise and he cleverly managed to prolong his visit without giving away the secret. A most congenial fellowship brought to a close this pleasant anniversary surprise. * * *

Pie as a sole item of diet is not to be recommended; neither is pleasure as a daily program.

The Baptist Herald

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The Baptist Herald

The Heart of Christianity

A. J. GOSSIP

WE are apt to forget that the heart of Christianity, its innermost sanctuary, its most dazzling glory and the chief source of its power is not even the Cross. It is the open grave.

To me indeed the cross must always be a very central thing. Whenever I wander far from Calvary I, for one, begin to lose sight of the Master and have to get back. And yet is there not a real point in Michelangelo's indignant protest, when he turned in his stormy way upon his fellow-painters and demanded, "Why do you keep filling gallery after gallery with endless pictures of the one ever-reiterated theme, of Christ in weakness, Christ upon the cross, Christ dying, most of all Christ hanging dead? Why do you concentrate upon that passing episode, as if that were the last word and the final scene, as if the curtain dropped upon that horror of disaster and defeat? At worst all that lasted for only a few hours. But to the end of eternity Christ is alive, Christ rules and reigns and triumphs."

And, if we would help people to be valiant in their Christian living, it is that we should be ringing out over the world: that Christ has won, that evil is toppling, that the end is sure, that nothing can for long resist our mighty and resistless Lord. That is the tonic we need to keep us healthy, the trumpet blast to fire our blood, and send us crowding and eager to face anything, laughing and singing and recklessly unafraid, because the feel of victory is in the air, and our hearts thrill to it.

Paint Christ, cried Michelangelo, not dead, but risen, with his foot set in scorn on the split rock with which they sought to hold him down! Paint him the Lord of life! Paint him as what he is, the irresistible victor who, tested to the uttermost, has proven himself in very deed mighty to save!

That surely is the Easter note. Good Friday is Good Friday. And, while the darkness lasts, it is well and seemly to gather in it on that little hill; to grope our slow way through it toward that central cross; to stand there dumb and stunned, looking on him whom we have pierced, and then with horror at our hands, red with his blood; to gaze and gaze, with all our being, till the thing comes home to us, grows real and vivid and tremendous and forces us, whether we will or no, to love this mighty Lover, who first loved us.

But Easter is Easter. The darkness, blessed be God's name, is gone. And we, who have been redeemed by precious blood, would join ourselves to those who are fully redeemed, would take part in that long shout of praise and adoration with which yonder they acclaim the Christ who died once, but who is alive for evermore, who is indeed buried in

weakness but who rose in power, who reigns upon God's Throne, with the grim principalities that thought to master him, beaten down and cringing beneath his triumphant feet.

It was Easter that made the church. And it is Easter alone that can bring us through with heads up and our hearts gallantly defiant.

What Easter Means to Me

EASTER means to me that a window has been thrown open somewhere, revealing glimpses of a shoreless sea. It means that the horizon has been pushed back infinitely far. My stifled spirit, cramped by its earth environment, breathes deep and long the pure air of an expanding hope. It means that my real self—the self that thinks and feels and wills—is to persist; defying all limitations, surviving the wreck of the body, bursting into some new form of expression as the seed which falls into the ground and dies reappears in flower and fruit. It is only the husk of my life that will be bruised and broken by the ruthless years. The kernel will live. I—the real I—cannot grow old, cannot be touched by illness, crushed by failure or killed by death.

And why? Because the risen Christ has given me an unconquerable soul. Accepting him—that is, accepting his interpretation of God, his conception of life, his standards of conduct, his ideals of service—has given to me "the life that is life indeed." He has communicated to me the true wealth of spirit which is enduring, abiding. No moth nor rust can corrupt it. No thief can steal it. With a pierced hand he threw open the window, pushed back the horizon, and put eternity in my heart. Life, life abundant, life everlasting, is his gift to me and to the world.—Selected.

Tortoise or Hare?

TWO thousand years ago Æsop matched the tortoise and the hare in the strangest race in all history, and to the amazement of the spectators the tortoise won.

These two ancient adversaries seem to be matched again in our modern church life.

Easter morning brings to the church all the hares dressed in new clothes, ready to show the world how good they are and how good they look. The churches are full of hares on all special occasions. Here and there, in a large congregation, will be seen a tortoise sitting in his or her accustomed place.

The victor in Æsop's fable was the slow-plodding tortoise. The victor in church life is the steady-goer. How long would our churches last if they had to depend on the Easter and Christmas parades? We need more of the kind that keep going all the time.—C. E. World.

Of Some Who Despise and Some Who Inspire Youth

F. C. HOGGARTH

(1 Sam. 16 and 17)

SOME of the loveliest stories in the world concern the inspiration and direction of young lives. The world owes much to those who, passing on their way, had insight enough to help a dreaming and struggling youth. There is for instance the story of the young shepherd, tending his father's sheep on the Umbrian hills. He had little education except that of Nature, of the mountains, and the pastures. He early revealed his bent for drawing upon the rocks with a piece of slate. One day Cimabue, the famous painter of Florence, traveling through the district, noticed the lad and was impressed by the skill and promise in his work. He got his father's permission to take him to his studio in Florence. Thus the boy got his chance—found a field of expression and discipline for the art that was struggling for utterance—to permanently enrich the world's treasure of beauty. That shepherd boy was Giotto, whose Shepherd's Tower in Florence has "stood out through the centuries as pure as a lily and as rare a thing as can be seen on God's earth."

There is a somewhat similar story of help in the case of

John Greenleaf Whittier

As a boy on his father's farm he had started to write verse. His sister, persuaded that her brother's verses were as good as any printed in the local paper, took some of them, unknown to Whittier, and dropped them into the editor's letter box, twelve miles away in a neighboring town. The verses were published and the editor, Lloyd Garrison, one day drove out to the Whittier homestead. The youth was at work in the fields. He was shy and awkward, and only after considerable persuasion on his sister's part did he consent to see Garrison. That also was a memorable beginning, through which Whittier found his life's work in the cause of slave emancipation.

There is, however, no more beautiful and human story of this kind than

The Meeting of the Shepherd Boy David and the Prophet Samuel

It is a great scene, that awaits a great artist. He was the youngest son, and seems to have been something of a family drudge.

When the family and the people of the village gather for the feast and for the reception of the great prophet, David, as being of no significance, is left out of the picture. The father and the elder brothers monopolize the scene. No minors are wanted and no women! Doubtless they thought they filled the picture rather well! David may have got used to such treatment, he may not. Bernard Shaw has a serving man in one of his plays who gets tired of being thought of and spoken of as a servant. Something within him revolts and he asks to be

treated as a man. It is the protest of personality that hungers for recognition and for reverence. That is also one of the great hungers of adolescence to which older people at times can be strangely unsympathetic and blind. The self-display of youth is an instance of such hunger.

The first hint that the picture is incomplete comes from the distinguished visitor. Samuel may have met the lad on the pastures and been impressed by him. So David is fetched from the fields and finds, in spite of all, a central place in the picture. One wonders what he thought of it all and what Eliab, the eldest brother, thought of it.

A story is told of a traveler in one of our big cities who, on coming out of the station,

Asked a Street Urchin

the way to the City Hall. The lad indicated the direction and the traveler went on his way. Presently he heard a little voice beside him. "Please, sir, do you know how many people there are in this city?" asked the voice. "No, my lad—there are a great number. Why do you ask?"

"Well, sir," he replied, "I was wondering why you should pick me out of all the people in this city to show you the way." Thus to be picked out was evidently for him as wonderful as it was delightful.

David, doubtless, would feel something of the same wonder. His thoughts, however, are unrecorded. If only we had the story from his point of view! So often in history the unrecorded point of view would be the most interesting of all!

What, we wonder, was his attitude to Samuel? What did the youth know about the greatest man in Israel—last of the judges, first of the prophets—king maker and king rebuker? Would the story of Samuel's boyhood and the incident "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth" be familiar to David? Boys are naturally hero-worshippers. Likely enough Samuel was, of all contemporaries, the boy's hero.

As he followed the sheep—what had been the thought and dreams of his youth? Were there any visions of future greatness, any secret ambitions, any hope of escape from the drudgery of the fields?

A King Cannot Be Made Out of a Youth Who Is Content to Be a Drudge

A boy was once seriously taken to task by his mother for neglecting lessons and preferring to be out among the horses and cattle of a neighboring farm. She painted glowing possibilities if only he would apply himself to his school tasks. The current lecture finished, he quietly said: "But, mother, I don't want to be the Prime Minister." And Prime Ministers are not made of unambitious material of that kind. Here we are dealing with the illimitable soul of a boy, of which the record gives not so much as a glimpse. The story as it has come down to us seems too official. Would Samuel anoint the boy David as future king in the presence of his brothers? May it not be that in the narrative things that in their happening were obscure were, in the light of later events, written as though there were no mystery at all? Necessarily only a small part of all that happens is recorded, and imagination

must try to supply the more human and psychological aspects of the story.

To David the act would be human, rather than official. The real anointing would be not an external manual act but a contagion from the prophet's spirit. If there had been those dreams and secret aspirations—if Samuel was the lad's hero—then how great and memorable day was this, thus to be singled out and to have understanding and inspiring words spoken—especially in view of the despising attitude of some others. One had often to be content with much less than that from one's hero. A glimpse as he passes through a crowded street, or a touch of the door knob where he lives, or perchance his autograph, has usually to suffice. An experience like David's is to have one's cup of hero-worship filled to overflowing.

Thus to come out of the shadow of neglect into the sunshine of recognition, to be told there's a future and a hope, is indeed a thrilling experience, the biggest than can come to a youth. The vague dreams of former days may have been in that day gathered up in one dominating life ideal. And implanted ideals have a way of fulfilling themselves. They mean kindling, and direction. All true anointing is of the heart rather than of the hand. That was Samuel's gift to David.

It has been said that

The Chief Value of Great Men

is to fertilize the imagination of youth. What some might imagine a mere incident of their influence, is thus set down as the chiefest work. Prophets, reformers, explorers, never do anything greater than the kindling of youth. Livingstone's chief value was thus not in Africa, but in the influence of those African experiences on the youth of England and of America. By his life, and not least by his death at Ilala, he kindled the imagination and the devotion of hosts of men whose chief ambition was to follow in his footsteps. Nor is such influence by any means at an end. Perhaps we never do any more worth-while work than to introduce real heroes to the young. For they will have heroes, and almost everything depends on their finding heroes of the right kind.

The kindling of youth for life's highest purposes is our main adult responsibility. As elder brothers, or teachers, or parents, that is our holiest and loveliest task. Eliab seems not to have thought of that, so impressed was he with his adult importance. He adopted a hopeless attitude. To take the way of scorn and of despising, of superiority and of criticism, is to destroy any chance of being a helpful or inspiring influence. The number who take that way is amazing. There are not enough true helpers of youth to go round. Vast numbers of young people seem to pass through adult hands without having their imaginations fertilized in this great way, without any real anointing for the true kingships of life. The failure is mainly a failure of character. Our adult lives are too commonplace, too mediocre, there is so little about many of them that is inspired or inspiring. The head of one of our public schools

recently said that the more he saw of the average parent, the more he admired the average boy!

The first law of such kindling influence is that there should be something of the heroic and the inspiring about us. Nor is that as impossible as it sounds. It means we have to be bigger people, nobler personalities, more daring, more unselfish, probably more unconventional, certainly more loving, and more patient and more interested and more human. It means, in a word, that we have to be Christians.—The Church School Journal.

Over Against the Treasury

EDITH GURLEY

Over against the treasury
He sits who gave himself for me.

He sees the coppers that I give,
Who gave his life that I might live.

He sees the silver I withhold,
Who left for me his throne of gold,

Who found a manger for his bed,
Who had not where to lay his head.

He sees the gold I clasp so tight,
And I am debtor in his sight.

The Popularity That Counts

IT was a cold night. A passenger was hurrying out of the station down to the train. The gate-keeper called upon him to show his ticket, but he was in such a hurry and had so many bundles and his ticket was not convenient and he protested to the gate-keeper saying, "You are a very unpopular man tonight."

But the faithful gate-man quietly replied, "I only care to be popular with one man and that is the superintendent."

If the gate-man had disobeyed orders, the passenger might have gotten on the wrong train and the gate-man might have lost his position.

As we stand at our station in life, are we willing to face the occasional sneer and to demand occasional inconvenience in order to carry out the commands that have been given us? Do we desire to be popular with him who is our divine superintendent?

After all, that is the only popularity that counts.

Humbugs

PRINCETON students once attempted a joke on the professor of biology. He had specimens of almost every kind of bug, and knew them accurately. The boys secured the legs of one specimen and the body of another and the head and wings of others, and put them together as if they had been so formed by nature. This peculiar specimen was laid on the professor's desk, and when he came in they asked him what kind of bug that could be. His reply to the class was, "Young gentlemen, this is a humbug." The Word says that same thing about professed Christians who try to be every-



Girls' Group, Bible School, Wiesental, Alta.

Young People's Society of Olds, Alberta

The Young People's Society of the First German Baptist Church of Olds, Alberta, was organized on November 15, 1929. At the time of the organization there were only twenty members, but since then we have added thirty-seven new members so that we have a membership roll of fifty-seven members of which every one is a great help in our society.

In the past year (1930) we had twenty-three meetings which were very well attended by members as well as by visitors and friends. On December 31 the young people were a great help to the parents and members of the church in helping to make Sylvester night a great success by rendering a two-hour program which was very interesting and helped to bring the old year to a fitting end.

On January 2, 1931, the young people went over to Trochu and rendered this same program. We know that the blessing will not fail.

At the beginning of the year 1931 the young people decided to try the group system and therefore are now divided into two groups. Each group will take turn in conducting the meetings and we hope to be able to arouse more energy in the young people as each group tries to do its best.

The young people of Olds were very much delighted in being paid with a visit by our honored Brother A. P. Mihm on January 18, who held a very interesting sermon for the young people which was based on the twelfth verse in the fourth chapter of the first Epistle to Timothy: "Let no man despise thy youth." This sermon was a blessing to all.

We have made good progress in the past and pray that the Lord will help us to be progressive in the future.

IDA FALKENBERG, Sec.

Father and Son's Banquet at Gladwin

On Tuesday evening, February 24, 1931, about 55 men and boys of the Round Lake Baptist Church, Gladwin, Mich., met in the basement of the church for the annual Father and Son's banquet. Although this was the first banquet of this sort ever held here everyone was well pleased with the results.

The program was as follows: Chas. Jones, one of the sons, entertained with guitar music for a few minutes; Mr. Geo. W. Taylor, County Commissioner of Schools, spoke in the English language, and Rev. P. F. Schilling, pastor of the church, spoke in the German language. The program was short but interesting, and all were satisfied.

Our B. Y. P. U. Society is also making progress. When we organized last October our membership was 32, and at the present time our list holds the names of 53 members. At our last meeting we had an attendance of 85, including 44 visitors, which of course is very encouraging. Our meetings are held every second Tuesday and so far attendance has been very good. We earnestly hope and pray that we can continue our work and improve it in the future.

Briefs from Mt. Zion Baptist Church, Geary Co., Kans.

We can sing with the Psalmist, "Oh, give thanks unto Jehovah, call upon his name; make known among the people his doings. Sing unto him, sing praises unto him; talk ye of all his marvelous works." For the Lord has been good to us as a church. The Sunday school rendered a wonderful program on Christmas evening on which occasion the sum of \$37 was given for the Orphans Home at St. Joseph, Mich.

A splendid surprise awaited the pastor and his wife after the program and their patience was tried. The home was in a mess—packages, papers, boxes, sacks filled with canned goods, meats, flour, sugar, etc., were found in several rooms in the house. Be assured, everything was appreciated.

And for the New Year's evening, the blessings of the Lord were keenly felt as we had the privilege of baptizing a young mother and of giving her the hand of fellowship. After having spent the evening in singing songs and offering prayers, we concluded with the Lord's Supper.

During the last two weeks in February we had the privilege of having Bro. A. Sandow of the Ebenezer Church with us in special meetings. We were blessed and six souls publicly confessed Jesus Christ as their Savior. There are others who have not yet decided to take the stand for Christ. Our prayers are not

ceasing; may they too see the need of accepting him!

The young people are doing good work for their Master. A great deal of zeal is shown in Bible reading and active part is taken in the services. May God grant that we may do our bit in furthering his kingdom is our earnest prayer.

RUDOLPH A. KLEIN.

The Minnesota Institute at St. Paul

The third annual Mid-winter Institute of the Minnesota German Baptist Y. P. & S. S. Workers' Union was held from Feb. 20-22 at the First Baptist Church, St. Paul. The meetings were well attended, and these were indeed days of blessing as well as enjoyment for all who were at hand.

On the opening meeting Friday evening Rev. L. W. Harris, colored minister of the Pilgrim Baptist Church of St. Paul, gave an address on "Race Relationship." He spoke of what the white people have done and are doing for the negroes of this country, and said that much progress has been made in developing race relations. He also brought a ladies quartet with him who sang a group of spirituals. That made it a "Darky" night all around, but it certainly put a lot of light into the Institute.

Saturday was a full day as classes and a forum were held in the morning, a hike through Mounds Park took place in the afternoon, moving pictures taken at home and abroad in our mission fields were shown by Rev. A. P. Mihm, and a program was rendered by the various societies of the state in the evening. We wish that all members of the Sunday school and Young People's Society would have attended the classes taught by Rev. Mihm, since it would have made them better workers and given them a better understanding of what these organizations are and should be.

Sunday afternoon was a great meeting at which Rev. Geo. Geis brought the missionary message. In a very modest and interesting way he pictured his work at Burma, and we were challenged by the human need of that country to be a good neighbor to them and help them as best we can.

Rev. A. R. Demott, Twin City Executive Secretary, spoke at the closing meeting Sunday evening. Our theme song, "Living for Jesus," which was sung at all the meetings, was the text of his message.

The Minnesota young people are now looking forward to the "Summer Assembly," which will be held from July 6-12. It has formerly been called "Mound Assembly," but will now no longer be known by that name. It has been found necessary to transfer the Assembly from a good place to a better place. The new place is the New Y. M. C. A. Camp at Lake Independence. You young people of Minnesota have by this time perhaps received complete information about the camp and could find it blindfolded.

Plan now to spend your vacation July 6-12 at Lake Independence.

RUDOLPH WOYKE, Sec.

The Sunday School

When Is a Teacher Trained?

H. SHELTON SMITH, PH. D. . . .

We need no argument for trained leadership other than the fact that no educational advance is possible without it. This has always been true both in general and in religious education. But when is a teacher trained? This question is of more importance than it may at first seem to be. Let us look at it in the light of past and present experience in leadership training.

Throughout most of our Church school history

We Have Said That a Teacher is Trained When He Knows His Bible

Inasmuch as the Sunday school curriculum was predominantly Bible, it was only natural to assume that the curriculum for training of teachers should also be primarily Biblical in content.

The dominance of this conception is indicated by the fact that most of the old First Standard manuals devoted at least fifty per cent of their contents to a study of the Bible. Moreover, they were dominated by the analytical and mechanical approach to the contents of the Scriptures. One of these manuals, of which more than 350,000 copies have been sold since 1909, devotes two whole chapters to naming and classifying the books of the Bible. Among the "test questions" are the following: How many books are in the Bible? About how many persons wrote the books of the Bible? In what language was the New Testament written? Name the books of the Law. In what language was the Old Testament written?

If we could assume that a teacher is trained when he knows his Bible, it is obvious that this sort of mechanical dissection of the Scriptures is not real Bible study. It gives us a collection of names, dates, and books, but it fails miserably to give a picture of the Bible as a unified and growing record of moral and religious experience, the climax of which is found in the life and teaching of Jesus.

It is not sufficient, however, to conclude that a teacher is trained when he merely knows his Bible, even in the best sense of this term. Many an excellent Bible student has failed as a teacher of religion.

Another Answer

is that a teacher is trained when he is fully informed not only in Bible, but also in psychology, pedagogy, Church history, and all other materials that should be known. In point of scope this view goes beyond the materials of the Bible, but its theory in teaching religion is essentially the same. Both rest upon the assumption that if a teacher has an intellectual grasp of her materials she is trained.

Modern psychology clearly reveals to us the fact that it is not enough to pos-



Young Men's Group, Bible School, Wiesental, Alta.

sess knowledge, that knowledge alone does not of itself guarantee good teaching. On the contrary, many of us remember that some of our poorest teachers were persons who possessed an almost unlimited body of facts. Some time ago a student in training recited an entire chapter of a well-known Standard Training Curriculum. But this information made little or no difference in her teaching. She knew the "characteristics" of children as described in the books, but she did not know John and Bill and Sam.

If there is one inclusive criticism that can be made of current methods of teacher training it is that they are too bookish and too academic. They stress altogether too much the cramming of the mind with facts and too little the individual guidance of teachers in their working situations. We are busy stressing the importance of a life-centered curriculum for children, but we are blindly content with a material-centered curriculum for teachers.

A Third View Is That a Teacher Is Trained When He Is Skillful In the Use of Method

Accordingly, we champion this or that technique for teaching, such as projects, discussion, or research. The emphasis was a wholesome corrective to the view that if a teacher knows his subject he can teach it. He must know not only what he is to teach and whom he is to teach but also how to bring these elements together under conditions of vital religious education.

On the other hand, pedagogy alone does not make the trained teacher. There are some among us who, in their enthusiasm for this or that technique, come near losing their educational balance. We are all the more tempted because of our current emphasis upon pupil initiative, self-activity, and a life-centered curriculum. It is easy for a teacher to assume that if she can contrive a device for securing pupil participation she is succeeding. Learning takes place, it is true,

through self-activity on the part of the pupils. But mere activity is not enough. In what direction will this or that activity take the pupil in moral and religious growth?

In our fears of being regarded as out of fashion, we are often inclined to allow pupils to indulge in types of activity that are just as one-sided as some ancient views of education. A mouse in a big wire trap engages in almost constant activity but without progress or achievement. Devices by which to enlist pupil co-operation do not in themselves constitute a trained teacher.

Each of these ways in which a trained teacher has been regarded is partial, incomplete. Can we fix upon a more adequate conception of a trained teacher? Would it be true to say that a teacher is undergoing training when he is growing in the capacity and disposition to guide the young in a maturing Christian experience?

Let us look at the several elements that enter into this view of the trained teacher. In the first place,

A Trained Teacher Is Always Growing

The person who completes this or that unit of the training curriculum with the feeling that he is now trained for Church school service has missed the very heart of the training ideal. The objective of training is teacher growth—growth in religious experience, in knowledge, in attitudes, in skill—and when the teacher ceases to grow, his training has stopped. The Church school teacher is being trained, therefore, when each unit or each activity is but the increment of power and of disposition to set forth on the next cycle of growth.

In the second place, the inclusive purpose of this growing capacity

Is to Help Teachers to Guide Their Pupils in a Maturing Christian Experience

The test of training is the teacher's ability. (Continued on page 16)

The Girl from Montana

By GRACE LIVINGSTON HILL

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(Continuation)

Towards morning they rode more slowly. Their horses were growing jaded. They talked in lower tones as they looked toward the east. It was as if they feared they might waken some one too soon. There is something awesome about the dawning of a new day and especially when one has been sailing a sea of silver all night. It is like coming back from an unreal world into a sad real one. Each was almost sorry that the night was over. The new day might hold so much of hardship or relief, so much of trouble or surprise; and this night had been perfect, a jewel cut to set in memory with every facet flashing to the light. They did not like to get back to reality from the converse they had held together. It was experience for each which would never be forgotten.

Once there came the distant sound of shots and shouts. The two shrank nearer each other, and the man laid his strong hand protectingly on the mane of the girl's horse; but he did not touch her hand. The lady of his thoughts had sometimes let him hold her jewelled hand, and smiled with drooping lashes when he fondled it; and, when she had tired of him, other admirers might claim the same privilege. But this woman of the wilderness—he would not even in his thoughts presume to touch her little brown, firm hand. Somehow she had commanded his honor and respect from the first minute, even before she shot the bird.

Once a bob-cat shot across their path but a few feet in front of them, and later a kit-fox ran growling up with ruffled fur; but the girl's quick shot put it to flight, and they passed on through the dawning morning of the first real Sabbath day the girl had ever known.

"It is Sunday morning at home," said the man gravely as he watched the sun lift its rosy head from the mist of mountain and valley outspread before them. "Do you have such an institution out here?"

The girl grew white about the lips. "Awful things happen on Sunday," she said with a shudder.

He felt a great pity rising in his heart for her, and strove to turn her thoughts in other directions. Evidently there was a recent sorrow connected with the Sabbath.

"You are tired," said he, "and the horses are tired. See! We ought to stop and rest. The daylight was come, and nothing can hurt us. Here is a good place, and sheltered. We can fasten the horses behind these bushes, and no one will guess we are here."

She assented, and they dismounted. The man cut an opening into a clump of thick growth with his knife, and there

they fastened the weary horses, well hidden from sight if any one chanced that way. The girl lay down a few feet away in a spot entirely surrounded by sage-brush which had reached an unusual height and made a fine hiding-place. Just outside the entrance of this natural chamber the man lay down on a fragrant bed of sage-brush. He had gathered enough for the girl first, and spread out the old coat over it; and she had dropped asleep almost as soon as she lay down. But, although his own bed of sage-brush was tolerably comfortable, even to one accustomed all his life to the finest springs and hair-mattress that money could buy, and although the girl had insisted that he must rest too, for he was weary and there was no need to watch, sleep would not come to his eyelids.

He lay there resting and thinking. How strange was the experience through which he was passing! Came ever a wealthy, college-bred, society man into the like before? What did it all mean? His being lost, his wandering for a day, the sight of this girl and her pursuit, the prayer under the open sky, and that night of splendor under the moonlight riding side by side. It was like some marvellous tale.

And this girl? Where was she going? What was to become of her? Out in the world where he came from, were they ever to reach it she would be nothing. Her station in life was beneath his so far that the only recognition she could have would be one which would degrade her. This solitary journey they were taking, how the world would lift up its hands in horror at it! A girl without a chaperon! She was impossible! And yet it all seemed right and good, and the girl was evidently recognized by the angels; else how had she escaped from degradation thus far?

Ah! How did he know she had? But he smiled at that. No one could look into that pure, sweet face, and doubt that she was as good as she was beautiful. If it was not so, he hoped he would never find it out. She seemed to him a woman yet unspoiled, and he shrank from the thought of what the world might do for her—the world and its cultivation, which would not be for her, because she was friendless and without money or home. The world would have nothing but toil to give her, with a meager living.

Where was she going, and what was she proposing to do? Must he not try to help her in some way? Did not the fact that she had saved his life demand so much from him? If he had not found her, he must surely have starved before he got out of this wild place. Even yet starvation was not an impossibility; for they had not reached any signs of habitation yet, and there was but one more portion of corn-meal and a little coffee left. They had but two matches

now, and there had been no more flights of birds, nor brooks with fishes.

In fact, the man found a great deal to worry about as he lay there, too weary with the unaccustomed exercise and experiences to sleep.

He reflected that the girl had told him very little, after all, about her plans. He must ask her. He wished he knew more of her family. If he were only older and she younger, or if he had the right kind of a woman friend to whom he might take her, or send her! How horrible that that scoundrel was after her! Such men were not men, but beasts, and should be shot down.

Far off in the distance, it might have been in the air or in his imagination, there sometimes floated a sound as of faint voices or shouts; but they came and went, and he listened, and by and by heard no more. The horses breathed heavily behind their sage-brush stable, and the sun rose higher and hotter. At last sleep came, troubled, fitful, but sleep, oblivion. This time there was no lady in an automobile.

It was high noon when he awoke, for the sun had reached around the sage-brush, and was pouring full into his face. He was very uncomfortable, and more-over a sense of something wrong pervaded his mind. Had he or had he not, heard a strange, low, sibilant, writhing sound just as he came to consciousness? Why did he feel that something, some one, had passed him but a moment before?

He rubbed his eyes open, and fanned himself with his hat. There was not a sound to be heard save a distant hawk in the heavens and the breathing of the horses. He stepped over, and made sure that they were all right, and then came back. Was the girl still sleeping? Should he call her? She had no name to him as yet. He could not say, "My dear madam" in the wilderness, nor yet "made-moiselle."

Perhaps it was she who passed him. Perhaps she was looking about for water, or for fire-wood. He cast his eyes about, but the thick growth of sage-brush everywhere prevented his seeing much. He stepped to the right and then to the left of the little enclosure where she had gone to sleep, but there was no sign of life.

At last the sense of uneasiness grew upon him until he spoke.

"Are you awake yet?" he ventured; but the words somehow stuck in his throat, and would not sound out clearly. He ventured the question again, but it seemed to go no further than the gray-green foliage in front of him. Did he catch an alert movement, the sound of attention, alarm? Had he perhaps frightened her?

His flesh grew creepy, and he was angry with himself that he stood there actually trembling and for no reason. He felt that there was danger in the air. What could it mean? He had never been a believer in premonitions or superstitions of any kind. But the thought came to him that perhaps that evil man had come softly while he slept, and had stolen

the girl away. Then all at once a horror seized him, and he made up his mind to end this suspense and venture to see whether she were safe.

Chapter VI

A CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR MEETING IN THE WILDERNESS

He stepped boldly around the green barrier, and his first glance told him she was lying there still asleep; but the consciousness of another presence held him from going away. There, coiled on the ground with venomous fangs extended and eyes glittering like jewels, was a rattlesnake, close beside her.

For a second he gazed with a kind of fascinated horror, and his brain refused to act. Then he knew he must do something, and at once. He had read of serpents and travellers' encounters with them, but no memory of what was to be done when such circumstances came. Shoot? He dared not. He would be more likely to kill the girl than the serpent, and in any event would precipitate the calamity. Neither was there any way to awaken the girl and drag her from the peril for the slightest movement upon her part would bring the poisoned fangs upon her.

He cast his eyes about for some weapon, but there was not a stick or a stone in sight. He was a good golf player; if he had a loaded stick, he could easily take the serpent's head off, he thought; but there was no stick. There was only one hope, he felt, and that would be to attract the creature to himself; and he hardly dared move lest the fascinated gaze should close upon the victim as she lay there sweetly sleeping, unaware of her new peril.

Suddenly he knew what to do. Silently he stepped back out of sight, tore off his coat, and then cautiously approached the snake again, holding the coat up before him. There was an instant's pause when he calculated whether the coat could drop between the snake and the smooth brown arm in front before the terrible fangs would get there; and then the coat dropped the man bravely holding one end of it as a wall between the serpent and the girl crying to her in an agony of frenzy to awaken and run.

There was a terrible moment in which he realized that the girl was saved and he himself was in peril of death while he held to the coat till the girl was on her feet in safety. Then he saw the writhing coil at his feet turn and fasten its eyes of fury upon him. He was conscious of being uncertain whether his trembling knees could carry him away before the serpent struck; then it was all over, and he and the girl were standing outside the sage-brush, with the sound of the pistol dying away among the echoes, and the fine ache of his arm where her fingers had grasped him to drag him from danger.

The serpent was dead. She had shot it. She took that as coolly as she had taken the bird in its flight. But she stood looking at him with great eyes of gratitude, and he looked at her amazed that they

were both alive, and scarcely understanding all that had happened.

The girl broke the stillness.

"You are what they call a 'tender-foot,'" she said significantly.

"Yes," he assented humbly, "I guess I am. I couldn't have shot it to save anybody's life."

"You are a tenderfoot, and you couldn't shoot," she continued eulogistically, as if it were necessary to have it all stated plainly, "but you—you are what my brother used to call 'a white man.' You couldn't shoot; but you could risk your life, and hold that coat, and look death in the face. You are no tenderfoot."

There was eloquence in her eyes, and in her voice there were tears. She turned away to hide if any were in her eyes. But the man put out his hand on her sure little brown one, and took it firmly in his own looking down upon her with his own eyes filled with tears of which he was not ashamed.

"And what am I to say to you for saving my life?" he said.

"I? O, that was easy," said the girl, rousing to the commonplace. "I can always shoot. Only you were hard to drag away. You seemed to want to stay there and die with your coat."

"They laughed at me for wearing that coat when we started away. They said a hunter never bothered himself with extra clothing," he mused as they walked away from the terrible spot.

"Do you think it was the prayer?" asked the girl suddenly.

"It may be!" said the man with wondering accent.

Then quietly, thoughtfully, they mounted and rode onward.

Their way, due east, led them around the shoulder of a hill. It was tolerably smooth, but they were obliged to go single file, so there was very little talking done.

It was nearly the middle of the afternoon, when all at once a sound reached them from below, a sound so new that it was startling. They stopped their horses, and looked at each other. It was the faint sound of singing wafted on the light breeze, singing that came in whiffs like a perfume, and then died out. Cautiously they guided their horses on around the hill, keeping close together now. It was plain they were approaching some human being or beings. No bird could sing like that. There were distinct words to the music.

They rounded the hillside, and stopped again side by side. There below them lay the trail for which they had been searching, and just beneath them, nestled against the hill, was a little schoolhouse of logs weather-boarded, its windows open; and behind it and around it were horses tied, some of them hitched to wagons, but most of them with saddles.

The singing was clear and distinct now. They could hear the words. "O, that will be glory for me, glory for me, glory for me —"

"What is it?" she whispered.

"Why, I suspect it is a Sunday school or something of the kind."

"O! A school! Could we go in?"

"If you like," said the man, enjoying

her simplicity. "We can tie our horses here behind the building, and they can rest. There is fresh grass in this sheltered place; see?"

He led her down behind the schoolhouse to a spot where the horses could not be seen from the trail. The girl peered curiously around the corner into the window. There sat two young girls about her own age, and one of them smiled at her. It seemed an invitation. She smiled back and went on to the doorway reassured. When she entered the room, she found them pointing to a seat near the window, behind a small desk.

There were desks all over the room at regular intervals, and a larger desk up in front. Almost all the people sat at desks.

There was a curious wooden box in front to one side of the big desk, and a girl sat before it pushing down some black and white strips that looked like sticks and making her feet go, and singing with all her might. The curious box made music, the same music the people were singing. Was it a piano? she wondered. She had heard of pianos. Her father used to talk about them. O, and what was that her mother used to want? A "cab'net-organ." Perhaps this was a cab'net-organ. At any rate, she was entranced with the music.

Up behind the man who sat at the big desk was a large board painted black with some white marks on it. The sunlight glinted across it, and she could not tell what they were; but, when she moved a little, she saw quite clearly it was a large cross with words underneath it—"He will hide me."

It was a strange place. The girl looked around shyly, and felt submerged in the volume of song that rolled around her, from voices untrained, perhaps but hearts that knew whereof they sang. To her it was heavenly music, if she had the least conception of what such music was like. "Glory," "glory," "glory!" The words seemed to fit the day, and the sunshine, and the deliverance that had come to her so recently. She looked around for her companion and deliverer to enjoy it with him, but he had not come in yet.

The two girls were handing her a book now and pointing to the place. She could read. Her mother had taught her just a little before the other children were born, but not much in the way of literature had ever come in her way. She grasped the book eagerly, hungrily, and looked where the finger pointed. Yes, there were the words. "Glory for me!" "Glory for me!" Did that mean her? Was there glory for her anywhere in the world? She sighed with the joy of the possibility, as the "Glory Song" rolled along, led by the enthusiasm of one who had recently come from a big city where it had been sung in a great revival service. Some kind friend had given some copies of a leaflet containing it and a few other new songs to this little handful of Christians, and they were singing them as if they had been a thousand strong.

The singing ceased and the man at the big desk said, "Let us have the verses."

"The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms," said a careworn woman in the front seat.

"He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust," said a young man next.

"In the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion; in the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me," read the girl who had handed the book. The slip of paper she had written it on fluttered on the floor at the feet of the stranger, and the stranger stooped and picked it up, offering it back; but the other girl shook her head, and the stranger kept it, looking wonderingly at the words, trying to puzzle out a meaning.

There were other verses repeated, but just then a sound smote upon the girl's ears which deadened all others. In spite of herself she began to tremble. Even her lips seemed to her to move with the weakness of her fear. She looked up, and the man was just coming toward the door; but her eyes grew dizzy, and a faintness seemed to come over her.

Up the trail on horseback, with shouts and ribald songs, rode four rough men, too drunk to know where they were going. The little schoolhouse seemed to attract their attention as they passed, and just for deviltry they shouted out a volley of oaths and vile talk to the worshippers within. One in particular, the leader, looked straight into the face of the young man as he returned from fastening the horses and was about to enter the schoolhouse, and pretended to point his pistol at him, discharging it immediately into the air. This was the signal for some wild firing as the men rode on past the school house, leaving a train of curses behind them to haunt the air and struggle with the "Glory Song" in the memories of those who heard.

The girl looked out from her seat beside the window, and saw the evil face of the man from whom she had fled. She thought for a terrible minute, which seemed ages long to her, that she was cornered now. She began to look about on the people there helplessly, and wonder whether they would save her, would help her, in her time of need. Would they be able to fight and prevail against those four terrible men mad with liquor?

Suppose he said she was his—his wife, perhaps, or sister, who had run away. What could they do? Would they believe her? Would the man who had saved her life a few minutes ago believe her? Would anybody help her?

The party passed and the man came in and sat down beside her quietly enough; but without a word or a look he knew at once who the man was he had just seen. His soul trembled for the girl, and his anger rose hot. He felt that a man like that ought to be wiped off the face of the earth in some way, or placed in solitary confinement the rest of his life.

He looked down at the girl trembling, white, beside him; and he felt like gathering her in his arms and hiding her himself, such a frail, brave, courageous little soul she seemed. But the calm nerve with which she had shot the ser-

pent was gone now. He saw she was trembling and ready to cry. Then he smiled upon her a smile the like of which he had never given to human being before; at least not since he was a tiny baby and smiled confidently into his mother's face. Something in that smile was like sunshine to a nervous chill.

The girl felt the comfort of it, though she still trembled. Down her eyes drooped to the paper in her shaking hands. Then gradually letter by letter, word by word, the verse spoke to her. Not all the meaning she gathered, for "pavilion" and "tabernacle" were unknown words to her, but the hiding she could understand. She had been hidden in her time of trouble. Some one had done it. "He"—the word would fit the man by her side, for he had helped to hide her, and to save her more than once; but just now there came a dim perception that it was some other He, some One greater who had worked this miracle and saved her once more to go on perhaps to better things.

(To be continued)

Institute at Portland, Oreg.

The Oregon German B. Y. P. and Sunday School Workers' Union held its first Winter Institute at the First Church, Portland, March 2-6. The churches belonging to this Union are the First German Baptist Church in Bethany, in Salt Creek, in Salem, and the First and Second Church in Portland.

We all no doubt have read of a public school teachers' institute, which is a meeting of teachers held for the purpose of giving instruction in devices and methods of teaching. The Oregon Union Institute was a meeting of Christian people interested in the Lord's work. This institute was the first one held on the Pacific Coast and its purpose is to train Baptist Young People in leadership, in worship, and in religious education.

A delicious supper was served by our efficient cooks from 6 to 7 o'clock. During this time we also had the opportunity of getting acquainted and enjoying the Christian fellowship with one another.

From 7 to 7.50 the course, "Training in the Art of Leadership," was offered by Rev. A. A. Schade.

From 8 to 8.50 the courses, "Training Young People in Worship," by Rev. Wm. Graf, and "Curriculum of Religious Education" by Rev. A. A. Schade.

From 9 to 9.15 a devotional meeting of all led by our local pastors.

We again were very grateful and thankful for having Rev. A. A. Schade and Rev. Wm. Graf as our teachers, who are very much loved by our B. Y. P.

The enrollment for the week numbered 58 and 24 visitors.

Though all beginnings are hard we are truly thankful for the sincere and inspired members who made the institute a success.

ANNA WARDIN, Reporter.

* * *

First-Class Scout (to tenderfoot): "If a burgler entered the cellar, would the coal shoot?"

Tenderfoot: "No; but perhaps the kindling wood."—Exchange.

B. Y. P. U. Progress at Buffalo Center, Ia.

Regardless of the fact of being without a resident pastor the B. Y. P. U. of Buffalo Center, Ia., is still active. An increased interest is being manifested in the Sunday evening devotional services both in attendance and in taking part. Our membership has been increased from 40 to 50 in the past year.

The Junior Society is sponsoring a 10-weeks Bible memory contest. They are using as their motto, "Thy Word have I hid in my heart, that I might not sin against thee." Many Scriptures are being memorized, and an active interest is being shown.

The annual anniversary of the Senior Society was held old year's eve. A program was sponsored by the members of the society, after which refreshments were served in the church dining room.

At 11 o'clock, Rev. Albert Swanson (a supply pastor from Swea City, Ia.) took charge of the watch night services of testimony and prayer which proved a blessing to all who attended.

Preparations are well under way for the Iowa B. Y. P. U. Convention to be held here in June; by that time our new pastor, Rev. A. W. Lang, will be with us. To the Lord of all belongeth the praises for that which he has done.

MARGARET WEMPEN, Sec.

Father's and Son's Banquet, First German Baptist Church of Minneapolis

Saturday, February 14, was a gala night for the Fathers and Sons of the First German Church—the occasion of its fourth annual banquet. At 6.30 P. M. practically all the fathers and sons, to say nothing of our guests, had assembled in the basement of our church, which was beautifully decorated for this occasion. The number present exceeded 70, which was beyond the expectation of our fondest hopes. The banquet, which the Dorcas Society served, left nothing to be desired in the way of good food or service.

Upon conclusion of the meal, our toastmaster, Alfred E. Brachlow, kept us in a good mood by springing some of his humorous jokes.

The program was as follows: Song, Eureka Men's Club; Address, "Fathers," Rev. R. A. Arlander of the Swedish Baptist Church; Selection, Dorcas Society; Vocal Solo, Jack Hastings; Address, German, Rev. H. Hirsch, pastor of the church; Song, Eureka Men's Club.

The gist of Rev. R. A. Arlander's address was that the sons of today are more trustworthy than the sons of his boyhood days. He also brought out the thought that fathers should be companions to their sons.

A prayer by our deacon E. G. Brachlow brought to a close an entirely delightful evening.

OTTO F. MINKS, Reporter.

* * *

Christianity is not a theory, but the practice of love in human and divine relationships.

A Poem With a Moral

The following poem perhaps explains why many devotional meetings fail to be either devotional or meetings.

Lapses

At quarter to six
A certain Jim Wright
Started to study
To lead League that night.

At quarter to seven
This same Jimmy Wright
Just starting the meeting,
Was all in a fright.

At quarter past seven
He was frantic, no less,
He'd forgot all he knew—
Was that meeting a mess?

When the meeting was over,
Most firmly Jim swore
That the next time he led
He'd begin months before.

Wishek B. Y. P. U. Yearly Report

During 1930 the Wishek B. Y. P. U. assembled 15 times to transact business. Of these nine were regular and six special meetings.

With a few exceptions the B. Y. P. U. met every Sunday evening for a few minutes of worship and short program. These meetings were all well attended and we hope, a blessing to all. One special program was given. This was a pageant entitled "The First Easter."

During the latter part of June we had the privilege of having Rev. A. A. Schade and Dr. Stockton with us at the assembly of the Y. P. and S. S. Workers' Union, which was held here. We cannot boast of a large attendance but nevertheless, it proved to be a great blessing unto those who were there, as many important things were discussed.

The B. Y. P. U. had two social gatherings the past year. One was a surprise party given on our pastor, Rev. C. M. Knapp, and the other was a picnic at Red Lake, at which time the guests of the Y. P. and S. S. Workers' Union were entertained.

Six new members were taken into the B. Y. P. U. which brings our membership list up to 29. Dues and offerings amounted to \$130.

We look forward to the new year with hopes of taking better advantage of the many opportunities offered to serve our Lord and Master. THE SECRETARY.

Helping Hand Class, Benton Harbor, Mich.

The organized Helping Hand Sunday school class of the Clay Street Baptist Church of Benton Harbor, Mich., of which Mrs. John Stubenrauch is teacher, has just passed its second birthday with an enrollment of 35 members.

We meet regularly once a month in the different homes, except during the busy months of summer, as most of our members are farm women. Nevertheless, we have a lawn or penny social usually in

the month of August, at which time we also sell jello, by which method the class treasury is swelled considerably.

Other activities the past year have been to make bandages for medical purposes for Miss Bender and Bro. Orthner in Africa. We also completed some 40 garments for Cameroon Missions, beside remembering needy families at Christmas or any time if need be.

We hope to some day equip and furnish a class room at the church. May God bless the efforts of this and other organized classes, and may we indeed be true to deserve the name of a real "helping hand"! SARA NIEMAN, Sec.

Junior B. Y. P. U. of Wishek, N. Dak.

Our Junior B. Y. P. U. was organized in October, 1930. It consists of 20 boys and girls between the ages of 10-14. This organization is a branch of our Senior B. Y. P. U. They have a president, Miss Phyllis Herr; two vice-presidents, Stella and Genevieve Herr; secretary, Barbara Stading; and treasurer, Eloise Stading. Their regular monthly dues are five cents.

This society has full charge of the B. Y. P. U. services each fourth Sunday of the month. They are trying to follow the topics of the Intermediate B. Y. P. U. Series. Their leader is a member of the Senior B. Y. P. U.

They have had one social party at Hal-lowe'en. This party was held in the City Hall, so every one had lots of room to play and run. A delicious lunch by the members, with Phyllis Herr as hostess, was served later in the evening.

At Christmas time with the help of the local Dorcas Society they sent a Christmas box to our Orphans Home in St. Joseph, Mich.

Our work has just begun and we are looking forward to 1931's opportunities. THE LEADER.

The Baptist Ladies' Missionary Society of Randolph, Minn.

A pleasant afternoon was spent with our charter member, Mrs. Katherine Koch, Thursday, February 12, it being her 75th birthday anniversary. Twenty members of the society entered her home singing the birthday song. After the congratulations, the president, Mrs. Henry Engler, presented her with a beautiful plant. A social afternoon was spent with contests, etc. A delicious picnic lunch was served after which everyone wished her many happy returns of the day.

All of our members are active and do their part in various ways, always remembering the sick and try to do good wherever they can.

Mrs. Koch will be remembered as Katherine Engler, a sister of the late Rev. John Engler and an aunt of Rev. and Mrs. Benj. Schlipf of Avon, S. Dak. N. N.

B. Y. P. U. of Durham, Kansas

Nearly another year passed by since we have reported of our young people's work which is so dear to our hearts. Of course we are not in the habit of making much noise over the work our young people are doing. Perhaps it could prove a blessing to others if the "Herald" would tell its readers a few of these things. As young people of Durham we have many reasons to praise our Lord and Savior for his many blessings, kindness and mercy he has shown us during the past year. We are living in a time in which more emphasis must be laid on the spiritual. This means seeking the Kingdom of God first and keeping it in the foreground of our life. We are in constant danger of being submerged by the material, non-essential things and as a result, lose out on the spiritual. Things that make for spiritual health and growth must be kept constantly in our minds. How necessary it is to check up on our relation to God! Even in the good fight of faith there must be periods in which to examine ourselves as to whether we are advancing or declining in our spiritual power, joy and interest.

Our society is working on the three group plan and meets every other Sunday evening, at which one of the groups render a program. The young people gave a number of good programs the past year. Also gave a special program in the Dillon and Marion churches, consisting of songs and two dialogs entitled: "The Stolen Testament" and "Back to the Father's House." The missionary work among the Gypsies in Bulgaria and of the fallen girls in our large cities was vividly pictured before our minds. Both dialogs under the leadership of Mrs. L. Hoeffner were well prepared and successfully rendered, making a deep impression upon the listeners.

During the year we had a contest, giving two points to every member being present and responding with a Bible verse at the roll call. We also took up Bible reading, one book every month. Members who read the book in time receive one point. Every now and then our pastor gives us a Bible Quiz, which proves of great interest. And so we are trying to work for our Master. May God help us to be more faithful in his work is our desire and wish. ALMA HEFLE, Sec.

Help Them Turn

I read, in "Yeoung People's Weekly," of a young women who went out for a spin in her auto. She found herself on a highway with no crossroads. She did not know how to turn and drove on and on for twenty miles before she came to a crossroad enabling her to face about and go in the other direction.

As said, some young people contend with a similar difficulty. They find it hard to turn squarely about. Ashamed of what they are doing, they find it hard to admit it. It is our opportunity, as older ones, to help them turn around and face in the right direction. Do we?

With God

To talk with God no breath is lost,
Talk on, talk on;
To walk with God no strength is lost,
Walk on, walk on;
To wait on God, no time is lost,
Wait on, wait on;
To grind the axe no work is lost,
Grind on, grind on;
The work is quicker, better done,
Nor heeding half the strength laid on—
Grind on, grind on.
Martha stood, but Mary sat,
Martha murmured much at that,
Martha cared but Mary heard,
Listening to the Master's word,
And the Lord her choice preferred,
Sit on, hear on;
Work without God is labor lost,
Work on, work on;
Full soon you'll learn it to your cost,
Toil on, toil on;
Little is much when God is in it,
Much is little everywhere;
Men's busiest day is not worth God's
minute
If God the labor does not share.
Do work with God and nothing's lost,
Who works with him does best and most,
Work on, work on.

—Author unknown.

Three Days of Gellert's Life

PHILIP F. W. OERTEL

Based on an actual experience in the life
of Prof. C. F. Gellert of Leipzig
Translated from the German
by CARL A. DANIEL

(Continuation)

Deeply moved by the words of her believing husband, the mother sank on her knees and the children beside her. The father raised himself up, folded his hands and poured out his heart in fervent, earnest prayer, trusting in Almighty God for help. And when he had said "Amen," it was as if he who had prompted the prayer and given the promise and assurance had also said, "Yea and amen." Their hearts were filled with hope and confidence. The mother and older children took baskets and went toward the city gate, where carpenters were at work with beams for a new building and did not hinder those who gathered up the chips and shavings that lay about. The three younger children went after bread at the door of a sympathizing neighbor. The very youngest remained at home with the sick father. It was the fateful morning on which Grudger was about to carry out his severe measures.

The sky was clear and the sun shone down upon the frozen earth, an east wind blew sharply through the streets and through the thin apparel of the three children, who had gone out to gather chips of wood. They were literally freezing, and had not eaten a bite that day.

That very morning the noble Gellert was prompted to go out for a walk. Though he would rather have stayed home in his study, yet he could not resist an inclination to go out; so he put on his warm coat and his hat, took his

cane, and went down toward the gate whither the unfortunate mother and children were going. The children complained about the cold, cutting wind and the mother told them to keep moving and run on in order to get warm, while she herself moved very slowly. When she got to the gateway and the children were out of sight, she was unable to contain herself any longer; she had to give way to a flow of tears; she sat down on the curbstone for her limbs would carry her no farther.

There she sat when Professor Gellert came along, espying the weeping woman with her face hidden in her apron and not perceiving any one passing by. Her appearance attracted Gellert's attention. He knew the anguish of poverty. In his own home in Hayinchen there were thirteen that sat down for meals with father and mother and an income which was indeed scanty at times. His own life was the tale of a man who had to struggle against odds and ends. Yet there avowedly is more benevolence among the poor than among the rich, for it seems that the love of money has a hardening effect upon man. Jesus' word is only too true, that a camel might pass through a needle's eye easier than a rich and covetous man could enter the kingdom of heaven.

Gellert stood there watching this woman while memories rushed through his soul like the soft strains of an Aeolian harp when the wind touches and tunes its strings. The street was quite deserted on that cold morning, but in the heart of Gellert vibrated tender chords that made him feel he must render the help needed here.

So he stepped up softly to the poor woman laid his hand upon her shoulder and remarked, as once the Lord Jesus did at the gate of Nain to the sorrowing mother, "Woman, weep not." The woman who in her sorrow had forgotten her environment, was frightened and looked up with tearful eyes into the face of the kind-hearted gentleman. Her fright left her, for the man's face was gentle and she could feel his sympathy. But care often closes the door of the heart and mouth; rarely does it meet real sympathy, and an ic crust, hard to melt away, is apt to form about the heart; and this poor woman had experienced many hard rebuffs.

Her silence caused Gellert to speak more sympathetically and ask her to confide in him. She responded and told him the whole story of her distress. She was impelled by some irresistible power to reveal to him, what otherwise would have gone against her will and feeling, the full story of Mr. Grudger's threat to expell the family from the premises if they did not pay the rent on the given day. She told him of her husband's serious illness, of the lack of food and fuel, with not a penny for bread or medicine for her sick husband, and of the thirty dollars they were in arrears for rent. "My husband will surely die and I and my poor children will perish of hunger!" she cried out in her agony. "Oh, I wish

it was all over with, for I see no help this side of the grave."

"But the Lord still lives," said Gellert solemnly, "and he can move the hearts of men as the waters are moved by the waves." With this encouraging word a ray of hope gleamed, the woman grasped his hand and exclaimed, "Do you believe that God will help us?"

"I do believe it," said Gellert emphatically, who had that assurance within him and had resolved to help the family in their need. It meant giving away all the money he possessed, but he did not mind that; he did not figure out the consequences which would inevitably ensue to himself; he was thinking only of saving the unfortunate family. "Come with me to my home," said he to the woman, "and you shall see that the Lord still liveth and can help even from death and destruction."

Professor Gellert started to go home. "Oh, good sir," said she, wonderfully comforted, "permit me to tell my children." She hastened to the place where the children had filled their baskets with shavings and returned rapidly to follow him, all the way quietly praying and hoping.

Entering his room cheerfully he opened his desk, took out a roll of money and laid it in the woman's hand with the remark, "There are thirty dollars and there is no curse upon them."

Overwhelmed by his kindness and the good fortune that had come to her, she was about to fall on her knees to thank Gellert but he said, "Thank the Lord that he has answered your prayer and sent me to carry out his plans. You should give him all the glory."

"However, let me tell you this," he continued, "do not go to Mr. Grudger till eleven o'clock. Then go and bring him the money."

At last the happy woman left. Gellert folded his hands and prayed, thanking the Lord that he had so wonderfully led him to carry out his plans. He prayed too that God might grant his blessing to the very end of his purpose.

After this prayer he hurried over to Mr. Grudger, for it was well nigh eleven o'clock. Never had Gellert gone more hopefully and cheerfully through the streets of Leipzig than on that morning. He had experienced the full meaning of the words of our Lord, "It is more blessed to give than to receive," and the sweet consciousness of this truth bore him onward.

He knocked at the door of Mr. Grudger and heard a gruff voice within say, "Come in."

The old usurer had just arisen from the table where he had been counting his money. One could perceive that this visit of the professor was not altogether welcome. He pulled out a drawer, pushing the money into it, locked it, and was about to put an unwelcome question, when Gellert greeted him cordially and looked at him with eyes beaming with inward blessedness. This look calmed the spirit of the old man. He instinctively felt that he must not treat such

an honored professor with any message of discourtesy. So he inquired what motive had prompted the professor to honor him with his presence at such an early hour of the day. Then he begged him to be seated.

Gellert, who was really glad that the wrinkles had disappeared from Grudger's face, sat down and addressed him, saying, "I am sure that I can learn much good from you, Mr. Grudger, whom the Lord has so richly blessed with the goods of this world, and I trust you are not overlooking any opportunity to use your wealth for the benefit of mankind. You surely must have learned the art and luxury of doing good."

Old man Grudger, whose thoughts evidently were still occupied with the money he had just shoved into the drawer, felt the tickling sensation of this well-meant question of the professor and a voice within him was saying, "Old sinner, is that true? What will you answer?"

Did Gellert, whose heart was warming up, hear correctly or did he purposely not understand? At any rate he began fervently to speak of the blessing of doing good, for he had himself just experienced its beneficence. Yea, he was enthusiastic in his portrayal of the benevolent spirit till the old man began at first to quiver, then to feel that the words inwardly warmed him up, changed his heart and awakened a feeling of benevolence in his breast as never before. Gellert, perceiving it, waxed more eloquent and forceful in his appeal to move the old miser's heart.

The clock struck eleven; there was a rap at the door and a poor woman entered. With beaming countenance she placed Gellert's roll of money on the table with the remark, "Here I am bringing your money, and please return the letter my poor sick husband wrote asking you not to eject us from the house." The old man turned pale, his hand trembled as it instinctively reached forward to take the roll of money. The words of the woman deeply humiliated him in the presence of Gellert, whose speech had made such an impression on him. Shame, embarrassment and remorse came over him with tremendous force.

Finally he mustered his words brokenly: "You need not to have hurried. How can you speak thus? It was not meant so bad as all that! Really, it was only a threat, nothing more! But, woman, please go; you see that I have a visitor with me!"

Nevertheless, his bony fingers had grabbed the roll of money and pushed it into the pocket of his dressing gown.

Gellert had watched every move of the old man, and was reading his mind and studying his face. He remarked in subdued tone, "They are thirty dollars and there is no curse on them."

Grudger heard these words and felt a quivering in his bones, a chill then ran all over him.

"Oh yes," remarked the woman, "it is now that you say there was no hurry because you are quite ashamed of your hardness of heart in the presence of the kind-hearted and pious man. Do you re-

member that it was only yesterday that I begged you to have mercy on us and be patient and you drove me out of the house saying, 'All your whining and weeping will not help you; it is money that I want, or I will throw you out with all your belongings onto the sidewalk?' Do you remember, Mr. Grudger, I did not curse you nor swear at you? But the good Lord, who has said, 'Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy,' has heard my cry and has seen my distress. We had not eaten a bite for twenty-four hours and to be put out with my sick husband and the children, this was the very limit, do you know it? 'With what measure you mete it shall be meted unto you,' the Lord hath said. When I came back from you my sick husband prayed with us, prayed for you, Mr. Grudger, that God might change your mind and take the stony heart from you and give you a heart that was soft and compassionate. After this I went out with my children to gather up some wood to keep us from cold. My poverty and care were too great and I was too sad to weep. In this condition this good gentleman met me and gave me the thirty dollars."

Gellert had beckoned her to be quiet, but she persisted, "You need not wink and try to keep me from mentioning it. I am determined to speak and get this burden off my heart. I readily observed that this good man is not rich in earthly goods, but he is rich in mercy, and my prayer is that God's richest blessing may rest upon him."

Then Grudger in wonderment exclaimed, "And you did all this?"

The hand of God had seized him and the blessing pronounced on Gellert by the woman agitated him. His hardness of heart gave way to tender feelings. He went over to his desk, took out a paper and handed it to the woman saying, "Here is the letter of your husband and here also is the thirty dollars. Take care of your sick husband and buy bread for the children. Your debt is cancelled."

Then, opening the ledger, with a quick dash of the pen he erased the entry of indebtedness.

Turning to Gellert he grasped his hand affectionately: "You are an excellent man, you are not only able to speak beautifully and impressively, but your actions are greater than words. In order that I may in some measure atone for my injustice to this poor family I want to ask you to escort me to their house; I want you to witness a different trait of my character."

The woman stood there like a statue. Finally she revived and tears gushed from her eyes. "Oh, it is now that I see that the prayer of the righteous availeth much. Mr. Grudger, pardon me that I have harbored evil thoughts of you. God bless you. But you," she said to Gellert, "you have been our angel, whom the Lord has sent for our deliverance."

So they proceeded to the dilapidated house, where a scene of human misery was witnessed.

But the story of the mother brought

sunshine and cheer to the sick man and the hungry children. They all stretched out their hands in joyous gratitude. "Praise God for our benefactors!" exclaimed the sick man.

Out of the eyes of Mr. Grudger the tears now freely flowed; he was deeply moved by the thanks of the poor family. Gellert spoke words of comfort to the sick man instilling new hope in his heart. He also promised to call in a doctor to look after him, and Mr. Grudger nodded approvingly.

This was not the only good deed of the old man, for he arranged to have the older son enter as an apprentice in the employ of a business man and promised to pay all the expenses of his apprenticeship, to provide the necessary clothing for all the other children, and to release the family from all obligation for further payment of rent.

I must anticipate that the sick man regained his health and that Grudger helped him into a paying business. From that time on the latter was a changed man and remained a warm friend and admirer of Gellert.

Thus yesterday had passed. Gellert was relieved of his thirty dollars; but, poorer in worldly goods he was richer in spirit, and in the quietude of his room he thanked God who had honored his work and blessed the work of his hands.

(To be continued)

Arnprior B. Y. P. U. Activities

Did you know that the radio is of more benefit to humanity than books? This was learned by the Arnprior B. Y. P. U. at the last meeting, held Friday, February 27, when the affirmative side of the subject, Resolved that: "The radio is of more benefit to humanity than books," was awarded the decision by the judges. This theme was suggested by the recent Book Number of the "Baptist Herald." More than 50 people attended this meeting. The next two programs will be in keeping with the subject of the debate. The one at the next meeting will be a radio program and the one following a literary program.

Our society has a membership of 44 of which 16 have joined since last September. The meetings are held every second Friday. Each program includes a short devotional period and some special feature.

We believe that "variety is the spice of life." We have had a Hallowe'en party, a sleigh ride and a Valentine party. At all the social gatherings games were played and refreshments served.

Our aim has been two-fold. We have been constantly trying to raise the sum of money promised toward the support of our Cameroons Mission. Our other aim has been to have as many young people as possible take an active part in the programs. In this way we have been training for leadership among the young people and for the larger responsibilities of the church of Christ.

DOROTHY ABRAHAM, Sec.

* * *

We do not postpone today's dinner until tomorrow; why put off praying?

Our Devotional Meeting

August F. Runtz

April 12, 1931

How Far Dare We Practice the Brotherhood of Man?

Matt. 23:8-12

We Are Brothers. When the Apostle Paul made his address on Mars Hill he said (Acts 17:26): God "hath made of one blood all nations of men..." Yes, all people are "blood" relations. However there is a much closer bond of fellowship and that is the spiritual. Through regeneration we become members of the family of God, and that makes us all brethren.

Dare We Practice this Brotherhood in the Church? The Christian Church still has a great deal to learn about the brotherhood of man. One of the largest Bible schools of America a school that boasts itself of its strict adherence to the Word of God, refuses Negro girls rooms in the girls' dormitories. The pastor of a large church of another denomination recently resigned his charge because the church board refused to admit two Negroes into the fellowship of the church. Which acted according to the principles of Jesus, pastor or board? The answer is not as simple as it at first seems. Would you object to having a Negro or a Chinaman unite with your church and sit in the pew beside you?

Can Society Practice It? When Dives beheld Lazarus full of sores lying at his gate he never thought of him as a brother and consequently felt absolutely no responsibility toward him. Just so, there are great class distinctions growing up in America today with the moneyed interests feeling no responsibility toward the unprivileged masses. A man becomes of less value than a machine. How much heartache and suffering might be spared and how much happiness engendered if the principle of the brotherhood of man were practiced.

"Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn."

April 19 1931

How Can Churches Work Together?

Acts 2:36-42, 47

A Spirit of Unity. Christianity is more than any church. It is more than all the churches. It is more than any creed or than all the creeds. In Christ's great intercessory prayer (John 17) he prays for this unity (verse 21) of spirit: "That they all may be one." This unity is not in creed, ceremonial, or ecclesiastical organization but in the Father and the Son. So, although Christians are divided into many church groups, they should never forget that they are one body in Christ, citizens of one kingdom, and subjects of one Lord. Even though we may not believe in church union we

can and ought to work together with other denominations in the spirit of Christ for the advancement of his kingdom.

In Evangelistic Efforts. Not many years ago whole communities, sometimes even large cities, united in a great soul-winning endeavor. Large tabernacles were built and outstanding evangelistic parties engaged. Generally all the churches were helped and strengthened. Today that type of evangelism has about "passed away and ceased to be." Churches now employ a different method, and a much more effective one. They unite to take a census of the entire city and so find the unchurched and the children who are not attending the Sunday school. Teams of workers from each church then visit these prospects in their own communities and endeavor to win them for Christ. If ever your church has a part in such an undertaking be sure to volunteer your services. It will put zest into your Christian life.

In Social Betterment. The churches must do more than make an effort to redeem those who have gone down the pathway of sin. They must endeavor to make a city a decent place to live in. Only through the united efforts of all Christian forces can vice and crime and all the entrenched forces of evil be driven out. If the churches of Christ would make an effort they could elect such men to public office who would have the physical, moral and spiritual welfare of the community at heart. However, no one church can do. It will take the united effort of all the churches.

April 26, 1931

The Unmet Needs of the World

Acts 16:6-10

If you will close your eyes and in imagination let the peoples of the world pass before you, you will have no trouble visualizing the unmet needs of the world.

Physical Needs. Millions of people in China, India and Africa go to sleep hungry every night. The majority of these have never known what it is to have enough to eat. Even in America, the land of plenty, thousands died during the past winter for lack of sufficient food. Many who are seeking employment cannot find it; others toil 12 hours a day 7 days a week, which doesn't even give them a chance to get acquainted with their own children. In some so-called civilized countries human beings are still being bought and sold like cattle.

Mental Needs. Where there is ignorance there is superstition, and where there is superstition there is fear, and where there is fear there cannot be happiness. A pall of ignorance still hangs over the earth. In China sickness is still sometimes treated by the insertion of a red-hot needle to drive out the evil spirit.

The witch doctor still holds sway over the minds of millions. Christ commanded his disciples to teach all nations. We, his disciples, are to drive out the darkness with light and displace ignorance with knowledge. In our own country there is still so much party strife, class war and lawlessness because people do not understand.

Spiritual Needs. Physical needs and mental needs may be great but surely spiritual needs are greatest. Less than two years ago the writer was privileged to visit the famous shrine at St. Anne de Beaupre, Quebec, and the things he saw there stirred him to the very depths of his soul. The halt, the lame, the crippled and the diseased were there. They came to the statue on crutches and in wheel-chair. As they gathered about the base of the statue, caressing it, kissing it, and with wringing hands and upturned, tear-stained faces imploring help and mercy one could not help but see that the need was really more spiritual than physical. People still measure the length of their bodies in the sand approaching an idol or make long pilgrimages under a broiling sun in order to secure peace of soul. And all the while our Savior is able to satisfy the deepest needs of the soul.

May 3, 1931

What Jesus Teaches About Work

Matt. 20:25-28

God Works. Jesus said: "My father worketh hitherto and I work." In ancient times work was largely looked upon as dishonorable and ignoble, and was to be done only by the slave or servant. Jesus exploded that fallacy. However, the old notion has not entirely disappeared even from our civilization. "My father worketh,"—the great universe is the result of his work. He created it. And he has not retired but still works. If he should cease there would be no more sunshine and rain, no more fruit nor harvest of grain, no more trees nor flowers and grass. "And I work," said Jesus. Peter said: "He went about doing good." How arduously he toiled from morning until late at night. There was a constant outpouring of his mental and spiritual powers as he spent his physical strength. He is still working in the world today in the person of the Holy Spirit.

The Christian Must Work. Some one has criticized our age in the following terms: "Our desperate and eager work is not for the works' sake, but in order to get rich; our ambition is to be idle rather than to be employed, to be raised above the necessity of labor which is our health by the possession of wealth which is our ruin." Of course the foregoing is not true in every case. Let us remember that there is a dignity about honest toil and that it is never degrading. However, let us also remember that it is not

April 1, 1931

enough for us merely to work, we must labor for the master in his kingdom. "I must be about my father's business," are the first recorded words of Jesus, and isn't the primary object of our lives to be about the business of our King?

May 10, 1931

The Two Generations Understanding Each Other

Eph. 6:1-4

Conflicting Ideas Inevitable. Whenever you have youth and age working together you are bound to have conflict of ideas, for age is always conservative while youth is liberal and progressive. The youth that is so progressive in his views today is the conservative man of tomorrow; and the conservative man of today was the liberal, progressive youth of yesterday. It is well that this is so, for the liberal, impetuous youth, "rarin' to go," needs the guiding hand that experience offers. When both generations have the spirit of Christ they will have no trouble understanding each other and of working together.

Working Together in the Church. In a church where both generations endued with the spirit of Christ are working together for a common cause you will find a stable, progressive congregation. But either group may ruin a church. Age may close its eyes to changing conditions and act on the theory: That's the way our fathers did things and that's the way we'll do them.

"It was good for our fathers,
And it's good enough for me."

Such an attitude may drive a church to the rocks. On the other hand youth may cast off all restraint, it may forget the sacrifices of the forefathers for the church, it may forget that experience has taught age some very worth-while things that it ought to take to heart. So both youth and age must exercise Christian love and be considerate for the rights of others. Both youth and age ought to be represented on the board of deacons and trustees in every church. How is it in your church?

A Quiet Talk With God Each Day

Daily Bible Readers' Course

- April 6-12. How far dare we practice the Brotherhood of Man? Matt. 23:8-12.
- " 6. In the Church. Jas. 2:1-9.
- " 7. In the Home. Luke 15:11-32.
- " 8. In the Community. Acts 10:23-28.
- " 9. In the Nation. Amos 6:1-8.
- " 10. In the World. Jonah 3:1-4:4.
- " 11. In Business. Amos 5: 10-15.
- " 12. In Social Relations. Ruth 2: 8-16.
- " 13-19. How Can Churches Work Together? Acts 2:36-42, 47.
- " 13. Good-will. 1 Cor. 16:19-24.
- " 14. Good Fellowship. Acts 15: 6-21.
- " 15. Mutual Helpfulness. 1 Cor. 16:1-12.
- " 16. Educational Work. Col. 4: 10-17.

- April 17. Social Welfare. Acts 11:27-30.
- " 18. Missionary Work. Acts 15: 30-36.
- " 19. Evangelistic Work. Acts 11: 20-26.
- " 20-26. The Unmet Needs of the World. Acts 16:6-10.
- " 20. Sufficient Food. Matt. 14:13-21.
- " 21. Better Homes. Ps. 127:1-5.
- " 22. Provisions for Health. Matt. 10:1-15.
- " 23. Opportunities for Education. Prov. 9:1-6.
- " 24. Helpful Recreation. Zech. 8: 18-23.
- " 25. General Friendship. Luke 10: 25-37.
- " 26. True Religion. Rom. 1:16-32.
- " 27-May 3. What Jesus Teaches About Work. Matt. 20:25-28.
- " 27. The Supreme Law of the Universe. John 5:10-17.
- " 28. The Supreme Law of Life. John 9:1-12.
- " 29. The Way of Greatness. Matt. 20:25-28.
- " 30. Good Work Always Right. Luke 13:10-17.
- May 1. A Sign of Appreciation. Matt. 21:28-31.
- " 2. The Noblest Work. Acts 6:2-7.
- " 3. The Way to Fellowship with Christ. Matt. 20:1-16.
- " 4-10. The Generations—Understanding Each Other. Eph. 6:1-4.
- " 4. Honoring our Parents. Eph. 6:1-4.
- " 5. Kindness to Parents. Gen. 44: 18-34.
- " 6. Helping our Parents. 1 Sam. 9:1-10:1.
- " 7. Trusting our Parents. Luke 2:51, 52.
- " 8. Caring for our Children. Luke 2:41-50.
- " 9. Educating our Children. 1 Sam. 1:21-28.
- " 10. Counseling our Children. 1 Kings 2:1-4.

The Christian and Worldly Recreation

Burns Ave. B. Y. P. U., Detroit, Mich.

WE CAN'T GET OUT ON SUNDAY

We can't get out to church, you know, I really grieve to say, We are so rushed that frequently We're forced to stay away. These modern times are so intense, So strenuous—and then When Sunday comes, we're rather worn, And sleep till after ten. It really is distressing That duties are so pressing, With theater and opera and the season at its height; With club and lodge and matinee all following on Monday. You see just how it is that we Can't go to church on Sunday. Then, too, it often storms, you know; Last Tuesday, 'twas a shame—

We had to go to the movie show Right in the pouring rain. There's such a crowd in every car— On Sunday, too—and so When things like that, and all the rest We seldom get to go. It really is distressing That duties are so pressing, The date for every day you know and things we have to do, The luncheon and the bridge and then the dinner parties, too, The matinees and movies that we can't omit on Monday; And so to go to these you know We can't go out on Sunday

Our Young People and Sunday School Workers' Union held a joint meeting on February 10, 1931. The Devotional Commission had charge of the program. Rev. W. E. Schmitt was the speaker of the evening. He spoke on "The Christian and Worldly Recreation" to an audience close to 200. His lecture was enjoyed by all and he proved all things by Scripture. He confined his talk to card playing, dancing and theater going. He pointed out that by testing all our movements by the following questions, we can be pretty sure of being safe.

Can we ask God's blessing on what we are doing?

Would Christ do it?

Can you glorify and testify of him?

Does the recreation in mind enslave us, build us up in character and heart?

Does it cause a weaker one to stumble?

It was pointed out that 90% of the gamblers learned to play cards in their mothers' parlor. This alone should be enough reason why a deck of cards should have no place in the Christian home.

In regard to dancing: It is always too evident that married couples seldom dance together and consequently it is hard to keep one's heart and mind pure, especially while dancing these modern dances.

A recent secular magazine devoted a full page to this topic. "Turkish Government censures American films. Passed law that no minor children should see movies because they are demoralizing to youth." This alone should be sufficient reason why a true child of God should not patronize movies. It's time the Christians went to arms about conditions when a so-called non-Christian country has to censure a so-called Christian nation. The very last we, as Christians, can do it to abstain from it. It also has been pointed out that so-called movie going Christians are rarely seen in Sunday morning worship or prayer meeting.

If the above reasons are not enough in themselves to help us overcome these things, let's turn to the following Scripture passages: 1 Cor. 6:12: "All things are lawful unto me but all things are not expedient: all things are lawful for me, but I will not be brought under the power of any." 1 Cor. 1:23: "All things are lawful for me, but all things are not expedient: all things are lawful for me, but all things do not edify." 1 Cor. 8: 12, 13: "But when you sin so against the brethren, and wound their weak conscience, you sin against Christ. Where-

fore if meat makes my brother to offend, I will eat no meat while the world standeth, lest I make my brother offended." 1 Cor. 10:31: "Whether therefore you eat, or drink, or whatsoever you do, do all to the glory of God." Romans 14:23: "And he that doubteth is damned if he eat, because he eateth not to faith, for whatsoever is not of faith is sin." John 15:16: "You have not chosen me, but I have chosen you, and ordained you, that ye should go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit shall remain; that whatsoever you ask of the Father in my name, he may give it to you." Romans 14:9: "For to this end Christ both died, and rose, and revived, that he might be Lord both to the dead and living." 2 Cor. 6:14: "Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers: for what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness? and what communion hath light with darkness?" James 4:4: "Ye adulterers and adulteresses, know ye not that the friendship of the world is enmity with God? Whosoever therefore will be a friend of the world is the enemy of God." Matt. 18:7: "Woe unto the world because of offenses! for it must needs be that offences come; but woe to that man by whom the offense cometh!" Gal. 6:7: "Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Isa. 5:20: "Woe unto them that call evil good, and good evil; that put darkness for light, and light for darkness; that put bitter for sweet, and sweet for bitter!" 1 Thess. 5:22: "Abstain from all appearance of evil." James 1:27: "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world." 1 John 2:4: "He that saith, I know him, and keepeth not his commandments, is a liar, and the truth is no in him."

How verily true it is that true Christianity is a continuous struggle and battle, temptations on every hand, and it takes praying without ceasing to live a Christ-like life. How easy it is to slip slowly and gradually and to be lured by the so-called innocent pleasure. The passage of 1 Cor. 8:12, 13, should be enough for any child of God to live by. If it were not a sacrifice to be a real Christian, if it were just a pathway, there would be no battle. Christ was crucified for our sins and we must crucify our flesh and take up the cross. The world can't see our ideals at all, they feel so sorry for us and many a so-called Christian too, they tell us we are narrow-minded and old-fashioned. We must stand for ridicule and scoffing and it takes prayer and some more prayers to give us courage to go on. But with such a leader as Christ we need not falter but courageously take up our cross and follow him, who died for us. Then we can say with Paul, "I have finished the fight, I have kept the faith." God grant that our young people, not only of the Burns Ave. church, but all the Baptist young people in our country, may take up the banner, forge ahead and live such a life that we can at all times ask our Master to be our compan-

ion and our guide in whatever we do or say or whatever place we go.

There's only one way to salvation,
The glorious way of the cross,
Through pain, self-denial and loss,
'Tis narrow, but ever abounding,
With glimpses of heaven above,
It is rugged but radiant with glory,
And blazoned with mercy and love.

There's only one way to salvation,
Though often it seems in vain,
Its mountains of trial and sorrow,
Its deserts of passion and pain;
But Jesus the Savior of sinners
Will walk by your side all the way,
He will guide you, cheer you and love
you,

Oh, make him your Savior today!

GRACE BRANDT, Sec

King's Daughters, Racine, Wis.

The King's Daughters of Grace Baptist Church are a group of young women who meet regularly for the purpose of better acquainting themselves with the Bible; develop the spiritual life; develop missionary interest and promote missionary projects; help in the work of the local church and to stimulate Christian fellowship.

During the year 1930 we had 3 Bible studies, one missionary address, one educational address, gave away 2 layettes, sent a Christmas box of gifts to the native nurses of the Baptist hospital in Capiz, P. I., where Dr. Frederick Meyer is in charge, and disbursed \$136. Of this amount \$60 was sent to the Sudan Interior Mission for the support of a girl in school, \$10 for Thanksgiving cheer and \$22 for Christmas cheer. Mrs. F. W. Meyer was made honorary member in view of the fact that she directly represents us on the foreign field.

Our meetings are well attended and a fine spirit of enthusiasm and co-operation exists.

HELEN M. NELSON, Sec.

The Origin of Ben Hur

"Harpers" relates the origin of the famous book which has continued to sell steadily for years. General Lew Wallace happened to be seated near Colonel Ingersoll on a railroad trip and their conversation turned to the question of the divinity of Christ. After leaving Ingersoll, General Wallace ran over in his mind the best way to arrive at a satisfactory solution of the question. He finally decided to write a history of Christ which would enable him to examine the pros and cons of both sides. For six years he worked assiduously on his task until he finally produced "Ben Hur." It is recorded in "The House of Harper," the history of Harper & Brothers, that "General Wallace wound up his story with the trenchant statement that the result of his labors was the absolute conviction that Jesus of Nazareth was not only a Christ and the Christ, but that he was also his Christ, his Savior, and his Redeemer."

* * *

Put on a smile: it is as cheap as a frown and as a cosmetic cannot be beaten.

When Is a Teacher Trained?

(Concluded from page 7)

ity to achieve this result in the lives of his group. If therefore you want to find out who your trained teachers are, examine the conduct that they are producing on the part of those whom they teach. Are Christian habits, Christian attitudes, Christian experiences being produced? If these and other values are being developed, then your teachers are being trained. If not, your teachers have not been trained even though they may have completed every book in the entire Standard Training Curriculum.—Westminster Leader.

Look!

Look back—to note progress, and to be able to avoid making the same mistake twice. *Look in*—to examine our motives, and to attune ourselves to the great task that is ours. *Look up*—to God, who is our strength, and from whom our help must come. *Look out*—to better things, to progress, to improved work, to greater fields of service and to the reward which shall come sometime to all good workmen.

Two New Books of strong and convincing appeal

One of them is of British origin and has created a big market as evidenced by the 130,000 copies which have been printed. It is a true story, or series of stories, grown out of the slum life of England. It bears the title

God of the Slums

and this book of 167 pages
can be had for \$1.25
postage paid

The other is just from the press and portrays the life of Henry F. Milans who though brilliant and prosperous fell from the chair of Managing Editor of one of the great New York dailies to the life of a bum of the Bowery, owing all to an insatiable appetite for strong drink. But the book also tells how God picked him out of the gutter and put his feet on the Eternal Rock. This thrilling book has for its title

Out of the Depths

It has 224 pages and costs
\$1.50 post paid

If you have any doubt about the practicability of "prohibition"; if your faith in the power of God to save to the uttermost has become weak; if you need to be fired with a new zeal for service, you must read these books. You need both of them to read and to pass to others to read. You will do well to buy them even if times seem hard and even if you must go without a meal to save the cost of the books.

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