

The Baptist Herald

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

Volume Nine

CLEVELAND, O., MARCH 15, 1931

Number Six

The Greatest Thing

HALFORD E. LUCCOCK

IT is a commonplace to say that we need a freshened conviction of the supreme importance of the home to society and the church. Nothing else can take its place as a training ground for character or as a means of propagation of the Christian religion.

I noticed the other day the advertisement of a certain automobile as "the greatest thing on wheels." Not by a long shot! The greatest thing on wheels is a baby-carriage, and we in America need to remember it.

Another conviction which must not be allowed to drop out of our minds is that of the world's abiding need for Christian character. One of America's greatest chemists, Elwood Hendrick, has said that the world's greatest need is not for a new motor to get energy out of the sun, but for a "renaissance of character." Can we order it by mass production for spring delivery? How can we hope to get it except by the contagion of character caught in the personal contacts of Christian homes?

What's Happening

Another serial story, "Three Days of Gellert's Life," starts in this number of the "Baptist Herald." It will run through several numbers. Don't miss reading it.

Rev. George Zinz of Akron, O., has accepted a call from the German Baptist Church at Neustadt, Ont., Can., and begins his new pastorate in the early part of May.

Rev. E. P. Wahl of Trochu, Alta., conducted evangelistic meetings with the church at Rosenfeld, Sask., from Feb. 23-March 6. The attendance was large and a good spirit manifest.

Rev. P. A. Friederichsen, pastor of the Immanuel Gross Park Church, Chicago, baptized four happy and eager converts on Sunday, Feb. 15. Three were young married women and the other a young lady.

The First German Baptist Church of Wilmington, Del., will celebrate its seventy-fifth anniversary on April 16, 1931, at 7.30 P. M. Former members are invited to attend or to write their good wishes.

Rev. W. P. Rueckheim has resigned his pastorate with the Immanuel Baptist Church in Kenosha, Wis., to take effect April 1. Bro. Rueckheim's plans for the future are indefinite. As yet he has no other call.

The Young People's Society of the Freudental church, near Carbon, Atl., held a debate on Feb. 22 on the topic: "Resolved that Daniel was a greater man than Joseph." The church was filled. Joseph won by two points.

Rev. John Schweitzer has resigned his charge at Cathay, N. Dak., to accept the call from the church at Wasco, Cal. Bro. Schweitzer closes his work in Cathay on May 17 and begins his new work in Wasco early in June. During the three years of his ministry in Cathay, 14 new members were added by baptism and several others by letter. Several young people's groups were organized.

Rev. S. Blum, pastor of the Erin Ave. Baptist Church, Cleveland, O., has been preaching a series of evangelistic sermons in narrative form on Sunday evenings during February and March under the general heading, "The Modern Prodigal Son." The individual topics were: Home, Sweet Home; Must a Man Go Wrong?; Away from Home and Parents; The Unfading Love of Parents; The Only Cure for Homesickness, and Welcome Home.

The young people of the Second German Baptist Church, Chicago, went to the Old People's Home at 1851 N. Spaulding Ave. on Feb. 8 and rendered a good program which was well attended by the young people and appreciated by

the old. The male chorus sang several hymns and the Saxophone Trio played a fine selection. Pastor C. A. Daniel also gave an address and through the generosity of friends in Detroit gave the old people a treat with a box of apples and oranges.

The Editor took a number of snapshots of the Alberta Bible school with a borrowed camera. They did not turn out good as a result of a light-leak in the camera, discovered too late. That's why we could not illustrate the article on the schools in a former issue. However, through the courtesy of some of the students we obtained duplicates of some of their snapshots and are able to publish them now. Freudental groups appear in this number. Those of Wiesental will come later.

Rev. O. E. Krueger, pastor of the Temple Baptist Church, Pittsburgh, Pa., has a class from time to time which he conducts and in which new converts and candidates for baptism are instructed and trained in the meaning of the Christian life and the privileges and obligations of church membership. It is usually held during the Bible school hour for about 10 weeks. On Sunday, Feb. 22, the following young folks, members of this class, were baptized: Robert Blumentritt, Lillian Grau, Esther Grau, Lois Reichenbach, Edward Skyrms and Alma Utters.

Baptisms at Fourth St. Church, Dayton

Baptismal service was again held in our church in Dayton, Ohio, on Sunday evening, March 1. Six adults made this public confession in the presence of a large congregation. The procedure of this service was very impressive. As the audience sang the opening song, "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name," the converts marched through the auditorium to the altar. Those baptized were: An aged mother with her daughter, a middle aged man and wife, a father whose two daughters have been members of our church for several years and whose wife was received the same night by letter from an English Baptist church, and a young man. After the baptismal service the Lord's Supper was held and the hand of fellowship was extended to seven new members. Of special interest is the fact, that these conversions were not the result of revival meetings, but the quiet and consistent work of our Pastor E. J. Baumgartner. Although only a little over a year among us, Bro. Baumgartner has done much in the revival of our spiritual life. His great ambition is to enlarge our church spiritually and numerically. The above mentioned additions are the first fruits of the harvest. May others follow soon!

H. KNORR.

My Gratitude

WILLIAM KUHN

I am conscious of being under a strong obligation to express my gratitude in this public way to my Heavenly Father who has so graciously helped me during my recent operation. Doubtless I was very close to the gates of death and the Lord in his grace has added some time to my life. All the time he may have given me I want to devote solely to his service. I must also take this opportunity and express my sincere appreciation for the many prayers offered by my brothers and sisters on my behalf. These prayers have not been in vain. God's blessing which he bestows in answer to our prayers has surely been the biggest factor in my marvellously rapid recovery.

During my recent illness I was at the Mounds Park Sanitarium, St. Paul, Minn. This is one of the three Baptist hospitals in the Twin Cities. Many of our pastors and members living in the Northwest have already enjoyed the benefits of these hospitals. The hospitals are all of the highest standing. Any Christian receiving care in these hospitals always enjoys the fine Christian atmosphere dominating the institutions. Most of the nurses are Baptists and many of them come from Baptist preachers' families. Doctor George Earl, who performed the operation, is a surgeon of the highest standing. I owe him more than I can express because the Lord has chosen to use him as the instrument to restore me to health again.

A good habit is the best sort of friend to have. It saves thinking and will-power. It makes it easier to do right by making it habitual. On the other hand, a bad habit continually makes it easier to do wrong.

The Baptist Herald

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The Baptist Herald

Entirely Personal

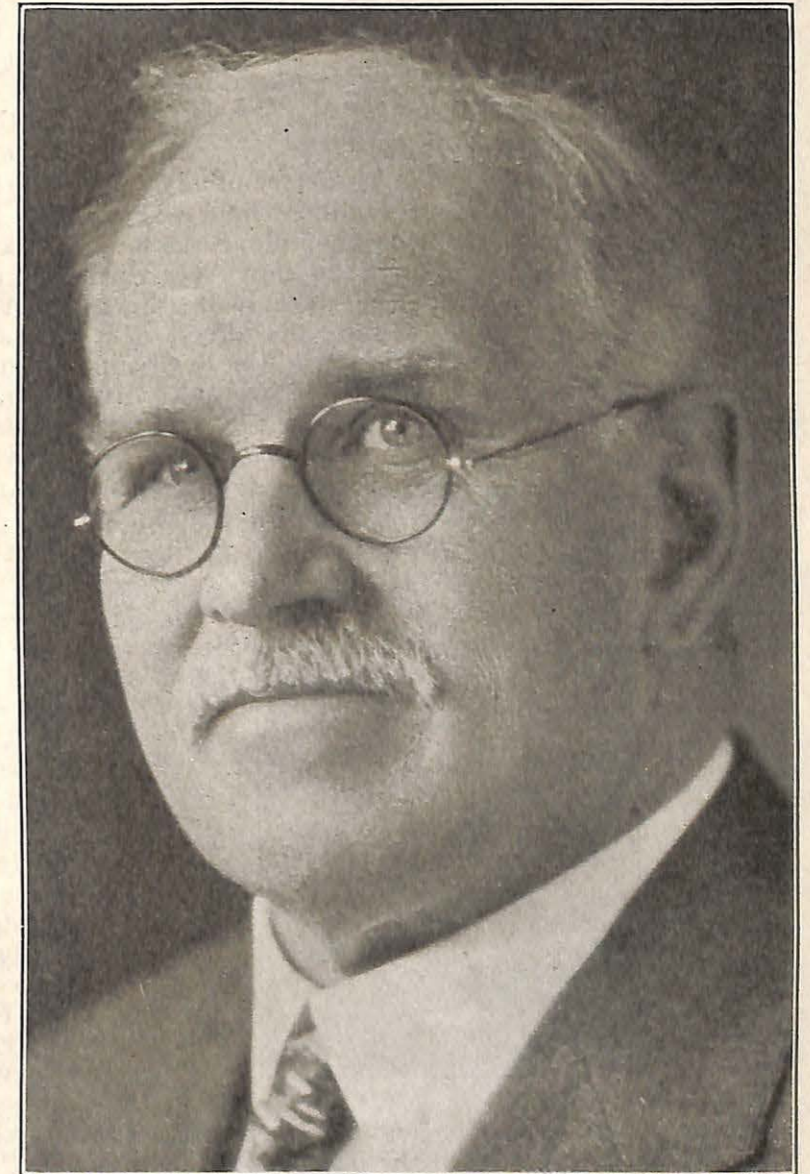
I AM dictating this message from my bed in Mounds Park Sanitarium where on next Tuesday, February 10, I am to undergo an operation for gall-stones. By the time the readers of the "Baptist Herald" see this message I hope to be well again.

To many of the readers of the "Baptist Herald" I am known through my visits—but to others I am not known. To get acquainted I have chosen to publish this enlarged head-picture of myself. I am introducing myself to the kind readers of the "Baptist Herald" with such a large picture just for the sake of the cause.

Today I should like to say something about the Easter Offering. It certainly is distressing that in this year many of our members are in depressed circumstances so that it will be hard for them to give an Easter Offering. Our Master, however, also recognizes a small offering especially when it is a sacrifice. The Lord considered the widow's mite the greatest although it was a smaller gift than those of the rich people. However, in many of our churches there are still prosperous members who will be doing well by giving to the Lord a substantial offering. This might even be the last opportunity in their life. In no case can they make it as large an offering as Balthasar Hubmaier made, who 400 years ago gave his life as a martyr, who was burnt to death at the stake for the sake of the truth. Neither can it be as immense as the sacrifice of our Lord Jesus Christ who died for us on the cross. There are also many of our members who even in these times are not suffering because of a reduced salary.

Easter comes on April 5. At that time everybody should make an offering as generous as possible. Our cause needs it. We dare not close our denominational institutions, and we can not withhold or reduce the monthly appropriations for our 250 missionaries, otherwise they would become destitute. **They are praying to God day and night that he might supply their need.** It is therefore most important to send the offering without delay to the conference treasurer.

On March 18 I am sending a German and an English poster to all of our churches with the most urgent request to place them in some prominent place in the church building. It would be well for every pastor, and his church would appreciate it, if



he would preach a sermon about Balthasar Hubmaier before Easter.

Doubtless there will be many who would like to have a picture of Dr. Balthasar Hubmaier, the martyr, who 400 years ago lost his life by being burnt to death in Vienna. They might want to frame it and hang it up in their home. We will be glad to send this picture, without the rest of the poster, to anyone who sends at least \$5.00 to our missionary office at Forest Park.

There may be Sunday school classes or individual persons who would like to have the group picture of the Young Tithers from our Children's Home in St. Joseph, Mich., in order to frame it and put it up in their Sunday school room. We shall be glad to

send this picture to anyone who sends us at least \$5.00 for the Easter Offering. Please let us know which picture is wanted, and send the money to the Missionary Office, Box 6, Forest Park, Ill.

Very sincerely yours,

William Kuhn

General Secretary.

Entirely Personal

TO the Beloved in the Faith:

Days of trouble are days of discipline. Our churches are helping more families than ever in their history. Some have been unemployed as long as seventeen months. Many are now receiving "charity" who themselves formerly helped others. Our country churches are feeling the effects of a shrinkage in prices of farm products, the lowest in many years. On every hand people are quite discouraged.



Abroad conditions are equally unsatisfactory. Letters from Europe tell of the bad economic situation. The Russian conditions, both, economically and spiritually, are frightful. Information from China does not carry hope for much improvement. In India and Africa unrest is growing.

How easy it is to lose the spiritual viewpoint amid all this discouragement. If we are not to let the material changes crowd out our spiritual life, let us step aside and consider Jesus' own words in his dark hours. You will find them in John 8:29, "And he that sent me is with me: the Father has not left me alone; for I do always those things that please him."

We must break through clouds to sunshine. Action based on faith produces sounder results than inaction. This applies to the Christian life as well as to business life. Strong habits and firm foundations are often laid in times of adversity. Salesmen

make more calls, workmen produce more per hour and businessmen work harder in times of depression than in prosperity. More prayers ascend, more help is given, and more faith is exercised in times of adversity than in times of prosperity.

Why should not this depression be a good time in which to acquire or strengthen some practical spiritual habits, which will produce fruit for eternity? If we believe that the Heavenly Father is with us and that he has not left us alone, why should not we become more regular in our prayer habits—and how can we expect answers to prayer unless we fulfill the same conditions as Jesus did; viz.: "for I do always those things that please him"? Irrespective of what this depression has brought to any of us, it will be a blessing to us to look forward instead of backward, accept God's discipline for us, the losses and experiences which have come to us, and at once start disciplining ourselves (by acting upon the inspiration of the Holy Spirit in our hearts and minds) so that the hourly activities of our lives may so conform to our understanding of his will that we can honestly say, "For I do always those things that please him."

And how effectively we will then lose our self-pity and become greater partakers of the burdens of others, as those of our brethren in Russia, Europe and the Cameroons, who must look to us next to God.

If we do this, our churches, Sunday schools, Young People's Societies, and Ladies' Missionary Societies will have much larger attendance and finer spirit than ever before. Then Easter will this year bring a deeper message to all of us than ever. Yes, and even from what we still have left we will give a genuine Easter Offering, large or small as God makes it possible—because the work needs it as never before—because we will have a deeper understanding of our part in this common work, as "where our treasure is, there will our heart be also"—because we will better understand Christ's sacrifice for us—because we will better understand what the resurrection message will mean to us—because we will ourselves be spiritually resurrected from discouragement and we will resume a life of faith, which will make us far happier.

Sincere greetings in Christ Jesus,

W. Olney

Chairman, Finance Committee.

Jesus

WILLIAM OLNEY

Five letters? Nay, rather five universes
Of concentrated sweetness, for they tell
Of One, who came to heal all man's reverses;
Jesus! Emmanuel!

J-E-S-U-S; slowly say the letters;
Speaking of One, who gave himself for us;
His cross, his throne, his spirit, break our fetters;
Jesus! All glorious!

The Kingdom and Money

C. H. WETHERBE

THE kingdom of Christ has been established in the world. It came not by the will of man and certainly not by the power of man; it came by the power of the great God-man, Christ; and even his power had to come by way of the cross. But, while this kingdom did not come by man's power and wisdom, yet it is man's duty to assist God in carrying out the blessed purpose and provisions of the kingdom. They who have been brought into the kingdom by the love of Christ's cross are called upon to use their money, if not themselves, for the furtherance of the glory of the kingdom. A writer forcibly says: "Years ago the burden of prayer for missions was for open doors into heathen lands. Those prayers were answered. Then the burden was for men and women to send into those lands; this also was answered. Now many of our best young men and women stand ready to go. Today the burden of prayer is for money to send them. Whole congregations, Sabbath after Sabbath, will pray, 'Thy kingdom come,' when they have in their possession the one thing needed to bring that kingdom. Do not pray longer, 'Thy kingdom come,' unless you are willing to help carry it a little way yourself." There is reason to believe that there is a good deal of insincere praying on the part of those who ask the Lord to send his light throughout the world, for they give but very little, if any, money to help send the light to heathen lands. God will not extend his kingdom through those lands by miraculous power. He does mightily help the workers in those countries, but he does not turn stones into bread to supply their necessities. He places the obligation of sustaining those missionaries upon Christians in our land. Reader, you may be poor in worldly goods, but you might devote at least a certain amount a year to the support of the gospel in heathen lands. Try the joy of such giving!

The Bible, a Book of Value

RECENTLY the sum of \$120,000 was paid for a Bible printed in 1455, the largest sum ever paid for any book or collection of books in the world. It was the first to come from the new press with movable type, invented at Mainz, Germany, by the noted Gutenberg. Gutenberg chose to honor his invention which was to revolutionize the world in making books better and cheaper by printing first the greatest of all books.

Several of these early Bibles are in existence today. That which was recently purchased is known as the Melk Bible because it has been for many years the property of the Benedictine Monastery at Melk, in Austria. It is now the property of Yale University.

While people thronged to Yale to see this famous edition of the most beloved of books, new editions and translations were coming from modern presses

with a rapidity of which the inventor Gutenberg never dreamed. The International Book Review had this to say of the Bible:

"An extraordinary fact of our times is the new interest in the Bible, a desire to hear and understand its truth. Since the year 1900 not less than twenty-five revisions or new translations of the New Testament have appeared, three fifths of them in America. The Bible remains the most vital book known among men."

It is the supreme example of what De Quincey referred to as "the literature of power." The sacred book of the Egyptians bears the name, "The Book of the Dead," for it contains rules of conduct after death. The holy books of the old nations are all dead books. They represent dead empires, dead customs, dead creeds, dead gods, dead faiths. But the Bible is the book of Life. It teaches always how to live. It makes men, creeds, nations, and the world which uses it grow in life and vigor. It animates the lives of all with whom it comes in contact. It has well been called "the reservoir of spirit and of power."

Long has the Bible continued to be the best seller, and long will it continue to be while mankind needs wisdom and love and beauty. It is a book of faith, of doctrine, of morals, and of religion. It lights the way of civilization. It is a beacon set in a wilderness to guide men through a maze of difficulties to the light!

Christ and the World

ANNIE JOHNSON FLINT

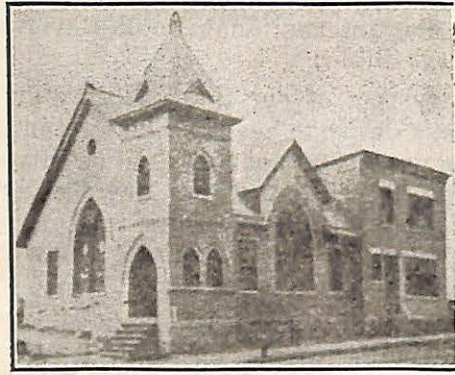
"And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me." John 12:32.

The world was at the Savior's cross
That day of days of old,
The nations of the earth were there
Before his gaze unrolled,
With hostile or with friendly eyes,
With shrinking gaze or bold.

The world is at his cross today
To worship or deride.
And love of him and hate of him
The hearts of men divide;
He dominates the world—thought still
As on the day he died.

Some pelt him with assailing words,
Some seek him to adore,
Some hail him as the Son of God,
Some call him man—no more;
But they can not forget the Christ
And they can not ignore.

With tongues that laud him or decry,
With lips that scorn or pray,
With hands that crown or crucify,
They can not keep away;
For men may choose him or deny,—
He draws them all for aye.



East Street Church, Pittsburgh, Pa., Destroyed by Fire

Fire destroyed the interior of the East Street Baptist Church at East and Creek Sts., North Side, Pittsburgh, Pa., on Saturday, Feb. 14. The parsonage under the same roof was badly damaged. The pastor and his wife were forced to the street. Eight engine companies fought the flames. Damage was estimated at \$25,000 according to reports in the Pittsburgh newspapers.

Our readers may picture the situation best by the following graphic letter received by the Editor of the "Baptist Herald," from the pastor of the stricken church, Rev. W. L. Schoeffel.

Dear Brother Mihm:

No doubt you have heard of the harrowing experience that our church and ourselves passed through during the past week. It is too terrifying to express it in words. However, our many friends members and neighbors as a whole show interest, as a few letters have already arrived from different churches and friends expressing their sympathy and interest.

On Saturday, February 14, at 9.45 o'clock, Mrs. Schoeffel noticed smoke coming out of the register. I immediately ran down to the basement and found it in flames. I turned in three alarms before the fire department answered, and when they tried to obtain water they found the hydrant was frozen. It was one of the coldest mornings we had this winter, and the thermometer registered 16 above zero. The fire spread so quickly, before an earnest attempt to abolish it was made, so that soon the church and parsonage were in flames.

I happened to run into the church trying to show the way for the firemen, when I saw the pulpit from which I have preached these three years collapse. Only imagination may depict the feelings at such a sight. A few minutes later my study which was very dear to me due to many books and sacred memories connected with them was in flames. Within a short time the only thing that was left of the parsonage and church were the walls. Both the church and ourselves lost everything we possessed.

We are thankful we have our health and strength, and are deeply moved by the love and sympathy shown by our members, friends and neighbors. Indeed, creed was forgotten at the moment, and the only concern was to look after the

pastor and his wife. It was a remarkable experience for us. Though we have lost everything, we feel very rich at this moment in love and good-will with our fellowmen.

Just what the church is going to do I am not at present able to say. There are various opinions among the members. Through the courtesy of the Board of Education, we are meeting at a school, which is very near our former church.

How true it is when Paul says to the Athenians, "God dwelleth not in temples made by hands," but in the hearts of those who love and serve him.

Fraternally,
WILLIAM L. SCHOEFFEL.

We extend to Bro. Schoeffel and the congregation our sincere sympathy and pray that God may overrule this disaster into future good. This is a time for all friends of the church to come to their help and to write them a word of encouragement to carry on. The north side of Pittsburgh and the adjacent towns and boroughs still furnish a field for a German Baptist bi-lingual work.

Many pastors and friends might come to Bro. Schoeffel's aid in refurbishing his library by book or cash donations.

Ordination of J. Renz

On ordination council from various Baptist churches convened on Feb. 14 at 10 A. M. with the church at Creston, Neb., for the purpose of setting apart for the ministry, its pastor, J. Renz, a former student at Rochester and the Northwestern Theol. Seminary. A careful and thorough examination of the candidate was made in which he told us that his conversion took place in his 16th year while sitting in his home-church under the preaching of Rev. G. E. Lohr from John 3:16. From that time on, the call to the ministry which he felt two years prior of his conversion became stronger and clearer, settling it definitely. At once he offered himself for churchwork and it pleased the Lord that through his efforts one of his friends became a follower of Jesus.

The council cordially recommended our brother for ordination, which also took place the following Lord's day. Rev. A. W. Lang of Tyndall, S. Dak., preached the ordination sermon from Eph. 4:11-14, dwelling on "The Origin, the Purpose, and Durability of the Divine Ministry." (He also gave the charge to the church.) Following the sermon, our brother was ordained to the work of the gospel ministry by prayer and the laying on of hands of the eldership, led by Rev. G. Bornschlegel from Omaha. Rev. A. Foll from Shell Creek, Neb., extended the hand of fellowship and Rev. J. Pankratz of Beatrice gave the charge to the candidate. As the Creston church is a consecrated and aggressive body of people, it pleased the Lord to bless the work in the short time Bro. Renz is serving in the conversion of a goodly number of young

Make a sound investment of your life; speculation may result in a crash.

Busy Bees Sewing Circle Annual Report, Harlem, New York 1930

The Busy Bees are five years old, and have a fresh tale to tell, of activities done for the honor and glory of our Lord.

We held 14 meetings during the past year,—5 business meetings, 5 given over to Bible study, at each of which a member had to supply the program and also take charge of same, 1 sewing meeting and 3 social nights.

We again paid the church for whatever gas and electricity we consumed at our meetings. Also presented the church with the customary growing plant at Easter time. The Young People's Society asked our aid in arranging a program for one of their Inter-Society meetings, and we responded cheerfully and gladly.

During the summer vacation we again saved pennies in Rainy Day Bags, and each Bee was also instructed to earn one dollar. The total collected in this way was forwarded to our missionary, Rev. Adolph Orthner, to use in his work in the Cameroons, Africa.

We took it upon ourselves to present the Cradle Roll babies with Christmas gifts, and also remembered Miss Droese, our friend in the Home for Incurables, with both a nice basket of fruit at Thanksgiving time, and a gift at Christmas.

A new department was the formation of a chorus by the members of our society, and we had the pleasure of singing in the Sunday Christmas program.

We trust the Lord will be with us in the coming year and will send tasks for us to accomplish in his name.

Progress in Italy

In a letter to Dr. Rushbrooke, General Secretary of the Baptist World Alliance, Dr. Whitinghill of Rome writes:

"I have just seen the quotation from the article which you wrote, and I was glad to see that you had some kind words to say about our Mission in Italy. The fact is our work is a great deal better than most people are inclined to think it is, and I believe that we are on the upgrade, and consequently better days are ahead of us. The last year was the best in our history. Our baptisms increased nearly 35 per cent, and there are also great gains in collections and church attendance. There seems to be a new Pentecost in our work. Both pastors and churches seem to be waking up to their great responsibilities and opportunities. One church had remarkable results during 1930. There were 70 baptisms and there are at present 60 catechumens, and collections amount to over 40,000 liras. In addition, this church has built a chapel three kilometers from the mother-church, where a wonderful work is being done in a new neighborhood. Two other churches have about 100 catechumens each, and if I had the time and you had the patience to read what I had to say, I could recount other consoling facts."

The Sunday School

A Call for Substitutes

CLARENCE E. FLYNN

There are substitutes for coffee; there are substitutes for tea;
But there's none for right or honor, love or truth or liberty.
There are substitutes for honey; there are substitutes for soap;
But there's none for peace or kindness or the clinging ray of hope.
There are substitutes for paper; there are substitutes for wheat;
But there's none for little children with their tiny, toddling feet.
There are substitutes for leather and materials of dress;
But there's none for kindly service or a heart of happiness.
There are substitutes for butter; there are substitutes for cream;
But there's none for aspiration or the wonder of the dream.
There are substitutes for beefsteak; there are substitutes for bread;
But none for the vanished sweetness of a moment that has fled.
There are substitutes for jewels; there are substitutes for gold;
But there's none for honest thinking or for friendship tried and old.
There are substitutes for rubber and the shining of the sun;
But there's none for lovelit firesides or the sense of duty done.

The Point of Contact

The class in the belfry was becoming known as a bit difficult. They were just at that age when bubbling spirits and enthusiasms must have a noisy outlet. John Strage was asked to take the class, refused at first, but consented later under heavy pressure to take them till "someone else could be found."

John felt that he knew little about teaching, he had never made a study of boys since he stopped being a boy himself. When he stepped into the classroom the boys were deep in a noisy discussion of the football game of the day before. John was aghast. How was he to stop them and get started on the lesson?

Then what he at first considered an unworthy idea came to him, an easy way out. Why not let them talk awhile? He felt that he would solve the problem of what to do with all that thirty-five minutes which he was sure he could not fill up with the lesson.

He had been a football enthusiast in his boyhood. He was soon as deep in the discussion as any of the boys. Then suddenly a point came up that made it easy for him to bring in one of the strong points in the lesson easily and naturally. The boys took to the discussion along that line at once. This reminded one of the boys of a point farther along in the lesson. Before John Strage knew it the gong was

sounding the close of the lesson session. Why the class had taught itself.

John went away from that classroom with an idea that was new to him. He resolved to hunt for just such boy interests to start every class session and for points in the lesson that could be depended upon to swing the discussion to the lesson.

He bought him a note-book, and after reading over the entire quarter's lessons, he gave each a portion of his note-book. Then in his reading, his work and his recreation he made it a point to look out for interesting bits in the week's news in the realm of sports, invention, achievement, that had boy appeal, and jot them down in his note-book to be later fitted into the section where he thought they could best be used as lesson material. He encouraged the boys to look out for similar material that they could bring to class.

Never once did he yield to the impulse he had that first morning to choke the boys off and sternly bring their minds to the business of the lesson.

Three months after he took the class he was still with the boys. He was thrilled as he had never been by any other achievement in his career when he overheard one of his boys say to an older boy: "We have John Strage for our teacher. He's keen. He's worth a million of the kind of old crabs we had before him. He lets us fellows talk about things we like to talk about instead of sitting 'round like a bunch of mummies. He knows a lot, too."

The fine thing about all this is that those boys were getting the important facts and help out of their lessons, getting them in a way that they enjoyed and in a manner that they could apply them to their own daily lives and interests. John Strage in his despair that first morning had stumbled onto one of the important facts about teaching and had sense enough to see it and make use of it.—Intermediate and Senior Teacher.

Trifles May Decide

A boy in the employ of a blue-print firm, recently started, was promised a percentage on any new orders he succeeded in obtaining. He soon secured a small trial order from a business man and took the completed order to him the following day. The man wrote out a check, then said brusquely, "You needn't call again."

The boy stood for a moment too amazed to speak, then blurted out, "But you haven't even looked to see how well it's done."

"I don't need to," replied the man. "I see how the package is tied. A firm that will send out a package wrapped up that way is bound to do slipshod work. I don't care to start with any firm with which I'll be continually finding fault. You don't need to call again."



Young Men's Group, Bible School, held in the Church at Freudental, Alta.

The boy went away disappointed and annoyed, but dimly aware that he had learned something of value. He himself had wrapped the package to whose appearance the customer had objected. He had picked up a piece of wrapping paper which had done duty several times already, had pieced together two bits of string and—well, it was an untidy job. Several spots had come from his own soiled fingers. He realized that his personal appearance, as well as the unsightly package, was a poor advertisement for his firm. If he went away disappointed, his education had been advanced. Ambitious young people should remember that trifles often make the difference between success and failure.

What Happened to the Penny?

You never would have guessed it, but that bright, shiny new penny was unhappy. It had heard Nora say, "I'm going to keep you forever and ever."

But only the next day the penny went on a journey wrapped up tight in Nora's handkerchief. Once or twice it was taken out to show another little girl; but always quickly returned to Nora's pocket.

Then suddenly that handkerchief came out in a great hurry, and before the eyes of the penny could wink it was dropped in a basket with others, none of which were as bright and shiny as he.

The penny heard Nora's familiar voice: "Just think, uncle, it will help buy a New Testament for a little girl in China, or for a soldier 'over there!'"

And the penny fairly jumped, it was so happy.—Picture World.

The Girl from Montana

By GRACE LIVINGSTON HILL

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(Continuation)

Chapter IV

THE TWO FUGITIVES

"I'm not anybody in particular," he answered, and I'm not just sure where I belong. I live in Pennsylvania, but I didn't seem to belong there exactly, at least not just now, and so I came out here to see if I belonged anywhere else. I concluded yesterday that I didn't. At least not until I came in sight of you. But I suspect I am running away myself. In fact, that is just what I am doing, running away from a woman!"

He looked at her with his honest hazel eyes and she liked him. She felt he was telling her the truth, but it seemed to be a truth he was just finding out for himself as he talked.

"Why do you run away from a woman? How could a woman hurt you? Can she shoot?"

He flashed her a look of amusement and pain mingled.

"She uses other weapons," he said. "Her words are darts, and her looks are swords."

"What a queer woman! Does she ride well?"

"Yes, in an automobile!"

"What is that?" She asked the question shyly as if she feared he might laugh again; and he looked down, and perceived that he was talking far above her. In fact, he was talking to himself more than to the girl.

There was a bitter pleasure in speaking of his lost lady to this wild creature who almost seemed of another kind, more like an intelligent bird or flower.

"An automobile is a carriage that moves about without horses," he answered her gravely. "It moves by machinery."

"I should not like it," said the girl decidedly. "Horses are better than machines. I saw a machine once. It was to cut wheat. It made a noise, and did not go fast. It frightened me."

"But automobiles go very fast, faster than any horses. And they do not all make a noise."

The girl looked around apprehensively.

"My horse can go very fast. You do not know how fast. If you see her coming, I will change horses with you. You must ride to the nearest bench and over, and then turn backward on your tracks. She will not find you that way. And I am not afraid of a woman."

The man broke into a hearty laugh, loud and long. He laughed until the tears rolled down his cheeks; and the girl, offended, rode haughtily beside him. Then all in a moment he grew quite grave.

"Excuse me," he said; "I am not laughing at you now, though it looks that way. I am laughing out of the bitterness of my soul at the picture you put before me."

Although I am running away from her, the lady will not come out in her automobile to look for me. She does not want me!"

"She does not want you! And yet you ran away from her?"

"That's exactly it," he said. "You see, I wanted her!"

"Oh!" She gave a sharp, quick gasp of intelligence, and was silent. After a full minute she rode quite close to his horse, and laid her small brown hand on the animal's mane.

"I am sorry," she said simply.

"Thank you," he answered. "I'm sure I don't know why I told you. I never told any one before."

There was a long silence between them. The man seemed to have forgotten her as he rode with his eyes upon his horse's neck, and his thoughts apparently far away.

At last the girl said softly, as if she were rendering return for the confidence given her, "I ran away from a man."

The man lifted his eyes courteously, questioning, and waited.

"He is big and dark and handsome. He shoots to kill. He killed my brother. I hate him. He wants me, and I ran away from him. But he is a coward. I frightened him away. He is afraid of dead men that he has killed."

The young man gave his attention now to the extraordinary story which the girl told as if it were a common occurrence.

"But where are your people, your family and friends? Why do they not send the man away?"

"They're all back there in the sand," she said with a sad flicker of a smile and a gesture that told of tragedy. "I said the prayer over them. Mother always wanted it when we died. There wasn't anybody left but me. I said it, and then came away. It was cold moonlight, and there were noises. The horse was afraid. But I said it. Do you suppose it will do any good?"

She fastened her eyes upon the young man with her last words as if demanding an answer. The color came up to his cheeks. He felt embarrassed at such a question before her trouble.

"Why, I should think it ought to," he stammered. "Of course it will," he added with more confident comfort.

"Did you ever say the prayer?"

"Why,—I—yes, I believe I have," he answered somewhat uncertainly.

"Did it do any good?" She hung upon his words.

"Why, I—believe—yes, I suppose it did. That is, praying is always a good thing. The fact is, it's a long time since I've tried it. But of course it's all right."

A curious topic for conversation between a young man and woman on a ride through the wilderness. The man had

never thought about prayer for so many minutes consecutively in the whole of his life; at least, not since the days when his nurse tried to teach him, "Now I lay me."

"Why don't you try it about the lady?" asked the girl suddenly.

"Well, the fact is, I never thought of it."

"Don't you believe it will do any good?"

"Well, I suppose it might."

"Then let's try. Let's get off now, quick, and both say it. Maybe it will help us both. Do you know it all through? Can't you say it?" This last anxiously, as he hesitated and looked doubtful.

The color came into the man's face. Somehow this girl put him in a very bad light. He couldn't shoot; and, if he couldn't pray, what would she think of him?"

"Why, I think I could manage to say it with help," he answered uneasily. "But what if that man should suddenly appear on the scene?"

"You don't think the prayer is any good, or you wouldn't say that." She said it sadly, hopelessly.

"O, why certainly," he said, "only I thought there might be some better time to try it; but, if you say so, we'll stop right here." He sprang to the ground, and offered to assist her; but she was beside him before he could get around his horse's head.

Down she dropped, and clasped her hands as a little child might have done, and closed her eyes.

"Our Father," she repeated slowly, precisely, as if every word belonged to a charm and must be repeated just right or it would not work. The man's mumbling words halted after hers. He was reflecting upon the curious tableau they would make to the chance passer-by. It was strange, this aloneness. There was a wideness here that made praying seem more natural than it would have been at home in the open country.

The prayer, by reason of the unaccustomed lips, went slowly; but, when it was finished, the girl sprang to her saddle again with a businesslike expression.

"I feel better," she said with a winning smile. "Don't you? Don't you think He heard?"

"Who heard?"

"Why, 'our Father.'"

"O, certainly! That is, I've always been taught to suppose he did. I haven't much experimental knowledge in this line, but I dare say it'll do some good somewhere. Now do you suppose we could get some of that very sparkling water? I feel exceedingly thirsty."

"Did you ride all night?" asked the girl.

"Pretty much," answered the man. "I stopped once to rest a few minutes; but a sound in the distance stirred me up again, and I was afraid to lose my chance of catching you, lest I should be hopelessly lost. You see, I went out with a party hunting, and I sulked behind. They went off up a steep climb, and I said I'd wander around below till they got back, or perhaps ride back to camp; but, when

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I tried to find the camp, it wasn't where I had left it."

"Well, you've got to lie down and sleep awhile," said the girl decidedly. "You can't keep going like that. It'll kill you. You lie down, and I'll watch, and get dinner. I'm going to cook that bird."

He demurred, but in the end she had her way; for he was exceedingly weary, and she saw it. So he let her spread the old coat down while he gathered some wood for a fire, and then he lay down and watched her simple preparations for the meal. Before he knew it he was asleep.

When he came to himself, there was a curious blending of dream and reality. He thought his lady was coming to him across the rough plains in an automobile, with gray wings like those of the bird the girl had shot, and his prayer as he knelt in the sand was drawing her, while overhead the air was full of wild, sweet music from strange birds that mocked and called and thrilled. But, when the automobile reached him and stopped, the lady withered into a little, old, dried-up creature of ashes; and the girl of the plains was sitting in her place radiant and beautiful.

He opened his eyes, and saw the rude little dinner set, and smelt the delicious odor of the roasted bird. The girl was standing on the other side of the fire, gravely whistling a most extraordinary song, like unto all the birds of the air at once.

She had made a little cake out of the corn-meal, and they feasted royally.

"I caught two fishes in the brook. We'll take them along for supper," she said as they packed the things again for starting. He tried to get her to take a rest also, and let him watch; but she insisted that they must go on, and promised to rest just before dark. "For we must travel hard at night, you know," she added fearfully.

He questioned her more about the man who might be pursuing, and came to understand her fears.

"The scoundrel!" he muttered, looking at the delicate features and clear, lovely profile of the girl. He felt a strong desire to throttle the evil man.

He asked a good many questions about her life, and was filled with wonder over the flower like girl who seemed to have blossomed in the wilderness with no hand to cultivate her save a lazy, clever, drunken father, and a kind but ignorant mother. How could she have escaped being coarsened amid such surroundings? How was it, with such brothers as she had, that she had come forth as lovely and unharmed as she seemed? He somehow began to feel a great anxiety for her lonely future and a desire to put her in the way of protection. But at present they were still in the wilderness; and he began to be glad that he was here too, and might have the privilege of protecting her now, if there should be need.

As it grew toward evening, they came upon a little grassy spot in a coulee where the horses might rest and eat. Here they stopped, and the girl threw herself under a shelter of trees, with the old coat for a pillow, and rested, while the man paced up and down at a distance, gathering wood for a fire, and watching the hori-

zon. As night came on, the city-bred man longed for shelter. He was by no means a coward where known quantities were concerned, but to face wild animals and drunken brigands in a strange, wild plain with no help near was anything but an enlivening prospect. He could not understand why they had not come upon some human habitation by this time. He had never realized how vast this country was before. When he came westward on the train he did not remember to have traversed such long stretches of country without a sign of civilization, though of course a train went so much faster than a horse that he had no adequate means of judging. Then, besides, they were on no trail now, and had probably gone in a most roundabout way to anywhere. In reality they had twice come within five miles of little homesteads, tucked away between a steam in a fertile spot; but they had not known it. A mile further to the right at one spot would have put them on the trail and made their way easier and shorter, but that they could not know.

The girl did not rest long. She seemed to feel her pursuit more as the darkness crept on, and kept anxiously looking for the moon.

"We must go toward the moon," she said as she watched the bright spot coming in the east.

They ate their supper of fish and corn-bread with the appetite that grows on horseback, and by the time they started on their way again the moon spread a path of silver before them, and they went forward feeling as if they had known each other a long time. For a while their fears and hopes were blended in one.

Meantime, as the sun sank and the moon rose, a traveller rode up the steep ascent to the little lonely cabin which the girl had left. He was handsome and dark and strong, with a scarlet kerchief knotted at his throat; and he rode slowly, cautiously, looking furtively about and ahead of him. He was doubly armed, and the pistols gleamed in the moonlight, while an ugly knife nestled keenly in a secret sheath.

He was wicked, for the look upon his face was not good to see; and he was a coward, for he started at the flutter of a night-bird hurrying late to its home in a rock by the wayside. The mist rising from the valley in wreaths of silver gauze startled him again as he rounded the trail to the cabin, and for an instant he stopped and drew his dagger, thinking the ghost he feared was walking thus early. A draught from the bottle he carried in his pocket steadied his nerves, and he went on, but stopped again in front of the cabin; for there stood another horse, and there in the doorway stood a figure in the darkness! His curses rang through the still air and smote the moonlight. His pistol flashed forth a volley of fire to second him.

In answer to his demand who was there came another torrent of profanity. It was one of his comrades of the day before. He explained that he and two others had come up to pay a visit to the pretty girl. They had had a wager as to who could

win her, and they had come to try; but she was not here. The door was fastened. They had forced it. There was no sign of her about. The other two had gone down to the place where her brother was buried to see whether she was there. Women were known to be sentimental. She might be that kind. He had agreed to wait here, but he was getting uneasy. Perhaps, if the other two found her, they might not be fair.

The last comer with a mighty oath explained that the girl belonged to him, and no one had a right to her. He demanded that the other come with him to the grave, and see what had become of the girl; and then they would all go and drink together—but the girl belonged to him.

They rode to the place of the graves, and met the two others returning; but there was no sign of the girl, and the three taunted the one, saying that the girl had given him the slip. Amid much argument as to whose she was and where she was, they rode on courting through Gods beauty. They passed the bottle continually, that their nerves might be steadier; and, when they came to the deserted cabin once more, they paused and discussed what to do.

At last it was agreed that they should start on a quest after her, and with oaths, and coarse jests, and drinking, they started down the trail of which the girl had gone in search by her roundabout way.

Chapter V

A NIGHT RIDE

It was a wonderful night that the two spent wading the sea of moonlight together on the plain. The almost unearthly beauty of the scene grew upon them. They had none of the loneliness that had possessed each the night before, and might now discover all the wonders of the way.

Early in the way they came upon a prairie-dog's village, and the man would have lingered watching with curiosity, had not the girl urged him on. It was the time of night when she had started to run away, and the same apprehension that filled her then came upon her with the evening. She longed to be out of the land which held the man she feared. She would rather bury herself in the earth and smother to death than be caught by him. But, as they rode on, she told her companion much of the habits of the curious little creatures they had seen; and then, as the night settled down upon them, she pointed out the dark, stealing creatures that slipped from their way now and then, or gleamed with a fearsome green eye from some temporary refuge.

At first the cold shivers kept running up and down the young man as he realized that there before him in the sage-brush was a real live animal about which he had read so much, and which he had come out bravely to hunt. He kept his hand upon his revolver, and was constantly on the alert, nervously looking behind lest a troupe of coyotes or wolves should be quietly stealing upon him. But, as the

girl talked fearlessly of them in much the same way as we talk of a neighbor's fierce dog, he grew gradually calmer, and was able to watch a dark, velvet-footed moving object ahead without starting.

By and by he pointed to the heavens, and talked of the stars. Did she know that constellation? No? Then he explained. Such and such stars were so many miles from the earth. He told her their names, and a bit of mythology connected with the name, and then went on to speak of the moon, and the possibility of its once having been inhabited.

The girl listened amazed. She knew certain stars as landmarks, telling east from west and north from south; and she had often watched them one by one coming out, and counted them her friends; but that they were worlds, and that the inhabitants of this earth knew anything whatever about the heavenly bodies, she had never heard. Question after question she plied him with, some of them showing extraordinary intelligence and thought, and others showing deeper ignorance than a little child in our kindergartens would show.

He wondered more and more as their talk went on. He grew deeply interested in unfolding the wonders of the heavens to her; and, as he studied her pure profile in the moonlight with eager, searching, wistful gaze, her beauty impressed him more and more. In the East the man had a friend, an artist. He thought how wonderful a theme for a painting this scene would make. The girl in picturesque hat of soft felt, riding with careless ease and grace; horse, maiden, plain, bathed in a sea of silver.

More and more as she talked the man wondered how the girl reared in the wilds had acquired a speech so free from grammatical errors. She was apparently deeply ignorant, and yet with a very few exceptions she made no serious errors in English. How was it to be accounted for?

He began to ply her with questions about herself, but could not find that she had ever come into contact with people who were educated. She had not even lived in any of the miserable little towns that flourish in the wildest of the West, and not within several hundred miles of a city. The nearest neighbors in one direction had been forty miles away, she said, and said it as if that were an everyday distance for a neighbor to live.

Mail? They had a letter once that she could remember, when she was a little girl. It was just a few lines in pencil to say that her mother's father had died. He had been killed in an accident of some sort, working in the city where he lived. Her mother had kept the letter and cried over it till almost all the pencil marks were gone.

No, they had no mail on the mountain where their homestead was.

Yes, her father went there first because he thought he had discovered gold, but it turned out to be a mistake; so, as they had no other place to go, and no money to go with, they had just stayed there; and her father and brothers had been cow-punchers, but she and her

mother had scarcely ever gone away from home. There were the little children to care for; and, when they died, her mother did not care to go, and would not let her go far alone.

O, yes, she had ridden a great deal, sometimes with her brothers, but not often. They went with rough men, and her mother felt afraid to have her go. The men all drank. Her brothers drank. Her father drank too. She stated it as if it were a sad fact common to all mankind, and ended with the statement which was almost, not quite, a question, "I guess you drink too."

"Well," said the young man hesitatingly, "not that way. I take a glass of wine now and then in company, you know—"

"Yes, I know," sighed the girl. "Men are all alike. Mother used to say so. She said men were different from women. They had to drink. She said they all did it. Only she said her father never did; but he was very good, though he had to work hard."

"Indeed," said the young man, his color rising in the moonlight, "indeed, you make a mistake. I don't drink at all, not that way. I'm not like them. I—why, I only—well, the fact is, I don't care a red cent about the stuff anyway; and I don't want you to think I'm like them. If it will do you any good, I'll never touch it again, not a drop."

He said it earnestly. He was trying to vindicate himself. Just why he should care to do so he did not know, only that all at once it was very necessary that he should appear different in the eyes of this girl from the other men she had known.

"Will you really?" she asked, turning to look in his face. "Will you promise that?"

"Why, certainly I will," he said, a trifle embarrassed that she had taken him at his word. "Of course I will. I tell you it's nothing to me. I only took a glass at the club occasionally when the other men were drinking, and sometimes when I went to banquets, class banquets, you know, and dinners—"

Now the girl had never heard of class banquets, but to take a glass occasionally when the other men were drinking was what her brothers did; and she sighed, and said: "Yes, you promise, but I know you won't keep it. Father promised too; but when he got with the other men it did no good. Men are all alike."

"But I'm not," he insisted stoutly. "I tell you I'm not. I don't drink and won't drink. I promise you solemnly here under God's sky that I'll never drink another drop of intoxicating liquor again if I know it as long as I live."

He put out his hand toward her, and she put her own into it with a quick grasp just for an instant.

"Then you're not like other men, after all," she said with a glad ring in her voice. "That must be why I wasn't so very much afraid of you when I woke up and found you standing there."

A distinct sense of pleasure came over him at her words. Why it should make

him glad that she had not been afraid of him when she had first seen him in the wilderness he did not know. He forgot all about his own troubles. He forgot the lady in the automobile. Right then and there he dropped her out of his thoughts. He did not know it; but she was forgotten, and he did not think about her any more during that journey. Something had erased her. He had run away from her, and he had succeeded most effectually, more so than he knew.

There in the desert the man took his first temperance pledge, urged thereto by a girl who had never heard of a temperance pledge in her life, had never joined a woman's temperance society, and knew nothing about women's crusades. Her own heart had taught her out of bitter experience just how to use her God-given influence.

They came to a long stretch of level ground then, smooth and hard; and the horses as with common consent set out to gallop shoulder to shoulder in a wild, exhilarating skim across the plain. Talking was impossible. The man reflected that he was making great strides in experience, first a prayer and then a pledge, all in the wilderness. If any one had told him he was going into the West for this, he would have laughed them to scorn.

(To be continued)

The Baptist World Alliance

Dr. Rushbrooke, General Secretary of the World Alliance, is expected to be in the United States during May and June and to attend the Southern Baptist Convention in Birmingham and the Northern in Kansas City. Between the dates of these Conventions, the Executive Committee of the Alliance will meet in Louisville under the chairmanship of President John MacNeill. Other officers attending will include Dr. Clifton D. Gray, the American Associate Secretary, and Mr. Albert Matthews, LL.D., the Western Treasurer.

Baptisms in China

The British Baptist Missionary Society announces the receipt of a letter from the Rev. William Mudd, Shensi, giving the welcome news that on a single day at the close of last year 106 candidates had been baptized. There were over 200 candidates, and special care had to be exercised in accepting them in view of the possibility that some might have been influenced by the prospect of obtaining famine relief. The candidates were immersed by Mr. Mudd and the aged Pastor Sun, who remains at San Yuan to take special classes. There are fourteen young men in training in the Bible School. Mr. Mudd adds that "the promise of the future is very bright."

She Knew

He: "My watch is keeping better time since I put your photograph inside the case."

She: "O, I see. You added another jewel."—Christian Science Monitor.

Great Revival at Herreid, S. Dak.

God is in our midst. We have had such wonderful meetings for four months so far, and we are all being awakened, inspired and blessed. The services are wonderful, and the feeling, the deep spiritual feeling that prevails here is felt as one enters in. We are having wonderful meetings and the people turn out in goodly numbers so that the church is far too small at times. Many can testify to the love of God.

Our dear pastor, Rev. Albert Alf, brings the messages in such a striking way, that young and old sit and listen in reverence, absorbing every word. May God bless him and give him many more years of grace to preach his word in such a friendly hear-to-heart way.

And through the faithful work we were blessed, so that 240 confessed the Lord Jesus Christ as their personal Savior. We also had two baptismal services in which 116 converts followed Christ in baptism. The English Baptist people of the Baptist church of Moberidge, S. Dak., were so kind as to let us use their church for the baptismal services.

The entire Karl Wolfer family of 11 souls gave their lives to Christ, and all followed Jesus in baptism, which you can see by the picture enclosed. I am also sending you another picture of all the candidates that were baptized in our last baptismal services, 72 in all. If it is God's will, we will have another baptismal service on Easter Sunday as several other candidates have reported themselves for baptism already.

God has done wonders in our midst as he has called fathers mothers, brothers and sisters and grown-up children to follow Jesus altogether.

With the help of our Pastor Alf we have organized five B. Y. P. U.'s, one at each of our church stations, as follows: Artas, Spring Creek, Gnadefeld, Pollock, and Herreid. Every three months all the five stations come together at Herreid as one B. Y. P. U. Union. Here we give programs together. Each station B. Y. P. U. has to give 2 or 3 numbers. So far we have 245 members in our entire B. Y. P. U., of which the Herreid church station has the most members.

We also have five Sunday schools connected with our church, one at each station church. Our station Sunday school at Herreid has 128 scholars enrolled so far and is still growing.

Our prayers are that God may continue to bless his work here during the coming year. To the Lord be all honor and thanks. ANDREW HUBER.

* * *

Hatred of evil is right. Hatred of the soul that does evil is wrong. "Hate the sin and love the sinner" is a maxim that expresses Christ's teachings. Many a sinner needs deliverance and help, and longs for it.

* * *

The greatest act of the will is to submit our will to the supreme Ruler of the universe.



Group of 72 recently baptized at one time by Rev. Albert Alf of Herreid, So. Dak.

First, Brooklyn, Visits First, Union City

The German Young People's Society of the First Church of Brooklyn, N. Y., visited the First Church of Union City, N. J., recently and rendered a delightful program. Our pastor, Rev. John Schmidt, who is General Secretary of the Young People's Society of New York and Vicinity, led in the devotional service.

Our president, Mr. Herman Kumm, made the welcome address, then Mr. Robert Schaefer, president of the Brooklyn society, took charge of the meeting. A sketch was presented called "Weihnacht, Engelwacht," which all enjoyed. Their choir, being led by Mr. Hans Hoffman, also rendered some beautiful selections.

After the close of the meeting refreshments were served, the Brooklyn choir entertained us with songs and a happy fellowship was enjoyed by all.

MINNIE MENKE, Sec.

Some Achievements of Youth

We like to refer to the times in which we live as the "Young People's Era," but every age has offered boundless opportunities for young people of talent who are willing to pay the price of hard work.

At thirteen years of age Beethoven had published a volume of his sonatas, some of which were pronounced by the musical world as among the most beautiful musical compositions ever written.

At the same age Mozart was recognized as one of the world's most skillful musicians.

At sixteen years of age Charles Haddon Spurgeon won fame as the "Boy Preacher," and at twenty he was preaching to great audiences in the London Tabernacle.

William Cullen Bryant at eighteen wrote "Thanatopsis," pronounced by critics one of the most beautiful poems in American literature.

Thomas A. Edison was only twenty-three when he made his first important discovery in telegraphy, a discovery which eventually brought him fame and fortune.

George Washington at nineteen ranked

as a major in the army and was in command of a regiment in the war against the French before he was twenty-two.

Demosthenes in Greece and Cicero in Rome were famous as the greatest orators of their day before they had reached twenty-five.

At twenty-three William E. Gladstone, the great English statesman, was a member of the House of Commons.

Edward Everett was famous as one of America's finest orators at twenty and at that age became a professor in Harvard University.

Edgar Allan Poe won fame as a poet before he reached his majority and published his first volume of poems when he was only twenty.

John Greenleaf Whittier became editor of a magazine when he was twenty-three and was already known as one of America's most promising poets.

Does Youth Respect Age?

The late Lord Balfour, of England, who retained his youthfulness so long through life, once declared: "To be an optimist is to be a believer in youth. It is, after all, the young people who are going to do this work. Let us believe in them. I believe in them. Doubtless they occasionally have their weaknesses. And among these weaknesses sometimes is a very imperfect appreciation of the virtues of their seniors."

How soon we, who are young, shall be old! The prospect makes us think better of the men and women who have traveled the road ahead of us. They started out with high ideals and encountered difficulties. We have not met all the enemies that lie in wait for adventurers along life's highway. Some of us do not even possess the virtue of patience. Some day we may grasp that prize, but we shall have to go through struggles to win it.

A New Wrinkle

Four Scotchmen had dinner in a restaurant. When it came to paying they disagreed. Finally, they decided that the waiter should be blindfolded, and that the first one he touched should foot the bill.

They are still at large.—Tit-Bits.



The Karl Wolfer Family

All twelve members now belong to the Herreid German Baptist Church. Picture shows the 11 recently baptized, father and children; the mother already belonged to the church. Rev. Alf in center foreground.

Three Days of Gellert's Life

PHILIP F. W. OERTEL

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

Preface

This story was originally written in German by the well-known story-writer Philip Friedrich Wilhelm Oertel, known in literary circles as W. O. von Horn. It is based on an actual experience in the life of Prof. Christian Fuerchtegott Gellert. The story has appeared in many editions and encouraged thousands to trust in the Providence of God. Gellert studied Philosophy and Theology at Leipzig, lecturing on Poetry, Oratory and Morals. He died as Professor of Philosophy in 1769. His fables and Christian hymns made him famous. His piety, simplicity and kindness made him a favorite among the common people, but he was highly esteemed by the Crown Prince Heinrich of Prussia and other people of high standing. This story will endear him to the American people also, as they read it in the English language.

CARL A. DANIEL.

In a little room of the "Black Board" in Leipzig there sat one day (it was during the period when the Seven Year War still brandished its flaming torch) a man at his desk, leaning his head upon his hand. He looked rather haggard and not in the best of health. He wore a white cotton cap, and a dressing gown covered his meager body. One look at the room soon convinced you that you were in the home of a scholar, for along the walls there were shelves with multitudes of books of every description from the large folio to the simple duodecimo.

Only a few books lay scattered on the table and among them there was a Bible, evidently much in use. It was opened at the second chapter of Job and the tenth verse, which reads: "What? Shall we receive good at the hand of the Lord and shall we not receive evil?"

His eyes were fixed upon a piece of paper before him, on which he had just written some verses. He was looking them over, carefully correcting a word here and punctuating there.

This man was Christian Fuerchtegott Gellert, and the verses which he had just completed were a hymn entitled "Ich hab' in guten Stunden," inspired by the reading of the tenth verse in the second chapter of Job. Gellert's experience was not unlike that of other honest men; he was often at an ebb, his income small and at this moment he had not a penny to his name. He had had thirty dollars in solid cash yesterday, laid aside for a load of wood, for it was wintery without and a warm stove would be a double blessing. His supply of wood could hardly last another week and there was no prospect of money coming in. That was not a happy outlook for a sickly man, who would feel the cold all the more, and this lay heavily upon his mind in view of his scant supply of wood. Therefore, it was rather cold in his room and the windows were decorated with frost flowers that gave no fragrance and awakened unpleasant thoughts. Gellert, however, had the habit of taking all his cares and anxieties to a reliable source of help, even to God's holy word. This word was his very sword of the Spirit and always effective in banishing trouble. So on this morning he had been prayerfully reading the second chapter of Job and the tenth verse. It had impressed itself indelibly upon his receptive mind and led him to write that poem, which was but an echo of God's word in his soul.

He finally laid the pen aside, again bent forward with his hand against his forehead, soliloquizing as follows: "No, I do not regret having given away my last thirty dollars. It is not that which causes me to be depressed. Lord, thou dost penetrate the inward parts of my soul, thou knowest my weakness which has overtaken me. Still, it may be a lack of faith—Oh, forgive me, dear Lord! I do believe, help thou my weak faith."

At that moment there was a knock at

the door, and without waiting for a response, a short, heavy-set man stepped into the room, greeting Gellert cordially.

"Good morning, dear doctor," said Gellert, stretching out his thin hand.

The short, energetic man grasped his hand, pressed it warmly, returned the greeting, then laying down his hat and cane, he rubbed his hands saying, "Whew, but you have a mighty cold room here, my dear professor! That will never do in your condition. You must keep your room warmer. Have some more wood put on. Would you ruin yourself in such a cold temperature?"

Gellert smiled complacently and remarked, "My supply of wood is getting very low, I will have to economize."

"But you are no miser, professor," exclaimed the doctor. "You will simply have to buy some more wood."

But Gellert still more sadly and falteringly answered, "My money is also at an ebb, but be assured I will see to it."

The doctor, who never dwelt on one thought very long, stooped over the table and exclaimed, "What is this? Another hymn?"

Gellert nodded. One could see, however, that he was embarrassed that the doctor had seen the verses. Without hesitation he took them and, stepping toward the light, noted the frozen windows. "Whew! Ice flowers; that will never do!" Then he went on reading the verses, while Gellert modestly looked down. After a few moments the doctor said, "Wonderful! How devout! how truly Christian and spiritual, Dearest professor, I'll take these lines and copy them and return them to you tomorrow. I know you will not object." Not even waiting for Gellert's consent he stuck them into his pocket and stepped up to the professor, whose whole demeanor showed that this summary procedure of the doctor with his hymn did not please him a bit. He felt his pulse and said, "No change in your condition. You should get out into the fresh air and have some exercise. Sitting continually is not good for you. You should have a riding horse. Horse riding would be a most healthful exercise for you. You will have to buy a horse, do you hear?"

Gellert only laughed. "What more do you want me to buy? Have you any more such cheap prescriptions for me, sir? You certainly have come at an opportune time with such advice."

"Yes," said the animated doctor, "and you must keep that stove filled with wood too, even if it takes the last log. I will order the wood. Well, goodbye, dearest professor. I will see you again." At this he grasped his hat and cane, made his bow and departed even before Gellert could get up to escort him to the door.

Gellert again smiled and to himself he said, "A good, able, faithful man this doctor is, but if I should carry out all of his orders I would have to have as much money at my disposal as old man Grudger over at the market."

The very mention of that name turned his thoughts in other directions. The sad expression on his countenance disappeared

and made room for more delightful thoughts; he even forgot the doctor's command to put more wood into the stove.

I must relate what happened to the rest of Gellert's cash, his last thirty dollars, which had been laid aside for a new supply of wood. It was but yesterday that he had disposed of them in a way that made Gellert's heart leap with joy, although for the time being it put in question the pleasure and comfort of a warm room.

First Day

In one of the outlying older streets of Leipzig, which had escaped the catastrophes of the town, there stood a small dilapidated house. It belonged to a certain Mr. Grudger, who was one of the wealthiest men of the town, but who was a greedy money-maker. This house had once been the homestead of his father. He would have sold it long ago, had he not figured out that it would yield a bigger income in rent than a deposit of the proceeds would bring in money interest. He had not lived in this house since his boyhood days, but was residing in a stately mansion at the market.

He spent no money for repairs on the old homestead; it was sadly neglected and in dilapidated condition. The floors were rotten, the walls were damp, the cross-bars of the windows were loose, and the panes barely hanging in the leaden rims. For years the family of a poor shoemaker, who had more children than he had customers, lived at rent in the house. He had eaten the bread of sorrow and care and was at this moment worried about the rent that was over due, at a time when war raged and made food prices soar.

Yet he was a good, honest man and had a devout, God-fearing family. As long as the father was able to work, they got along fairly well; but during the past summer he was taken ill and was unable to recover his strength sufficiently to gain a livelihood; so his income was exceedingly small. Indeed, poverty was staring them in the face and they were well-nigh pressed to turn to begging under the desperate circumstances. Their rent had accumulated to the sum of thirty dollars, and the nightmare of meeting the hard-hearted landlord Grudger haunted them. He had threatened to resort to stringent measures if the rent was not forthcoming; and he would surely carry them out, which would bring on a great calamity. The wife had pleaded with him on her knees to have patience and mercy, but he had dismissed her with harsh threats. At the close of the last quarter, he had given her notice, that if they did not have the money within four weeks he would put them out into the cold, and he was the kind of man to carry out such a warning.

In utter despair the good woman had left him and gone home to break the sad news to her husband and children. The report of her experience with Grudger caused a relapse of her husband's illness. Who could number the tears that fell from the eyes of parents and children?

The fateful day when they were to expect the worst drew nearer. Winter had already set in. The cold wind was blowing through the crevices of the rattling windows and into the damp rooms, revealing a scene of real misery. There on the bed lay the sick father, whom death stared in the face, and yonder were six small children, gathered around the stove, crying from cold and hunger. Mother heart, can you endure it much longer? There she stood, wringing her hands. The father turned over on his side muttering weakly and slowly, "If there is no mercy on earth, I know there is in heaven with my Lord, who has said: 'Call upon me in the day of thy trouble and I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me.' Come, my dear wife, and come, my dear children, let us pray to our heavenly Father. He will hear us and not forsake us in our distress."

(To be continued)

The Winds of March

The winds of March are singing in the pines
Their wild, mysterious song,
For, from the south faint whispers of the spring
Are borne on wings along.

The winds of March, a-singing in the pines,
Are messengers of Spring,
They have a secret for the sleeping earth—
This is the song they sing:

"We've seen the Spring She's coming soon, she says,
And calls the birds and flow'rs
To wake from slumber 'neath the winter's snow
To warm and sunny hours!"

O winds of March, a-singing in the pines,
You've brought a message to me, too,
That lovely spring will soon be here
And winter will be through.

Anti-Religious Policy in Russia

Christian people are gradually coming to understand the full gravity of the situation in Russia. The emphasis should be laid less on the ill-treatment of individuals—serious as that is—than upon the steady pressure by the Communist party, which alone exercises political power, and which cherishes the definite purpose of eliminating religion in every form from the life of the people. In the December issue of "Missions," the organ of the American Baptist Foreign Mission Society, Mr. W. B. Lippard publishes a remarkable article entitled "Civilization without Religion," in which he reports his first-hand impressions during a visit to Russia. The Management Committee of the "World Alliance for Promoting International Friendship through the Churches" has also lately issued a careful statement which includes this finding regarding the facts:

"After making all due allowances for the political, social and religious background of the Russian situation, and the



Young Women's Group, Bible School, Freudental, Alta.

difficulty of the problems with which the Soviet Government has had to deal, the plain fact remains that religious persecution appears to prevail in Russia on a scale unprecedented in modern times; that this persecution is not based on objection to any particular form of religion—Orthodox, Jewish, Protestant, Roman Catholic or Mohammedan—but on hostility to religion in itself, and a determination to extirpate it for the coming generation in any and every form; and that this determination finds expression in the confiscation of churches and in the punishment of priests, rabbis and ministers who perform the duties of their sacred calling, as well as all parents, under severe penalties, to teach religion to groups of children, however small, under the age of eighteen, while the Government, not content with forbidding the religious instruction of children, itself teaches them in Government schools to repudiate and hate religion as superstition and the enemy of the State."

As to the wisdom of protest abroad, we may take note of the following statement of the Committee: "We are informed that millions of people in Russia believe that their lot would have been easier and that the bitterness of anti-religious persecution would have been moderated, if peoples in other lands had uttered themselves in no uncertain terms regarding the terrible injustice of seeking to exterminate religious life within the Soviet Republic." Statements to the same effect come to me from trustworthy sources.

May I again remind my brethren throughout the world that the Executive of the Baptist World Alliance appealed in May, 1929, for continuous and united prayer on behalf of our fellow-believers in Russia and all others who in that land suffer because of their loyalty to their conscience and their Lord? And may I stress the fact that this appeal has unfortunately lost none of its force?

Prodigal

FRANCESCA FALK MILLER

There's a yearning cry in my heart today,
Mother! O my mother!

For the childhood hours that are far
away,

Mother! O my mother!
I have trod alone on a weary road,
And have gathered what my hands have
sowed,

But you've not been there to ease the
load—

Mother! O my mother!

There is brown no more in your silvered
hair,

Mother! O my mother!
And your dear, sweet face is lined with
care,

Mother! O my mother!
I have made you worry and made you
weep;

I have roamed the world and sailed the
deep;

But back to your arms I fain would
creep—

Mother! O my mother!

I am tired to death of the strain and
stress,

Mother! O my mother!
I am longing now for your soft caress,
Mother! O my mother!

The plaudits of life are but froth and
foam;

The world is wide to the hearts that
roam;

Say you'll forgive me—I'm coming home!
Mother! O my mother!

There are sins and scars I must bring
with me,

Mother! O my mother!
There's a look in my eyes that you should
not see,

Mother! O my mother!
But my heart is repentant, my spirit
awed,

And your trust is deep, and your love is
broad,

So I'm coming back to you—and God—
Mother! O my mother!

A Missionary Pastor and a Missionary Prayer-meeting

CARL A. DANIEL

The writer of this article has always been interested in missions. Before entering his senior year in the Seminary, he joined the Students Volunteer Movement and pledged himself with many others in 1887 as follows: "I am willing, God permitting, to be a foreign missionary." God did not lead him into a foreign field, so he determined to interest the churches he should be called upon to serve, in missions.

Every month or so he would preach a missionary sermon or deliver a missionary address. Every foreign or home missionary, who happened to be in his neighborhood, he would enlist to speak to his congregation, and many delightful hours were spent in the fellowship with these missionaries. Some of the foreign missionaries had gone out from the churches,

which he served, and to keep in vital touch with them a correspondence was kept up, native preachers were supported on their fields, excerpts from their letters were read in the prayer-meetings or Sunday services. The missionary offerings multiplied in all the churches he served and they were often liberal, sacrificial and exemplary. Yes, some were indeed record-breaking.

But for quite a number of years the Budget System has been introduced and stressed and the information regarding missions has shifted from the local church to the denominational headquarters and its committees and leaders. Information came almost exclusively from the mission headquarters. Pastors in general felt no special obligation nor duty to deliver missionary addresses or sermons, but accepted as a matter of fact the stimulæ and information that came through the denominational press, the supplements from time to time, which appeared in the "Sendbote" or the "Baptist Herald" or Institutes. In a few circles a reading course has been followed.

This information is excellent and gives accurate knowledge and inspiration to the reader. However, we have observed a lack of public instruction on the part of the local church. There seemed to be a lack of self-reliance, intense study and a glowing passion on the part of not a few of the ministers for missions of their denomination and missions in general.

How well does the writer remember what an amount of study, preparation and prayer it required to interest his congregation in our mission interests. We had special Sundays in the year: for Home Missions, for our Ministerial Education, for Foreign Missions, for State Convention, for Aged Ministers, for Widows and Orphans, for City Mission, and so forth. We looked forward to these Sundays with peculiar interest and anticipation, with prayer and prepared ourselves long in advance to bring such messages as would interest, instruct and inspire. Many of the members too looked forward to these special Sundays with keen interest and delight. Their offerings were voluntary and oftentimes quite liberal and sacrificial. Deficits were not known in our General Missionary Society for over twenty-five years.

Many things have since changed. The weekly and duplex system stimulated weekly missionary offerings. Wherever the members acquaint themselves with the information which is furnished by the Budget Committee these missionary contributions brought a weekly response.

But is it enough? Should the congregations get their missionary education only from the denominational committees and leaders? Should not the local churches have some self-consciousness and independence and seek to educate and to develop their own character and efficiency through their missionary pastor?

Perhaps it may interest the readers to know how the pastor of the Second German Baptist Church, Chicago, has sought to educate the church and stimulate the missionary interests. Every third Wednesday of the month is known as Mis-

sionary Prayer-meeting. The Women's Missionary Society has the custody of the free will offering, which is taken on such evenings. The pastor, however, decided to prepare a missionary talk for these evenings and has found it extremely helpful and instructive. Thus we have considered our General Missionary Society's work at home and abroad our Seminary at Rochester, N. Y., Missions in South America, Widows and Orphans, work among Indians in North America, New Zealand, Capt. Luke Bickel and his work among the Japanese islands. We also had a visit of missionary leaders such as: Rev. F. W. Simoleit of Berlin, Germany, Dr. Max Diel of Steglitz, Germany, Rev. Carl Fuellbrandt of Europe, Dr. Jacob Speicher of China, Rev. Geo. J. Geis of Upper Burma, India, Dr. Fred Meyer of the Philippines, Rev. Thomas Moody of Africa. Occasionally Bible study was used, viz.: the missionary teaching of the Psalms, the sending out of the twelve and of the seventy disciples, etc.

All of this gave the pastor a wide range of study in advance, kept him busy reading, widened his horizon and stimulated his own interest in missions. At the same time he enlarged the vision and interest of his people in missions. The result cannot fail to follow in the life service and giving of the church. The Women's Missionary Society was able to add \$25 to missions from the small groups that attended the missionary prayer-meetings during a brief period.

Brother Pastor, why not try it out in your congregation? It will help you and your people. You will be enriched. God bless you!

Hard Work and Religion

"I cannot recall any previous period of history when there was such a passion for education as there is now," says William Lyon Phelps, of Yale, in "Scribner's Magazine." "Everybody wants to be educated, but only a minority are willing to travel on the only road that leads to it; a road paved with self-denial and hard work."

In the same article Prof. Phelps refers to a new book by the headmaster of Harrow School, in England, in which the author expresses his belief that religion is the only true foundation. "And I must add," says Dr. Phelps, "that the place to acquire a sense of the truth and importance of religion is in the home, and that there is no substitute for a good mother."

Just One

"Why, Willie," said the teacher in a pained voice, "have you been fighting again? Didn't you learn that when you are struck on one cheek you ought to turn the other one to the striker?"

"Yes, sir," agreed Willie; "but he hit me on the nose, and I've only got one."—Boys' Life.

Complete Now

The butcher still uses everything about the pig except its squeal. This is used by the customer when he hears the price of pork.—Punch.

Healing Prayer

GRENVILLE KLEISER

Healing mind of Christ supreme
Be thy thoughts my daily theme;
Teach me how to do thy will,
Know the truth and just be still.

Healing power of Christ profound,
More and more in me abound;
From self-seeking make me free,
Build my life alone in thee.

Healing love of Christ divine,
I would make thee fully mine;
Dwell within me now I pray,
Keep me strong and brave today.

Healing word of Christ so dear,
Speak to me that I may hear;
Let my daily life express
Truth and love and righteousness.

What Is Important?

NINA WILLIS WALTER

The world is so full of things to do and of things to get, that it behooves us to pick out the things that are important. But how shall we test the importance of things? A thing is important

(1) If it leaves us with an inner sense of satisfaction as of some worthwhile thing accomplished.

(2) If we are conscious of growth in strength of character, of soul, or of faith, because of it.

(3) If it makes life easier for another.

(4) If it contributes to the beauty or the general good of the world.

(5) If it opens the way to broader fields of worth-while endeavor.

(6) If it rebounds to the glory of God.

Transformation

Two preacher-students hurried along the street from a shopping district of the city to the college some half dozen squares away. Darkness was falling, the rain, sleet and snow were driven by a furious wind, while spatters of mud were beginning to freeze on the wet pavement.

The young men's arms were locked tightly, their faces close together and over their heads they carried an umbrella to keep out the driving sleet and rain.

"This is going to be an awful night," suggested one of them.

"Thank the Lord for steam heat and a good bed!" replied the other.

One man halted so suddenly that the shock was terrific to his companion, for they were going almost on the run.

"In the name of Julius Caesar, what hit you?" called out the other fellow from under the umbrella.

"Look across the street," he answered, nodding in that direction. He did look, and piled in the gutter was a man, who showed only faint signs of life. It was easy to see that he was beastly drunk. The two young men walked over. They shook him, but he was too soggy to respond.

"I believe," said one of the young men, "that the Lord Jesus can take that lump of human flesh, smeared with mud and

soaked with water, and mean liquor, and make a man of it. Do you believe it?"

"I do," answered the other, as four eyes met, all filled with tears.

"Then, lay hold of the other arm." They closed the umbrella, wound that fellow's muddy arms around their necks and put off to a cheap boarding house, the keeper of which they both knew.

"Will you help us?" one of the men asked the proprietor.

"What's wrong, boys? Sure, I'll do anything for you fellows."

"We found him in the gutter. We don't know him, but hope we are human. If you will put him up for the night, we will pay the bill." The man examined the fellow like looking over a horse with a view to a trade.

"He is too dead to do much damage, I guess. Yes, I'll keep him," he agreed. They dragged him to a room, got off his wet and muddy garments, put a night shirt on him and rolled him into the bed.

"If he wakes, drench him with hot coffee, and be sure to hold him until we get here in the morning," they charged the keeper, and were gone. Back the next morning, the young men found the drunkard being almost literally held. He was trying to leave the house, but the proprietor would not let him go.

"Here are the young men who kept you from freezing last night. You didn't know it, but they are preachers, and that's what preachers are for—saving fools like you," the innkeeper announced, with a chuckle. The man glared and snarled at them like a cornered dog.

"What did you do it for?" he asked, showing a disposition to tear them to pieces.

"We did it in the name of the Lord Jesus; for his sake; because, like him, we love the poorest—and the worst. For such men as you he suffered and died, and for such men we, too, are willing to give all."

"Do you mean to say that the religion of Jesus Christ will make a man do anything like that, and love a devil like me?"

"Exactly," quietly answered one of the young men. "We are here in college preparing ourselves to do just that—all because we love him, and those for whom he died."

The poor man sank to the floor. He was conquered, and before the students left, he was saved, arrangements made for his board and employment was found for him that day. One of the young preachers baptized him. A few weeks later, they finished their course and went out into a life of earnest service.

After some years the two preachers were back for Commencement. They stood in the warm sunshine after the Commencement sermon, chatting with friends. Two strong arms closed around their necks like a vise. They looked their astonishment. "Come with me," said a deep voice. They were beginning to protest. "Not a word; you are going home with me," said the stranger. Then they recognized him, and went with him gladly. In front of a neat cottage, with a wellkept lawn bordered with flowers, they halted.

"See, house, wife and children, car, chickens and dogs—all mine," said the host proudly. "This is the wife I had left like a dog in Ohio when you met me." The preachers threw joyous glances at each other.

"The Lord did more than we knew," suggested one.

"He always does," replied the other.

"Nora, these are the men who saved me," said the host to his wife. She looked at the men, and then at her husband.

"John," she asked haltingly, "may I kiss 'em?"

"Sure," he said, "kiss 'em twice."

Inside the house, the host set a boy on the knee of each of the men and took from the table a large Bible opening it at the "Family Record." He held it before the faces of his two guests. He had named each boy for the preacher on whose knee he sat.—Kind Words.

A Gift of Praise

A group of Southern churches were nearing the close of a campaign for missionary funds. One rainy day a poorly dressed, middle-aged woman walked into the office of the man in charge of the campaign. She was drenched to the skin, as the only protection she had from the storm was an old shawl. The man recognized her as a widow who lived eleven miles from town in the edge of the mountains. She had an invalid daughter and four grandchildren to care for. No one knew how they ever managed to live, but the woman always said she trusted the Lord and he always provided.

The man offered her a chair near the fire, and as she warmed and dried her clothes, she explained why she had come. "I hear the campaign is nigh over and that ye haven't raised all the money. The Lord's done so much for me I want to show my gratitude some way. This thirty cents is all I got but I brought it to ye. I was almost ashamed to bring it, it's so little; but I thought the Lord might find a way to use it so it would help. Then when I was ready to start I found the old horse had hurt her foot and couldn't walk. But I said to myself, 'I'm a-goin' anyway,' and here I am."

"Do you mean to say you walked all the way in this rain? If I'm not mistaken this thirty cents will put us 'over the top' in this campaign. When other folks hear about it they will double their pledges as I am going to do."

A newspaper heard the story and published it. The effect was amazing. Every church raised its quota and in a few instances pledges were increased as much as tenfold. Surely this mountain woman was singing praises to the Lord by her faith and her thankfulness.

A word of encouragement may mean a password to achievement.

Belief in a living Christ calls into life all our dormant capabilities.

Beauty of character originates within and modestly shows on the outside.

Independence or Defiance

Writing in the "Atlantic Monthly" of her experience as a teacher for forty years in Wellesley College, Miss Vida D. Scudder remarks:

"I think that the use of a challenging spirit of independence among young people is mainly to the good. If only it can be real independence and not insolent defiance of restraint, or, which is worse, mere parrot chatter, faint echoes of simian articles among the magazines."

This contrast which Professor Scudder makes between independence and defiance is a challenging one. It is one thing, for example, to desire to be independent in thought and to refuse to accept the opinions of the past uncritically. It is another thing, as Miss Scudder says, to "think this because it would surely shock your grandfather." That is defiance.

The defiant soul differs from others just for the sake of differing. The independent soul differs because of an eagerness for truth. Defiance is an attitude of negation, independence is an attitude of affirmation. The defiant person says a willful *no*. The independent person says an eager *yes* to those opinions which seem true.

Defiance gets a person nowhere. He simply becomes perpetually "off side." Independence is the road which leads to large and high achievement.

Young people who are defiant drop anchor and stop progress. Independent youths lift the sails and point the craft to undiscovered shores.

• • •

Bretzfeld, Durand, Goldstein, Golovin, Golub, Gondin, Hellman, Kivatinetz, Posner, Rogowsky, Solomon, Uzzell—no these are not the names of delegates to an international conference, nor even the members of Knute Rockne's "Fighting Irish" football team. They are the names of New York high school graduates who won \$1000 scholarships at Columbia University this year.

The Framework of the Local Union

Let it be like a sectional bookcase. Simple, substantial, supplementable.

A Healthy Mind

A healthy mind is curious—it investigates.

A healthy mind is patient—it can afford to wait.

A healthy mind is enthusiastic—it gets stirred up about worth-while tasks.

A healthy mind is cheerful—it discovers the joy of living.

A healthy mind is appreciative—it admires and respects the achievement of others.

A healthy mind is courageous—it is founded upon an assurance of victory.

A healthy mind is a growing mind—it strives for continuous achievement.—Clarence G Moser, in "Epworth Herald."

• • •

Part company with those who have nothing to do except to tear the Bible apart.

The Rose of Sharon

(Duet and Chorus)

"The King of Glory," "The Lowly Jesus," "It is Finished." Four new splendid chorus songs on a 4-page folder, octavo size. Single copy 15 cts.; \$1.00 per dozen, 2 dozen \$1.50. These are songs worthy to be sung in church.

"Jesus came in lowly station, Holy scriptures to fulfill, Dying for the world's salvation, On the crest of Calvary's hill." Song on the 3rd page of the folder.

A. FRANCKE,

11404 S. Irving Ave. Dept. G,
Chicago, Ill.

One Man's Example

We as Americans frequently get the notion that our ideals are so much higher than those of people of other countries that we assume a superior attitude toward them. As a matter of fact the Oriental people are often far ahead of us in dealing with both personal and national problems. The example of the emperor of Japan toward the question of drinking and smoking is worthy of note. He is total abstainer from every sort of liquor and none is served at his table on ordinary occasions. At great state banquets, and we regret to say at times for the entertainment of so-called Christian guests, wine is served; but no glasses are put at the emperor's place. When toasts are offered he drinks them in water. Nor does he use tobacco in any form.

The example of the young Mikado is rapidly spreading among the youth of Japan. Many who formerly were accustomed to indulge daily in liquor have given it up entirely. Many others are leaving tobacco to the big, green worms which thrive on it, feeling that human minds and bodies are stronger because of abstinence from both liquor and tobacco.

Three hundred special guards whose duty it is to protect the palace night and day have all taken a pledge against drinking, and most of the other palace attendants of every sort have done likewise. The emperor's example has given the temperance movement a great impetus in Japan. Thus, all around the world, young people are sharing in one of the greatest adventures of all times.

At the First Onset

Daughter: "Did you have many love-affairs, Daddy?"

Soldier Father: "No, child, I fell in the first engagement."—Everybody's Weekly.

Open for Business

A pretty good firm is Watch & Waite,
And another is Attit, Early & Late;
And still another is Doo & Dairet,
But the best is probably Grin & Barret.

• • •

Husband (to wife driving a nail):
"However do you expect to drive a nail
in the wall with a clothes-brush? For
goodness sake, use your head, dear."

When Sleep Is Better

"It was my custom in my youth," said a famous Persian, "to rise from my slumber to watch, pray, and read the Koran. One night as I was thus engaged, my father, a man of practical virtue, awoke. 'Behold,' said I to him, 'thy other children are lost in irreligious slumbers while I alone awoke to praise God.' 'Son of my soul,' said he, 'it is better to sleep than to wake to remark the faults of thy brethren.'"

An American humorist has said, "Fault-finding is the favorite indoor and outdoor sport of the average citizen." It is to be feared that there is much truth in his statement. The sad thing about much of our faultfinding is that it is seldom intended to be really constructive or helpful. With many people it is regarded as a convenient channel through which to express their dislikes and prejudices and to get even with others for real or fancied injuries.

When God Says No

"Thank God that he says 'No' to some of our prayers. I have gone, as no doubt you have, with prayers to God to be sent, or to be spared, to be directed thus and so, and if the answer has been 'Yes,' we should not have been living men today. Let us therefore learn to put our prayers into the court of heaven, and having delivered them word by word—it may be with strong crying and tears, as if our life depended upon an instant reply—let us learn to say with Jesus, 'Nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt.'"—Dr. Joseph Parker.

• • •

A haughty lady had just purchased a postage stamp.

"Must I stick it on myself?" she asked.

"No, no, madam," replied the clerk. "It will accomplish more if you stick it on your letter."—Canadian Homestead.

Ambitions for Him

"What are you studying now?" fondly asked the new-rich mother of her youngest son.

"We have just begun the study of molecules," he answered.

For a moment she looked blank; then a gleam of interest showed in her eyes. "I hope you will be very attentive and practice constantly," she exclaimed eagerly. "I tried to get your father to wear one, but he couldn't keep it in his eye."

Odd Accidents

I saw a cow slip through the fence.

A horse fly in the store.

I saw a board walk up the street.

A stone step by the door.

I saw a mill race up the road.

A morning break the gloom.

I saw the night fall on the lawn,

A clock run in the room.

I saw a peanut stand up high,

A sardine box in town.

I saw a bed spring at the gate,

An inkstand on the ground.