

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., MAY 1, 1931

Number Nine

Faith of Our Young Folk

EMORY H. MCCREARY

Faith of our young folk! Living still,
In spite of pitfall, taunt and lure;
O, how our hearts beat high with joy,
Whene'er we see their faith endure.
Faith of our young folk! Holy faith!
May they be true to thee till death!

Our young folk lured from every side,
Are still in heart and conscience free;
How sweet to fathers is the sight
Of children, Lord, who live for thee.
Faith of our young folk! Holy faith!
May they be true to thee till death!

Faith of our young folk! Bloom in love,
With friend and foe unto your Lord,
Preach Jesus as you best know how,
And rest your faith upon his word.
Faith of our young folk! Holy faith!
May they be true to thee till death!

What's Happening

A Young People's Society with a membership of fifteen has been organized at Gillett, Wis. The officers of the new society are: Miss Emma Montie, president; Miss Margaret Zeckser, vice-president; Mr. Arnold Montie, secretary, and Miss Marie Miller, treas. This group of young people is determined to go forward in the Lord's work.

An orchestra has been organized in the North Freedom, Wis., church, Rev. H. Palfenier, pastor, and is doing fine work in the Sunday school and the evening meetings of the church. Services are reported as well attended. Missionary pictures of Cameroon, Europe and our own land were shown on April 19 under the auspices of the young people.

Rev. J. F. Olthoff, pastor of our church at Madison, S. Dak., had the joy of baptizing 26 persons on Easter Sunday evening. Three others returned to the fold by restoration and one was received by letter. The Baracca Class of the Sunday school presented the dialog, "The Stolen Testament" at the closing period of the school on March 29. It was appreciated very much.

Rev. John Borchers of Gotebo, Okla., assisted Rev. C. N. Wiebe in revival meetings at Ellinwood, Kans. A number of souls were led to confess Christ. Three persons have been baptized of late and two received on confession. Bro. Wiebe closed his work with the Ellinwood church on May first. He is planning to engage in evangelistic work during the summer months.

The Combined Choirs of the First German Baptist Church of Passaic, N. J., and the First German Baptist Church of Union City, N. J., rendered the cantata, "The Lord of the Eastertide" at Union City on April 6 and at Passaic on April 9. The directors were Oscar H. Conrad of Passaic and Hermann Kumm, alternate, of Union City. Elsie Schauer and Ruth Schmidt were pianists.

The Young People of the Calvary Baptist Church of Pekin, Ill., presented the Easter Cantata, "Christ Victorious," by R. E. Nolte on Palm Sunday evening. The church was decorated with many ferns and flowers and a capacity audience appreciated the excellent work. Between numbers the pastor, Rev. Ralph P. Blatt, read appropriate scripture passages from the Gospel story of the passion and resurrection of Christ.

The Fortieth Anniversary of the German Baptist Church at Sheboygan, Wis., will be held Sunday, May 24. Rev. C. F. Stoeckmann will preach the jubilee sermon in the morning and Rev. E. Mueller preaches in the evening service. The Young People will give a play entitled, "The Artist's Brush versus Christianity." Former members are invited to mail their letters of congratulation to the pastor, Rev. A. Rohde, 1109 No. 10th St., Sheboygan, Wis.

The church at Anaheim, Cal., had a splendid Easter Sunday in worship and

giving. A sister was received by restoration and was welcomed into the membership. The Easter Offering amounted to \$292.50. The Ladies Missionary Society of the church celebrated the birthdays of the membership on April 7 and as the day was also the birthday of Pastor O. R. Schroeder, representatives of the church surprised and congratulated him by a gift of two fine baskets of flowers and fifty dollars in gold.

Our General Missionary Secretary, Dr. Wm. Kuhn, sailed for a brief European trip from New York on April 25 on the Holland American line steamer "Staaten-dam." He will arrive in Rotterdam on May 3. On May 7-8 he will attend the Board meeting of the Cameroon Mission Society at Neu-Ruppin, Germany, and on May 10-12 will be present at the meeting of the committee of our German Baptist work in Poland at Lodz. Dr. Kuhn expects to leave again May 23 from Bremen on the North German Lloyd St. "Columbus," arriving in New York on May 30.

The Sunday school at Lehr, N. Dak., under the leadership of Superintendent I. E. Giedt with Miss Bertha Krause at the piano, rendered a splendid Easter Program Sunday evening. The roads were bad but the church was packed to full capacity. Rev. J. J. Abel of Canton, Ohio, who was visiting Lehr over Sunday, gave a short address of encouragement to our young people. Although the church is at present without a pastor, the work is not being neglected and the Sunday school is growing. A double quartet, recently organized, helps to make the meetings more interesting.

Rev. Chas. F. Zummach, pastor of the Oak St. Baptist Church, Burlington, Ia., had the pleasure of baptizing five Sunday school scholars on Easter Sunday morning. In the evening he welcomed 22 into the church fellowship. Some of these came by letter. Among this number were Mr. and Mrs. Dr. Carl Jordan, who spent several years in missionary work in China but are at present living in Burlington. Dr. Jordan has been appointed Medical Health Officer for the county. The Easter Offering of the church amounted to almost \$1400, but circumstances compell its use for paying off the church debt. The church hopes to be able to pay off the last of this debt in the near future and assume a proportionately larger share in the denominational budget.

Sunday, April 12, was a great day at the First German Baptist Church, St. Joseph, Mich. Rev. E. Umbach, pastor. Sixteen were baptized, the fruit of special meetings preceding Easter in which Rev. R. L. Kelley and Rev. Leo F. Gassner, both of Benton Harbor, assisted. In the evening a bronze memorial tablet in honor of the late Rev. Heinrich Schwen-dener, well-known evangelist, was unveiled. The inscription it bears is "In loving memory of Rev. Heinrich Schwen-

dener, beloved as pastor, a power as evangelist, a never-to-be-forgotten friend. Sept. 4, 1854—Nov. 22, 1928." Rev. G. E. Lohr of Lodi, Cal., and Rev. Herman Lohr of Aplington, Ia., were visitors and preached both morning and evening. A family reunion brought the latter to St. Joseph.

On Easter Sunday eight persons were baptized into the fellowship of the State Park church, Peoria, Ill., Rev. A. F. Runtz, pastor, and at the Communion service the following Sunday ten were received into the church. Others are to be received at the next Communion service. At the baptismal service a widow with her son and daughter stepped into the water together, then followed a father and mother with their two daughters. Another young lady, whose parents are members, entered the water alone. Our evangelistic meetings last fall with Rev. L. H. Broeker as speaker and Messrs. Cedarholm and Osterhouse in charge of the music were a great aid in bringing these splendid folks to take a definite stand for Christ. On April 12 the Sunday school attendance broke all records for a regular Sunday session.

Rev. David Hamel, pastor of the Andrews St. Church, Rochester, began the ninth year of his pastorate on the first Sunday of March. His church recognized this anniversary fittingly by the presentation of a floral tribute to the pastor and Prof. L. Kaiser voiced the sentiments of the appreciative congregation. Bro. Hamel baptized eight on Easter Sunday morning. On Easter Sunday evening a song service was held by the church choir and the Seminary Student's chorus under the direction of Edmund Mittelstaedt. The church has introduced the "New Baptist Hymnal" for the English services and the Young People's Society has introduced the "New Hymnal for American Youth" for society use. The church choir recently presented the church with a new German pulpit Bible and the Men's Class performed a good deed in similar manner by presenting the church with a new English pulpit Bible.

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The Baptist Herald

Fruit or Applesauce

Or, What Do You See In the Life of the Believer?

E. BIBELHEIMER

WHEN we look at an apple tree, we have no trouble seeing what there is to see, providing we have eyes to see. Of course, if we are blind we needn't expect to see much on any apple tree. Neither can you expect the spiritually blind to see much that looks like good fruit in the life of any believer. So don't always blame the tree. Or,

Our Fault May Be Nearsightedness

Such a person might behold all kinds of things in an apple tree, or there might be all kinds of things he can't behold—at last not from any distance. Yet, isn't it true, that many people try to judge us from a distance? What those who are far from God and the church see in the lives of God's people is often a shame to relate and frequently, I don't say always, it's nothing but the reflection of their own evil thoughts and lives.

Neither are all nearsighted people outside of the church. How often do people whose church membership should bring them close together, yet judge one another from a distance. People farthest apart usually have the most unpleasant things to say about each other. Could they come closer, understand each other better, they might see at least some good fruit even though somewhat hidden among the leaves. How often the old and the young in the same church are so far apart and so distant to each other! The young cannot see nor understand the old, nor do the older, who have had their vision longer and should have longer vision, see nor understand what is in the lives of the younger. Many never come close enough to them really to find out, and youth gets the impression that perhaps their elders don't care, while it may be just a case of plain misunderstanding, or simply not understanding.

But look! Here comes some one looking at the apple tree with green-colored glasses, and the red ripe apples are all green! He's apt to be thinking, How green and sour they are! And here's another with black glasses, and he sees them neither red and ripe, nor even green, but nothing but black, black, a rotten black! So we could continue, coloring whatever we see with a great variety of our own colors.

Or again we look at the fruits in the lives of others through the wrong end of the telescope and behold!, how small and insignificant is what we see. And then we turn the magnifying glass on our own works till we see little else besides.

What Should We See If the Life of the Believer Was What It Should Be?

Can we see such a life anywhere? Yes, Christ is the highest expression of this life, its most perfect

manifestation. And the life of the true believer is the Christian life,—the Christ-life—Christ living and manifesting himself in the life of the believer. Christ is both the source and the sustainer of this life, the pattern and the power of it. The Book of Books portrays this life, paints it before our eyes far better than I can paint it here in words, or even have time to try.

And the believer's life is to be like that—Christ-like—like Christ. Someone has said, "As Christ was made in our likeness, let us labor to be made in his likeness"—"that we may be the walking pictures of Christ."

But what do we see? Being

"Walking Pictures of Christ"

reminds me of a fine class motto I saw on a graduating announcement: "Life is Like a Picture, So Paint it Well." Yes, the Christian's life is to picture Christ, to portray in our lives the perfect Christ. And some there are who have made a pretty good job of it, but what daubers some of us are! We are reminded of little Bobby who came home from the kindergarten proudly showing what he had tried to draw on a piece of paper, and he said, "We all drew a picture of some kind of fruit in the kindergarten today." "Why, Bobby," said Big Sister, "that is not any kind of fruit—those are just scratches." Bobby seriously studied the picture for a moment, then he answered, "Why yes it is, sister,—it's applesauce." Applesauce! Yes, that's it! Our paintings are on exhibit before the world—the world has a right to look for some of the beautiful fruit of Christian character so wonderfully portrayed in Christ's Life, but about all they can make out is "Applesauce."

I know a dining hall where we got so much of it that I for one had enough when I but looked at it. And if the world feels the same about the applesauce they see so much of it where they might expect to see beautiful Christian fruit, it's no wonder they are not greatly attracted by us to "taste and see that the Lord is good" (Ps. 34:8).

Yes, "Life is like a picture, so paint it well." Let's have all the patience in the world with the little kindergartners, but let's not stay in the kindergarten ourselves all our lifetime. It's about time some of us were graduating into higher classes. Again,

The Life of the Believer is Said to Be a Walk—a Walk With God

We are to walk "circumspectly," "worthily of the calling," "in newness of life." Yes, it's more than a step. Conversion is a step—a very essential step, but we are not to stay there. Having taken this step and having stepped into the way, we are to walk that way, to continue therein, to push forward thereon. And people will know us by our walk.

And so, as the "Sunday School Times" once put it, we are to "Preach a two-foot sermon." You remember the lame man "at the door of the temple which is called beautiful," "asking alms" (Acts 3). He was healed and entering the temple with Peter and John at the hour of prayer, he was not walking and limping, but "walking and leaping and praising God." Later we read (Acts 4:14): "And behold the man which was healed standing with them, they could say nothing against it." "It was his two feet rather than the eloquence of Peter that silenced the scoffers. This man's feet shut the mouths of others, while too often the feet of Christians shut their own mouth. They cannot even open their mouth for Christ because their feet are in the way and every time some do open their mouth they 'get their foot into it.'" "What you are speaks so loud, that the world can't hear what you say."

They're looking at your walk,
Not listening to your talk.
They're judging from your actions every day.
Don't believe, you'll deceive
By claiming what you've never known.
They'll accept what they see
And know you to be.
They'll judge you from your life alone.

"What a pity to see Christians who should be preaching the two-foot sermon and would be except that they have a limp in one foot."

The Christian Life a Resurrection Life

Finally, one might say, the Christian life as it expresses itself in the life of true believers is the resurrection life of our living Lord and King. To many in the world Christ is dead, especially if they themselves are "dead" in sin and trespasses."

But it's the Christian's business to tear away the bars, to roll away the stone and let Christ out—"living and walking pictures of Christ, you see." (We quote in part from an Easter sermon by Lee J. Beynon.)

"Have you ever been in Westminster Abbey? You pass down the aisle and there are kings to the right of you and kings to the left of you, all in their graves. Now, we can see nothing particularly wrong about burying kings in churches. As a matter of fact, it's all right to bury them anywhere you get a chance. Kings have caused an awful lot of bother in this world of ours and we are strong for burying kings.

But the church is no place for burying the King of Kings. All too often Jesus is buried there—buried underneath an avalanche of words in preaching and teaching that seal him in his grave, rather than make him stand forth and to live before the eyes of the people and within the hearts of the hearers.

But if the preachers have betimes kept him there in the grave by the seal of words, too often the people in the pews have kept him there by the seal of silence, by saying nothing about him. Rev. Beynon speaking last Easter said: "I'd be willing to wager on this, that nine out of every ten men and women in this great congregation have not spoken to a soul about Jesus since last Easter."

We open our mouths to eat, to buy and sell, to gossip and criticise; but how many of us open our mouths to preach Jesus? Breaking the Roman Seal and rolling away the stone from the sepulchre was easy compared to removing the seal from the average Christian's lips."

O ye Christians! Tear away the bars and all the hindrances from your lips and lives, and let Christ walk forth, that the world may behold him—the living, loving Savior, that the world may see him and believe and live!

Her Lasting Influence

ALL down through the years of life to its very close men and women, strong and weak, are held from evil and persuaded to good by the unforgettable teaching and example of far-away or long-dead mothers. It has been remarked that about the only promises that are never broken are those that are vowed to mother.

In the honor that we Americans do to Abraham Lincoln how largely does Nancy Hanks share, for did not he himself say it: "All that I am or hope to be I owe to my angel mother. Blessing on her memory!" I am thinking of another American, great also, yet whose life was morally a failure. Was he not regretting the fact that his early years missed a mother's love and inspiration, when he, Edgar Allen Poe, wrote:

In heaven above,
The angels whispering one to another,
Can find, among their burning terms of love,
None so devotional as that of mother.

Sam Jones, the evangelist, got off a good many things that were—well, not nice; but a few of his sayings are characterized by both truth and beauty. This allegory is attributed to him: "An angel was sent down from heaven one day to bring back from earth its loveliest object. He hunted long and carefully and found at last a bed of full-blown roses, armful and started to return to his abode on high. As he soared into the air he saw a baby's smile, and filled with rapturous admiration returned to take it also. By its side he distinguished a mother's love. With all three in his arms he mounted to the place beyond the skies. Just outside the pearly gate the angel paused for a moment; and lo, the roses had withered, and the baby's smile had vanished, but strong as ever the mother's love remained! This he took and laid at the Master's feet, as the most lovely and lasting thing on earth."—Watchman-Examiner.

The Surrendered Life

J. G. DRAEWELL

II

The Surrendered Life Is a Witnessing Life

Witnessing for whom? Witnessing for Jesus. Telling the story of saving and redeeming grace. Dr. Nathan, a missionary in Morocco, tells this story: At one of Moody's meetings a young Swede was converted. After conversion he came to Mr.

Moody and asked what he could do for Jesus. Mr. Moody looked over this awkward and illiterate young man and said: "How would you like to be a sandwich for Jesus?" "Oh, anything," he replied, not knowing what it meant to be a sandwich for Jesus. He came the next morning, and they placed two boards across his shoulders. On one board was printed John 3:16 in full, and on the other a notice of the meetings then being held. "Now," said Mr. Moody, "walk up and down the streets for Jesus and advertise the meetings."

The Swede went off smiling, happy that he could do something for One who had saved him. As he walked down the streets, the boys throwing stones and mud at the boards, a traveling man stopped to read the sign and watched the man. The result was that the traveling man attended the meeting that night and was converted. This traveling man had a splendid voice, and after his conversion he made it a rule to sing in the missions of the cities he visited. One night he was in the Bowery Mission in New York, when a young Jew came in and took a seat in the room. When the Jew heard the people sing of Jesus, he started for the door; but the traveling man was there to meet him. He took him into an adjoining room and spoke to him about the Messiah and Savior. The result was that the Jew accepted Christ and found salvation.

In closing his address Dr. Nathan said: "The young Swede lies in an unknown grave in Chicago; the traveling salesman too has gone to his reward; but I am that Jew, and am now a missionary in Africa, witnessing and winning souls for Jesus Christ."

"Ye are witnesses," said Jesus. The surrendered life is a witnessing life.

The Surrendered Life Is a Sacrificial Life

The redemption of the world was made possible through the supreme sacrifice Christ brought. His life was a sacrificial life. His followers, too, must be willing to make sacrifices. The road that leads onward and upward is lined with crosses upon which the noblest and best Christians have hung, bled, suffered and sacrificed. Only by sacrificial living and by sacrificial giving will the world come to know the redemption through Jesus Christ.

At the student volunteer convention at De Moines, Iowa, in 1920, to which convention a son of the writer of this article was delegated from Michigan, Dr. Geo. Truett from Dallas, Texas, one of the convention speakers, said: "Years ago I went to dedicate a church in one of the Southern cities. Arriving there some few minutes before the service began, I asked the church officers: 'What do you expect of me here?' They replied: 'You must preach the dedicatory sermon, and then you must get \$6500 in cash, so that we may dedicate this house free of debt.' 'Very well,' I said, 'where will we get the \$6500 from?' They looked at each other and then ventured to say: 'Maybe we would get the \$500 from our church members, but you must get the \$6000 from people outside the church.'

"'O dear me,' I said. 'It does not come that way. If you get that \$6500 in cash, your church will have to give \$6000 of it. And if the other people outside the church do not give the \$500, you must give that too.'

"We went into the service. I preached the sermon and then said to the people: 'These men ask me to tell you that you must give \$6500 in cash, which is all due tomorrow. Will you give it?' Then there began the slowest, most reluctant, most Christ-shaming offering I have ever witnessed. After 30 minutes they had not half the amount needed. Then there was a long pause. I said: 'What do you expect of me? I am your guest. I do not have the other \$3500.'

"Presently there arose a little woman, plainly clad. Her husband was at the table taking names of the givers. She leaned over and said with a tremulous voice: 'Charley, I have wondered, if we would be willing to give our little cottage, just paid out of debt. We were offered \$3500 in cash yesterday. We were told we could get it at the bank any time in ten days. Charley, I have wondered, if we would be willing to give our little home for Christ, that his house may be free of debt. When we remember, Charley, that Christ gave his life for us—could we not give that little house of ours to him?' The fine fellow responded in the same high spirit, with a sob in his voice, saying: 'Jennie, dear, I was thinking so too.' Then looking up, his face covered with tears, he said: 'We will give \$3500.' Silence reigned for a few minutes. Men sobbed aloud, and people standing along the walls, gathered from out of the city, came forward, and in a little while the \$3500 were given. But something else happened: men and women came down the aisles crying: 'Sir, where is the Savior and how can we find him?' They had seen Christ's cross incarnated in human lives in Charley and Jennie. They could not contradict such unselfish lives."

It was a dramatic moment in the history of the great World War, when General Pershing formally placed the American army under the command of General Foch, who had just been made commander-in-chief of the Allied forces. General Pershing, in epigrammatic language, terse to the point, made the transfer in these words: "Infantry, Artillery, Aviation, Navy, and all that we have are yours; dispense of them as you will!"

Dr. Wilbur Chapman once asked William Booth, founder of the Salvation Army, to what he attributed his great success in the Christian ministry. General Booth replied: "Mr. Chapman, since the day I came to Christ he has had all there was of me."

Just a weak vessel, trusting in thee,
Filled with thy spirit, thy pow'r in me,
Faithfully working from day to day,
Telling the lost ones: Christ is the way.
Use me, Lord Jesus, use even me,
Though all unworthy, thine would I be.
In full surrender, all I give thee
Use me, Lord Jesus, use even me!



B. Y. P. U. of Akron, Ohio, German Baptist Church. Rev. Geo. Zinz, Pastor.

Akron Advances

We of Akron think it is about time to let our B. Y. P. U. friends know that we still exist. We give thanks unto him, who not only let us exist but helped us to go forward in his service. Why shouldn't we give him all the honor and thanks? He made us what we are and not we ourselves. He has blessed our society more this year than ever before and we will continue to do his bidding.

Under the leadership of Mrs. Marshall we are steadily forging ahead in both spirit and number. We may not have as large a number as some societies but we have the same ideal in mind, to serve our Master in all ways. Our activities in our society's life are not dull in any way. Just recently we finished one of the most thrilling contests imaginable. Never before have our members taken such an interest, and it was only after a hard struggle that the Blues won. We are now working on an operetta, "The Rev. Dayton Up-to-Date," to be presented soon under the splendid direction of Mr. A. Behall, Jr. Now summer is not far off and more than ever will we work to serve our Creator. Wishing the best of success to our fellow B. Y. P. U. societies, we will say "Au Revoir."

G. W. ZINZ, JR.

Spring Valley B. Y. P. U. Looks Over the Year

In looking over our books at the close of 1930, we, the B. Y. P. U. of Spring Valley, S. Dak., find we have had 18 regular meetings, two social gatherings, one combined with the business meeting.

We meet twice a month. One topic which was of great interest to all was "The Life of John Bunyan." In the last year we gained 3 members. The society is planning on giving a special program sometime this year to raise special mission money.

We invited the B. Y. P. U. of Chancellor, and they gave us a very interesting program, after which a collection was taken, amounting to \$24, which was devoted to missions; \$12 of this was sent to the Cameroon Mission, and the other \$12 to the Children's Home in St. Joseph, Mich. In addition to the above our society sent \$15 to the Cameroon Mission.

Through the able leadership of our president, Miss Clara Buseman, and the help of God and all the members of the society we are looking forward to a prosperous future.

LENA A. BUSEMAN.

"Triumph of Love" Pageant at First Church, Chicago

On Sunday evening, March 29, the Easter Pageant, "The Triumph of Love," written by Fred W. Wolff, was presented by eleven young people of the First German Baptist Church of Chicago to a large and appreciative audience in the main auditorium of the church. The play, which is a portrayal of the Crucifixion, Death and Resurrection of Christ, was very ably presented and proved a great blessing to all who witnessed it. Full, authentic costumes and artistic stage settings and lighting contributed greatly to its success.

Real dramatic talent, on the part of our young people, came to light in the rendition of this play. Such scenes as Peter's anguish after thrice denying his Master, the entry of the Roman soldier searching for an escaped slave girl, and, in Act Three, the unbounded joy of the women and the disciples at hearing the news of Jesus' resurrection, were especially well carried out.

Cast of Characters:

Simon Peter Fred Presher
James Walter Loewen
John Walter Pankratz
Blind Man Arthur Loewen
Salome, Mother of James and John Lillian Martin
Mary of Magdala, Mrs. Minnie Pankratz
Mary, wife of Alphaeus, Lillian Domke
Mary, mother of Jesus, Mrs. Louise Zoch
Slave Girl Esther Loewen
Jewish Child Linda Loewen

The young people who gave this play worked hard and spent much of their time in rehearsals. Prayer formed an important part of each rehearsal, and not only those in the congregation, but the players themselves were greatly blessed by this piece of work.

You can make life something fine if you will use the materials at hand with patience, perseverance, and reverence.

Bethel B. Y. P. U. Works the Commission Plan

Since the modern method of spreading news is broadcasting, we would have you tune your dials to Station BYPU at Bethel Church, Detroit. Frequency, entire wavelength assigned by authority of the "Baptist Herald."

Because of the limited time we will attempt to outline events of this Union during the three months of the year 1931, using the Commission Plan exclusively.

Our program opens with the "Activities Calendar" as outlined in the Manuals. A complete yearly calendar outlining all the activity for the entire year is planned by each Commission. The Cabinet also plans a calendar. Goals chosen from those in the Manuals are used to make the calendar. As the Commission Plan measures by "Levels" One, Two and Three, we have chosen enough Goals to properly fulfill the requirements of the "Second Level."

Not ourselves alone, but, God says, "Others." In the interest of the community we presented a program in the form of a Vesper Service in our neighborhood Y. M. C. A. A lunch and a time of fellowship preceded the program at which time we became acquainted with many young men who are now attending our activities.

The Service Commission also has its turn at the microphone. Friendship House, our Baptist Mission in Hamtramck, is a fine place to spend one's talents to further the cause of Christ. An interesting program and refreshments were enjoyed by 140 children and parents. Twenty of our group were active on this occasion.

Life Service is a project worth the time and consideration of any Union. Excellent programs, educational and inspiring, with fine results were experienced last year with 11 reconsecrations. A fine continuance has been made for this year. You can depend upon a Life Service member.

A friendly and co-operational visit paid us by the Burns Union with an interesting program was returned during February. This tends to give us a closer fellowship with one another as many new friends have been made at each program. A crowd of 250 make quite a B. Y. P. U. meeting. Visits to other Unions have been planned. Some already executed.

A most interesting and fascinating game of Bible Base Ball is planned for the early season.

Keep your dials tuned for the following installment which will be presented in the next issue.

* * *
A certain minister was called upon to deliver a Memorial Day address. Introducing him, the commander of the local G. A. R. Post said, "We will now have an address from Dr. Smith, after which a volley will be fired over the dead."—
Congregationalist.
* * *

Dare to be different when difference counts for righteousness.



Grand Circus Park, Detroit, Mich.

Detroit The General Conference City, 1931

Two hundred and twenty-nine years ago a fleet of canoes filled with explorers and adventurers slipped up the Detroit river, stopped at a spot of surpassing beauty, broke the silence of a vast wilderness with Indian and French accents and carved out of those virgin forests a small settlement of rude huts. This was then an outpost of civilization shivering on the bleak rim of an unexplored wilderness, the savage sentinel of New France. It grew and prospered beyond the wildest dreams of its founders until today it stands like a modern miracle throwing its graceful silhouette far down the river and outlining tall shafts or architectural beauty in the mirror of the water.

Detroit is a City of Contrasts and Paradoxes

a city of machinery and art, cosmopolitan and at the same time American . . . old and yet young . . . with a taste of the Old World at her doors, she remains the expression of the New. Circumstances have made her the industrial capital of the world, and yet few cities can offer such variety of real enjoyment. Here industry combined with art to create the characters of enduring beauty. Tall skyscrapers looming almost from the water's edge . . . broad avenues escaping from the heart of the city . . . crowds hurrying, bustling humanity . . . brilliant electric thoroughfares of white light cutting through beautiful parks right in the heart of the business section.

Detroit's position shelters its shores from the fury of the Great Lakes without depriving it of those cooling breezes that fan the city during the summer months. The Detroit River is a clear, blue body of majesty connecting Lake Erie with Lake St. Clair. It is the natural boundary between the United States and Canada and is gemmed at each end with splashes of green islands set there by nature to cool the tempers of the Great Lakes. At the north end is Belle Isle, an 825 acre playground of natural beauty, perhaps the finest city park in the world. At the south end is Grosse Isle, presenting nine miles of beautiful country estates, summer estates, summer homes, golf courses and

quiet country lanes leading deep into a paradise of woods.

More river-borne traffic passes Detroit than any other city in the world. Freighters loaded with grain and ore from the northwest, the largest pleasure steamers in the world, sail boats, motor boats, yachts and large, beautiful side-wheel passenger steamers are constantly passing the city for all points along the lakes. A steamship passes Detroit every three minutes of the season, ferries are constantly carrying automobiles and passengers between the United States and Canada, large steamships from Cleveland, Buffalo, Chicago, Duluth, Mackinac and St. Ignace, and in fact every large port on the lakes stop at Detroit. Pleasure steamers in mid-summer are crowded with excursionists going on one-day side trips to the resorts, and at night moonlight excursions and lake rides attract thousands from Michigan and Canada.

No city in the world has greater water facilities than Detroit and no city is better situated to enjoy them. A one-day cruise up the Detroit river by boat, across Lake St. Clair and up the beautiful St. Clair river to Port Huron, passing Indian settlements, is a journey into the past. Time has served to enhance, in many cases, the sacred character of Indian settlements which have remained in their rugged primitiveness for over two centuries. The French too have left the imprint of their character which industrial Americanism has failed to erase. St. Clair Flats is a beautiful summer resort frequently referred to as the "Venice of America"; smug, rural villages line the shores on both sides of the river; Gar Wood and the Chris Smith speedboat industries are located at Algonac; Port Huron and Sarnia bring the traveller to the broadening expanse of Lake Huron. A boat trip down these waterways to Lake Erie passes the huge steel industries taking shape in the down-river development project, the Ford Motor interests at River Rouge, beautiful islands of country estates and golf courses rolling green to the water's edge.

These trips can also be made by automobile on the beautiful blue water highway that skirts the shores of Lake St. Clair, the St. Clair river, and beyond Port Huron along the ribbon of silver sand that gleams for miles and miles until it reaches the tip of the thumb at Saginaw Bay. The road passes through the exclusive residential district of Grosse

Pointe on Lake St. Clair, Mount Clemens, the mineral bath city, Selfridge Field, the government aviation field, and the summer resorts of New Baltimore, Anchorville, Fair Haven, Marine City, St. Clair and Port Huron. The interior of the country is dotted with familiar scenes of rural life and rich farm lands, woods and hills, ribboned frequently with stretches of beautifully paved roads. The lake resorts and interior villages of the thumb district present varied attractions for the tourist and visitor during the summer months and thousands come here from all parts of the country to enjoy the rich beauties of this natural playground.

If the visitor chooses to approach Detroit from the Canadian side on some of the eastern trains or by motor on some of the newly constructed provincial highways, the suddenness of the change from the rural flavor of Canadian villages, pastures and farm lands to a metropolis of almost 2,000,000 people, the center of the great industries of the world, must be similar to the experience of the first savage who paddled his canoe quietly down the Niagara river and suddenly came upon the mad foam of the rapids above the Falls.

The scene from the Canadian bank is a picture of contrasts. Canadian villages still hold in their mandibles the charm of the Old World piccadilly with English sauce, flavored with the twang of the Scottish highlands and the brogue of the Welshman. Their rural tinge exists even in spite of Detroit and the typically American verve and tang of its huge business activity.

Notice Oklahoma Young People's Unions

The dates of the Oklahoma G. B. Y. P. & S. S. Workers' Union Institute have been changed to May 27-31. The change was found necessary to make it possible for our General Secretary, Rev. A. P. Mihm, to attend both the Oklahoma and Kansas Union meetings. Due to a misunderstanding in the Program Committee the programs were printed and distributed before definite arrangements had been made. The rearranged Program will appear in the "Baptist Herald," but it will remain practically the same, only changed to comply with the dates. ADOLF KOSANKE, President.

The Girl from Montana

By GRACE LIVINGSTON HILL

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(Continuation)

The man went to the public stopping-place and asked for a room, and boldly demanded a private place for his "sister" to rest for a while. "She is my little sister," he told himself in excuse for the word. "She is my sister to care for. That is, if she were my sister, this is what I should want some good man to do for her."

He smiled as he went on his way after leaving the girl to rest. The thought of a sister pleased him. The old woman at the ranch had made him careful for the girl who was thus thrown in his company.

He rode down through the rough town to the railway station, but a short distance from the rude stopping-place; and there he made inquiries concerning roads, towns, etc., in the neighboring locality, and sent a telegram to the friends with whom he had been hunting when he got lost. He said he would be at the next town about twenty miles away. He knew that by this time they would be back home and anxious about him, if they were not already sending out searching parties for him. His message read:

"Hit the trail all right. Am taking a trip for my health. Send mail to me at —"

Then after careful inquiries as to direction, and learning that there was more than one route to the town he had mentioned in his telegram, he went back to his companion. She was ready to go, for the presence of other people about her made her uneasy. She feared again there would be objection to their further progress together. Somehow the old woman's words had grown into a shadow which hovered over her. She mounted her horse gaily, and they went forward. He told her what he had just done, and how he expected to get his mail the next morning when they reached the next town. He explained that there was a ranch half-way there where they might stop all night.

She was troubled at the thought of another ranch. She knew there would be more questions, and perhaps other disagreeable words said; but she held her peace, listening to his plans. Her wonder was great over the telegram. She knew little or nothing about modern discoveries. It was a mystery to her how he could receive word by morning from a place that it had taken them nearly two days to leave behind, and how had he sent a message over a wire? Yes, she had heard of telegrams, but had never been quite sure they were true. When he saw that she was interested, he went on to tell her of other wonderful triumphs of science, the telephone, the electric light, gas, and the modern system of waterworks. She listened as if it were all a fairy tale. Sometimes she looked at him, and wondered whether it could be

he glanced up, with an old, weary look in his eyes. The message read:

"Your mother is seriously ill. Wants you immediately. Will send your baggage on morning train. Have wired you are coming."

It was signed by his cousin with whom he had been taking this hunting trip, and who was bound by business to go further West within a few days more.

The strong young man was almost bowed under this sudden stroke. His mother was very dear to him. He had left her well and happy. He must go to her at once, of course; but what should he do with the girl who had within the last two days taken so strong a hold upon his—he hesitated, and called it "protection." That word would do in the present emergency.

Then he looked, and saw her own face pale under the tan, and stepped out to the platform to tell her.

Chapter VIII

THE PARTING

She took the news like a Spartan. Her gentle pity was simply expressed, and then she held her peace. He must go. He must leave her. She knew that the train would carry him to his mother's bedside quicker than a horse could go. She felt by the look in his eyes and the set of his mouth that he had already decided that. Of course he must go. And the lady was there too! His mother and the lady! The lady would be sorry by this time, and would love him. Well, it was all right. He had been good to her. He had been a strong, bright angel God had sent to help her out of the wilderness; and now that she was safe the angel must return to his heaven. This was what he thought.

He had gone into the station to inquire about the train. It was an hour late. He had one short hour in which to do a great deal. He had very little money with him. Naturally men do not carry a fortune when they go out into the wilderness for a day's shooting. Fortunately he had his railroad return ticket to Philadelphia. That would carry him safely. But the girl. She of course had no money. And where was she going? He realized that he had failed to ask her many important questions. He hurried out, and explained to her.

"The train is an hour late. We must sell our horses, and try to get money enough to take us East. It is the only way. Where do you intend going?"

But the girl stiffened in her seat. She knew it was her opportunity to show that she was worthy of his honor and respect.

"I cannot go with you," she said very quietly.

"But you must," said he impatiently. "Don't you see there is no other way? I must take this train and get to my mother as soon as possible. She may not be living when I reach her if I don't." Something caught in his throat as he uttered the horrible thought that kept coming to his mind.

"I know," said the girl quietly. "You must go, but I must ride on."

"And why? I should like to know."

Don't you see that I cannot leave you here alone? Those villains may be upon us at any minute. In fact, it is a good thing for us to board the train and get out of this miserable country as fast as steam can carry us. I am sorry you must part with your horse, for I know you are attached to it; but perhaps we can arrange to sell it to some one who will let us redeem it when we sent the money out. You see I have not money enough with me to buy you a ticket. I couldn't get home myself if I hadn't my return ticket with me in my pocket. But surely the sale of both horses will bring enough to pay your way."

"You are very kind, but I must not go." The red lips were firm, and the girl was sitting very erect. She looked as she had done after she had shot the bird.

"But why?"

"I cannot travel alone with you. It is not your custom where you come from. The woman on the ranch told me. She said you knew girls did not do that, and that you did not respect me for going alone with you. She said it was not right, and that you knew it."

He looked at her impatient, angry, half ashamed that she should face him with these words.

"Nonsense!" said he. "This is a case of necessity. You are to be taken care of, and I am the one to do it."

"But it is not the custom among people where you live, is it?"

The clear eyes faced him down, and he had to admit that it was not.

"Then I can't go," she said decidedly.

"But you must. If you don't, I won't go."

"But you must," said the girl, "and I mustn't. If you talk that way, I'll run away from you. I've run away from one man, and I guess I can from another. Besides, you're forgetting the lady."

"What lady?"

"Your lady. The lady who rides in a carriage without horses."

"Hang the lady!" he said inelegantly.

"Do you know that the train will be along here in less than an hour, and we have a great deal to do before we can get on board? There's no use stopping to talk about this matter. We haven't time. If you will just trust things to me, I'll attend to them all, and I'll answer your questions when we get safely on the train. Every instant is precious. Those men might come around the corner over there any minute. That's all bosh about respect. I respect you more than any woman I ever met. And it's my business to take care of you."

"No, it's not your business," said the girl bravely, "and I can't let you. I'm nothing to you, you know."

"You're every—that is—why, you surely know you're a great deal to me. Why, you saved my life, you know!"

"Yes, and you saved mine. That was beautiful, but that's all."

"Isn't that enough? What are you made of, anyway, to sit there when there's so much to be done, and those villains on our track, and insist that you won't be saved? Respect you! Why, a lion in the wilderness would have to re-

spect you. You're made of iron and steel and precious stones. You've the courage of a—a—I was going to say a man, but I mean an angel. You're pure as snow, and true as the heavenly blue, and firm as a rock; and, if I had never respected you before, I would have to now. I respect, I honor, I—I—I—pray for you!" he finished fiercely.

He turned his back to hide his emotion. She lifted her eyes to his when he turned again, and her own were full of tears.

"Thank you!" She said it very simply. "That makes me—very—glad! But I cannot go with you."

"Do you mean that?" he asked her desperately.

"Yes," steadily.

"Then I shall have to stay too."

"But you can't! You must go to your mother. I won't be stayed with. And what would she think? Mothers are—everything!" she finished. "You must go quick and get ready. What can I do to help?"

He gave her a look which she remembered long years afterward. It seemed to burn and sear its way into her soul. How was it that a stranger had the power to scorch her with anguish this way? And she him?

He turned, still with that desperate, half-frantic look in his face, and accosted two men who stood at the other end of the platform. They were not in particular need of a horse at present; but they were always ready to look at a bargain, and they walked speculatively down the uneven boards of the platform with him to where his horse stood and inspected it.

The girl watched the whole proceeding with eyes that saw not but into the future. She put in a word about the worth of the saddle once when she saw it was going lower than it should. Three other men gathered about before the bargain was concluded, and the horse and its equipment sold for about half its value.

That done, the man turned toward the girl and motioned to her to lead her horse away to a more quiet place, and set him down to plead steadily against her decision. But the talk and the horse-selling had taken more time than he realized. The girl was more decided than ever in her determination not to go with him. She spoke of the lady again. She spoke of his mother, and mothers in general, and finished by reminding him that God would take care of her, and of him, too.

Then they heard the whistle of the train, and saw it growing from a speck to a large black object across the plain. To the girl the sight of this strange machine, that seemed more like a creature rushing toward her to snatch all beauty and hope and safety from her, sent a thrill of horror. To the man it seemed like a dreaded fate that was tearing him asunder. He had barely time to divest himself of his powder-horn, and a few little things that might be helpful to the girl in her journey, before the train was halting at the station. Then he took from his pocket the money that had been paid him for his horse; and, selecting a five-

dollar bill for himself, he wrapped the rest in an envelope bearing his own name and address. The envelope was one addressed by the lady at home. It had contained some gracefully worded refusal of a request. But he did not notice now what envelope he gave her.

"Take this," he said. "It will help a little. Yes, you must. I cannot leave you—I will not—unless you do," when he saw that she hesitated and looked doubtful. "I owe you all and more for saving my life. I can never repay you. Take it. You may return it sometime when you get plenty more of your own, if it hurts your pride to keep it. Take it, please. Yes, I have plenty for myself. You will need it, and you must stop at nice places overnight. You will be careful, won't you? My name is on the envelope. You must write to me and let me know that you are safe."

"Some one is calling you, and that thing is beginning to move again," said the girl, an awesome wonder in her face. "You will be left behind! O hurry! Quick! Your mother!"

He half turned toward the train, and then came back.

"You haven't told me your name!" he gasped. "Tell me quick!"

She caught her breath.

"Elizabeth!" she answered, and waved him from her.

The conductor of the train was shouting to him, and two men shoved him toward the platform. He swung himself aboard with the accustomed ease of a man who has travelled; but he stood on the platform, and shouted, "Where are you going?" as the train swung noisily off.

She did not hear him, but waved her hand, and gave him a bright smile that was brimming with unshed tears. It seemed like instant, daring suicide in him to stand on that swaying, clattering house as it moved off irresponsibly down the plane of vision. She watched him till he was out of sight, a mere speck on the horizon of the prairie; and then she turned her horse slowly into the road, and went her way into the world alone.

The man stood on the platform, and watched her as he whirled away—a little brown girl on a little brown horse, so stanch and firm and stubborn and good. His mother was dying perhaps. He must not fail her in what might be her last summons. Life and death were pulling at his heart, tearing him asunder.

The vision of the little brown girl and the little brown horse blurred and faded. He tried to look, but could not see. He brought his eyes to nearer vision to fix their focus for another look, and straight before him whirled a shabby old saloon, rough and tumble, its character apparent from the barrels and kegs in profusion outside. From the doorway issued four men, wiping their mouths and shouting hilariously. Four horses stood tied to a fence near by. They were so instantly passed, and so vaguely seen, that he could not be sure in the least, but those four men reminded him strongly of the four men who had passed the schoolhouse on Sunday.

He shuddered and looked back. The

little brown horse and the little brown girl were one with the little brown station so far away, and presently the saloon and men were blotted out in one blur of green and brown and yellow.

He looked to the ground in his despair. He *must* go back. He could not leave her in such peril. She was his to care for by all the rights of manhood and womanhood. She had been put in his way. It was his duty.

But the ground whirled by under his madness, and showed him plainly that to jump off would be instant death. Then the thought of his mother came again, and the girl's words, "I am nothing to you, you know."

The train whirled its way between two mountains and the valley, and the green and brown and yellow blur were gone from sight. He felt as if he had just seen the coffin close over the girl's sweet face, and he had done it.

By and by he crawled into the car, pulled his slouch hat down over his eyes, and settled down in a seat; but all the time he was trying to see over again that old saloon and those four men, and to make out their passing identity. Sometimes the agony of thinking it all over, and trying to make out whether those men had been the pursuers, made him feel frantic; and it seemed as if he must pull the bell-cord and make the train stop, and get off to walk back. Then the utter hopelessness of ever finding her would come over him, and he would settle back in his seat again and try to sleep. But the least drowsiness would bring a vision of the girl galloping alone over the prairie with the four men in full pursuit behind. "Elizabeth, Elizabeth, Elizabeth!" the car-wheels seemed to say.

Elizabeth—that was all he had of her. He did not know the rest of her name, nor where she was going. He did not even know where she had come from, just "Elizabeth" and "Montana." If anything happened to her, he would never know. Oh, why had he left her? Why had he not *made* her go with him? In a case like that a man should assert his authority. But, then, it was true he had none, and she had said she would run away. She would have done it too. O, if it had been anything but sickness and possible death at the other end—and his mother, his own little mother! Nothing else would have kept him from staying to protect Elizabeth.

What a fool he had been! There were questions he might have asked, and plans they might have made, all those beautiful days and those moon-silvered nights. If any other man had done the same, he would have thought him lacking mentally. But here he had maundered on, and never found out the all-important things about her. Yet how did he know then how important they were to be? It seemed as if they had all the world before them in the brilliant sunlight. How could he know that modern improvements were to seize him in the midst of a prairie waste, and whirl him off from her when he had just begun to know what she was, and to prize her company

as a most precious gift dropped down from heaven at his feet?

By degrees he came out of his hysterical frenzy, and returned to a somewhat normal state of mind. He reasoned himself several times into the belief that those men were not in the least like the men he had seen Sunday. He knew that one could not recognize one's own brother at that distance and that rate of passing speed. He tried to think that Elizabeth would be cared for. She had come through many a dangers, and was it likely that the God in whom she trusted, who had guarded her so many times in her great peril, would desert her now in her dire need? Would he not raise up help for her somewhere? Perhaps another man as good as he, and as trustworthy as he had tried to be, would find her and help her.

But that thought was not pleasant. He put it away impatiently. It cut him. Why had she talked so much about the lady? The lady! Ah! How was it the lady came no more into his thoughts? The memory of her haughty face no more quickened his heart-beats. Was he fickle that he could lose what he had supposed was a lifelong passion in a few days?

The darkness was creeping on. Where was Elizabeth? Had she found a refuge for the night? Or was she wandering on an unknown trail, hearing voices and oaths through the darkness, and seeing the gleaming of dark eyes low in the bushes ahead? How could he have left her? How could he? He must go back even yet. He must, he must, *he must!*

And so it went on through the long night.

The train stopped at several places to take on water; but there seemed to be no human habitation near, or else his eyes were dim with his trouble. Once, when they stopped longer than the other times, he got up and walked the length of the car and down the steps to the ground. He even stood there, and let the train start jerkily on till his car had passed him, and the steps were just sliding by, and tried to think whether he would not stay, and go back in some way to find her. Then the impossibility of the search, and of his getting back in time to do any good, helped him to spring on board just before it was too late. He walked back to his seat saying to himself, "Fool! Fool!"

It was not till morning that he remembered his baggage and went in search of it. There he found a letter from his cousin, with other letters and telegrams explaining the state of affairs at home. He came back to his seat laden with a large leather grip and suitcase. He sat down to read his letters, and these took his mind away from his troubled thoughts for a little while. There was a letter from his mother, sweet, graceful, half wistfully offering her sympathy. He saw she guessed the reason why he had left her and gone to this far place. Dear little mother! What would she say if she knew his troubles now? And then would return his heart-frenzy over Elizabeth's

peril. O to know that she was protected, hidden!

Fumbling in his pocket, he came upon a slip of paper, the slip the girl had given Elizabeth in the schoolhouse on Sunday afternoon. "For in the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion; in the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me."

Ah! God had hidden her then. Why not gain? And what was that he had said to her himself, when searching for a word to cover his emotion? "I pray for you!" Why could he not pray? She had made him pray in the wilderness. Should he not pray for her who was in peril now? He leaned back in the hot, uncomfortable car-seat, pulling his hat down closer over his eyes, and prayed as he had never prayed before. "Our Father" he stumbled through as far as he could remember, and tried to think how her sweet voice had filled in the places where he had not known it the other time. Then, when he was done, he waited and prayed, "Our Father, care for Elizabeth," and added, "For Jesus' sake. Amen." Thereafter through the rest of his journey, and for days and weeks stretching ahead, he prayed that prayer, and sometimes found in it solace from the terrible fear that possessed him lest some harm had come to the girl, when it seemed to him now he had deserted in cold blood.

(To be continued)

The Ladies Aid Society, Carrington, N. Dak.

On March 25, 1928, in this church assembled 12 women who were eager and willing to work in the vineyard of the Lord. This group was organized into the German Baptist Mission Aid with Rev. Krombein acting as chairman and Sister Krombein as secretary.

Officers who were elected for the first year were: President, Mrs. Stephan; vice-president, Mrs. Krombein; secretary, Mrs. Wm. Kerber; treasurer, Mrs. Anna Siebold.

Regular meetings of the Ladies Aid Society are held once each month at the homes of the members. Each meeting opens with a prayer and Scripture reading, and after our program, we close with a prayer.

The money we have raised was by dues which are now 25 cents a month, bazaars, food sales, birthday money, lunches, sales of extract, and a few donations.

Our membership of 12 the first year had dwindled down to five by the second year, but during the last year we have had nine active members.

A fine program was rendered at our anniversary, March 27, 1931.

The Lord has blessed us abundantly. We hope and pray that he will be with us in carrying on the good work and that he will make more sisters willing to come and join us in this work we all enjoy.

MRS. ANNA SIEBOLD, Sec.

When duty calls act promptly and enjoy the reaction, which is knowledge that you have performed your part well.

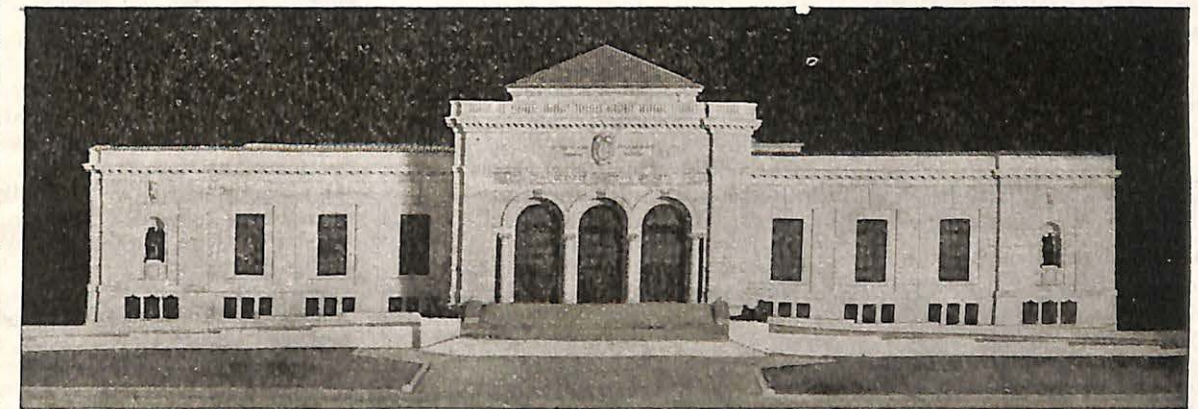
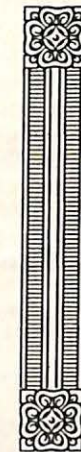
Mother

She traveled the journey before you,
She has known all the cost of the way;
She paid out the price to its fulness,
That Motherhood only can pay.

She loved when the world was against you,
She hoped—when your hopes sank and died;
She clung to your hand when the clinging
Left scars in her heart, deep and wide.

She labored—and loved—and was happy
For down deep in her kind heart she knew
Your kindness and love would repay her,
For all that she did—just for you.

—Canadian Baptist.



Art Museum in Detroit, Mich.

Alberta Association at Leduc, First Church

On Wednesday, March 18, delegates and visitors from the churches of the Alberta Association began to gather, some coming by auto, others by railway and bus. The auto road from the highway to the church, which had been snow-bound, opened to tell the visitors even before they reached the church that they were welcome. After the opening sermon by Bro. E. P. Wahl from Trochu, Bro. F. A. Mueller, the veteran minister of our German work here in Alberta and acting pastor of the church for this occasion, gave us words of welcome in the name of the church. We felt during our stay that they were not only from the lips but from the heart of the congregation.

The devotional period from 9.30-10 each morning was under the leadership of Bro. J. Weinbender. He called upon other brethren to give short talks on Friday and Saturday morning.

The reports of the different churches showed that God's children are still at the task of building his kingdom in the church and keeping an eye open for mission opportunities in their vicinity. Souls were won and added to the church. The blessings brought into our churches

through the Bible schools were repeatedly mentioned.

The subject of the Association was "God's Right of Ownership on Believers." This was divided into five headings. Each one was introduced by one of the pastors after which a free discussion followed. What it cost God, (a) In the Past, Salvation, Bro. F. W. Benke, (b) Present, Bro. C. B. Thole. Then What is our Part? (c) Recognizing his Ownership, Bro. Ph. Daum. (d) Fulfilling our Part, Bro. A. Ittermann. (e) The Privileges, Bro. A. Kraemer. The different parts of this subject and their discussion were a great blessing to all present.

The remaining evening services were under the leadership of Bro. Wahl. Bro. Ittermann and Bro. Weinbender brought us the messages.

Bro. A. Kujath also spoke Friday morning on "the Triumphant Life in Christ"

Golden Wedding Bells Ring in Pekin

Bringing back fifty-year-old memories to Mr. and Mrs. Philip Nickel, faithful members of the Calvary Baptist Church at Pekin, Ill., Rev. Ralph Paul Blatt, minister, read the vows and tied the knot for all eternity at the surprise which the members and friends of the church tendered the couple upon their fiftieth wedding anniversary, Tuesday evening, March 24, 1931.

About 90 guests, varying in ages from a year old baby to a grandfather near eighty, crowded into the Nickel home to wish congratulations and many more years of happiness together.

The pastor performed a brief marriage ceremony and invoked God's blessing upon the future years of the "bride and groom," and then presented a purse of \$25 in gold from the many friends. Mr.



and Bro. C. Martens Friday afternoon on his experience in evangelistic work in Russia.

The Mission Sermon Sunday morning was delivered by Bro. Martens, and the closing sermon by Bro. Kujath. A missionary offering of \$290 was taken on this occasion. C. B. T.

Marion Members Active

As our B. Y. P. U. in Marion, Kans., never did speak up, we have decided that it's time for us to let you and the rest of the young people's societies know that we are very much alive and busy. Our members are faithful and doing their best to serve the Master.

We are sending a report beginning with Sept., 1930, of the work we are doing.

The number of meetings held were 26; executive meetings, 4; programs given by the B. Y. P. U., 5; special programs given in B. Y. P. U. and church, 3, and socials, 2.

The young people put up a stand in the City Park. On Old Settler's Picnic Day they sold all the different things that go with a picnic. The assets of the day were \$100.

We hope that this report will prove that we are active and working for our Lord and Master. SEC.

and Mrs. Nickel both responded with fitting remarks and confided that their happy married life and long relations with the church were due to the Lord's benevolent grace and protection.

Congratulations were offered by individuals in behalf of the church, the Sunday school, and the various organizations of the church.

At 10 o'clock the party picked up their chairs and went across the street to the church where busy hands had been preparing a delicious luncheon. Yellow and white appointments were used in decorating the dining room and the bride's table was centered with a pretty wedding cake.

Mr. and Mrs. Nickel were recipients of many beautiful flowers and greeting cards. It was March 24, 1881, at the home of the bride's parents in Groveland township that the couple was married by Rev. H. L. Deitic of Peoria. Since then they have been well known citizens of the city of Pekin. Mr. Nickel was street commissioner for 13 years and a member of the former German Baptist Church, now Calvary Baptist, for 35 years, while Mrs. Nickel is now the oldest member of the church, having been baptized 59 years ago in the Illinois river. This husband and wife are only 73 and 72 years young, are in excellent health and are loyal supporters of the Lord's work at Calvary.

RALPH PAUL BLATT.

A Program on Alaska

Even though we of the Salt Creek Church only have a young people's meeting every second and fourth Sunday evening in the month our four groups give some very interesting programs. On Sunday night, March 22, Miss Edna Lang, leader, had for her subject "Alaska." From Helen Villwock and Mr. E. Schneider we learned where and how the Eskimo lived. Hulda Marquart and Florence Schneider told us something of the work our missionaries are doing, while Lawrence Tilgner and Ervin Lang read the story how Dr. Young came to Alaska to be missionary. Mrs. Schroeder read the interesting report by Hulda Krause, of our denominational work there. The group song was entitled, "Yes, the Lord Can Depend on Me." Our pastor, Bro. Reschke, told us a few more things about the Eskimo and reminded us of Jesus' marching orders, "Go!"

After hearing these facts about Alaska, which belongs to our country, we wonder why there isn't more done by way of opening up the way of salvation for these people. Let us include them in our daily prayer.

L. T.

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
(Continuation)

The doctor was happy to find his patient doing well with her new-born babe. So he was able to leave soon, which was desirable as so many soldiers were lined up, perhaps to take quarters in Leipzig. When finally he had procured the original hymn he hurried off to Leipzig. Arriving there he had the opportunity, without further disturbances, to tell his good wife of the experiences of yesterday and of today and to read to her the hymn.

About the time when the doctor was sitting at the table with the unknown Prince Henry, Gellert went to the place where he had found the poor woman weeping the day before, following out the physician's instruction to seek exercise. The vision of the whole scene came to him vividly and he lived it all over again, but there was no sob of regret for the thirty dollars he had given away, though at that very moment he could not have given a penny to a poor man had he accosted him. He took an unusually long stroll and did not realize that evening was so near at hand when he approached his home.

And what a surprise awaited him there! He saw a lot of nice wood, and woodchoppers working away, but unable to finish their task in one day since the pile was so huge. He was wishing with a sigh that the wood were his, since his own supply was about exhausted and he had no money to buy any.

The workmen greeted him reverently, for even in the ranks of the poorer folk he was honored. "Professor," said they,

"you have certainly bought a big load of wood which will keep us busy even tomorrow, and the wood is hard as steel and iron."

"Why, what do you mean? I haven't ordered any wood!" said the excited professor, conscious of his empty purse. "I know nothing whatever about this, friends; you must be mistaken." He went into the house and the woodchoppers looked at one another with a smile.

One of them remarked, "That is one of those absent-minded professors who would forget his own head if it were not set on his shoulders."

"Keep your peace," said another. "Just let that gentleman alone; he is the author of our devout hymns and Leipzig can justly be proud of him."

"Congratulations, Professor," said the housekeeper grinning all over her face, as Gellert entered the house.

"Congratulations for what?" answered Gellert in amazement.

Then she told him that when he had hardly left the house a teamster with four horses had stopped and unloaded this big pile of beechwood.

"I asked the man whom the wood was for, and he said the magistrate of — had sent it to Professor Gellert. I have never seen such a load of wood before. I immediately ordered the woodchoppers, for I did not want the police to protest against having the wood remain on the street too long. The men have worked since noon and I will have them carry it back into the shed lest the authorities complain. Believe me, I could tell you a story or two about these policemen; they understand no joking."

"Never mind," interrupted the professor, for he was familiar with the versatility of his housekeeper once she got started. He might remain standing a long time in the cold. "Tell me, what did the wood cost?"

"Cost? Why, Sir Professor, that wood did not cost a cent! It is a present."

"What do you mean?" cried the astonished professor.

"It is true," she continued. "The wood is free," and accurately she rehearsed the story of the driver and his instructions from the village magistrate.

Gellert was dumbfounded. "For the hymn 'Ich hab' in guten Stunden,' did he say that?"

"He did, Professor. It must be a new hymn, for I have not seen it."

Gellert shook his head doubtfully, for he could not put these things together. How should the magistrate know anything about this hymn, and amid all the turmoil of the war? It was only this morning that the doctor had stuck that hymn in his pocket that he might take it home and read it to his wife. All his thinking and pondering did not help him to solve the problem, yet the facts were plausible: the wood was there without any expense to him and sufficient to last through the winter. There must be a mistake somewhere or was it a miracle?

The housekeeper only reiterated the story in all its details, and she was posi-

tive that the whole thing was true.

Gellert found his room very warm and comfortable. He put on his dressing gown and sat down in an easy chair, one in which his father had rested many a time. But he was happier than in the early morning. He had witnessed the Divine Goodness, ever mindful of the poor and needy. He thanked God devoutly and partook of the soup that had been brought for him. He studied another hour or two and then retired for the night, saying to himself, "When the movements of the troops in this neighborhood are over I will go out to the magistrate and inquire into the particulars of this mysterious dealing of God." It did not occur to him at the moment to think of the doctor, for how could he have gone out to the village magistrate at such a time of obstruction all along the road? Just before falling asleep, Professor Gellert shook his head, indicating that the circumstances were too difficult to solve.

Third Day

The doctor had planned to visit the professor on the following morning and reveal to him the secret of the woodpile, but his plans were frustrated. Early in the morning he received a goodly number of military lodgers. He hardly found time to visit his patients. Rushing hurriedly through the streets, he heard the voice of an unknown man calling him. Looking around he espied Grudger, who beckoned him to step in.

"How is the poor shoemaker faring?" he asked.

"Oh, you have prescribed a better medicine for him than I have," replied the doctor.

"But, dear doctor," said the old man evidently deeply moved, "your friend, Professor Gellert, is responsible for all this. He is the cause of it all. Had it not been for him, I would have acted in my own avaricious way, which I now condemn."

"You are quite right," responded the doctor, "but just continue prescribing that sort of medicine and the poor shoemaker will be well in a fortnight. Mr. Grudger, do you really know all the circumstances in this case? Do you really know what a sacrifice Professor Gellert made when he gave those thirty dollars?"

"No, I do not; please tell me."

"The professor is very poor. The thirty dollars that he gave to the wife of the sick shoemaker was all the cash he possessed; he has not a penny to his name and does not know where any money is to come from, and yet he cheerfully gave that sum to relieve the poor."

The old man, whose mind had been completely changed, clasped his hands in astonishment and said, "Is that true?"

"Yes," replied the doctor, "it is as true as that the winter sun is shining into this chamber. And I will read to you the hymn which he has written in this frame of mind." He read to him the hymn which he had in his pocket and was about to return to the professor.

The old man listened with eager attention. Said he, highly elated, "He is an

excellent and extraordinary man. Will you permit me to make a copy of that hymn?"

"I would like to," said the doctor, "but I am obliged to bring it back to him."

"Now look here," said Grudger, "you are going to call on the shoemaker, then you'll come back this way and by that time I will have made a copy."

"Well, take it," said the doctor, and hurried away.

The old man copied the hymn and read it over and over, and then muttered to himself, "Such a man should be in want and I have a superabundance! He has shown me the good way where I have found the blessing of doing good. I will return these thirty dollars to the professor. And will return them in such a way that he will not know whence they came."

He hurried to his desk, took out a roll of thirty dollars, sealed it and wrote thereon: "For the beautiful hymn, 'Ich hab' in guten Stunden,'" and gave it to the errand girl with the strict injunction to hand it to Professor Gellert himself and to hurry away as quickly as possible and by no means reveal the name of the sender.

(To be continued)

Forward, Indianapolis

You have heard the old saying, "You cannot keep a good man down." That's what we think of our pastor, Rev. A. Bredy in Bethel Baptist Church. For a long time we felt the need of more room for the betterment of church and Sunday school. At last we have it. Through a lot of hard work on the part of our pastor we have now a new social hall and Sunday school class rooms in our remodeled basement.

On March 17, St. Patrick's Day, we had our second annual Father's and Son's banquet, which was very well attended. The young ladies decorated the hall and tables very tastefully. Special music was rendered by two quartets of the Booster's class. Rev. Bredy then introduced the speaker of the evening, T. J. Parsons, editor of the "Baptist Observer." His message was very inspiring to all. We must not forget to mention the splendid meal that the ladies prepared for us.

We must not forget to report the splendid results of our pre-Easter meetings that were so well attended. After years of waiting and praying we feel that Christ has not forsaken us. Last year we had such wonderful results and this year the Lord is surely rewarding us for our efforts again. Surely our beloved pastor is undaunted and knows no defeat which makes everyone want to put on the armor of righteousness and enter into the fight. May we not only put forth efforts at this time of the year but carry on under his banner throughout our lives.

In the past you have heard little from Indianapolis but rest assured that in the future we will be regular reporters for the kingdom of God.

C. O. HOFMANN, Sec.

Five Unions of Herreid Church Meet Together

With the help of our pastor, Rev. Albert Alf, we organized five B. Y. P. U.'s, one at each of the following stations: Herreid, Artas, Gnadenfeld, Springcreek and Pollock, S. Dak. These stations meet separately every two weeks and do service to their King. These stations are united into a Union which meets every three months, and each station gives several numbers by which they are judged. Prizes are awarded to the B. Y. P. U. having the highest attendance and offering and the best program.

On March 1 the B. P. U.'s Union held their first quarterly program.

The program was opened with a song, "Salvation Suits Them All." Following this was a reading of a Psalm by Esther Albrecht of the Pollock B. Y. P. U. We bowed our heads and silently thanked God while the presidents of the Herreid, Artas and Springcreek B. Y. P. U.'s led us in prayer.

Now the secretaries from the five B. Y. P. U.'s gave their reports: Herreid, 75 members, three meetings, \$15.29 offering. Artas, 37 members, three meetings, \$7.47 offering. Springcreek, 39 members, four meetings, \$10.17 offering. Gnadenfeld, 45 members, four meetings, \$8.96. Pollock, 27 members, four meetings, \$2.80. Making a total of 224 members and an offering of \$44.68. It was decided upon that this money be used for the improvement and enlargement of the Herreid Baptist church. Herreid received the High Attendance Flag as a prize, and Springcreek received the Offering Flag.

Judges were chosen to judge which B. Y. P. U. presented the best program. The following men were chosen: Christ Goehring, John Zimmerman, Martin Bickel, Messrs. Shrenk and Wolfe.

An interesting program by the different societies followed.

Between the different numbers on the program the Shrenk trio from Venturia played and sang several selections.

This brought our afternoon program to a close. The judges decided upon the different programs. Artas received first prize, which was a book. Herreid received second prize which consisted of several pamphlets.

At 7.30 P. M. we met again and continued our program. The presidents of the five B. Y. P. U.'s gave short talks on the work of their societies.

The sermon for the evening was given by Rev. Alf on the subject: "The People before Adam and Eve, and the lesson taught therefrom."

The mixed quartet from Eureka, S. Dak., favored us with several selections, which we greatly appreciated.

This day greatly encouraged our young people to continue serving the Lord. Our next Union meeting will be held June 7, if so be the Lord's will.

FRIEDA EDINGER, Union Sec.

A dollar will not go as far as it used to, but it will go much faster.

When Dreams Come True

A few months ago Rev. and Mrs. H. Hirsch of the First German Baptist Church of Minneapolis had the misfortune of having their radio stolen from their home besides a few other articles.

Since then remarks were heard off and on that we should get them another radio, but it is hard to get started. It wasn't until one of the deacons said: "Last night I dreamed about Rev. and Mrs. Hirsch's radio and I must see what the other deacons say about getting one," that the actual work was begun. Both deacons were very much in favor and one started off with \$5 which—thanks to the hearty co-operation of all—blossomed into a beautiful eight-tube Burleigh.

It was presented to the Hirsch family on Friday evening, March 20, after one of the evangelistic meetings. Everybody piled into the house and the radio came in last. The Hirsch family were very much surprised and were wondering what it was all about, but they soon found out. Incidentally Mrs. Hirsch like the aforementioned deacon had also dreamed that their radio had come back.

We rather surmise that the Hirsch family have come to the conclusion that Minneapolis isn't such a bad place to live in after all.

A REPORTER.

Musical Evening at Burns Baptist, Detroit

Palm Sunday evening, March 29, was marked by a special musical program. Every once in a while the musical talent of this church favors us with an enjoyable program. It's wonderful to sing praises and play instruments in honor of whom was said, "Hosanna to the son of David, blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord."

The program consisted of two selections by our mixed chorus under the direction of Mr. Fred Bekowies, two selections by our male chorus, under the capable leadership of Mr. R. Zech; three pieces by our Sunday school orchestra, led by Bro. Franz Bekowies; soprano solo, Mrs. Ed Russel; baritone solo, Egon Teichert; piano solo by our B. Y. P. U. pianist, Elinor Knopf; organ solo by Fred Potz, and a saw and piano duet was rendered by Bro. Majeski and his wife. A short address and prayer was offered by our pastor, Bro. Schmitt. The efforts of our singers and all participants of this so enjoyable program was repaid by the large appreciative audience, as our auditorium, Sunday school room and balcony were filled to capacity.

The Key to Silence

The after-dinner speaker had waxed eloquent for fifteen minutes.

"After partaking of such an eloquent meal," he continued, "I feel that if I had eaten any more, I would be unable to talk."

From the far end of the table there came a whispered order to a waiter, "Bring him a sandwich."

Our Devotional Meeting

August F. Runtz

May 17, 1931

War the Enemy of Christian Civilization

Matt. 5:43-48

It is the Antithesis of Everything for Which Jesus Stood. "The essence of Jesus' message was love; the dominant motive of war is hate. . . . Jesus taught brotherhood; war is uttermost denial of brotherhood in its mass murder and destruction. The heart of Jesus' philosophy of life is self-sacrifice. . . . the inevitable nature of war is the destruction and sacrifice of others. . . . Jesus teaches the way of the cross; war is the way of the sword. Jesus comes that men may have life; war is organized for death. . . . Jesus seeks a kingdom of Heaven; war is a method of hell." Jesus said: "Love your enemies; and pray for them that persecute you." Can we love the man whom we gas, or bomb, or bayonet? To deny that war is always unjustifiable is to challenge the sufficiency of Jesus' way of life.

War Means Murder. "Homicide is a crime when individuals commit it, it is a virtue when called on publicly." The command of God still stands: "Thou shalt not kill." This wholesale murder is not confined to the battle-field, but reaches the women and children in their homes. The aeroplane drops bombs upon a city and leaves a mass of ruined factories and homes and the mangled bodies of peace-loving people dead and dying on the blood-spattered streets. Blockades cause the children to be "starved out like rats," for the armies must first be fed. One mother weeps over her son who has been murdered, another presses to her bosom a son whom the state has made a murderer. Which deserves the most pity?

War is a Travesty of Religion. In modern times both sides of a war assume that God is on their side. "God with us," was the cry of the Germans during the last great war, while many ministers in the allied nations took themselves real seriously when they preached sermons and wrote articles that this was a holy war and that all allied soldiers who died in battle must go to heaven. And of course all on the other side must go to hell. How ridiculous they have made our religion that demands that we shall love our enemies!

May 24, 1931

Why Is the Bible Worth Knowing?

2 Tim. 3:16, 17

When the great preacher, Mr. Spurgeon, arose to address his vast London congregation on "The Bible," he said: "Here lies my text—this word of God. Here is the theme of my discourse, a

theme which demands more eloquence than I possess; a subject upon which a thousand orators might speak at once; a mighty, vast, and comprehensive theme, which might engross all eloquence throughout eternity, and still it would remain unexhausted."

The Bible Reveals God. "Canst thou by searching find out God?" A glance at the religions of the world where the Bible is unknown will compel us to answer, No! There is a necessity of a divine revelation. God must reveal himself to man if man is not to remain permanently in the dark. So God revealed himself fragmentarily at first. "Holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Spirit." Little by little God was able to reveal himself until in the fullness of time he hath spoken unto us in the Son." In Christ we have a full and complete revelation of God. The Bible brings us the story of the life and teaching of Jesus. So we have in the Bible the complete revelation of the moral nature of God. In it we perceive his thoughts, his feelings, his mind, his heart. His anger frowns from its pages; his love trembles in its words. In reading it we come in contact and communion with our Lord.

It Contains the Message of Salvation. Two of the big words of the Bible are "Sin" and "Salvation." If there is anything that is troubling mankind it is sin. And if there is anything that we need to know it is: How may we be saved? The Bible is a revelation of God's mercy, disclosing to human beings the steps God has taken to provide a remedy for them from the ruin which sin has caused. The story is told of a man, who out of curiosity began one day to read the Bible. Presently he looked up and, with great seriousness, said to his companion: "Wife, if this book is true you and I are sinners." Reading further he was compelled to add: "Wife, if this book is true you and I are lost." Still later, having continued to read, he exclaimed with joy: "Wife, if this book is true you and I may be saved." Soon they were on their knees before God. The Bible is a great book, how much time do you spend with it?

May 31, 1931

How is the Work of the Missionary Changing?

Luke 10:25-37

The gospel of Christ is meant for the whole man: body, mind and soul. "Heal the sick!" "Teach!" "Preach the gospel!" At times one of these commands has been emphasized at the expense of the others. It has been felt the whole duty of the missionary lay in simply presenting the gospel message. Again education has been over-emphasized. Yet again

bodily health and material abundance have been held paramount. All this is wrong, for one is as much a part of Christ's commission as the others.

"Heal the sick!" Note the lesson taught in the story of the Good Samaritan. Read what a medical missionary writes: ". . . No physical need has made upon my heart a more profound impression than the unspeakable filth and squalor in which the heathen native lives. Crawl on your hands and knees through the low aperture which forms the only door into the hut of the East African Mukikuyu, and avoid if you can the filth and soot. . . . Your brother in need is dressed in an old blanket. . . . Layers of filth are mixed with daubs of red ochre and castor oil on skin, hair and clothing. The light is too dim to see the abounding vermin, the well-known carriers of disease. Here the medical missionary has an effective stepping stone to present the gospel of Christ."

"Teach All Nations!" Together with the healing of the body must come the enlightenment of the mind. Cleanliness and sanitation must be taught. Schools for mothers are held and there the mothers are taught how to care for their children, how to manage their homes, and how to become good mothers, wives and neighbors. Men are taught the use of tools. In many heathen lands famine is the terrible enemy, so scientific farming with modern machinery must be taught. Then comes the training of the native nurses, doctors and dentists and the native Bible women and preachers.

"Preach the Gospel!" A convert from heathenism has aptly said: "To be better off is not to be better." Above all the other needs there is a great heart-hunger for the gospel of Christ. People need to see God as he is revealed to mankind in Jesus Christ. Nothing must overshadow the message of the cross. Surely nothing can take the place of the grace of forgiveness and the joy of fellowship with Christ.

June 7, 1931

The Need of Christian Thoughtfulness and Kindness

Acts 3:1-10 (R. V.)

Begging Outside the Beautiful Door. How many people there are just like the beggar of our Scripture story who all through life have been able to get only as far as the Beautiful Door. Beyond the door is a beautiful temple with its rich furnishings, an altar, the Holy of Holies and an inspiring service, all representing the wealth of God for human need and the life that the individual may enjoy. But outside of this wealth and missing the life which God intended for him, many a lonely, friendless soul stands, scarcely realizing the beauty of the life which could be his, needing some conse-

crated Christian soul who will notice him and help him enter.

The Key of Kindness Opens Many a Door. Have you ever realized for how many people the doors to a better life were opened by Jesus when he was on earth? Have you ever thought how much times Jesus spent simply going about doing good? He saw the needs of people and in kindness helped them. These two disciples of Jesus helped this cripple into a wonderful experience. All along life's highway there are burden-bearing folks whom you and I ought to help into a richer life. God forgive us for being so blind to the needs of souls about us, and for our hard-heartedness in thoughtlessly passing them by intent upon our own interests.

The Reward of Kindness. "It is more blessed to give than to receive." How good we feel when we have been able to help somebody. Is it any wonder that Peter was able to preach such a wonderful sermon after this experience? Read the entire chapter and see how these disciples were just bubbling over with joy. It is always so.

"The purest joy
Most near to heaven, far from earth's
alloy,
Is bidding cloud give way to sun and
shine."

Think of what that act of kindness meant to that cripple. Mrs. Browning, who greatly admired the beautiful life of Charles Kingsley, one day asked him the secret of his life. "I had a friend," was his reply. Only eternity will be able to measure what your kindness may do for a soul.

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

May 11-17. War the Enemy of Christian Civilization. Matt. 5: 43-48.

" 11. War Means Deception. Joshua 2:1-7.

" 12. War Means Treachery. Joshua 2:8-21.

" 13. War Means Starvation. Joshua 6:1-11.

" 14. War Means Slavery. Joshua 9:3-27.

" 15. War Means Hate. Matt. 5: 43-48.

" 16. War Means Murder. Joshua 6:15-21.

" 17. War Corrupts Religion. Joshua 5:13-15.

" 18-24. Why Is the Bible Worth Knowing? 2 Tim. 3: 16, 17.

" 18. The Interest of the Bible. Ps. 119:9-16.

" 19. The Nature of the Bible. 1 Cor. 14:37, 38.

" 20. The Message of the Bible. 2 Cor. 5:11-21.

" 21. The Interpretation of the Bible. Heb. 1:1-14.

" 22. The Purpose of the Bible. John 20:19-31.

" 23. The Authority of the Bible. John 10:22-38.

May 24. The Influence of the Bible. 2 Tim. 3:16, 17.

" 25-31. How Is the Work of the Missionary Changing? Luke 10:25-37.

" 25. Evangelism. Luke 24:44-49.

" 26. Education. Matt. 28:16-20.

" 27. Medicine. Acts 19:11-20.

" 28. Industrial. Luke 10:25-37.

" 29. Agriculture. Matt. 25:31-40.

" 30. Parent Training. Matt. 15:21-28.

" 31. Leadership Training. Mark 5: 15-20.

June 1-7. The Need for Christian Thoughtfulness and Kindness. Acts 3:1-10.

" 1. Everybodys Lonesome. 1 Kings 19:9-18.

" 2. Everybody Has Disappointments. 1 Kings 19:1-8.

" 3. Everybody Has Sorrows. Luke 7:11-17.

" 4. Everybody Has Ambitions. 1 Tim. 6:11-16.

" 5. Everybody Needs Assistance. Acts 3:1-10.

" 6. Everybody Needs Counsel. Prov. 27:9-19.

" 7. Everybody Needs God. Acts 8: 32-40.

Ordination of Walter O. Makowsky

The First Baptist Church of Webster, N. Y., requested the Permanent Council of Rochester and Monroe County to meet with the view of ordaining their pastor, Mr. Walter O. Makowsky, to the Christian ministry. The Council met on Tuesday, March 17, 1931, and heard the statements of the candidate with regard to his Christian experience, call to the ministry, and doctrinal views. The Council then went into executive sessions to consider the candidate. It expressed itself as entirely satisfied with the statements of Mr. Makowsky. The Council thereupon voted to ordain the candidate to the Gospel ministry. The charge was delivered by Rev. Mr. David Haglund, Moderator of the Council, and the prayer of ordination was voiced by Dr. Rufus Traver, pastor of the Hilton, N. Y., Baptist church.

The recognition service was held in the First Baptist Church of Webster on Friday evening, March 27, 1931. Prof. J. F. Vichert presided. Prof. F. W. C. Meyer of the German Dept. of the Colgate-Rochester Divinity School preached the ordination sermon and the Rev. David Hamel, pastor of the Andrews St. Baptist Church, offered the ordination prayer. Others to participate in the service were Dr. C. H. Moehlman and Dr. H. B. Robins, both professors in the Divinity School, Rev. L. B. Bryden and Rev. Q. T. Lightner, the latter a classmate of Mr. Makowsky.

Mr. Makowsky came to Rochester in the fall of 1922 and entered the Academy of our German Department. He was recommended by his church, Second German of Brooklyn. Completing his work after two years, he entered the University of Rochester where he received his B. A. degree in 1928, and in the fall of that

year he matriculated in the Colgate-Rochester Divinity School, from which institution he will be graduated this spring. For over two years Mr. Makowsky has been pastor of a suburban church in Webster, 12 miles from Rochester, and has had the great joy of welcoming a number of new members into the church as well as baptizing 13. He will continue his pastorate here next year and will at the same time pursue graduate studies at the University of Rochester. Mr. Makowsky has had summer pastorates in our German churches in Jamesburg, N. J., Newark, N. J., and Detroit, Mich. During the summers of 1927 and 1928 he and his wife managed the Young People's Cottage at Bradley Beach, N. J., and prior to being called to the Webster church he was Acting Executive Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. at the University of Rochester.

Sunday School Convention at Plevna, Montana

We as Western Dakota and Eastern Montana churches had the privilege of meeting with the Plevna church and its honored pastor, Rev. E. Huber. As the weather conditions were favorable and the highways all in good condition, many came "Out West" to see Montana. On the evening of March 17 many assembled in the roomy church of the Plevna congregation. Rev. F. Trautner of Lemmon, S. Dak., led the song service. Rev. E. Huber of Plevna then welcomed the guests to the church, to the homes and town. Rev. S. Blumhagen, chairman of the convention, replied. Rev. J. Koschel of Leipzig, N. Dak., then preached the opening sermon. His theme was: "The Upright Judge." Samuel was 1. consecrated to God by his parents. 2. A wonderful child. 3. Like Christ. 4. Heard God's voice in boyhood. 5. Courageous. 6. A man of prayer. 7. An inspired prophet, and 7. a Circuit judge. The young people of the Plevna church gave a few numbers in song.

On the morning of the 18th Bro. John Christmann of the Hettinger church led the devotional period. At the following business session, the officers were elected and Rev. Blumhagen again serves as chairman. Rev. Huber is vice-president, and Rev. O. Lohse secretary and treasurer.

Rev. Blumhagen then spoke on: "The Successful Sunday School Teacher." At noon we had the privilege to partake of a fine dinner, prepared by the women of the church. We as a Sunday school convention are very thankful for the kindness of the sisters in preparing the meals for us.

At 2.30 P. M. Rev. O. Lohse conducted a song service and then followed with an essay on: "The Aim of the Sunday School and How to Attain the Same." Rev. F. Trautner of Lemmon, S. Dak., brought before us the problem of the "Spiritual Education of the Child." Rev. E. Huber of Plevna spoke on: "The Possibilities and Dangers of the Present Educational System for the Young People." In conclusion Rev. J. Koschel gave a short talk on: "How Shall We Keep Or-

der in the Sunday School?" All of these addresses were discussed. At this time the question box was opened and various questions concerning the Sunday school work were answered.

The Convention also has promised to contribute \$100 yearly to the salary of the Gypsy Missionary Stefanoff in Bulgaria. This is to be raised from Birthday Money.

At 7 P. M. Rev. Huber conducted a song service. The men's quartet gave a few numbers and the choir of young men and young ladies sang several heart-touching songs in both German and American languages. Rev. Lohse read the scripture, Rev. Blumhagen led in prayer and Rev. Trautner followed with a sermon on "The Second Coming of Christ." His main points were the Educational sign, the Moral sign, and the Jewish sign. At the close Rev. Blumhagen gave an evangelistic appeal to the unsaved and many fathers and mothers asked prayer for their unconverted children. The next time we shall meet with the church at Pleasant Ridge. We all left Plevna, Mont., with the inner satisfaction, "It was good to be there."

JOHN KOSCHEL, Reporter.

Spruce St. Springs Surprise on Pastor

Wednesday evening, April 1, will be a night long remembered in Spruce St. Church, Buffalo, N. Y. After an inspiring message by our pastor, Rev. C. E. Cramer, on the three last days of Christ's life on earth before a well-attended congregation, Rev. J. A. Beuermann took charge of another meeting at which we surprised our pastor in honor of his birthday. After singing and Scripture reading the representatives of the church officers and different organizations congratulated Rev. Cramer, and the Ladies Aid, Dorcas and Willing Helpers presented their gifts. The men's and young men's classes presented him with a Radio (Majestic). Then the doors opened and the Gospel Messengers, who one week before held special meetings in our church and were still in the city, stepped in playing "Happy birthday to you" in which we all joined. With coffee and cake the perfect day came to a close. It is our wish that we may keep our pastor for many more years, and together with him make our church a lighthouse where many sin-sick souls will find Christ.

Here follows a poem made for this occasion by Miss Mabel Stumpf, tendered with the gifts of the Dorcas Society:

A festive occasion has brought us together,
And joyous are we as sprites in the heather,
When thankfulness, gratitude, mortals o'ertake
Some form of expression must trail in their wake.

A bluebird came bringing the news you shall hear,
Press close and I'll whispser it all in your ear,
So sweetly he sang, Oh the notes were divine,

Your pastor's birthday has come, I opine.

Now felicitations extend to him here
And wish him much joy in the ensuing year;
His earnestness, faithfulness we all have seen
Anr praise God for sending a man of such mien.

The Dorcas Society proffers good will.
And hopes with the years he'll remain with us still.
So to keep his finances from getting much worse,
We modestly offer this poor little purse.

JESSIE DRUM, Reporter.

Oak Park Celebrates Fortieth Anniversary

The young folks of the Oak Park church observed the fortieth anniversary of the Young People's Society on Thursday evening, March 12, in the church auditorium.

The Sunday school orchestra under the leadership of Carl F. Granzow played several selections. Following a few words by the president, Harold Johns, the reports of the secretary and treasurer were read.

"Two Masters," a missionary drama by Bertha Cooper Fraser, was presented. Janet McCrea, a missionary's daughter born in China, comes to America to attend college. She is welcomed by Mrs. Van Horne, a dear friend of her mother and a Christian lady of wealth, who tries to serve two masters, and her mother, Mrs. Stuart. Janet, too, tries to serve two masters and for a time forgets her youthful purposes of returning to China to be a missionary. After four busy and happy years, Janet is awakened to a realization of her true purpose at a meeting of the culture class by the address of Mrs. C. von der Witt-Jones, who denounces the missionaries of China.

"No man can serve two masters: for either he will hate the one and love the other; or he will hold to one and despise the other."

"Ye cannot serve God and mammon" (Matt. 6:24).

The characters were as follows:
Mrs. Van Horne.....Louise Miske
Mrs. Stuart.....Dora Granzow
Janet McCrea.....Myrtle Boyer
Rachel, Charlotte, Helen.....

Janet's college friends
Myrtle Saffran, Margaret Krogman,
Gerda Albrecht.

Mrs. C. von der Witt-Jones.....
.....Bertha Maxant
The President of the Culture Club....
.....Edythe Albrecht
Director, Miss A. Victoria Orthner.
Properties, Fred Ewald, Jr.

The offering taken is for the Camerons Mission. Refreshments were served after the meeting.

The newly elected officers are: President, Harold Johns; vice-president, Edwin Maxant; secretary, Myrtle Boyer; treasurer, Margaret Krogman; pianist, John Baumgart.

The Eleventh Annual Session of the Atlantic Young People's and Sunday School Workers' Conference

at the First German Baptist Church in Brooklyn, N. Y., Friday, May 15-Sunday, May, 17, 1931

Everybody cordially invited!

TENTATIVE PROGRAM

Friday, May 15, 8 P. M.: Opening Service. Missionary Geo. J. Geis of Burma, Speaker.

Saturday morning 9-12 A. M.: Study classes—Discussions of vital themes.

Saturday 6 P. M.: A glorious banquet at the Loeser Department Store, located downtown Brooklyn, N. Y., at Fulton and Elm Streets.

Sunday: Festal Service in the German language. Rev. J. G. Draewell of Philadelphia will preach.

Sunday 3 P. M.: Young People's Mass Meeting.

Sunday 7.45 P. M.: Closing service.

Send in your registration in time! Send applications for night accommodations to Harold Kris, 549 McDonough Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Advance banquet reservations are made through John Lotz, 8643 109th St., Richmond Hill, L. I., N. Y.

Yours for a happy Conference,
FIRST GERMAN, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Catalpa Ave. & 64th Place,
Ridgewood, L. I.

Directions for Travel:

Take B. M. T. Subway-Elevated train marked "Myrtle-Metropolitan" at the Municipal Building at Chambers Street, Manhattan, N. Y.

Ride for half an hour and get off at Freshpond Road Station in Ridgewood. Our church is a few blocks from the station.

Look for Posters of Direction on or near Station platform.

Mother's Day Cards

Two Designs in beautiful colorings.

Of generous size, with envelopes
10 cts. each

French Parchment Folder. 6¼x4¼ inches with lined envelope.

15 cts. each.

Novelty Carnation Folder.
6x5 inches. With lined envelope.

15 cts. each.

With Love to Mother Booklet.

Colorful design, gold border, silk ribbon bow with lined envelope.
5½x6½ inches. 25 cts.

Post Cards. Suitable for Sunday school invitation to Mother's Day exercises. Dozen 25 cts.

Mother's Day Material

Mother's Day Treasury. No. 2.
48 pages. 25 cts.

Paramount Mother's Day Book.
65 pages. 25 cts.

Standard Mother's Day Book.
48 pages. 25 cts.

"My Mother." A Pageant. 16 pages.
15 cts.

"Honor to Motherhood." A Playlet.
16 pages. 8 cts.

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