

# The Baptist Herald

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

Volume Nine

CLEVELAND, O., DECEMBER 15, 1931 Number Twenty-four



**A** TRUE CHRISTIAN observes Christmas unselfishly. Giving looms larger on his horizon than getting. He thinks of the homeless and friendless, of the needy and lonely. He spends his Christmas in honoring the Christ. Christ said that he came to bring good tidings to the poor and if we have not made his birthday a season of joy to someone poorer than we are, we have hardly observed it in his spirit. Let no great newspaper, no association for helping the poor, rob you of the joy of personal ministry at this Christmas season.

# What's Happening

Don't forget to renew your subscription to the "Baptist Herald" for 1932, if you have not already done so. Don't put it off. Do it now.

The second edition of the sermon-tract "Slightly Soiled, Greatly Reduced in Price" has been entirely exhausted. We cannot fill any more orders for the same.

Rev. W. H. Barsch, pastor of our church at New Britain, Conn., has resigned to accept the call of the Main Street Baptist Church in Meriden, Conn. He begins his new pastorate January 1. This is an entirely English church.

Reverend and Mrs. Siebe S. Feldmann announce the arrival of Virginia Louise Feldmann on Nov. 7, 1931, at Capiz, Capiz, Philippine Islands. We extend the sincerest congratulations of the "Baptist Herald" family to our missionary friends in the Far East.

The Finance Committee of our German Baptist General Conference has an important communication in this number. Please read it carefully. In our Christmas giving, whether it be large or small this year, let us not forget the Lord's cause. It is a time for sacrificial giving.

Rev. John Kepl, pastor of our church at Regina, Sask., Can., was plunged into great sorrow by the death of his wife on Sunday, Nov. 15. Mrs. Kepl passed away while giving birth to a baby boy. The baby is well. We extend heartfelt sympathy to Bro. Kepl and family in this great loss which has come to their family circle.

Bible schools will be held again this winter in Alberta and Saskatchewan provinces of Western Canada. The Bible School for Alberta will be held in Wetaskiwin during January and Field Secretary A. A. Schade will be the main instructor. Bible Schools for Saskatchewan young people will be held at Rosenfeld and Nokomis churches during January at which General Secretary A. P. Mihm will be the chief instructor.

## New Young People's Society at Pleasant Ridge, S. Dak.

The young people of the German Baptist Church of Pleasant Ridge, S. Dak., met at the home of Rev. and Mrs. Fred Trautner at Lemmon, S. Dak., to organize a young people's society.

Mrs. Trautner opened the meeting with prayer and singing.

Clara Beck acted as temporary chairman; Ella Sittner as temporary secretary.

Twenty-four young people took a stand to serve God by becoming members. The constitution composed by Mrs. Trautner was then read, amended in part and later adopted as a whole.

The following officers were chosen: Matha Beck, president; Peter Sittner, vice-president; Ella Sittner, secretary; Alvina Lutz, treasurer.

The president then appointed the following committees: Membership, program and social.

The Pleasant Ridge B. Y. P. society plans to meet the first Friday of every month in Lemmon, S. Dak., at the parsonage.

We are looking to the future with great hopes and pray that God will richly bless us in our new undertaking.  
MARTHA BECK.

## The Oklahoma Association

The Oklahoma Association meets once a year in the fall. Bessie was the place where all the German Baptists met from November 5-8. We have 6 churches in our State and Bessie is not the least among them. The delegates and visitors were royally entertained by the members.

The days of our "Vereinigung" were days of great blessings. The devotionals, the essays, the Bible Study and the sermons were rich in God's truth and love. We were glad to have had Bro. A. Orthner with us and by his talks and pictures of our work in Cameroon we were aroused to greater interest in our mission there. Bro. G. A. Lang's messages and Bible-studies in the "Letter of Paul to the Philippians" were also very helpful, as well as the essays by A. Rosner and Chas. Wagner.

The meetings were well attended and the time passed quickly. Bro. F. W. Socolofsky and his people did their best and we want to thank them herewith.

A resolution adopted by our Association and to be printed in our "Baptist Herald":

1. We were glad and praise God, that Bro. A. Orthner, our Missionary from Cameroon, could be with us. Through his address and the pictures of his missionary field we were inspired to support our mission more heartily. We wish God's blessing for Bro. Orthner's return.

2. We were glad to have Bro. G. A. Lang of Lorraine, Kans., with us. Through his messages and Bible-study we were strengthened in our faith. We thank the Lorraine folks for sending us Bro. G. A. Lang.

3. We are glad that the churches without pastors are keeping up their meetings. Our wish is that the time may speedily come that these churches may again have their own pastors. We as Association assure them of our interest and would state that their fellow-ministers are willing to be of help to them if they so desire.  
CHAS. WAGNER.

## Subscribers

Please read this notice

"The Baptist Herald" completes another year with this issue and so it will be time to renew the subscription for another year.

Please give this matter your prompt attention so that there may be no interruption in the mailings.

If there is a booster in your church the renewal can be placed there, otherwise send the order direct to the office of publication.

German Baptist Publication Society  
3734 Payne Ave.,  
Cleveland, Ohio

A renewal blank has been prepared for your convenience and will be found inserted with this number of the "Herald."

If for some imperative reason you do not expect to take the paper the coming year please notify us.

## The Baptist Herald

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

Rev. A. P. Mihm, Editor

Contributing Editors:

O. E. Krueger A. A. Schade  
August F. Runtz

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

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

All editorial correspondence is to be addressed to Rev. A. P. Mihm, 7346 Madison St., Forest Park, Ill.

All business correspondence to German Baptist Publication Society, 3734 Payne Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

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

# The Baptist Herald

## The Child of Long Ago

GRACE NOLL CROWELL

For the sake of one small Child of long ago  
I shall go down dark alleyways—and dim—  
To find the children there and give them gifts  
I could not bring to him.

And for his sake I shall go seeking those  
Who have forgotten stars may shine for them,  
To tell them of one everlasting star:  
The Star of Bethlehem.

For the sake of one small Child I shall be kind.  
He was so kind through life to those who came  
To seek him in the throng—to touch his hand,  
Or call him by his name.

And for that Child's dear sake I shall be glad.  
And I shall place a candle, slim and white,  
Upon my sill that it may light the way  
For those who walk at night.

And if I mark where others bear a load  
And lend a hand until the burden lifts,  
Perhaps—as he accepted gold and myrrh—  
He will accept my gifts.

## The Unspeakable Gift

IT is worth remembering that Christmas is the birthday of Jesus, the man who never gave the world a dollar. He bestowed upon mankind not a solitary material gift. He carved no statue, painted no picture, wrote no poem, composed no song, fashioned no piece of jewelry, built no edifice, founded no city, erected no triumphal arch; but he stands in history as the great giver. Silver and gold had he none, but such as he had he gave to men, the gentle touch of a sympathetic hand, the golden glow of a genial mind, the healing love of a generous heart, the bracing energy of a courageous spirit. Paul calls him God's "Unspeakable Gift." The best thing God is able to give us is not gold or silver, or costly stones, but himself.

It is when we give of the things of the spirit that we escape from the realm of embarrassments and burdens. Into a spiritualized Christmas we everyone can enter, the rich and the poor, the high and the low, the small and the great.

In preparing, then, our Christmas presents, let us get ready to give some of the things which Jesus gave. Along with the many gifts which have prices, let us give a few which are priceless. Let us give thought to someone who needs it, sympathy to

someone who craves it but does not get it, kindness to someone whom the world has overlooked, affection to someone who is starving for it, inspiration to someone who is fainting because of the lack of it. One's Christmas does not consist in the abundance of the things which he receives or gives away, but in the spirit of goodwill which fills his heart.—Charles E. Jefferson.

## A Fine Christmas Gift for Our Mother

WE are planning to give our mother a fine Christmas gift on Sunday, December 27, 1931.

Our denominational mother is our "General Work."

### SEE OUR MOTHER'S DESPERATE NEED

Her Household-Account August, September, October

Her Receipts amounted to \$ 6,944.58

Her Expenditures amounted to 44,221.76

Her Deficit in the Household Account is \$37,277.20

## Our Mother's Manifold Tasks

Through her seminary our mother supplies our churches with pastors, ministers and preachers. In doing that she is rendering us a service of the highest importance. At present there are 47 students in preparation for the ministry. During the three months August, September and October our seminary received \$731.85 and spent for administration \$4100. Deficit \$3368.15.

\*

Through her Publishing House in Cleveland our mother supplies us with the all-important Christian literature. It would be absolutely impossible for our mother to educate her large family and to instill into the widely scattered members the spirit of unity without the work of the Publication House. Our "Sendbote" and the "Baptist Herald" and the "Lektionsblätter" and the "Muntere Säemann" and the "Wegweiser" render an invaluable service in fostering the denominational life of our people. When because of the present depression subscriptions for any of our papers are canceled, those canceling the subscriptions have an irreparable loss and our mother is embarrassed because of decreased income.

**In her Children's Home at St. Joseph** and by the help extended to widows our mother is caring for children without parents or homes. At present there are 40 children in St. Joseph and 69 are with their own mothers. During the three months August, September and October our Children's Home received \$627.30 and spent \$3476.78. **Deficit \$2849.48.**

\*

**Through her Young People's and Sunday School Worker's Union** our mother is training the youth of our churches. These children in our Sunday schools and the young people in the societies will very largely make up our future churches. Everything that is being done for them will bear fruit later. During the three months August, September and October our Young People's and Sunday School Workers' Union received \$278.80 and spent \$1662.90. **Deficit \$1384.10.**

\*

**Through her Home Mission Department** our mother has actually helped our work at home from infancy to maturity. Doubtless a majority of our churches, even the strongest, have at some time received help from this department. At present 73 churches and 78 missionaries are receiving support. During the three months August, September and October our Home Mission Department received \$1847.97 and spent \$13,683.70. **Deficit \$11,835.73.**

\*

**Through her Foreign Mission Department** our mother has carried the Gospel far beyond our own borders. We have been able to carry on foreign mission work in at least twenty countries. At present we are assisting about 125 missionaries, who are gathering "The Lord's Own" in many lands. All our foreign missionaries have had a salary cut of 10 per cent. During the three months August, September and October our Foreign Mission Department received \$1555.86 and spent \$10,092.27. **Deficit \$8536.41.**

\*

**Through her Department for Relief** our mother has rendered a service to the poor among us that has been well pleasing to God. Her monthly checks are a real comfort to those who are struggling with adversity. During the three months August, September and October this department received \$487.90 and spent \$2454.81. **Deficit \$1966.91.**

\*

**Through her Chapel Building Department** our mother has made it easier for many churches to erect chapels and church buildings. There would be a long list if we were to enumerate all our churches that have received help from our Chapel Building Department. During the past few years our mother has at great cost to herself independ-

ently erected a number of fine chapels at strategic places. During the three months August, September and October this department received \$236.37 and spent \$230.

\*

**Through her Ministers' Pension** our mother is at present paying to 47 ministers and ministers' widows a regular pension. Every minister should remember that our Ministers' Pension can only continue to pay the pension regularly if the Missionary and Benevolent Offering is well supplied with funds. During the three months August, September and October this department received \$487.90 and paid regular pensions amounting to \$2768.28. **Deficit \$2280.38.**

\*

**Through her Department of Superannuated Ministers** our mother it at present helping 21 veteran pastors and 20 widows of such veterans. Because of the present money stringency a number of veterans and veterans' widows have voluntarily suggested that their monthly allowances be reduced. During the three months August, September and October this department has received \$348.50 and spent \$1932.30. **Deficit \$1583.80.**

\*

**In her three Old People's Homes** our mother is at present giving a carefree and happy evening of life to 170 aged ones. During the three months August, September and October our three Old People's Homes received the following payments from our budget: The Old People's Home in Chicago received \$69.80; the Old People's Home in Philadelphia received \$139.40; the Old People's Home in Portland received \$104.55.

\*

After reading of these manifold labors of our mother, we are all agreed that she has a big household. Even with the most careful economy, the administration expenses are unavoidable. During the three months August, September and October our mother received for administration \$348.50 and spent \$3814.37. **Deficit \$3465.21.**

### How Can We Relieve Our Mother's Financial Needs?

We admire our mother when we think of all the work she is doing. We sympathize with her, when we learn of her financial difficulties. Every loyal and loving son and daughter will immediately ask: How can I help mother?

1. "Take it to the Lord in prayer." God himself has instructed us to bring every need of whatever nature it may be to him in prayer and he has promised to find a way out. All of us have personally proved God's faithfulness. Let us knock at God's door before going anywhere else. He can influence ourselves and others to give. He can open new

2. We are planning to give our mother a fine Christmas gift on Sunday, December 27, 1931.

3. Genuine love to our mother concretely expressed will work wonders.

4. Our pastors are greatly indebted to our mother for the many benefits received. With few exceptions our pastors have to thank our mother for their ministerial training. During many years many of our pastors have received assistance from mother's Home Mission Department. Many of our older pastors have received grants from the Superannuated Ministers' Department and in the later years many are receiving regularly their pension. Every young minister is expecting to receive a pension at 65. Gratitude toward our mother should prompt every minister to do his utmost to enlist others to participate in that fine Christmas gift.

5. In these times of depression we still have some members among us who are financially able to contribute largely. At the time of this writing four men have already contributed \$2700. Let your love to "Mother" and your own financial ability decide how much you should give.

6. We are glad that the poor members also have the privilege of placing a gift in God's Treasury. At present there are many poor among our 34,671 members. If each member could give \$1.00, we would already have \$34,671. However, the gifts of the poor are most precious and highly appreciated. When "Mother" is in such desperate need, even "her poor children" are willing to sacrifice so as to relieve her poverty and provide the means to enable her to administer her big household.

7. The mission treasuries of all churches, Sunday schools, organized Sunday school classes, Women's and Young People's Societies should without hesitation be emptied for mother's Christmas gift.

8. This year we will remember our own mother at Christmas time. Of course, there are many other good mothers; we mean there are many other good Missionary Societies. This year we will have to ask the children of such mothers to provide a Christmas gift for them. Because of her present desperate situation, we are determined to collect the biggest Christmas gift possible "for our own mother."

#### THE FINANCE COMMITTEE

E. Elmer Staub, Chairman.  
H. P. Donner, Vice-Chairman.  
J. H. Zurn, Recording Secretary.  
William Kuhn, Executive Secretary.  
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### IMMANUEL

#### A Christmas Meditation

IT is curious that this beautiful name is so little used for Jesus. Doubtless it is because the word is never directly applied to him in Scripture. It is a word of prophecy originally used by Isaiah concerning the coming Deliverer of Israel, whose iden-

tity is not clearly indicated. Isaiah, like every real prophet, spoke greater things than he realized and his glowing picture of Immanuel, the Divine Deliverer, is only adequately filled out by Jesus seven hundred years after the prophet's vision. Upon the prophet's lips the word signified all the hunger of human souls for the discovery of God, not in some distant heaven, but in the midst of human affairs. Christmas is God's splendid answer to that hunger.

The meaning of "Immanuel" is "God with us," the first part of the word being familiar to us in the term "immanent." No phrase could better express the essential meaning of Christmas. The Incarnation of God in Christ was the great point of transition in the history of the world, at which the unseen God, previously so dimly felt and imperfectly understood, became visible and tangible in the midst of time and sense. The distant God of current thought and feeling became the God of whom the apostles were at last able to declare, "That which was from the beginning, which we have listened to, which we have seen with our own eyes, and our own hands have handled, the life of the ages, which was with the Father and was manifested to us."

#### The Highest in the Lowest

The first Christmas was the occasion when the idea of God as being apart from and different from our common humanity was superseded by the fact of God sharing our humanity and revealing his character in terms of our own life. The medium chosen by God for his great self-revelation was the medium of our own nature. The beautiful stories gathered about the birth of Jesus are all laden with this great fact. Their theme is the condescension of the great to the humble. Angels are linked to shepherds, the great and wise of the earth to a little lowly Babe; the Eternal Son of God is born of working-class folk; the favorite Son of heaven finds no better shelter on earth than the stable of an inn; the mightiest revelation in the spiritual history of mankind transpires in an obscure little outlying province of the empire. The quiet and humble and despised ones of the earth are caught up to the chief places in the vast drama of redemption—that drama which is as wide as the universe, as high as heaven, as deep as hell. And when this little Babe, so feeble and lowly in his advent, but so majestic in his real being, became consciously the teacher of men, it was the same great truth that he taught. Religion was not to be realized, God was not to be found by escaping from humanity, by despising its everyday experiences, by discarding the real world of fact for some mood of exalted emotion. Instead, the commonest service rendered in love was real contact with God. Only in the highest possibilities of human relationship was God to be found among men. "If a man keep my commandments we will come unto him and we will make our abode with him."

There is somewhere a quaint poem in which the author depicts a parish priest so eager to find God

that he hastened away from the common crowd and climbed the belfry of the church till he reached the top of the steeple, and there in longing he cried, "Where art thou, Lord?" only to be met by the startling reply, "Down here amongst my people!" That is the lesson of Christmas—Christ is Immanuel—God with us. The religion of Christ's day had made God a stranger. It had hidden him, like every religion, whose ceremonial is greatly developed, behind an elaborate program of approach and a formidable array of minute moralities.

### Making Room for God

Is your life like that inn at Bethlehem, so full of others that there is no room for him? May that not be because you do not recognize him? You have been expecting some Great One! You thought he was incompatible with others! You thought of him as belonging to the stars and suns, but he belongs much more to the sweet reunions of loving hearts, to the faithful remembrance of humble souls, to Christmas gifts and Christmas cheer. "Nevermore thou needest seek me," he saith. "Raise the stone and thou shalt find me, cleave the wood and I am there." Or as one of our poets has put it—

"I come in the little things," saith the Lord.  
"My starry wings I do forsake,  
Love's highways of humanity to take.  
Meekly I fit my stature to your need.  
In beggar's part  
About your gates I shall not cease to plead  
As man, to speak with man,  
Till by such art  
I shall achieve my immemorial plan,  
Pass the low lintel of the human heart."

And if God so comes in Christ, it is that he may so come in through you and me. Christ desires to be but the first-born of many brethren.

### We Know Him

A delightful story has recently been received in missionary circles in China. A white colporter visited a section of Central China into which no white missionary, to his knowledge, had ever penetrated. Gathering a big crowd of Chinese around him in a certain town, he began to read to them from the New Testament in Chinese. He read the story of Jesus healing a blind man, healing a lame man, healing lepers, like the lepers that crowded their streets, disfigured and dreadful. And they said suddenly, their faces lighting up: "Oh, we know him! He used to live here. Our mothers and fathers have told us about him. He lived in a house down the street. We know where he is buried. His grave is here. We will show it to you, teacher. When the great plague came, the rest left us, but he would not leave us. He gave us strange things out of a bottle. We took the things, and were better. We had babies. They were blind. He washed their eyes, he made them well; they could see. Oh, we know him very well! He has often walked down our streets and spoken to us when we were little." The colporter said, "No, that could not be! He

lived in a land far, far from here. He belonged to a different nationality."

"No, sir," they said, "you are mistaken. He was right here. Come, and we will show you the grave." He went and saw the grave, and its inscription in English. He looked up the history of the town, and found the man they were speaking of was a British volunteer, a young medical man, who had just completed his medical course, who had gone up the Yangtse six hundred miles, and broken into the central and northerly interior, and settled down in this little town. The plague at last had taken his life. And away out there, after the years, when they heard the words about Christ they called out, "We knew him! He lived here. We knew him well!" Thus, as his Father was known in him, does Christ desire to be known in us.

What if there is no other way for God to come into the human situation with really effective redemption? Will you wait for the wonderful and the miraculous and the spectacular to happen while missing this supreme wonder, this stupendous miracle, this spectacle so exquisitely tempered to our sight—Immanuel—"God with you in Christ"? Power in itself never appeals to our hearts so much as when it stoops to be gentle, proving itself in restraint rather than in ebullition. Just as mercy "becomes the throned monarch better than his crown," so is God's Divinity perfected in the likeness of our humanity. And in this way religion becomes possible for the humblest.

In the Louvre, at Paris, there is a great painting by Murillo. The scene is a kitchen in which toilers move to and fro. One is putting the kettle on the fire, another is lifting a pail of water, a third is at the dresser taking down the plates, another is moving here and there. Their faces are radiant, their garb, they are beautiful white-winged angels, and as one writer has put it, the charm of the picture lies in the fact that no incongruity strikes the beholder. "The Angels in the Kitchen"—that is the spirit of our Christian faith.

"The trivial round, the common task,  
Will furnish all we ought to ask,  
Room to deny ourselves, a road  
To bring us daily nearer God."  
If, in the presence of God, there is fullness of joy, what a merry Christmas it should be for us, since Christ is Immanuel—"God with us." "Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy — unto you — A. D. Belden in "The Church School."

CHRISTMAS ought to be a season of glad fellowship among friends. We are so pre-occupied and so busy that often we forget our friends and yet without them life would be so bare and empty. At Christmas we can remind them that old affections are not wholly forgotten. The simple card, the little present, the cheery visit will warm the heart of friends. This is the season when words of love and thoughtful little tokens of love will bring back the flush to the cheek and the sparkle to the eye.

# The Sunday School

## The Children's Time

J. L. GLOVER

Christmas time is the children's Time—  
Time of holly and sweet bells' chime;  
Time when lessons are laid away,  
For nobody works on Christmas Day.  
Holly and mistletoe everywhere;  
Merry greetings and holiday cheer;  
Presents, and stockings, and gifts of love;  
Thoughts of the Gift from Heaven above.

What is the reason, on Christmas Day,  
That we think of each other in Love's dear way?  
Why are we glad at this happy time,  
Why send our greetings, while joy-bells chime?  
It is just because, one long-ago night,  
The sky was filled with angels bright,  
Who brought glad news of the Savior's birth—  
Peace and good will from heaven to earth.

In the Bethlehem stable a Baby lay  
Sweetly sleeping amid the hay,  
Shepherds watching their flock by night  
Saw in the heavens a wondrous light;  
Angels sang of his coming there—  
Joyful tidings to banish fear;  
And so we love, because Christ was born,  
A Child, on earth, on Christmas morn.

## Just Keeping It Alive

I saw a Bible school recently where they had recourse to the most approved methods of artificial respiration to keep the institution from dying entirely.

Of course, it was not exactly the same method as that used to resuscitate a person nearly drowned or almost asphyxiated; but it was so much like it that I can think of no better term to use.

The chief administrator of artificial respirations was the chorister. Now he was a good chorister, in the matter of some of his qualities. He had a good voice for leading, he was a good musician, and he led with a smile on his face. If only he had been content to utilize these good qualities! But he was not.

He felt, apparently, that the patient was in danger of a collapse, so he had recourse to artificial stimulation.

Now this particular Bible school reminded one of a patient bordering on collapse. It was a small school; but, of course, that would not be to its discredit if it was as large as it ought to be. But here was one sign of weakness; it was scarcely half as large as it ought to be. Besides, it was almost lifeless. People moved about as if they were hardly able to do so; even the children of the lively age were just going through the motions of attending and being interested.

So, in truth, I had some sympathy with the chorister and the other officers. They had on their hands a patient that suggested that his next breath might be his last.

But the method used to keep this school barely alive! That is the matter. It was pathetic, when it was not funny.

The chorister used up more time in talking than he did in singing; or in cajoling, rather than talking. He endeavored to furnish enthusiasm to a group that had none. His remarks were supposed to be witty. He tried to play off one class against another, much to the disgust of the members of these classes. He used all the bygone and ancient methods of his guild; but the results were painfully small. When he talked and worked his hands there were signs of animation; but, alas, it was all over when he stopped. It was all artificial.

The superintendent tried his hand at it, too. Everything he said was keyed up to a high pitch. He talked in superlatives. It was difficult, of course, to make each sentence more high-sounding than the last. Indeed, it could not be done; so the effect was that of a skyrocket, reminding one of the old childhood slogan, "Whatever goes up must come down." And down it came.

A young woman was called on to give an announcement of the Young People's meeting. She caught the spirit of it; she indicated that if you did not come to this next meeting you would miss the greatest blessing of your life.

The secretary did not rise to the occasion. He made a plain statement as to attendance and sat down; but that gave the superintendent a new opportunity to go superlative-hunting, and he was followed by a bombastic announcement about what the men's class was going to do.

Now enthusiasm is good; but you cannot plaster it on from outside; at least, not long. You can arouse a group to a sudden energy that subsides in less time than it takes to rise; but that is not real enthusiasm.

We have a right to be enthusiastic about the Bible school—every right in the world. It is a growing institution, getting bigger and better all the time. But it does not need artificial respiration; it needs only to be taught to take big, deep breaths.

The trouble with the method used by our friends of the school visited lies mainly in the fact that they use it all the time. It is their stock in trade. They know no other method. And that is a tragedy.

There is just one kind of enthusiasm that begets enthusiasm, and that is the kind that comes from a consciousness of work well done.

It is a paradox, in a way, that if a Bible school is worth boosting it does not need it. Its very worth is its own best stimulator. The old adage is everlastingly true: "A pleased customer is the best advertiser."

Not that we will hesitate to tell of the worth of our product. If it is worthy, however, it doesn't need a very loud horn to proclaim it.

The Fraternity of Artificial Stimulators is a fairly large fraternity. I meet its members in the pulpit occasionally; I find many of them in business. I do not like them, and I know that they do our cause no permanent good. They get to be bores. They are as tiresome as the foghorn on a vessel at sea—with full apology to the foghorn.

The Bible school needs no artificial stimulation—unless it be in some moment of dire distress. What it needs is warm hearts and clear heads in its guidance; it needs faithful service and sane consecration. These will furnish all the stimulation needed.—Westminster Teacher.

## Learning Is Not a Simple Matter

Learning, itself, is not a simple matter. People once thought that a teacher could take any particular subject, present it and through the customary methods of memorization and recitation give it to the child. The only thing that the child was learning was the particular thing in point. We know that during any specific teaching situation many learnings are taking place.

For example, while the child was learning a Bible passage, he was also learning whether or not he liked the Bible as a book; whether or not he thought he would be interested in reading more of that book; whether or not he liked the person who was teaching him; whether or not he liked Sunday school and found it a place to which he would choose to go if his parents would allow him to do as he wanted; whether or not church was a valuable thing in his life; and whether he should "put it over" on the teacher or really work. All of these things came as by-product learnings, but in a vast majority of cases they were the most valuable part of the outcomes of the process.

\* \* \*

The world needs radiance. It has wealth and opportunities for pleasure; and it has educational facilities, but when all is said for everything material there is still the fact that the most powerful and most satisfying thing in life is to live that others will see the shining of the face made possible by the life hid with Christ in God, the life of regular and ever increasing service.

# THE WHITE LADY

By GRACE LIVINGSTONE HILL

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(Continuation)

The man in the chair opposite presently came in scowling and cursing all railroads for careless inefficiency. Constance gathered from his answers to excited fellow-passengers that there was a double wreck a mile or so ahead where another railroad's tracks crossed. Two freight-trains had collided and the tracks were a mass of tangled wreckage.

The conductor came through just then announcing that it would be an hour at least before they could get under way again, for a derrick had to be sent from Chicago, nearly forty miles away, before they could hope to clear the tracks.

Constance, feeling rather blank, suddenly discovered she was hungry. She had been too absorbed in her thoughts at lunch time to bother to eat anything. Now would be a good time to visit the diner. She started back through the train, car after car. On and on she went. She had not remembered the dining car had been so far away from her car that morning. Suddenly she came to the last car and looked out on the open tracks stretching away behind.

Puzzled, astonished, startled, she stood in the doorway and stared.

An interested sauntering youth, another waiting passenger, took advantage of her bewilderment.

"S mattah, girlie?" quoth he.

Without realizing his impudence for the moment, Constance gasped, "Why where's the diner?"

He laughed. "Dropped an hour ago, sistah. Had a hot box. Guess they figuahed we'd be in Chi by dinnah time. Sorry I haven't a chicken dinnah about me," he added smartly, feeling in his pockets. "How about a cigarette?"

But Constance had fled. She made her way back to her seat with flaming cheeks.

She began to realize for the first time in her life that she was hungry and had nothing with which to satisfy her hunger. She wondered vaguely whether this was an omen of the future. Was she to know actual want?

Yet the new experience was so great a novelty, as to be almost interesting. It pleased her to try to get out of this situation. There must be a restaurant or a hotel in the village. Now would be a good time to explore that lovely estate, too. So Constance picked her way between the train and the low picket fence surrounding the station-house yard.

It was a most interesting village street upon which she presently emerged. Half a dozen loungers, black and white, stood about the station and the news-stand. As many more lounged on the steps of three uninviting stores, a cigar store and barber shop combined, a Chinese laundry, and a small general supply store. Finding no further promise in looking up the

street in either direction, Constance timidly ventured into the general supply store.

A survey of the premises almost made her turn and flee. It was anything but clean, and the atmosphere was rank with tobacco smoke. But a man approached her indifferently, and asked what she would have.

"Is there any hotel or restaurant near here where I can get something to eat?" she asked.

"Not 't I know of," he responded, leaning back against a sugar barrel wearily, and pulling off a broom straw from a bundle of brooms which stood beside him. He looked his elegant visitor over carefully and critically. It was evident to the bystanders that he was in now way overawed by her. The storekeeper spoke as if the country round about were to him a vast, unexplored region which might hold many a vagrant hotel if one had but the time to look it up, but the man who half lay on the counter and the man who sat on another sugar barrel and the man behind the counter all grinned in open-mouthed amusement at the idea of a restaurant or hotel thereabouts.

"Is there no place where I can get something to eat? Not even a boarding house where they serve meals?"

"Not 't I know of," responded the astute storekeeper again.

"Well, can't I get something to eat here?" said Constance desperately, looking around in search of something promising. She was not one to be easily balked in a project.

"Well, I generally calc'late to keep a few things in that line. It's what I'm here for," he answered, biting off bits of broom straw and keeping a sober face. "Just what was it you wanted?"

"Have you any—" Constance looked around wildly, appealing, as it were, to the cobwebby shelves, and searching her mind for any lore concerning grocery shopping. It had not been in her line. The housekeeper generally did all the ordering since her grandmother gave it up. "Have you any olives?" she said desperately.

The man settled back on the top of the sugar barrel again and folded his arms speculatively. "Olives!" he repeated meditatively; "olives!"—a long pause. "No, pickles."

"Well, perhaps pickles would do," said Constance, longing now only for an opportunity to get out of this dreadful store, and feeling somewhat under obligation to make a purchase. "What else have you?"

"Potatoes," said the resourceful storekeeper.

Constance looked puzzled. "Potatoes! Why, I couldn't cook those in a parlor car.

## THE BAPTIST HERALD

But perhaps you meant Saratoga chips. They would be good." Her face brightened. She was getting hungrier every minute.

"No, we don't keep chips of any kind, but we got plenty of kindling wood."

Constance's face flamed. She felt sure the man was trying to insult her, and expected a loud guffaw from the back of the store; but beyond a broad grin on the face of the young clerk, who ducked down to hunt for something behind the counter, there was no sign of mirth. The other listeners did not fully comprehend the nature of the commodity discussed.

The clerk presently emerged from under the counter with a red and sober face, and suggested respectfully that they had crackers and cheese.

Constance turned to the young man hopefully and gratefully, and won his heart with a smile.

"Thank you!" she said heartily. "That is a good suggestion."

He came forward and assisted her further, until she had quite a collection of stale cakes, a glass of jelly, some baker's buns, some chipped beef, and a large red-cheeked apple. At last, with her arms full to overflowing, she stepped forth once more.

The young man held the door open for her, and watched her wistfully down the street. She was a part of the great world of better things for which he often had aspirations: the world of which his mother talked when she could take time from her hard work; the world to which she used to belong, before she was married. He recognized the indefinable stamp of culture and refinement. He watched her as she crossed the street, and noted the pretty curve of the high instep of her foot so daintily shod. Suddenly the skinny figure of a boy appeared as from nowhere. His wet sandy hair was slicked back from his freckled face.

"Kid, you run after that lady, and carry her bundles to any place she wants 'em, and I'll give you five cents and a stick of candy. Be quick, and don't dare tell any of the kids I sent you."

The still damp swimming trunks were flung into a corner and the boy was off like a breeze. He was keen for a bargain; moreover, he scented another possible nickel from the stylish lady. He presented himself before the wondering Constance, who was already sorry that she had made so many purchases, and declared his intention of helping her.

She hesitated, not knowing whether to trust a strange boy or not; but he waited not for permission. His brother's word was law. He helped himself to the bottle of pickles that was fast finding its way from under her arm to the side-fair to follow, he caught at one or two. In the scramble they grew quite familiar, and she felt, when she was once more righted and ready to move onward, that she had gained a friend.

"Which way you goin'?" asked the

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young burden-bearer, shifting the gum in his mouth to the other cheek.

"Why, to the train, I suppose, said Constance, looking across wistfully to the old house. "There isn't any other place I could eat my lunch, is there? I hate to go back with such a lot of things. I don't know why I bought so many."

"Train!" said the boy on the alert at once for a sensation in the stupid little town. "Gosh! I did notice that train's been settin' there ever since I come up from the swimming hole! What's the big idea? Did they let you off to buy groceries for 'em all?"

Constance laughed in a carefree way as she had not laughed since her visit to the lawyer. She felt free as a bird out here in a strange village, with a strange street child carrying her parcels and treating her with pleasant comradeship.

"I did buy enough for an army, didn't I? I didn't want any lunch but I am ravenously hungry now. When I found the dining-car had been dropped, I thought I had better stock up. I started out to find a hotel and get dinner."

"There ain't no hotel in this here town. I can tell you that," said the boy knowingly.

As they crossed the street Constance pointed to the big stone house.

"Doesn't any one live in that old house over there?" she asked.

"Gosh, no!" he said.

"Why couldn't we go up there and have a picnic supper?" suggested Constance starting down the little path between the cedars. After a moment's hesitation the boy followed slowly. Constance was rather apprehensive as she thought of the strange thing she was doing. She was yet to discover how very strange it was to the mind of her escort.

### Chapter IV

They reached the porch of the house in silence.

"There!" said the boy with a flourish, depositing his bundles on a wooden bench, and hastening forward to take the remainder she carried. "You sit there and eat your grub."

He stood with folded arms, leaning against a piazza post, and Constance, a little uncertain of the situation, sat cautiously down, after wiping off the seat with a piece of paper that had wrapped the pickle-bottle. She looked furtively around and was relieved to find that her refuge was entirely hidden from the street. Then she gave herself up to a few minutes' enjoyment of the unusual. She opened every package, and spread out everything she had bought, to the immense enjoyment of her companion, who commented upon each article.

"Say, them cakes is dee-lickety! Ever taste 'em before? I had a dime's worth once, and gingersnaps wasn't in with 'em."

"Have one, do, to begin with," said Constance in childish delight, holding out the paper bag containing the delicacies.

She wondered what the stately butler at home would say, could he see her now.

As they lunched together Constance began to notice the boy stealing puzzled glances at her. He seemed nervous too, and would give a start at the slightest sound. She wondered at it but said nothing.

They grew quite friendly as the talk went on. He confided that his name was James Abercrombie Watts, but that she needn't mind to use it. "Jest call me 'Kid'; it's what they all do," he added with a confiding wink that took her into the inner sanctum of his confidence. "My brother, he works to the grocery, an' he don't never call me nothin' but 'Kid.' If it wasn't for mother—she calls me 'Jimmy' yet—I'd forget I was anything but the Kid. 'Crazy Kid,' the fellers calls me. Say, was you ever here before?"

His mouth was full of good things, and Constance marveled at his capacity and the rapidity with which he was emptying the bench. For herself a very little of each article sufficed. The quality was not what she was accustomed to find on her home table. Nevertheless, she did quite well, considering the viands. On the other hand the boy was having the time of his life. Not even the pickles were too much for him, and he was rapidly lowering the bottle with no thought, apparently, of ceasing till he had completed his task. Constance wondered what kind of a stomach he possessed, but he seemed not in the least concerned about that.

Constance told him that she was on her way to Chicago, and had never had the pleasure of stopping in that town before.

"Then you don't know 'bout this here house." He relaxed as if that explained everything. "I thought first you did; you looked at it as if you did. This is the haunted house of Rushville."

He paused, and waited to see what effect his words would have, but Constance looked at him in bewilderment.

"What kind of a house did you say this was?" she asked.

"Hanted," he replied, "hanted. Don't you know what that means? It's a hanted house, nas ghosts in it; don't you know? Didn't you ever hear of a house being hanted with ghosts?"

"Oh," said Constance, trying not to laugh, "a haunted house. Yes, I know. Who haunts it?"

"Oh, a girl. And I guess she's about your size, too. My uncle seen her once when he was comin' home from work this way real late. She was down there by the pond a-rockin' in that there flat boat, an' her white lace dress an' gold hair all floatin' through the water round her, an' never gettin' wet a bit. She was singin' a pretty song, too; an' uncle said it made the tears come in his eyes, it was so sad. You see her lover, he got killed, an' she come here an' lived with her folks to try an' make her forget about it; but some-way it didn't work, an' she made up her mind she'd die, too 'cause he had, so she

tried to drown herself in the pond; but that didn't work, neither, 'cause the big dog they had pulled her out; and then after that she went upstairs to the attic, an' took poison. They say the dog felt so bad that he lay round and whined till he died, too; so now she 'n' the dog, they come back and walk here every so often, and once in every little while somebody sees 'em, and it's got so that lots of folks won't come down to the station for the late train if they can help it, since M's Horner fainted away jest hearin' her sing the time she come back from her daughter's funeral out west."

"Oh, Jimmy, you don't believe all that stuff, now surely," said Constance when the voluble flow of words ceased for another pickle. "You're too bright a boy not to know better than to believe in ghosts in this age of the world."

Jimmy's face darkened. It was the village pet tradition. It had made his hair rise on end many a dark night. He and one or two other heroes liked to tell daring tales how they had trod the awful precincts of the haunted property alone upon occasion. It was not pleasant to have all this flouted, and by a girl with pretty clothes.

"Course I believe it," he responded darkly. "Didn't I tell you my uncle seen her once? And heaps of folks has seen her. She always comes in the dark o' the moon. Why, everybody round here knows it's true, and you can't get a soul to rent or buy this house. It stood empty every since she died, except when Si Barton started to keep a saloon there; but he didn't stay but a month. One night when the men was all drinkin' hard an' some was playin' cards in there round the tables, all of a sudden a white hand like a pice of mist off the swamp come up and turned every lamp in the room low, and then in she an' the dog come, walkin' slow's you please; an' they went all round the room, and thet there dog drove every man out'n that room; and Si Barton just stood there with his eyes bulged out, and never spoke a word till she got tired and went off, and when mornin' come he come to, an' picked up his things, and moved out, and pretty soon he up 'n' built them stores over there and now he keeps the drug store since prohibition won't let him have no saloon. Oh, there's plenty of people seen her. This ain't no yarn I'm tellin' you, honest, 'taint. It's fierce, I tell you, the way she scares folks. Lots of 'em see her every little while."

"Jimmy, did you ever see her?" asked Constance, laughing merrily. She was enjoying her companion immensely.

"No, ma'am, I never seen her myself; but I most did onct, 'and he sailed into a lengthy description of a time of which he had often boasted to the boys. The real foundation for it had been a terrible fright he had received by the vision of Mrs. Harkins's white cat from the station stealing across the sidewalk in front of him.

While this story was going on, Constance grew thoughtful. She did not

give her attention quite so carefully to the details of the white lady who walked with her dog. An idea had struck her. Perhaps she had reached a partial solution of her destiny, even here in this little village.

"Jimmy," she said suddenly, "show me the house, won't you? I'd like to go all through it. There's no danger that any one will see us and shoot me for the haunting lady, is there?"

Jimmy eyed her suspiciously. There was a hint of merriment in her voice that almost seemed as if it were directed at him. But she was smiling pleasantly at him, and her eyes looked kind. He arose and led the way to the broken shutter, and together they went through the old house. Jimmy crept in through the broken window and opened the front door on its rusty hinges, looking meanwhile fearfully behind him to be sure no haunting lady was following.

The large, old-fashioned hall opened in the center of the house. Thanks to the haunting lady it had been kept from marauding attacks to which most empty houses are subject. The wide, low staircase ran invitingly up to the second story, and with a square landing midway suggested a grandfather's clock. The paint was scratched, and the floor boards were warped; but the entrance was pleasant in spite of it all. On the right was a drawing-room, afterwards the barroom from all appearances, running the whole depth of the house and with windows of ample proportions on three sides. A high marble mantel and gilt-framed mirror was half-way down the side. It was the one bit of furnishing, if such it might be called, left to tell the tale of the former grandeur.

"They say if you come in here with a candle at nightfall, an' look in that there lookin' glass," said Jimmy in a sepulchral whisper, "you kin always see her face lookin' over your shoulder, an' if you don't run quick way you can hear her dog barkin' an' patterin' down the stairs."

"How interesting!" said Constance. "Jimmy, did you ever try it?"

"Golly!" said Jimmy, aghast. "The' wouldn't any one dast to. You'd be paralyzed on the spot."

"Well, it's as good a spot as any to be paralyzed on, if you've got to be paralyzed, Jimmy," said Constance laughing, "if I lived here, you and I would come in here and try it some evening, wouldn't we?"

Jimmy looked at his acquaintance with awe and admiration.

"Well, I reckon I'd try if you would," he assented. "I ain't no coward, I ain't; you kin ask the fellers."

"Of course you're not, Jimmy. You wouldn't be afraid of a poor, sad lady who was made of nothing in the world but mist and imagination. But tell me, did you ever hear anyone say how much this house rented for?"

"No, I never," said Jimmy. "They ain't had no chance. I reckon they'd

take what they could get. But you wouldn't want to rent it."

"Maybe," said Constance thoughtfully, with a little pucker of calculation on her brow. "What's on the other side of the hall? Two nice big rooms opening with double doors. That's convenient."

"Gee! but you're brave!" ejaculated Jimmy, following her through the two rooms and out into the kitchen and pantry beyond.

"Come upstairs," commanded Constance eagerly, not heeding him, for she had a purpose in view. She had beheld her vision of an angel in her block of stone.

"Yes, I'll go up if you want to," said Jimmy, looking doubtfully up the wide stair. "My! don't your feet make a loud sound on these here steps?" but he let the lady precede him, and went up with eyes on the alert above him. He had never gone up these stairs before, even in daytime, in spite of his much boasted courage. It was reported to be in the attic that the lady had taken poison. Timidly, and behind, walked Jimmy in ascending those stairs; but a few minutes after, having surveyed the four dusty, many-windowed rooms above, it was with high step and proud bearing that he descended. Had he not gone into the very heart of the haunted house, and even looked up the attic stairs, beholding nothing more formidable than a dusty sunbeam barring the way from an old oriel window above? Now he would indeed have something to boast of; and the pretty girl who had gone without shrinking through all these traditional horrors, was enshrined forever with Jimmy's list of heroes.

They skirted the house and walked down to the pond, surveying the premises thoroughly. Jimmy glanced proudly, defiantly up at the attic windows from below, half fearful even yet lest he should see a misty form flit by and stoop to look at him.

They presently emerged from the blackness of the cedars into the sunny street; for Constance began, in spite of the conductor's assurances, to worry a little lest the train should go off and leave her. Not that it would matter so very much, for her handbag was with her, and her suit-case was in the care of the porter. Still, she did not wish to be left over night in this innless village, with nothing but the haunted house wherein to take refuge.

(To be continued)

### Progress in the West Indies

The Baptist Association of Porto Rico again reports a year of progress. The membership of the churches has advanced from 4688 to precisely 5100, an increase of nearly ten per cent. The increase of scholars is still more remarkable, since from about 7000 they have advanced to nearly 9500, and this after a year of comparatively depressing years.

In 1900 the Baptist church membership in the island was approximately 200.

### Revival Campaign in Arnold, Pa.

"You look good to me, but how do you look to God?" was the theme of a three weeks' evangelistic campaign at the Union Baptist Church, Arnold, Pa., Rev. E. D. Stevener, pastor, under the capable leadership of Rev. Mary Agnes Vitchestain, Pittsburgh, Pa., evangelist. As the pilot guides his cargo past the dangerous shoals and rocks to a safe port, Mary Agnes guided over 50 souls to the rock Jesus Christ.

The campaign which began on October 18 and ended with capacity crowds on Sunday, November 8, caused much interest and comment in the community. Long before the time set for opening, every seat would be filled, many stood throughout the evening, while, as the churches' capacity was reached, many were turned away on the last few evenings.

Special music was a feature at each service and was furnished by the church choir and soloists. Mr. C. J. Theiss of this church was the song leader and did his work very well.

We are glad to have had Mary Agnes with us and commend her to the safe-keeping of God. May God use her elsewhere as he used her here in our church!

Your Co-Worker,  
EDWARD D. STEVENER.

### Chicago Church School Teacher's Union

On Tuesday evening, Nov. 3, 1931, the Sunday School Workers' Union of Chicago and Vicinity convened with the East Side Church of South Chicago for their Fall meeting.

Mr. Walter Van der Hoogt, Supt. of the local Sunday school, led the devotional service. Our president, Mr. H. Siemund then took charge of the program. Roll was called and showed a very good attendance from the eight Sunday schools.

The topic for the evening was the question, "What can we do to win the boys and girls of our Sunday schools for Christ?" Practical hints were given by three speakers, each being limited to ten minutes.

a) *Pastor*—Rev. C. A. Daniel of the Second Church. "Get the confidence of the children, be their friend, win the confidence of parents, Superintendent and teacher."

b) *Superintendent*—Mr. F. Grosser, Supt. of the Oak Park Sunday school. "Teach with conviction and inspiration, pray for children and self."

c) *Teacher*—Miss Frieda Kalech, teacher in East Side Sunday school. "Get a point of contact, tell interesting stories and teach from real life."

The talks were interesting and well brought. In the open discussion many thoughts were added.

The First Church and East Side Church choirs rendered the musical part of the program.

Refreshments were served after the meeting in the new Sunday school room, which is a very cheery and friendly place.

OLGA M. JUSTIN, Rec. Sec.

### Ordination of Jacob C. Kraenzler

On Sept. 28, 1931, a council called by the Kossuth, Wis., church met for the purpose of considering the ordination of their minister, Bro. Jacob C. Kraenzler.

The church clerk, Bro. Chas. Specht, opened the meeting with devotional exercises, after which he read the resolution of the church regarding the purpose of calling the council. The following churches were represented by 16 delegates: Kossuth, Pound, Pound Polish Church, Sheboygan, Milwaukee Immanuel and Milwaukee North Ave.

The council was organized with Rev. H. W. Wedel, moderator, and J. F. Meyer, clerk. The church clerk introduced the candidate in a very appropriate way. Then Bro. Kraenzler made very clear statements about his conversion, his call to the ministry, and gave his views on doctrinal questions.

After due deliberation, the council expressed itself as entirely satisfied and unanimously recommended the ordination of the candidate.

The ordination service, presided over by Bro. Wedel, was held in the evening. Rev. H. Schilke read the 84th Psalm and led in prayer. The clerk of the council read the minutes of the afternoon meeting. The ordination sermon was preached by Prof. J. Heinrichs of Chicago. His text was Psalm 84:11. Rev. L. B. Holzer offered the ordination prayer. Rev. A. Rohde welcomed the candidate into the ranks of the ministers. Rev. H. W. Wedel gave the customary charge to the candidate, and J. F. Meyer the same to the church.

May God's richest blessing rest upon Bro. Kraenzler in his work with the church at Kossuth!

J. F. MEYER, Clerk.

### Things Are Moving in Muscatine

Muscatine, Ia., Nov. 21, 1931.

Dear Editor,

Maybe you think the folks of Muscatine Walnut Street Baptist Church aren't progressing but here's a letter to tell you we are.

Our Sunday school is also growing very rapidly. The attendance a year ago was just half what it is now. We recently just passed the high record mark of 113 which stood for several years. Our average attendance is now running right around 100. There is one class which is striving for 50 by Christmas and this is the "Yokefellows," a class of men. So far they have attained the attendance of over 20 which is about double to what they formerly had. Other classes are also making great progress.

The Young People's Society is also doing nicely. They recently decided upon the plan of selling Christmas cards in order to help with the mission pledge. Our pastor, Rev. Peter Smit, with the aid of two of his school friends held a series of two weeks revival meetings. Our pastor did the preaching while Os-



View of a Student's Room, German Department of Seminary, Rochester, N. Y.

car Lawry assisted in the song leading and the personal evangelism class the first week of the series. L. L. De Flon was not able to come until the second week when he held the Bible class in the afternoon of the second week. These three men who are all studying for the ministry at Moody Bible Institute compose the pastor's trio who broadcast from Station WMBI with their messages of song. They are a very fine trio. The tangible results of the meetings were seven outright conversions, three backsliders who reconsecrated themselves anew and fifteen consecrations for Christian service.

Baptism was held last Sunday night, Nov. 15, by our pastor. There were four baptisms in all, two coming in from another church. There were also four other persons who were taken into the church just a short time before.

During the meetings it was said by one of the older members that it was the largest crowd for a church service he had seen in twenty-three years. Every one who attended the meetings was truly benefited.

I would also add that the mission money to be raised by the B. Y. P. U. will go to Miss Bertha Lang, now in China.

RALPH TOBERG, Sec.

### Sheboygan Society Visits Kossuth Society

On the evening of the first Sunday in November 39 members of the Young People's Society of our 35-mile distant sister church at Sheboygan, Wis., motored to Kossuth to entertain us with a program.

After a brief introductory service under the leadership of C. Kurtz, president of the Sheboygan Y. P. S., the following program was given: Piano duet, Mrs. R. Ramaker and Mrs. C. Kurtz; reading, Oliver Rohde; song, choir; reading, Miss Rose Hurab; vocal quartet, Harry Oldenburg, Erwin Oldenburg, Orpha Olden-

burg Kuehl, Lydia Oldenburg De Voy; vocal solo, Miss Viola Rohde; reading, La Verne Atkins; instrumental trio, cornet, Oliver Rohde, violin, Milda Rohde, piano, Viola Rohde; selections, Guenther Orchestra; chalk talk: "The Christ of the Andes," Rev. A. Rohde.

After the program we enjoyed a short social hour, during which sandwiches, doughnuts and coffee were served by the Kossuth Y. Y. S. to fortify our guests against the chill of a 35-mile drive along the shores of Lake Michigan in the crisp autumn night.

The Kossuth Y. P. S. plans to return the program and hopes that the friendly exchange of program will continue. We are of the opinion that the better we know our fellow Christians the better we like them, and greater unity in work results.

### Minnesota Young People at Autumn Association

The Sunday afternoon meeting of the Minnesota Fall convention, which was held at Jeffers, Minn., was in charge of the young people.

The spirit of good-will shown by the local people was very encouraging. The theme for the afternoon was, "Young People and the Bible." Sub-topics of this theme were handled by three young people of the state. Miss Caroline Krueger delighted us with a number of solos.

All who were privileged to attend the Association at Jeffers received a great blessing from the meetings and a new inspiration for continual faithful service for Christ.

May God bless all our efforts as individual societies and as a state union in helping to make his kingdom come!

SECRETARY.

Restricting a sin does no good. It must be eradicated, root and branch.

A Christian without joy is a Christian out of gear.



In the Russian Camp in Brazil  
At the cooking oven erected by the women. Built of field stones, smeared over with clay

### A Visit to the Russian Refugees in Brazil

F. MATSCHULAT

(For the "Baptist Herald." Translated from the original German by A. P. Mihm)

The "Baptist Herald" pays me regular visits here in the far distant South and through it I learn to know about many interesting happenings in our circles in other places. By this article I would like to impart something to the dear readers from our own mission field.

As may be known to some, we have in the most southerly state of our great country an Association of 8 German Baptist churches with 1100 members; 18 Sunday schools with almost 1000 pupils; 8 young people's societies with 340 members. Outside of our state there are also isolated groups of German Baptists in the state of Ste. Catherina, Sao Paulo and Espirito Santo. Our forces and our means, however, are too weak and limited to do justice to our field.

The church of New Wuertemberg has a mission-station at Porto Feliz, about 200 kilometers distant in the state of Ste. Catherina. In the neighborhood of this station several hundred families of German-Russian fugitives or refugees have been settled about a year ago. These are some of the fugitives which the Soviet government permitted to leave Russia when 10,000 of them came to Moscow. But most of them were sent back to Siberia.

This settlement in the primitive forest on the Uruguay River I have been able to visit repeatedly and could distribute there the copies of the "Wegweiser," which were sent to me by our Publication Society. As far as Porto Feliz we travel with an auto truck; from there on we go by mule-back for about 20 kilo-

meters until we reach the so-called Russian Camp. We had to cross a tributary of the Uruguay, about 60 to 80 meters broad. Such a river in the primeval forest has something sinister and gruesome about it. The banks are steep and covered with woods so that the branches of the trees reach out over the waters. The water is mostly somewhat muddy. No bridges or ferries connect the shores. Our animals must swim these streams and we cross over in a boat.

There we stood, my companion and I, on the lonely banks, not another human being in sight far or near. We had unsaddled our mules and had carried the saddle and our other effects across with the boat. Now we were to get the animals across, first one, then the other. If there are three persons in the group crossing the river, it is a more simple matter. The one rowing and a second one holding the line, get into the boat while the third drives the beast into the water. But we were only two persons and as the mules would not follow the line, my oarsman went ashore to drive him into the water. The water was deep and reached up to the neck of the animal. Hardly had my companion climbed in to me into the tossing boat when the mule was again headed for the shore and I could not hinder him with the line. With much effort we got him down the steep banks and into the water. Hardly had we put off when our mule again drew there with only his head above water. The current caused our boat to drift onto the back of the animal and for several minutes we were in a dangerous position. Finally we got loose and across. When the other animal glimpsed us in the middle of the river, it began to neigh until the hills re-echoed: Ee-ah—eeh-ah! He wanted to go along and as he was more

tractable than the first, my companion decided to go over alone and to drive him without any guiding line into the river. I was to receive him on the other shore. Said and done, and then our mule kept on swimming in the water here and there. I called as loud as I could: "Come, mule, come!" And he came. But when I made preparations to grab him, he made a sudden jump, passed me by and disappeared into the thicket. There I stood with open mouth. What now? Indian-trails in all directions and not a man to be seen for miles. But my companion knew better how to deal with these animals than I. Hardly an hour had passed when he brought the mule back by the halter. Now we were happily across but I was already dreading the thought of our journey back.

In the Russian-camp we found grass-hut on grass-hut, all crowded with human beings. The women were busy at their cooking ovens, which they had skillfully made themselves, built of field-stones and smeared over with clay. Children were playing and the men chopping wood, etc. We passed out picture cards to the children and papers and tracts to the grown-ups. Finally we found our own people and then there was a hearty exchange of thoughts.

In the evening we had a meeting. The next day we arranged for a worship-service in the open, but not many participated in it because an excitement reigned in the camp and the people did not want to stay there. Whether they will ever get away is questionable. The fact is that the German government has had much vexation and annoyance with these people. However that may be, we do believe our own people among them will remain and we shall have because of that another mission-station on our field.

On the return journey one of the brethren accompanied us and so I very calmly could take a picture of our crossing the river mentioned earlier in this narrative. Our dear readers can see the head of my swimming saddle-mule sticking out of the water. Upon the completion of a journey of this kind, one always is ready to give expression to a real hearty "Thank God!"

### He Was Efficient

The new treasurer wrote a letter, and 50 per cent of those in arrears to the church paid up; he wrote another letter and all but one paid. Finally he wrote one more and the last man sent in his check. Shortly after the pastor was invited to dinner at the man's home. "You have a new treasurer at the church now, haven't you?" inquired the host.

"Yes," answered the pastor, undecided as to how his parishioners felt toward him.

"He writes a nice letter," remarked the host, "except that he can't spell."

"Is that so?" said the minister. "Yes, he ought to be corrected on that," said the host. "He spelled 'skunk' with a 'c' and had two 's's' in 'lousy.'"

Exchange.

### The Gift

LEAH ADKISSON KAZMARK

It isn't the cost of what you give  
Nor its worth as a thing of art;  
It only counts that the Christmas gift  
Shall come from a loving heart.

It may be but a humble thing,  
Yet a light as from above  
Glows all about your tiny gift,  
If it is one of love.

For love is the spirit of Christmas,  
A love so deep and true  
As he came on Christmas morn  
To light the way for you.

### Progress at Fredericksburg, Tex.

(Many friends of Bro. Bartel will be glad to hear of his work. It is in a German community though under English auspices.)

The Lord has truly done great things for his cause in Fredericksburg. When the newly organized department of the Baptist General Convention of Texas for our foreign speaking population took over the work in this extensive mission field last April, the church was as near dead as it possibly could be. All services had been discontinued, and the members had scattered. At first only two Baptist families could be found, who cared to have Baptist services. It was truly a most hopeless situation. The decision to hold a meeting was born in faith and in earnest prayer. For days the meeting was hindered by rain and bad roads. The situation continued to be most discouraging and depressing. However, God was leading all the while, and before the meeting closed the Lord gave a gracious revival, so that the Fredericksburg Baptist Church could be reorganized with 18 members, 12 of whom were former members and six candidates for baptism. A unified budget was adopted by the church, Rev. F. W. Bartel, formerly pastor of the Carroll Avenue Church, Dallas, was called as pastor, and plans were made to carry on the work aggressively.

The progress of the church during the past four months has been marvelous. A Sunday school was organized and the enrollment has grown to 52. A small but rollment has grown to 52. A small but successful D. V. B. S. was conducted with an enrollment of 27, and an average attendance of 20. Six have been baptized, 12 have been received by letter and three by statement, bringing the present membership of the church up to 33.

In May a suitable building lot was acquired by the church, and with the help of friends in the community, the lot was paid up in full inside of a month. Encouraged by this initial success, the little band of loyal Baptists at once proceeded with plans for their own church house. The congregation was able to move into its own house of worship the first Sunday in August with great rejoicing.

The church, a frame building, 20x40 feet, has a seating capacity of 150, and represents a total cost of over \$1200. A

total of 52 days' labor was donated by members of the church, and a sum of \$750 was raised for the purchase of the lot and for the building fund. In the four months since the reorganization the church has acquired a property easily worth \$1500, with an indebtedness of less than \$500, a remarkable achievement, when the general depression and the financial condition of the members is considered.

The church is now in a position to develop a permanent work and to raise the distinctive Baptist testimony among the many who do not know Christ in all this great hill country.

### Gypsy Night at Salt Creek

We had a most interesting as well as picturesque young people's program on Sunday night, Nov. 8, at Salt Creek, Oreg.

After a fifteen-minute song service, accompanied by the church orchestra, Henry Hildebrandt read a few verses from Matthew 5 and 28, then Edwin Thiesies led in prayer.

Our program was about the Bulgarian Gypsy. Some time ago Bro. Mihm was kind enough to furnish us with the material, including the Gypsy dialog, "The Stolen Testament," which we gave in full dress, as near like the Gypsy as we could make it. Mrs. Mabel Voth posed as "Bojana" and made a good imitation of a Gypsy with her large red shawl and abundance of bright jewelry. Dave Giesbrecht acted as Peter Punt-scheff, Bojana's husband, while Albert Voth portrayed the Gypsy "Tudor" who stole the Testament. These boys too were dressed as Gypsies with bright colored sashes and large earrings. The Milanoff family for which "Tudor" worked were Gus Schroeder, "Farmer Milanoff," "Rachel," his wife, Lydia Hildebrandt, and their two daughters, Eliazbeth Giesbrecht and Agnes Voth.

A mixed quartet sang a song taken from Romans 6: "I am not under law, I'm under grace."

We also had a reading on Bulgaria by Helen Kleiver, while Nettie Thiesies and Mabel Voth told us something about our Gypsy missionaries, Peter Stefanoff and Baro Bueff, who have both suffered much for Christ's sake.

A group song, "Count On Me," was the conclusion of our Gypsy program, with the audience joining in the chorus. Bro. J. Voth, our president, closed with prayer.

L. T.

### Romance Today

They work in the same establishment down-town and met in one of the aisles a morning or two ago.

"Hello, Mame."

"G'morning, Bess."

"Say, Mame, I thought you were going to be married this summer."

"We were, but Charlie thought we'd better wait until I got another raise."—Indianapolis News.



Crossing the Antas River. The Head of Bro. Matschulat's mule seen above the water

### My Father Prayed at Vicksburg

My father prayed as he drew a bead on the graycoats

Back in those blazing years when the house was divided.

Bless his old heart! There never was truer or kinder,

Yet he prayed and hoped that the ball from his clumsy old musket

Would thud to the body of some hot-eyed young Southerner

And tumble him limp in the mud of the Vicksburg trenches.

Could I put my prayers behind a slim Springfield bullet?

Hardly ... except to mutter: "Jesus, we part here!

Do you see those humans herded and driven against me?

Turn away, Jesus!—I've got to kill them."

My father could mix his prayers and his shooting.

And he was a rare, true man in his generation.

Yet if I should pray as he did, I'd spoil it by laughing.

What is the matter?

—Copied from "Between War and Peace."

### Evening Up

"Dearest," said she to her husband before Christmas, "I just can't wait till Christmas to tell you what I've gotten you for a present."

"Well, what is it?" asked the young husband.

"I've gotten you a new rug to put in front of my dressing-table and a bronze statuette for the parlor mantel. Now what are you going to get me?"

"Well," he replied contemplatively, "I think I'll get you a new shaving mug and a razor."—Tit-Bits.



The Livingstone Class, Oak Street Baptist Church, Burlington, Ia.

### The Livingstone Class

Four years ago last January, Dr. A. J. Harms, our former pastor, saw the need of a class for young married people and interested a number of folks to organize a class. The class was named after David Livingstone, the great missionary.

Dr. Harms taught the class until he left for Chicago. Then our present pastor, Rev. Zummach, taught the class for a while. He relinquished the office of teacher in order to work in the other classes. The class began to dwindle down and some of the members felt the need of reorganizing the class and adopting a constitution and working out an aggressive program. This was done and the class grew rapidly. Mr. Walter Gerdes was elected teacher and he did a fine piece of work for the class and everybody loved him for it. We now have 74 members enrolled. We put on several unique contests which were both interesting and productive. Keeping everlastingly at it proved to be the secret of our success.

Our efforts had a surprising effect on the other adult classes. They too began to work and increased their attendance. We have 170 members enrolled in the adult department. No doubt this is one of the largest adult departments in our German denomination.

Our class has assumed the responsibility of looking after the social welfare of our church. This gives the class something to do, which is one way to hold their interest. Every quarter, the class holds a social meeting which is really worth while and adds much to the interest of the members. During the worship period every Sunday morning we have special musical numbers which is an attraction to a great many. The class-work is divided among a large number of members, which also keeps them interested. Each member of the executive committee is chairman of one of the working committees.

The officers of the class are: A. C. Riecke, president; Mrs. E. F. Hemmye,

vice-president; Mr. E. F. Hemmye, general secretary; Mrs. Ursula Schultz, treasurer; Mrs. Mary Woodyard, attendance secretary, and Mrs. Olga Rust, birthday secretary. Mr. Walter Gerdes is teacher and Rev. Chas. F. Zummach, honorary teacher.

E. F. HEMMYE, Sec.

### The Big Parade

Detroit recently had an American Legion parade. Let us not think of that as the fault of Detroit. It was merely a large American city that wanted the Legion because of the money it would bring the city. The honor of being the host to America's World War veterans was a large consideration.

The rumors of loose living and tight drinking by the Legionnaires I do not wish to discuss. What I want to ask is: Why the big parade? Why the gold braid? Why the dazzling gold helmets? Why the immaculate uniforms? Why the blowing of bugles and blare of bands?

I thought from reading "All Quiet on the Western Front" that war was hell. Here in Detroit it was gaudy heaven. I thought soldiers' uniforms became dirty with mud and blood. Here in Detroit the red was the red of velvet; the only dirt was a speck of dust on white duck trousers. I thought that in war the helmets were sturdy steel with here and there a dent, dull in color. Why then were the helmets worn in Detroit a lustrous silver, dazzling white, or sparkling golden? I thought that in war flesh was mangled, bayonets were thrust, and death broadcast. Here everything was nice and proper. I thought that in war there were corpse rats and bodies lying in the open with bellies blown up like balloons. Here respectable citizens were watching able bodied men swing down the street.

Now, without going into the matter of what degree pacifist I am, isn't it evident to even the most ardent let-us-defend-our-own-shore advocate that parades which contain fifty thousand men, last seven hours, and are viewed by a million spectators, are excellent devices to pro-

mote Mars? The tragedy has always been that the generation which experienced war was dead or feeble with age when the next conflict came. Consequently the youth of the land, filled with history book images and parade stirred enthusiasms, leap to the defense of their native land or fight a war to end all wars. Then, by bitter and bloody experience, they find the truth.

Search the mind of that ten-year-old boy who watched the big parade in Detroit. What image of war and the soldier's life do you find there? An image of blowing bugles, smart uniforms, and strutting band majors. What will he do in the future when there are rumors of war? Why, say that his country must be defended! Or that he must help fight a war to end all wars! Twenty years hence what will the sweetheart say who now sees her lover depart as a soldier? Why, that she is so proud (sniff! sniff!) of Henry going off to die for his country. How handsome he will be in his uniform. How proud she is of him.

Health parades are fostered by health councils. They encourage proper health habits. Flower parades are arranged by civic organizations. They encourage flower shows. Aviation parades are held by aeronautical societies. They encourage aviation. War parades are held by war veterans. They encourage—what? —Epworth Herald.

### Jewish Control of Theaters

It is said that of the two thousand actors engaged in the various legitimate productions in New York theaters during a recent season about ten per cent were Jews. Forty per cent of the sixty-odd so-called American plays produced were written by Jews. The plays eventually produced were brought on to the stages of theaters of which more than half are either owned or controlled by Jews. And after a New York run these plays are booked on the road by organizations which are practically one hundred per cent Jewish.—Selected.

### The Prayer of Cyrus Brown

SAM WALTER FOSS

"The proper way for a man to pray,"  
Said Deacon Lemuel Keyes,  
"And the only proper attitude  
Is down upon his knees."

"No; I should say the way to pray,"  
Said Rev. Dr. Wise,  
"Is standing straight with outstretched  
arms  
And rapt and upturned eyes."

"O, no, no, no," said Elder Slow,  
Such posture is too proud;  
A man should pray with eyes fast closed  
And head contritely bowed."

"It seems to me his hands should be  
Austerely clasped in front,  
With both thumbs pointing toward the  
ground,"  
Said Rev. Dr. Blunt.

"Las' year I fell in Hodgkin's well  
Head first," said Cyrus Brown,  
"With both my heels a-stickin' up,  
My head a-p'inting down;

"An' I made a prayer right then and  
there—  
Best prayer I ever said,  
The prayingest prayer I ever prayed,  
A-standing on my head."

### A Letter from the Feldmans in the Philippines

Capiz, Capiz, P. I.  
September 15, 1931.

Our dear friends at home:

Over a year has passed since we returned from furlough and a good many things that have come to pass, such as the advance in Kingdom work, the assuming of ever greater responsibilities by our Filipino brethren, the dedication to service of our young men and women, the whole-hearted service of our consecrated laymen, the visits of our Board secretaries, have given us great joy. These and many other things, however, such as sending home a family on sick-leave, laying away the last remains of one of our youngest and most beloved workers of our missionary force, and others of a similar nature make us at times feel somewhat depressed.

Several weeks ago we conducted an Institute for the pastors of our Province. They all came to our house where the classes were conducted on our spacious verandah. On two of the days of the Institute we had the whole group for dinner, and how they enjoyed it! We did not, and how they enjoyed it! We did not. During the week we had new visions of our task as ministers in the Philippines. Among other things I tried to show them how to dig more deeply in that old book we love so well,—the Bible, in order to find some of the richer treasures hidden there. Most of these men are untrained so far as academic training is concerned. Two of them have had two years of work in the theological depart-

ment of Central Philippine College. The rest have only such training as comes from experience and an occasional Institute. There is reason to believe that the week of intimate fellowship was worth while. From now on we shall come together for this purpose one or two days every month.

Just now Luise, the blind Bible woman with a salary of four dollars gold a month, came to make her report. During the last month—August—she was in the field working twenty-seven full days. Even our pastors cannot equal that. She begged me to come next Sunday to a place where there is a baptismal service. Ten are ready to follow their Master and give public testimony of his saving grace. She said: "We want you to come because then more people will come and see their testimony. They urged me to ask you to come." After ten minutes she got up and said she had to be going because there were so many places to go and the time is so short.

Recently we placed a pastor in a new section of our district. A number of graduates, most of them Christians, from Central Philippine College, are living there. An agricultural High School drawing several hundred students is located nearby. When I visited there recently the pastor told me some of his experiences. He had called on one of the neighboring families, had been well received and asked to call again. The second day after a little six-year-old girl in that home was taken suddenly ill. The mother rushed to the pastor's house in a fit of rage, intent on killing him. The illness of the child convinced her that the pastor was a witch. Now he hardly dares to go out alone at night for his life has been threatened. The people are very superstitious. There are, however, signs already that the power of the Gospel is still able to dispel the darkness and bring in the light. Certainly it is needed.

Marian continues to be the most successful missionary in the family. She is now twenty months old and there is hardly anything she does not say. Her mother has taught her to say grace before meals, and to see her fold her hands quietly while her daddy returns thanks for the daily blessings convinces one of the reality of angels. It is most delightful to hear her go around singing snatches of song she has picked up. She is happy throughout the day and her sweet smile, crowned with a headful of golden ringlets makes her irresistible as a winner of friends. She is the reigning queen not only of our household, but of the whole community as well.

Just now the whole country is being stirred by the visit of the Honorable Secretary of War, Mr. Hurley. Crushing crowds gather wherever he goes and his visit to Capiz was no exception. We were privileged to be among those to give him a glad hand of welcome upon his arrival here. His courteous attitude and his friendly honesty win for him the hearts of the people wherever he goes.

The clock is striking ten which is a re-

minder that it is bedtime. Let us hear from you again. With most cordial greetings and personal regards to you all, we remain,

Sincerely your friends across the sea,  
MR. AND MRS. S. S. FELDMAN  
AND MARIAN.

### The Angel in Man

E. B. HORNE

To the sculptor's workshop I went one day  
Just to see what he did all day long.  
I knew him of old. He greeted me gay,  
Saw me seated, while he with a song  
Went right on with his work on some stone.

The sharpen'd steel by his hammer blows rang  
And big pieces of rock flew astray.  
The rock he had chosen was rough, but he sang  
While he work'd without pause or delay  
On the job he had started to do.

His chisel bit deep in the lifeless rock,  
While I watched him for days at this place.  
New lines and contours show'd the marble block  
Then two wings, folded hands, a sweet face—  
All brought out of the stone by his work.

A beautiful angel that rock became,  
So delightful, so fine and so true.  
Then I told the master: "Just is your fame,  
You made this angel, from rock it grew  
By the artful work of your hand."

The master look'd at his work with a smile,  
Then he turn'd and said slowly to me:  
"In the rock the angel was all the while,  
I just chipp'd off, I just set free  
What was hidden in shapeless stone."

From the sculptor's workshop I came that day  
And was deeply in thought about MAN—  
How his roughness, his sin and all dismay  
Are like covers, the angel to hide, but can  
Be brought out by your own helping hand.

Let us work then, ever bringing out the best  
That is hidden in us and our friends;  
To be finished when we are called to rest  
From our labors, our trials, when ends  
All the work we have here yet to do.

Detroit, Mich.

\* \* \*

Young people sometimes lose themselves in delusions of success and power, and then come face to face suddenly with their own inability to accomplish anything whatever. But that is not failure, it is just education.

**The Empty Pew**

A Tragedy in four Acts

God alone knows the tragedy of the empty pew.

## Act 1

**The Empty Pew**

Sunday motoring.  
Week-end gaiety.  
Mental indisposition.  
Physical indolence. ,  
Minister depressed.  
Church officers wondering.  
Church slipping.

## Act 2

**An Empty Heart**

No time for God.  
No time for prayer.  
Not interested in the Bible.  
Not interested in others.  
Cobwebs grow over spiritual vision.  
Anxiety supplants poise.

## Act 3

**An Empty Life**

Influence for God—nil.  
Influence for Church—nil.  
Influence over children, helping them to select the best—nil.

Influence upon people needing spiritual help—nil.

Bank resources may be accumulating all the time but no spiritual wealth laid up.

Materialistic and self-centered.

## Act 4

**An Empty Heaven**

No "Well done, good and faithful servant."

No "Thou hast been faithful over a few things."

No home erected by the consecrations of life.

No crown of life.

No training for service in the Kingdom.

No "Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

(The End)

**Education and Self-Control**

Education to have real value must develop self-control. Educators have agreed upon five resolves as published in "The Journal of the National Education Association."

1. I will control my tongue, and will not allow it to speak mean, vulgar, or

profane words. I will think before I speak. I will tell the truth and nothing but the truth.

2. I will control my temper, and will not be angry when people or things displease me. Even when indignant against wrong and contradictory falsehood, I will keep my self-control.

3. I will control my thought, and will not allow a foolish wish to spoil a wise purpose.

4. I will control my actions. I will be careful and thrifty and insist on doing right.

5. I will not ridicule or defile the character of another; I will keep my self-respect and help others to keep theirs.

Such a program ought to be universal in every home. Parents may do much by example in making it practical for their children.

\* \* \*

"I wish I was as religious as Abie."

"And vy?"

"He clasps his hands so tight in prayer, he can't get them open ven de collection box comes around."

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