

# 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 15, 1931

Number Ten

## Missionary Supplement



Special Easter Choir, Clay St. Baptist Church, Benton Harbor, Mich.  
Rendered Cantata "Our Living Lord"



## What's Happening

Rev. J. J. Abel, formerly pastor of the church at Canton, O., has accepted the call of the church at Lehr, N. Dak.

Rev. L. B. Holzer baptized four persons into the fellowship of the North Ave. Baptist Church, Milwaukee, Wis., on Easter Sunday morning, April 5.

Student Henry Pfeifer of our school in Rochester will supply the church at New-castle, Pa., during the summer months. Student John Grygo will be the summer supply at our Bay City, Mich., church.

Rev. John Borchers, pastor of the Salem Church, near Gotebo, Okla., has accepted the call of the Ellinwood, Kans., church as successor to Rev. C. N. Wiebe. He will begin his work on his new field August first.

Rev. Theo. W. Dons baptized nine persons on Sunday evening, April 26, before a house crowded with worshippers. These young souls were all converted at the Bellwood and Morton Park mission stations of the Oak Park German Baptist Church. Mr. Crockett, a student at Northern Theological Seminary, Chicago, is the efficient pastor of these two missions.

The Evangel Baptist Church of New-ark, N. J., which has been without a permanent pastor for the past ten months, will be served during the summer months by the Rev. Vincent Brushwyler, who is also a member of this church. Rev. Brushwyler has been serving one of the English churches in Chicago while studying there.

Rev. Aug. Rosner of Shattuck, Okla., had the joy of baptizing eight persons—two women and six Sunday school pupils—on May 3. They were the fruit of evangelistic meetings held in January, in which Rev. F. W. Socolofsky of Bessie, Okla., and Rev. John Borchers of Gotebo, Okla., gave assistance. The baptismal service took place at the beautifully situated Artesian Mineral Beach at Gage, Okla.

Rev. Fred Erion resigned as pastor of the Immanuel Church, Wausau, Wis., in order to pursue further studies at the English Department of Colgate-Rochester Divinity School. The faculty is securing a part-time church in the vicinity of Rochester for Bro. Erion. Bro. John Wobig, a graduate of the German Department of Colgate-Rochester assumes the pastorate as successor to Bro. Erion on the first Sunday in July.

The Easter Offering of the Fourth St. Baptist Church, Dayton, O., Rev. E. J. Baumgartner, pastor, amounted to \$288.82. A group of the men of the church decided to make the offering an even \$300. Considering the current depression and the fact that many men of the church are out of work or on short

hours, this was a very fine Easter Offering. The choir under the direction of Prof. H. von Berge rendered the cantata "Christ Victorious" at the evening service on Easter Day.

Rev. Lester N. Schoen, who has been pastor of the Willow Ave. Baptist Church, Hoboken, N. J., for the past three years, has presented his resignation to the congregation and it has been accepted. The president of the church board, H. J. Brummer, stated that the reason for Pastor Schoen's resignation is entirely financial. The congregation is a small group and the present hard times made retrenchments necessary. Bro. Schoen has labored faithfully on a difficult field. His future plans are not yet developed.

The recent annual church conference of the Clinton Hill Baptist Church, New-ark, N. J., Rev. Chas. W. Koller, pastor, revealed the following facts and figures: Baptisms for 1930, 30; other additions, 29. Present membership, 464. Expenditures—local expenses \$13,000; outside missions and benevolences, \$33,000; total \$46,000. This church conference marks the beginning of the fifth year of the present pastorate. During these four years the church has shown a net increase of exactly 100 members, and has participated, through its pastor, in evangelistic campaigns in the following places: Cleveland, O.; Brooklyn, N. Y.; Bridgeport, Conn.; Jamesburgh, N. J.; Union City, N. J.; Philadelphia, Pa.; and New-ark, N. J. (Walnut St. Church).

### "Baptist Herald" Readers—Attention!

The Publicity Department of the General Conference of German Baptists of North America, which meets in Detroit August 24-31 of this year, has a prize offer to make to any reader of the "Baptist Herald" or "Sendbote" in the United States or Canada.

It will offer free lodging for the duration of the Conference at the magnificent Detroit Hotel, official hotel of the Conference, which is located only one block from the Conference church, to the person submitting the best essay or article on, "Why I Should Attend the General Conference of German Baptists of North America at Detroit."

Any Baptist is eligible, young or old. Create interest in this great event of our denomination. Talk about it. Presidents of local B. Y. P. U.'s—get your society to pool its ideas—have a local contest for the best essay and then mail it in to the "Herald" Editor. You will want to be in Detroit and enjoy the comfort and luxury of this great hotel as a guest without cost to you. Tell others of the plan. Have your teacher or friends help you.

The following rules must be observed:

1. Essay must not exceed 200 words in length.
2. Best essays will be printed in the columns of the "Herald" or "Sendbote."
3. German or English language may be used.
4. The Editor of the "Herald" with two other judges will pass on the essays. Their decision will be final.
5. Winning contestant will be informed by the Editor.
6. Write plainly or typewrite on one side of the paper only.
7. You may touch on any one or all phases of the Conference, Young People's and Sunday School Workers' Union, Detroit, or any subject closely related to the Conference.

Write now while the idea is fresh in your mind. Get your essay in early! Contest closes June 30. All essays should be in by that time. If there are any questions, ask your pastor.

On to Detroit!

BOOST! BOOST! BOOST!

### B. Y. P. U. and S. S. W. U. of Central Dakota Association, Attention!

Are you getting ready for the Assembly? It's in Ashley, N. Dak., this year from July 8-12. Don't forget we want 100% representation this year. Rev. A. P. Mihm, our General Secretary of Young People's Work, and Dr. F. E. Stockton of Fargo, N. Dak., are our teachers.

Plan to be at Ashley July 8-12!

## The Baptist Herald

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Rev. A. P. Mihm, Editor

Contributing Editors:

O. E. Krueger A. A. Schade  
August F. Runtz

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# The Baptist Herald

## The Autobiography of the Bible

MARTIN L. LEUSCHNER

(Forword: I have often wondered what the Bible would tell us, if it could speak. I know that it would have a good many things to say, some of which might not be altogether complimentary. In an imaginative spirit I have written this soliloquy—this autobiography of the Bible—in which I have tried to set down what the Bible would say if it could speak.)

I AM the Bible. I am known as the holy book of the Christians, as the sacred Scriptures, the inspired Word of God. I am the book of great contrasts, for at the same time that I am the cheapest book in price, the largest sum of money was paid for me that has ever been expended for any book or collection of books. I can be secured for a few pennies in the book store, and yet the great sum of 120,000 dollars was spent for an old historical copy of my message. I am called "the best seller" of the day, and that I truly am, for more than nine million copies were printed and published last year. Unfortunately it is not true that I am the most popular book in the reading and study of most people. I have been translated into almost every language and dialect of the world, numbering almost six hundred, so that I ought to be called the most universal book of today.

I am to be found everywhere. I used to be chained to the pulpits of churches and placed under glass cages, because there were not enough copies to go around, but now I am free in churches and libraries and homes. I love to be used frequently. I do not like to rest quietly and forgotten under a pile of magazines and other books or under the table collecting dust until the minister comes, when I am dusted and cleaned and made to look presentable. People have used me for many purposes; some, as a family history, writing on a blank page within me the names and dates of family births and deaths; others, as a bank, hiding a five dollar bill within my pages. Still others think that I am good for pressing pansies, sweet peas and forget-me-nots. But I love to be read most of all and studied by someone who loves me for what I am.

My greatest joy is to be given as a present to a child who writes his name on my flyleaf, watches over me, takes me to church every Sunday and memorizes verses and chapters from my messages. I am thrilled by the boat trips across the ocean and by the journeys on land into the heart and jungle-growth of well-nigh unknown continents of the world, where I see all kinds of strange sights and where the missionary distributes me among the people.

Many tears fall onto my pages. I know then that people have great need of me. When black crepe is hung on the front door of the house, then I am read most frequently in some homes. I am used often in the hospitals. I am to be found in all the rooms of many hotels, but people seemingly neglect me there. I am thrown into the bureau drawers or put under the writing desk or merely left on the table. Children and old people know and love me best, but my message is for all who hear and understand it.

I was the first printed book. The first words sent over the telephone and across the Atlantic cable were messages from my pages. Generals have used me as advice for their military maneuvers. I was misunderstood as a witness to send so-called heretics and witches to their death at the stake and by drowning. I have been responsible for reformations and revolutions. I have even stopped bullets, that whizzing across "No Man's Land" were meant for a young man's heart, for which reason I have received his inmost gratitude.

People read me too hastily and too seldom to understand me fully. I am used as proof for all kinds of conflicting creeds and rivalling denominations. Some people memorize long passages from my books and do not follow their truth in their lives. I have more hearers than doers. I wish that I could be given more opportunities to show people how much I can help them. But God's light still shines from my pages to illuminate my friends, who use me, love me, and find guidance within my pages. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." That is my message.

## Baptists in the Lead 1930 Statistics

Dear Editor:—

Please publish following statistics in the "Herald." Many members of the "Herald" family will be interestd in them. These figures were prepared by Dr. G. L. Kieffer, church statistician of the "Christian Herald," and relate to 1930.

Denomination	Membership	Gain
Baptist	9,216,562	74,706
Methodist	9,119,069	*43,211
Lutheran	2,800,797	56,180
Presbyterian	2,677,369	*22,763
Disciples of Christ	1,988,392	*18,567

\*Denotes decrease.

Baptists again lead the 23 bodies reporting gains in church membership during 1930. The net gain in all denominations in 1930 was 88,350 as compared with gains of 242,748 in 1929 and more than 1,000,000 in 1928.

Edward D. Stevener.



## Yearning

MILTON R. SCHROEDER

As flowers early in the morning turn  
Their faces to the sun,  
So turns my anxious heart to thee,  
Great Three in One.

As little feathered songsters of the wood  
At evening seek their nest,  
So longs my weary, aching heart  
O God, for rest.

As mighty rivers from the mountainsides  
In silence seek the sea,  
So yearns my hopeful, longing heart  
O God, for thee.

## "Such a Man as I"

F. W. BARTEL

THE restoration of the temple and the City of the Jews yields a story of faith and achievement. When the Babylonian captivity was drawing to a close, God stirred up the spirit of King Cyrus of Persia, and he issued a decree, commanding the Jews to return and restore the temple at Jerusalem, which Nebuchadnezzar had destroyed. A remnant of the captive Jews returned under the leadership of Zerubbabel, and the temple foundations were laid. This immediately aroused the bitter resentment of the enemies of the Jews, and their determined opposition caused the work on the temple to be suspended. However, later, when the record of the decree of Cyrus was discovered in the archives of Babylon, it was at once confirmed by King Darius, and the work on the temple was resumed. And when Esra came to Jerusalem in 458 B. C., he was soon able to dedicate the restored temple to the worship of Jehovah, and to restore the law and the ritual to the people in the land.

Fourteen years after the return of Esra, another company of Jews were led to Jerusalem by Nehemiah, who had been commissioned by King Artaxerxes to rebuild the walls of the city. Of course the enemies of the Jews were grieved exceedingly, when they heard that "a man was come to seek the welfare of the children of Israel," and they sought by every means to hinder the work. Their first attempt to hinder the work of God was by means of ridicule. They said, "What do these feeble Jews? . . . If a fox go up, he will even break down their stone wall!" But Nehemiah, the wise and consecrated leader of God's people, met their ridicule with prayer, "Hear, O God, for we are despised! Turn thou their reproach upon their own head!"

The enemies then sought to stop the work on the walls by the threat of an armed attack, but again Nehemiah made his prayer unto God, set a watch day and night, and the work went on.

It is a most remarkable fact that

## The Enemy Never Admits Defeat

No matter how often or how decisively he has been repulsed and defeated today, he is sure to return to

the attack again tomorrow. And so the enemy came again, and this time sought to weaken the morale of the workers by dire threats of violence, but Nehemiah encouraged his people, saying, "Be not afraid of them. Remember the Lord."

And when the enemy saw Nehemiah was not only fearless, but that by reason of the resourcefulness of his faith he was more than a match for them, they tried to remove him from the leadership of the Jews. And so they came to him with the crafty suggestion, "Come, let us meet together, in . . . the plain of Ono for a peace conference." But Nehemiah realized that they thought to do him mischief, and he promptly replied, "I am doing a great work. Why should the work cease, whilst I leave it? I cannot come down!"

And finally, a false Jew, one Shemaiah, came to Nehemiah in great excitement, saying, "Come, let us meet together in the house of God, . . . and let us shut the doors of the temple, for they will come in the night to slay thee!" But Nehemiah perceived that God had not sent him, but that he had been hire by Tobiah and Sanballet, to frighten him if possible, that they might have a matter for an evil report against him, and he made the fine reply, "Should such a man as I flee? Who is there, that being as I am, would go into the temple to save his life? I will not go in. And thus every design of the enemy was defeated, and the walls of Jerusalem were completed in spite of great and many difficulties.

## This Thrilling Narrative

is a shining illustration of the Christian's warfare. The enemy of our soul, like the ancient enemy of Israel, never fails to come back for a new attack with ever greater craft and fury. No matter if he has been defeated decisively a thousand times, he will surely strike again, to lead astray and overcome the very elect, if that were possible. Watchfulness and prayer are the price of victory and liberty.

What a consecrated and courageous leader Nehemiah was! The singleness and intensity of his purpose and the resourcefulness of his faith are refreshing and inspiring. What a splendid example for every Christian! What an ideal Sunday school and B. Y. P. U. worker Nehemiah would have been! O that we might manifest the same diligence and resourcefulness in the building of Zion's walls today!

The striking phrase, "such a man as I," indicates that Nehemiah was fully conscious of his high calling and opportunity. And he was careful to conduct himself in a way worthy of his calling. This suggests a truly important question to us, "What should such a man as I do?" Immediately another pointed question faces us and demands an answer, "Well, what kind of a man are you?" And we rejoice that some rise up and promptly say, "Sir, I am

## A Christian!"

It is gloriously true that if you have truly accepted Christ as your personal Savior by a voluntary act of faith, that your sins have been blotted out by the precious blood of the Lamb, and that

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the Holy Spirit has come to abide in your heart. You have been redeemed at a great cost by the Son of God, and you have become a partaker of the divine nature. Once you were "dead in trespasses and sins," but you have passed from death to eternal life. Assurance of salvation has brought you much peace and joy, and you have been moved by the Holy Spirit to a full consecration of all your powers and affections to him, who loved you.

Seriously now, what should the attitude of such a man be to the duties and privileges of the Christian life? If you truly have spiritual life in you, you will surely regard the thoughtful reading of your Bible and the constant practice of prayer as true necessities of the daily life. And earnest intercession for the lost and for God's blessing on all his people will be an increasing privilege and joy and the words of Samuel will often find an echo in our consciousness, "God forbid that I should sin against the Lord in ceasing to pray for you!"

And what should such a man as you do in the hour of temptation? If you are conscious of your high calling, you will take your stand with Joseph and say with him, "How can I do this great wickedness and sin against God?" Surely, a man who has tasted the grace of God ought to separate himself from all that grieves the Spirit, and ought consistently to avoid all appearance of evil, that he may please his Savior and Lord.

Such a man as you ought to love the church, for it is the body of Christ, of which you are a part. And such a man ought to enter into its spirit, its purpose, its worship and its work with all faithfulness and sincerity. Such a man as you ought to love the fellowship of God's people above every other. And surely such a man as you ought never to stop to hide behind some poor make-believe excuse, when you have an opportunity to render some definite service for the Lord. If you have truly caught the vision, you surely can never be idle as long as the Lord has given you definite work to do for him. Such a man as you will not hesitate to ask daily with Paul, "Lord, what wilt thou have me do?"

When destruction threatened the Jews, Mordecai earnestly besought Queen Esther to step into the breach to save herself and her people, he said, "Who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?" And the noble queen bravely arose to the occasion and replied, "I will go! If I perish, I perish!" But perhaps some reader's conscience will say, "I am not that kind of a man. I am still

## Unsaved!"

Dear friend, our question also applies to you. What should an unsaved person, such as you, do? You have known the way of salvation from childhood. The Holy Spirit has repeatedly made you conscious of your sin and your need of a Savior. Friends have faithfully prayed for you, and have lovingly urged you to accept Christ as your Savior. But you have resisted the Spirit and have rejected him, who gave his life for you, all these years, and your heart has become strangely hardened, and you have never been really happy. You have gone far

away from God, but the Lord in wondrous love and patience is still waiting for you to return. "Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me."

Such a person as you ought to accept Jesus Christ as your personal Savior without a moments delay. Nothing else, nothing less will do. Dear friend, give him your heart today!

## Editorial Jottings

DO NOT OVERLOOK the announcement of the Publicity Department of the General Conference which meets in Detroit, Aug. 24-31, on page two of this number. You have a chance to win a prize that is worth while. We look for many of our young people to enter this contest. Read the rules carefully.

THIS NUMBER of the "Baptist Herald" reads like an echo of Easter Sunday. It contains many reports from churches and societies of happenings on that glorious day of our Christian year. We rejoice that so many young people followed Christ in baptism on Easter and pray that all may be faithful followers of the Master.

THE SPECIAL MISSIONARY SUPPLEMENT of this number of the "Baptist Herald" features the work of our General Missionary Society and the appointments and appropriations for the current year 1931-1932. This embraces the wide missionary work of the German Baptists at home and abroad. It is a great work which we are undertaking. Visualize it more clearly by a careful reading of this supplement. Make use of it in the next missionary meeting of your society or Sunday school.

THE COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES of the Northern Baptist Theological Seminary, Chicago, will be held Sunday, May 24, to Thursday, May 28. The baccalaureate sermon will be preached at the Second Baptist Church by the Rev. F. G. Sayers of Youngstown, O. The annual missionary sermon will be given by Rev. W. E. Biederwolf of Monticello, Ind. The Graduating Exercises will take place on Thursday, May 28, at 7.45 P. M. at the Tabernacle Baptist Church. Addresses will be held by members of the Senior Class and by President G. W. Taft.

THE CHILDREN'S DAY PROGRAM for 1931 has been prepared at the request of the General Missionary Committee by the editor of the "Baptist Herald." It is a bilingual program, the text of all songs appearing in both English and German. The abundant recitation material is also furnished in both languages, but of course is different in text. Sufficient copies for all of our Sunday schools have been sent out by our Publication Manager, Mr. H. P. Donner. Children's Day is usually celebrated on the second Sunday in June or else as close to that date as convenient. The offering is for our Chapel Building fund. Let every Sunday school observe and celebrate this important special school festival, when the children are brought to the front and have their inning.





B. Y. P. U. of Fessenden in Easter Cantata

### Easter Cantata at Fessenden, N. Dak.

Although you haven't heard from us for a long while, we are still in existence. Easter evening the B. Y. P. U. of the German Baptist Church of Fessenden, N. Dak., rendered the cantata "Christ Victorious." The cantata was a success in every respect, much credit goes to our efficient director, Mr. Fred B. Paul, and his wife (pianist). Much time and effort was spent in preparing for the same, but it was not in vain. Between chorus numbers, solos, duets, trios, and quartets were sung.

We expect to continue our work under the able leadership of our president, Mrs. C. L. Stobbert, and with the co-operation of four pastor, Rev. C. Dippel, and we know that God's blessings will rest upon us. LYDIA C. ALBUS, Sec.

### Easter Morning in Cincinnati

Our Young People's Society here in Cincinnati, O., is small, but very much alive. We planned an Easter sunrise meeting; invitations, in form of decorated crosses were sent to every member and a goodly number were present at 7 A. M. on Easter morning. Special Easter music (solos, duets, congregational singing) was followed by an old-fashioned prayermeeting. In the Sunday school room breakfast was waiting for us; then we enjoyed an hour of welcome fellowship. At 9 o'clock we were ready to take part in a special Easter program given by the Sunday school and the young people. Anthems and an Easter pageant brought us again the glad Easter message "Christ is risen and lives forever." Our people are still speaking of the happy Easter morning.

RUTH HARTMAN.

### Trenton, Ill., Activities

The Trenton young people have been active during the past months. On March 27 we gave a missionary play, "The Sacrifice." The offering was used to help pay our annual mission pledge. The following week the play was given at the Wisetown Baptist church.

Easter Sunday was a joyful day, beginning with a union sunrise prayer meeting followed by the impressive baptismal service in the forenoon and ending with an Easter and Bible Day program by the Sunday school in the evening.

We were glad to have Mr. Elmer Ranz and his friends, Mr. George Stoeckman

and Mr. Wilfred Eatough, spend their Easter vacation in Trenton. Their inspiring and instructive contributions to our services during that week were greatly appreciated.

In an endeavor to bring about a closer fellowship between the St. Louis Park and Trenton churches the Y. P. societies are exchanging programs. On April 19 a group of St. Louis young people gave a very interesting program at Trenton. We hope to repay their visit soon.

ESTHER SCHAFFER.

### Gracious Revival in Union City Second Church

The Second German Baptist Church of Union City, N. J., held its revival meetings during the first two weeks in March. Rev. John Schmidt brought the message to us in German, and Rev. Chas. W. Koller in English.

We had wonderful attendance, and God was with us during these meetings. Twenty-five came forward and accepted as their personal Savior the Lord Jesus Christ.

Palm Sunday morning we had the joy of baptizing eight of these candidates, and on April 19 the remainder followed Christ in baptism.

We praise God for this wonderful manifestation of his love and trust that all may become useful channels in his service. MRS. BERTHA MORF.

### Lord's Day, April 5, Ebenezer, Detroit

We, at Ebenezer, Detroit, have learned to expect great things of the Lord, and again on Easter Sunday, a day full of blessings, we were happy in worship and praise of the risen Christ.

Beginning early in the day, one which all the elements of Nature in her Spring-time enchantment harmoniously spared no effort to glorify, the Young People's Society greeted the sunrise with a service of joy commemorating the first Easter morn. In a room bathed in the early sunlight were gathered over 100 young people. The church trumpeters proclaimed the message with glad music. On the chancel, among palms and daffodils, was an exhibit of sacred art, among them a reproduction of Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper." Music by a ladies quartet and "The Old Rugged Cross" by a soprano soloist helped beautify the service, the combined effect producing an impressive reverence and putting us in a

worshipful attitude. After a wholesome breakfast and an interim the young people attended the overflow morning worship where the pastor, Rev. John Leyboldt, preached. The goodly number of 539 gathered for Sunday school. Noteworthy and a tribute to God is the fact that through the guidance, prayers and efforts of the Intermediate Department staff and the pastor, more than 30 young lives accepted Christ as their Savior Palm Sunday, bringing joy to the workers, teachers, parents, and the angels. We consider it especially noteworthy as many of the pupils do not have the influence of a Christian home and whose parents are not affiliated with the church. Ebenezer endeavors in all its activities to place itself a help to the community.

Another crowded service took place in the evening when in lieu of the evening worship the Sunday school with the church celebrated Easter and Bible Day with a program replete from beginning to end with good things. Among the features were the recently organized Junior Chorus of 30 voices under the direction of Dorothea Rossbach, the Sunday school orchestra, Brass Quartet, several playlets by the children, recitations so dear to the youngsters, church choir, etc. We were happy to have a missionary offer of nearly \$600. Our membership has not been unaffected by economic conditions. However, drawing on our spiritual reserve and trying to help bear one another's burdens, we keep the faith and praise him for his care of even the least of his people.

The Young People's Society has just completed the ingathering of \$400 in their annual mission campaign, designated for various missionary activities.

As long as we are of this world we will be far short of perfection in all things but we trust the Captain of our lives that happier days than we can here imagine are in store for us when we go to our permanent home. However, while we are still here, it is ours to live our lives as individuals in the church, in the community, and in relation to our fellowmen in harmony with the Master. We, here at Ebenezer, plan, work and try to accomplish, not for self-satisfaction or praise, but for the approval of the Lord and for the glorification of his Kingdom here on earth. N. J. B.

### Sixteenth Anniversary Celebrated

The Young People's Society of the Second Baptist Church of Union City, N. J., celebrated its sixteenth anniversary on March 26, 1931.

Vocal and instrumental pieces were rendered to help make the occasion a success. A dialog called "The Devil's Angels" was presented by Mr. H. Dorbandt, the author, our former president.

After the program, the guests were invited to the church parlors, to help dispose of ice cream and cake, and a delightful time was had by all.

MRS. BERTHA MORF.

Do not let your heart be haunted by hate, or happiness will not have a ghost of a show in your life.

### Graduating Class at Seminary

We are glad to present a picture of the graduating class of our German department of Colgate-Rochester Divinity School. The class of 1931 is not large, only numbering three members.

John Wobig has accepted a call to the church at Wausau, Wis., as successor to Rev. F. W. Erion. He begins his pastorate there in July.

Mr. A. Ittermann desires to take advantage of continued studies at the University of Rochester. During the summer he will be active in the German Baptist churches of Chicago under the auspices of the Chicago Missionary Society.

Mr. D. Litke also intends taking up a pastorate. Several fields of service are open to him but at present he has not arrived at a definite decision.

### Easter at Benton Harbor

(See picture on front page)

Easter Sunday was a day outstanding as to splendid attendances marking every church service in the Clay Street Baptist Church in Benton Harbor, Mich. Elaborate services were planned for the celebration of the resurrection of our Lord and the realization of the plans was a great blessing to all. The worshippers gathered early in the beautifully decorated church house. The choir sang the wonderful inspiring Easter hymn: "Christ the Lord is risen today," and the message of our pastor, Bro. Gassner, showed us how the knowledge and assurance of immortality gives power to human life.

But it was the evening service that helped to express the joy and gratitude that filled our hearts when the regular choir with the help of others, willing to glorify the risen Lord, rendered the Easter Cantata: "Our Living Lord." There were over 30 singers in this special choir which had been rehearsing the cantata several weeks.

This delightful inspiring cantata, compiled by Ira D. Wilson, was directed by Walter Makowski, assisted by the organist, Miss Behlen; they and the singers spared no effort to make it a success. Of elaborate, impressive and colorful nature this service was an inspiration to the many present. The offering taken up at the service amounted to \$126.62. The picture taken of the Easter Sunday special choir shows this group of willing helpers ready and eager to serve their Lord and Master again. L. J. G.

### Eastertide at Evangel Baptist Church, Newark, N. J.

"When you come to the end of a Perfect Day," thus says the writer, and that is the way we of the Evangel Church felt on the eve of Easter Sunday. The day itself was not so warm, yet that did not keep us from having a warm spirit within, which radiated throughout all of our meetings.

We began the day with a Sunrise Service at 6:30 o'clock. Each year the number present at this early service, has



The Graduating Class of the German Department, Colgate-Rochester Divinity School and Dean, Prof. A. J. Ramaker.

The members are, reading from left to right, David Litke, Arthur Ittermann and John Wobig.

been growing and this year was no exception. One hundred and eighty-seven hearts and voices joined in singing the hymns of praise and rejoicing, that our Savior is risen indeed. The Rev. Leroy Lincoln, former pastor of the Millburn Baptist Church, brought us an inspiring message on "The Glory of the Empty Tomb."

In our Sunday school session we had a special program of songs, recitations and a program entitled "Through Darkness to Light," which was given by the Intermediates and Young People of the Sunday school.

Rev. F. Niebuhr, who has so faithfully served us during these past months that we have been without a pastor, brought us wonderful messages both morning and evening. Both these services were attended by large congregations, including many strangers. Some who come at no other time try to come at least on Easter Sunday, and we pray that the seed that was sown may bear fruit unto Life Eternal.

In these days of depression in the business world, it has meant a real sacrifice on the part of many to bring a special offering, but we are glad to announce that our Easter Offering amounted to \$218.15.

Our report would not be complete if we did not tell you of the splendid meeting that we had on Good Friday evening. We felt that we wanted the children present at this meeting as well as the adults, and we were well pleased when almost 200 children came on that evening. In all, there were about 300 present. Mr. I. Smith, Superintendent of the Children's Temple here in the city and who is especially gifted in giving illustrated talks, brought us a very helpful message on, "The Way of Salvation." The Way was made so plain that even the smallest child could understand.

The special days are past, but that should not take away from us the zeal to labor more earnestly in the vineyard

for our Lord and Master, Jesus Christ. It is our prayer that we might bring souls to him, who saved us from sin by his atoning sacrifice.

### Hebron and Leipzig Societies Intervisit

Greetings to the whole "Baptist Herald" Family with their B. Y. P. U.'s and the friendly hand we can lend to each other. Some time ago, the Rev. F. Alf, of the church in Hebron, N. Dak., and successor of Rev. William Schweitzer, wrote a short letter to the undersigned asking whether we could arrange it so that our B. Y. P. U.'s could give programs at each other's church. And of course we gladly answered, "Yes, we are coming." So it happened that on a Sunday afternoon a goodly number of autos went to the Hebron church at Antelope station and rendered a program consisting of three dialogs and solos, duets and choir selections. After the program, the young people of Antelope served refreshments and with warm handshakes and smiling faces we went our way home.

A few weeks after, Rev. Alf came with his newly organized B. Y. P. U. which flourishes abundantly under Rev. Alf's leadership, to our Leipzig church, having a well prepared program. Our little church was much too small to hold the visitors and friends who attended the service. The young people filled the platform and rendered some dialogs, one of them being "The Prodigal Son." The Choir selections were great. The male quartet and the men's choir did very well. Then there is another thing to say in honor of the Hebron church at Antelope and that is: The whole program was all German. And a goodly number of the elder people remarked, "O, wasn't that great!" "Das habe ich alles verstanden." After the program our young people also served lunch and we went home with a feeling that it was good to be here, and a "God bless the young people of our day!" JOHN KOSCHEL.



# The Girl from Montana

By GRACE LIVINGSTON HILL

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(Continuation)

Chapter IX

IN A TRAP

Elizabeth rode straight out to the east, crossing the town as rapidly as possible, going full gallop where the streets were empty. On the edge of the town she crossed another trail running back the way she had come; but without swerving she turned out toward the world, and soon passed into a thick growth of trees, around a hill.

Not three minutes elapsed after she had passed the crossing of the trails before the four men rode across from the other direction, and, pausing, called to one another, looking this way and that: "What d'ye think, Bill? Shall we risk the right hand 'r the left?"

"Take the left hand fer luck," answered Bill. "Let's go over to the ranch and ask. Ef she's been hereabouts, she's likely there. The old woman 'll know. Come on, boys!"

And who shall say that the angel of the Lord did not stand within the crossing of the ways and turn aside the evil men?

Elizabeth did not stop her fierce ride until about noon. The frenzy of her fear of pursuit had come upon her with renewed force. Now that she was alone and desolate she dared not look behind her. She had been strong enough as she smiled her farewell; but, when the train had dwindled into a mere speck in the distance, her eyes were dropping tears thick and fast upon the horse's mane. So in the first heaviness of her loneliness she rode as if pursued by enemies close at hand.

But the horse must rest if she did not, for he was her only dependence now. So she sat her down in the shade of a tree, and tried to eat some dinner. The tears came again as she opened the pack which the man's strong hands had bound together for her. How little she had thought at breakfast time that she would eat the next meal alone!

It was well enough to tell him he must go, and say she was nothing to him; but it was different now to face the world without a single friend when one had learned to know how good a friend could be. Almost it would have been better if he had never found her, never saved her from the serpent, never ridden beside her and talked of wonderful new things to her; for now that he was gone the emptiness and loneliness were so much harder to bear; and now she was filled with a longing for things that could not be hers.

It was well he had gone so soon, well she had no longer to grow into the charm of his society; for he belonged to the lady, and was not hers. Thus she ate her dinner with the indifference of sorrow.

Then she took out the envelope, and counted over the money. Forty dollars

he had given her. She knew he had kept five for himself. How wonderful that he should have done all that for her! It seemed a very great wealth in her possession. Well, she would use it as sparingly as possible, and thus be able the sooner to return it all to him. Some she must use, she supposed, to buy food; but she would do with as little as she could. She might sometimes shoot a bird, or catch a fish; or there might be berries fit for food by the way. Nights she must stop by the way at a respectable house. That she had promised. He had told her of awful things that might happen to her if she lay down in the wilderness alone. Her lodging would sometimes cost her something. Yet often they would take her in for nothing. She would be careful of the money.

She studied the name on the envelope. George Trescott Benedict, 2— Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa. The letters were large and angular, not easy to read; but she puzzled them out. It did not look like his writing. She had watched him as he wrote the old woman's address in his little red book. He wrote small, round letters, slanting backwards, plain as print, pleasant writing to read. Now the old woman's address would never be of any use, and her wish that Elizabeth should travel alone was fulfilled.

There was a faint perfume from the envelope like wildwood flowers. She breathed it in, and wondered at it. Was it perfume from something he carried in his pocket, some flower his lady had given him? But this was not a pleasant thought. She put the envelope into her bosom after studying it again carefully until she knew the words by heart.

Then she drew forth the papers of her mothers that she had brought from home, and for the first time read them over.

The first was the marriage certificate. That she had seen before, and had studied with awe; but the others had been kept in a box that was never opened by the children. The mother kept them sacredly, always with the certificate on the top.

The largest paper she could not understand. It was something about a mine. There were a great many "herebys" and "whereases" and "agreements" in it. She put it back into the wrapper as of little account, probably something belonging to her father, which her mother had treasured for old time's sake.

Then came a paper which related to the claim where their little log home had stood, and upon the extreme edge of which the graves were. That, too, she laid reverently within its wrapper.

Next came a bit of pasteboard whereon was inscribed, "Mrs. Merrill Wilton Bailey, Rittenhouse Square, Tuesdays." That she knew was her grandmother's name, though she had never seen the card before—her father's mother. She looked

at the card in wonder. It was almost like a distant view of the lady in question. What kind of a place might Rittenhouse Square be, and where was it? There was no telling. It might be near that wonderful desert of Sahara that the man had talked about. She laid it down with a sigh.

There was only one paper left, and that was a letter written in pale pencil lines. It said:

"My dear Bessie: Your pa died last week. He was killed falling from a scaffold. He was buried on Monday with five carriages and everything nice. We all got new dresses, and had enough for a stone. If it don't cost too much, we'll have an angle on the top. I always thought an angle pointing to heaven was nice. We wish you were here. We miss you very much. I hope your husband is good to you. Why don't you write to us? You haven't wrote since your little girl was born. I s'pose you call her Bessie like you. If anything ever happens to you, you can send her to me. I'd kind of like to fill your place. Your sister has got a baby girl too. She calls her Lizzie. We couldn't somehow have it natural to call her 'Lizabeth, and Nan wanted her called for me. I was always Lizzie, you know. Now you must write soon. Your loving mother, 'ELIZABETH BRADY.'

There was no date nor address to the letter, but an address had been pencilled on the outside in her mother's cramped school-girl hand. It was dim but still readable, "Mrs. Elizabeth Brady, 18—Flora Street, Philadelphia."

Elizabeth studied the last word, then drew out the envelope again, and looked at that. Yes, the two names were the same. How wonderful! Perhaps she would sometime, sometime, see him again, though of course he belonged to the lady. But perhaps, if she went to school and learned very fast, she might sometime meet him in church, she was sure—and then he might smile, and not be ashamed of his friend who had saved his life. Saved his life! Nonsense! She had not done much. He would not feel any such ridiculous indebtedness to her when he got back to home and friends and safety. He had saved her much more than she had him.

She put the papers all back in safety, and after having prepared her few belongings for taking up the journey, she knelt down. She would say the prayer before she went on. It might be that would keep the terrible pursuers away.

She said it once, and then with eyes still closed she waited a moment. Might she say it for him, who was gone away from her? Perhaps it would help him, and keep him from falling from that terrible machine he was riding on. Hitherto in her mind prayers had been only for the dead, but now they seemed also to belong to all who were in danger or trouble. She said the prayer over once more, slowly, then paused a moment, and added: "Our Father, hide him from trouble. Hide George Trescott Benedict. And hide me, please, too."

Then she mounted her horse, and went on her way.

It was a long and weary way. It reached over mountains and through valleys, across winding, turbulent streams and broad rivers that had few bridges. The rivers twice led her further south than she meant to go, in her ignorance. She had always felt that Philadelphia was straight ahead east, as straight as one could go to the heart of the sun.

Night after night she lay down in strange homes, some poorer and more forlorn than others; and day after day she took up her lonely travel again.

Gradually, as the days lengthened, and mountains piled themselves behind her, and rivers stretched like barriers between, she grew less and less to dread her pursuers, and more and more to look forward to the future. It seemed so long a way! Would it ever end?

Once she asked a man whether he knew where Philadelphia was. She had been travelling for weeks, and thought she must be almost there. But he said, "Philadelphia? O, Philadelphia is in the East. That's a long way off. I saw a man once who came from there."

She set her firm little chin then, and travelled on. Her clothes were much worn, and her skin was brown as a berry. The horse plodded on with dejected air. He would have liked to stop at a number of places they passed, and remain for life, what there was left of it; but he obediently walked on over any kind of an old road that came in his way, and so-laced himself with whatever kind of a bite the roadside afforded. He knew a threshing-machine by sight now, and considered it no more than a prairie bobcat.

At one stopping-place a good woman advised Elizabeth to rest on Sundays. She told her God didn't like people to do the same on his day as on other days, and it would bring her bad luck if she kept up her incessant riding. It was bad for the horse too. So, the night being Saturday, Elizabeth remained with the woman over the Sabbath, and heard read aloud the fourteenth chapter of John. It was a wonderful revelation to her. She did not altogether understand it. In fact, the Bible was on unknown book. She had never known that it was different from other books. She had heard it spoken of by her mother, but only as a book. She did not know it was a book of books.

She carried the beautiful thoughts with her on the way, and pondered them. She wished she might have the book. She remembered the name of it, Bible, the Book of God. Then God had written a book! Some day she would try to find it and read it.

"Let not your heart be troubled;" so much of the message drifted into her lonesome, ignorant soul, and settled down to stay. She said it over nights when she found shelter in some unpleasant place, or days when the road was rough or a storm came up and she was compelled to seek shelter by the roadside under a haystack or in a friendly but de-

serted shack. She thought of it the day there was no shelter and she was drenched to the skin. She wondered afterward when the sun came out and dried her nicely whether God had really been speaking the words to her troubled heart, "Let not your heart be troubled."

Every night and every morning she said "Our Father" twice, once for herself and once for the friend who had gone out into the world, it seemed about a hundred years ago.

But one day she came across a railroad track. It made her heart beat wildly. It seemed now that she must be almost there. Railroads were things belonging to the East and civilization. But the way was lonely still for days, and then she crossed more railroads, becoming more and more frequent, and came into the line of towns that stretched along beside the snake-like tracks.

She fell into the habit of staying overnight in a town, and then riding on to the next in the morning; but now her clothes were becoming so dirty and ragged that she felt ashamed to go to nice-looking places lest they should turn her out; so she sought shelter in barns and small, mean houses. But the people in these houses were distressingly dirty, and she found no place to wash.

She had lost track of the weeks or the months when she reached her first great city, the only one she had come near in her uncharted wanderings.

Into the outskirts of Chicago she rode undaunted, her head erect, with the carriage of a queen. She had passed Indians and cowboys in her journeying; why should she mind Chicago? Miles and miles of houses and people. There seemed to be no end to it. Nothing but houses everywhere and hurried-looking people, many of them working hard. Surely this must be Philadelphia.

A large, beautiful building attracted her attention. There were handsome grounds about it, and girls playing some game with a ball and curious webbed implements across a net of cords. Elizabeth drew her horse to the side of the road, and watched a few minutes. One girl was skilful, and hit the ball back every time. Elizabeth almost exclaimed out loud once when a particularly fine ball was played. She rode reluctantly on when the game was finished, and saw over the arched gateway the words, "Janeway School for Girls."

Ah! This was Philadelphia at last, and here was her school. She would go in at once before she went to her grandmother's. It might be better.

She dismounted, and tied the horse to an iron ring in a post by the sidewalk. Then she went slowly, shyly up the steps into the charmed circle of learning. She knew she was shabby, but her long journey would explain that. Would they be kind to her, and let her study?

She stood some time before the door, with a group of laughing girls not far away whispering about her. She smiled at them; but they did not return the salutation, and their actions made her more shy. At last she stepped into the open door and a maid in cap and apron

came forward. "You must not come in here, miss," she said imperiously. "This is a school."

"Yes," said Elizabeth gravely smiling. "I want to see the teacher."

"She's busy. You can't see her," snapped the maid.

"Then I will wait till she is ready. I've come a great many miles, and I must see her."

The maid retreated at this, and an elegant woman in trailing black silk and gold-rimmed glasses approached threateningly. This was a new kind of beggar, of course, and must be dealt with at once.

"What do you want?" she asked frigidly.

"I've come to school," said Elizabeth confidently. "I know I don't look very nice, but I've come all the way from Montana on horseback. If you could let me go where I can have some water and a thread and needle, I can make myself look better."

The woman eyed the girl incredulously.

"You have come to school!" she said; and her voice was large, and frightened Elizabeth. "You have come all the way from Montana! Impossible! You must be crazy."

"No ma'am, I'm not crazy," said Elizabeth. "I just want to go to school."

The woman perceived that this might be an interesting case for benevolently inclined people. It was nothing but an annoyance to herself. "My dear girl,"—her tone was bland and disagreeable now,—"are you aware that it takes money to come to school?"

"Does it?" said Elizabeth. "No, I didn't know it, but I have some money. I can give you ten dollars right now; and, if that is not enough I might work some way, and earn more."

The woman laughed disagreeably.

"It is impossible," she said. "The yearly tuition here is five hundred dollars. Besides, we do not take girls of your class. This is a finishing school for young ladies. You will have to inquire further," and the woman swept away to laugh with her colleagues over the queer character, the new kind of tramp, she had just been called to interview. The maid came pertly forward, and said that Elizabeth could no longer stand where she was.

Bewilderment and bitter disappointment in her face, Elizabeth went slowly down to her horse, the great tears welling up in her eyes. As she rode away, she kept turning back to the school grounds wistfully. She did not notice the passers-by, nor know that they were commenting upon her appearance. She made a striking picture in her rough garments, with her wealth of hair, her tanned skin, and tear-filled eyes. An artist noticed it, and watched her down the street, half thinking he would follow and secure her as a model for his next picture.

A woman, gaudily bedecked in soiled finery, her face giving evidence of the frequent use of rouge and powder, watched her, and followed, pondering. At last she called, "My dear, my dear,



wait a minute." She had to speak several times before Elizabeth saw that she was talking to her. Then the horse was halted by the sidewalk.

"My dear," said the woman, "you look tired and disappointed. Don't you want to come home with me for a little while, and rest?"

"Thank you," said Elizabeth, "but I am afraid I must go on. I only stop on Sundays."

"But just come home with me for a little while," coaxed the wheedling tones. "You look so tired, and I've some girls of my own. I know you would enjoy resting and talking with them."

The kindness in her tones touched the weary girl. Her pride had been stung to the quick by the haughty woman in the school. This woman would soothe her with kindness.

"Do you live far from here?" asked Elizabeth.

"Only two or three blocks," said the woman. "You ride along by the sidewalk, and we can talk. Where are you going? You look as if you had come a long distance."

"Yes," said the girl wearily, "from Montana. I am going to school. Is this Philadelphia?"

"This is Chicago," said the woman. "There are finer schools here than in Philadelphia. If you like to come and stay at my house awhile, I will see about getting you into a school."

"Is it hard work to get into schools?" asked the girl wonderingly. "I thought they would want people to teach."

"No, it's very hard," said the lying woman; "but I think I know a school where I can get you in. Where are your folks? Are they in Montana?"

"They are all dead," said Elizabeth, "and I have come away to school."

"Poor child!" said the woman glibly. "Come right home with me, and I'll take care of you. I know a nice way you can earn your living, and then you can study if you like. But you're quite big to go to school. It seems to me you could have a good time without that. You are a very pretty girl; do you know it? You only need pretty clothes to make you a beauty. If you come with me, I will let you earn some beautiful new clothes."

"You are very kind," said the girl gravely. "I do need new clothes; and, if I could earn them, that would be all the better." She did not quite like the woman; yet of course that was foolish.

After a few more turns they stopped in front of a tall brick building with a number of windows. It seemed to be a good deal like other buildings; in fact, as she looked up the street, Elizabeth thought there were miles of them just alike. She tied her horse in front of the door, and went in with the woman. The woman told her to sit down a minute until she called the lady of the house, who would tell her more about the school. There were a number of pretty girls in the room, and they made very free to speak to her. They twitted her about her clothes, and in a way reminded Elizabeth of the girls in the school she had just interviewed.

Suddenly she spoke up to the group. An idea had occurred to her. This was the school, and the woman had not liked to say so until she spoke to the teacher about her.

"Is this a school?" she asked shyly. Her question was met with a shout of derisive laughter.

"School!" cried the boldest, prettiest one. "School for scandal! School for morals!"

There was one, a thin, pale girl with dark circles under her eyes, a sad droop to her mouth, and bright scarlet spots in her cheeks. She came over to Elizabeth, and whispered something to her. Elizabeth started forward, unspeakable horror in her face.

She fled to the door where she had come in, but found it fastened. Then she turned as if she had been brought to bay by a pack of lions.

(To be continued)

### Rays from Racine Grace Baptist Church

Oh, yes, the sun is still shining here! And very brightly, too! Of course we have clouds now and then, but they are only clouds that bring the warm rain after which the sun, plus the moisture, can make the seeds grow better.

During January we had three weeks of special services. The participation in prayer and expression of sentiments was most inspiring. The messages that were brought by the pastor, Rev. Paul F. Zoschke, (we had no guest speaker) were arousing, admonishing, challenging, and quickening. Our spiritual life received a great impetus from these meetings, that is still being felt.

### Palm Sunday

was a notable day for us. We felt some of the joy of the on-lookers as the royal procession headed for Jerusalem. But we also were aware of the loneliness of Jesus as he looked beyond the cheers of the enthusiastic crowd to the cross. But the climax was to come in the evening. The auditorium was overcrowded. During the organ prelude Rev. Zoschke led a procession of young people, robed for baptism, to the front pew. The inspiring music of the organ and the choir served to create an impressive atmosphere. The pastor, having brought a brief but pointed message, then entered the baptismal waters. To see these ten young people, the majority of high school age, give testimony to the world that they have made Christ King of their lives, was most inspiring.

### Good Friday

we had a three-hour service in our church in which a number of the neighboring churches participated. The seven Words of Christ spoken from the Cross were brought to us by the different ministers, each of whom had arranged for some special music. Thus we tarried in spirit at the foot of the cross the three darkest but most meaningful hours of history. In the evening we had a service for our own people in which we centered our attention upon "The Rent Veil."

### Easter Morning

we went in spirit with Mary to the tomb to find that stone walls could not hold the living Savior. Our sunrise service at 6 o'clock brought out a record attendance. The regular services of the day, enhanced by music or organ and choir, heightened the joy greatly. We always knew we had one of the best volunteer choirs in the vicinity, but never were we so impressed with this fact as in their rendition of the special Easter music, accompanied and directed by a professional organist and an expert pianist. The communion service, in which the newly baptized received the hand of fellowship, was most sacred.

### The Sunday School

is enjoying a fine prosperity. Our zeal is constantly nourished by the appearance of new faces almost every Sunday. With an average attendance of about 215 our plant is filled to capacity. The ministry of our school has been extended in that we are sponsoring a series of "Bible Pictures" Wednesday evenings before the prayer service for the benefit of those community children whose parents do not allow them to attend a Baptist Sunday school. There are many Italian, Armenian, Bohemian, Slavish, Norwegian, and Danish families in our neighborhood, many being Catholic who, either because of their faith or because of no faith, do not send their children to Sunday school. These people are perfectly agreeable to let their children come to see the pictures. Thus we minister to 75 and 80 children every week.

### The B. Y. P. U.

is as busy as a beehive. Since they have adopted the Commission Plan the responsibility is more evenly distributed, and everybody bears his part. The president has the confidence of all members. With her soul, heart, mind, and strength in her work, she leads the organization ever into new fields of service. Since the first of the year the young people have given two "Gift Day" services at Sunny Rest Sanatorium and have sponsored a missionary meeting for the church, in which pictures from our work in the Cameroons were shown. Just now they are preparing a missionary play to be given in the near future. The Sunday devotional services have awakened latent talent, and aroused new interest. A 5 o'clock breakfast on Easter morn followed by the 6 o'clock church service and then a city young people's meeting down-town at 7 o'clock made up their Easter program.

These are only a few of the rays that we can give you. But the rest must wait for another time. The Willing Workers, the King's Daughters, Women's Missionary Circle, Men's Class, each could tell an interesting story of their activities.

### A Mother's Hope

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

Youth fades; love droops;  
The leaves of friendship fall;  
A mother's secret hope  
Outlives them all.

May 15, 1931

### Memorial Day at Philadelphia Home for the Aged

The Memorial Day program of the German Baptist Home for the Aged in Philadelphia, Pa., will be of particular importance this year to the friends of "the Home" in all our churches. The 36th anniversary will be celebrated in the afternoon of May 30 with addresses by speakers of note and with special music numbers. Following this program, the cornerstone laying exercises of the new chapel alongside the present building of "the Home" will be held. Mr. Reuben Windisch, president of the board of directors, is planning several unique features for the exercises.

The chapel, when completed, will cost about \$15,000. It represents one of several projects in the recent development and expansion building program of "the Home." It is hoped that friends of the Philadelphia Home will find it possible to share these festive exercises with the Philadelphia people by their attendance on that day, May 30, or by sending their contribution towards the work of "the Home" to Mr. William Distler, 201 Lynwood Ave., Rockledge, Pa. Philadelphia wants you to think of this Home for the Aged as our common undertaking in the Kingdom of God.

### Program for the Kansas B. Y. P. U. & S. S. W. Union

Bethany Church, Lincoln Co., Kansas,  
June 1-4

General Theme: "Building with Christ"

### MONDAY EVENING

7:30: Song Service.....Lincoln  
Devotionals .....Rev. Heide  
Address of Welcome.....Lincoln  
Response.....President of Union  
Opening Address.....Dr. A. J. Harms

### TUESDAY MORNING

9-9:30: Devotional: "Building Plans"  
.....Bison  
9:30-10:20: Classes (Concurrent)  
Sunday School.....Dr. Harms  
B. Y. P. U.....Rev. A. P. Mihm  
10:20-10:30: Special Music.....Ellinwood  
10:30-11: Question Box.....Rev. Mihm  
11-11:50: Classes (Concurrent)

### TUESDAY AFTERNOON

2-2:30: Devotionals: "Building in a  
Changing World".....Rev. A. R. Sandow  
2:30-2:40: Special Music.....Durham  
2:40-3:30: Forums and Bible Class  
Sunday School.....Durham and Lorraine  
B. Y. P. U.....Dillon  
Bible Class.....Rev. G. A. Lang  
3:30: Recreation.

### TUESDAY EVENING

7:30: Song Service.  
Devotionals .....Ebenezer..  
Inspirational Address..Rev. A. P. Mihm

### WEDNESDAY MORNING

9-9:30: Devotionals: "Building the  
Foundation" .....Strassburg  
9:30-10:20: Classes (Concurrent)  
10:20-10:30: Special Music.....Marion  
10:30-11: Question Box..Dr. A. J. Harms  
11-11:50: Classes (Concurrent)

### WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON

2-2:30: Devotionals: "Supervising of  
Building".....Rev. O. Roth  
2:40-3:30: Forums and Bible Class  
Sunday School.....Marion and Bethany  
B. Y. P. U.....Stafford  
3:30: Recreation.

### WEDNESDAY EVENING

7:30: Song Service.  
Devotionals .....Dillon  
General Program (One number by each  
Society)

### TURSDAY MORNING

9-9:30: Devotionals: "Finishing the  
Building" .....Mt. Zion  
9:30-10: Business.  
10-10:50: Classes (Concurrent)  
10:50-11: Special Music.....Stafford  
11-11:50: Classes (Concurrent)

### THURSDAY AFTERNOON

Picnic.

### THURSDAY EVENING

7:30: Song Service.  
Devotionals .....Ellinwood  
Closing Address.....Dr. Harms

### Institute at Detroit

Once more the doors of history have closed on the Annual Institute of the G. B. Y. P. & S. S. W. Union of Detroit.

During the week of February 23-27 the doors of Bethel Church each evening at 7:30 greeted those of our four local German churches who were most interested in furthering their knowledge of Christ and his Book.

Each session began with a good "sing" and a short devotional period. During this time on Monday Mr. T. Koester spoke on "My Duty to God," on Tuesday, Mr. Guenther discussed "My Duty to My Bible." On Wednesday the topic was "My Duty to My Church," Mr. Glanz enlightening us on this matter. Mr. Pieschke spoke on Thursday, and on Friday, Dorothea Rossbach finished the devotional periods with "My Duty to Myself."

Our first class began at 8 P. M. During the first "hour" General Secretary A. P. Mihm taught "Christian Ethics," Rev. Wm. E. Schmitt lectured on "Characters of the Reformation" and Rev. E. G. Kiese had a German class in which he expounded "Charaktere aus dem Alten Testament."

During the second "hour" we had only one class under the leadership of Dr. F. W. Meyer, missionary returned from the Philippines. We all surely learned to love the Filipinos as Dr. Meyer did and we were very proud to have had such an able teacher with us.

The Union was extremely sorry that Secretary Mihm was called back to Chicago on Thursday because of his son's illness and therefore could not complete his series of lectures. Miss Alethea Kose stepped into the breach very nicely and concluded the course on Christian Ethics. Rev. John Leypoldt acted as Dean of the Institute and handled matters just as nicely as he always does.

Friday evening at the close of classes an offering, in the amount of \$256.40, was given to Dr. Meyer toward the price

of an X-Ray machine for his hospital in the Philippines. Following this, everyone was served with refreshments by the Bethel young people, and Rev. P. Wengel led in a hearty "Sing-Fest." This brought our second Institute to a glorious finish and we are all looking forward with great pleasure to the next one.

### Ladies Missionary Society, Immanuel Baptist Church, Wausau, Wis.

We can say of the past year, "The Lord has been gracious and good to us." He has guided us across another mile stone, which is our 33rd anniversary. Every sister belonging to the society cannot help but thank God for keeping and leading us with his strong arm.

We meet two afternoons a month at the homes of various members. On the second Thursday of each month we have our meeting, where we usually spend about one hour with the devotionals, during which time we sing, pray, listen to readings on missionary topics, and occasionally are favored with an inspirational talk by our pastor, Bro. Erion. After the devotional meeting we have our business meeting. Here we discuss ways and means of raising money, then distributing it for missionary purposes, in this country as well as in the foreign fields.

On the fourth Thursday we meet for White Cross work. We make layettes, dresses, bandages, cut quilt blocks and sew carpet rags, which are sent to the various missions.

Seven new members were taken into the society during the past year, which brings our membership list up to 33.

On March 19 we celebrated our anniversary by having a supper in the church parlors for members and friends, after which we enjoyed pictures of C. G. Kruegers' recent trip to Germany.

May God help us to be more faithful in his work! is our desire and wish.

MRS. GEORGE MCCANN, Sec.

### Refugees in China

The Rev. J. Z. Osipoff, Baptist minister, Harbin, China, writes:

"Lately several bodies of refugees, Russian and German, have arrived. For the time they have been put in the City refugees' shelter, where they are looked after by the local police until they can receive passes. They receive a little support, and are allowed to attend our meetings. We are also permitted to arrange meetings among them in the refugees' shelter. After receiving a pass they are free immigrant citizens. The general position of all the refugees is critical. Entry to America is almost impossible, but here in China everything is at a standstill, and unemployment prevails. An attempt is being made to secure free grants of land for cultivation by the refugees. We continue in prayer for them."

\* \* \*

"Well, Buster, what are you going to give your little brother on his birthday?"  
"I dunno. I gave him the measles last year."





Bulgarian Shepherds

### 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  
(Conclusion)

Gellert was sitting in his study, busily engaged at his desk, when he heard someone rap at the door. He called, "Come in," and a girl entered, laid the roll on the table and vanished like a thought.

Gellert, taking up the roll and seeing the money, was astonished. He read the note and then laid it down.

"This is the limit," said he to himself. "How in the world did that hymn get such publicity? Has it been printed? That is impossible. Did the doctor have a hand in this? I cannot explain it. The doctor does not know the poor shoemaker and his family, and I could not have sent him there because I have not seen or spoken to him since. That is truly a mystery; God alone knows the connection of the circumstances."

While he was thus contemplating he was disturbed by another knock at the door. This time a Prussian military officer entered and greeted him, saying "Have I the honor of addressing Professor Gellert?"

"If it please you, sir, I am he."  
"His Royal Highness, Prince Henry, who is in town since last night, requests the honor of an interview with the professor and desires to inquire how the professor is feeling, having heard of your ill health, and at what time he may call on you?"

"That must be a mistake or an infelicitous expression. Please inform the prince, that I would be highly honored indeed to call on his royal highness at whatever time he may appoint, and tell him that I am not sick abed, as you see," said Gellert.

The adjutant was amused at Gellert's fright, who could not comprehend how his royal highness the prince should condescend to pay him a visit.

"Do not get excited over his offer to

come," said he, "the prince admires your personality. If you choose to confer the pleasure of visiting his royal highness, I would be only too glad to escort you into his presence."

"Please permit me to change my clothing," said Gellert.

The adjutant nodded, and Gellert retired to his bedroom, appearing shortly in his best suit, ready to be escorted by the officer.

On their arrival the prince approached the professor, grasped his hand and heaped kind words upon him. He considered it a pleasure indeed to meet the author of the hymn: "Ich hab' in guten Stunden."

Gellert did not know what to reply when the prince referred to his latest hymn. He surmised it must have got to the public in some mysterious way, but how he could not tell. The whole matter confused him. What could have happened to the hymn he had written but yesterday morning? It sorely troubled him and he was tempted to ask the prince how he had ever gained a knowledge of this hymn, but he concluded that this would be out of place.

The prince said, "I have been informed that you are not in the best of health, but I am glad to note that you are better than I thought. Your complexion is rather pale and this may be due to close confinement in pursuit of your studies."

Gellert replied that his profession required much study.

"That may be true," answered the prince, "but you must think of yourself too and of the good German people who are anxious to keep their beloved poet as long as they can; you must give yourself more exercise."

"I am doing that to the best of my ability, your Royal Highness."

"Well, that may be, but not enough, for the muddy streets may often prevent your going out; you really should have a good riding horse and be out riding every day. There is no better exercise for a man of your profession," said the prince.

"Very true, your Royal Highness," answered Gellert. "My doctor has advised

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the same, but not every one has the means to purchase and keep a horse."

And the prince, imitating the professor, replied: "Very true, when the heart of a man is so kind and merciful that he gives away his last thirty dollars at a time to relieve the distress of the suffering poor."

A flush came to Gellert's face. Did all the world know?

The prince observed the embarrassment and grasped his hand. "You are a noble man," said he, "I know how you have acted and would be the last one to chide you for what the richness of God's grace has prompted you to do. May God bless you for it. Permit me, however, the present to you, out of my stables, a horse whose gentle nature will suit a man of your peaceful avocation."

"Your Royal Highness," stammered the astonished poet who could utter no other word, for his speech utterly failed him.

The prince pressed his hand affectionately and abruptly said: "My duty now calls me elsewhere; farewell to you, honored sir. May God grant you a long life. May the riding horse add to your health and enjoyment!" With this he nodded and retired to an adjoining room.

For a moment Gellert stood there, not able to contain himself, and the adjutant approached him.

"You see the prince cannot be surpassed by any village magistrate," said he.

Gellert stared at him: "How in all the world does the prince know all of this?"

The adjutant smiled: "Princes do not know everything," he said, "but they do know more things than most people. You should not rack your brain about this; simply make good use of the present for the improvement of your health."

Gellert understood this to be a gentle reminder to leave, so he asked the officer to convey his hearty thanks to the prince and was escorted to the door.

But riddle upon riddle, mystery upon mystery crowded upon him. It seemed to him as if some magical power were at work in all the experiences of the past three days. Sometimes it appeared to him like a dream. But when he reached his home he found the woodchoppers still at work and at the door there was a groom holding a gentle horse, saddled and harnessed.

The housekeeper was beside herself with wonderment. She exclaimed: "Wonders and miracles are still occurring, professor! Yesterday that great pile of wood which seemed to grow under the hand of the choppers, and today a royal riding horse! My, where will all these things end?"

Toward evening Gellert sat in his study. The woodchoppers had been paid. He still had money left. He had a beautiful horse, and his soul was filled with gratitude to God.

Then he took his pen and wrote the hymn: "How Great, Almighty God, Thy Kindness."

How Great, Almighty God, Thy Kindness

How great, Almighty God, thy kindness,  
Untouched no man on earth can plod.

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How could he close his mind in blindness? Refuse to recognize his God? For to remember and to measure His love, man ever shall recall, God lavished good with greatest pleasure, Forget not, soul, to thank withal.

Who wonderfully formed my body?  
'Twas God, who had no need of me.  
Who kept me in his safe custody?  
'Twas God, whose council I would flee.  
Who kept my conscience calm and peaceful?

Who steeled my will to plan and act?  
Whose blessings fell on me so graceful?  
My God, I'll recognize the fact.

Behold the spirit God created  
And made it for eternal bliss.  
His glory 'round thee unabated;  
Thou shalt behold him, as he is.  
And justly mayst thou share this pleasure,

By grace 'tis thine to satisfy.  
Christ suffered death beyond all measure,  
Hence thou shalt live and never die.

This God, my soul, shall I not honor?  
His goodness I not comprehend?  
And if he call, shall I dishonor  
His call? Refuse my ways to mend?  
His will in me he has imbedded,  
His precious word shall e'er abide,  
Him shall I love whom once I dreaded,  
My neighbor too, on every side.

After he had thus given expression to his feeling and had finished writing the hymn, the doctor entered.

"Another hymn!" he exclaimed.  
"Certainly," Gellert replied smilingly, but opened a drawer and shoved it in. "You will not get this one, doctor, for God only knows what you did with the other."

The doctor could have burst with laughter, while Gellert was telling him what had happened with that hymn. "Now please confess, doctor, so that I may understand all the relations," he cried.

"What I did is nothing," said the doctor. "God blessed the hymn in a wonderful way; that is all. I can write expensive prescriptions, my honored sir, but I know the druggist cannot dispense them and neither can I. This time it was he who resides above, who dispensed them in a way I had no idea of. To him be all the glory." And with these words he hurried out of the house.

(THE END)

### Broadcasting a Letter Written in Modern Impressionistic Style a la Newberg

Old Duck:

Quel age avez-vous?

"Oh, a person is only as old as he feels or as young as he acts."

Correct, old top. You know your Shakespeare, or maybe it was Mencken or Byron who made this wise crevice.

But how are you going to prove it? Or in the language of our masters, "substantiate your claim, give us the facts, show us what you can do." Deeds speak louder than your loud speaker.

Therefore, I say unto you:

"Pack up your troubles in your old

kit bag" Friday evening, May 29, and ride, walk, or run down to Kankakee, Ill., to attend the eleventh annual Baptist Young People's Union Conference of Chicago and Vicinity.

Conference lasting until Sunday afternoon, May 31.

If you are married, bring the better half.

If you are not yet—ask her or him to come along.

If you are neither—come anyhow.

There will be fun and laughter. Interesting discussions, religious instruction, special music and capable speakers. And such games and songs! A big bag full! Oh! Ah!

A banquet Saturday Nite. Don't miss it.

May 29, 30 and 31 will add ten years to your life or your carfare cheerfully refunded, if you ask for it.

Words fail me.

Friday, Friday, May 29, see you Friday, May 29. "HERB" HECHT.

### Easter Activities at the Second Baptist Church, Portland, Ore.

A very happy Easter day began at 5 o'clock in the morning and ended about 10 o'clock in the evening. We are happy because we are assured that Christ is indeed arisen from the grave and that through his cruel death on the cross we may have life everlasting.

Because of this happy knowledge, the Rose Buds, a class of Intermediate Girls, arose early in the morning and proclaimed the glad tidings in song to our dear shut-ins.

During the opening exercises in our Bible school, a class of Juniors gave a short sketch portraying the resurrection.

In the afternoon it was the privilege of our Ladies Choral Society to give an entertainment at the Y. W. C. A. Vesper services which seemed to be very much enjoyed by our audience.

Our Easter services, both morning and evening, were very well attended. The main auditorium was beautifully decorated with Easter lilies which gave it a very festive appearance. Our pastor, Rev. J. A. H. Wutke, gave us an inspired message based on the text taken from Acts 4:33: "And with great power gave the apostles witness of the resurrection of the Lord Jesus: and great grace was upon them all." During the past few weeks our Sunday morning services were based on the last words of Christ on the cross and as we were bowed down with grief at his suffering then, we rejoiced on this bright Easter morning that he liveth. The special Easter music rendered by the Choir did much to beautify the service.

The evening service was in charge of the Choir. Christ's Crucifixion and Resurrection was vividly portrayed in song, accompanied by the string ensemble and as a fitting finale the Hallelujah Chorus was sung.

Last but not least was the impressive baptismal service at which four Sunday school scholars, who had found Christ during our evangelistic meetings held in

March, were baptized. We are thankful for these young souls and our prayer is that they may ever be true to the Christ whom they professed before a large audience. REPORTER.

### Kansas Association

The Strassburg Church of Kansas was hostess to the Association. They have given liberally of their kindness and talents in God's service and the rewards were manifold. Their hospitality was royal. Plenty of everything and the meals were served with love. The host of young people also united their forces and rendered their service in the program of the day.

The keynote of the Association was "To love and to serve one another." On Sunday, Rev. A. Sandow preached before a large congregation morning and evening. Rev. R. Vasel and Rev. O. Roth brought inspiring messages Tuesday and Wednesday evening. The devotionals each morning and afternoon were uplifting. They were led by Bro. C. N. Wiebe, on "The Care of Mutual Prayer;" Bro. J. Sievers, on "The Help of the Holy Spirit in Prayer;" Bro. C. Neve, on "The Prayer for Others."

The essays were all very timely and a lively discussion followed each paper. Bro. G. A. Lang read a paper on "The Antichrist and his Kingdom." Bro. R. Vasel had for his topic, "Christ's Second Coming as Bridegroom, King and Judge." Bro. R. Klein dealt with a vital subject, "Fruits of True Forgiveness." They are joy and peace and being forgiven. Bro. L. Hoeffner read a paper on "Conditions for a Blessed Holy Communion." Bro. Chas. Wagner led a quiet half hour each morning and spoke on "The Growth of the Inner Life and the Conditions."

In Kansas the weatherman believes in extremes. The Sunday before the Association the weather was beautiful, but Sunday night it began to rain and lasted all day Monday. So on Monday we could not have a meeting. Tuesday the sun was shining, and it remained that way for two days. Thursday after the Association it started to rain again. So just on the two days of the Association we had good weather.

Our churches in Kansas are doing well. The various reports show an increase in attendance; very encouraging were the reports concerning baptisms. On the other hand, we need a revival of the prayer-life and a betterment in financial ways. Our farmers are hit hard. We need your prayer. We hope to meet in the fall with our church at Durham.

CHAS. WAGNER, Reporter.

### Progress in Chile

A letter from the Rev. R. Cecil Moore contains the following:

"We had very good reports in our Convention in January. More baptisms reported than at any time in five years. A most encouraging spirit and advance toward self-support. We now have about 2100 members. 1400 circulation for the paper."



## May Day

(Based on Emanuel Geibel's "Hoffnung")

OTTO E. SCHULTZ

However firm grips Winter's vise,  
His frigid scowls hearts sadden,  
However strong his bands of ice—  
Springtime must come to gladden.

Though fogs presage another spell  
Of biting zero hours,  
Spring suns at last use snowdrifts well  
To nourish rainbow flowers.

Though elements fierce combats stage  
And Spring endures reverses,  
Stern Winter must succumb to age—  
Vain are his dying curses!

Then howl, cold winds, rage on with might,  
Your tyranny is ending!  
With subtle footsteps day and night  
King Spring is nearer wending.

Be still! Be still, forboding soul!  
Quench all your quakes and quivers—  
The earth is bound for May Day's goal,  
Its fronds and peaceful rivers!

Believe it firmly, shout the song:  
Earth's equinox is Vernal!  
The grapplings of the truth with wrong  
Are surely not Autumnal!

What if the world seems cast in hell  
Where human spirits harden?  
Trust God, and ring hope's chiming bell—  
Springtime must find Earth's garden!

## How Did You Find Things?

ARTHUR A. SCHADE

How did you find things over the country? That is the question with which friends confront me after returning from the long journey into the Candian Northwest and the Pacific Coast. The questioners are likely thinking of the millions of Americans and Canadians who are deprived of the opportunity of making an honest living. But why respond to such questions only to my local friends? Would it not be worth while to talk it over with the large "Baptist Herald" family?

Making every provision for extremely cold weather, I started my journey for Saskatchewan on the morning of January 7. On the same evening I met my colleague, Bro. A. P. Mihm, in Chicago, and together we proceeded into the bleak snow-covered prairie of the Northwest. We met Bro. H. R. Schroeder, pastor of the Riverview church, St. Paul, in that city and had our supper together. Then pressing across Minnesota and North Dakota we entered the Dominion by way of Portal. At Moose Jaw Bro. Mihm continued his journey into Alberta where he conducted schools at Freudental and Wiesental. I branched back to Regina and spent the night in the hospitable home of Rev. John Kepl, pastor of our Regina church. On Saturday night I arrived at Ebenezer where I was met by Rev. G. P. Schroeder, pastor of the Ebenezer and Yorkton churches.

I spent six weeks in Canada conduct-

ing three schools of two weeks each, one in Ebenezer, one in Nokomis and one in Hilda. The local pastors, Rev. G. P. Schroeder, Rev. A. Felberg and Rev. G. Palfenier, served as deans of the schools. Rev. F. A. Bloedow of Winnipeg assisted in teaching at the first two schools, as did also neighboring pastors, Wuerch and Willi Luebeck. I also had the opportunity of visiting the West Ebenezer, the Yorkton and the Medicine Hat churches.

After six strenuous weeks during which I taught three hours per day and often preached in the evening, and was loaded to the limit every Sunday with sermons, Sunday school lessons and talks, I bade farewell to Canada and proceeded westward from Medicine Hat, travelling all day over the beautiful Rockies in Alberta, British Columbia and northern Idaho. On Sunday morning I arrived at Tacoma, Wash., and spent a busy but delightful Sunday with Rev. A. Husmann and his thriving church. Then I went to Portland, Salem and Salt Creek, assisting somewhat in revival meetings, at the Oregon Young People's Conference and at the first Portland Institute.

On my return trip I halted in North Dakota to participate in the Northern North Dakota Sunday School Convention. It was a joy to see the electric lights reflected in the beautiful Ohio River and to see the lighted hilltops of romantic Pittsburgh as I pulled in on the 14th of March after an absence of nearly ten weeks.

But now back to the subject: How did you find things? If you are thinking of the weather, I must say "fine," nearly too fine in some regards. My abundant provision for cold weather was mostly a burdensome load and of little use. Not in the memory of the pioneers was there such a mild Canadian winter. In fact, had not Bro. Wuttke in Portland been so kind as to take me in company with Bro. Kratt and Bro. Ritzmann up to Mount Hood, I would have seen little real winter. Up there about Government camp the snow effectively halted our progress and compelled us to turn back.

If you are thinking of the economic conditions, I must say "not so fine." Time and space does not allow me to tell the whole story, if indeed it could be told. But conditions are pathetic and the future looks apprehensive. In Regina I found the members of the church largely out of work and the very church property as well as their homes periled by eight per cent interest and high taxes. The pastor, Bro. John Kepl, is visibly weighed down with the burden of care for his sacrificial and heroic flock. It seems unthinkable that the congregation can keep its afloat without further outside assistance unless conditions improve.

In Ebenezer farmers were receiving 25 cents for the prevailing quality of wheat while gasoline was selling at 35 cents a gallon. They had paid 12 cents for threshing the wheat, so the more they had the poorer they were in the end. It took the price of eight bushels of wheat to pay the registration for a pupil in the school, and yet about 48 registered for one or both weeks of classes.

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At Nokomis the farmers had met crop-failures for a number of successive years, and money was nearly invisible. In Hilda the quantity and quality of wheat was good, and the price had improved slightly, but was selling at 40 cents per bushel. The prices of other commodities were: oats 10 cents and barley 9 cents per bushel, eggs 10 cents per dozen and butter 15-20 cents per pound. At the same time the farmers are paying about 40% more for everything in the line of machinery, gasoline and equipment, than in the states as a result of the high tariff. In some instances people are compelled to resort to the old farm wagon to come to church, as in our boyhood days.

The worst pinch of the depression has apparently just hit the West coast. Railroads are installing more powerful locomotives and eliminating crews. A bill to limit trains to 70 cars was defeated in the Oregon legislature. Officials are allotted a limited amount of money to pay for service. When that is gone the workers are laid off. Lumber business has been off. Fruit production among our prune growers is far below the cost of production. Work of all kinds is scarce and wages are sagging downward. The tides of bolshevism are rising with large demonstrations in Portland and other cities.

In North Dakota land is being sold for taxes in many instances. In Fessenden, I was informed, land upon which \$25,000 of taxes were due found no buyers. It is appalling to contemplate what will happen to the farmers and the whole country if a few more such years should come. They will be compelled to get rid of their automobiles and return to the horse and wagon. That will spell further hardship in the field of automobile and gas industry. With Russia passing overnight, as it were, from the scythe and flail to the communized farm operated with tractor and combine, pouring its millions of bushels of wheat upon the world market in order to pay for high-power machinery, with its unlimited land and labor possibilities, the outlook for the American and Canadian farmer, living so remote from the European market, is anything but bright.

Of course, the economic depression has its effect upon the churches. The people become unhappy, apprehensive, and sometimes even quarrelsome. Salaries are hard to raise, and are sometimes sadly in arrears. Some pastors feel constrained to resign and relieve their people of the burden, but whither shall they turn? Pastorless churches hesitate to assume the responsibility of calling a pastor. Missionary contributions become impossible in many cases and are discouraged in every instance by the uncertainty of the future. Thus in many instances the work of a generation is threatened with a quick dissolution.

On the other hand, some wholesome spiritual effects result from adversity. Prosperity is not always the most wholesome atmosphere for Christianity. When wealth increases, heads often swell, vanity, egotism, self-exaltation result. A

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spirit of independence severs from God and rules prayer and human sympathy out. There are possibilities for good in all the adversities of life. Whether they will make or break us depends largely upon the stuff of which we are made. If we employ our spiritual, intellectual and social resources in an unstinted manner, we will find even these things to work together for good to them that love God.

Nevertheless, it is surely time for the country to awaken to the peril which is threatening it. The communistic tide is rising with every added day of unemployment for the increasing millions in the U. S. and Canada. The middle class is rapidly disappearing. Our only increase is in millionaires and breadlines, and if the threatening conflict should ever come between the two the numbers of people will have a distinct advantage over the number of dollars.

There is not much to be expected from politicians in the way of economic adjustments. It is unthinkable that they will ever get together on a program that will give adequate opportunity and protection to the mass. It is going to become a contest between the agitator of violent readjustment on the one hand and of the intelligent, Christian economist and statesmen on the other. Unless the Christian statesmen speak for their starving brothers, and determine the course of the inevitable readjustment, the preacher of violence will have his way, and a sorry way it will be. May God raise up Christians for such an hour who recognize that it is a concern of Christ and of the Church whether large percentages of population are compelled to starve, beg, or commit crime.

## Diamond Jubilee of the Wilmington Church

Seventy-five years ago a small group of German Baptists met at the home of Jeremias Grimmell at Fourth and Shipley Sts., Wilmington, Del., where they had been in the habit of meeting for some time and organized a German Baptist church. It was on the 17th of April, 1856. Since that time the day has always been observed annually as a church anniversary. Certain years have had special festal significance such as the fiftieth anniversary of the founding. This year brought the diamond jubilee and the figures "75" in electrical brilliance inside of a diamond-shaped gleam of light in the fine decorations over the pulpit kept this noteworthy landmark of the church's history before all members and visitors. And with the seventy-fifth year arrangements were made for a special celebration.

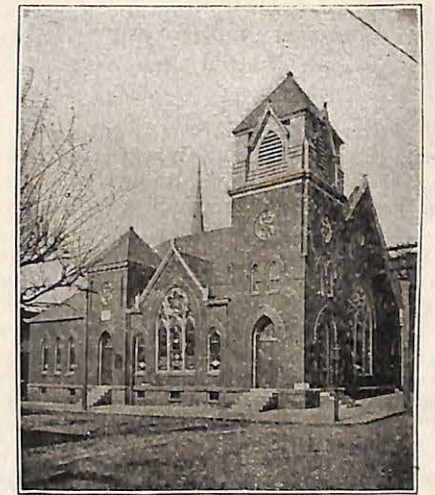
For certain good reasons the celebration began Thursday, April 16. A company of invited guests and the members of the church sat down at six P. M. to a splendid supper at the nicely decorated tables in the Sunday school room. Following the supper there was a half-hour for social friendship and the renewal of old acquaintances. At 7.30 all adjourned to the auditorium of the church for the main service of the jubilee. The pastor,

Rev. H. G. Kuhl, presided. Music was furnished by a violin quartet, by the Junior choir and several solos by Mrs. Florence Downey. After the devotional exercises Bro. Kuhl welcomed the many former members and children of former members present as well as visiting friends, especially a fine delegation from the Fleischmann Memorial church of Philadelphia with their pastor, and then read a condensed history of the seventy-five years of the church's life.

Greetings were brought by various Baptist pastors of the city and vicinity. Among those who spoke briefly were the Rev. Geo. Hanson of the First Baptist Church of Newcastle, the Rev. Gordon Baker of the Second Baptist Church, Wilmington, Rev. Young of the North Baptist Church and the Rev. Martin Larson of the First Swedish Baptist Church. Rev. Martin L. Leuschner of the Fleischmann Memorial Church of Philadelphia brought the greetings of his church. Rev. Konrad Anton Fleischmann in whose honor that church is named was also the first pastor of the Wilmington flock. Letters were also read from some of the former pastors of the church, conveying their congratulations. Among these were Rev. H. C. Baum, Rev. E. G. Kliese, Rev. H. R. Schroeder, and Rev. Wm. L. Schoeffel. A number of letters from sister churches in the Atlantic Conference were also read and enjoyed.

The church was particularly honored and gladdened by the presence of Rev. A. P. Mihm of Chicago, General Secretary of our Young People's and Sunday School Workers' Union, a former pastor of the church, under whose ministry the present house of worship was erected. This was Bro. Mihm's first charge and it was here that he was ordained, and he told us that for this and other sundry reasons, Wilmington always had a peculiar warm spot in his heart. He spoke of the former days and the loyalty and devotion of the earlier members and held these qualities up to emulation by those who are now living and entrusted with carrying on the work of the fathers. He declared the world needs Christ more than ever and only Christ can help the world in this present depression and unrest.

Services were continued on Friday night when Bro. Mihm gave an address to the Young People and on Sunday forenoon when he preached in German for the benefit of the older members and then was given full time to make an address to the Sunday school in its session under the superintendency of Charles Ehm, Jr. Another delightful feature of these anniversary days was a gathering of the young people on Saturday afternoon at the suburban home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Roehm at Marshalton, Del. Games were played in the open—there was ideal spring weather all during the jubilee—a bounteous repast at the table spread in their home and then an evening service at the Delaware State Tuberculosis Sanatorium nearby which had been especially arranged so that Bro. Mihm could address the patients. They cer-



Wilmington Church

tainly appreciate the visits of the German Baptist Young People's group at this institution, where "Mother" Roehm (Mrs. Carl) is well known as a ministering angel.

The church at Wilmington has never been one of the larger churches numerically in our German Baptist fold, but it has always been characterized by a goodly number of spiritually sturdy and faithful folk, who "have stood by" and made sacrifices for the Lord's work there. A few of those of former days are still blessing the church by their helpful presence. Among these is Miss Mary C. Sasse, who was greatly missed by reason of the death of her brother, Mr. Henry Sasse, who was buried the afternoon of the celebration day. His widow, Mrs. Emma Sasse, is a daughter of former deacon L. Kaiser. There are also many faithful and loyal ones among the present membership who delight in maintaining the cause for which their fathers and mothers lived and sacrificed. It is also a notable fact that many of the best workers in other Baptist churches of the city are the children and descendants of former members of the old First German, many of them making the change before the bi-lingual services were introduced. Rev. H. G. Kuhl, the present pastor, is a young man of promise, devoted and loyal to the Scriptures and has been on the field now for about three years. The people are co-operating with him in his leadership. May God prolong the life and usefulness of this church for many more years and grant many spiritual victories to those who are laboring to build up his Kingdom!

REPORTER.

## Prayer of the Unemployed

Lord, I do not ask for houses of steel,  
Nor houses built of stone;  
But for the exultation to feel  
The tug on muscle and bone.  
Not for wealth of men at my commands,  
Nor peace when I am through—  
I only ask work for these hands,  
Work for these hands to do.

—Raymond Kresensky in "The Christian Century."



## Detroit The General Conference City, 1931

### II

Anytime of the day or night Detroit seems alive. At night, Washington Boulevard, Woodward and Bagley Avenues, the best lighted thoroughfares in the world, throw a white glare into the sky that can be seen for miles, lights high up in office buildings seem like stars, and high above these lights on the new Union Trust building throw their flames deep in the water on the margin of the river. Searching for familiar spots far down the river, the eye glimpses a succession of flickering lights from automobiles sweeping across the Belle Island bridge, and far beyond that almost to the border of Lake St. Clair, the tallest chimneys in the world can be seen if the moon is out, rising from the plant of the Detroit Edison company with their black forms against the sky.

### The New Ambassador Bridge

Take a drive across the new Ambassador bridge to Canada, high above the gleam of the city and the ribbon of silver water that divides the two countries at this point, with civilization, industry, commerce and night life at your feet, and you'll get an evening full of thrills that you will always remember. Pause for a moment on this artery of international traffic and you will see some of the things that have made Detroit great .... her active men and women, her tense excitement, her vast energy, as restless as a fevered nightmare.

### Detroit, the Hotel City

Detroit has its avenues of tall poplars, oak and maple trees, boulevards of sweeping beauty, parks, golf courses, imposing office buildings that climb high above the city's streets, huge industrial plants, universities, libraries and museums, rich in the beauty of their creative artistry. Grand Circus Park in the center of the business and shopping district is surrounded by five of Detroit's largest and most beautiful hotels. Detroit is often called the "hotel city," because it has 25,000 first class hotel rooms making it possible for the city to avoid the congestion that is often the depressing features of large conventions and exhibits.

Thousands each year visit the automobile plants of the city. The Ford Motor Company plants at Highland Park and River Rouge are perhaps the chief attractions in the automobile industry of the world.

### A Mysterious Prejudice

Augustus Thomas, while discussing the prevailing emptiness of New York theaters a few seasons ago, recalled a trip which Bill Nye and James Whitcomb Riley made through Illinois. Nye's companion, looking through the peep-hole of a village theater-curtain, remarked, "Bill, the house is just about empty."

"I don't see why," replied Nye. "We've never been here before."

## Bethel Continues Broadcast

Station B. Y. P. U. of Bethel Church, Detroit, again resuming the air, for the second installment of its program.

The inspiring messages of Dr. Meyer, Rev. Mihm and others contributed to the success of the Institute of the G. B. Y. P. and S. S. W. U. at our church February 22-28. The young people of the four churches were well represented at all meetings. Bethel Union was host at the social hour concluding this fine week of meetings.

The rally of the Eastern District B. Y. P. U., in the form of a Valentine Party, was held in our Fellowship Hall, entertaining more than 200 young people. A short devotional service preceded the party.

Our Intermediate Union is making fine progress and using much of its own initiative. We are co-operating with them. Each Commission of the Senior Union is responsible in turn for a representative to meet with them. Their president meets with the Cabinet.

A Win-My-Friend Campaign is a wonderful adventure for young people. The Devotional Commission sponsored this week of visitation in which the entire Union participated. Many young people, both strangers and inactive members, were visited and won for membership. The Campaign closed Easter Sunday with a special program at which nine new members were received into the Union. A well known Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. delivered a most appropriate message. A lunch was served for all the friends and members.

We also must mention our Prayer Circle which meets every Sunday evening preceding the program. Much inspiration and spiritual encouragement is derived from this "Quiet Talk with God." A different objective is presented for prayer at each circle. It might well be called the "power house" of our Union.

Last but not least the Stewardship Commission takes the microphone to tell you that Missions is a large part of our yearly program. Worthwhile programs in the interest of Missions have been presented by this Commission. They have been both educational and inspiring. The offerings at these programs are kept in our special missionary treasury. Contributions have been made to the Philippines and to Africa.

Of course Cabinet Meetings are a regular feature of our program. It is not only a requirement of the Commission Plan but it is essential to the progress of the Union and to the accomplishment of the purpose and ideals.

You will readily notice by this progress that the Cabinet and all the Commissions are hard at work for the best cause known to the world, "The Cause of Christ."

Station B. Y. P. U. at Detroit, signing off and anxiously waiting to hear from other active Unions.

## Program

## Oklahoma B. Y. P. U. & S. S. Workers' Institute

May 27-31, 1931

Immanuel Church, near Okeene

### WEDNESDAY NIGHT

7:30-8: Song service, led by Rev. J. Borchers, song director for the Institute.  
8: Opening Address by Rev. A. P. Mihm.

### THURSDAY

9:30: Devotional, led by Rev. F. W. Socolofsky, leader of the Devotionals for the Institute.

9:30-10:30: Study Period: The first division of the Sunday School Manual, taught by Rev. J. E. Ehrhorn. "Training in Stewardship," in the American, by Rev. A. P. Mihm. "Training in Stewardship," in the German, by Rev. A. Rosner.

10:30-11: Recess.

11-12: Study Period: Same as outlined above, during every study period of the Institute.

2-3: Address by Rev. A. P. Mihm, General Secretary of the German Baptist Young People's and Sunday School Workers' Union and Editor of the "Baptist Herald."

3-4: Recreation, led by the recreation committee: Mrs. H. A. Meyer, Miss Clara Haas and Miss Hilda Ehrhorn.

7:30-8: Song Service, led by Rev. J. Borchers. Roll Call of Unions.

8: Address by Prof. George, of Enid, Okla.

### FRIDAY

9-12: Program same as for Thursday A. M.

2-3: Business meeting and election of officers.

3-4: Recreation, led by the recreation committee.

7:30: Installation of officers.

8: Address by Rev. A. P. Mihm.

### SATURDAY

9-12: Study Periods preceded by Devotional as for Thursday A. M.

P. M.: Open for anything to be decided upon at Institute.

7:30: General Program by all the Unions.

### SUNDAY

9:30-11: Sunday school.

11-12: Sermon in the German language by Rev. F. W. Socolofsky.

2:30-3:30: Open discussion, or anything found desirable, led by Rev. A. P. Mihm.

7:30-8: Song Service, led by the song director of the Institute.

8: Closing Address by Rev. A. P. Mihm.

"Study to shew thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." 2 Tim. 2:15.