

The Baptist Herald

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

Volume Nine

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Number One



Festal choir Andrews St. Church, Rochester, N. Y.

What's Happening

The Massachusetts chapter of the W. C. T. U. recently issued a new rhyme for use in temperance education. It reads:

*"There is a little drink shop
That everyone may close,
And that is the little drink shop
Just underneath your nose."*

The Young People of the Oak St. Baptist Church, Burlington, Ia., gave a Thanksgiving program on Nov. 27 and also a play entitled "The Two Masters." They had a splendid audience and the entertainment was a decided success. The offering for missions amounted to \$25.00.

With this number the "Baptist Herald" enters into the ninth year of its publication and volume nine appears on the title page. We exalt the grace and mercy and preserving help of our loving God and heavenly Father. "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." May his benediction rest on our efforts for 1931!

Rev. Gustave Friedenberg, formerly pastor of the Liberty St. church, Meriden, Conn., and later religious director of the Young Men's Christian Association, Meriden, is now pastor of the Baptist church in Montwese, Conn. He began his work Nov. 16. The church has had student pastors for a number of years. Bro. Friedenberg will give full time to the field.

Rev. H. C. Baum, our General Evangelist, conducted four weeks of revival meetings with the church at Ashley, N. Dak., during October. One week was devoted to the Johannal station, one week to Jewell station and two weeks to Ashley. About 30 took a stand for Christ. As a result, Rev. W. H. Buening, the pastor, was enabled to baptize 29 persons on Thanksgiving day. The church thanks God for these blessings.

Mrs. Marie Daniel, wife of Rev. C. A. Daniel, pastor of the Second German Baptist Church, Chicago, passed away at Ypsilanti, Mich., on Dec. 8. She had undergone an operation the previous week and seemed on the way to recovery. The funeral services were held in Detroit, Mich., on Dec. 11. The sympathy of the "Baptist Herald" family goes out to Bro. Daniel, the children, most of whom live in Michigan, and to his church in this time of sorrow and bereavement.

Rev. Wm. Becker of Friend, Neb., assisted Rev. C. F. Zummach, pastor of the Oak St. Church, Burlington, Ia., for two weeks in special meetings. The people enjoyed the messages very much. Several have reported for baptism. On Dec. 14 and 21 Pastor Zummach preached two illustrated sermons on "Jesus, the Light of the World," and "The Story of the other Wise Man." Miss Augusta Jordan, the church missionary, is in California on a leave of absence. She is expected back by the end of February.

The Young People of the Baptist Churches of Poland had their Conference at Lodz from November 1-3, 1930. A great number of young people, so writes Elizabeth Gladek, were present in spite of the long distances, owing to which many of the churches could not send their delegates. Also the invited special speaker from Germany was not allowed to come to Poland. But in spite of all these adversities the Conference was a great blessing to all who were able to come. The Christian fellowship with one another and the mutual prayer provided such a blessing that they returned home bringing back new inspiration to their brothers and sisters throughout Poland.

The Rev. Herbert Gezork of Berlin, Germany, and the Rev. Charles W. Koller of the Clinton Hill Baptist Church in Newark, N. J., spent a week respectively at the Fleischmann Memorial Church of Philadelphia, Pa., from November 3-16. These two weeks of services were a great inspiration and blessing to the church and resulted in the decision for Christ on the part of about twenty boys, girls and adults. The winsome and sincere messages of these men of God will leave their imprint on the lives of many members and friends of the church. The closing Sunday evening service, conducted by Rev. Koller with the resultant response by eighteen people was a memorable climax to those services.

A Musical Treat

Sunday evening, November 30, the choir of the Andrews Street Church in Rochester, N. Y., gave to an appreciative audience which more than filled the church auditorium a musical treat which will linger long in memory. Under the able and energetic leadership of Mr. Edmund Mittelstedt, the director, a splendid selection from the rich treasure of sacred music was made: "Auf, singe froh, du Volk des Herrn," by L. O. Emerson; "Psalm 103:1-4;" "We would see Jesus," by James H. Brackett; "Psalm 125," by Adolf Frey; "Psalm 66," by William R. Spencer; "Psalm 150," by L. Lewandowski.

The painstaking care in the preparation of this difficult music was noticeable throughout the entire program. Even good and reliable talent needs patient and prolonged application to insure the highest possible success. And how the choir did sing! There was volume, precision and harmony which gave the audience a glimpse into that spiritual volume of song which always enriches the soul and brings it face to face with those eternal values that God has in store for those who can appreciate them.

There was a violin duet, "Concerto No. 3" from Ch. Dancla, Op. 109, rendered by Edmund and Max Mittelstedt;

an organ solo, "Raymond Overture," by A. Thomas, played by the organist of the church, Mrs. R. W. Conway; and, last but by no means least, an inspiring address by Professor Lewis Kaiser on "The Mission of Song."

With this delightful and enjoyable treat the choir combined the practical purpose of making a plea for a special offering for the building fund of the church. And this plea was richly rewarded. That was the close of a perfect day at our Andrews Street church.

A. J. R.

Miss Ruth Doescher Returns to Fleischmann Memorial Church

Miss Ruth Doescher, as the newly called missionary of the Fleischmann Memorial Church of Philadelphia, Pa., was the recipient of many kind greetings and best wishes at a reception given in her honor by the church on Wednesday evening, December 3. Miss Doescher is not a stranger to the work, since she formerly served the church as its missionary, although illness made a prolonged rest necessary. At this well attended reception of welcome the church expressed with her its gratitude to God for her wonderful recovery to the best of health. The various church boards, missionary organizations, young people's societies, and the Junior Church were represented on the program with brief messages of welcome and with the assurances of co-operative assistance. Miss Ruth Doescher spoke about her joy in again undertaking the task and the great challenge that such work presents. It is the sincere prayer of the Fleischmann Memorial Church that her work will be happy with abundant success and divine guidance.

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A Prayer for the New Year

WE thank thee, our Father, for the dawn of the new year. Teach us to understand that in thee all things are agelessly new. Help us to match our youth with thy newness and thy trueness. We would realize that youth comes but once—only once in our journey through the years. Help us so to think and act, therefore, that our youth-time shall be thickly sown with seeds of Christliness. Enable us to become strong through the discipline of service and self-control. Make us unafraid of hardship. School us to heroism in daily living. Teach us to transmute the red fires of passion into the white flame of love—love for thee and love for man. Make us high-minded citizens. Grant unto us vision to behold the deepening wonder of thy universe. In things little and large may we cultivate the inner eye, which feasts upon the beauty of God, becoming in ourselves shrines of spiritual loveliness and strength. For Christ's sake. Amen.—Frederick F. Shannon, Chicago, Ill.

Short-Lived Resolutions

IN one of his books, descriptive of western life, Mark Twain gives us a vivid description of three men lost on the plains during a severe blizzard. The snowfall was so thick that they could not see for more than a few feet in front of them, and all they had to guide them were two faint grooves which they knew were the wheel tracks made by a wagon that had passed that way some days before. For some time they followed these steadily filling, slowly disappearing tracks until even these faint traces of civilization were lost, and they realized that to attempt further progress through the storm and the night would be futile.

With great difficulty they gathered sagebrush from the small clumps not yet obliterated by the snow, and attempted to make a fire. There were only four matches, and one by one they were puffed out by the furious wind. By that time the storm had increased to such a degree that the very thought of attempting to battle it during the long hours of the night was appalling. For a few moments the men stared out over the wastes of cheerless plain and then decided to camp there for the night, even at the risk of freezing to death.

At such moments the minds of men are apt to revert to solemn things, and these adventurers, who had led more or less dissolute lives, began to think of their past conduct. One took out a flask of whisky from his pocket, and after asserting that come what may he would never touch another drop, flung it out into the snow. The second treated a pack of cards in a similar manner, and the third

discarded his pipe. Each solemnly resolved that if his life were spared from henceforth he would be free from such enslaving habits.

But when, with the dawning of the morning and the cessation of the storm they found that they had spent the night within a few rods of a dwelling and that they were alive and well, weak human nature immediately reasserted itself. The good resolutions made in the moment of peril were apparently forgotten. After a hearty breakfast in the near-by house the man who had sworn never to touch another drop of liquor slipped away to search in the snow for the discarded bottle. By and by his two companions came out and began to look for their cards and pipe, and soon all three had taken up their old habits.

How typical of weak human nature this story is! How many promises made to God under stress of trying circumstances we forget all about when God answers our prayers and accomplishes our deliverance! Long ago it was written of God's own people,

"They forgot God their Savior,
Who had done great things in Egypt."

Is it not an indictment that might well be laid against many of us? Some one has said that there is no one among our earthly friends for whom we claim affection and respect that we would dare treat as shabbily as most of us treat God.

Not long ago a great student of church work, when asked what he thought to be the weak point in organized Christianity, said, "Forgetfulness of our vows to God." He added: "Month after month thousands all over the land come up to the altar of God to join his church. In practically every instance every one of these, young and old, make solemn promises in the name of Christ to attend the services of the church, to help to support it by regular contributions, to work with it in the saving of men and the building of the Kingdom, and to watch over all its members who may need its love and care.

"Those vows are solemnly made in the most solemn hour of the believer's life. Yet are we not within bounds when we say that many, many of them who make these vows begin to break them almost as soon as they are made? A certain proportion of them, no doubt, come to church, once a week to hear a sermon or music, but with many it ends there. They are not at the evening service to help to minister to the stranger. Only a beggarly handful of all who promised ever go near the mid-week service and still others contribute little or nothing to the missionary programs of the Kingdom. Almost any pastor knows the truth of what we are saying."

Would it not be profitable for all of us to think more about our vows? Having given our word, having made a solemn resolution, are we among those who will not allow ourselves to break it, come what may, or is our word a light thing to be carelessly given and carelessly forgotten? Not only will a true man be loyal to his vows to his Church but also to his vows made at the marriage altar; vows to observe moral and ethical laws; vows to his obligations of citizenship. It has been well said that the sense of obligation to vows is the mark of all true, strong, worthy, and worthwhile men.—Selected.

Questioning

GRACE NOLL CROWELL

I asked the New Year, "What am I to do
The whole year through?"
The answer came,
"Be true."

I asked again, "And what am I to say
To those who pass my way?"
"The kindest words," he said,
"That you can say."

"What thoughts am I to think, day long, year
long?"
And clearly as a quick-struck gong
The answer,
"Think no wrong."

"And what roads take across the earth's worn sod
Where many feet have trod?"
Swift came the answer—
"Those that lead to God."

—Good Housekeeping.

Controlling the Imagination

AUGUST F. RUNTZ

IN the eighth chapter of Ezekiel the prophet tells how he had been bidden to look upon the inner walls of the imagination of Israel's elders, and what he sees there is shocking in the extreme. He looks, and "behold,

A Hole in the Wall

Then said he unto me, Son of man, dig now in the wall: and when I had digged in the wall, behold a door. And he said unto me, go in, and see the wicked abominations that they do here. So I went in and saw; and behold, every form of creeping things, and abominable beasts and all the idols of the house of Israel, portrayed upon the wall round about. And there stood before them seventy men of the elders of the house of Israel. . . . Then said he unto me, Son of man, hast thou seen what the elders of the house of Israel do in the dark, every man in the chamber of imagery? (or imagination) for they say, Jehovah seeth us not."

The Imagination is the Picture-Making Power

of the mind. The mind is very plastic. The imagination makes the picture and each picture that it makes, whether it be good, bad or indifferent, leaves its impress upon the mind. As the elders of Israel, so every soul has its Chamber of Imagination upon whose walls pictures are being painted whether we wish it or not. In colors bright or dark, in lineaments of joy or shame, every struggle of the soul, every thought, every desire, every purpose of the heart is painted there.

The Island of Imagination

is the title of an article written some years ago, in which the author says, "It smiles in the sunlight and sleeps in the green; the waves of every ocean kiss its feet and the airs of every clime play upon its trees; flowers bend idly to the fall of fountains and beautiful forms wreath their white arms, calling for companionship." "A maiden gently steers her canoe, drops anchor and disappears beneath the foliage and thinks she is alone. Along another path there goes a matron. Next comes a lad and he is lost in the labyrinth of the bewitching charm and beauty. Up come yet two other canoes, one containing a young wife and the other her husband. Each disappears beneath the foliage, takes a different path and knows nothing of each other's presence. That girl would blush to tell her mother where she had been; the matron would want no one to know where she had spent the last hour, and the lad would protest his innocence. This husband would deny to his wife where he had spent his time, and the young wife's heart would stand still if she thought her husband knew where she had been." And not one of them would need to leave their own fireside to make the excursions.

The writer continues: "If God's light could shine upon that crowded island and discover its secrets what shameful things would we witness—fathers, mothers, maidens, men, children whom we deemed as pure as snow flying with guilty eyes and white lips to hide themselves from their great disgrace." But God does see, he always sees, even though man may not.

Imagination and Progress

The imagination itself is a wonderful faculty. There would be no progress without it. Through the creative power of the imagination the automobile in which you ride and the watch which you wear were complete in the minds of some persons before any metal for them had even been cast. The painter sees a picture in the gallery of his imagination, and his brush copies it on the canvas. A sculptor sees an angel in a block of marble, and his chisel sets it free until it begins to breathe. There is nothing evil or wrong about the imagination itself. The danger lies in

The Unholy Imagination

The shocking thing was not that the elders were painting upon the walls of their imagination, but

the terribleness lay in what they were painting there. And that is the problem for each one of us. What are you permitting to be painted upon the walls of your soul?

In the middle ages the monks fled from the evils and temptations of the world to the caves of the mountains that they might not become contaminated with the unholy things. But centuries later the immoral pictures, which those monks had painted on those same walls, showed very clearly what had been painted on the walls of their imaginations. They had forgotten to guard well the portal of imagination.

How easily we all permit the unholy thought to enter our minds. Our Master warned us that a man may commit adultery in his heart. To again change the picture. How easily we permit ourselves to slip away to the enchanted island. Sometimes a billboard advertisement, or a picture on the wall, or a story which we are reading may start us on the journey. And because we may be seated in our own homes, we think nobody sees and nobody knows. Nevertheless we would blush with shame to tell where we had been.

Since we all have this chamber of imagination, and since there may be written upon the walls of this chamber the abominable things or the things that are pure, ought we not therefore bring our wills into play and

Control Our Imagination?

He that controls his imagination is better than a conqueror. But how can we do it? May we suggest first that there ought to be instant recoil from the unholy in thought as well as in action. It is said of the little ermine, that it will choose rather to die than to defile the pure white of its beautiful fur. And ought not we be as careful about defiling our immortal soul with impure thoughts?

Then we need the high resolve that the unholy thought shall not pass. "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, if there be any praise, think on these things." If the gateways to our souls are peopled with these thoughts, there will be no room for the unholy ones to enter.

During the World War perhaps the most terrible battles took place around Verdun, where the Germans were trying to break through the French lines on their way to Paris. In that terrible struggle there burst from the hearts of the French soldiers the cry: "They shall not pass!" And thousands died in agony that the enemy might not pass. When the unholy and un-Christlike imagination wants to take possession of the citadel of our souls, we need to say with the same high resolve as those French soldiers: It shall not pass!

Then we need power to control our imagination, and this power the Holy Spirit will give us if we but let him.

A Happy New Year Recipe

TAKE twelve fine, full-grown months. See that these are thoroughly free from all old memories of bitterness, cleanse them completely from every clinging spite. Have these months as fresh and clean as when they first came from the great storehouse of Time.

Cut these months into thirty or thirty-one equal parts. This batch will keep just for one year. Prepare one day at a time as follows: Into each day put twelve parts of **Faith**, eleven of **Patience**, ten of **Courage**, nine of **Work**, eight of **Hope**, seven of **Fidelity**, six of **Liberality**, five of **Kindness**, four of **Rest**, three of **Prayer**, two of **Meditation**, one of **Resolution**. If you have no conscientious scruples, put in about a teaspoonful of good spirits, a dash of fun, a pinch of folly, a sprinkling of play and a heaping cupful of good humor. Pour into the whole love, and mix with a vim. Cook thoroughly in a fervent heat, garnish with a sprig of joy; then serve with quietness, unselfishness and cheerfulness, and a

HAPPY NEW YEAR IS A CERTAINTY!

A New Year Wish

Health enough to make work a pleasure.

Wealth enough to support your needs.

Strength enough to battle with difficulties and overcome them.

Grace enough to confess your sins and forsake them.

Patience enough to toil until some good is accomplished.

Charity enough that shall see some good in your neighbor.

Cheerfulness enough that shall move you to be useful and helpful to others.

Faith that shall remove all anxious fears concerning the future.—Rev. N. S. Harriss.

My New Year's Resolution

I WILL keep my lips sweet with the words of kindness; my heart pure with noble ideals; my hands clean with honorable deeds; I will keep my body sacred and my soul free; I will strive to be rich in love, strong in gentleness, untiring in patience, abundant in hope; I will serve God by helping some of his children; I will try always to be better than my word and more liberal than my promise; every day I will make the most of myself and the best of myself, and so be ready for the opportunities which God daily sends to those who are ready for them.—Robert J. Burdette.

* * *

A Thief Needs No Help

A Murderer Needs No Help

But

A Bootlegger Must Have a Patron

I Do Not Help Him—Do You?



King's Daughters Society of our Church at Canton, Ohio. Mrs. J. J. Abel, president.

King's Daughters Society, Canton, Ohio

Almost two years have passed since a small group of nine girls organized a King's Daughters Society. Since that time nine more members have been added to our list. The object of the society is to promote the spiritual and social growth among the girls, train them in the work of Home and Foreign missions and above all, "striving to win souls for Christ." The society's motto is: "Saved to Serve," and its Bible verse we find in 1 Cor. 15: 58: "Therefore, my beloved brethren (sisters), be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not vain in the Lord."

Twenty-two monthly meetings were held. At each meeting, after the regular devotional opening and after all business has been transacted, the time is spent in social chat while needlework is being done. During this time Rev. J. J. Abel, our pastor, has favored us with several interesting and inspiring talks. A tasty luncheon concludes the evening program.

Since we organized we have had an interesting "Apron Drive." On one Sunday afternoon plants were distributed to old and sick, while on another Sunday members and friends drove to the "County Home." There we had a short service in the chapel and in each of the wards in the hospital, after which oranges, apples and roses were distributed. The girls put forth a great effort in making a "Bazaar and Bake Sale," held shortly before last Christmas, a success. We also were happy to contribute a small amount to General Missions and Cameroon, as well as to our orphanage at St. Joseph. At Easter the girls had a lovely time putting up a box of candies and a little handkerchief for each boy and girl at the Children's Home in St. Joseph and also a sum of money for things which were needed. Last spring the girls had a contest to see who could sell the largest amount of "Jello." Over 1000 boxes

were sold and a lovely gift was given to the winner.

As a society the girls presented the church with a lovely German pulpit Bible and also a sum of money. May God's blessing rest on our small undertakings! As we sail out into another year, we would have Jesus as our Pilot.

MARY JARVIS, Sec.

Muscatine Moves Forward

Due to a number of blessings from God there has been a wonderful increase in our B. Y. P. U. at Muscatine, Ia., and we feel that others should know about these blessings.

Upon the departure of Rev. D. Klein who left us on the first of last year our church was at a loss about securing a pastor. An offer was made us by a young man by the name of Pete Smit. We immediately saw great possibilities in this man through the strength of God.

His interest was directed upon the B. Y. P. U. The first time we had Pete Smit in our society a number of suggestions were made and action was taken upon these immediately. The first meeting, at which Mr. Smit took action, had an attendance of eight persons. This meeting was in October. The society last Sunday had an attendance of 38 present. We are endeavoring to have the largest society of young people in the city of Muscatine.

The Sunday school is also growing. Recently a Teacher's Training Class was started and up to the present time has proved a great success. The orchestra great spirit. These facts make one feel so good that they must be passed on to one reading this might encourage the young people in their work wherever they are. An example will illustrate. A night and enjoyed the meeting very much. He was invited to return. He continued to come very faithfully and received so many blessings that just yes-

terday at the communion table he was given the right hand of fellowship into our church along with eight other souls who have given their heart to the Lord. These conversions were encouraged by a series of revival meetings held at our church for a period of two weeks. Our pastor Pete Smit conducted all of these in a very effective manner. The series of revival meetings resulted in twelve souls being brought to the Lord and fifteen consecrations being made. We think this work is wonderful and hope that it will continue through the help of God.

RALPH TOBORG, Secretary and Booster.

Southey Steps Into the "Herald" Family

Although you have never heard from the Young People's Society of Southey, Sask., before, we are an enthusiastic and lively group of workers for the Lord. Our society can boast of 35 members.

On Wednesday, October 22, a musical program was rendered by the members of our society in the church. The program consisted of orchestra selections, violin selections, a saxophone and violin duett, a piano duett and a dialog entitled "The Wise Fool." The choir of the church helped to make this program a success with several numbers.

Refreshments were served to all guests in the church basement.

The amount collected for admission was \$28.00. The Young People's Society has purchased a piano and this money is part of the payment for it.

May God continue to bless all young people in every church and make them hard-working members in his kingdom!

MARY SAUER, Sec.

Watertown Walks in Good Works

Although we do not often appear in the limelight, it does not mean we are inactive.

On Sunday evening, Nov. 23, a program was given in the Watertown, Wis., Baptist church under the auspices of the Ladies Aid Missionary Society. The Lebanon and Concord Baptist churches uniting, as well as many friends and strangers. The church was filled to capacity, chairs were placed in the aisles to help accommodate the people.

The program consisted of song by the congregation, scripture and prayer by Rev. T. Bender, pastor of the Lebanon Baptist church, violin, piano, clarinet and vocal solos, ladies quartet, several readings and a brief talk by our pastor, Rev. G. Wetter. After these numbers a play-let was dramatized, "In the Claws of the Russian Bear."

We have tried to think not only of ourselves, but of others also. In October a parcel was sent to Miss Erica Bender, which we hope will reach her in due time to help carry out her Christmas plans.

At various times other donations have been made cheerfully.

May God help us in the coming year to do his will and be a blessing to others!

MRS. G. WETTER.

The Sunday School

A Thought for the New Year

Just to be tender, just to be true,
Just to be glad the whole day through;
Just to be merciful, just to be mild,
Just to be trustful as a child;
Just to be gentle and kind and sweet.
Just to be helpful with willing feet.
Just to be cheery when things go wrong,
Just to drive sadness away with a song,
Whether the hour is dark or bright,
Just to be loyal to God and right.
Just to believe that God knows best.
Just in his promise ever to rest!
Just to let love be our daily key—
This is God's will for you and for me."

A Plea for the Graded Lessons In Our Sunday Schools

MRS. H. F. KRUEGER

The success of our public school system is largely due to its careful grading, having children of like ages together for work adapted to that age. The old ungraded school was often a failure unless in the hands of a very good teacher.

How About Our Sunday Schools?

Can we close our eyes to our ungraded Sunday schools? We who have benefited by the Public School system and have possibly taught in these schools? Can we say the old way is good enough, why bother about graded lessons? Not so if our heart is in the work. To the faithful Sunday school worker nothing is too good for the Sunday school, and only when we know we have the best there is to be had in the line of lessons and grading should we be satisfied.

There probably are no Sunday schools that do not have a separate primary department, but these are often struggling along with the International Lessons, having only the "Lektionsblatt" as help. A step in advance of this are the "Group Uniform Lessons" which give special topics for primary and junior departments. The "Primary Class" and "Junior Class" are quarterlies very nicely prepared to be put into the hands of the children of these departments and the "Primary Teacher" and "Junior Teacher" for the teachers. This would be a great improvement and the children would be delighted to have lesson papers with suitable pictures and stories which they themselves could read. These of course are available in the English language only; why a graded system and course of lessons have never been worked out in the German language is a puzzle to the writer.

Much Bible knowledge has been lost in our German Sunday schools of the past and perhaps today by devoting so much time teaching the children to read the German language and that often so meagerly that at twelve they are not able to read intelligently and unless the

homes come to the rescue the lack of Bible knowledge is pitiful.

As Good as the "Uniform Graded Lessons"

may be, they are only partially graded and are really a stepping stone to a complete graded system. Our American Baptist Publication Society puts out the "Keystone Graded Lessons" which offer suitable lessons for every age and are used in many Sunday schools with great success. Our Publication Manager, Mr. H. P. Donner, would be glad to send any Sunday school a prospectus or sample copies and any information needed to get started.

The work is arranged for different lessons for every age of the pupils, such as can be understood at that age, having four main objectives throughout the course. These objectives are first Evangelism, second Christian Living, third Missions, fourth Individual Life Choices. These four goals are kept before us in the Keystone Graded Lessons because these lessons seek to meet the child's special needs and to direct his spiritual experiences at every stage of his development, year by year. The writers do their best to follow God's law for growing character, just as the farmers prepare the soil, plant the seed, cultivate and harvest the crop in accordance with God's law for growing corn. The American Baptist Publication Society furnishes material explaining these lessons more fully and superintendents and teachers not using graded work would do well to investigate into the merits of this work.

The graded work is arranged for different lessons for every age, yet it can be used in smaller schools where children of several ages may be classed together. A special plan is worked out for such schools.

A Great Advantage of the Graded Lessons

is that they cover all the ground, they have been worked out with the whole system in view, having regular text books as in any school system.

Where schools are large enough the ideal graded Sunday school ought to meet for general assembly in separate departments, but often the equipment is lacking for this and the whole school must meet together. The various lesson and memory verses make a rehearsal of the lesson at the closing period out of the question, but why must that old custom be kept up? If the superintendent has confidence in the teachers' teaching of the lesson, why go over the same ground again?

If a General Assembly of the Whole School Is Necessary

or desired after graded work has been taken up, there are many ways to make that period interesting and instructive. One suggestion would be to have a pupil

from each department give a brief synopsis of what they learned in their lesson (assigning it the previous Sunday), or a little program of a few numbers would be a nice change.

Getting the pupils to do things and doing less preaching ourselves might be a good slogan for some of us who are in danger of getting into ruts.

At the meeting of the B. Y. P. U. and S. S. Workers' Union of South Dakota last summer the following resolution was adopted concerning the graded work in our Sunday schools: "We recommend most earnestly that the officers and teachers of all our Sunday schools investigate the merits of the 'Keystone Graded Lessons' to find whether their adoption would not be a distinct advance over the lessons generally in use."

What the members of the promotion committee of this Union are trying to recommend in our own state, they, through the "Baptist Herald," would like to recommend to all Sunday schools: Give the graded lessons a trial; let us not stop with something "pretty good"—let the best be our goal.

Madison, S. Dak.

A Good Woman

O woman-hearts, that keep the days of old
In living memory, can you stand back
When Christ calls? Shall the heavenly
Master lack
The serving love, which is your life's fine
gold?

Do you forget the hand which placed the
crown
Of happy freedom on the woman's head,
And took her from the dying and the
dead,
Lifting the wounded soul long trodden
down?

Do you forget who bade the morning
break,
And snapped the fetters of the iron
years?
The Savior calls for service: from your
fears
Rise, girl with faith, and work for his
dear sake!

And he will touch the trembling lips with
fire,—
O let us hasten, lest we come too late!
And all shall work; if some must stand
and wait,
Be theirs the wrestling prayer that will
not tire.

R. O.

Birds of a Feather

Jack: "Why is a figure 9 like a peacock?"

Jim: "Don't know, why?"

Jack: "Because it is nothing without a tail."—Boy's Life.

GINGER ELLA

By ETHEL HUESTON

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(Continuation)

CHAPTER XVII

All Ginger's hottest arguments could not shake her father's determination. The small matter of his own vision must wait upon the education of the twins. The money they had saved during the summer—thanks to his own vacation at Pay Dirt, and to the presence of Hiram Buckworth as a regular paying guest in the parsonage,—must go to their equipment at college. As for himself, he was to be in no hurry. The doctor had agreed that the first thing for him to do was to become strong and robust, and to live at peace with all the world. This then was his present duty, and to it he bent all his energies.

Miriam, greatly to their surprise, evinced no real enthusiasm for college—Miriam, the student, the twin of judgment. It seemed to her a waste of time, she doubted if true education was to be derived from books, she was not yet sure what specific line she wished to follow as a profession. However, she yielded to their arguments, with the saving clause that she "might not go four years,—a couple anyhow,—one can learn a lot in two years."

In this emergency, Mr. Tolliver departed from the established rule of the house, and arranged for a charge account at Joplin Westbury's dry goods store. He cautioned the girls, in conference with Miss Jenkins, to use it as sparingly as possible, and to practise the most rigid economy in fitting out the twins, but what other young girls had for college, they, too, must have.

Ginger and Marjory held their own counsel. They used the charge account only enough to allay the suspicions of Miss Jenkins and Helen, who was back in Red Thrush after her honeymoon, and living, strangely, in a small cottage some blocks removed from the parsonage. But mostly they drew upon the contributions to the home for the blind. Ginger learned what it meant to give till it hurts—it hurt her afresh every time she drew a dime from the precious store that she had fondly hoped would bring the blessing of clear vision to her father, but he had decreed flatly that the twins came first, that he and his affairs must wait. So Ginger obediently set herself to the accouterment of the twins.

Already they were registered at Iowa Wesleyan. Already arrangements had been made for them to live at Hershey Hall, giving service in return for their accommodations, Marjory at the telephone, Miriam in charge of the library. And already it was September, the public

and sweep Margie off too. For you know— Wait till I see if anybody's around!—You know, Eddy, she's awfully gone on— You know who— Preacher!—Wait, till I close the door!—Yes, he's nice, but he can console himself with Miriam. Such a sensible girl ought to be a great consolation to religion."

Eddy's invitation for them to come out to Pay Dirt for dinner at the farm she negated after a moment's consideration.

"No. Too prosaic. Your mother is so practical. She and Miriam would be sure to talk of canning fruit, of frying chickens, or what not.—No, you bring him here.—I don't know how in the world I'll get rid of Hiram, but I will. I'll get rid of father, too, he'd be sure to give it away, he's so honest.—Make it rather late—the furniture doesn't show up so well—I mean so badly—when it is dark. Come for dinner, but not too early. Come in the gloaming."

"All right. What time is the gloaming?" asked Eddy.

Ginger hung up the receiver. Then she went straight to the attic. This was opportunity tapping at the door. Tapping? Why, it was fairly screaming for admittance. A cool million—Eddy was right—hot million would be better, a fiery million, a boiling million, a skyrocket million.—She unlocked the doll's trunk. The precious cache had been rifled often, and pretty thoroughly, in the last three weeks, but a steady stream trickled into it every day. And this was to be an event in the lives of every one of them, a thing to remember for ever, as long as they lived.

Ginger, with that springing imagination of hers, could already see Marjory, with softly silvered hair and the delicate rose flush of old age on her peach-bloom cheeks, recounting to the grandchildren clustered at her knee—beautiful children, all with golden curls and dimpled elbows, and all about the same size, clustered together like the cherubs in old religious paintings,—and this party was planned, and paid for, for my sake, by my dear little sister Ginger Ella.— And there I met—"

But this brought a break in the vein of her thought, for she could think of no fitting name to supply. She wished she had asked Eddy. Sylvester was rather an unusual name, but Ginger did not especially care for it. Thinking of men in general,—Eddy Jackson, Tub Andrews, the can grocer, even the young minister,—Ginger admitted in some depression that the name of the romantic figure would probably be Sam, Peter or Bill.

She filled her shabby purse with money, all dimes, and went down-town. There was buying to be done, much buying. But there was one small detail that required her first attention. At the dry goods' store she went into the private office of the president, to pay her Methodist respects to Joplin Westbury. "Hello, how's everybody?" he greeted her cheerfully.

"Oh, just fine, thanks. Father's getting

a double chin. The twins are fine, too. They go to college in just ten days now. I'm fine, too."

"How's our young preacher?"

"I don't know. I don't see much of him. I think he's blue—or lonesome, or something. You see, he feels that he's sort of out of things, because he's not a regular preacher. I dare say he thinks the members sort of snub him on that account, and leave him out of their church talk, and all."

"Why, that's too bad. I suppose he doesn't want to intrude—with your father there, and all. We like him first-rate."

"But you never do have him come to your house to talk church—the way you used to do with father, do you?"

"Well, you tell him to come around and see me. Tell him I especially asked for him. I'll pretend he's been neglecting me, and put it off on him. You tell him I want to know why he never comes around to talk church!"

"When?—Tonight?"

"Well—yes. Tonight."

"He'll be pleased," said Ginger gently.

"He's so young. He just loves to go about with father, and hobnob with the old pillars, and feel you are all salt of the earth together."

"Maybe your father would like to come along?"

"He'd love it.—If you really want him."

"Of course I want him. I want both of them. They've been making me run everything myself, and I don't like it."

"Early this evening? Right after dinner?"

"Tell them to come for dinner. I'll call my wife right up, and tell her we're having all the preachers for dinner.—Don't you want to come along? When it comes to running things, you can put it over the whole board, if you ask me."

"Oh, Mr. Westbury, what an idea! It's nice of you to invite me, but I can't come tonight. I have some personal business to attend to."

From his office, Ginger plunged into an utter orgy of buying. For the first time in her life, she abandoned herself to reckless spending. She bought an alligator pear. There were only two in town, and she bought one of them. She had never tasted an alligator pear, but she knew it was something elegant. She bought a jar of ripe olives. Ripe olives were not common in Iowa, but she had seen them advertised in her systematic study of the magazines. She bought salted almonds, and after-dinner mints. She bought an angel-food cake. In the furniture store she bought two small rose-colored lamps for the living-room. In the dry goods store, she bought two pairs of white stockings, silk-to-the-top. Miriam didn't really need them, of course, but one could not well show partiality between twins.

On her way home, she stopped at Smart Brothers, and bought half a dozen Cecil Brunner roses, with smilax. Smart Brothers were Methodists, and usually gave her the cut flowers that were too long cut for selling. They did this today, but Ginger, while she accepted them

gratefully, persisted in her purchase of fresh buds, also.

Then she went swiftly home, and into the kitchen, where she rolled up her sleeves and went to work. She had no notion of announcing anticipated events until the two ministers were well out of the house, and dinner was ready. She realized that she could easily fool the men with this most timely invitation out, but her sisters would certainly suspect her of connivance. So she postponed her announcement, and in the meanwhile, she worked. She polished the silverware. She picked out the best napkins. She arranged the rosebuds and smilax in the bowl—which was real majolica, one of their few treasures, hence always referred to in the absolute, as The Bowl. She whipped up a mayonnaise dressing. She prepared a fruit punch, and set it on the ice to cool.

At five o'clock she sought out her father and Hiram, deep in a discussion of recent progress in the mastery of the air, and informed them that they had been invited out to dinner, most importantly, and that Joplin Westbury expected them very early.

Hiram Buckworth seemed anything but pleased at this hospitable overture.

"But, see here—I can't go. I told Marjory I would—I think I'll call him up—"

"Oh, it's too late. Why, his wife has dinner all ready for you."

"Why didn't you tell us sooner?" he demanded impatiently.

"Well, I didn't get home until very late, and you were up-stairs. I hated to disturb you. And I supposed of course you would like to go."

"Well, of course, I would like it—some-time—but tonight—"

"He said to be there at six, because they eat early, and he likes his food hot," she said. "Come, father, I'll brush you off a bit."

And she persisted in her assiduous kindness until she finally saw her father walking off in the unwilling hands of Hiram Buckworth."

"I can't find Marjory," he whispered, dejectedly. "You tell her how it was—will you? And tell her I'll break away as soon as I decently can."

"Oh, don't do that. Marjory won't mind—she can wait until tomorrow night for—whatever you were going to do tonight."

And she stood grimly on the veranda and watched until they disappeared from sight.

"For it would be just like him to drop poor father right in the middle of the street, and come bounding back for a last look at the roof that shelters her—the base pretender," she said indignantly.

But when she was assured that their departure was final, she flew upstairs to the room where her sisters were industriously sewing lace upon bits of silk to accord with the very latest fashion in lingerie.

"Girls, hurry and get dolled up," she said. "Father and Hiram have gone out

to dinner—to Jop West's—and Eddy Jackson is coming in, and I'm doing all the work myself, so we're going to pretend it's a party just for us."

"Put it off till tomorrow night," said Marjory, "so—father will be here."

"Can't. Eddy has some kid from some place—old school friend, or something—and he wants something to do with him, so they are coming here. Come on now, let's have a good time.—Look, I bought you each a present—silk-to-the-top." She brandished the stockings before them. "A sale. Good ones."

Marjory's eyes were wistful. "They are just lovely," she said, "but I shan't waste them on Eddy Jackson and that child from some place. I'll keep them till tomorrow when—father is here."

"Since when has father shown such fondness for silk stockings? And if you don't put them on this very minute, I'm going to wear them myself.—Aw, Margie, be a sport. Show Eddy a good time for once. Think how good he was to father."

Either the pleading or the threat was to good effect. Marjory hastily pulled off her shoes and stockings, and tried on the new silks-to-the-top. The shimmering whiteness of them, the silken softness, seemed to inspire her, to inspire Miriam, also, who quickly emulated her example, and inciting each other to further effort by this brave beginning, they entered joyously into the spirit of the affair. They brought out their entire wardrobe to make selections that would match the charm of the silk stockings—treasured bits of ribbons and lace, modest pieces of inexpensive jewelry. They tried things on, rearranged, experimented. They admired bizarre effects, offered criticisms, suggestions, helped to arrange each other's hair. Ginger, meanwhile, flew distractedly back and forth between kitchen, dining-room and bedroom, urging them on, praising the results.

It was five minutes before seven when they pronounced themselves perfect beyond the power of their possessions to improve one iota. And then they looked at Ginger, a flushed, perspiring Ginger, with tumbled hair and starry eyes, a Ginger adorned in a trim, cheap, flaming red smock.

"Mercy, Ginger, you are a sight. You'd better dress. They'll be here."

But Ginger had no intention of dressing. She was going to make this a real party, two and two, *en tête-à-tête*. She would wait on the table, passing back and forth as service was needed. As the girls, indeed, often took turns in waiting upon the table when there were guests, they quickly acquiesced, for Ginger said, she was entirely too hot, and too tired, and too excited to dress.

"Well, at least, then, wash the jam off your face," said Marjory.

"That's no jam. It's alligator pear. I licked the seed," said Ginger inelegantly. "And I can't say I think so much of it."

"Alligator pear!—Oh, Ginger, how wonderful! How much did it cost?"

"Sixty cents. Now don't ask any more

questions, because answering questions makes me more tired than anything else in the world."

She straightened her disordered hair, puffed her flushed face with a whisk of powder, and smoothed down the flaming smock. Beside the twins in their delicate coolness, their shimmering silken whiteness, she was like a hot and seething little fire.

At the sound of the siren at the gate, she ran toward the kitchen, while the twins, each with an arm around the other's waist, sauntered slowly down the stairs, softly singing, as the two men came briskly up the flagstone path.

But Ginger had not gone to the kitchen. Not all the way. She planted herself just beyond the base of the circular staircase, out of sight, but where a mirror on the opposite wall reflected the veranda entrance. Ginger was not one to miss the approach of a romantic figure. These things happen too seldom to be taken with nonchalance.

And as, in the mirror, reflecting the doorway, she saw that brisk approach up the flagstone path, black horror darkened her eyes, white anger paled her flushed cheeks.

The twins, cool, white and smiling, had descended to the bottom-most step. And in the open doorway, laughing, stood Eddy Jackson. And beside him—

Miriam withdrew herself impetuously from Marjory's light clasp, and flung her arms about him.

"Oh, Alex—oh, you darling—you hateful thing—Why didn't you tell me?—Margie, it's Alex!"

It was the can grocer.

CHAPTER XVIII

A fresh wave of wrath painted Ginger's face with rose. She flushed from the secretion of her corner by the stairway just in time to see the can grocer press a fervent and unmistakable kiss upon the delicate lips of Miriam, the sensible twin. Miriam seemed not in the least surprised, but rather pleased. Marjory, too, seemed to take the outrage with indecent calmness, while Eddy Jackson wore a smile no less than diabolic.

"Just for that, Eddy Jackson, you owe me ninety dimes," she announced sternly. "Nine whole dollars I spent on this comedy of yours."

And she marched straight to the kitchen. Only Eddy Jackson heard her. For Miriam, the last shred of her sensibility thrown to the winds, was clinging to Alexander's hands, and trying to draw Marjory by sheer force into the warmth of his nearness. Eddy followed Ginger to the kitchen.

"Aw, have a heart," he pleaded. "He told me to do it."

Ginger stared at a pan on the stove, where thick heavy bubbles rose and fell. "You see the gravy is burning," she said, and offered not a hand to save it. "Let it burn. I hope it does burn. I

hope the gravy burns him, and the fried chicken gives him pernicious anemia."

Eddy laughed. "Listen, wild one, and I'll tell the deep and bloody mystery of that young man's life. Nobody knows it. Marjory doesn't know it. Miriam herself doesn't know it. But I know it and I'll tell you. He really is a romantic figure—most romantic—"

"Canned beans, canned corn, canned tomato soup, canned peaches—it makes me sick—canned sweet potatoes—" she recounted drearily.

Eddy Jackson briskly stirred the gravy as he talked. Eddy was fond of cream gravy.

"He's no grocer. His family owns that chain gang set, whatever you call it, the Orange and Black, all over the country. Alex will be some high-mucky-muck-manager one of these days. They sent him on this trip west to familiarize himself with this business, and the localities—this new idea of know your stuff from the ground up.

Ginger took the spoon away from him. After all, it was her gravy.

"Eddy, why didn't you tell me?"

"He told me not to. Nobody knew it. Not even the chain bunch here in town."

"But you should have told me!"

"Why should I have told you?"

"Because it would have done me so much good. Because—"

"If anybody asks me not to tell something that is none of my business—and nobody else's—I won't tell it," said Eddy firmly.

"Just like father," mourned Ginger.

Suddenly a fresh amaze swept over her. "But Eddy, just see what a mess you've made of it. Why, he's never so much as looked at Marjory."

"I should say not. He's nuts over Miriam."

"But Miriam—Miriam hasn't got a thing—but brains."

"She's got Alexander Murdock."

"Does Miriam think he is a real grocer?"

"Yes. She told me she would marry him if he was a shoe shiner."

"Marry him. Did he ask her?"

"Sure. That's what he came back for. Brought the engagement ring."

Ginger's eyes glittered. "Put another chair at the table, will you? And get me a knife and fork from that drawer. There won't be any waiting on at this party. You can carry the plates back and forth yourself."

So Ginger accepted Alexander Murdock as a prospective brother-in-law, and one to be received with a certain amount of gratitude. After all, he could give them a reduction on the canned groceries. She shook hands with him, exclaimed joyously over the brilliant solitaire which adorned Miriam's slender finger, and admitted that the dénouement was well worth the ninety dimes expended.

"Why dimes?" demanded Eddy curiously.

"Oh, that's the way I get it—I mean, save it," she amended quickly.

Of Alexander Murdock she could not resist a final question.

"There's nothing the matter with you, is there? You're perfectly normal, aren't you? You do admire beauty, don't you?"

"Is there? Am I! Do I!" exclaimed Alexander Murdock dramatically.

"You do admire beauty?"

"No, I adore it," he declared, with pleased eyes upon Miriam's face. "I lie down and grovel in the dust before it. I dream of it sleeping, and I'm dazed with it waking. It was her beauty that bowled me over before I even dreamed she could be so nice."

Ginger looked startled. "Who are you talking about?"

"Miriam, of course.—Who are you?"

"Oh! I see. Nobody. I was just thinking."

She regarded her twin sisters reflectively, one after the other. Miriam was well enough of course, the still, deep kind, nothing surprising, nothing startling about her. Miriam was the type that one gets used to. But Marjory's brilliancy was a fresh revelation, an entirely new amazement, every day.

"Beauty's queer, isn't it?" she puzzled. Then she studied her own piquant features in the mirror, and for the first time, not without some hope. "Look me over, will you? Does anybody see any signs of it on me?"

(Concluded in our next)

Colfax Celebrates

On the second Sunday in November the Colfax B. Y. P. U. rendered their annual program or anniversary.

The church was filled to capacity, for it was indeed a joyous occasion.

The program was given to show our thankfulness for the loving guidance and help the Lord granted us in the past year. Everything was done in that spirit.

The program consisted of readings, various selections in song, instrumental music, a pantomime and a play entitled, "In the Claws of the Russian Bear."

Many good impressions were made especially with the latter number. Any one having read the play will agree that we can't be too thankful for the religious freedom we enjoy in this our country. If everyone would but sincerely take advantage of this privilege.

Before closing, the officers for the coming year were installed. This ceremony was conducted by our pastor.

At the close of the program refreshments were served.

Two Sundays later a number of our members visited the county home. This was the first meeting of the kind. The old men were indeed thankful for the services rendered. The request was made that we return again soon. If God so wills we shall make an effort to make this a regular practice; knowing that God not only blesses those whom we in a small measure are privileged to serve but also we who serve.

REPORTER.

Another Year

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL

Another year of service,
Of witness for thy love;
Another year of training
For holier works above.
Another year is dawning!
Dear Master, let it be
On earth or else in heaven,
Another year for thee!

Dedication of New Church Home, Lincoln County, Kansas

One of the most attractive houses of worship which our rural German Baptist churches can boast of, was dedicated in the northwestern part of Kansas during the week beginning with Sunday, Oct. 19. It is the new edifice of the Bethany Church, near Vesper, Lincoln Co., Kans., Rev. G. O. Heide, pastor. A study of the accompanying picture will bear out the claim. The building is attractive and imposing from without and well adapted and useful in its interior appointments.

The history of the congregation goes back 52 years. The former church home was erected in 1883 and served its purposes 47 years. The need of a better building made itself keenly felt of late years, especially when the claims and needs of the Sunday school and the young people's work were considered. Though not a wealthy congregation, they decided not merely to renovate or enlarge the old building but to erect a new one adapted to their growing needs. With unanimity and faith they entered on the task and the "people had a mind to work." The enterprise was begun on April 1 and on Sunday, Oct. 18, the new church was ready to be dedicated.

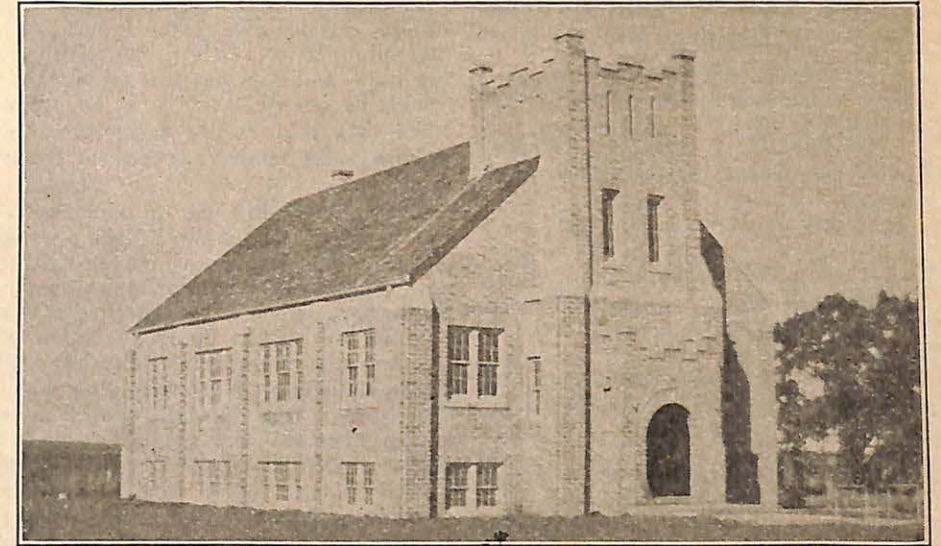
The Sunday school session opened up the first part of the dedicatory program under the direction of Supt. E. Jaeger. Pastors R. Klein and A. Sandow addressed the school. At the morning church service which followed, Dr. Wm. Kuhn of Forest Park, our General Secretary of Missions, preached the sermon, based on Jacob's Vision at Bethel. Rev. A. Knopf of Dillon assisted in the devotions and Rev. Chas. Wagner of Marion offered the dedicatory prayer.

The dedication of the basement dining hall followed by all guests partaking of a bountiful meal prepared by the ladies of the church. Covers were laid three times to take care of the large crowd present.

At the afternoon service the thought of fellowship was emphasized and greetings and congratulations were brought by the pastors of five German Baptist sister churches and by five representatives from English-speaking churches. Letters of former pastors unable to be present were read. The church choir rendered excellent service throughout the day.

At the evening meeting Dr. Kuhn preached again to a full house, basing his message on Acts 2:4. The offerings for the building fund during the day amounted to \$902.

The new edifice is built of yellow



New Church Home, Lincoln County, Kansas

brick and its dimensions are 38x56 feet. The square tower in the center houses a bell which calls to worship. The main auditorium has seats for 250 people, with pulpit platform, baptistery and dressing rooms. There are seven special classrooms for the Sunday school.

From the financial report given by Bro. A. Gaebelein, treasurer, we select a few items of interest. The members pledged \$6300. The Ladies Aid gave \$600 in cash. About \$480 was contributed by outside friends. For different memorials there were gifts of \$275. The General Missionary Society made a gift of \$500. With an expenditure of \$11,438.27 for the building, there remains an indebtedness of \$3883.72. A great deal of free labor was furnished by the members, which reduced the cost of the building by thousands of dollars.

Bro. Heide and his faithful flock of 90 members are to be congratulated on the achievement of such a fine and successful enterprise. May the new house of worship prove to be a place and means of blessing to many souls.

Reception for New Matron

A reception of friendly welcome in honor of Miss Ethel Hendricks, the new matron of the German Baptist Home for the Aged in Philadelphia, was held by the Men's and Women's Boards of Managers at the Home on Saturday evening, December 6. A large gathering of the members of the boards and of the guests in the Home was present in the chapel to extend their greetings and best wishes to Miss Hendricks.

Mr. Reuben Windisch, the president of the Men's Board, had charge of the program and on behalf of the board extended to Miss Hendricks a message of heartiest and warmest welcome. The Women's Board of Managers was represented by its president, Mrs. Christ Gaertner. Mr. William Uhlhorn, the vice-president of the Men's Board, addressed himself to the guests that they might co-operate with the matron and help to make her work a joy.

Other speakers included Miss Elizabeth Heide, the nurse, the ministers of the two German Baptist churches, Mr. Jacob Gaertner, secretary of the Men's Board, Mrs. Herman Mengel, secretary of the Women's Board, and others. After the program everyone made the personal acquaintance of the new matron with friendly greetings and enjoyed the refreshments.

Miss Hendricks began her work as matron Dec. 1. She has lovingly won her way into the lives of the guests of the Home and into the hearts of the members of the boards. Her sincere words, spoken at the close of the program, clearly revealed how God's Spirit had guided her and how much she loved the work. Miss Hendricks came with a great wealth of experience from the Chicago Home, and already she has established herself and won many friends in the Philadelphia Home for the Aged, where her future as matron is exceedingly promising.

Rally in Grand Forks

On October 5 the First German Baptist Church of Grand Forks, N. Dak., gave its annual Rally Day program. The platform was filled with fruits and vegetables of almost every description. The children rendered the program in a fine manner and it was enjoyed by all.

Our Young People's Society has also been on its toes since it resumed activities after the summer recess. On Nov. 9 we presented a program which consisted of readings, songs, guitar selection and a missionary pageant in which 15 children took part, all dressed in the native costumes of the country they represented. All through it was very fine and enjoyed by all.

On Nov. 23 we presented another program before a well filled church. The program consisted of several dialogs, recitations and musical numbers.

May the Lord strengthen us so that we may work with more vigor in his vineyard. MRS. FRED KRANZLER, Sec.

"And They Brought Little Children"

GRACE NOLL CROWELL

"That he might put his hands on them and pray—"

I love to think of that far afternoon,
And of the mothers hastening down the way

That they might reach him soon.

That they might reach him, and their little ones

Receive the power of his life-giving touch:

These mothers with small daughters and small sons

Who needed him so much!

I love to think how hopefully they came,
With little wistful babies, sure that he
Would take them in his arms, and speak
a name,

And love them tenderly.

Half wistful do I recall that day;

I, too, would bring all children, everywhere,

To him, if I but could, that he might pray

His blessed, healing prayer.

A New Missionary's First Impressions of China

(Kindly placed at our disposal by Rev. A. Bredy)

September 22, 1930.

Dear Friends:—

Today begins my second week in China, and what a different country! I am trying very hard to recall some of the mental pictures I had before my arrival, but viewing the reality these have all vanished. Certainly I did not expect to find conditions as they are. The first two or three days I could only see the physical infirmities of the people, which are so apparent on every street, and in all parts of the land which I have seen so far. Then, too, the deplorable economic situation. I didn't dream the kind of poverty exists that I am seeing all around me. And, worst of all, the lack of a fine spiritual life.

After visiting in our Christian Hospital, and the Girl's School as well as the Boy's School, and the Industrial Mission here in Shaohing I am very much heartened, and I am seeing both how much good is being carried on among these people, also how great the need is still at this time for more Christian missionaries.

The two days I spent visiting Kobe, Japan, were to me a challenge; however, I found after my arrival in China, here is a country even less fortunate than Japan. Of course there is vastly more territory here and ever so many more people, and that is why to me the need seems even more of a challenge to come and work and help in the training of Christian men and women who may go out and in turn uplift their beloved countrymen.

To anyone who doubts the necessity of foreign missionaries here, I just wish they might have been with me these past few days, and it is needless to say, they would be convinced otherwise. How much they still need the guidance the foreign workers have ever so freely given!

Saturday evening one of the missionaries came to call for Miss Clark and me to go up Pagoda Hill, a high hill in the city, on which stands a Buddhist temple. As we approached the entrance, there were seated on the steps a number of beggars, a most unsightly lot, while still others of their company were lying about in hovels on the ground. Inside were gathered several hundred women, the majority being older Chinese women, holding in their hands a circle of beads, while these were slipping one by one between their fingers, they were chanting incessantly "O-Mo-Do-Vah"—meaning "The Great Buddha." They were congregated there for the night, each of them being supplied with a little lunch-basket and though it was only 9.15 P. M. when we visited, there were a number of them sound asleep, either sitting on the ground or leaning their heads upon their arms. There were no priests present at this ceremony, and there was nothing there to inspire any worship, as the rooms were dark, not very warm, and in the front of the temple were rows of ugly looking idols, some being gilded, still others in brilliant blue and red colors. One thing that impressed me in this service was, that attention was easily distracted from the chant, as many of them ceased their prayers, and with eyes wide open looked us over, some of them beginning conversations with the other two missionaries who were with me, and who understood what they were saying.

As one walks the streets of Shaohing it is sad to notice the large number of people employed in the manufacture of "Worship Money." This is made from paper, having thin sheets of lead hammered on to it. This is taken to the temple and offered to the gods to obtain merit or to propitiate the evil spirit. The Industrial Mission here which is directed by Miss Dowling and Miss Clark is doing a great deal to supply another kind of employment that will yield them a livelihood by doing various kinds of embroidery which they sell, and the proceeds support the Woman's School. It is in this school that the women also learn to know their Savior. Pray the Lord that he will bless this work particularly, because the people do need the work and earn a living. It is a joy to see some of the women at their work in the Mission, their faces radiant with happiness they did not know before when they were sitting throughout the days stamping the sheets of lead onto the paper, which barely paid them enough to pay for the rice they needed that day as food.

I would not have you think that Shaohing is altogether non-Christian. Sunday morning when I attended church I had a most pleasant and agreeable surprise.

What a lovely church! Quite a large auditorium with a gallery. Of course this was nothing like the beautiful Gothic styles we have in America, but it is large enough to accommodate their congregation, and is kept clean, what a wonderful contrast to the Buddhist temple, which is filthy and ugly. There was a good attendance, I judge about 400. Pastor Chang is their minister, and while he preached in Chinese, I know he must be a good preacher, as his voice sounded forth his own conviction and faith in what he was telling his congregation. His text was taken from a few verses of the 11th chapter of Hebrews. How I wish you might have heard their singing; they sing the same hymns we do at home, translated into their vernacular, so even I could sing and praise God with them. The assistant pastor is also a very fine young man and conducts the Sunday school work in the Adult Department and work among the young people.

In the evening I was asked to speak to the nurses in their chapel, and one of the missionaries translated what I said. I was amazed to see the little chapel crowded, and was told this is always the case as I will soon know for myself. Miss Larner and I had to occupy seats in front. Though I spoke in English they gave me their very best attention, and it was so inspiring to see one or two heads giving assent to what I was saying, for there were two girls who understood English. Preceding this they had one half hour of song-service, and during this period I sang for them "Oh Master, let me walk with Thee." When I finished I wondered if they enjoyed hearing me sing in English, and was surprised after I sat down to hear them ask to sing it in Chinese, and so we did, sang it all over again.

I might tell you a good many other things, but perhaps I had better save them for the next time. Tuesday morning I am leaving here for Shanghai, and by next Sunday will be on my way to Peiping for language study. I shall be at the School for Oriental Studies, Peiping, China, and will be glad to have letters from you just when you find time to write. Please remember me in your prayers, that the Lord may grant me ability to learn the language so that I may become useful in his service here in China.

My love to all of you, and please don't mind this printed letter, it isn't because I'm not thinking of each one of you individually, it is because I am that this letter is being printed so that those of you who are especially anxious to hear how I am getting along, may have a word from me at this time. Much as I should like to I cannot possibly write all the letters I want to.

Sincerely yours,
KATHERINE MUEHL.

* * *

Hubby: "This blueberry pie looks queer, dear."

Wifey: "O honey, maybe I put in too much bluing!"—Boston Transcript.

A New Year's Message From the President

To the members and friends of the Baptist World Alliance:

Profound gratitude and lofty hope should fill the hearts of Baptists everywhere as they enter the New Year 1931.

The chief event in the life of the Baptist World Alliance during 1930 has been the celebration of the first twenty-five years in its history. They have been years of notable achievement in extending our unity, proclaiming our distinctive doctrines, and defending the liberties of our people. Most of this quarter of a century covers the war and after-war periods—that severe testing-time when nations were sundered and world-brotherhoods shattered. Yet our bonds in Christ have not only held but been strengthened. The sense of growing unity based upon a common spiritual experience is now world-wide. The past year has brought several large groups into our Alliance family, and other applications are before the Executive.

In 1930 the first Latin-American Baptist Congress at Rio de Janeiro drew the Baptists of South and Central America into closer co-operation and fellowship. There the General Secretary, Dr. J. H. Rushbrooke, representing the Alliance, rendered, as often elsewhere, conspicuous service. I write this message from London, to which Dr. Rushbrooke and myself have just returned after two months spent in Regional Conferences touching the whole of Europe except Russia. Everywhere we found the work of God prospering in the hands of our people. Abundant blessing attends their witness. Their spiritual influence is far out of proportion to their numbers. They as aggressively evangelistic, and are confronting many difficulties with noble faith and heroic courage.

The shadow of spiritual tragedy hangs over Russia. The fervent prayers of world-Baptists are earnestly sought for that unhappy land. The religious situation is appalling. Absolute extinction of religion is the avowed aim of the party which controls the Government. Churches closed, evangelization forbidden, Bibles destroyed, pastors exiled—this is part of the dark story. Let Baptists everywhere wait on God, who is our only help, that his all-sufficient grace may be granted to the persecuted, and that deliverance may soon come.

The world needs our message and our mission. The opportunity of today answers to the genius of our faith. Men call for a religion shorn of magic and superstition, and validated in holy life and spiritual power. With trust in God and in the spirit of the Cross, let us close our ranks and go on to play our part faithfully in the extension of his Kingdom.

JOHN MACNEILL.

* * *

Memory gives us June roses in winter, or it may give us only regrets in any month or season.

Anniversary at Portland, Second Church

Thanksgiving evening, the B. Y. P. U. society of the Second Church, Portland, Ore., celebrated its 28th Anniversary.

The church was beautifully decorated with yellow chrysanthemums. A cornucopia filled with fruit decorated a table in front of the pulpit.

The program consisted of the usual devotional introductory. Opening remarks followed by President Miss Lydia Moser. Miss Ann Schmunk gave the annual secretary's and treasurer's report. The Young People's Chorus sang "Praise the Lord, O Jerusalem." Other numbers were a reading, "If you want to be happy on Thanksgiving day, give something away," by Ruby Oswald; Piano duett by Misses Naomi Wuttke und Emma Freitag; Octett, "Come all ye Thankful People," Misses Cora Oswald, Theo Wuttke, Leona Oswald, Mrs. Ed. Berger, Messrs. Ernie Krombein, Earl Marks, Wm. Freitag, Henry Schmunk; a vocal duett, "God is Love," Miss Clara Oswald and Henry Schmunk; piano solo, "Kammenoi Ostrow," Miss Mildred Haelzer; reading, "Give Thanks," Miss Minna Rattey; offertory, piano and organ duett, "Minuet," Misses Naomi Wuttke and Elsie Krombein; male quartett, Now the Day is Over," Messrs. Adam Haelzer, Earl Marks, Ernie Krombein, Wm Freitag. Benediction, Rev. F. Hoffmann.

Mr. Darrel Marks, one of our ex-members, now a member of Grant Park Baptist Church, gave an inspiring talk on "Building a Christian Character," which we valued greatly.

Mr. Henry Schroeder, president of the Young People's Society of the First German Baptist Church, Portland, presented to us a beautiful bouquet of yellow carnations as a token of love, for which we are very appreciative.

Our four groups and officers did commendable work in preparing and presenting the program for the meetings of the past year.

We are looking forward to making this year the biggest and best year so far and with Christ as our faithful guide we are sure to succeed.

ANNA SCHMUNK, Sec.

Baraca Banquet at Oak Park

The sixth annual banquet of the Baraca Class of the German Baptist Church of Oak Park was held at the Carleton Hotel, Oak Park, on Thursday evening, Dec. 11. About 65 members of the class and their wives and friends of the class sat down at the tables and enjoyed the fine repast provided. Robert J. Krogman acted as toastmaster and Roland E. Ross led in group singing. Old and new songs from a specially prepared song sheet were sung with vim and zest.

The new officers for 1931 were introduced. Paul L. Ross is president, A. C. Anderson, vice-president, D. E. Pauls, secretary, Herman Herzfeld, treasurer, and Otto R. Saffran, pianist. Mr. Ross

and Mr. Saffran are re-elected, the rest form a new set of officers.

A splendid program of music, song and speeches filled out the rest of the enjoyable gathering. The West Suburban quartet, composed of members of the class, gave several selections; Mr. W. J. Krogman played a piano solo and Mr. Walter Ross gave a vocal solo. Rev. Theo. W. Dons, the pastor of the church, and Rev. A. P. Mihm, General Secretary of the Young People's and Sunday School Workers' Union, a friend and helper of the class since its organization, made brief talks that were to the point. Mr. R. D. O'Brien, Secretary of the Oak Park Y. M. C. A. and at present acting teacher of the class, gave a splendid talk in which he feelingly referred to the inspiration that came to him from the life and the courageous suffering of Otto C. Brase, former teacher of the class, who passed away during the year. Mr. O'Brien has taught the class for several months and the attendance and interest has greatly increased. It is hoped he will be able to become the permanent teacher.

The main address of the evening was given by Dr. Carlisle L. Hubbard, pastor of the First Methodist Church of Oak Park. His topic was "Happiness" and in humorous and serious vein he pointed out our reasons for being happy, how to miss it and how to gain and retain it. It was a good, worth-while inspirational address. The banquet adjourned with everybody feeling happy. Rev. A. P. Mihm led in the closing prayer and pronounced the benediction.

The class is looking forward to a year of promise and to closer realization of its aims and ideals. May it win many to Christ and the church!

Bible Crushed to Pulp

Further horrible reports have reached from Russia. As there is a great lack of paper in the country, the Bolshevik authorities have ordered all Bibles to be called in to be used for the manufacture of paper. Anyone who refuses to do this is considered a counter-revolutionist. This wicked plan will endanger thousands and cause many to have conscientious scruples, but nevertheless, as in the Middle Ages, it will be proved that God's children will stand the test and remain true in this time of trial.

God Be Praised

During the past quarter we were privileged to baptize 10 persons. Most of them were young people. One brother had become a backslider and did not want to have any more to do with the believers. Then he became ill, and through this experience learned that we cannot find comfort in the world in the hours of darkness, and is now ready to come back to God and join his followers. God's ways are wonderful.

G. TEUTSCH, Roumania.

Our Devotional Meeting

August F. Runtz

January 11, 1931

My Idea of What a Young Man Ought to Be

Exod. 2:16-26.

He Ought to Be a Christian.—

Christ himself was a young man when he went to the cross for the salvation of the world. He promised his followers persecution, hunger, pain, loss of home and friends, betrayal and death; yet he challenged them: Come, follow me! And they did. Here is a challenge for red-blooded young men.

He Ought to Champion the Cause of the Weak.—

"He died to save the weak ones, not in vain." Read the lesson text again and see how Moses becomes the hero of the hour by helping the daughters of the priest in Midian, when the rough shepherds of the desert were about to drive them away. That day the churls met their match, and they stood back in fear of a lone man, who dared champion the cause of the weak. Now think of Jesus as he champions the cause of the child. Better to have a millstone hanged about the neck and be drowned in the depths of the sea, than to cause an injury or injustice to a child. Throughout all the ages the widow and the orphan, the oppressed and the neglected, the sick and the poor have looked to Jesus Christ as their best friend. Are there needy folks in your neighborhood whose cause needs a champion?

He Ought to Be a Gentleman.—

When those young women arrived home unusually early that afternoon and told about the young Egyptian who had helped them, they might truthfully have added: "He was every whit a gentleman." A young man will honor and respect his mother and sisters. But he ought to do more. He ought to look upon every girl or woman with the same pure and unsullied thoughts as he does upon his sisters and mother; for every girl is somebody else's sister, or at least somebody else's daughter.

He Ought to Have Clean Habits.—

If we were to take our habits and tie them into one bundle, that bundle would constitute our character. "Character is the system of habits we have formed." Character is what we are. We are made what we are by the habits we form. How necessary then that a young man have clean habits. Acquire the habit of clean and noble thoughts. The smutty story and the vulgar word has no place in your speech. One need not become a snob in doing things one knows to be right.

He Ought to Be Strong.—

"I have written unto you, young men, because ye are strong." When John wrote those words he was not thinking of physical strength, but strength of character. How splendid to be able to say: "The strength of youth we lay at Jesus' feet today." The strength of body, of intellect and of character belongs to Jesus.

What a young man ought to be, he can be, if he will make up his mind and say, I will be.

January 18, 1931

My Idea of What a Young Woman Ought to Be

Prov. 31:10-31.

She Ought to Be a Christian.—

When we consider what Jesus did for woman we are constrained to say, that the meanest creature in all the world is an unbelieving woman. Before his time woman was a mere chattel, a slave, bought and sold at will. We are shocked with conditions still prevailing in many non-Christian lands, even today. Christ always placed her on the same level with man. He broke the shackles and set her free. Of all human beings a woman surely ought to be a Christian.

(See poem on another page of the "Baptist Herald," "A Good Woman.")

She Ought to Be Beautiful.—

Who does not admire a beautiful face and a beautiful figure? Some women spend a good deal of time and money to obtain or retain these. However, there is a beauty that goes far beyond the physical. In Proverbs we are reminded how incongruously sometimes great beauty is combined with inward faults. "As a jewel of gold in a swine's snout, so is a fair woman who is without discretion." In a woman we admire a beautiful soul.

She Ought to Be Trustworthy.—

"The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her." What a terrible thing if a man cannot trust his wife, or a young man his lady friend. Mrs. Snyder proved untrustworthy to her husband, and the outcome was the death of her husband by murder, and her own death with that of her paramour, Mr. Grey, in the electric chair at Sing Sing. "To be trusted is a greater compliment than to be loved."

She Ought to Arouse the Noblest Emotions.—

One of the criticisms of the modern dance and the motion picture show is that the baser emotions are stirred up. But when a woman's heart is pure she will stir up in men's hearts emotions of purity and of honor and of chivalry and of sacrifice.

She Ought to Cultivate the Mother Instinct.—

God gave it to her, but sometimes it is marred. Medical magazines tell us that a large per cent of children born to cigarette-smoking mothers die before reaching their second birthday. A friend told the writer that on a recent trip to Europe 80 per cent of the women passengers were smoking cigarettes. To most folks it is disgusting to see a woman smoking. How can she be the mother she ought to be when she fills her body with nicotine? O dear to our hearts are the terms "mother" and "home"! Keep them so.

January 25, 1931

What My Denomination Means to Me

2 Cor. 2:14; 14:1-6.

A Noble Beginning.—

It has an ancient and scriptural origin. Certain characters in history are named as founders of various denominations. But there is no personality this side of Jesus Christ who is a satisfactory explanation of our origin. Our principles are as old as Christianity, and we acknowledge no founder but Christ.

"Religious Liberty in America is a gift to our countrymen from the Baptists. Roger Williams, who founded the colony of Rhode Island, was the first man on this continent to advocate and to incorporate into a constitution the doctrine of soul-freedom.—All men must be allowed to worship God according to the dictates of their own conscience, or not to worship at all, with no one to molest or make them afraid. The first amendment to the American Constitution, which establishes religious liberty in this land of ours, was passed on petition of our Baptist fathers. Baptists, though often persecuted, have never persecuted others."

The New Testament as Our Creed.—

For purposes of religion it is authoritative, clear, sufficient, final. It alone is all we need as a guide book of doctrine and practice; no additions to it; no subtractions from it. Since it is our creed we are safe in saying that our creed will not change so long as there are human beings upon this earth. We therefore fear no discoveries in the New Testament that may yet be made by sound and reverent scholarship. We contend for the truth only. Let the full light shine upon the Word.

Priesthood of Believers.—

The prerogative of the priest is to have direct access to the deity, and then to act as a mediator for another. But the New Testament teaches us that every soul

January 1, 1931

may have direct access to God, and needs no other mediator save that "one Mediator, the Man Christ Jesus." Therefore all believers are called priests, for every soul may come directly to the Father of us all.

February 1, 1931

For What Shall I Live?

Gal. 5:13; 1 Cor. 12:31; Isa. 32:2; John 15:16; John 7:16, 17.

(Life Service Day)

Life Service Pledge.—

"I will live my life under God for others rather than for myself; for the advancement of the kingdom of God rather than for my personal success. I will not drift into my life-work, but I will do my utmost, by prayer, investigation, meditation, and service, to discover that form and place of life-work in which I can become of the largest use to the kingdom of God. As I find it, I will prepare for it and follow it, under the leadership of Jesus Christ, wheresoever it takes me, cost what it may."

Live for Christ.—

"For me to live is Christ" (Phil. 1:21). Contrast the life of the great apostle Paul, whose purpose was to live for that Christ, who had died for him, and to whom he had said on that Damascus road: "What wilt thou have me to do?" with that of the rich young ruler, who came to Jesus with such a great question on his heart, and on whom Jesus looked and loved him. Had the young man decided to live for Christ, his name might have come down with Peter's and John's and Paul's as a noble figure in Christ's kingdom. But he could not give up selfish ambitions and so missed it all, and now we do not even know his name.

Live for Others.—

"Leland Stanford lost his only child. Though he was United States Senator from California, he said to himself: 'I have nothing to live for. I have no children.' He put a million dollars into a private home, but it was not a home to him. One night he had a dream. In this dream his son appeared to him and said, 'Father, never say again that you have nothing to live for.... live for humanity, live for other people's children.' There soon arose at Palo Alto the Leland Stanford Junior University at a cost of \$20,000,000. He and his wife became the devoted servants of the poor, the orphan, and the suffering, and left all their property to go on doing good."

February 8, 1931

What Is Implied In God Is My Father?

Acts 17:24-31.

Two Senses in Which God is My Father.—

First as the creator of all mankind. "Seeing he giveth to all life, and breath, and all things." "One God, the Father of whom are all things." So there is a sense in which God is the Father of every creature. But there is a much closer relation of the believer to God; a sense in which the Fatherhood of God is some-

thing not physical but moral and spiritual. It is when by receiving Christ and believing on him we are given the power to become the sons of God; it is when we are born of God. (John 1:12, 13.)

The Brotherhood of Man.—

"Hath made of one blood all nations of men." If God is the Father of all men, then every man is my brother. If through faith I become the child of God in a spiritual sense, then every other believer is my spiritual brother; and the spiritual bond is closer than the physical. These two truths mean that I am a brother to the negro, who lives in the next block, to the Chinaman in the laundry and to the Mexican digging the sewer. Out of these truths grow great issues that Christians of our day must face. "Am I my brother's keeper?"

A Child of His Care.

God will care for me as an earthly father, only his care will be infinitely greater. A real father loves his children, he works for them, he lives for them, he plans for them, he sacrifices for them. He thinks always and only of their ultimate welfare. If an earthly father will do all of these and more, how much more will our heavenly Father do, whose love and means are infinite.

What and What Not to Give.—

A child may ask to play with the father's razor, but the father will not give it to him. Some day we will be thanking God that he did not give us some of the things for which we are asking today. He knows what not to give as well as what to give.

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

- Jan. 8. Good Character. Ps. 119:9-16.
- " 9. Reverent. Exod. 3:1-6.
- " 10. High Ambition. 1 Kings 3:4-15.
- " 11. Unselfish Courage. Acts 21:7-14.
- " 12-18. My Idea of What a Young Woman Ought to Be. Prov. 31:10-31.
- " 12. Trustworthy. Prov. 31:10-15.
- " 13. Industrious. Ruth 2:17-23.
- " 14. Thrifty. Prov. 31:16-24.
- " 15. Generous. 1 Sam. 25:2-42.
- " 16. Modest. Gen. 24:61-67.
- " 17. Religious. Luke 10:38-42.
- " 18. Home Loving. Prov. 31:25-31.
- " 19-25. What My Denomination Means to the World. 2 Cor. 2:14; 4:1-6.
- " 19. Liberty of Conscience. 1 Cor. 4:1-5.
- " 20. Spiritual Regeneration. John 5:1-15.
- " 21. Democracy in the Church. Acts 6:1-6.
- " 22. Spiritual Authority of the Bible. 2 Tim. 3:14-17.
- " 23. Supreme Loyalty to Christ. Eph. 1:15-23.
- " 24. Symbolic Value of Ordinances. Rom. 6:1-11.

Jan. 25. A World-wide Kingdom. Acts 22:14-21.

" 26-Feb. 1. For What Shall I Live? Gal. 5:13; 1 Cor. 12:31; Isa. 32:2; John 15:16; John 7:16, 17. (Life Service Sunday.)

" 26. Others. Gal. 5:13-15.

" 27. Not Self. Rom. 12:3-8.

" 28. Usefulness. 1 Cor. 12:27-31.

" 29. Not Vain Ambitions. 1 Cor. 14:1-19.

" 30. His Will. John 15:1-14.

" 31. Not Mine. Luke 22:39-43.

Feb. 1. The Value of a Purpose. Luke 13:6-9.

" 2-8. What Is Implied in God Is My Father? Acts 17:24-31.

" 2. God Loves Us. 1 John 4:7-15.

" 3. God Is Wise. Ps. 139:1-12.

" 4. God Is Strong. Gen. 1:1-31.

" 5. God Will Provide. Luke 12:22-31.

" 6. God Is Patient. Ps. 103:8-18.

" 7. God Plans for Our Good. Deut. 10:12-22.

" 8. We Shall Be Like God. Matt. 5:43-48.

Some Suggestion From a Reader

Chicago, Dec. 11, 1930.

"The Baptist Herald"
Dear Bro. Mihm:—

Have read the "Herald" from the beginning and think it fine in every respect, and hope our young people will learn to appreciate it more and more. Have wondered many times, however, why it is not "boosted" at a time like the Sunday evening meeting at the Central Conference in our church.

Pastors and presidents of societies ought to speak for our papers, but it is a rare thing for them to do so, I at least can remember very seldom having heard one speak for our own publications.

Would like to make a suggestion which I feel would be helpful, so many think the price high for religious papers and thought if we could have nickel banks with the "Baptist Herald" stamp on it and get the habit whenever paper is received to put a nickel in safe, for the renewing of same at the end of the year. We could do it for our "Sendbote" too.

Asking for suggestions in paper Dec. 1, would like to say that it would surely be interesting to our young people to read or hear something of the doings of the young people of the land of our forefathers. The idea came to me when Mr. H. Gezork spoke in our church, he has been in our country long enough to get a good idea of what would interest our people, and if he could be induced to contribute here and there, feel that it would do our young folks good to take an interest in the young folks' doings over there.

With best wishes for the future of our paper,
S. C. SCHUNKE.

(We have been glad to receive this letter. The Editor has requested Bro. Gezork to write an article about his work and to keep in touch with our Young People's Work in the U. S. A. and he has promised to do so. A. P. M.)

B. Y. P. U. Tacoma, Wash.

During the past year we have had very interesting and inspirational meetings. They consisted of the following: 8 devotional evenings; 6 missionary programs; 4 musical programs; 4 literary programs; 2 outside speakers; 2 educational programs; 2 echo evenings; 2 question box; 1 debate; 1 surprise program; 1 radio program; 1 Bible quiz; 1 evangelistic evening.

One of our neighborin B. Y. P. Unions gave us a very good program one Sunday evening. We, in return, did the same.

Oscar Luchs, an active member of our Union, gave us ten interesting talks on, "Different Denominations and their Doctrines."

We also had 8 hospital meetings, a Washington's Birthday banquet, a "Back to School Night" social, and seven Sunday evening services were in charge of the B. Y. Rev. Hagen and Mrs. J. Hansacker, district secretary of World Association for Prevention of War, each gave us an interesting talk on two of these evenings.

We now have 72 members enrolled and 60 active; this is an increase of 12 members since last year, as we then had only 60 enrolled and 50 active members.

Our new officers are: President, Clarence Stabbert; vice-president, Peter Yost; secretary, Helen Lange; treasurer, Bill Sturhahn; devotional commissioner, Gertrude Ahrens; service commissioner, Ed. Stabbert; stewardship mission commissioner, Hazel Riepe; fellowship commissioner, Lucy Ahrens; Intermediate leaders, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Yost; Junior leaders, Mrs. Frieda Shroth and Marie Langenbach.

On Thursday evening, Nov. 27, we had a Thanksgiving program. Every commission gave a musical number and the male chorus and young people's chorus sang. Rev. H. Matson was the speaker of the evening. After this, refreshments were served.

Yes, we have had our ups and downs, too. Around election time things became cloudy, but everything has cleared up and we are now ready, with the assistance of the Master, to spread greater blessing than ever before.

HELEN LANGE, Sec.

The Testimony for Christ Was Not in Vain

On one of my trips I was obliged to pass through a stretch of Hungarian country. The officer who examined my passport discovered that I was a Baptist. This gave opportunity for a conversation. He told me that fifteen years ago in Vienna he became acquainted with a man who was Baptist. Since then, he said, he has given more thought to those things which count for eternity. I gave him some reading matter and he was very thankful. This little incident proves to us that if we "speak a word for Jesus" it sometimes bears fruit later on. Let us therefore not be weary in well doing.

FRITZ FUCHS, Austria.

Welcome Reception in North Freedom

Our new pastor, Rev. H. Palfenier, began his pastorate in North Freedom on the first Sunday in November. On the following Sunday he asked in his announcements that all officers of the church and Sunday school meet in the Sunday school room on Thursday evening to make plans for the future work. However, plans for a reception on the same evening were already made. No one dared say a word. The plans developed into logical reality but the reception seemed to have gained the upper hand. A goodly number of the people gathered in the Sunday school room as if for business, but Bro. John Seils, our deacon, suggested that we adjourn to the auditorium as the other room seemed hardly large enough. The pastor and his wife were certainly surprised.

An appropriate program with Bro. John Seils in charge was given. Short welcome speeches were given by Mr. John Voeck our deacon, in behalf of the church, Max Pawlisch for the Sunday school and Mrs. C. Grosinske for the Ladies Missionary Society. A song written by Edna Voeck was sung by her and Elsie Borck for the Young People's Society. Mr. C. Pawlisch, the clerk of our church, wrote an appropriate poem and our male quartett and Junior choir furnished the music. Mr. and Mrs. Palfenier then each spoke a few words of appreciation of the reception and also of the future work that we as a church and pastor are to carry on.

Refreshments were served in the church dining room. Everyone became better acquainted with our new pastor and wife and they with us. We are sure that Rev. and Mrs. Palfenier feel at home in our midst.

E. F. V.

The Beacons, First Church, Portland

Recently the B. Y. P. U. of the First German Baptist Church of Portland, Ore., was reorganized and the general young people's society was divided into four groups of different age limits. A group composed of young folks, from 21 years till married, was formed and the name "The Beacons" was chosen. Their meeting place, a large, well furnished room in the church annex, was named "The Lighthouse."

The Beacons have their own staff of officers and conduct their own business affairs as well as the weekly meetings. As the object of the society is to train young people in the Christian work, each member is given an opportunity to prepare and lead one or more meetings during the year.

A social committee has charge of all entertainments and parties and before-meeting suppers are handled very successfully.

The group functions under the able leadership of our president, Miss Lenore Ritter.

ANNA WARDIN, Reporter.

Another Christian Man in Public Office

The young people of the South Dakota Young People's and Sunday School Workers' Union in session at Madison last summer learned that their president, Mr. Arthur Voigt of Avon, was candidate for the State Legislature. They went on record giving their highly esteemed and congenial president the assurance of their best wishes and their support for success. The people of that great state had the wisdom of electing him to this responsible office in the November election. I am sure he has received showers of congratulations from his many friends, but on behalf of our wider Christian fellowship I would like to send this message of congratulations to him through the "Baptist Herald."

The contest between materialism and Christian idealism has progressed to such a state in our modern life that the question of legal restraint upon the freedom of individuals and corporations in preying upon the common good for selfish, material gain becomes pertinent. Newspapers have sold themselves out body and soul to these predatory interests for propaganda purposes. Nothing could be more essential in such a time than to elect Christian men to public office, men who read Christian papers and whose thinking is not determined solely by the daily press.

The State says what goes in our times. If its "Sayso" is to be harmonious with Christian ideals, the men who are sent to do the enactment of laws ought to be Christians. We have members from our German Baptist churches representing us in various states. We assure them of our support in their difficult positions, and we look to them to voice in the most courageous and effective manner the ideas and ideals which place human welfare above unjust gains by selfish interests. Good luck, brother, we're with you.

ARTHUR A. SCHADE.

A Quick Shift

A Scotch parson, remarkable for the simple force of his pulpit style, was enlarging upon the text, "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish."

"Yes, my friends," urged he with solemn earnestness, then seeing a bluebottle fly on the desk, "ye shall perish just as surely as I flatten this poor fly."

Before the blow descended the fly escaped, whereupon the minister further improved the occasion by exclaiming, "There's a chance for ye yet, my friends."

—Boston Transcript.

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"Sir," said the astonished landlady to a guest who had passed his cup for the seventh time, "you must be very fond of coffee."

"Yes, madam I am," he replied, "or I should never have drunk so much water to get a little."