

# 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., FEBRUARY 1, 1931

Number Three

## Missionary Supplement

### Our God Is Able

- To save us unto the uttermost;
- To keep that which we have committed unto him;
- To deliver us;
- To raise us up; even from the dead;
- To make us stand;
- To succor them that are tempted;
- To subdue all things unto himself;
- To perform that which he has promised;
- To make all grace abound;
- To do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think;
- To keep us from falling, and to present us faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy.

## What's Happening

Rev. Philip Potzner, pastor of the First Church of Leduc, Alta., Can., has resigned and closed his work there with the latter part of January.

The Missionary Supplement in this number is of special interest, dealing with our Gypsy work in Bulgaria. This supplement furnishes good program material for the missionary evening of the young people's society.

Rev. Carl A. Daniel wishes to thank through the "Baptist Herald" the many friends who remembered him and his family by kind expressions of sympathy and assurance of prayer in their recent grief and sorrow. The letters and cards comforted them very much.

The Detroit Young People's and Sunday School Workers' Union sponsors an Institute which will be held in the Bethel Church during the week of Feb. 23-28. Rev. J. Leyboldt is dean. The faculty numbers among its members Miss Alethea Kose, Rev. P. Wengel, Rev. E. G. Kliese, Rev. Wm. Schmitt, Rev. A. P. Mihm and others.

"Muleedi"—The Teacher, is the name of a 32-page mimeographed magazine in the Duala language, which Missionary C. J. Bender of Gr. Soppo, Cameroons, West Africa, issues for the native workers and Christians. The first and second numbers are dated September and October, 1930. It is painstaking, necessary and commendable work which Bro. Bender is doing in this way.

Watch Night Services were well attended in the Watertown, Wis., church. Rev. E. H. Otto preached a fine sermon on the text: "Ye have not passed this way before." In addition, a brief address was given by Rev. Barnes, pastor of the First M. E. Church, as well as several literary and musical numbers furnished by others. From 10 to 10.30 P. M. the ladies served refreshments. Just before the new year was ushered in, the pastor of the church, Rev. G. Wetter, baptized eight persons.

Rev. W. J. Zirbes, pastor of the Second Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., extended the hand of fellowship to five newly baptized converts on the first Sunday of the new year. Students W. Makowsky and H. Bothner of Rochester spent the Christmas holidays with their home church. The Sunday school of the Second Church were the winners in a recent attendance contest with the Sunday school of the Andrews St. Church, Rochester, N. Y. The Second Church will celebrate its fiftieth anniversary in March.

The New Year's eve Service at the Memorial Baptist Church, New Britain, Conn., was one of the highlights of the

year. Pastor W. H. Barsch baptized two adults and extended the hand of fellowship to them. The service was greatly enriched with special music by Mrs. Caroline Barsch and Mrs. Albert Fienemann. Rev. Gustave Friedenbergh brought the principal message and emphasized the mutual relation between the church and its new members. A communion service was held on the threshold of the new year. The influence of the church is widening out in the city.

From Cathay, N. Dak., comes the report of a well-rendered Christmas program by the Junior department of the Sunday school. Readings, dialogs, pantomimes and musical offerings were well given and breathed the spirit of joy and good will. Among the many other gifts, the Ladies Aid and church remembered Rev. and Mrs. J. C. Schweitzer with an envelope containing a Twenty Dollar bill and the season's heartiest greetings. A blessed watch night service was held in which the Germantown church participated and Rev. C. A. Gruhn of Aberdeen, S. Dak., preached on Luke 13:6-9. Testimonies and prayer occupied the last hour of the old year.

A Triple Anniversary was observed in the church at Colfax, Wash., Jan. 4. The congregation gathered to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the church and then also surprised the pastor and his wife, Rev. and Mrs. R. M. Klingbeil, on the occasion of their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary and Bro. Klingbeil's 25 years in the ministry. The church was beautifully decorated for the occasion with cedar boughs, silver wedding bells and a large silver 25. Rev. C. S. Treadwell spoke and a varied program with solos and readings followed. Edward Krueger gave a talk on the history of the church and letters of congratulations were read from Rev. J. Kratt, D. D., and Rev. R. Luchs. On behalf of the church June Heilsberg presented Mr. and Mrs. Klingbeil with a silver plate on which were 25 silver dollars. Refreshments were then served.

### Avon Atoms

Some readers of the "Herald" may need to be assured that Avon, S. Dak., is still "on the map" as no report has been sent from here for some time. Our B. Y. P. U. was organized a year ago according to the Commission Plan, and in order to do things right, its officers studied strenuously and then took the K. Y. J. tests in all of which they passed. They were then recognized by the B. Y. P. U. Association of America as a certified cabinet, one "knowing its job."

The Sunday school, too, is progressing

nicely, having an enrollment on January 11 of 326 and an attendance of 301, with no other attraction than the usual study period. This is the largest enrollment it ever had, and 301 is to date an attendance record.

On the evening of that Sunday, the undersigned was privileged to baptize seven converts. We are hoping to have another baptism in the near future. There are still a host of unconverted people in Avon and vicinity. May God give us grace and wisdom to win them for Jesus Christ! BENJ. SCHLIPP.

### A Hearty Word of Farewell

to the Young People of the German Baptist Churches of America. During my two years of study in your country I had the privilege to visit many of your groups; twice I attended the Assembly in Linwood Park. You always have been very kind to me, receiving me into your fellowship as one of your own, listening patiently to my poor broken English, giving me much valuable information. I have learned to love you, and I wish to thank you heartily. At present I am on my way to Germany, where I hope to begin my work among the Young People in April, 1931.

God bless you, dear Young Baptist People! The task before you is tremendously great and urgent, and the Master is counting on every one of you. May you constantly grow in a fuller understanding of Jesus Christ and in the realization of his power in your own lives!

HERBERT GEZORK.

On board S. S. Manila Maru,  
Dezember, 1930.

## The Baptist Herald

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# The Baptist Herald

### Do It Now

IF with pleasure you are viewing any work a man is doing,  
If you like him or you love him, tell him now;  
Don't withhold your approbation till the parson makes oration  
As he lies with snowy lilies o'er his brow;

For no matter how you shout it, he won't really care about it;

He won't know how many teardrops you have shed;  
If you think some praise is due him, now's the time to slip it to him,

For he cannot read his tombstone when he's dead.

More than fame and more than money is the comment kind and sunny,

And the hearty, warm approval of a friend,  
For it gives to life a savor, and it makes you stronger, braver,

And it gives you heart and spirit to the end.

If he earns your praise, bestow it; if you like him, let him know it;

Let the words of true encouragement be said;  
Do not wait till life is over and he's underneath the clover,

For he cannot read his tombstone when he's dead.

### On Shutting Our Eyes Now and Then

KEENNESS never does quite all we logically hope from it and especially in this matter of noticing defects. A degree of real obtuseness seems necessary if we are to get on as we ought to do. Everyone has noticed that the best paper cutter is not the sharpest, which is apt to leave jagged edges instead of the clean-cut result we hope for. The paper cutter is always a bit dull. A college professor at a faculty meeting was indignant and merciful when some were disposed to soften the punishment for an infraction of discipline. It was a clear case, and he said, "I am thankful that I have eyes." A more merciful and humorous member of the faculty countered by saying, "And I am thankful that I have eyelids!"

### What Advertising Is

YOU may not be an advertiser in the newspapers and magazines, but you read the advertisements sometimes with as much interest as you do the literary contributions. And you must act upon these advertisements or they would not pay the people who advertise. And everybody knows that judicious advertising does pay and pay handsomely.

But what is advertising? Here is an answer given by a recent writer:

"Advertising is the education of the public as to who you are, where you are, and what you have to offer in the way of skill, talent, or commodity. The only man who should not advertise is the one who has nothing to offer the world in the way of commodity or service."

We wonder if we might not better advertise the truth than we have been doing. We certainly have in the gospel the most necessary commodity to be found in the world. In our ministers and missionaries we have salesmen of the finest character and of notable success. We have in the Bible our literature which is finding its way rapidly into every nook and cranny of the world.

May we all be such skilful and successful advertisers of the wares of heaven that soon the candle of truth will be lighted in every home and the robes of righteousness be worn by everyone in all the world!

### Withheld Music

IT is said that when Luigi Tarisio, an eccentric Italian musician, was found dead in his home, there was scarcely a comfort in his house. But stored away in the attic were two hundred and forty-six violins which the old man had been collecting all his life. In devotion to the violin he had robbed the world of all the music these beautiful instruments were capable of evoking.

Not unlike the attitude of this eccentric musician is the attitude some Christians adopt toward the things of Christ. They love them all—their Bibles, their Church, their Young People's Society. How much all these things mean! Yet with all their affection they sometimes forget, it would seem, to share the good things with others. They read their Bibles, but do they hasten to tell others of the wonderful truths that so enrich their lives? They attend church and enjoy the good things they find there, but are they always mindful to tell others of what they receive? "Ye are my witnesses," said the Master. A good witness not only sees, but when the opportunity comes he tells what he sees.

### Molds and Moldiness

A SPEAKER at a great Christian Endeavor meeting in London told of an inscription under a mantelpiece in the officers' mess at Hong Kong. It read, "We all come from the same mold, but some are more moldy than others."

The first part of the inscription may be open to discussion, but the latter part is indubitably true. Some of us, when we leave school, imagine that our education is finished. We throw books into the corner, and proceed to have a good time. What wonder that we grow mold as luxurious as whiskers?

To keep from being moldy we must be alive all the time, interested in everything, eager to learn, keeping an open mind, listening, meditating, seeking to prove all things and hold fast that which is good.

Of course we must not make the mistake of thinking that everything old is moldy. Truth may be old, but it is not moldy. Honesty and decency are old, but they can never be old-fashioned. To keep alive to new truth does not mean that we cast off the old. If we look close enough we shall find that the new is old, or is an aspect of old truth that we have been too blind to see.

## The Forgotten Secret of the Church

JOHN LEYPOLDT

II

IF we are to practise the presence of God, if prayer is to be a power in our lives, then we must take time to cultivate the art of prayer. If Isaiah had not taken time to meditate in the temple, he would never have had the vision which influenced his entire life and shaped his career. How wise the apostles were when duties were crowding in on them that threatened to crowd out preaching and prayer! They said: "It is not fit that we should forsake the word of God and serve tables. Let the church select seven men for this work, but we will continue steadfastly in prayer and in the ministry of the word." No wonder the word of God increased and the number of disciples multiplied in Jerusalem exceedingly. Is this one of the main reasons why we as a young people and as churches are not more successful in the service of the Master?

We cannot gain the presence of God in a moment or in a day. We must take time to get a glimpse of the Eternal One. It was said of the late Bishop Westcott that "he only saw because he took time to see." A member of Phillips Brooks' church in Boston told of his beautiful and powerful spirit and said that they were all continually conscious of the fact that he had a power they hadn't but that all longed for. Where did he get it from? During a certain period of each day he took himself alone into a little, silent room, fastened the door behind him and during this period under no circumstances could he be seen by any one.

Are not we as leaders in Sunday school and Young People's work as well as pastors sometimes so drawn by the wheels of activity, so feverish in our actions, that we have little leisure for meditation and prayer? The less important crowds out the more important and as a result we are spiritually impoverished and handicapped in our work among children and young people.

### Can God Co-operate Without Our Prayers?

We need a revival of faith in the power of prayer, a renewed interest in the spiritual forces that can be released through prayer. There is no more interesting subject to our own prayer-life than the

testimonies of others who experienced the power of prayer in their lives.

Let us cite just one illustration. The words of laymen sometimes carry more weight than those of a minister. Henry M. Stanley, the great African explorer, said: "In all my expeditions prayer made me stronger, morally and mentally, than any of my non-praying companions." Speaking of a desperate situation, he wrote: "And thus that night was passed in prayer, until the tired body could pray no more. But the next dawn, a few minutes after the march began, my people were restored to me, with food sufficient to save the perishing souls at the camp. I have evidence, satisfactory to myself, that prayers are granted. By prayer, the road sought for has become visible, and the danger immediately lessened, not once or twice or thrice, but repeatedly until the cold, unbelieving heart was impressed." These words impress us, coming from one of the hardest-headed men of his generation.

Is it not true that our age does not realize sufficiently its dependency upon God and the necessity and value of prayer? By prayer we can prepare the way for God. We can co-operate with God. Mary Baker Eddy in her chapter on "Prayer" says: "We admit theoretically that God is good, omnipotent, omnipresent, infinite, and then we try to give information to this infinite mind." We concede that some prayers are of that type. Prayer is not an attempt to acquaint God with our individual wants and desires. Did not Jesus say: "Your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things"? God does not need information but preparation on our part. He does not need coaxing but co-operation. God cannot do some things unless men pray. If we do not ask, we shall not receive, if we do not seek, we shall not find. Prayer opens the way for God to do certain things which otherwise would not be done.

Prof. Ernest Burton says: "Great things have happened in this world which would never have happened if men had not prayed. The experiences of men through a generation and through centuries warrant us in believing that things do happen in a world in which men pray as they do not happen when men do not pray."

I love to think of prayer as releasing spiritual forces for the good of individuals and of mankind. Years ago King George touched an electric button in London and a gate swung open in Montreal. When we pray we do not seek to bend God's will to ours but we give him an opportunity to do his will in us and to turn on the spiritual current in our lives.

Some of the most sweeping statements made by our Lord deal with prayer. Let us recall a few of them. "All things, whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive" (Matt. 21:22). "Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son. If ye shall ask anything in my name that will I do" (John 14:13, 14). Do we want any promises that are more inclusive, more fraught with limitless possibilities than these? One has said: "When we think

about prayer, we think, as a rule, instinctively of its limitations; the mind of Christ seemed always to be occupied with its possibilities." O, how weak our faith is! When we turn to God in prayer, do we really believe that he is able to open closed doors, to overcome obstacles, to release spiritual forces? Or is it simply a pious exercise with us?

### What Must We Watch Primarily In Our Prayer-Life?

Not only do we prepare the way for God to do marvelous things through others when we pray, but we give him a chance to influence and help us. Through prayer a change does not take place in God but in ourselves. The great thing we must watch in prayer is our desires. The roots of prayer are in our desires. It has been pointed out that the elemental fact in every human life is desire. Desire is the elemental force in human experience. Now it is not the words but the motives that count with God. Jesus condemned the prayers of the Pharisees because their words did not harmonize with their desires. Their words did not express what in their inward hearts they sincerely craved. They gave the impression that they were praying, but in reality they were not seeking God's help but men's praises. Their words indicated that they were worshipping God. But Jesus saw deeper. Their desire was not to be heard of God but to be praised of men.

It is not what we say but what we desire that really determines our prayer. How much truth is there not in the familiar words of Montgomery: "Prayer is the soul's sincere desire uttered or unexpressed; the motion of a hidden fire which trembles in the breast." How insincere we are at times in our prayers!

We sometimes go through the form of praying but in the deep recesses of our soul our desires are different from what our words have expressed. If we want to be sincere in our prayers, we must not only watch our words but also our desires, because **our desires are our real prayers.**

Jesus had only the noblest and purest desires. No selfish desires dominated his prayer-life. It is true that such desires sought to creep into his life. We are thinking of Jesus' experiences in the wilderness and in Gethsemane. The Master's supreme desire, however, was that the Father's will should be done. Saul of Tarsus was on the right path when he prayed: "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" If we through the study of Christ's prayer-life and that of other great pray-ers learn to have the noblest and purest desires in prayer, then our lives will be open to the incoming of new spiritual forces from without.

How heart-searching are Fenelon's words on: "True Prayer." "True prayer is only another name for the love of God. To pray is to desire—but to desire what God would have us desire. He who asks what he does not from the bottom of his heart desire, is mistaken in thinking that he prays. O, how few there are who pray; for how few are they who desire what is truly good! Crosses, ex-

ternal and internal humiliation, renouncement of our own wills, the death of self and the establishment of God's throne upon the ruins of self-love,—these are indeed good. Not to desire these is not to pray; to desire them seriously, soberly, constantly, and with reference to all the details of life—this is true prayer. Alas! how many souls full of self and of an imaginary desire for perfection in the minds of hosts of voluntary imperfections have never yet uttered this true prayer of the heart!" Fenelon goes to the root of the matter. God's desires should be our desires. Then our prayers will always be answered.

We realize we have only touched upon a few truths in the great and mysterious realm of prayer. May we use the key of prayer more frequently, so that our own lives and that of those round about us may become purer, stronger, better and more Christlike!

### What Is In Thine Hand?

Shamgar had just an ox-goad,  
David had but a sling;  
The widow had only two mites  
To her Lord to bring.  
Dorcas had just a needle;  
A woman a little oil;  
While Mary had some ointment  
To use in godly toil.  
A little lad, so humble,  
With five loaves and fishes two,  
Gave them to the Master,  
And fed five thousand—not a few.  
You say, "I have so little,  
To serve my Lord and King";  
But you may rest assured of this,  
He'll increase what you bring.

\* \* \*  
Next to Hard-grind Avenue. Many a man who seems to be on Easy Street is only on Easy Payment Street.

\* \* \*  
Anniversaries are breathing-spaces between climbs.

\* \* \*  
If you cut down the tree, how can you enjoy its shadow? If you abolish Christ, how can you expect to enjoy the benefits he brings?

\* \* \*  
Three things you may give: alms to the needy, comfort to the sorrowing, and appreciation to the worthy.

\* \* \*  
One difference between a bootlegger and a rattlesnake is that the bootlegger "sells" his poison.

\* \* \*  
A nagging home is a crematory in which love and comfort are reduced to ashes.

\* \* \*  
Some people may discuss a subject from every angle, all the while believing that they are thinking, when they may be merely "rearranging their prejudices."



Newly organized Sunday School, Ballantine, Mont., Sept. 14, 1930

### New Field Opened Up in Montana

Wolf Point, Mont., Dec. 12, 1930.

As the year draws to a close, I feel induced to send you a few lines relative to the Lord's work in this part of our mission field, also a few pictures for the "Baptist Herald." In the conversion and baptism of a family, father, mother and daughter at Lambert, who for many years were adherents of the Catholic Church, the saving power of the precious blood of Christ has proved true. The Gospel is still "a power of God unto salvation." Halleluja! The Lambert church had the joy of receiving these dear souls into their fellowship. The Lambert field also had in the past summer the privilege of the student singers, as well as a visit by the Rev. Bro. Geo. W. Pust who preached here one Sunday and for the next motored with his family to the Vida church, bringing the Gospel to those in the lonely place. Truly a vacation well spent, and we say, thank you, but add: Come again, brother!

A new field of mission opportunities has come to our attention in the Billings country. I made my first visit there in September, held some meetings and on Sunday, the 14th, organized a Sunday school with Bro. John Hust as leader. Ballantine is a small town 25 miles east of Billings and right in the heart of the sugar-beet country. Billings has the largest sugar production factory in the state. Altogether there are four sugar factories. The land is divided into small tracts, 40, 80 or 160 acres, with often two families to the place, the owner or renter and the beet-worker. Since the irrigation project has been put into operation this section of the Yellowstone became a fruitful garden. People from all parts of the country and of different nationalities have settled here, with quite a number of German families. Last Spring some of our Baptists came, became acquainted with some members who lived here on dry land for some time. They decided to unite and come together for prayer and Bible study. Since then others have come and a Sunday school and meetings are in progress.

In the beginning of December we had meetings for ten days. The Lord sent his blessing and souls were saved. One evening we came together for communion service. Ten members took part, rejoicing in the Lord's loving kindness, especially the family Claus Wilkins and daughter, who lived here for many years without having the joy of brotherly fellowship.

As some members and adherents of our faith live about 15 miles west of Billings the brethren Hust and Wolf and myself decided to drive over and inspect that country. We surprised the Junkert family in the afternoon, who sent the boys to the neighbors inviting them for a night meeting and surely we had a good gathering, for even the boys ventured to join in the chorus: "Yes, altogether we would like to go," as it seemed the first time in their life. This is a more mountainous region and still in its infancy and families with many children often have to rough it. Had an opportunity to visit a family with 13 youngsters, all healthy and strong but spiritually in a pitiful condition. "Sie sind ein Pastor, na denn haben Sie beim Nachbar viel Arbeit, denn alle seine 8 Kinder sind weder getauft noch konfirmiert." (Well, you are a pastor, then you surely have much work at my neighbors; all of his eight children are neither baptized nor confirmed). But the mother in that home with the 13 said: "Pastor, we live here like heathen." May the Lord grant us wisdom and strength to bring to these families the glad story of Jesus and his great love! Pray for us!

In behalf of some of our young people I thankfully acknowledge the missionary spirit and loving kindness of a sister in the Lord having the "Baptist Herald" sent to a number of homes on this mission field and we hope and pray that this investment may bring forth much fruit for the kingdom.

With best regards,  
Yours in His service,  
EDUARD NIEMANN.

### Christmas at our Home, St. Joseph, Mich.

How would you have felt if some one were to come to your home and ask for your child over Christmas? Well, that is the way we felt, that is Mom and Pa Steiger and I, when some women came to our Home and did that very thing. We couldn't think of breaking up our Home during the Christmas season and I'm sure it would have quite broken a child's heart if she or he were to leave during that time. We are just one big family like the picture in last month's "Herald" shows.

This year we were ready to suffer privations with many other families who suffered on account of the so-called "economic depression," but thus far we have not, for our many friends have been most kind and generous to us. Poultry has come from the West, cookies from the Middle West, towels and sheeting from the East, toys and many other things from the entire country.

And now for our actual Christmas celebration. It was Mrs. Santa and not Mr. Santa who was our guest this year, and at the last she discovered that she had a furry beard like that of her husband, but that was easily explained by the fact that she had to have it in order to keep warm in her forty-below-zero workshop. It certainly didn't make her look very gentle, for the baby just wouldn't have anything to do with her. She stayed with us for some time in order to explain that some of our orders to Santa just couldn't be filled this year for he tried to remember everybody. Poor Santa, I guess he had a pretty hard time giving everybody in the world their most desired wish. But he and his helpers certainly were good to us and we are just too thankful.

Jimmy, one of our promising first graders, wouldn't let Santa put anything over on him. He hadn't gotten what he ordered and he was going to let Santa know about it too. In all seriousness he came to me and with a determined and steady gaze informed me that Santa had forgotten to give him a Jack-in-the-box and a pair of leather gloves. Jimmy's faith in Santa cannot be shaken so I promised him that I would speak to Santa Claus as soon as possible and see if he could still fill the order, so somehow we must see that Jimmy gets his simple wish. That is one incident and I could tell many but I just can't take up more of your time.

Oh! before I conclude may I tell you just one little story? It may not have anything to do with Christmas but it is quite funny and I'm sure you'll enjoy it.

Our boys had raised some wild ducks all during the summer season and when winter came and as we had not sheltered place to keep them we decided to have a feast. We had to send a boy to get a woman from across the way to come and kill them but as she could understand nothing but German, Pa Steiger had to teach him a little piece, so to speak, in order that he might tell her what he wanted. But gracious! When he got there he forgot what he was to say and rather than go back defeated he made a good attempt to explain, and here is what he said, "Du musst kochen und tot our geese," and when she could stifle her laughter enough to ask where he frantically pointed to our Home. And so we have our joys and our sorrows.

And in behalf of the Home family I send our usual vote of "Thank you" and "Dankeschön" and wish you all a very Happy New Year.

ANN JEAN PAQUET.

Purpose is like a railway track: it will not get you anywhere without the locomotive on the track, without the propulsive power of God.

No garment purifies itself, but it must be cleaned by forces outside itself; and so no soul purifies itself, but must be cleansed by Christ.

# The Sunday School

## Was It You?

ROLAND EDWARD ROSS

Among those absent  
There was a face  
That most nearly always  
Is in its place.

Of course we met,  
And song and praise  
Was rendered God  
From this, his place.

We all were cheered  
With blessings too.  
Learned of his grace  
So old yet new.

But don't you see,  
You missed your share  
How much we'd loved  
To see you there.

Your absence ever  
We promptly note,  
And hope its recurrence  
Will be remote.

Let not another  
Sunday pass,  
Without your greeting  
Each lad and lass.

I'm sure that you  
Will happier be:  
But no bit more  
Than even we.

Oak Park, Ill.

## A Place for Everything

A place for everything—yes, and everything in its place. This adage, if followed, would change the appearance of many a Church school that gives a visitor the impression of great disorder.

Hymn books, unused lesson helps and story papers, crayons, Bibles, pictures, and miscellaneous decorations are all mixed up. Part of the common disorder is due to the fact that a place for storage is often lacking, and part to the fact that the available places are not used.

A cupboard or bookcase with doors that can be shut and locked will solve many problems in smaller schools. Crayons and erasers should be packed up after the session, put away in a box, and the box placed in the cupboard.

Hymn books and Bibles should be picked up after every session and placed on the proper shelves of the bookcases.

Sometimes a school is fortunate enough to have a large storeroom where most of the things in use can be kept between Sundays. A large school in New York State has a regular stock room in which all lesson supplies are kept.

There should be a place where most of the maps are stored. It is unnecessary to have a map for every room. Better a

central supply of maps from which individual maps may be borrowed and to which they should be returned when their time of use is over.

In some way or other the needed place for keeping things can be provided. The next thing is to get it used. In some cases the picking up of materials used may be made a service project for boys and girls. In many schools putting things in order will be a matter for the janitor, and happy is the school served by a janitor or a janitor's wife with a sense of order.

From time to time, however, it will very likely be necessary for the women of the church to organize a housecleaning and housekeeping party and put everything in the school to rights.—Church School Journal.

## To Interest the Beginners

EMMA FLORENCE BUSH

We all take more interest in something we do than in something we observe while it is done for us.

For this reason, let the little beginners do all they can. Let them choose the songs which they sing. If there is hand-work to be given out, let the different ones take turns in giving it out under proper supervision, and in collecting the materials afterward.

If you have a guest, let the children place a chair, hand a book if one is to be used, take their wraps and place them in the place where all wraps are kept.

In other words, let them do everything they can to help, only being careful that a few more forward children do not always have the things to do. It is well to keep a record and see that all have a turn.

And—joy of joys!—have a tiny collection plate and note the pride with which the chosen child carries it carefully from one to the other while the pennies, and, let us hope, nickels and dimes also are dropped in.

Remember, the more a child has to do, the more pride he will take in his department, and the more constant will be his attendance. Moreover, you have started a group of children so that they will unconsciously go on doing, all through the upper grades of the Sunday school, until they become doers in the larger field of work in the church itself.—Children's Leader.

Do not plan your life, but let God plan it for you. Only seek to keep close to God, and then your life plan will take care of itself.

Everyone knows whether his aims are high or low; everyone can discover noble ideals; the main difficulty is to live up to them.



Youngest Scholars of Youngest Sunday School, Ballantine, Mont.

## When Seeing Endangers

"Danger! Do Not Look!" are the words stamped on the casing of the acetylene torches that workmen on street railways employ for welding the iron rails together. The flame of these torches is so intensely brilliant that unprotected eyes may be seriously injured by even a momentary glance at it.

What a fine thing it would be if these words could be stamped upon other things than acetylene torches. They might be placed across the pages of thousands of cheap and salacious books that are daily flooding the market; above the doorways of certain places of entertainment; and even along our city streets and roadways where glaring posters seek to lure the mind to unworthy thoughts. "I always turn my face in another direction when I pass that news stand," said a fine Christian boy to his companion. "I know my weakness and I find I am all the better for not letting my gaze rest upon the cheap and salacious magazines that are always on display."—Forward.

## Failure

Mr. Meant-to has a comrade,  
And his name is Didn't-do.  
Have you ever chanced to meet them?  
Did they ever call on you?

These two fellows live together  
In the house of Never-win,  
And I'm told that it is haunted  
By the ghosts of Might-have-been!

—Selected.

"If you are thinking of doing a good thing, do it at once. If you are thinking of doing a mean thing, think again."

# The Girl from Montana

By GRACE LIVINGSTON HILL

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## Chapter I

### THE GIRL, AND A GREAT PERIL

The late afternoon sun was streaming in across the cabin floor as the girl stole around the corner and looked cautiously in at the door.

There was a kind of tremulous courage in her face. She had a duty to perform, and she was resolved to do it without delay. She shaded her eyes with her hand from the glare of the sun, set a firm foot upon the threshold, and, with one wild glance around to see whether all was as she had left it, entered her home and stood for a moment shuddering in the middle of the floor.

A long procession of funerals seemed to come out of the past and meet her eye as she looked about upon the signs of the primitive, unhallowed one which had just gone out from there a little while before.

The girl closed her eyes, and pressed their hot, dry lids hard with her cold fingers; but the vision was clearer even than with her eyes open.

She could see the tiny baby sister lying there in the middle of the room, so little and white and pitiful; and her handsome, careless father sitting at the head of the rude, home-made coffin, sober for the moment; and her tired, disheartened mother, faded before her time, dry-eyed and haggard, beside him. But that was long ago, almost at the beginning of things for the girl.

There had been other funerals, the little brother who had been drowned while playing in a forbidden stream, and the older brother who had gone off in search of gold or his own way, and had crawled back parched with fever to die in his mother's arms. But those, too, seemed long ago to the girl as she stood in the empty cabin and looked fearfully about her. They seemed almost blotted out by the last three that had crowded so close within the year. The father, who even at his worst had a kind word for her and her mother, had been brought home mortally hurt—an encounter with wild cattle, a fall from his horse in a treacherous place—and had never roused to consciousness again.

At all these funerals there had been a solemn service, conducted by a travelling preacher when one happened to be within reach, and, when there was none, by the trembling, determined, untaught lips of the white-faced mother. The mother had always insisted upon it, especially upon a prayer. It had seemed like a charm to help the departed one into some kind of a pitiful heaven.

And when, a few months after the father, the mother had drooped and grown whiter and whiter, till one day she clutched at her heart and lay down gasping, and said "Good-by, Bess! Mother's good girl! Don't forget!" and was gone

from her life of burden and disappointment forever, the girl had prepared the funeral with the assistance of the one brother left. The girl's voice had uttered the prayer, "Our Father," just as her mother had taught her, because there was no one else to do it; and she was afraid to send the wild young brother off after a preacher, lest he should not return in time.

It was six months now since the sad funeral train had wound its way among sage-brush and greasewood, and the body of the mother had been laid to rest beside her husband. For six months the girl had kept the cabin in order, and held as far as possible the wayward brother to his work and home. But within the last few weeks he had more and more left her alone, for a day, and sometimes more, and had come home in sad condition and with bold, merry companions who made her life a constant terror. And now, but two short days ago, they had brought home his body lying across his own faithful horse, with two shots through his heart. It was a drunken quarrel, they told her; and all were sorry, but no one seemed responsible.

They had been kind in their rough way, these companions of her brother. They had stayed and done all that was necessary, had dug the grave, and stood about their comrade in good-natured grimness, marching in order about him to give him the last look; but, when the sister tried to utter the prayer she knew her mother would have spoken, her throat refused to make a sound, and her tongue cleaved to the roof of her mouth. She had taken sudden refuge in the little shed that was her own room, and there had stayed till the rough companions had taken away the still form of the only one left in the family circle.

In silence the funeral train wound its way to the spot where the others were buried. They respected her tearless grief, these great, passionate, uncontrolled young men. They held in the rude jokes with which they would have taken the awesomeness from the occasion for themselves, and for the most part kept the way silently and gravely, now and then looking back with admiration to the slim girl with the stony face and unblinking eyes who followed them mechanically. They had felt that some one ought to do something; but no one knew exactly what, and so they walked silently.

Only one, the hardest and boldest, the ringleader of the company, ventured back to ask whether there was anything he could do for her, anything she would like to have done; but she answered him coldly with a "No!" that cut him to the quick. It had been a good deal for him to do, this touch of gentleness he had forced himself into. He turned from her

with a wicked gleam of intent in his eyes, but she did not see it.

When the rude ceremony was over, the last clod was heaped upon the pitiful mound, and the relentless words, "dust to dust," had been murmured by one more daring than the rest, they turned and looked at the girl, who had all the time stood upon a mound of earth and watched them, as a statue of Misery might look down upon the world. They could not make her out, this silent, marble girl. They hoped now she would change. It was over. They felt an untold relief themselves from the fact that their reckless, gay comrade was no longer lying cold and still among them. They were done with him. They had paid their last tribute, and wished to forget. He must settle his own account with the hereafter now; they had enough in their own lives without the burden of his.

Then there had swept into the girl's face one gleam of life that made her beautiful for the instant, and she had bowed to them with a slow, almost haughty, inclination of her head, and spread out her hands like one who would like to bless but dared not, and said clearly, "I thank you—all!" There had been just a slight hesitation before that last word "all," as if she were not quite sure, as her eyes rested upon the ringleader with doubt and dislike; then her lips had hardened as if justice must be done, and she had spoken it, "all!" and, turning, sped away to her cabin alone.

They were taken by surprise, those men who feared nothing in the wild and primitive West, and for a moment they watched her go in silence. Then the words that broke upon the air were not all pleasant to hear; and, if the girl could have known, she would have sped far faster, and her cheeks would have burned a brighter red than they did.

But one, the boldest, the ringleader, said nothing. His brows darkened, and the wicked gleam came and sat in his hard eyes with a green light. He drew a little apart from the rest, and walked on more rapidly. When he came to the place where they had left their horses, he took his and went on toward the cabin with a look that did not invite the others to follow. As their voices died away in the distance, and he drew nearer to the cabin, his eyes gleamed with cunning. The girl in the cabin worked rapidly.

One by one she took the boxes on which the rude coffin of her brother had rested, and threw them far out the back door. She straightened the furniture around fiercely, as if by erasing every sign she would force from memory the thought of the scenes that had just passed. She took her brother's coat hung against the wall, and an old pipe from the mantle, and hid them in the room that was hers. Then she looked about for something else to be done.

A shadow darkened the sunny doorway. Looking up, she saw the man she believed to be her brother's murderer.

"I came back, Bess, to see if I could do anything for you."

The tone was kind; but the girl in-

voluntarily put her hand to her throat, and caught her breath. She would like to speak out and tell him what she thought, but she dared not. She did not even dare let her thought appear in her eyes. The dull, statue-like look came over her face that she had worn at the grave. The man thought it was the stupefaction of grief.

"I told you I didn't want any help," she said, trying to speak in the same tone she had used when she thanked the men.

"Yes, but you're all alone," said the man insinuatingly; she felt a menace in the thought, "and I am sorry for you!"

He came nearer, but her face was cold. Instinctively she glanced to the cupboard door behind which lay her brother's belt with two pistols.

"You're very kind," she forced herself to say; "but I'd rather be alone now." It was hard to speak so when she would have liked to dash on him, and call down curses for the death of her brother; but she looked into his evil face, and a fear for herself worse than death stole into her heart.

He took encouragement from her gentle dignity. Where did she get that manner so imperial, she, born in a mountain cabin and bred on the wilds? How could she speak with an accent so different from those abosut her? The brother was not so; the mother had been plain and quiet. He had not known her father, for he had lately come to the State in hiding from another. He wondered, with his wide knowledge of the world, over her wild, haughty beauty, and gloated over it. He liked to think just what worth was within his easy grasp. A prize for the taking, and here alone, unprotected.

"But it ain't good for you to be alone, you know, and I've come to protect you. Besides, you need cheering up, little girl." He came closer. "I love you, Bess, you know, and I'm going to take care of you now. You're all alone. Poor little girl."

He was so near that she almost felt his breath against her cheek. She faced him desperately, growing white to the lips. Was there nothing on earth or in heaven to save her? Mother! Father! Brother! All gone! Ah! Could she but have known that the quarrel which ended her wild young brother's life had been about her, perhaps pride in him would have saved her grief, and choked her horror.

While she watched the green lights play in the evil eyes above her, she gathered all the strength of her young life into one effort, and schooled herself to be calm. She controlled her involuntary shrinking from the man, only drew herself back gently, as a woman with wider experience and gentler breeding might have done.

"Remember," she said, "that my brother just lay there dead!" and she pointed to the empty center of the room. The dramatic attitude was almost a condemnation to the guilty man before her. He drew back as if the sheriff had entered the room, and looked instinctively to where the coffin had been but a short

time before, then laughed nervously and drew himself together.

The girl caught her breath, and took courage. She had held him for a minute; could she not hold him longer?

"Think!" said she. "He is but just buried. It is not right to talk of such things as love in this room where he has just gone out. You must leave me alone for a while. I cannot talk and think now. We must respect the dead, you know." She looked appealingly to him, acting her part desperately, but well. It was as if she were trying to charm a lion or an insane man.

He stood admiring her. She argued well. He was half-minded to humor her, for somehow when she spoke of the dead he could see the gleam in her brother's eyes just before he shot him. Then there was promise in his wooing. She was no girl to be lightly won, after all. She could hold her own, and perhaps she would be the better for having her way for a little. At any rate, there was more excitement in such game.

She saw that she was gaining, and her breath came freer.

"Go!" she said with a flickering smile. "Go! For—a little while," and then she tried to smile again.

He made a motion to take her in his arms and kiss her; but she drew back suddenly, and spread her hands before her, motioning him back.

"I tell you, you must go now. Go! Go! or I will never speak to you again."

He looked into her eyes, and seemed to feel a power that he must obey. Half sullenly he drew back toward the door.

"But, Bess, this ain't the way to treat a fellow," he whined. "I came way back here to take care of you. I tell you I love you, and I'm going to have you. There ain't any other fellow going to run off with you—"

"Stop!" she cried tragically. "Don't you see you're not doing right? My brother is just dead. I must have some time to mourn. It is only decent." She was standing now with her back to the little cupboard behind whose door lay the two pistols. Her hand was behind her on the wooden latch.

"You don't respect my trouble!" she said, catching her breath, and putting her hand to her eyes. "I don't believe you care for me when you don't do what I say."

The man was held at bay. He was almost conquered by her sign of tears. It was a new phase of her to see her melt into weakness so. He was charmed.

"How long must I stay away?" he faltered.

She could scarcely speak, so desperate she felt. O if she dared but say, "Forever," and shout it at him! She was desperate enough to try her chances at shooting him if she but had the pistols, and was sure they were loaded—a desperate chance indeed against the best shot on the Pacific coast, and a desperado at that.

She pressed her hands to her throbbing temples, and tried to think. At last she faltered out,

"Three days!"

He swore beneath his breath, and his brows drew down in heavy frowns that were not good to see. She shuddered at what it would be to be in his power forever. How he would play with her and toss her aside! Or kill her, perhaps, when he was tired of her! Her life on the mountain had made her familiar with evil characters.

He came a step nearer, and she felt she was loosing ground.

Straightening up, she said coolly:

"You must go away at once, and not think of coming back at least until tomorrow night. Go!" With wonderful control she smiled at him, one frantic, brilliant smile; and to her great wonder he drew back. At the door he paused, a softened look upon his face.

"May'n't I kiss you before I go?"

She shuddered involuntarily, but put out her hands in protest again. "Not to-night!" She shook her head, and tried to smile.

He thought he understood her, but turned away half satisfied. Then she heard his step coming back to the door again, and she went to meet him. He must not come in. She had gained in sending him out, if she could but close the door fast. It was in the doorway that she faced him as he stood with one foot ready to enter again. The crafty look was out upon his face plainly now, and in the sunlight she could see it.

"You will be all alone tonight."

"I am not afraid," calmly. "And no one will trouble me. Don't you know what they say about the spirit of a man—" she stopped; she had almost said "a man who has been murdered"—"coming back to his home the first night after he is buried?" It was her last frantic effort.

The man before her trembled, and looked around nervously.

"You better come away tonight with me," he said, edging away from the door.

"See, the sun is going down! You must go now," she said imperiously; and reluctantly the man mounted his restless horse, and rode away down the mountain.

She watched him silhouetted against the blood-red globe of the sun as it sank lower and lower. She could see every outline of his slouch-hat and muscular shoulders as he turned now and then and saw her standing still alone at her cabin door. Why he was going he could not tell; but he went, and he frowned as he rode away, with the wicked gleam still in his eye; for he meant to return.

At last he disappeared; and the girl, turning, looked up, and there rode the white ghost of the moon overhead. She was alone.

## Chapter II

### THE FLIGHT

A great fear settled down upon the girl as she realized that she was alone and, for a few hours at least, free. It was a marvellous escape. Even now she could hear the echo of the man's last words, and see his hateful smile as he waved his good-by and promised to come back for her tomorrow.

She felt sure he would not wait until the night. It might be he would return even yet. She cast another reassuring look down the darkening road, and strained her ear; but she could no longer hear hoof-beats. Nevertheless, it behooved her to hasten. He had blanched at her suggestion of walking spirits; but, after all, his courage might arise. She shuddered to think of his returning later, in the night. She must fly somewhere at once.

Instantly her dormant senses seemed to be on the alert. Fully fledged plans flashed through her brain. She went into the cabin, and barred the door. She made every movement swiftly, as if she had not an instant to spare. Who could tell? He might return even before dark. He had been hard to baffle, and she did not feel at all secure. It was her one chance of safety to get away speedily, whither it mattered little, only so she was away and hidden.

Her first act inside the cottage was to get the belt from the cupboard and buckle it around her waist. She examined and loaded the pistols. Her throat seemed seized with sudden constriction when she discovered that the barrels had been empty and the weapons would have done her no good even if she could have reached them.

She put into her belt the sharp little knife her brother used to carry, and then began to gather together everything eatable that she could carry with her. There was not much that could be easily carried—some dried beef, a piece of cheese, some corn-meal, a piece of pork, a handful of coffee-berries, and some pieces of hard corn bread. She hesitated over a pan full of baked beans, and finally added them to the store. They were bulky, but she ought to take them if she could. There was nothing else in the house that seemed advisable to take in the way of eatables. Their stores had been running low, and the trouble of the last day or two had put housekeeping entirely out of her mind. She had not cared to eat, and now it occurred to her that food had not passed her lips that day. With strong self-control she forced herself to eat a few of the dry pieces of corn bread, and to drink some cold coffee that stood in the little coffee-pot. This she did while she worked, wasting not one minute.

There were some old flour-sacks in the house. She put the eatables into two of them, with the pan of beans on the top, adding a tin cup, and tied them securely together. Then she went into her shed room, and put on the few extra garments in her wardrobe. They were not many, and that was the easiest way to carry them. Her mother's wedding-ring, sacredly kept in a box since the mother's death, she slipped upon her finger. It seemed the closing act of her life in the cabin, and she paused and bent her head as if to ask the mother's permission that she might wear the ring. It seemed a kind of a protection to her in her lonely situation.

There were a few papers and an old

letter or two yellow with years, which the mother had always guarded sacredly. One was the certificate of her mother's marriage. The girl did not know what the others were. She had never looked into them closely, but she knew that her mother had counted them precious. These she pinned into the bosom of her calico gown. Then she was ready.

She gave one swift glance of farewell about the cabin where she had spent all of her life that she could remember, gathered up the two flour-sacks and an old coat of her father's that hung on the wall, remembering at the last minute to put into its pocket the few matches and the single candle left in the house, and went out from the cabin, closing the door behind her.

She paused, looking down the road, and listened again; but no sound came to her save the distant howl of a wolf. The moon rode high and clear by this time; and it seemed not so lonely here, with everything bathed in soft silver, as it had in the darkening cabin with its flickering candle.

The girl stole out from the cabin and stealthily across the patch of moonlight into the shadow of the shakly barn where stamped the poor, ill-fed, faithful horse that her brother had ridden to his death upon. All her movements were stealthy as a cat's.

She laid the old coat over the horse's back, swung her brother's saddle into place,—she had none of her own, and could ride his, or without any; it made no difference, for she was perfectly at home on horseback,—and strapped the girths with trembling fingers that were icy cold with excitement. Across the saddle-bows she hung the two flour-sacks containing her provisions. Then with added caution she tied some old burlap about each of the horse's feet. She must make no sound and leave no track as she stole forth into the great world.

The horse looked curiously down and whinnied at her, as she tied his feet clumsily. He did not seem to like his new habiliments, but he suffered everything at her hand.

"Hush!" she murmured softly, laying her cold hands across his nostrils; and he put his muzzle into her palm, and seemed to understand.

She led him out into the clear moonlight then, and paused a second, looking once more down the road that led away in front of the cabin; but no one was coming yet, though her heart beat high as she listened, fancying every falling bough or rolling stone was a horse's hoof-beat.

(To be continued)

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Often a politician who thinks he is making a key-note speech is only telling a bedtime story.—Boston Traveler.

\* \* \*

Sunday used to be the big day of the week at home; now it's the big day of the week at the railroad crossings.—Detroit News.

### Nearly Fifty Years of Service

A most happy occasion in the history of the American Baptist Publication Society was the luncheon given not so long ago in the Hotel Rittenhouse, Philadelphia, in recognition of the services of Mr. Harry Windisch, superintendent of the Mail Order Division.

On Sept. 19, 1930, Mr. Harry Windisch began his fiftieth consecutive year in the service of the Society. Officers and workers of the Society, 27 in number, some of whom had been associates with Mr. Windisch during a larger part of his nearly fifty years of service, met to do him honor. The years of service represented by the group totaled 774 years—an average of 28½ years.

Executive Secretary William H. Main presided. Addresses were made by Dr. Joseph E. Sagebeer, on behalf of the Board of Managers; by Business Manager Harvey E. Cressman; by Hilmar Schneider, who retired last spring from the superintendency of the printing-house, after a 47-year term of work in various positions; by Owen C. Brown, secretary of Religious Education; by Thomas J. Stratton, W. L. Broomell, Miss Julia E. Halyburton, and Elvin L. Ruth, treasurer, who, on behalf of the Society presented Mr. Windisch a purse of gold.

Mr. Windisch entered the Society's employ when barely in his teens. His abilities quickly earned him a promotion, until 20 years ago he took up the duties of his present position, a highly responsible one, which brings him into direct touch with the large and growing constituency of schools and churches that use the Society's periodicals. He has made a record notable not only for length of service but for wisdom and fine personal qualities.

Mr. Windisch is a brother of Mr. Reuben Windisch, well known in our German Baptist circles.

### From Standing Rock Reservation B. Y. P. U. of McLaughlin, S. Dak.

Since our B. Y. P. U. was organized in January, 1928, it has been progressing rapidly. We seldom let a meeting pass by, unless the weather forbids. We have tried to make the programs interesting as well as educational.

One thing that is causing much enthusiasm among young and old alike, is a library started a month ago. The librarian is hardly able to supply the wants of the members as well as friends with the books we have on hand. This shows that the young people are eager to read good books if they are only provided with the same.

The "Baptist Herald" is rapidly rooting itself deeper into the hearts of members and friends as we have a goodly number more of subscribers this year than ever before.

May all B. Y. P. U.'s serve to make young people more fit and willing to do what they can for our Lord and Master!

ANNA L. LOHSE, Sec.

### Immanuel B. Y. P. U., Oklahoma

The young people of the Oklahoma Immanuel Church near Okeene, Okla., showed their interest and talents for religious work when they presented the pageant "The Greatest Promise" on Christmas Eve. A choir which consisted entirely of young people rendered its part very well under the direction of the pastor, Rev. Herbert A. Meyer. The speaking parts were directed by Mrs. Meyer, the pastor's wife, which, together with the stage setting and costumes, proved very effective and picturesque.

This is only one of the splendid programs that have been rendered by these young people within the last few years. Their program in B. Y. P. U. work is especially admirable. All the modern methods of training in Christian service are being used and leaders for a future live church are in the making. The juniors especially, under Mrs. Meyer's leadership, are outstanding in their B. Y. P. U. work.

The pastor has been giving very interesting talks in connection with his sermons lately which make the evening meetings quite unusual and impressive. Considerable interest is being shown for this type of sermon. This is the pastor's third year in the Immanuel Church. May God grant that the progress thus far made shall continue! CLARA HAAS.

### Wetaskiwin B. Y. P. U.

The Wetaskiwin B. Y. P. U. had 16 meetings during 1930. They were as follows: one business meeting; two visits from the Bible school students held in Wetaskiwin last year; one visit from the brethren Larson and Hansell from the Swedish Bible Institute which is held in Wetaskiwin for six weeks every winter; one Bible study conducted by Bro. A. Hager; and one evening for Bible questions and answers. We rendered two programs and once the Wiesental Y. P. Society visited us with a program. We also had one meeting together with the Swedish and Brightview Baptists in our church one evening. Bro. Wiens showed lantern slides of the work of the British and Foreign Bible Society. On two evenings we had speeches by several members of our society. Then we conducted two meetings at the Bidinger school house and on August 1 our male choir sang and our orchestra played for the English Baptist convention at Gull Lake.

The officers for 1931 are: President, Dury Miller; vice-president, Arthur Sommers; treasurer, Albert Strohschein; secretary, Ruth Dickau, and organist, Elsie Krause.

We certainly had a blessed time during the past year. God help us to do more for his cause next year! R. L. D.

### Save the Children

If the world is ever to be saved, the children must be saved. It is pitiful to think how often we neglect the children and then labor with amazing prayer and heroic appeal for the conversion of men and women.—F. B. Meyer.

### Review and Report of the Year's Work 1930

A. P. MIHM, GENERAL SECRETARY

To the members of the Council of the Young People's and Sunday School Union.

Dear fellow-workers:

First of all it is my earnest desire to praise the mercy and goodness of God for the health and strength which he granted for the duties of the year which has just closed. His gracious protection was extended to me during the many journeys undertaken and the many miles traveled.

In the following I beg leave to submit a brief report of my activity during the year.

It was my privilege to complete my eighth year of service as editor of the "Baptist Herald." I have had much joy in this work and rejoice in the wider recognition which our organ is receiving in many circles. More and more it is a necessary medium for the spreading abroad of news, denominational missions and other objectives as well as being the voice of our Y. P. and S. S. W. Union. We must have a journal for those who can be best reached through the English language. We appreciate the assistance of those who helped to make the paper what it is by their contributed articles. It has taxed the editor's time and strength very much at times to edit the paper while on teaching, visitation and lecture tours, but the Lord helped to fulfill all obligations.

As General Secretary we undertook to fill as many engagements in addition to our editorial and office work as we possibly could manage. I was away from office and home 128 days in travel and visitation work during 1930; traveled 25,476 miles by railroad (a great proportion of this on annual and trip passes), 220 miles by electric railway, and 1250 miles by auto, bus or farmer's sleigh (Canada in winter). It was my privilege to visit 33 churches, some repeatedly, and to attend 11 Bible schools, Assemblies, Institutes and Conferences in different parts of the United States and Canada. I taught in 77 class periods at these schools, preached 46 sermons, gave 45 addresses, made 20 talks to Sunday schools and taught 10 S. S. classes in different places visited. I preached twice over the Radio of Moody Bible Institute at Chicago and sat in 24 committee meetings of a lengthier nature.

Much correspondence concerning our Y. P. and S. S. work in general was directed to our office in Forest Park and received the attention of the undersigned. In the course of this correspondence we mailed out 1233 copies of various dialogues for young people's and Sunday school programs to 175 addresses. Much publicity matter and many posters were also sent out in the "Baptist Herald" Campaign work.

We have had 39 persons apply for books from the Braese Loan Library during the year and we loaned out by mail 95 books from the library. This has been very encouraging. We believe the library has still greater possibilities. We hope to call attention to it repeatedly through the "Baptist Herald" and by personal word. We also hope to increase the number of books somewhat in the near future. If we could win some liberal minded friend of our Y. P. work to donate a hundred dollars or more for this library at the present time, we could greatly enlarge its usefulness by adding many needed books for our Young People and Sunday school workers.

Praying that God's blessing may rest on all these efforts and bespeaking your intercession and co-operation as we enter the new year and the tenth year of our service in this splendid and challenging cause, I am,

Very sincerely yours,  
A. P. MIHM.

### Christmas at the Minneapolis Church

On the eve of Christmas Day the Sunday school of the First German Baptist Church of Minneapolis, Minn., had their Christmas program. As usual, the children were anxious to learn recitations, songs, etc., and they were well given by every child. The grown-ups also did their share, some by giving recitations and others by singing. Of course, Rev. Hirsch also had a share by giving a short talk.

At this time prizes were passed out by Mr. A. E. Brachlow, the Supt., to all pupils having an average of 90%, or over, according to the 6 point record system, for 1930.

A large tree was placed on the platform, near which was a row of candy boxes. There were plenty for the children, and oh, how they do enjoy them!

The collection taken was for the Orphanage at St. Joseph. We have been in the habit of doing this for a number of years.

Rev. Hirsch and family were presented with a purse, bearing the good will and happy New Year wishes from the church. Although we like very much to have them with us, we did miss the Appel family.

This year we were donated 50 boxes of candy from the Twin City Building & Loan Association to distribute among the poor and needy children. This we did to those outside of the church membership, using same as a sort of advertisement, as you might say.

We join as a Sunday school in wishing all of the "Baptist Herald" readers a happy and prosperous new year.

"A REPORTER."

### What Smiles Will Do

If the world has jilted you  
And you feel discouraged, blue,  
Just keep smiling, do.  
It's no use to fret or stew;  
All your friends are loyal, true.  
Smiles will put you through.

### I Hear the Church Bells Ring

NIXON WATERMAN

A poor church helper, I'll confess,  
For I seldom attend at all;  
Too many folks that way, I guess:  
I'm glad 'taint so with all.  
For although I'm a slacker, understand,  
In my heart I still must cling  
To a Christian, Bible-governed land  
Where I hear the church bells ring.

I'm what you would call a parasite;  
I live on the surplus good  
Church folks create to make things right  
In our pleasant neighborhood.  
I oughtn't to share in the saving grace  
My Christian neighbors bring,  
For I wouldn't live in a godless place  
Where the church bells never ring.

There may be hypocrites, we'll allow,  
In the vineyards of the Lord;  
There may be preachers who don't know  
how  
To spread God's holy word;  
But when I think what the churches do,  
And the joys that from them spring,  
O, I wouldn't live in a land, would you?  
Where the church bells never ring.

Should our little country church bell call  
Across the fields no more,  
For wedding, baptisms, or funeral.  
My heart would be plumb sore.  
And from this time on I'm going to give  
The parson, fall and spring,  
My honest tithe; for I want to live  
Where I hear the church bells ring.  
C. E. World.

### Rev. Otto Roth Declares His Position

Stafford, Kans., January 3, 1931.  
Rev. A. P. Mihm,  
Forest Park, Ill.

My dear Bro. Mihm:—

Some months ago Bro. Bender published an article in the "Baptist Herald" which left it very undecided as to what attitude our ministers take towards modern pleasures. A few weeks ago Bro. Schlipf published an answer which I greatly welcomed. Today something happened which prompts me to write this letter and I wish you would publish this whole page. It might prove that some ministers still know where they stand and are not ashamed to stand to their conviction. The following letter explains itself.

The Nueva Theatre  
Stafford, Kans.

January 3, 1931.

2 Cor. 6:17.

Dear Sir:—

It was a great surprise to me to receive a permanent free pass for my wife and myself as a compliment from your management. I desire to express my appreciation of your courtesy. Yet I feel myself under moral and spiritual obligation to return our pass to you. As a spiritual advisor of my congregation and as a representative of Christ I must not

lower my standard and step down to the level of those who need to be taught. While I see great possibilities in moving pictures and am glad to know of their improvements, they still are a menace to the welfare of souls, as far as those shown in the theatres are concerned and once the habit of attending is formed, the desire for spiritual things is lost and so is the soul. In the 18 years of my ministry it has been my observance that those of my church-members who formed the habit of attending the theatre could not be used or had no desire anymore to be of active value and often were harmful to others in less than 2 years. The screen as it is seen in shows and theatres in general depicts an untrue, artificial crime-approving life which is responsible for the detrimental condition of the American home and for the crowded corrective institutions of mostly minors and people below the age of 30 years. I feel it my duty to warn my people and expect them not to patronize theatres if they desire to be present with the Lord. While I welcome your decision not to open the theatre on Sundays I greatly deplore the fact that it is owned by otherwise considered good church people. It would be an impossibility if you would think and pray of what 2 Cor. 6:17 and 1 John 2:16, 17 means.

Yours truly  
OTTO ROTH.

### Humboldt Park Guild Girls, Chicago

We have just had our second birthday in December but have never been heard of in the "Baptist Herald." We want to let others know too that there are W. W. G. Girls in this church. We have been striving to do our best in helping others although we are a small group.

We had the opportunity of taking charge of a prayer meeting last year. Every girl had a short message, then the officers were installed. Everybody enjoyed the meeting and we hope that we may do it again some time.

We had to give up our good president, Hilga Bender, who so faithfully served us. She had to leave for Wisconsin.

During the summer we went outdoors to enjoy ourselves on a hike and picnics.

In September we had the privilege of having Mrs. Kampfer of the Aicken Institute, here in the city. She gave us a message about her work and every girl was interested and deeply touched. The following Sunday a group of our girls went to visit Mrs. Kampfer and took something along for the children to eat. This made them happy to know that some others were thinking of them too.

During the different meetings we have heard about some of the early missionaries such as Mary Slesser, Mary Moffat and Ann and Adoniram Judson.

We are asking God to help us in every way so we may do bigger and better things. We want to live up to our slogan and we know that God will help us if we just believe and follow him.

HELEN B. HOFFMEIER, Sec.

### Studying Geography

A native Christian came to his missionary one day and said: "Missionary, I want to study geography!"

"No," said the missionary, "you don't want to study geography. You have only been a Christian for a few months, and there are more important subjects to take up first."

But the native Christian insisted, "Teacher, I want to study geography."

And the missionary asked: "Gungu, why do you want to study geography?"

"I want to study geography to know the names of more places to pray for," he said.

Here is the home of William Carey. It is not an elaborately-furnished abode. Looking around, one sees a few stools, his cobbler's outfit, a book or two and a queer-looking map on the wall. Near the map is a Bible. There is a connection between the two. In the Bible he had the command, in the map was the vision of the task to be accomplished. In Carey's mind the Great Commission and the map of the world were inseparably connected. He was a student of the Word. He was a student of geography.

Too many men are like the lads in the late war. A tank halted right in the middle of the battle. It was clear that it had not been disabled by a cannon shot. "What's the matter?" asked an officer who happened to be galloping by. "Nothing," was the reply, "but we've come to the edge of our map." How large is your map? Is your map the map of the Great Commission, or is it the reflection of your own selfishness?

In a book read all over the world, the heroine, the Hon. Jane Champion, determined to consult her physician, Sir Deryck Brand. And, after realizing the fearful strain to which his poor patient's nerves had been subjected, he exclaimed: "Here is a prescription for you! See a few big things!" He urged her to go out West, and see the stupendous Falls of Niagara, to go out East, and see the Great Pyramid. "Go for the big things." We need the tonic of big things. We need the world vision if we would do the world task. Shall we take the Bible in the hand and study it in full view of the map of the world? If we will, we will catch the vision of the Son of God when he said:

"Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."—Chester E. Tulga in "Our Month."

### An Empty Joke

Snickson: "Why is an empty purse always the same, my boy?"

Snackson: "Fraid I can't tell you!"

Snickson: "Why, because you never see any change in it!"—New Guide.

\* \* \*

Carry your burdens to God in prayer and you will carry on courageously and victoriously.

### Man Forgets—God Reminds

REV. C. C. LABORN

It was a blessed Sabbath,  
The sky was bright and clear;  
In happy, fragrant springtime  
With songbirds' happy cheer.

From hill and dale the people  
With peaceful, longing face  
To church had come for worship,  
To learn of truth and grace.

The song, the prayer and scripture  
Prepared the hearts of all;  
Their eyes were on the parson  
Who aged, slim and tall.

His life, spent with this people  
Since from his home he'd sailed;  
His voice had often faltered,  
His mind had never failed.

He 'rose and opened simply  
The book that made him true  
At several different places  
As if to read a few.

Laying aside the volume  
As if annoyed, perplexed;  
His manly voice said calmly,  
"I just forgot my text."

A stir went through the meeting  
Till every heart felt pressed,  
Effects they never measured  
Nor consequences guessed.

"Just let me pray, dear people,  
Until our text will come."  
Thus quietly spoke the parson,  
And pray did every one.

Then Heaven's windows opened,  
Then showers descended fast  
And long forgotten scriptures  
Arose out of the past.

To some came texts of duty  
As their neglect they felt;  
To some came love and promise  
While there in prayer they knelt.

A sigh, a sob, a teardrop  
Were intermingled there.  
The portal there of Heaven!  
Indeed a house of prayer!

One blessed hour of worship  
Had rapidly gone by  
When one by one the "prayers"  
Arose with tear-dim eye.

Then quietly spoke a deacon,  
"I've just a word to say,  
'Twas wrong, I did, I'm sorry,  
I found my text today."

"And I" "and I," said many,  
"A text have found today."  
Some for the very present,  
Some for the far away.

The sweetest benediction  
With feeling voice rang clear,

God's Holy Spirit present,  
Did mortals that day hear.

But on that day the parson  
Was not the last to speak;  
When God visits his people  
He comes lost souls to seek.

When Parson's heartfelt "Amen"  
Had hardly reached his flock,  
A voice from out among them  
Caused many a stir and shock.

"I came to church this morning  
And said as oft before,  
I've health, I've strength, I'm righteous,  
What have I need of more?"

"And now, my dear, dear Parson,  
I too'd forgot my text,  
In this life mother'd taught it  
And passed on to the next.

"It came to me while kneeling;  
This that'd so long perplexed,  
My soul received salvation  
When you forgot your text."

### Fathers and Sons

A current cartoon shows a father ruthlessly cutting branches from a beautiful tree in full bloom. The tree is located in a farmyard, and by it is a sign saying: "Private. Keep Out." Mother shouts from the automobile parked by the road: "Take your time, Pa. We'll tell you if we see anybody coming." Two children are posted, looking up and down the road; and another is carrying the branches to the car as fast as Father cuts them off. The cartoon is headed, "Find the man whose little boy grew up to be a cashier who couldn't tell his own from other people's money."

It is a good sermon and perfectly easy to understand. Adult disobedience to great principles and neglect of the common courtesies of life are reflected in a larger scale in the lives of the children. This is something for parents to consider and also for young people. No boy or girls needs to do wrong or is justified in doing wrong simply because his father or mother may have done so.—Christian Endeavor World.

### The Robin Who Robbed Himself

There are Church school workers who fail to make good simply because they are not willing to pay the price of self-improvement, leadership training and the absolute giving of themselves to their work. They go at their duties—teaching, secretarial, musical, recreational and what not—in a half-hearted slipshod way, excusing themselves because they are not so highly favored or endowed as others.

One such says, "Oh, if I had Mrs. Blank's mind or personality or rich experience, I'd give myself to my work with zest." No, she wouldn't.

That philosophy of life which is always thinking, "If I were somebody else," is

a deadly opiate. Let no worker whine because he is not Mr. So-and-So but rather be glad he is who he is, and then resolutely humbly chart his own personality, scoring his strength and his weaknesses, and with a self-candor born of a will that cannot be broken, let him start in on his personality as his own self-discovery and the frankness of true friends reveal it.

Never let him be satisfied until unsatisfactory conditions and characteristics are so modified as to give a gleam, at least, of the better self that is to be by personal perseverance and God's grace.

*The rose dreamed she was a lily;  
The lily dreamed she was a rose;  
The robin dreamed he was a sparrow;  
What the owl dreamed nobody knows.  
But they all woke up together  
As happy as could be.  
Said each one, "You're a lovely neighbor,  
But I'm glad I'm me!"*

Yes, the robin who longed to be a sparrow robbed himself by self-depreciation. If he had longed to be a mockingbird, he would have robbed himself by self-glory. If he had further bemoaned his fate and longed to be an owl or hawk or buzzard or anything else, he would have been a poor specimen of a robin. Being a robin, it was his business to be the best possible robin.

We all recall the fable of the dumpy wren who haughtily bedecked herself with bright canary feathers, and thus not only looked a fright but, we suppose, hated herself for her folly. Neither extreme self-denunciatory humility nor proud parading in the plumage of another can be recommended.

There are two resolutions important enough to be made on each New Year's day and on all of the other 364 days (1) "I will be myself" and (2) "I will be myself at my best." Anything less is self-theft, the robin robbing himself.

### Sufficient Excuse

Jack and Mary had just been to the grown-ups church for the first time. A day or two afterward they were found in the nursery whispering audibly to each other.

"What are you children doing?" their nurse asked.

"We're playing church," replied Jack.

"But you shouldn't whisper in church," admonished nurse.

"Oh, we're the choir," said Mary.—Christian Advocate.

\* \* \*

"Don't kick about your coffee. You may be old and weak yourself some day."—Sign in a restaurant, in Marion, Ohio.

\* \* \*

The teacher had told her pupils to write a short essay about Lincoln, and one boy handed in the following:

"Abraham Lincoln was born on a bright summer day, the twelfth of February, 1809. He was born in a log cabin he had helped his father to build."

# Our Devotional Meeting

August F. Runtz

February 15 1931,

## What Is Implied In the Church as a Family?

Eph. 3:12-19

In speaking about the church in today's topic we are thinking of the outward, visible organization, not of the great spiritual body of the redeemed ones. This visible church is as a family; and Scripture says: "Christ is the head of the church." And that not only of the church universal, but of the visible church. The church visible and invisible recognizes no Head but Christ. As in the family the parents are supposed to be the head and the children are brothers and sisters, so in the church Christ is Lord, and all believers are brethren regardless of race and color of skin, whether they be rich or poor, learned or ignorant and whether they like it or not. Christ is the Head and all believers are brethren and ought to act as such.

**Membership by Birth.** "One does not become a member of a family by moving into the same house, nor even by adoption. The only way to really become a member of a family is to be born into it. So in the church. By exercising repentance and faith toward God we are born again by the Spirit of God into the spiritual church, "for ye are all children of God by faith in Christ Jesus." The outward church is but a symbol of the spiritual. Simply uniting with a church without the inner vital experience of a new birth will never entitle us to the blessings of the family of God.

**Everyone has an obligation.** In a family the load is not borne by one person only, but each member must bear a part, however small it may be. Every member of a church is a part of that church and must of necessity have an obligation toward it. Every one is obligated to uphold its services. Some can sing, some can speak, some can teach in Sunday school, all can welcome strangers, all can visit the sick, all can support the church financially.

"We share our mutual woes,  
Our mutual burdens bear."

February 22, 1931

## Every Christian a Missionary

Acts 1:6-8

**Ye shall be witnesses.** We are told that when the late J. G. Oncken, founder of the Baptist churches in Germany, as a young man became converted immediately he was possessed of a burning desire to lead others to Christ. He says of himself: "I could not keep the unspeakable joy and the blessed assurance of my redemption to myself, and from that day

on I became a witness." Years afterwards he was asked how many missionaries he had in Germany, and he gave a large number. The questioner said he did not want to know how many church members he had, but how many missionaries. Then Oncken answered: "Every member is a missionary." Isn't that the ideal that Jesus had in mind for every Christian? How many members of your church and your society are witnesses for Christ in a way that will win souls?

**Decline of great convictions.** There was a time when black was black and white was white, but now it has all gotten to be a sort of drab gray. Sin was terrible and its consequences were terrible, and a soul outside of Christ was eternally lost. And now many folks are not so sure of these things, consequently we see so little of the passion that our Savior knew. "To whom little is forgiven, the same loveth little."

**Soul need is still the same.** Whatever folks may think of this great subject of salvation, we need but look about us to see that every soul still needs the saving power of God just as much as any soul needed it 1900 years ago. The soul without God is still without hope. Souls in sin are still lost souls. To us is entrusted the message of salvation; the light of the gospel. The need is there; souls are lost. Here are the good tidings; they may be saved. And the medium of taking the good tidings to them are—you.

**A personal responsibility.** Can you find any place in the Bible where it says that only the ministers and missionaries are to be the soul winners? Can you find any place where it says that only those especially set apart shall live consecrated lives? You will not find it. Our tasks may be somewhat different, but our responsibility is the same. Read Ezek. 33:1-9.

March 1, 1931

## What Jesus Teaches About God Our Father

John 4:23-26

**God is a person.** We are persons because of three things: we think, we feel, we will. Jesus taught us that God is a person, a personality, not simply an idea, or principle. He thinks and reasons and plans. He feels; compassion and love are his. He wills. It is his will that moves him to decision and action. Because he is a personality therefore we as personalities may commune with him.

**God our Father.** Some one has well said that if Jesus had given only these two words to the world, "Our Father," he would have revolutionized its thinking. Jesus' idea of God as Father was

not simply that he was the source of all that is, the giver of all life, the Creator of the universe, but rather the parental idea. He is the perfect Father, providing for, sympathizing with, sacrificing himself for and loving his children. He is better than the most perfect father any person ever had.

**God is love.** One day a little girl, who had always thought of God as a harsh judge sitting on a throne, went into her father's print shop and picked up a little scrap of paper on which were printed these words: "God so loved the world that he gave . . ." the rest was torn away. Yet the thought that God loved enough to give (she did not know what God had given) was the means of changing her entire life. Read the four Gospels almost at random and you will find Jesus portraying a God of love.

**The Father like Jesus.** Jesus said to Philip: "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." In John 1:18 we read: "No man hath seen God at any time; the only begotten Son . . . hath declared him." Jesus is saying to the world, I am God uncovered, I am God revealed, I am God made plain. All that has ever been seen of God has been seen in Jesus Christ. God is as Christ was. When we see Christ sad, as when he wept over Jerusalem, we know what makes God sad. When we see that great heart of compassion which Christ manifested, we know something of the compassion of our Father. When we see Christ happy and rejoicing, we know what causes rejoicing in heaven. When we see the outstretched arms and the appealing eyes and voice of Jesus saying: "Come unto me," we know that God is saying it to us today. Do you sometimes wonder what God is like? Read the Gospel story again and again until there is formed in your soul a picture of that perfect life. You will then have a good conception of "Our Father, which art in heaven."

March 8, 1931

## What Is the Church?

Eph. 2:18-22; Rom. 12:4, 5

**A divine institution.** Whether we believe that the Christian church came into being when Jesus gathered the disciples about him or on the day of Pentecost when three thousand people were saved and baptized is of small moment. But what we do need to remember in our day when the church is being criticized from many angles is that like the family it is an institution of divine origin. Sunday schools, the Y. M. C. A., clubs and societies of many kinds may do much good in the world but differ from the church in this respect, that they are not of divine origin.

February 1, 1931

"Christ loved the church and gave himself for it." Generally men do not die for something that is of small importance. It is utterly impossible for us to think of Christ as dying for something that was not of the utmost importance. He loved the church. He died for it. Surely then it follows that the church is of vital importance. If he esteemed the church so highly, have we a right or even an excuse for treating it with indifference or even contempt as is sometimes done? Surely it is a matter of importance to unite with the church. It is a matter of grave concern whether or no we attend and uphold its services. Realizing the place that the church held in the life of our Master ought we not all be willing to say with the poet:

*For her my tears shall fall;  
For her my pray'rs ascend;  
To her my cares and toils are giv'n,  
Till toils and cares shall end."*

**A human organization.** The church is the Christian people organized for the purpose of advancing the interests of the Kingdom of God in their own lives and in all the world. It is the kingdom organized for effectiveness in winning souls for Christ; in building Christlikeness into life and character; in coping with the forces of evil; in sending out missionaries and teachers to the ends of the earth. It will very readily be seen then that the church is not a sort of Noah's ark in which folks may fold their arms and let the rest of the world go by.

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

- Feb. 9-15. What Is Implied in the Church as a Family? Eph. 3:12-19.
- " 9. Membership by Birth. Acts 10:44-48.
- " 10. All Are Real Brethren. Matt. 23:1-12.
- " 11. Everyone has an Obligation. Acts 4:32-5, 11.
- " 12. All Must Be Cared For. Acts 2:43-47.
- " 13. A Common Honor. 1 Cor. 12:12-26.
- " 14. A Common Spirit. Phil. 2:1-4.
- " 15. The Bond of Love. 1 Pet. 3:8-12.
- " 16-22. Every Christian a Missionary. Acts 1:6-8.
- " 16. Christ's Last Command. Acts 1:6-8.
- " 17. The Nature of the Gospel. Mark 16:15-20.
- " 18. The Christian Spirit. Phil. 2:5-11.
- " 19. Our Greatest Joy. 1 Thess. 2:17-20.
- " 20. Primary Human Impulse. Rom. 1:8-15.
- " 21. Our Greatest Obligation. Ezek. 33:1-9.
- " 22. Expression of Gratitude. Eph. 2:1-10.
- " 23-March 1. What Jesus Teaches About God Our Father. John 4:23-26.

- Feb. 12. God is a Living Person. John 4:23-26.
- " 24. God is Our Father. Matt. 10:29-33.
- " 25. God Knows Everything. Matt. 6:6-8.
- " 26. God Loves Us. John 14:19-21.
- " 27. God Hears Our Prayers. Matt. 7:7-11.
- " 28. God Is Perfect in Character. Matt. 5:43-48.
- March 1. God Is Present with Us. John 2:18-22; Rom. 12:4, 5.
- " 2. A Divine Institution. Eph. 2:18-22.
- " 3. A Human Organization. Rom. 12:3-8.
- " 4. A Democratic Body. Acts 1:15-26.
- " 5. A Voluntary Association. Acts 2:37-42.
- " 6. A Limited Membership. Acts 2:43-47.
- " 7. A Working Force. Acts 6:1-7.
- " 8. A Promoter of the Kingdom. 1 Tim. 4:6-16.

## Good Prayer Meetings

We Can Have Them If Every Member Keeps—If You Keep—the Following Facts in View

A good meeting is the result of earnest prayer and obedient lives.

God does not put his word into empty heads. If you want him to give you a message for the meeting, think hard upon the topic.

"It is the broken speech that breaks hard hearts." "Be willing to break down for Christ."

## In Preparing for the Meeting

1. Begin at least a week ahead.
2. Study the Bible passage and daily readings.
3. Ask God to enlighten your eyes.
4. Get help from commentaries on the topic.
5. Write out what you have to say, that you may not talk too long.
6. Throw away what you have written and speak from the heart.
7. Take no thought for men's approval, but only for Christ's.

## In the Spare Moments

A newspaper paragraph calls attention to the fact that many of the greatest men of history earned their fame outside their regular occupation in odd bits of time which most people squander. For example, Sir John Lubbock's fame rests on his prehistoric studies, carried on outside his busy banking hours. Dr. Mason Good translated his "Lucretius" while riding to and from the homes of his patients in London. Henry Kirke White learned Greek while walking to and from the lawyer's office where he was studying. Longfellow compiled his translation of Dante sitting at the breakfast table in the morning waiting for the rest of the family to appear.

A great leader of boys once said: "No one is anxious about a young man while

he is busy in a useful work. But where does he eat his lunch at noon? Where does he go when he leaves his boarding houses at night? What does he do after supper? How does he spend his holidays and his Sunday? The great majority of youth who go to the bad are ruined after supper."

## Selflessness

Be interested—don't try to be interesting.

Be pleasing—don't expect to be pleased. Be entertaining—don't desire to be entertained.

Be lovable—don't wait to be loved. Be helpful—don't ask to be helped.

## A Growing Sentiment

The wets frequently say that all countries which have tried prohibition have abandoned it with the exception of the United States and Finland. The truth is that there is more prohibition sentiment abroad in the world today than in any other period of history. It is exceedingly strong throughout Scandinavia and Germany. It has powerful labor backing in South America and Mexico, and with the evils of the Canadian system now quite evident we may soon expect a return of dominant prohibition sentiment north of the border.

## A Great Giver

In a recent issue of the "Popular Science Magazine," Mr. Henry M. Robertson says that Mr. John D. Rockefeller has given away five hundred and fifty million dollars in the last twenty years. Mr. Robertson further declares that Mr. Rockefeller has given away five times more than any person in the history of the world and Mr. Robertson believes that he has done it five times more wisely than any philanthropist.

Mr. Rockefeller has given most of his money to two causes: education and medical research. The Rockefeller Institute of Medical Research cost one hundred and eighty-three million dollars. And in every country in the world he has given large sums to medical research, notably in the Orient. There is hardly a college in the world he has not helped at some time or other.

His work in establishing field hospitals has been one of the remarkable achievements of Mr. Rockefeller's beneficence. When the last Mississippi flood devastated great stretches of country in the middle and southwest and Mr. Hoover was appointed to direct the relief work, he said:

"Gentlemen, this flood is the worst I have ever seen—but without the preventive medical assistance of the Rockefeller Foundation, I think it would be one of the greatest disasters in the history of the world."

The entire civilized world has been blessed by Mr. Rockefeller's gifts. He is materially the world's greatest giver and we believe that he has made these vast gifts for the glory of Jesus Christ, the Lord and Savior.—Christian Index.



### Good Resolutions

—like a screaming child—should be carried out.

The poorest man in the world is he who is always wanting more than he has.

A good traffic rule on the road of life: When you meet temptation turn to the right.

If you think you're too small to do big things do small things in a big way.

You won't hurt a smile by cracking one.

A long face shortens your list of friends.

All things come to the other fellow if you will only sit down and wait.

Remember the kindness of others. Forget your own.

Digging wells is about the only business where you don't have to begin at the bottom.

Be a candle if you cannot be a light-house.

Remember the steam kettle—though up to its neck in hot water it continues to sing.

There is nothing in the world worth doing wrong for.

Impossibilities are merely the half-hearted efforts of quitters.

It's not doing the things we like to do: but liking the things we have to do, that makes life blessed.

Things turn up for the man who digs.

### When You Vacationists Skim Along the Highways

You may be going somewhere and impatient of all delays that shorten the time you'll have for fishing and swimming or tennis when you get to your destination. You may be touring, skipping from this beauty spot or interesting city to that. No matter. President Daniel L. Marsh of Boston University gives us a special set of rules for vacationing motorists:

Give the other fellow the benefit of the doubt.

Obey the traffic rules.

Look.

Drive discreetly.

Envy not those whose machines go faster than yours.

Never be presumptuous on the highway.

Rivet attention on what you are doing.

Use your head.

Love your fellow men.

Enjoy life.

Now read the first letters of the rules downward and you have a summary that covers them all.

• • •

Be at peace in your heart; live peacefully with your neighbors; work and pray for world peace.

Be a better neighbor and your neighborhood will become a better place.

• • •

Thank God for the glorious mysteries; they are better than knowledge.

## This

is the third issue  
of the

“Baptist Herald”

for the year 1931

## But

some of the subscribers have not yet sent in their renewals. We urgently request that this be done immediately.

Otherwise we shall have to interpret the failure as a lack of desire to continue to belong to the “Baptist Herald” family which thing would be much deplored.

Should you, for any reason, be so inclined do us at least the favor of notifying us to not send the paper any further.

## Boosters

are requested to send their lists to Cleveland (not to the editor at Forest Park) without delay if they have not yet been turned in. Then however to continue the good work until new subscribers are found that will make our circulation go away beyond last year. That will be a splendid service.

The Office of Publication  
3734 Payne Ave.,  
Cleveland, O.

### The Ideal Girl

The ideal average girl is strong in body, is intelligent, believes in God, and strives to obey his laws. She is not afraid to work, and has courage to meet hardships and loneliness if they come. She is interested in pretty clothes; she wants them for herself; she has what she can honestly afford; and she spends time, and takes pains, to get the very best she can for the money she has. She refuses to be extreme in style, or to make herself ridiculous or conspicuous. She likes fun. She enjoys amusements and good times. She will not indulge in things of which her parents disapprove, or which unfit her for work or study, and which her own conscience tells her are doubtful. She loves her friends and companions, and has as many as she can. She chooses carefully her friends among the boys and men, and lets neither word nor act lower in the least degree their respect for her. She looks forward to the day when she shall have a home of her own, and fits herself to care for it with intelligence and skill. She is honest, and faithful to the present tasks. She is kindly, generous, helpful, cheerful—just the sort of girl one would like to live with every day.—Margaret Slattery, in The Baptist Student.

### Nearest Right

A man may be nearest right, and may pride himself on that fact, and yet be wholly wrong.

An example is the story told by the “Boston Transcript” concerning a boy who came home from school with a new book under his arm, a prize, he explained, in natural history. Going into particulars, the teacher had asked how many legs an ostrich has, and he had said three. “But,” said his mother, “an ostrich has two legs.” “I know that now, Mother; but the rest of the class said four, so I was nearest.”

The old method of “trial and error,” or approximations, is very popular with many thinkers. They are content to guess their way as close to the truth as is convenient. But a real thinker must reach the truth itself; and he must go straight there.

### For the Blind

“Here is a new form of an old story: A small storekeeper put up in his window, not long ago, an elaborate new blind. Quoth his neighbor: “Nice blind of yours, Isaac.” “Yes,” was the reply. “Who paid for it, Isaac?” “The customers paid.” “What? You say the customers paid for it, Isaac?” “Yes, I put a leedle box on my counter and labeled it ‘For the blind,’ and they paid for it.”

• • •

The Judge (to prisoner): “When were you born?” (No reply.) “Did you hear what I asked? When is your birthday?”

Prisoner (sullenly): “What do you care? You ain't going to give me nothing.”