

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 15, 1931

Number Four

We Who Are Young

CATHERINE A. MILLER

We are so young! If we should choose to-
day

To loiter on the self-road for a while
What would it matter? Could we hope to
cure

The old ills of the world? We who are
young?

(If thou, O Christ, would turn away thine
eyes!)

We are so young! We have a right to play!
This is our playtime, these our hours of
mirth!

And yet above our wilful murmuring,
Thy voice, O Christ, sounds ever, sweet and
clear—

"I, too, was young. Oh, if ye will not give
Your youth to me, then I have come again
Unto my own, and they receive me not."

What's Happening

Rev. D. Klein, Beulah, N. Dak., reports that the meetings are well attended. Twenty-four have been added to the membership during a year of his service and others are drawing nearer.

Rev. H. Rieger, pastor of our church at Munson, Pa., reports that 11 persons were added to the church by baptism during the past year. The meetings are well attended and all different organizations are active in the work.

Rev. George Zinz, Akron, Ohio, reports that the attendance in all their meetings is made up of more younger people than older ones. This is unusual and looks promising for the future. The church feels encouraged as God has opened new doors for them.

Special services for reconsecration and evangelization were held at the Walnut St. Baptist church, Newark, N. J., Rev. Geo. Hensel, pastor, from Feb. 10-15. Rev. Donald MacKay of Newark and Rev. Booth of the New Jersey Convention office assisted the pastor.

There has been a small growth in the membership of our church at Esk, Sask., of which Rev. E. Bonikowsky is the pastor. The little Sunday school is also quite active and at the close of the year several of the scholars indicated their desire to seek the Lord. May others follow!

Rev. Fred W. Mueller, Vancouver, B. C., writes an encouraging report. The work in the church is progressing as never before and the members are very enthusiastic. They have experienced God's presence in protracted meetings and all the different societies are working faithfully.

Rev. Wm. Kuhn, D. D., our General Missionary Secretary, has been at the Mounds Park Sanitarium, St. Paul, Minn., for over a week and at the time of writing (Feb. 10) was operated upon for removal of the gall bladder. Many prayers will ascend for his speedy and complete recovery.

Rev. H. Sellhorn, Auburn, Mich., writes that the attendance in the morning services of his church has increased so that it has almost been doubled, and since they have their new church building the evening services are also developing nicely. He also reports an increase in the offering during the past quarter.

Rev. Otto Lohse, McLaughlin, S. Dak., rejoices over the progress which the stations at Friedensfeld and McLaughlin are making. The Sunday schools, Young People's Societies and Women's Societies on these fields are working faithfully. After protracted meetings held at the Station of Friedensfeld, in which Bro. Trautner assisted, 15 persons confessed conversion.

As the result of revival meetings conducted by our evangelist, Rev. H. C. Baum, in the church at Gladwin, Mich., 26 persons confessed to have found peace

in Christ Jesus. Rev. P. F. Schilling, who is the pastor, states that Bro. Baum's visit was a great blessing to the church, and he expressed the wish that other churches may likewise receive such a blessing during his stay with them.

Miss Hulda Brueckmann, Chicago, writes: "When our pastor had to spend six weeks in the hospital with much suffering we felt his absence very keenly. This brought us all, young and old, to our knees and God wonderfully answered our prayers and has restored Bro. Hahn to health and strength. Recently three people were saved with whom we rejoice. Our different organizations have been very active in seeking to build up God's work. Much poverty and need in our neighborhood gives us opportunity to show the spirit of Christ."

Minnesota Mid-Winter Institute

The Minnesota G. B. Y. P. & S. S. Workers' Union will hold their third annual Mid-Winter Institute February 20-22 at the First Church, St. Paul. God richly blessed our Institutes in the past two years and we are looking forward to a time of Christian fellowship and inspiration again. We love to come together in this way because Jesus Christ is so impressingly attractive to us, and it gives us a chance of becoming more intimately acquainted with his principles. Take a look at the following program and see for yourself that it is worth while attending.

Friday evening, 7.45 o'clock: Rev. Harris (colored minister) of the Pilgrim Baptist Church, St. Paul, will speak and his choir will sing.

Saturday morning 9.30-9.45: Devotion. 9.45-10.25: Class, led by Rev. A. P. Mihm. 10.25-10.40: Recess. 10.40-11.20: Class, led by Rev. A. P. Mihm. 11.20-12.00: Forum.

The first class will be on Sunday school work, and the next class will be on Young People's work.

Saturday afternoon will be devoted to recreation and fellowship.

Saturday evening 7.00 o'clock: Moving pictures on our Y. P. and Mission work. 7.45 o'clock: Musical program.

Sunday afternoon: Rev. Geo. Geis, missionary from Burma, will speak.

Sunday evening: Rev. A. R. Demott, Twin City Executive Secretary, will be the speaker. RUDOLPH WOYKE, Sec.

Bethany Young People

At the beginning of another year we, as Young People of the Bethany Baptist Church near Portland, Oreg., pause for a look backward. What have we accomplished in the past year for our Master? We think once again of the meetings held—35 for discussion of topics from the "Young People's Leader," 2 prayer meetings, an evangelistic meet-

ing and a musical. May these meetings have proved of lasting benefit to those present!

At our annual "get-together" supper, the following officers were elected: David Rich, president; Donald Jackson, vice-president; Julia Loehden, secretary, and David Trachsel, treasurer. With our pastor, Rev. Wm. Graf, as teacher, we plan in the near future to study German Baptist History and Baptist Doctrines.

May God help us to uphold the "Faith of our Fathers" and gain victories under the "Banner of the Cross!"

HULDA GRAF.

The Baptist Herald

Once more

sends out a request to its numerous family to be sure that the

RENEWAL FOR 1931

be sent to the office of publication at Cleveland without delay.

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The Baptist Herald

Your Prayer

THORWALD BENDER

Not the word that you speak,
Nor the song that you sing,
Is your prayer;
What you do in the week,
Each minute, little thing,
Is your prayer.

All the plans that you make,
The ambitions you own,
Are your prayer;
All the rights that you take,
And the wrongs you condone,
Are your prayer.

What you fight to control,
What you labor to find,
Is your prayer;
What you crave with your soul,
What you spurn with your mind,
Is your prayer.

Evergreens

VERNA L. HASSEL

THEY look so dull and dowdy in the spring weather, when the snow-drops and the crocuses are putting on their dainty frocks of white and mauve and yellow, and the baby-buds from every branch are peeping with bright eyes out on the world, and stretching forth soft little leaves towards the coming gladness of their lives. They stand apart, so cold and hard amid the stirring hope and joy that are throbbing all around them.

And in the deep full summer-time, when all the rest of nature dons its richest garb of green, and the roses clamber round the porch, and the grass waves waist-high in the meadow, and the fields seem gay with flowers—they seem duller and drier than ever, wearing their faded winter's dress, looking so dingy and old and worn.

In the mellow days of autumn, when the trees, like dames no longer young, seek to forget their aged looks under gorgeous brightened robes of gold and brown and purple, and the grain is yellow in the fields, and the ruddy fruit hangs clustering from the drooping boughs, and the wooded hills in their thousand hues stretched like leafy rainbows above the vale—ah! surely they look their dullest and dowdiest then. They seem out of place among it, in their somber everlasting green like poor relations at a rich man's feast. It is such a weather-beaten old green dress. It is the only one they have.

They do not look quite so bad when the weary winter weather is come, when the flowers are dead, and the hedge rows are bare and the trees stand out against the gray skies; when the birds are all silent, and the fields are brown and the vine clings round the cottages with skinny, fleshless arms, and they alone of all things are unchanged, they alone of all the forest are green, they alone of all the verdant host stand firm to face the cruel winter.

They are not beautiful, only strong and staunch and steadfast, the same in all times, through all the seasons—ever steadfast, the same, ever green. The spring can not brighten them, the summer can not scorch them, the autumn cannot wither them, the winter cannot kill them.

There are evergreen men and women in the world, not many of them, but a few. They are not showy folk, they are not the clever, attractive folk. (Nature is an old-fashioned shop-keeper; she never puts her best goods in the window.) They are only quiet, strong folk, they are stronger than the world, stronger than life or death, stronger than Fate. The storms of life sweep over them, and the rains beat down upon them, and the biting frosts creep round them; but the winds and the rains and the frosts pass away, and they are still standing green and straight.

They love the sunshine of life in their undemonstrative way—its pleasure, its joys. But calamity can not bow them, sorrow and affliction bring no despair to their faces, only a little tightening of the lips; the sun of our prosperity makes the green of their friendship not brighter, the frost of our adversity kills not the leaves of their affections.

Let us lay hold of such men and women, let us grapple them to us with hooks of steel; let us cling to them as we would to rafts in a tossing sea. We do not think much of them in the summer time of life. They do not flatter or gush over us. They do not always agree with us. They are not always the most delightful society. They are not good talkers, nor—which would do just as well, perhaps better—they do not make enraptured listeners. They have awkward manners, and very little tact. They do not shine to advantage beside our society folk and friends. They do not dress well, they look altogether somewhat dowdy and common-place. We almost hope they will not see us when we meet them just outside the club. They are not the sort of people we want to ostentatiously greet in crowded places. It is not till the days of our need that we learn to love and know them. It is not till the winter that the birds see the wisdom of building their nests in the evergreen trees.

And we in the spring-time folly of youth, pass them by with a sneer, the uninteresting, colorless

evergreens, and like silly children with nothing but eyes in their heads stretch out our hands and cry for the pretty flowers. We will make our little garden of life a charming fairy-spot, the envy of every passerby. There shall be nothing growing in it but lilies and roses and the cottage we will cover all over with Virginia-creeper. And oh! how sweet it will look under the dancing summer sunlight when the soft west wind is blowing. But—how we shall stand and shiver when the rain and the east wind come!

Racine, Wis.

The Virtue of Friendliness

GEO. W. PUST

VIRTUE is defined by Webster as "a moral excellence," "an active quality or power." Paul writes to the Philippians (4:8): "If there be any virtue . . . think on these things." We may well apply this to friendliness. It is a virtue of which the world is much in need and of which we can all supply a share. We may put it a little stronger. Friendliness is a virtue that every Christian ought to manifest. In Galatians 5:22 the apostle Paul includes it in "the fruit of the Spirit." The English translation has "kindness," but the Greek word can also be translated friendliness. Compare the German "Freundlichkeit."

What Is Friendliness?

We are inclined to think of a smiling countenance. You are introduced to a person that chats amiably with you for half an hour. During your conversation he simply beams over you with his smiles. The impression upon you has been very favorable. You are sure that you have met a real friendly person. Your verdict may be correct, but you cannot be too sure.

A True Incident

Mrs. A. was visiting a long distance from home. One day her friends took her to the city to call on Mrs. B. who was also an acquaintance of Mrs. A. Their visit proved to be very delightful; so much so that Mrs. B. insisted upon Mrs. A.'s remaining with her a few days. Mrs. B. proved herself an excellent hostess. In her automobile she took Mrs. A. to every worth-while place of interest in her fair city and otherwise treated her very kindly. But what a jolt awaited her! She had been with Mrs. B. less than two days when she happened to glance onto an unfinished letter Mrs. B. had written to a friend and carelessly left on her writing desk. She noticed her name and read on (something she should not have done) and here is what she read: "Mrs. A. is paying us a visit. I wonder what she wants anyway. She is a terrible burden; I do hope she does not stay long." Mrs. A., of course, did leave very abruptly, quite to the surprise of Mrs. B. In this experience Mrs. B. had discovered a spurious friendliness and in the future she will not believe that facial expressions and fine-sounding words in themselves consti-

tute friendliness. Mrs. B.'s attitude and actions lacked genuineness and therefore "moral excellence." They were despicable. But is there not a great deal of such spurious friendliness in the world, which is nothing but hollow hypocrisy? True friendliness has its seat in the heart; it is not only "skin deep" as we are inclined to say of much so-called beauty.

Constant Criticism and Friendliness Do Not Harmonize

But the good will and pure motives of the heart in themselves do not constitute friendliness either. We meet people who seem to think so. They are thoroughly honest and well-meaning; but their words and actions create an entirely different impression. They are keen about detecting the mistakes and faults of others and do not hesitate to tell them so, but usually in such a manner that it is resented. By constantly alluding to things that others wish to have assigned to oblivion, they impress those concerned as taking delight in their failings. Has ill fortune befallen one, they are careful to point out that it is his or her own fault. Now in all of this they have the best of intentions. They point out the faults and mistakes so that they may be corrected; they allude to unpleasant things that they may be a constant warning; and so it is with all of their criticism and admonitions. But these people are misunderstood; they are looked upon as fault-finders and therefore they accomplish little. They lack a knowledge of human nature and the necessary tact in dealing with others. It is so easy to fall into the error of this class and believe one's self friendly.

Friendliness, then, is more than to be well-meaning at heart. That is the foundation without which it cannot exist; but the super-structure must be in harmony with that foundation. In plain words, the kind motions of the heart must find expression in a pleasing manner. And why not? There is no special merit in expressing one's self in a burly, rough sort of a way, and thus causing wounds and heartaches when we ought to scatter sunshine and bring healing.

An Example of Friendliness

We have a fine example of friendliness in Acts 9:36. Dorcas "was full of good works and alms-deeds which she did." What may not all be behind that short and concise statement! She, no doubt, gave many an overtired mother a lift just when her burden seemed well-nigh too heavy; she made "coats and garments," not charging an exorbitant price; she visited the sick and lonely. But her heart was in all of this and her face radiated the sunshine that was within, so that somehow in her presence the world seemed a better place to live in. No wonder that all the widows wept when she died.

The Practice of Friendliness

To be genuinely friendly is much harder than simply to appear friendly. This is due to the selfishness in man. Like Peter we are inclined to ask:

February 15, 1931

"What shall we have therefore?" (Matt. 19:27.) Does it pay to expend one's self as true friendliness demands? Such an attitude, however, reveals a false standard of action. It means that self is still in control, while in the life of a Christian Christ should be at the helm.

The practise of friendliness makes us imitators of God. God is friendly in all his ways. He is friendly when it rains as well as when the sun shines. He is friendly in sorrow as well as in joy. It may not always appear so to us, because the clouds so often hide his face; but it ought always immediately become clear when we think of Jesus who is the imprint of his divine nature and whose words and deeds betray the very soul of friendliness.

Friendliness, too, is a valuable asset in recruiting for the army of our Lord. It is "an active quality of power." It should be the ambition of every soldier of the cross to be a good recruiting officer—to win others for the Master.

An Unfriendly Minister

Two ministers were walking together on a busy street in one of our large cities. A newsboy offered to sell them a paper, whereupon one of the ministers spoke so roughly to the boy as though he was speaking to a dog. The other minister told a friend shortly afterwards: "I surely think far less of Rev. X. since that incident than I did formerly." Unfriendliness has never yet attracted any one to Jesus. Churches should remember this also. Many of them could stand a much friendlier atmosphere than now exists within their walls. It would be a strong drawing force.

What to Accept as Friendliness

As a whole, we ought to accept as friendliness whatsoever manifests itself as such. Not under all circumstances, however. It is wise, especially on our trips among strangers, to exercise care. Because many have failed to do this, they have through deceitfulness been led into disaster and death. But among our friends and acquaintances, in general, it is well to accept as friendliness what is offered us as such.

Then, too, let us try to see friendliness in what may appear to be the opposite. Let us inquire as to the motives that are back of other's words and actions. Let us look for honey instead of wormwood. Thus we shall save ourselves much anguish and heartache. It is rather easy to take offense when a little consideration would dissipate the harshness of apparently unfriendly actions. In taking that attitude, we may make mistakes; but it is better to judge others leniently and to give them the benefit of the doubt than to judge them too harshly and perhaps be all wrong.

Let Us Practise Friendliness

To remind ourselves of that duty is the purpose of this article. And let that friendliness be the genuine, unadulterated kind. Anything less than that will soon suffer detection anyway and will only harm us in the estimation of others. But true friend-

liness is sure to have its reward. Besides, it will bring much cheer and joy into the lives of others and so help to make this world brighter and better.

The Denominational Paper

THE denominational paper is the one outstanding agency for enlightening, unifying, and up-building our people.

The pulpit leans upon it. The churches are quickened by it. It helps a co-operant brotherhood to walk and work harmoniously. It promotes the welfare of all our institutions. Upon the increased circulation of the denominational paper depends, to a large measure, the success of almost every important co-operative enterprise in which our people are engaged.

Renew your subscription to the "Baptist Herald" promptly.

Win a new subscriber for our paper.

An Unmarked Bible

AN unmarked Bible is somewhat like an unlined face. It is pretty and clean, but it shows neither use nor character. When a person gets along towards middle-age there are usually lines engraved on his face, the touches brought by battles with himself, and by sympathy for others, and it is these lines which bring out the strength and tenderness in the face.

A marked Bible shows that it has been lived with, that its owner has found the answer to a need in one chapter, has prayed with a prophet in another chapter, and been helped to finer living by the inspiring verses.

It is pleasant to mark various Bible verses in memory of different occasions. When the minister preaches a sermon which is especially helpful, the text marked will bring the sermon vividly to mind. The verses used in Sunday school lessons will bring back thoughts and memories of the hour if marked afterwards. Sometimes a friend will send a reference or quotation which one can mark in memory of the friendship. A marked Bible may not be as immaculate, but it is far more beautiful with its memories and inspirations just as a face we love is beautiful with the lines of spiritual life upon it.—Home Department Magazine.

Editorial Jottings

"THE CHARM of Luke's Gospel" by Carl A. Daniel in this number is a timely article as the International Sunday school lessons for the first half of 1931 are taken from this gospel.

WE HEARTILY CONGRATULATE Bro. F. W. Godtfriing, General Manager of the German Baptists' Life Association, who has just completed twenty years of service with this organization. They have been years of marked progress, due in great measure to the indomitable faith and the wise and far-sighted leadership of Bro. Godtfriing.



Mixed Choir, First German Baptist Church, Edmonton, Alta.

A Christmas Cantata

Sunday evening, December 28, the mixed choir of the Edmonton church rendered the beautiful Christmas Cantata, "The Adoration" by George Shuler. Mr. Julius Lentz, the choir director, capably led the choir of 35 of which the undersigned is pianist. The choir was greatly encouraged by the many friends and members of the church who filled the auditorium to hear the wonderful Christmas story in song.

During the intermission after the first part, our pastor, Bro. Aug. Kraemer, gave a short address on "the greatest of all gifts," the birth of our Savior.

One of the most appreciated parts of the cantata was a contralto solo, a lullaby, "Schlaf wohl, mein teurer Liebling," effectively sung by Mrs. L. Benke and accompanied by two violins and the piano.

The audience not only expressed their praises afterwards but also during the offering which was taken.

MARIE P. KRAEMER.

A Sheaf of News from Sheboygan

We had a very fine Sunday school program on Christmas day. The children, big and small, gave their parts splendidly. The church was filled with eager listeners which gave special zest to the whole entertainment. A beautiful trimmed Christmas tree and a large electrically lighted star measuring 4½ feet in diameter helped to brighten up the evening's program.

On the Sunday after Christmas the Young People's Society gave a delightful Christmas Cantata in the form of a play, entitled, "Gwen Allen's Christmas." The setting with special appropriate background was artistic. It was well presented. Ralph Ramaker was the director of the play and Miss Viola Rohde is president of the society.

We had an interesting New Years Eve service. The happy mood prevailing in prayer and testimony was most encour-

aging. After the devotional service we were invited to the dining room where a good half hour was spent in joyful fellowship. When the bells signaled the midnight hour, all present formed a circle around the tables and hand in hand sang, "Draw me nearer to the Cross" and united in the Lord's prayer.

At the annual business meeting the church voted to have an English and a German service alternately on Sunday morning and in the evening so that we have a German and an English service on every Sunday. One new member was added to the church by letter. We are looking forward to the celebration of our 40th anniversary which should take place in the month of May. May the Lord lead us this year into greater things for his Kingdom work!

A. ROHDE.

Baptisms at Bethany Church

Our church at Bethany, Lincoln Co., Kans., can report progress on all lines of the Lord's work. We had two weeks of special meetings the latter part of November. The church at Ellinwood was kind enough to let their pastor come over to help us in these meetings. God gave us his blessing to the united effort and precious souls were saved.

We had the joy of baptizing 8 of our Sunday school scholars on January 4 in our new baptistry, four boys, three girls and one young married woman, the wife of one of our brothers.

Sunday, January 18, was another joyful day. Three more followed Jesus in the act of baptism, a mother and her daughter and another young lady, a member of our Sunday school. I also had the joy of baptizing a young Methodist minister in our new baptistry. We had our church full to witness the beautiful act of baptism. To our exalted Lord and Savior be all the glory! May all these precious souls live to his honor and praise!

Vesper, Kans.

G. O. HEIDE.

Songs of Victory in Victor, Ia.

God has sent a wonderful revival to Victor. He has proved again to us that all things are possible with him. Rev. Torrey Johnson of the Messiah Baptist Church of Chicago conducted the services from January 1 to 11. Paul Friederichsen, who has been coming to Victor from Chicago every two weeks, brought Bro. Johnson to us and conducted the song services during the revival.

Each meeting brought a larger attendance and on the final evening, the church was filled to capacity, even to standing room. On Sunday night, Jan. 11, a great baptismal service was held in which thirteen converts were baptized. God surely manifested his wonderful power to all present. Our prayer is that this revival will make us truly consecrated and faithful to him at all times. We are filled with a desire to do all things required of us in the service of the King. For the blessing of this revival we give him all the honor and glory. 1 Pet. 5:11.

R. E. B.

Brotherhood and Men's Class Organized at Wausau, Wis.

We are happy to report that on December 28, 1930, it was our privilege to baptize six persons, three boys, 12 to 15 years of age, and three adults (one of the former having been an exceedingly staunch Catholic.) There are definite prospects of winning a larger number of converts in the near future. Two former English Baptists (members on an English church which disbanded some thirteen years ago) were also received into our fellowship. They have joined the ranks of the active workers. The total number of former English Baptists received to date is 14. We prayerfully anticipate that several more will unite with us, although during the interim of 13 years many have united with churches of other denominations in the city.

On December 16 the Immanuel Baptist Church Brotherhood was organized. After a very delicious repast had been served by the ladies, all joined in singing a group of old favorite songs. Our guest, Bro. W. J. Appel, then brought us the message of the evening in which he most effectively presented the program of the National Council of Northern Baptist Men. The organization and election of officers followed. And out of this organization, we rejoice to say, there has grown a splendid Men's Bible Class which has boosted our Sunday school attendance to 100. The class is conducted under the able leadership of one of our laymen who reports that interesting and active discussions are proving most helpful to all.

Our hearts rejoice to see that the past three years give evidence of a gradual but steady and healthy growth, and that a development and deepening of the spiritual life has accompanied our numerical advance.

F. E. ERTON.

The Sunday School

The Secret Way to Mother's Heart

The surest way to a mother's heart is through loving interest in her baby.

The surest way to a child's religious training is through the interest and co-operation of its mother.

The surest way to show our interest and enlist the co-operation of the mother is through the Cradle Roll department.

Your Sunday School Needs a Good Teacher

ANGELO PATRI

Stevens Point, Wis., Jan. 7, 1931.

Rev. A. P. Mihm.

Sec. Y. P. & S. S. W. Union, Forest Park, Ill.

Dear Bro. Mihm:—

Enclosed is a clipping from the "Milwaukee Sentinel" of today.

I was attracted to the article first by the unusual subject, for a secular paper. After reading it, it impressed me as being the viewpoint of an outsider and possibly helpful in "seeing ourselves as others see us."

While the writer may be a little too hard—or isn't he?—any worker who has an opportunity to read the article should be impressed with the responsibility that is his in teaching a S. S. class.

Sincerely,
F. A. Grosser.

During the last month numerous letters have been written to me asking if, in my opinion, children, usually boys, should be sent to Sunday school when they did not want to go there.

My experience with Sunday schools has given me a great deal of sympathy with the boys. Here and there one finds Sunday schools that are well organized, have a course of study, graded classes, and trained teachers. These schools have no, or little, trouble in holding their pupils. But I regret to say such Sunday schools are in the minority.

In most of the Sunday schools that come under my notice there is little or no organization, no course of study, and no trained teacher. In fact, the teacher is usually missing. The children gather in the space assigned to them, uncomfortable in their Sunday clothes, awed by the solemnity of the occasion, and fidget about until somebody comes along and says, "No teacher today, boys? Well, I'll see if I can find some one for you."

He goes to the young people's Bible class and asks for a volunteer for Miss Absent's class. Nobody volunteers. He asks one of the most attractive young ladies if she can help out just for today. "O, no, really I couldn't. You see I don't now a thing about the lesson. I couldn't do it. I wouldn't know what to do."

Nobody else offers. A doubtful place about the circle assures him there is no help to be had there. Reluctantly he goes to the men's Bible class. "Will somebody please come along with me and take charge of Miss Absent's class today? She is not here. And the boys are waiting."

Mr. Busby, the bank manager, gathers his Bible, his lesson pamphlet, his glasses, his overcoat, stick, hat and gloves, and sadly enough, follows the relieved superintendent to where the weary waiters are camped. They look up drearily and at sight of their drafted teacher sink back into gloom.

"Good morning, boys. Let's see. How about the attendance? Anybody got the book?" Nobody has. "Well, we'll skip that for today. Anybody know the golden text? No? Well, we'll skip that today. We'll read the lesson. The boy on the end begin."

Would you want to go to Sunday school? Neither would I. The Sunday schools lack power because they lack the interest of the church community. There is no money to pay for the equipment, for material, for the trained teacher. I am strong for the trained and paid worker. We can manage with the volunteer in emergencies but for the prolonged task, the routined job, the paid worker is needed. I can see no reason why a good Sunday school teacher should not be paid. I can see many why he and she should be well paid.

The Sunday school teacher can be a tremendous force for good if he is the efficient sort. But there is no sense in forcing children to go to a Sunday school that does not function. The end is worse than the beginning when that is tried. How long is it since you visited the Sunday school to which you send your child? Exactly how much personal interest have you taken in it? Consider and then try to plan a really helpful happy Sabbath day for the children.

The Large Class

We sometimes hear teachers boasting of the size of their classes. We are apt to wonder if those teachers may not be more interested in being able to say they have the largest class in Sunday school than they are in the actual good the class is getting from the lesson.

I have in mind two teachers, a man and a woman, neither of whom are ever quite satisfied with a class of less than twenty or twenty-five boys or girls. I have known this man to comb the town,

take boys that were too young and boys that were too old for his class in a big effort to build his class up to thirty-two members, for club purposes, mainly.

I have visited his class during lesson session and have seen more than half the class whispering and playing or sitting idly dreaming, paying little or no attention to the lesson.

This does not mean that he did not put time on his lesson, for he does. It means simply that he cannot interest that many boys with his method of teaching. He has no time for personal contact in class. The boys can take no part themselves in the lesson.

The man has excellent methods for interesting boys in class or club activities outside the Sunday school session. He would make an excellent head for a club made up of several small classes of boys meeting on week-days.

But at least two more teachers should be appointed for a class of that size to handle the lesson in better graded groups.

The woman teacher mentioned above is also a splendid worker when it comes to going out after new members and holding them to the class. But her voice is weak. Her pupils complain at home that they cannot hear her. She cannot get much from that number of pupils in a single lesson session but she steadily refuses to give one of them up.

The problem has been solved in her class by dividing the class into two groups with an assistant teacher for the one group. This woman being an excellent teacher herself in so far as her preparation is concerned, supervises all the preparation of the lesson and supervises all plans for class activities on week-days.

She keeps in touch with all the girls, but is assisted by the assistant teacher. This is the plan used some years. Other years, when the class numbers no more than sixteen or seventeen she has been permitted to do all the teaching, and it has never proven as satisfactory to the pupils or their parents as when the class is kept in smaller units.

An excellent and experienced teacher with plenty of time to devote to her class and with at least thirty-five or forty minutes of lesson session time, may do good work with twelve pupils, average attendance. But the average teacher under average conditions has enough if she has eight or ten regular pupils in her class.

Given fifteen pupils, I would much rather have them in two classes than in one, even though one teacher might not be quite so experienced or capable as the other. Give the larger group to the experienced teacher and let the less experienced one take the smaller group.

There is no point in having a big class unless we can do well by every member in the class.—Intermediate and Senior Teacher.

The Girl from Montana

By GRACE LIVINGSTON H LL

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(Continuation)

There were three trails leading away from the cabin, for they could hardly be dignified by the name of road. One led down the mountain trail toward the west, and was the way they took to the nearest clearing five or six miles beyond and to the supply store some three miles further. One led off to the east, and was less travelled, being the way to the great world; and the third led down behind the cabin, and was desolate and barren under the moon. It led down, back, and away to desolation, where five graves lay stark and ugly at the end. It was the way they had taken that afternoon.

She paused just an instant as if hesitating which way to take. Not the way to the west—ah, any but that! To the east? Yes, surely, that must be the trail she would eventually strike; but she had a duty yet to perform. That prayer was yet unsaid, and before she was free to seek safety—if safety there were for her in the wide world—she must take her way down the lonely path. She walked, leading the horse, which followed her with muffled tread and arched neck as if he felt he were doing homage to the dead. Slowly, silently, she moved along into the river of moonlight and dreariness; for the moonlight here seemed cold, like the graves it shone upon, and the girl, as she walked with bowed head, almost fancied she saw strange misty forms flit past her in the night.

As they came in sight of the graves, something dark and wild with plumy tail slunk away into the shadows, and seemed a part of the place. The girl stopped a moment to gain courage in full sight of the graves, and the horse snorted, and stopped too, with his ears a-quiver, and a half-fright in his eyes.

She patted his neck and soothed him incoherently, as she buried her face in his mane for a moment, and let the first tears that had dimmed her eyes since the blow had fallen come smarting their way out. Then, leaving the horse to stand curiously watching her, she went down and stood at the head of the new-heaped mound. She tried to kneel, but a shudder passed through her. It was as if she were descending into the place of the dead herself; so she stood up and raised her eyes to the white night and the moon riding so high and far away.

"Our Father," she said in a voice that sounded miles away to herself. Was there any Father, and could he hear her? And did he care? "Which art in heaven—" but heaven was so far away and looked so cruelly serene to her in her desolate-

ness and danger!" hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come—" whatever that might mean. "Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven." It was a long prayer to pray, alone with the pale moonrain and the graves, and a distant wolf, but it was her mother's wish. Her will being done here over the dead—was that anything like the will of the Father being done in heaven? Her untrained thoughts hovered on the verge of great questions, and then slipped into her pathetic self and its fear, while her tongue hurried on through the words of the prayer.

Once the horse stirred and breathed a soft protest. He could not understand why they were stopping so long in this desolate place, for nothing apparently. He had looked and looked at the shapeless mound before which the girl was standing; but he saw no sign of his lost master, and his instincts warned him that there were wild animals about. Anyhow, this was no place for a horse and a maid to stop in the night.

A few loose stones rattled from the horse's motion. The girl started, and looked hastily about, listening for a possible pursuer; but everywhere in the white sea of moonlight there was empty, desolate space. On to the "Amen" she finished then, and with one last look at the lonely graves she turned to the horse. Now they might go, for the duty was done, and there was no time to be lost.

Somewhere over toward the east across that untravelled wilderness of white light was the trail that started to the great world from the little cabin she had left. She dared not go back to the cabin to take it, lest she find herself already followed. She did not know the way across this lonely plain, and neither did the horse. In fact, there was no way, for it was all one arid plain so situated that human traveller seldom came near it, so large and so barren that one might wander for hours and gain no goal, so dry that nothing would grow.

With another glance back on the way she had come, the girl mounted the horse and urged him down into the valley. He stepped cautiously into the sandy plain, as if he were going into a river and must try its depth. He did not like the going here, but he plodded on with his burdens. The girl was light; he did not mind her weight; but he felt this place uncanny, and now and then would start on a little spurt of haste, to get into a better way. He liked the high mountain trails, where he could step firmly and hear the twigs crackle under his feet, not this muffled, velvet way where one made so little progress and had to work so hard.

The girl's heart sank as they went on,

THE BAPTIST HERALD

for the sand seemed deep and drifted in places. She felt she was losing time. The way ahead looked endless, as if they were but treading sand behind them which only returned in front to be trodden over again. It was to her like the valley of the dead, and she longed to get out of it. A great fear lest the moon should go down and leave her in this low valley alone in the dark took hold upon her. She felt she must get away, up higher. She turned the horse a little more to the right, and he paused, and seemed to survey the new direction and to like it. He stepped up more briskly, with a courage that could come only from an intelligent hope for better things. And at last they were rewarded by finding the sand shallower, and now and then a bit of rock cropping out for a firmer footing.

The young rider dismounted, and untied the burlap from the horse's feet. He seemed to understand, and to thank her as he nosed about her neck. He thought, perhaps, that their mission was over and they were going to strike out for home now.

The ground rose steadily before them now, and at times grew quite steep; but the horse was fresh as yet, and clambered upward with good heart; and the rider was used to rough places, and felt no discomfort from her position. The fear of being followed had succeeded to the fear of being lost, for the time being; and instead of straining her ears on the track behind she was straining her eyes to the wilderness before. The growth of sagebrush was dense now, and trees were ahead.

After that the way seemed steep, and the rider's heart stood still with fear lest she could never get up and over to the trail which she knew must be somewhere in that direction, though she had never been far out on its course herself. That it led straight east into all the great cities she never doubted, and she must find it before she was pursued. That man would be angry, *angry* if he came and found her gone! He was not beyond shooting her for giving him the slip in this way.

The more she thought over it, the more frightened she became, till every bit of rough way, and every barrier that kept her from going forward, seemed terrible to her. A bob-cat shot across the way just ahead, and the green gleam of its eyes as it turned one swift glance at this strange intruder in its chosen haunts made her catch her breath and put her hand on the pistols.

They were climbing a long time—it seemed hours to the girl—when at last they came to a space where a better view of the land was possible. It was high, and sloped away on three sides. To her looking now in the clear night the outline of a mountain ahead of her became distinct, and the lay of the land was not what she had supposed. It brought her a curious sense of being lost.

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Over there ought to be the familiar way where the cabin stood, but there was no sign of anything she had ever seen before, though she searched eagerly for landmarks. The course she had chosen, and which had seemed the only one, would take her straight up, up over the mountain, a way well-nigh impossible, and terrible even if it were possible.

It was plain she must change her course, but which way should she go? She was completely turned around. After all, what mattered it? One way might be as good as another, so it led not home to the cabin which could never be home again. Why not give the horse his head, and let him pick out a safe path? Was there danger that he might carry her back to the cabin again, after all? Horses did that some times. But at least he could guide through this maze of perplexity till some surer place was reached. She gave him a sign, and he moved on, nimbly picking a way for his feet.

They entered a forest growth where weird branches let the pale moon through in patches, and grim moving figures seemed to chase them from every shadowy tree-trunk. It was a terrible experience to the girl. Sometimes she shut her eyes and held to the saddle, that she might not see and be filled with this frenzy of things, living or dead, following her. Sometimes a real black shadow crept across the path, and slipped into the engulfing darkness of the undergrowth to gleam with yellow-lighted eyes upon the intruders.

But the forest did not last forever, and the moon was not yet gone when they emerged presently upon the rough mountain-side. The girl studied the moon then, and saw by the way it was setting that after all they were going in the right direction. That gave a little comfort until she made herself believe that in some way she might have made a mistake and gone the wrong way from the graves, and so be coming up to the cabin after all.

It was a terrible night. Every step of the way some new horror was presented to her imagination. Once she had to cross a wild little stream, rocky and uncertain in its bed, with slippery, precipitous banks; and twice in climbing a steep incline she came sharp upon sheer precipices down a rocky gorge, where the moonlight seemed repelled by dark, bristling evergreen trees growing half way up the sides. She could hear the rush and clamor of a tumbling mountain stream in the depths below. Once she fancied she heard a distant shot, and the horse picked up his ears, and went forward excitedly.

But at last dawn contended with the night, and in the east a faint pink flush crept up. Down in the valley a mist like a white feather rose gently into a white cloud, and obscured everything. She wished she might carry the wall of white with her to shield her. She had longed for the dawn; and now, as it came with sudden light and clear revealing of the

things about her, it was almost worse than night, so dreadful were the dangers when clearly seen, so dangerous the chasms, so angry the mountain torrents.

With the dawn came the new terror of being followed. The man would have no fear to come to her in the morning, for murdered men were not supposed to haunt their homes after the sun was up, and murderers were always courageous in the day. He might the sooner come, and find her gone, and perhaps follow; for she felt that he was not easily to give up an object he coveted, and she had seen in his evil face that which made her fear unspeakably.

As the day grew clearer, she began to study the surroundings. All seemed utter desolation. There was no sign that one had ever passed that way before; and yet, just as she had thought that, the horse stopped and snorted, and there in the rocks before them lay a man's hat riddled with shot. Peering fearfully around, the girl saw a sight which made her turn icy cold and begin to tremble; for there, below them, as if he had fallen from his horse and rolled down the incline, lay a man on his face.

For the instant fear held her riveted, with the horse, one figure like a statue, girl and beast; the next, sudden panic took hold upon her. Whether the man were dead or not, she must make haste. It might be he would come to himself and pursue her, though there was that in the rigid attitude of the figure down below that made her sure he had been dead some time. But how had he died? Scarcely by his own hand. Who had killed him? Were there fiends lurking in the vastness of the mountain growth above her?

With guarded motion she urged her horse forward, and for miles beyond the horse scrambled breathlessly, the girl holding on with shut eyes, not daring to look behind for fear of—what she did not know.

At last the way sloped downward, and they reached more level ground, with wide stretches of open plain, dotted here and there with sage-brush and grease-wood.

She had been hungry back there before she came upon the dead man; but now the hunger had gone from her, and in its place was only faintness. Still, she dared not stop long to eat. She must make as much time as possible here in this open space, and now she was where she could be seen more easily if any one were in pursuit.

But the horse had decided that it was time for breakfast. He had had one or two drinks of water on the mountain, but there had been no time for him to eat. He was decidedly hungry, and the plain offered nothing in the shape of breakfast. He halted, lingered, and came to a neighing stop, looking around at his mistress. She roused from her lethargy of trouble, and realized that his wants—if not her own—must be attended to.

She must sacrifice some of her own store of eatables, for by and by they would come to a good grazing-place perhaps, but now there was nothing.

The corn-meal seemed the best for the horse. She had more of it than of anything else. She poured a scanty portion out on a paper, and the beast smacked his lips appreciative over it, carefully licking every grain from the paper, as the girl guarded it lest his breath should blow any away. He snuffed hungrily at the empty paper, and she gave him a little more meal, while she ate some of the cold beans, and scanned the horizon anxiously. There was nothing but sage-brush in sight ahead of her, and more hills farther on where dim outlines of trees could be seen. If she could but get up higher where she could see farther, and perhaps reach a bench where there would be grass and some shelter.

It was only a brief rest she allowed; and then, hastily packing up her stores, and retaining some dry corn bread and a few beans in her pocket, she mounted and rode on.

The morning grew hot, and the way was long. As the ground rose again, it was stony and overgrown with cactus. A great desolation took possession of the girl. She felt as if she were in an endless flight from an unseen pursuer, who would never give up until he had her.

It was high noon by the glaring sun when she suddenly saw another human being. At first she was not quite sure whether he were human. It was only a distant view of a moving speck; but it was coming toward her, though separated by a wide valley that had stretched already for miles. He was moving against the sky-line on a high bench on one side of the valley, and she mounting as fast as her weary beast would go to the top of another, hoping to find a grassy stretch and a chance to rest.

But the sight of the moving speck startled her. She watched it breathlessly as they neared each other. Could it be a wild beast? No, it must be a horse and rider. A moment later there came a puff of smoke as from a rifle discharged, followed by the distant echo of the discharge. It was a man, and he was yet a great way off. Should she turn and flee before she was discovered? But where? Should she go back? No, a thousand times, no! Her enemy was there. This could not be the one from whom she fled. He was coming from the opposite direction, but he might be just as bad. Her experience taught her that men were to be shunned. Even fathers and brothers were terribly uncertain and sorrow-bringing creatures.

She could not go back to the place where the dead man lay. She must not go back. And forward she was taking the only course that seemed at all possible through the natural obstructions of the region. She shrank to her saddle, and urged the patient horse on. Perhaps she could reach the bench and get

away out of sight before the newcomer saw her.

But the way was longer to the top, and steeper than it had seemed at first, and the horse was tired. Sometimes he stopped of his own accord, and snorted appealingly to her with his head turned inquiringly as if to know how long and how far this strange ride was to continue. The valley between them was not so wide here. He was quite distinctly now, and his horse was going rapidly. Once it seemed as if he waved his arms; but she turned her head, and urged her horse with sudden fright. They were almost to the top now. She dismounted and clambered alongside of the animal up to the steep incline, her breath coming in quick gasps, with the horse's breath hot upon her cheek as they climbed together.

At last! They were at the top! Ten feet more and they would be on a level, where they might disappear from view. She turned to look across the valley, and the man was directly opposite. He must have ridden hard to get there so soon. Oh, horror! He was waving his hands and calling. She could distinctly hear a cry! It chilled her senses, and brought a frantic, unreasoning fear. Somehow she felt he was connected with the one from whom she fled. Some emissary of his sent out to foil her in her attempt for safety, perhaps.

She clutched the bridle wildly, and urged the horse up with one last effort; and just as they reached high ground she heard the wild cry clear and distinct, "Hello! Hello!" and then something else. It sounded like "Help!" but she could not tell. Was he trying to deceive her? Pretending he would help her?

She flung herself into the saddle, giving the horse the signal to run; and, as the animal obeyed and broke into his prairie run, she cast one fearful glance behind her. The man was pursuing her at a gallop! He was crossing the valley. There was a stream to cross, but he would cross it. He had determination in every line of his flying figure. His voice was pursuing her, too. It seemed as if the sound reached out and clutched her heart, and tried to draw her back as she fled. And now her pursuers were three: her enemy, the dead man upon to mount, and the voice.

(To be continued)

Jottings from the First German Church, Minneapolis

A catastrophe has entered the life of Rev. Hirsch. He has grown another year older, and this was duly sympathized with by the members of the church.

A birthday surprise to take place at the parsonage was planned for Monday evening, Jan. 12, the day of his birthday, but due to some hitch in the plans we were not able to surprise Rev. Hirsch. However, a very pleasant time was had by all present, as the spirit of Christian fellowship predominated.

A short program was had under the

leadership of our Senior Deacon, Mr. E. G. Brachlow, who, with Mr. Fred Woyke, Rev. C. F. Stoeckmann and Rev. Hirsch himself, formed the speakers. Many more years in Christian service were wished Rev. Hirsch.

The Ladies Aid served an appetizing lunch and also presented Rev. Hirsch and family with a fern.

This was the second celebration that we have had with our pastor and his family. A real warm welcome was extended to them shortly after their arrival here in Minneapolis by the church and the various pastors of the State, including our State Missionary, Rev. C. F. Stoeckmann.

"A REPORTER."

Those Little Baby Shirts

Day before yesterday the parcel post package containing the nurse's uniforms and little shirts for the babies arrived in good condition. Everything was well packed and dry. It was a pleasure for me to examine the different colors and style of these little shirts, but I also had my doubts regarding the distribution of the same. Whatever one woman gets, they all want, and this is the cause of much "palavering."

It is customary here for mothers to bring their babies to the chapel, and that the missionary or teacher then prays that God's blessing may rest upon them. This is a fine and worthy custom. Yesterday a mother brought her baby and after the meeting I gave her a little dress for it. We put it on the baby, and it was a real joy to watch those women and to see how they admired the child. The older women took it into their arms, raised it up high and danced around. Then the very thing I had expected happened. Women came, holding their babies up to me and begged for the little shirts. Others went home to get their babies. I told them that our dear Christian women in America had not sent enough shirts to supply all the babies, but that I would give a shirt to every woman in the church whose baby had been born in any month from August on, up until the New Year. Although some were sad because their particular baby had been born earlier than during the time stated, and others feared that theirs might come too late, they nevertheless rejoiced with the other happy mothers and were satisfied. One woman sent me word today that she had become the mother of a healthy baby. It was not hard to guess the reason why the news had reached me sooner than usual. These little deeds of kindness which our missionary friends render are but small, and yet they mean so much out here in the Cameroons.

You did not inform me as to who had contributed these gifts of love, but in the name of our happy Bekom mothers I want to say "Thank you." The nurse's uniforms shall be a Christmas gift for two of our faithful deaconesses in Bamfumbum and Bangolen. The other one I shall give to one of the women in our church here in Bekom.

A. ORTHNER.

Progress of B. Y. P. U. Wasco, Cal.

Another pleasant year for our B. Y. P. U. has passed. Even though we have progressed nicely we are always striving to reach a higher goal.

The active work of the B. Y. P. U. during 1930 has rested mostly upon the younger members of the society. Yet under this difficulty we have progressed just the same, and our study of God's word has continued. Many of the younger members who never took part in our meetings can now recite with ease and take a very good part in our meetings.

During the past year we have followed the course of study prepared in the Senior B. Y. P. U. quarterlies, in which the study of God's word and of our denominational principles is very well explained. For each Sunday evening in the year a topic for discussion and study is outlined. The sub-topics were assigned to various members and were studied and discussed. This made our study very interesting and much benefit was received. Along with these meetings our devotional services were also held.

In September we had the pleasure of adding four of our Junior members and Sam Heinrichs of the Franklin society to our list. These new members have helped very much. Our associate members also assisted us and took active part in every way they could. At times, when our condition was lagging we were always urged on by our worthy president, Rev. Edinger was always present and was very kind in helping us along.

In October our society sponsored a lantern slide program on Cameroon mission which proved very interesting and was well attended.

Our program in November was a dialog entitled "In the Claws of the Russian Bear." This too proved a big success.

Two pleasant outings were had during the year. On July fourth a pleasant day was enjoyed in the ocean breeze on the coast. Labor Day found us at Moony's Grove. This ended our pleasant year of 1930.

ERNEST NERLING, Sec'y.

The Four Apples

Little Tommy had handed up his offering for the harvest festival. "Thanks very much," said the minister. "I must call around this afternoon and thank your mother for these eight beautiful apples." "P—please, sir," stammered Tommy, "w—would you mind th—thank—ing her for t—twelve apples?"

We are often just like Tommy. We give the Lord a part of what is given us to give him, appropriate the rest to ourselves, and then expect credit for the whole. This is the reason for preachers' low salaries, for churches' run-down condition, and for the constant stringency in missions.

We are all Tommies.—C. E. World.

Make life worth while by striving for something that is really with giving your life to.

February 15, 1931

The Dorcas Society, Burns Ave. Church, Detroit

The Dorcas Society was organized in November, 1922. Mrs. Benj. Graf was the organizer and sponsor. Miss Margaret Ernst (Mrs. Otto Schroeder) was our first president.

The society consists at present of 19 members, respectively, ranging from the ages of 13 to 18 years. Mrs. Schmitt, wife of our pastor, is our present sponsor.

Every one of our members is taken up as an active member and we certainly keep our promise.

We work in various ways. We sing in our Young People's meetings and in prayer meetings. We have made trips to the "House of Correction," our city jail; we even have gone as far as Ford City, Canada, where we've tried to brighten up the meetings with a message in song and testimony.

We always remember the needy at Thanksgiving day and never forget the poor at Christmas with food and clothing.

Our officers of 1930 were: Elsie Barsuhn, president; Eleanor Baltzer, vice-president; Clara Seib, secretary; Agnes Yeager, treasurer; Eleanor Knopf, pianist.

With the Lord's help and grace we will abide.

Watch Night at Burns Avenue, Detroit

Watch night at the Burns Ave. Baptist church will long remain a beautiful memory to all present. Although services began at 8 P. M., hours were too short to receive the blessing that was in store for us. A baptismal service was the main feature of the evening, when 9 precious souls were baptized in the death of our Master. It was a very impressive service. Our dear pastor spoke in both languages and his messages were a blessing to all, as all his sermons are. Both of our choirs sang very fitting songs. We have two choirs that we can be proud of and they never fail to do their bit in making our services a blessing. Every one seemed to be filled with the Spirit and testimonies were many, in fact many more could and would have testified if the time would have allowed. At the midnight hour we had two minutes of silent prayer, and every one's heart was lifted up to the Master in a prayer of thanksgiving. We as a church have a lot to be thankful for. God was good to us, and as our church went through dark days, we were drawn closer together, and now we work hand in hand and we can truly say that "the Lord is good."

Our meetings are always very well attended. New interest is shown in all branches of the work. Our primary department is increasing, due to the new way of teaching the old, old story to the little ones. The pretty little tables that have been put in as well as the new colored S. S. papers attract the little ones and they show a marked increase. The meetings which were held for the first two weeks in the new year were well



Dorcas Society, Burns Ave. Church, Detroit, Mich.

attended in spite of the bad weather and slippery streets. Several souls were led to conversion and will be baptized soon. We pray that the Lord will bless us in the new year as he has done so far. We pray that souls may be led to him, and that we all will be missionaries in his field.

"JUST ONE."

Charles Bradley Making Good

The following letter was sent us through the courtesy of Rev. R. T. Wegner of Boston, long identified in the past with our Orphanage in St. Joseph as a member of the Board of directors. Delegates and visitors at the General Conference in Chicago 1928 may remember Bro. Wegner presented that orphan boy, Charles Bradley, as one of the boys who came from Louisville, graduated in St. Joseph "cum laude" in the High school and is now at Denison University, preparing for the ministry. Bro. Wegner writes: "I think his letter to me would interest our people, that a consecrated boy for the ministry is a product of our orphanage. Read in the 'Watchman-Examiner' of the good evangelistic effort he put forth."

Box 865,
Granville, Ohio,
January 7, 1931.

My dear Mr. Wegner,

Your message was awaiting me here at the post office when I returned on the 6th of January. I notice that it is dated 12/29/30, so you will be wondering why I have not answered sooner. I was certainly very glad to hear from you and receive your gift which is very much appreciated, I assure you. Thank you very much for that loving kindness.

Yes. I had a wonderful time in the Lord's service as an evangelist during the first six months of the year which has just slipped by. I traveled with a young fellow of my same age (21) and he did the preaching while I sang. We realized that in order to carry on the Lord's work with the greatest success we must go ahead with our education while we are young. He is now attending Drake University in Des Moines, Iowa, while I am here at Denison.

Denison appeals to me very much as a fine school. You perhaps have been here and have seen the campus. It is a very pretty place, with buildings standing together on a group of high hills. We

have a wonderful man at the head of Denison, whom you perhaps know also, Dr. Avery A. Shaw. We all like him very much.

I am kept quite busy most of the time. At the beginning of the school year a group of students came together in order to organize a College Young People's Union in the Baptist church here. We were successful and I was elected its first president. We have a very interested and religious group in the society. Besides our Sunday evening meetings we have a special prayer meeting every Tuesday night at 7 o'clock. Our students are responding very well.

I was one of the lucky boys to get a place on our Glee Club. We had but 8 vacancies this year and about 50 men who tried for the places. Our trip will come during the spring holidays, but whether we shall go east or west I do not know. They went east last year, so evidently we will go west this time.

Denison is a school of fraternities, so it was almost necessary to become a member of one. I joined the only local on the campus which is A @ Σ. We have petitioned T K E national and have received word that we shall be privileged to become a member of it next fall at the beginning of the school year.

I must close now and let me wish you a very prosperous and happy New Year. I should very much enjoy hearing from you.

Thanking you again for the kindness and Christmas cheer you brought me.

Very sincerely and fraternally,
CHARLES BRADLEY.

Keep At It

A constant drop of water
Wears away the hardest stone.
The constant gnawing Fido
Masticates the toughest bone.
The constant wooing lover
Carries off the blushing maid;
And the constant class attender
Helps the school to make the grade.

When pleasure becomes the main show
and duty a side attraction, we are outside the Kingdom.

To err is human, but to criticize others
for their errors without helping them to
improve is inhuman.

His Boundless Love and Power

J. C. WALLACE

There's not a tint that paints the rose,
Or decks the lily fair,
Or streaks the humblest flower that
blows,
But God has placed it there.

There's not of grass a single blade,
Or leaf of loveliest green,
Where heavenly skill is not displayed,
And heavenly wisdom seen.

There's not a star whose twinkling light
Shines on the distant earth,
And cheers the silent gloom of night,
But God has given it birth.

There's not a place on earth's vast round
In ocean deep, or air,
Where skill and wisdom are not found,
For God is everywhere.

Around, beneath, below, above,
As far as space extends,
There he displays his boundless love,
And power with mercy blends.

Result of Twenty Years Service

F. W. GODTFRING

This is written on the 17th day of January, 1931. Twenty years ago yesterday I entered upon the position as manager of the Mutual Benefit Association of German Baptists of North America which, a few months later, was called German Baptists' Life Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

How does a man feel when he looks back on twenty years of service?—a service rendered German Baptist families in a sacred trust, that of life insurance, involving contracts amounting to millions of dollars, payable to future widows and orphans. I have just now written a letter to my son which I will quote because therein this question is correctly answered.

"I do not want to let the opportunity slip by to say a few words to you about the significant date *January 16, 1931*, the day spent yesterday. I intended to go with Mama somewhere to be alone,—alone with my God for meditation, prayer and thanksgiving, but, as usual, she could not make up her mind to do so. In addition to this, we were 'up against' it here in the office in executing pages two and three,—Receipts and Expenditures—of the Annual Report to the State Insurance Commissioners; the pages would not balance with total assets and cash in banks. As before, after a long search to find the discrepancy, Mr. Martz and Walter found it last night very late, the two pages are now correct and like bank clerks, who work overtime, until they find a few cents difference on a balance sheet, we too, all felt very good over it today. This made me stay in the office yesterday, but in the evening I wanted to celebrate, remembering that I had rounded out twenty years of service. I spent last night, from 7

until 10.30 o'clock, with Rev. F. Friedrich. I did not care to go to prayer meeting because I thought my pastor and my people there would not be particularly interested in my work as manager of the German Baptists' Life Association. Rev. Friedrich always evinced a keen interest in our association and has had a sympathetic feeling towards me and therefore I felt drawn to celebrate this twentieth anniversary day with him. I certainly enjoyed all day a peculiar quietness and peace and said to Bro. Friedrich last night, after a review of our twenty years' accomplishments, that I felt so very deeply all day long my gratitude to God for his blessings and help during these last twenty years. He really rejoiced with me and finally said to me—slowly but deliberately: 'You have great reason to feel thankful to our Lord and Master because you can now look back upon a successful completion of an important, far-reaching, significant re-incorporation of an old, almost defunct, organization; remodeled, from its last vestiges, to a modern, scientifically managed insurance association, serving our people with a feeling of security, because of its soundness and reliability; this, as you say, has made and established you as a pioneer in a vast field of undertaking resulting in hundreds of similar corporations following your example, affecting millions of families. But in addition to this, you have a further reason to feel thankful to God: He certainly has given you success in this business you undertook; then too you have a good and obedient son who has followed in your footsteps in the same line of business and has made good; you have an excellent wife, resulting in a happy family life and the employees in your office are loyal to you. Best of all, the German Baptists' Life Association now enjoys a very good reputation because it is functioning perfectly.' Really, William, I was more than surprised that he expressed it with such succinctness and clearness that I immediately put it down in writing lest I would forget the exact phraseology he used."

Well, now, since the readers of the "Herald" have been made inquisitive with this significant statement it is but natural that we should explain what has been accomplished during the past twenty years. We are tempted to explain, for sake of comparison, what conditions we found when we took the management in our hands on January 16, 1911. Let me just say that the only piece of furniture was an iron safe; yes, not even a chair or desk. Today we possess four large office rooms, modernly equipped; numerous steel filing cabinets containing seven different card index systems; three safes, nine flat top desks and different machinery to expediate the clerical work. Twenty years ago one officer only gave his spare evening hours to the work; when you enter our home office now you will find, at their desks, the general manager with his private secretary, a field secretary

with his stenographer, a chief clerk with his assistant and in the busy season two extra clerks helping wherever needed. What keeps us so busy? It is, of course, in the first place, the large daily mail, but principally it is our field men or superintendents: full time men producing the business, adding new members. Four of these have been engaged and Bro. Panke is the dynamic power behind the sales force, constantly looking for capable men, training, instructing, encouraging them in the spirit of patience, love and sympathy—a very big job. Twenty years ago the association issued but one policy, just one plan of life insurance; today any one can choose from a large number of plans. Twenty years ago the association had a yearly income of \$32,068; last year the total receipts were \$121,559. The membership, or policy holders, in 1911 numbered 1158; today there are 3389 members enrolled. The total admitted assets were \$69,489 December 31, 1911; they amount to just about \$650,000 today. And thus we go forward.

Twenty years ago there was a deficiency in the legal reserve of hundreds of thousands of dollars; today the percentage of solvency is 120 and I find it difficult to discover in the voluminous New York State Insurance Report a company which has a higher solvency,—and this is significant.

Ten years ago we reported in the "Sendbote" that the association had paid out since 1883 to the families of our members a little over \$315,000 in death benefits. Until December 31, 1930, the Association has paid in death benefits, accident claims, old age endowments and to invalids a little over \$1,096,000 and besides there were paid annual dividends amounting to a total of \$58,316.

We laid a strong foundation in 1911. If you were going to lay a foundation on which to erect a building with the expectation of adding to it, at intervals, one story upon another, you would be rather particular about the strength of that foundation. So were our brethren who succeeded so admirably in the year 1911; twenty years have elapsed and here is the proof of it. They laid a good, strong foundation upon which to build and additional stories have been added after the foundation was first made impregnable against the assaults of doubt, despair and discouragement. Who were the men that laid this impregnable foundation in 1911? They were our own German Baptist brethren, foresighted, hard-headed businessmen. Of course they had actuarial and legal advice.

The laying of this strong foundation was, indeed, an intelligent, serious and courageous task, but our brethren succeeded beyond expectation, and this success, they can now claim, and in the retrospect have a right in pocketing their pride.

But a foundation, no matter how strong, is of no practical use except others build thereon the larger and bigger structure. We have been building since 1911 with the above results, but the

structure is not yet complete; for remember, the foundation was laid with the expectancy of adding to it at intervals.

We are adding from year to year, but it is a difficult task to employ the builders. Will you be one of the builders?—All that is needed to be a successful builder is integrity, character and an average amount of intelligence, to be able and willing to comprehend the fundamentals of legal reserve insurance. Add to these qualities that of the "getter" whom no difficulties will deter, and you have the ideal builder. There are, no doubt, such men in our churches. Will they come forward and express a willingness to join our working force so that the structure, which our elders had in mind when they laid the foundation, may not remain an idle dream but become a reality?

And—think of it!—we are even putting on to this structure an annex; the ground has been broken; the first stones will be laid beginning April 1, 1931. On that day we will issue five hundred juvenile insurance policies. Up to this time of writing 323 applications have been received from our local clerk-agents and superintendents; the prize contest for purpose of producing 177 more is in full swing just now. This means that beginning with April 1, 1931, the German Baptists' Life Association will be able to insure the whole family—babies, boys and girls, fathers, mothers, grandfathers and grandmothers up to age 60.

Brief Items from Our Mission Fields

A Promising Field

"In spite of the members being located at such distances and various other difficulties, the attendance at our meetings is very gratifying and the condition of the work promising. The fact that there are always more Germans settling in Baker and its vicinity, indicates that there are prospects for the expansion of our German work and growth in its membership."
E. HUBER, Plevna, Mont.

A Revival in Alberta

"Our church at Hilda, Alta., rejoices over 19 conversions which have been the result of revival meetings held recently at Hilda and Friedensfeld. Bro. A. Knaut and Bro. H. Schatz assisted in these meetings. During this time Bro. A. Knaut rendered a praiseworthy service as colporteur of the Northern Conference by his untiring efforts in visitation and personal work."
G. PALFENIER, Hilda, Alta.

God Answers Prayer

Our church at Regina, Sas., has experienced this truth anew. In a wonderful way God helped, so that they were able to meet certain financial obligations over which they were much concerned, before the old year closed. As they were gathered together in prayer an hour before their yearly business meeting, a special delivery messenger came with a letter containing a check for \$200. God had

put it into the heart of some person in the United States to make their offering. Rev. J. Kepl, the pastor at Regina, also had the joy of baptizing three young men.

An Offering to the Lord

Notwithstanding the great depression in economic conditions, our little church at Craigmyle, Alta., laid an offering of \$160 on the altar of the Lord. The pastor, Rev. J. Weinbender, also writes: "During evangelistic meetings on my field our church has experienced a spiritual awakening. God has given us a small harvest of souls. Seven persons have been saved and added to the church through baptism. Others who were backsliders have returned to the fold."

Progress at Parkersburg

We are glad to note that the church at Parkersburg, Iowa, of which Rev. A. G. Lang is pastor, is taking courage and that they have decided to send in their request to the Missionary Society of a decrease of \$120 in their appropriation. The Sunday school has increased to twice the size and the church is looking hopefully into the future.

Mission Interest Increases at Randolph

A group of women in the church at Randolph, Minn., who have for a whole year met as a prayer-group, have now organized themselves into a Woman's Mission Circle. The pastor, Rev. H. C. Wedel, states that these sisters have already proved to be a blessing and will be a real help and strength in the support of the church. During the past year this little Sunday school has raised the fine sum of \$438 through collections and special offerings. As much as possible of this amount is used for our missionary work.

It Is More Blessed to Give Than to Receive

This truth has been experienced by our Sunday school in Wilmington, Del. The pastor, Rev. William Kuhl, writes in a recent report that God has wonderfully blessed them in all their undertakings during the past quarter. The Sunday school distributed baskets of food to the unemployed and received a blessing themselves in that they were a blessing to others. The school has increased in numbers and the interest has grown. The prayer meetings are also better attended.

An Encouraging Experience

Rev. A. Knaut, our colporteur in the Northern Conference, relates an interesting experience. While on the road selling books he came across a godless man, who nevertheless bought the book entitled "Beleb Dein Werk, O Herr." This book was packed in Cleveland, and the paper which was wrapped around the book, contained a very interesting story about a man in Russia, who remained true to his faith in spite of terrible torture. This story strongly gripped the godless man and he commenced to read in the book again. He also reached out his hand for a Bible which he had never read before. He is now willing to make any sacrifice for the sake of Christ. Bro. Knaut rejoices over this experience and others which he has in this work.

Hiking for Health

One impressive fact is constantly thrust upon our attention here in Germany, and that is that this is a nation of hikers. Everywhere one sees young men and young women, knapsack on back and walking-stick in hand, on country road, in the city, on the mountain-side—everywhere. They are a sturdy lot, of whom any nation might be proud. They need no expensive hotel-quarters; a very humble place in which to rest suffices, and they do not even shrink from camping out. They are laying up stores of health for themselves and at the same time laying foundations of a greater Germany than ever was.

We could not but compare these young people with some of our own at home—the kind one sees piled in automobiles, driving noisily, late at night, to some roadhouse. And we were not proud of our own.

We need to return to nature as German youth is doing. Healing springs are there. We need to spend weeks and not merely hours in long, long walks, interesting ourselves as we go in flowers, in geology, in history, and so on. There is room for an aggressive national organization of hikers to popularize hiking. Here is a motto: "Hike for health." Some rich man who is looking for a method of spending money for the national good might well consider the idea. There is no more effectual way of building the health of the people.—Robert E. Anderson in C. E. World.

Cork and Steel

In a certain iron foundry a long bar of steel weighing several hundred pounds may be seen suspended by a chain as delicate as will sustain the weight. Near by a common bottle cork hangs by a silken thread. If the cork is set swinging so that it strikes the bar of steel again and again, the steel bar will begin to tremble, and in half an hour will be swinging to and fro like a great pendulum.

The experiment furnishes a striking illustration of the power of apparently powerless things. Who can estimate what great movements have been born of prayer? Yet to the man of the world the idea that great things may be set in motion by prayer must seem ridiculous. To those who are accustomed to measure force by mere material standards, faith in God is a mere abstraction, but to those who love and trust him, nothing can stand before it. As Christians we need constantly to remind ourselves that our God can take the apparently weak things of the world and "put to shame the things that are strong."

Forget past mistakes, but do not forget those who have helped you to correct your errors.

Why Be a Knocker?

FRED SCOTT SHEPARD

'Tis not hard to be a knocker,
If you only have a hammer,
With which to emphasize your views,
And every good thing knock;
And it really is surprising
How a bit of noisy clamor
Will quickly get a crowd about
To join you as you mock.

But what's the use of being
Just a grouch who always knocks,
Or an everlasting kicker
Who the way of progress blocks,
When the same amount of effort,
As a booster, would go far
To advance the common interests
Of the world in which you are?

Then lay by your little hammer,
As a very useful tool
With which to do constructive work,
But not to play the fool,
And when you see a brother-man,
Who would some good thing do,
Take off your coat, roll up your sleeves,
And help him put it through.

Intermediate Weekly.

The Charm of Luke's Gospel

C. A. DANIEL

Luke is called by Paul "the beloved physician" (Col. 4:14). He is the only one of the four Gospel writers who was not a Jew. Paul expressly excludes him from those of the circumcision. (Col. 4:10-14.) He was undoubtedly a native Greek, perhaps at first a proselyte to the Jewish faith. His Gospel was very carefully compiled from material, which he had collated with extreme painstaking service and the result was one of the most charming and attractive narratives of the life of Christ. From a purely literary point of view Luke's Gospel has been pronounced, even by Renan, to be the most beautiful book ever written. Listen to this man's testimony: "The Gospel of Luke is the most literary of all the Gospels. Everywhere there is revealed a spirit large and sweet, wise, temperate, sober, and reasonable in the irrational. Its exaggerations, its inconsistencies, its improbabilities are true to the very nature of parable, and constitute its charm. Matthew rounds a little the rough marks of Mark. Luke does better: he writes. He displays a genuine skill in composition. His book is a beautiful narrative, well contrived, at once Hebraic and Hellenic, uniting the emotion of the drama with the serenity of the idyl.

"A spirit of holy infancy, of joy, of fervor, the Gospel feeling in its primitive freshness, diffuse all over the legend an incomparable sweet coloring."

The Best Writer of Greek

Luke is the best writer of Greek among the evangelists. He uses over 700 words which occur nowhere else in the New Testament. He was a layman with nothing churchly about him. There is a freedom of movement here not exhibited in

2. After having cleansed a leper and manifested his power—"He withdrew himself into the wilderness and prayed" (5:16).

3. Before the calling of the twelve disciples "He went out into the mountain to pray and continued all night in prayer to God." (6:12, 13.)

4. While Jesus was praying, his inquiries as to what men were thinking of the Son of Man were met with that noble confession of Peter. (9:18.)

5. Luke only tells us, that the Transfiguration occurred while Jesus was praying. (9:28, 29.)

6. Luke only gives us that compassionate prayer of Jesus on the cross: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do" (23:34), and

7. He only records the utterance of prayer, which came from Jesus' lips as the last breath, "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit" (23:46).

We also note from the narrative of Luke several discourses on prayer—besides the so-called "Lord's Prayer," which Matthew also gives. Luke tells us of the Friend at midnight (11:1-13), of the parable of unceasing prayer typified by the widow before an unjust judge (18:1-8), of the Pharisee and publican, who went up into the temple to pray. (18:9-14.)

As gratitude is a part of worship, we include here seven allusions by Luke only, to the glorifying of God:

1. Of the shepherds returning and glorifying and praising God for all the things that they had heard and seen... (2:20):

2. Of the healed sick man of the palsy, who arose—"departed to his house glorifying God" (5:25).

3. Of the people, who were filled with fear and glorified God as Jesus raised the young man from the dead at Nain. (7:16.)

4. Of the woman, whom Christ had healed of eighteen years of infirmity, who glorified God. (13:13.)

5. One of the ten lepers, who had been healed, returned, gave thanks and glorified God. (17:15.)

6. Bartimeus upon receiving his sight followed Jesus glorifying God. (18:43.)

7. The centurion under the cross is overwhelmed by the humility, patience and majesty of the suffering Christ and glorifies God, saying: "Certainly this was a righteous man."

2. *Luke's is the Gospel of sympathy and compassion.* The keynote of Luke's Gospel is found (19:10) in Christ's own words: "For the Son of Man came to seek and to save that which was lost." How vividly does Luke depict the humanity of Jesus, his tender mercy, his sympathy, his compassion and love! Jesus was in touch with humanity at every point and with Deity at all points. This is the Gospel of compassion and tenderness. This is seen and felt when Jesus meets the mourning widow, whose only son had died; it is deeply felt, when he looks upon the woman bent and stooped by eighteen years of infirmity. "Ought not this woman being a daughter of Abraham to be loosed from her infirmity on

any of the other Gospels. The fact of his being a physician is seen frequently in his use of words and style. His writings exhibit the modesty of true greatness, for he nowhere introduces his own name, or records an act performed or a word spoken by himself. He hides himself in the Acts under the pronoun "we" and "us." (Acts 16:10.) Paul mentions his name with great affection. (Col. 4:14.)

We have been reminded that Matthew's Gospel was the Gospel to the Hebrews. It is the Gospel of the kingdom, of the heart, Christ regnant over human affection. He was wont to see the fulfillment of the prophetic longings of the soul; it might be called the Gospel of the past. Mark's is the Gospel of the will, of energy, of action, of triumph—the Gospel of the all-conquering Roman, or the Gospel of the present. Luke's Gospel is that of reason, full of the presentiment of coming good, who sees the harvest of God's purposes in what Jesus "began both to do and to teach;" it may be styled the Gospel of the future. John soaring above all the limits of time foretells and anticipates the everlasting issues; his is the Gospel of eternity or eternal life.

Dean Farrar calls Matthew the preacher because he records the great discourses of Jesus; Mark "the chronicler," for he gives a plain, straightforward tale; Luke "the historian," for he shows the development of events, and John "the philosopher and divine," for he gives the spiritual meaning of Christ's life and teachings.

1. *Luke's is a Gospel of worship.* He gives prominence to praise and prayer and thanksgiving. There are five great songs recorded, which form some very exquisite poetry lofty in thought and deeply religious: 1. The song of the angel's salutation of the virgin Mary called Ave Maria. (1:28-33.) 2. The song of Mary called the Magnificat. (1:46-55.) 3. The song of Zachariah called the Benedictus. (1:68-79.) 4. The song of the angels called Glory in Excelsis. (2:14.) 5. The song of Simeon called Nunc Dimittis. (2:29-32.)

These glorious lyrics, in which the holiest of Israel have hymned the nativity of the Son of God have been given to us by the Gentile evangelist Luke.

Luke is careful to note the religious life of the people and of Christ. The spirituality of Christ is depicted by him for he tells us of the boy Jesus, who with his parents went up to the temple in Jerusalem to the religious feast and how he was afterward found among the doctors or most eminent Rabbis of his time "hearing them and asking them questions." To him we are indebted for that significant utterance of Jesus: "Wist ye not, that I must be about my Father's business?" Luke gives us many glimpses into the prayer life of Jesus. At least seven crises of prayer are alluded to by him:

The Crises of Prayer

1. "It came to pass, that Jesus, also being baptized and praying, the heaven was opened" (Luke 3:21).

the Sabbath?" It is present, when Jesus perceived that power had gone forth from him to heal the poor woman, who had touched the hem of his garment; or when Jairus is comforted by the words of Jesus: "Fear not, only believe and she shall be made whole." This compassion and love, which regards and saves the despised Samaritan, the outcast namely: the harlot, the publican, the prodigal, the dying robber is characteristic of Luke. It is to Luke that we turn for illustrations of love and tenderness to all. He is the poor man's friend.

3. *It is also a Gospel of contrasts.* It is significant to note the doubting Zachariah and the trusting Mary; the churlish Simon and the loving sinful woman; the bustling Martha and the quiet, adoring Mary, the proud Pharisee and the humble publican; the grateful Samaritan and the unthankful nine, the selfish rich man and the poor man Lazarus; the penitent and the impenitent robber; the obstinate, stubborn elder brother and his younger brother steeped in sin and shame; the beatitudes for the poor and the woes for the rich; the good Samaritan and the pious, self-possessed Levite and priest; the tears and the hosannas. These incidents give a peculiar charm to Luke's Gospel.

4. *It is the Gospel of Universality.* In Luke towards every age, towards either sex he is considerate and tolerant, for in his Gospel we find the esteem for infancy and childhood and the ennoblement and transformation of womanhood enhanced. Christ is the Savior of all. "Towards all nations and professions, towards men of every opinion and every shade of character our blessed Lord appears in Luke's Gospel as the Christus Consolator, the Good Physician of bodies and souls, the Gosseller of the poor, the Brother who loves all the brethren in the great family of man, the unwearied healer and ennobler of the sick and suffering humanity, the "Desire of all Nations," "the Savior of the world," "who went about doing good" (Acts 10:38). Such are some of the characteristics of that most beautiful of books: The Gospel according to Luke.

Attention!

Northwestern Conference Sunday Schools!

Recognizing the need for a more successful promotion of our Sunday school work, the executive committee of the Y. P. and S. S. Workers' Union of the Northwestern Conference at a recent meeting laid plans for two Sunday school contests which should aid greatly in promoting our Sunday school program. The contests of last year proved so successful that the committee decided to sponsor some similar contests again this year. Not all the schools participated last year in the first contests; the venture was a new one, and some looked askance at the idea of sponsoring such contests. But this year we hope to enlist every Sunday school of the Conference in these contests, for we know that interest and en-

thusiasm were awakened and that consequently many additional schools will be lured into the competition this year.

Here are the plans. There are to be two contests; one an attendance contest and the other a missionary gift contest. All the Sunday schools of the Conference are most heartily invited and urged to participate in both of these contests. The standings of the various schools will be determined solely by their enrolments. Thus the smaller schools will be on a par with the larger schools, and no school will have an advantage over another.

These contests begin with the first Sunday in March and close with the last Sunday in April. The winners will be handsomely rewarded with prizes which will serve good purposes in their schools and at the same time will be remembrances of their victories. The winners will have the privilege of selecting their own prizes, selecting what would be most helpful and useful in their own schools. The prizes are not to exceed fifteen dollars each.

These are the facts. Every Sunday school in the Conference should be attracted by the plans for these two interesting contests. Keen competition and rivalry again are expected. Now everything depends upon your willingness to co-operate.

We earnestly hope every Sunday school will make a bid for the prizes. The time for the start is drawing near. Will your school be one of the victors?

MILTON R. SCHROEDER, Sec.

Doings of the Burns Ave. B. Y. P. U., Detroit, Mich.

The dialogue "Miss Grumble" was the main feature of our Christmas program, which was held December 23, 1930. Recitations, singing and instrumental music helped make a very interesting hour. A grab bag and refreshments followed. This program was sponsored by the Fellowship Commission, of which Helen Penner is Director.

Our B. Y. P. U. has showed a marked increase in attendance as well as interest, since the Commission Plan has been adopted. We have unusually talented musicians and speakers among our young people who are always willing to do their bit. The Commissions are under the direction of the following:

Devotional, Mary Russell.
Service, Elizabeth Wasco.
Stewardship, Wm. Schindler.
Fellowship, Helen Penner.

The adults are quite interested in our meetings and attend quite regularly.

Sunday, January 11, the Stewardship Commission had charge of the evening meeting. The topic was "A young woman's idea of an ideal young man."

Sunday, January 18, the Fellowship Commission had charge of the meeting and the topic was "A man's idea of an ideal young woman." Readings and recitations were rendered in the course of these meetings. They were very interesting and drew big crowds.

On January 20, the Service Commis-

Obituary

SCHNECK. — Egon Oscar, son of G. H. Schneck and Charlotte Schneck, nee Schaeffer, was born on June 23, 1896, in Rochester, N. Y. He was a grandson of Prof. H. M. Schaeffer and a great-grandson of Konrad Anton Fleischmann. When he was 13 years old he was baptized by Rev. A. P. Mihm and became a member of the Second German Baptist Church of Brooklyn, N. Y. Later he joined the Second Church in Chicago, Ill., and the church in New Britain, Conn., when his father was pastor of these churches. Soon after our country joined in the World War, Egon enlisted in the U. S. Army and took part in some of the principal battles. Although wounded he served also in the Occupation Army and later did hospital service for several years in the U. S. Navy Hospital in Newport, R. I. In the third week of January of this year he became ill and on January 24, 1931, he died in the home of his parents in Clifton, N. J., the cause of his death being pneumonia. Rev. W. J. Zirbes of the Second Church in Brooklyn officiated at the funeral service in our church in Passaic, N. J., and at the interment in Mount Olivet Cemetery in Brooklyn, N. Y., in the Andresen Family plot. The mixed quartet of the Passaic Church rendered appropriate music. He leaves his parents, his brother Walter and his sister Winifred. Egon was a modest, kind and quiet young man of rather reserved nature, well read, a keen observer, always smiling, cheerful and congenial to his friends. We shall miss him. S.

sion had charge of our monthly meeting. Elizabeth Wasco presided. The program was as follows: Scripture reading and prayer; Violin solo, Howard Ziehl; Recitation, Eleanor Harbert; Dialogue entitled "All One;" Piano solo, Eleanor Knopf; Address, Roland Ernst; Vocal solo, Alma Neuman. The points Mr. Ernst stressed in his address were Service with a Smile, Zeal for Others, At All Times and Denial of Self. He also told us to "Give everything you can for what you get" instead of "Getting everything you can for what you give."

We have a meeting the second Tuesday of each month, at which time different Commissions take charge. Our next meeting will be in charge of the Devotional Commission. We have a Bulletin Board on which we announce our meetings and which is always being watched with interest. Some of our home talent very kindly help to arouse the interest by painting attractive posters announcing the various topics and speakers.

We, as young people, hope to serve the Master more sincerely and follow him more closely through this new year. We all join with the author:

"Thine for Service when the days are drear,
Thine for Service when the skies are clear,
Yes, thine for Service through the coming year,
We are thine for Service, Lord."

G. B., Sec.

We cannot maintain our spiritual health unless we help to sustain the moral and spiritual health of others.

Determine what are the best things and set out with determination to win them for yourself and others.

We are sure to fail when we do not make sure of our relationship with the only One who can insure our victory.

A Place for All

A man who had caught a vision of Christian service once went to Charles H. Spurgeon and asked that he might be given some definite work in the church. "What is your trade?" asked the great preacher. "I am a locomotive engineer," was the reply. "Is your fireman a Christian?" asked Spurgeon. "No," was the answer. "Very well," said Spurgeon, "there is your job for the church. Go back to your locomotive and lead your fireman to Christ."

The statement is sometimes made that Christians connected with our churches today lose interest in the Christian profession and make a hollow artificiality out of it because the church does not give them something definite to do. This is but a poor excuse at the best. He who imagines that the whole program of the Church is within its four walls, so to speak, has a narrow conception of its mission. The world is the Christian's field, and its needs are wide enough and varied enough to challenge every one of us to a definite task.

Blessings for the Table

We thank thee, Lord, for the food before us. Bless it to our use. Feed our souls with the Bread of Life and accept us for Jesus' sake. Amen.

We thank thee, O Lord, for all the mercies with which thou dost crown our lives. Bless to our bodily use this food and strengthen us for thy service. We ask this for Christ's sake. Amen.

Grant unto us, we pray thee, O Lord, thy blessing with the gift of this food. May we use our life and strength to thy glory and ever be ready to do thy will. For Christ's sake. Amen.

For all thy mercies, our heavenly Father, we thank thee. As we take this food, may it do us good. Accept and save us for Christ's sake. Amen.

Lord, make us grateful for what we receive from thy hand and help us to live to thy praise, through Jesus Christ. Amen.

For this, and all blessings we receive, may the Lord make us truly thankful. Amen.

Gratitude Won

During the stock-market downfall a woman went to a Kansas bank and asked for a loan of \$25,000 with which she was eager to speculate. She was going to make her everlasting fortune. The banker refused her, and she left his office in high dudgeon. Two days later she called him on the telephone to express her deep gratitude for his refusal, which had saved her from the ruin upon which she was rashly rushing.

It is exactly that way with innumerable prayers, if we would only remember what we have been praying for. Our Father in heaven could curse us in no more expeditious manner than by granting most of our petitions.

* * *

If we cannot work with others, the Holy Spirit needs to do some work in us.

The Prayer Meeting Survives

Years ago, an elderly city pastor was criticized. What was the criticism? That his sermons were too spiritual! When told of it, he said, "Write that on my tombstone."

Sometimes, we may fear, the church windows are open in directions other than toward God—open toward entertainment, toward programs that are good but not best. A certain young enthusiast, with zeal for community service, so magnified entertainment and spent so little time in the field of devotion that by and by the people wearied of his programs.

Should a church seem to be losing in popularity because of emphasis on prayer meetings while competitors gather crowds because of emphasis on picnics, the answer is, put greater emphasis on prayer meetings. Picnics and their kind grow stale; prayer meetings survive. Though elders and even some ministers often see no beauty in the prayer meeting, yet, like the Lord, the meeting for prayer lives, as no other institution has ever been able to live, like "a root out of dry ground."

Mottoes for Motorists

Pedestrians should be seen and not hurt.

Say it with brakes and save on the flowers.

Don't kid about safety. You may be the goat. Time saved at a crossing may be lost in the emergency ward.

No domestic science course is necessary to enable a girl to make a traffic jam.

Ideal

Art Student: "Can you suggest a title for this picture?"

Friend: "Why not call it 'Home'?"

Art Student: "Why 'Home'?"

Friend: "Because there's no place like it?"—Humorist.

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Another mighty nice thing about Old Dobbin was that his value didn't depreciate about twenty-five per cent after he had been driven three or four months.—Louisville Times.

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Husband (feeling a twinge in the back while he is tuning in the wireless receiver: "I believe I'm getting lumbago.")

Wife: "What's the use, dear? You won't be able to understand a word they say."—Epworth Herald.

Suspicion Defined

Suspicion is that feeling that creeps over a person when he goes into a chop suey restaurant and sees the Chinese waiter eating a ham sandwich.—Path-

Getting Unruly

"I hear they're starting a new campaign against malaria."

"Good heavens! What have the Malarious done now?"—Penn. State Froth.

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Look on the opposite of faith and there is fear; of hope and there is despair.

Too Much of Anything

A Massachusetts wife received a divorce the other day because her husband killed a pig and for three months insisted that his family should eat pork and nothing else. She became ill and the doctor advised a greater variety of food, but he refused to provide it.

The woman certainly had a grievance, even if it does not seem worthy of a divorce; but I am speaking of the matter in order to warn all my readers, whether married or not, to avoid too much of anything in social relations. Some advice is good, but too much advice is nagging. Some story telling is vivacious, but incessant story-telling becomes an unmitigated bore. Some petting is good for married folks, but constant petting becomes nauseating. Proper economy is good, but don't squeeze the ink out of the dollars. In short, in all matters affecting other people, remember the wise old maxim, "In nothing too much."—C. E. World.

Child Marriage in India

One of the most important events of this decade took place in India on April 1, last year. On that date the new law forbidding child marriages in that vast empire went into effect. India has more than a quarter of a million wives and widows below the age of five; it has more than two million below the age of ten. Forty per cent of the girls between the ages of ten and fifteen are married. The new law forbids the marriage of girls less than fourteen and boys less than eighteen years old. Thus India is brought more nearly up to the level of other modern countries.

But a very large part of the country is ruled by the native princes whose absolute authority this law does not touch; and, further, the people of India will oppose the law with all their power, on grounds of custom and religion. The British authorities have shown great courage in taking this stand against one of the most terrible and long-intrenched of the world's iniquities. They are proving the inestimable gains of Christian rule of a non-Christian land.—C. E. World.

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Publishers issued more fiction books than any other kind last year; religious titles come next on the list. "Yet there is nothing new in this profusion of religious books, which have always bulked large in the annual publishing output, unless it is the extraordinary multiplication of books about Jesus," comments the "New York Times." "Hardly a month passes that does not bring a new life of him or a new study of his personality and teachings."

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The mule couldn't help recognizing himself in this essay written on him: "The mewl is horider than the guse or turkie. It has two legs to walk with, two more to kick with, and wears its wings on the side of its head."—The International Searchlight.