

The Baptist Herald

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

Volume Ten

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Number Four

Ten Commandments for the Church School Leader

Thou shalt love God.

"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind." (Matt. 22:27.)

Thou shalt have a vision.

"Where there is no vision the people perish." (Prov. 29:18.)

Thou shalt have faith.

"Now faith is the assurance of things hoped for, a conviction of things not seen." (Heb. 11:1.)

Thou shalt seek the truth.

"And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." John 8:32.)

Thou shalt have a life-purpose.

"Forgetting the things which are behind, . . . I press on toward the goal unto the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." (Phil. 3:13, 14.)

Thou shalt keep thy motives pure.

"Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life." (Prov. 4:23.)

Thou shalt do team work.

"Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ." (Gal. 6:2.)

Thou shalt love the pupil.

"A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another." (John 13:34.)

Thou shalt go the second mile.

"And whosoever shall compel thee to go one mile, go with him two." (Matt. 5:41.)

Thou shalt be skillful in leadership.

"Give diligence to present thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, handling aright the word of truth." (2 Tim. 2:15.)

—H. S. S.

What's Happening

Rev. A. K. Bandzmer, pastor of the church at Burstall, Sask., will close his work there in March, 1932.

The General Missionary Committee will probably meet in Forest Park, Ill., on Feb. 22. The meeting is about a month earlier than usual and made necessary by the present financial situation of depleted income.

The Bible School for the young people of the Alberta churches, held at Wetaskiwin, Alta., Can., had 64 students and Field Secretary A. A. Schade reports, a fine interest prevailed. Besides the Field Secretary, Rev. E. P. Wahl, Rev. A. Ittermann and Rev. F. W. Benke assisted in teaching. The school lasted from Jan. 4-29.

At the time of writing the Editor of the "Baptist Herald" is spending the week of Feb. 7-13 at Nokomis, Sask., teaching at the Bible school four periods a day, giving a course in Bible study, Sunday school and Young People's Work. The school has already been under the direction and teaching of Pastor A. Felberg for two weeks.

The Watch Night services at the Burns Ave. church, Detroit, Mich., were beautiful. Seventeen persons were baptized into the death of their Lord and Savior by the pastor, Rev. W. E. Schmitt. Revival meetings were held during the first two weeks in January. More souls found their Lord and will be baptized soon. A joyous and grateful spirit pervades the church.

The Bible School for the youth of the churches of the Central Association in Southeastern Alberta and Southwestern Saskatchewan was held with the church at Rosenfeld, Sask., for two weeks from Jan. 24-Feb. 5. Fifty-one students were enrolled. General Secretary A. P. Mihm was the main teacher, assisted by Rev. John Weinbender and Rev. H. Schatz. A good interest and splendid spirit prevailed here also.

"After our arrival," writes Mrs. Ruth S. Meyer, wife of Dr. F. W. Meyer of Capiz, Philippine Islands, "my class in the Nurses' Training School was waiting for me. I enjoy the hour of song and talk with the nurses every Saturday evening. We now have thirty girls in training. At present I have only a few girls from town in vocal training as the economic depression is felt here as everywhere else. With the help of a Home School teacher we started the Hospital Sunday school, after vacation. We have an eager crowd, averaging sixty-five children every Sunday. They enjoy the gospel message and learn new songs the children sing in America. Years of pleasure and work await us in our third term."

News from McClusky, N. Dak.

We are active and every branch of our church work is showing progress. Our B. Y. P. U. especially is composed of an active group of young people. Like all other young people's societies of our North Dakota Bund we are trying hard to get points for Bible readings, attendance, collection, etc., which added up will, we hope, eventually win for us the coveted silk banner, given as a prize by the Bund to the society which has the most points. We have our meetings every Sunday evening before the evening service. They are conducted by a group of six members, the whole society being divided into groups of six. The short program consists of two special songs, two readings, a talk by the leader and scripture reading and prayer by one of the group. We use the "Baptist Herald" and the "Baptist Leader," both of which have wonderful topics and other material for such meetings, while once a month we have a business meeting.

In November the B. Y. P. U. gave a Thanksgiving program. Besides singing by the society girls' chorus, quartet, etc., and a reading, we gave the playlet "The Awakening of Mr. Tightwad" and a German dialog, "Einigkeit macht stark."

Our Christmas program, given by the Sunday school, was very much enjoyed by old and young. The Sunday school has in the last few years increased from a membership of from 50-60 to a total enrolment of 145, many times the membership being over the top. Mr. J. R. Klundt is our Sunday school superintendent in town and under his leadership the Sunday school is enjoying progress along all lines.

The Gleaners Class is always busy. In Spring when we had the lesson about the talents, their teacher, Mrs. H. Braun, gave each girl a dime and told them to increase it during the summer months and report in the Fall. At a recent meeting the girls brought their talent money. Some of us have increased it twentyfold, one of the girls is handy at marcelling by which she earned \$3.50 with her dime. Others increased their original sum by setting hens and selling the chickens, some sold candy, one took care of a baby, and many other ways. This money goes for missions. The girls feel proud that they, through real effort, are doing their little bit to bring the gospel to other lands.

In the country church the Sunday school is also growing. Mr. F. Heitzmann is the superintendent. He has a wonderful way with young people and children. The Christmas program under his leadership was one of the best we ever had. The dialog "Heimgefunden" out of the "Sendbote" was given as only a group of talented folks could give it.

In all of these programs Rev. H. Braun, our pastor, gave very encouraging and inspiring talks, so we all have decided to take better part in the future in the work of our Sunday school and church.

We are thankful that God has given us a new year with new opportunities to grow, to serve, and to help, and our prayer is that we may always be faithful in his service. We send greetings to all other young people's societies and Sunday school workers.

ESTHER MILLER, Reporter.

Surprise for Pastor at George, Ia.

On Sunday, January 10, 1932, at the morning church service Rev. Hilko Swyter was very much surprised when the superintendent of the Sunday school presented to him, in behalf of the members and friends of the Sunday school and church, a purse and a bouquet of flowers in honor of his birthday and to show their appreciation for the good services rendered in the past.

On Monday evening about 75 members and friends of the church surprised him by gathering at his home for a social hour.

A short program was carried out consisting of music, after which the pastor responded with a few words. After that a social hour was held and refreshments served.

The hope was expressed that the pastor have many more returns of the day and that he might remain as pastor of the church for many years to come.

MRS. J. H. KRUGER.

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The Value of a Christian Home

ON the editorial page of a recent issue of "The Country Gentleman" there appeared a great tribute to the value of religious training in a Christian home. It is a concrete answer to some people who flippantly tell you that the reason they do not attend church now is because they were compelled to when they were young. Here is the answer.

"Every morning before breakfast, and again in the evening just before bedtime, father opened the Book of books, and then, all kneeling, he invoked the blessing of God. It was three miles to church, but twice every Sunday, summer and winter, the whole family, as soon as the children were old enough, drove to the house of worship where father led the choir and mother taught a Bible class in Sunday school. Again on Wednesday nights, even in haying time, the work was so planned that all could go to the midweek service of prayer.

"There are those who say they had to go to church so much as children that they acquired a permanent distaste for religion. It was not so in this home. Sunday was a day of gladness. Going to church was a privilege. The Christian way of life was made attractive. Week days as well as Sunday the children saw Christianity exemplified. Harsh criticism of the neighbors was taboo. A lie was an abomination. Honesty to the last cent was the unvarying rule. Generous giving to all good causes was practiced. Both father and mother were quick to minister in homes of sickness and sorrow. There was little money for travel, but the minds of father and mother ranged wide.

"Is it any wonder that the children have followed in the footsteps of their parents and that the great things of the soul and the great causes of the world are their chief interest? One of them, who became a minister, voiced the sentiment of all when he said that for him Christianity in its uprightness, its tenderness, its unselfishness, its trust and its hope, meant what he heard and saw in his early home beneath the evergreens."

A Loyal Church Member

1. One who attends the services of his church regularly. That is, at least the preaching service, the Sunday school and the prayer meeting.

2. One who engages in some phase of church work actively. A church member should engage actively in some kind of church work, certainly where he is best fitted to serve.

3. One who supports the financial program of the church reasonably. I cannot conceive of a church member being loyal who does not meet this obligation.

4. One who looks after his own spiritual life devotionally. Prayer and reading the Word of God devotionally is a necessity if one is going to be worth what he should be to his church.

5. One who lives an exemplary life before the world constantly. No church member can be held as loyal to his church who lives a life before the world that destroys his influence as a Christian and injures his church.—B. Y. P. U. Magazine.

"The Dull Sermon"

JESUS and the disciples came out of the synagogue where they had listened in silence to a very dull sermon. Peter was indignant because the Master had not been invited to speak.

"The rabbi was so stupid—he did not have the courtesy to invite you to speak!" complained Peter.

"But we had the courtesy to listen to him, and in our silence I spoke," the Master replied. "If he did not know any better, he is excusable."

"He said nothing that everyone there did not know," Peter continued.

"Possibly not," Jesus answered. "It is not given to all to be original, yet everybody may be helpful."

"I do not see how the congregation can stand it to listen to him over and over."

The Master smiled. "Your heavenly Father must listen to a great deal of stupid speech by people who say strange things about him. Yet he does not rebuke those who are doing the best they know, and he answers many prayers that are not grammatical."

"I did not learn a thing from all he said," Peter persisted vehemently.

"I did," the Master responded, quietly. "I learned how weak and foolish men are, and how much they all need help and encouragement. And, though I was not invited to speak in this synagogue, I learned that it is commonplace men like our friend in there who keep the synagogue open, and it is the synagogues that are giving me a hearing. If our Father could use only the brilliant in saving the world, the world would be in a bad way indeed."

And Peter was silenced.

Put Something Positive Into Life

THE secret of life lies not in the changing of circumstances but in their consecration. Here, for example, is a boy at school trifling with his task, playing at his work, shirking his duty, and wasting his substance in things that profit not. It is of little use to take something out of his life—to reduce his allowance, to limit his leisure, to deny him company, to change his school. That method runs into

failure. But a miracle will take place if you can put something positive into his life—some high purpose, some alluring ideal, some gleam that will follow over the margin where he will discover for himself the glory and the greatness of life.

Calvin Coolidge has preached some very simple but far-reaching sermons. He has said what has been said from the pulpits of the land, and he says it with authority and refreshing simplicity. He has declared that the only cure for the "new materialism" of our age is religion. What is the new materialism? We know what the old materialism was. It was the materialism of Spencer, of Huxley, and of Tyndall. But what is the new materialism of which Calvin Coolidge speaks? It is not scientific but practical. It is the new way of estimating values. The new materialism worships at the shrine of man made things—too many things, too much world, too much luxury, too many automobiles, too much Sunday neglect, too much money, too little Church, too little reverence, too little prayer, too little God, too little of the healing sweetness that makes the gladness of the world.

We hear much today of the problems of the younger generation. It will not help much to follow a policy of repression. A policy of subtraction will not long succeed. But let something new come into life, and we are face to face with a miracle.

Divine Friendship

F. W. BARTEL

AFTER a silence of nearly four hundred years, a prophet had suddenly arisen again in Israel. There was a man sent from God, whose name was John. His new and startling message had strangely stirred the entire nation of the Jews. With solemn dignity and with power he had preached repentance as the worthy preparation for the long-promised King, whose coming was even now at hand. Multitudes came to hear the new Prophet, and many were baptized of him in Jordan, confessing their sins.

Among the many deeply religious and patriotic Jews that joined the movement of the Baptist, was a young fisherman from the Sea of Galilee, named John. He had left his father's nets for a while that he might be with John the Baptist, and learn more of the marvelous doctrine. One day as he stood with Andrew, a fisherman friend, talking to the Baptist, Jesus passed by. And looking upon Jesus as he walked, the Baptist pointed him out to the young fishermen, and said, "Behold the Lamb of God."

John and Andrew

at once left the Baptist and followed Jesus. After a while Jesus noticed them following, and turning, asked, "What seek ye?" This was the first time that John had looked in the face and into those wonderful eyes of the Lord. They eagerly accepted Jesus' gracious invitation, and abode with him that day. What a wonderful privilege was theirs! How

we would like to know what they talked about. Did not their hearts burn within them during those hours of fellowship, as the conviction grew upon them, that Jesus was, indeed, the long-looked-for Christ, the Son of God! Of course they could not keep such glorious news to themselves. Andrew at once found his brother, Simon. And although John modestly does not mention his own name, we feel sure that it did not take him long to bring his brother James to Jesus.

After these things James and John returned to Galilee and to their fishing, but after that visit with Jesus, life could never be the same again. Whether they were busy with their nets, or whether they mused at eventide, they lived over again those golden hours, and pondered the things they had heard and learned. Then one day, as they were mending their nets, Jesus walked on the shore of the Sea of Galilee and called them. Without a question or a moment's hesitation, they left their father in the ship with the servants and went after him. When John was introduced to Jesus, it was

The Beginning of an Eternal and Divine Friendship

which not only completely changed the course of his life, but also brought him a realization of the most marvelous spiritual blessings. As a disciple of Jesus, it was his unique and wonderful privilege of daily and intimate association and fellowship with him, who had come from heaven. For three wonderful years he was permitted to hear the way of salvation and the setting up of the Kingdom of Heaven proclaimed and explained by the Master Teacher, and with his own eyes to behold the Lord's divine power to heal all manner of disease, to drive out demons, raise the dead, still the storm and the waves, and to feed the multitude. And John testifies, "We beheld his glory, the glory of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth."

Meeting Jesus not only changed the course of John's life, but also

Greatly Changed His Character

According to the gospel records, John, together with his brother, seems to have been selfish and ambitious, hot-headed and easily angered, for Jesus called them "sons of thunder." But as John walked with the Lord, and heard his matchless teaching, with the perfect example of Jesus ever before his eyes, and last, but not least, as he yielded his heart ever more completely to the indwelling Holy Spirit, his character was so marvelously changed, that he is sometimes called the "Apostle of Love." Throughout his Gospel and Epistles John delights to proclaim love as the very nature of God, and as the true essence of the Christian life. John seems to have attained a deeper spiritual insight and to have caught more of the Lord's own Spirit than the other apostles. Abraham was "the friend of God," David, "the man after God's own heart," Daniel, "a man greatly beloved," and John became "the disciple whom Jesus loved." John came to be the closest

and truest friend Jesus had on earth. As they were reclining around the table at the institution of the Lord's Supper, it was John who leaned on Jesus' breast. He alone remained loyal to his Lord in the time of arrest and trial. It was John to whom Jesus said from the cross, "Behold thy mother."

In the Inner Circle

A quickened spiritual understanding together with a fully surrendered will brought John the further blessed privilege of the inner circle. On three different occasions Jesus withdrew from the other disciples, taking only Peter, James and John with him, that he might share certain special events and experiences with them. When Jesus raised the daughter of Jairus from the dead, only these three were permitted to see the miracle. Again, these same three went with the Lord to the Mount of Transfiguration. And theirs was the original "Mountain top" experience. Then the three were again highly honored, when they were selected to go with their Lord into the Garden Gethsemane, that they might be near in his hour of sacrificial sorrow and suffering. The experiences of the inner circle ever lead into a deeper fellowship and a truer appreciation of believing prayer, service and suffering and sacrifice.

On Easter morning Peter and John ran eagerly to the empty tomb. John arrived first, but Peter entered first. However, John was the first to understand, for he "saw and believed." A little later the apostles were fishing. Jesus stood on the shore. Following his instructions they caught so many fish they could not draw in the net, and it was John who said to Peter, "It is the Lord." And yet later, when the Sanhedrin strictly forbade the preaching in Jesus' name, John and Peter fearlessly faced them and said, "We cannot but speak the things which we have seen and heard."

Thus Did a Simple Fisherman Become a Sainted Apostle

and thus was the writer of our favorite and best-beloved Gospel divinely qualified and prepared to proclaim Jesus as the "Son of God," the Savior of all mankind. How masterfully he portrays in his Gospel "the lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." And how tenderly and vividly he interprets the Spirit of Christ. How many have been blessed by the Gospel of John! How many thousands have been led to the Savior through that little verse, which contains the entire Gospel, John 3:16! It is all truly marvelous, and it appears more so, when we consider that the entire chain of high privilege, noble influence and divine power among men began back there when John met Jesus, and made his decision to follow him.

But it should also be pointed out that John's story is not at all unique, but that on the contrary, countless thousands other young men and young women have also met Jesus somewhere along the path of life and, like John's, their life, too, was wonderfully enriched and their character com-

pletely changed. Multitudes today are praising the Lord for his power to cleanse from sin and transform into his own likeness. And what Jesus has done for John and many others, he surely can and will do for you, if you will give him the chance. Dear friend, will you not, in view of the foregoing,

Ponder Some Vital Questions?

Does the course of your life need changing? And would you like Jesus to change your character more and more into his own likeness? Are you now a member of the inner circle, of which Christ is the center? Would you like him to select you for some special spiritual experience or some unusual service, that honor might be brought to his holy name? Would you faithfully interpret the Christian life, and the love and the compassion of Christ to the lost world? The only way to spiritual blessing is the way of full surrender and obedience.

The following poem, author unknown, has been quoted on many occasion with great impressiveness by Dr. Geo. W. Truett:

"I had walked life's path with an easy tread,
Had followed where comfort and pleasure led.
And then by chance in a quiet place,
I met my Master, face to face.
With station, and rank, and wealth for a goal,
Much thought for the body, and none for the soul;
I had entered to win in life's mad race,
When I met my Master, face to face.
I had built my castles and reared them high,
Till their towers had pierced the blue of the sky;
I had sworn to rule with an iron mace,
When I met my Master, face to face.
I met him, and I knew him, and blushed to see,
That his eyes, full of sorrow, were fixed on me;
And I faltered and fell at his feet that day,
While my castles melted and vanished away.
Melted and vanished, and in their place,
I saw naught else but my Master's face;
And I cried aloud, 'Oh make me meet
To follow the marks of thy wounded feet.'
My thought is now for the souls of men,
I have lost my life to find it again;
E'er since in that holy place,
I met my Master, face to face."

Editorial Jottings

THE "BEST TRANSLATION" of the Bible is that which translates its teachings into deeds of love and a life acceptable and well pleasing to God.

WE REGRET that the installment of Rev. A. A. Schade's Leadership Training Course for this number did not reach us in time to be published. It will appear in our next issue.

PUT BIBLE STUDY on your daily program. Give it the early morning hour. Or an oasis of rest in the middle of the day. Or the quiet of eventide. Give it an extra place in your leisure hours. Utilize the odds and ends of time with your Bible or pocket Testament. Gather your manna daily. The Bible unfolds its secrets only to the disciples who brood over its pages.



An Active Junior Girls' Class

The Junior Girls' Class of the First German Baptist Sunday school of Dickinson County, Kansas, was started in June, 1929, with five members. Miss Dorothy Knopf was chosen as their teacher. The class was organized and became the "Busy Bees' Class." It was not long until five more "Bees" entered the "hive."

Then we decided to measure our thoughts and actions by the Golden Rule. We enjoyed studying the beautiful lessons and many of us began to read our Bibles daily and to do our memory work. A mission box was made and each Sunday we dropped our pennies into it. We have had monthly class meetings in which we spent the first hour using our talents in giving programs, and another hour in doing handwork. We always had a happy and worthwhile time at every meeting. We also play together at class parties and picnics.

Last fall we had the privilege of sending a box of beads which we made to Miss Amanda Kruse, a missionary in Nigeria, Africa. We also sent \$6.20 to our Orphans' Home in St. Joseph, Mich. Miss Kruse has thanked us for the beads and will use them for gifts to those who attend school regularly and she hopes this will encourage the others to come regularly when school reopens. We received another letter of thanks which told us more about our friends at the Orphans' Home. We want to continue to help others; it gives us great joy because we know that we are serving Jesus and receiving his blessings.

Classic Jazz

Gushing Hostess: "Charming little piece you have just played. Such wild abandon. I simply loved it. Was it your own composition?"

Violinist: "No. I was putting on a new string."

Young People's Society, Durham, Kansas

In looking back over the past year, we as a society have many reasons to praise the Lord and Savior for his keeping grace and blessings received. We are glad to report that our young people are still active and have not ceased to work for their Master.

Of course in these days of outside interest and alarming depression, bringing untold suffering and staggering losses to many of our people, we have many problems and difficulties to contend with. Many of our young people are in danger of losing their hold on the spiritual life. The Christian Church of today is in a gigantic battle against the evil forces. Will our young people realize their responsibility, bring the sacrifices and rally around her support? Unless the church in this battle receives the full cooperation of our young people, it will never be able to meet present conditions. With God's help let us be true and faithful to Jesus, who called us into his service.

We were also greatly handicapped the past few months through weather conditions. Our society still works on the group plan and meets every other Sunday evening. The past year we had 17 meetings, consisting of various programs. Ten new members were taken up. In the Bible reading contest, the Junior group of 26 members won twice. In different ways we were privileged to render our service in the Kingdom of God. We should more than ever concentrate our hearts and minds on spiritual things and let our full influence count for Jesus.

A certain father was a good man, upright in business, and in heart a believer in the religion of Christ. But he was very busy, and when Sunday came he was always tired. He also became interested in his paper and gradually stopped going to church. His wife went regularly and sometimes took the children. One morning, just after his wife had gone, he was comfortably seated, reading his paper, when he heard the boys talking in the next room. "When you grow up, will you go to church as mother does, or will you stay home like father?" he heard Willy, one of his sons, say. "I won't do either. When I am a man, I'll have a team of horses, and on Sundays I will drive them up and down the boulevard and enjoy myself." The father's newspaper lost its interest. A picture of the future of his boys came to his mind, when they would be associated with loose men and live godless lives, while he in his old age will have to look on the results of his early self-indulgence. Thank God, the father saw his mistake in time and changed his attitude and conduct.

L. E. H.

We cannot know the future, but we may come to know better each day Him who knows all from the beginning to the end.

West Baltimore

It is quite a few years that we have appeared in these columns, but we are still at work for Christ and his Kingdom. Our Lord has dealt graciously with us. The so-called depression has visited us too, and as the depression is outside, so it is sometimes inside and even in our churches. The clouds of fear and doubt overtake us, so that we fail to see our Lord and Master.

A number of our own people left us for other cities. Still others thought to do better in other churches, so that our pastor, Br. G. Schmidt, called a consulting committee of deacons and church workers, and laid before them his plan of resigning his pastorate. He thought that after 10 years of hard and earnest work and often the best meaning misconstrued, it was long enough, and should come to a termination. But the members in conference could not see it that way, knowing full well what our pastor's resignation would mean for the church. So a general meeting was called, and everything carefully laid before the church. The resignation was unanimously voted down.

It was resolved to do more praying and less talking and to be more at our place in church services. Due to the fact that our members live scattered, so far and wide, even in other cities, our dear pastor said: "In these hard times, let it be our aim first to come to church, if possible; let contributing be second consideration, if you are out of work; but come to church."

We thank the Lord for having Bro. Schmidt and pray that God will richly bless him in the future. May we ask the prayers of every child of God so that we may stand more than ever for the cause of Christ!

S. BODLIEN, Church Clerk.

Southern Baptist Leadership

In an article written by Professor Conrad Henry Moehlman and appearing in a recent issue of the "Crozer Quarterly," carefully gathered statistics are presented which show that Southern Baptists easily lead the other denominations in the United States and Canada in Sunday school expansion. While the ratio of Sunday school pupils to church members declined, according to Professor Moehlman, in practically all denominations during the years 1916 to 1926, Southern Baptists showed an increase in church membership of 30.1 per cent and in Sunday school pupils 40.8 per cent. Northern Baptists during the same period increased in membership 3.6 per cent and in Sunday school pupils 1.1 per cent. Many of the denominations showed serious losses in Sunday school membership.—Hints and Helps.

We must not confuse our superstitions about God with the true facts concerning his personality.

Ling Tong Seventieth Anniversary Church

June 14, 1931, will go down in the annals of the Ling Tong Convention and the South China Mission as one of our "Red Letter" days. After long years of longing and hoping, the dream-desires of workers here at Kakchieh, perhaps never very definite in shape nor held with much expectation of being realized, have at last become splendid actuality. On this day the beautiful and soul-inspiring Ling Tong Seventieth Anniversary Memorial Church was opened and dedicated to the worship and service of God. It was a great occasion for us. I am sure all of you who in past years have labored here, and as well such others as have visited with us, will be glad to hear about the church and the occasion.

The church stands imposingly on the elevated ground across the way from the old chapel and the Woman's School. The actual foundations are laid on the site of the old Partridge house, later known as the Worley house, the nearer of the two Mission tennis courts being sacrificed to give sufficient room.

It Is a Wonderfully Beautiful Building.

a combination of Western and Chinese architecture, a real church. The walls are built of blocks of granite and are supported at stated intervals by graceful concrete columns, six on each side and in the rear and four in the front in addition to those supporting the roof of the portico. The roof is the two-tiered Chinese temple style with graceful curving art work at the ends of the main and secondary ridge poles. The green glazed tiles, together with the black and white ridge poles, give a most pleasing effect to anyone privileged to look down on the church from above.

There is a door in the middle of the north and south sides, each with its appropriate Chinese-roofed portico, with the underside woodwork painted red and green and the ridges of the roof also terminating in those graceful curves so characteristic of Chinese architecture. The main entrance faces the west and consists of a trinity of doors, one large and two small ones. Outside these doors is a much larger portico than those over the side doors. It is about 35x25 feet and is topped also with a triple-tiered roof that catches the eye of the observer the moment the church comes into view. The roofs of these porticoes are all supported by slender concrete columns similar to those supporting the walls and, taken with those of the wall in front, which are about 20 feet high, they remind one a bit of the architecture of the far-off days of ancient Greece.

Inside, the floor of the auditorium is made of hexagonal tiles and slopes from the main entrance forward to the rostrum, affording an ease of hearing and seeing the speaker we have never before had in any of our churches. The rostrum, raised three feet above the floor, is spacious, extending across that end of the church. To the rear of the center



Just before opening the doors of the new Ling Tong Seventieth Anniversary Church at Kak-chieh (across the bay from Swatow) on Sunday, June 14, 1931, when the dedication services took place. Picture shows one end. The church is much larger than would appear from the picture.

of the rostrum and the pulpit is the baptistry. The front side of this, higher than the rostrum by about 20 inches, is one large block of granite upon whose face are chiseled four large gilded Chinese characters reading "Baptized with the Lord."

Flanking the Baptistry

at each side is a dressing room, against the opposite walls of which at either side of the pool rises a white column which with the arch above and the beautiful curtains of silk hanging behind give the appearance of a gate-way. It takes but limited imagination to think of those who having made their confession of their Lord in baptism in passing beyond the curtain as passing from the old into a new life.

Above the baptistry and extending to the rear wall is the choir loft. At either end of the rostrum a passageway leads alike from the rostrum and the auditorium to the dressing-rooms and the rear of the pool and as well to the loft above. The whole effect is one of convenience and is most pleasing.

A spacious balcony extends around three sides of the building. This is of concrete construction, being built into the walls at the rear and in front into concrete pillars that go on up and support the roof.

The pulpit desk and chairs, the communion table and chairs in front of the rostrum, and all of the seats in the building, are made of teak and are in approved church design. This contributes not a little to the feeling one has immediately on entering the building that here is a real church and that those who built it to honor God have done so with appropriate beauty and richness and dignity.

The general impression created by the building is one of rugged loveliness and permanence. To one taking a backward look at the seventy years of our Bap-

tist history in the Swatow region it looms as a worthy memorial to the labor and sacrifice and love of all who made this history. It is as well a fitting testimony to the consciousness gained through those years that in the worship of our God nothing but our very best is our appropriate offering.

The Service on the Day of Dedication was a long but very impressive one. By 9 A. M. a large crowd had gathered outside the main entrance, the doors being still locked. At the close of a half-hour program here, the contractor formally handed over the keys to the Ling Tong Convention representative who unlocked and opened the doors. The crowd formed into file order and marched in singing. Quickly an audience of 1200 filled the entire building and scores were left standing. Then followed a rather extended program, for there were many to take part.

The morning service was a dedicatory service. That in the afternoon was a memorial service commemorating the seventy years of Ling Tong Baptist history. One of the interesting features of this afternoon program was the reading by the Ling Tong Executive Secretary of a recently collaborated record of that history. It will be printed and made available later.

The anniversary meetings covered three days, beginning on Saturday and closing on Monday. In addition to what has already been described, two other features may be mentioned. The first of these was of interest to all the visitors and the second at least to the Chinese delegates and community. The first was an exhibition of the hand work of the several higher-grade church schools. Each school brought in samples of its best hand-work and these were put on exhibition for three days in the old chapel building. The exhibits consisted of wax fruits and vegetables, carved

(Continued on page 15)

THE WHITE LADY

By GRACE LIVINGSTONE HILL

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(Continuation)

Chapter VIII

Constance felt as if she were going on a picnic on the sly as the train drew near Rushville. Many times had she gone over the details of what she would do when she reached there once more, and now everything was planned as carefully as could be. She watched the names of the stations on her time-table, and thought the train dragged along slowly. What if Norah should fail to get off at the right place, or Jimmy should go off to a game of marbles and forget her? How should she ever get things into shape by night without these two, especially if the rest of the inhabitants of that peculiar town proved to be as stupid as the ones she had found in the grocery?

But Jimmy was not playing marbles. No, indeed! He had been at the station for an hour when the train finally drew in. He had scowled at the old clock, which did not go, upon the waiting-room wall, a dozen times, and had asked the station-agent and his assistant three times whether they were sure the western train was on time, and then had marched importantly up and down the platform again.

They went into the station, Jimmy and Constance, and sat down to have a brief interview. Jimmy showed her the letter he had prepared according to her instructions to accompany the money which she had brought with her. Then they called at the post office and astonished the postmaster by sending so large a money order, for of course he knew nothing about the house being taken in Jimmy's name. This business finished, Constance went with Jimmy to see the house. He exhibited it to her with the air of a caretaker, and took pride in showing her the new greenness that had come upon everything about the grounds.

He had, through much maneuvering, brought the painter to meet her, and the man stood in the front hall, squinting up at the ceiling, occasionally measuring a window frame, and figuring on an old envelope. He turned and gave Constance a comprehensive stare, but when he saw that she could talk business, he felt that she was all right, and let her understand that he did not always charge such low prices; but "seeing it's you," he would be reasonable.

He was a paperhanger as well as a painter, and the business of renovating the old house went forward briskly. The paper bought in New York had been sent on some days before and Jimmy had proudly received it and deposited it by instalments in one of the closets that would lock. Somehow, the ghostly lady had ceased to frighten Jimmy since he

had a sort of partnership in the house. It is true he usually made his visits in broad daylight, and was careful never to go upstairs; but he did not dread the first glance about the still, empty rooms as he used to before his lady's coming.

Constance opened her bundles of paper, and exhibited them to Jimmy and the painter. The painter looked at them critically, but finally expressed grim approval. The patterns, he said, were not altogether what he would have chosen, not all of them; but they would do very well, and some might look better than he thought when they were put on. But Jimmy opened his eyes wide, and whistled, and expressed unalloyed approval. He looked about on the scarred walls almost reverently to think they were to be decked out, and swelled his chest proudly as he walked back to the station, the arrangements with the painter having been completed.

They went back to meet Norah, and Norah arrived according to promise, her arms laden with bundles and her face shining with expectation above the cheap black clothes she wore.

Jimmy took several of her packages, and went ahead; and they all went to the house. The painter soon after departed, promising to return and begin the work in the morning.

Jimmy put down the bundles on the piazza, and, giving an extra brush to the already well-dusted bench, seated his ladies, and retired to a little distance until further orders. He felt instinctively that they would wish to be alone.

"Norah," Constance began, "I am going to take you into my confidence, and tell you something that I have not told another person in the world. Nobody knows anything about it except our old lawyer."

Norah's face beamed with expectation, and she sat back prepared for an elopement at least, and at once saw herself chief assistant. It was therefore somewhat of a disappointment to her sentimental nature to find that the story ran in more prosaic lines. She listened with dismay to the few brief sentences that told of the change in the Wetherill wealth, and then her quick Irish sympathy came to the front.

"Och, an' you a sendin' me brither the grapes an' the fowers an' thim good things, an' spendin' the money you should have ben savin' fer yerself, Miss Constance! Oi'll niver forgit it, niver! Oi'll work for ye all the days of me loife widout a cin'ts worth of wages, an' coont it a plizure, that Oi will!"

Norah spoke with fervor, while the tears rolled down her cheeks, and Constance knew that she was a stanch friend.

"I believe it," she said, laying her hand

kindly on the rough one, "and that is why I sent for you. I'm going into business, Norah, and I want you for a partner. But you're not to work without wages, not a bit of it. I'm not sure but they will have to be small for a while till I get started; but you shall have all I can give you, and if I succeed—and I believe I shall—I'll make sure that they are good wages. And now listen, for there is a great deal to be done this afternoon, and we must not waste time. Nobody else knows anything about this, remember, and I don't intend they shall; so you must not tell a soul about it in your letters. Don't say anything about our change of fortune, or what we are doing, I do not want one of my old friends to suspect it, or even to know where I am. You and I must even keep grandmother from finding it out, if possible. I'm not sure, whether we can, but we'll try. And now, Norah, I've rented this house, and I'm going to keep a tea room. Will you do the cooking?"

"Shure!" said Norah, delighted to find her part so easy.

Norah was one of the sort of whom it is said,

Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs but to do and die;

and so, when Constance added:

"That's right! I knew you would stand by me, Norah. Now come and I'll show you the house." She arose with shining eyes and followed, asking no questions. They would come later, perhaps, but for the present she knew only this, that she was with her young mistress in all she cared to do.

When they were through with the survey, and Constance stood talking with Jimmy about arranging to have some of the furniture from the carload which had arrived brought up to the house that afternoon, Norah retired to the seclusion of the kitchen, which was her rightful sphere, and wept into her handkerchief. For, while she was with her mistress in all she might choose to do, her heart ached at the thought of the beautiful girl brought low amid surroundings that ill befitted her; for the smeared walls and cracked plaster of the old house seemed to her unredeemable. However, she rallied and wiped her eyes in time to answer her mistress's call.

"Of course we can sleep here tonight; can't we, Norah?"

"Shure!" said Norah, hastily mopping up and taking a quick survey of her premises. "Oi've brought the cleanin' rags an' things yez wrote me aboot. That range looks as though it was a sulky thing, but Oi'll deal with it. Jimmy, me bye, thur's a store here, ain't thur? Well, hustle yursilf, an' git me some wood an' coal! That's a dear! Oi'll dance at yer weddin', Oi will. An' mind ye hurry! Oi'll nade hut water an' a bucket; git a bucket bye, an' a brum, don't forgit."

Jimmy nodded from far down the walk

to the gate, going on fleet feet to do her bidding, but his soul was marveling over two women who were not afraid to sleep in that haunted empty house on that first night. He must not permit it, of course, as he was their rightful protector, but how was he to help it? That was the question.

Meantime, Norah had quickly doffed her black garments, and arrayed herself in gingham, covered by a big apron. Fortunately there was running water in the house. The two women did not know, when they fretted over the poor, old-fashioned plumbing how much better it was than an old, reluctant pump which might have been their lot.

Jimmy was back in a short time with the broom and bucket, followed by a boy with a load of kindling wood and a bushel of coal. Jimmy had confided somewhat in his brother, though he had not revealed his own intimate connection with the matter. The brother knew only that there were some new folks moving into the old haunted house, and that they had asked Jimmy to run errands for them. He was curious, of course, to see what kind of people would take the haunted house, and every one in the sleepy little store was on the alert to serve; for there was a rival store at the other end of town. Therefore the young clerk came himself with his orderbook, and went away in a tumult of pleasure that the pretty girl had come back to town, but he sealed his lips close about the matter. He had no mind to have her first visit to the store recalled by any of the old loungers.

Constance, mindful of her first difficulties in finding anything to eat in Rushville, had allowed Sa' Ran to put up for her a bountiful lunch, and Sa' Ran always put up about five times as much for a lunch as any reasonable being could possibly eat; so there was plenty for Norah, as well as a goodly share for Jimmy, who didn't go home the rest of that day. It was two o'clock when Norah arrived, and by three the fire was under way and the three sat down on the bench on the piazza for a hasty lunch. Like magic did Sa' Ran's puffy raised biscuit, pressed chicken, damson plum preserves, and doughnuts disappear; and yet there was enough left for supper, besides fruit cake and gingerbread. The air, though decidedly springy, was still chilly, and they found it necessary to stir about if they would not take cold; so as soon as the lunch-box was closed again they all set to work. Norah would not permit Constance to soil her white hands by putting them in the water.

"There's no sinse in it at all," she said. "Oi'm able to do all as is necessary this night, an' there's plenty for the loikes av yez. Just ye git down to the railroad, an' till that man to brang up the furniture. We'll be all clane fer tonight. Oi'll just wash aff the sink here, an' a bit about the floor, an' then Oi'll make ye a bedroom fit fer a quane, ef soap an'

water kin do it." And she went vigorously to work.

So Constance and Jimmy went to find the inert drayman, who was not intending to get any of the goods from the freight car moved that afternoon, in spite of his many promises to Jimmy. He had other things which pleased him more to attend to; and, if he moved the furniture this afternoon, it would be necessary for him to put a shoulder to the work. This he did not like, preferring rather to sit in his office with his feet high above his head and converse with whoever might drop in, while he steadily chewed tobacco.

But the sight of Constance, and her insistence, finally moved him to bestir himself; and a little before six o'clock a meager one-horse load struggled through the gateway into the yard, and wound its way to the back door. It was not to be expected that affairs would go just as they ought, and it was like the perversity of such things that some of the articles which were brought in this first load should be a box of bric-a-brac, and several fine old paintings in their crates.

"Now how convanient!" said Norah, peering between the slats of a picturecrate, and discovering two large lazy cows grazing on a meadow bank. "It was noice av the man to brang thot. We can't ate it, nor slape it, but we moight milk the cows."

Constance sat down on a packing-box, and laughed until she cried. There were phases about this new life that were refreshing. She could not remember laughing like that since she was a little girl in school. There was a pleasant comradeship in these two, this uncultured girl and wild little boy, that made her forget all she had left behind her. With that laugh she seemed to drop her old life and throw herself with zest into the new one.

The load was not all painted cows. There was a kitchen table and a box of bedclothing, a barrel of dishes, a leather couch, three or four chairs, and a mattress.

Norah scrubbed, and kept up a stream of Irish wit, and Jimmy was everywhere with eyes and hands and feet alert. Constance sat down upon the leather couch, which Norah had elected should be her bed for that night, and which was placed in the center of an island of cleanliness where Norah had scrubbed carefully. A piece of carpet which Constance recognized as belonging to the back upper hall in the old home was spread out in front of the couch, and a chair was drawn conveniently near for a dressing-table. It was all exceedingly primitive and inconvenient, and the girl wondered, as she looked upon it, why she felt such intense satisfaction in it all when it was so marked a contrast to her old luxurious room with its elegant appointments.

She unpacked her little hand-bag, laid brushes and combs upon the chair, threw

her kimono over the back of it, then lay back for a moment and closed her eyes. She felt thankful to somebody or something, she did not quite know what.

Then she bestirred herself once more. There must be a carpenter brought to fix the window so it would lock. Jimmy must get one. She went downstairs to call him, and to tell Norah to bring her own mattress, upon which she was to sleep, up into her room, so that they might be company for each other. Everything seemed to be going delightfully. Jimmy ran off for the carpenter, and Constance opened a trunk that had just been brought from the station. She was searching for one or two things that she wanted to use, and in doing so came across a little white dress, an old one, but a favorite of hers, a soft white flannel simply made. It struck her that it would be a relief to get off her traveling dress and get into this. If she had had more practical training, a white flannel would hardly have seemed to her the correct thing to don on the night of her arrival in an old dusty house which called for much work. But to her, used to dressing for dinner, the little white flannel was as plain as plain could be. So, hastily pulling it out, she put it on, and went down to spread out the remainder of the contents of the lunch-box.

Norah smiled when she entered the kitchen, where everything was now in good order. This was not saying much, for there was very little to put in order; but the room itself was clean; so were the table and the old range, though lack of stove polish sorely tried Norah's sense of the fitness of things. She had unearthed a pan, and a teakettle, and was attacking the head of the barrel of dishes when Constance came in. Norah laid down the hatchet, and clapped her hands with pleasure.

"That's just right, Miss Connie; ye dressed up fer dinner, now, didn't ye? We'll soon be in order, my dear; so don't yez worry. Och! but ye looks swate in thet little white dress!"

Jimmy appeared at the back door at that moment with a carpenter in his wake, but stopped short when he saw Constance, and for a moment his eyes bulged with terror. He almost turned to flee away. He thought the white lady had appeared at last, and was about to vent her wrath upon him at the goings on which he had been instigating.

But the new white flannel ghost smiled so sweetly at him, and said so pleasantly, "Oh, Jimmy, you found a carpenter, didn't you?" that he subsided, and never told any one, save Miss Constance herself, a long time afterward, how much he had been frightened. And with that smile of Constance's Jimmy's last personal dread of the white lady faded away.

They ate their supper, Norah, Jimmy and Constance, and finished the last crumb of Sa' Ran's bountiful supply, for they were very hungry. Then Constance, thanking Jimmy, and receiving his prom-

ise to be on hand early in the morning to do whatever she wanted, laughingly refusing his earnest offers to sleep there as her protector, or to get her some one else, sent him home. She never knew how many times during the evening he went to where he could see whether the candlelight was still flickering in the upper window, or whether there were signs of alarm about the old place. And, as he stood there watching, he wished within his soul that he were a man, and brave; for he somehow felt that he could grow braver if he were given time, though he realized that he was at heart a coward at present, a great thing for a boy to realize. He knew that if he were truly brave like the boys in the story books, he would go and throw himself across the door of the old house, and sleep there to protect the lady inside; and that Jimmy knew he was not willing to do.

The moon was full that night; and, as they had realized at the last minute before Jimmy left them that candles were their only chance for light, Constance wandered outside for a few minutes in the brilliant moonlight. The kitchen with its weird, flickering candlelight was not a pleasant place to sit, and besides, Norah was making a clatter with the dishes from the barrel, which she insisted upon washing that night, and which she would not allow her young mistress to touch; so Constance felt that a breath of the evening would do her good. Her soul longed to be near the loveliness of the night, and to see what she had in this queer old place that had been rented for a year. She walked slowly down the grass-grown path that led to the pond noticing the trees and shrubs on either side, and now and then pausing to look up at the round, full brightness of the moon. How still and beautiful it was here! she thought. No whirring trolleys, no rumble of city life, no dust, no murmur of a thousand voices that fill the air of a city at night. Only the quiet stars like polished diamonds, and the great full moon looking at her. A lovely place in which to walk if a spirit could walk this earth again. She wondered how much truth there might be as a foundation for Jimmy's story about the lady who had killed herself. She hoped no one would tell Norah, for perhaps she might be superstitious and unhappy there. She must warn Jimmy about it. Dear, faithful, funny little Jimmy! How he seemed to have fitted right into her plans, like a little urchin angel dropped down from heaven just when she needed him! She must try to make his life happier in some way for the help he had been to her.

Down by the water's edge a pathway of silver stretched out before her into the soft deep darkness. It made the night look wide. She stood a long time watching the play of the ripples in the water, noticing the dark penciling of the rustic summerhouse on the little island,

against the moonlit sky, trying to realize that it was her new home, and wondering whether she would ever get accustomed to the change.

Then she turned in the dewy path, her ears filled with the music of the frogs that made the summer seem near at hand, and suddenly before her in the way, but a few feet in front of her, stood a man!

(To be continued)

New Books

(Order all books through German Baptist Publication Society, Cleveland, O.)

"Charge That To My Account" and Other Gospel Messages. By Dr. H. A. Ironside. The Bible Institute Colportage Ass'n, Chicago, Ill. 123 pages. 75 cts. cloth; paper, 25 cts.

This volume contains twelve Gospel sermons preached by the pastor of the Moody Memorial Church, Chicago, from the pulpit of his church with telling results. These messages are full of many helpful illustrations. The style is popular, direct, conversational. The contents of the messages are replete with the Gospel. They exalt Christ and the power of salvation from sin which comes by believing on him. The book well deserves the designation—a spiritual tonic.

Thinking with God. By Norman H. Camp. The Bible Institute Colportage Ass'n, Chicago. 127 pages. Paper-bound. 25 cts.

This is a brief Bible course for inquiring young people by an evangelistic Bible Teacher. It will help them to obtain a better knowledge of the foundation truths of the Christian faith. There are 10 chapters on the Bible, God, Creation, Man, Satan, Sin, Salvation, Temptation, Judgments, and Rewards. Memory verses at the beginning and Questions at the close of each chapter add to the study value of the material presented. Pastors and Christian leaders looking for a brief Bible course with their young people might profitably study this book.

His Bequest. The Believer's Riches in Trust. By Norman B. Harrison, D.D. The Bible Institute Colportage Ass'n, Chicago. 48 pages. Paper-bound 25 cts.

This booklet is one of the well-known The "His" Series of which one hundred thousand have been published. This is a booklet for the believer and its prayerful reading will enrich the spiritual life. The author knows how to dig rich ore from the mine of the Word.

Not Only War. By Victor Daly. The Christopher Publishing House, Boston. 106 pages. \$1.50.

The sub-title of this book is "A Story of Two Great Conflicts." These conflicts are war and race prejudice. The treatment of these grim subjects is approached with keen interest as we note the book is written by an educated Negro, a college graduate, one who was an officer in the World War and saw active service in

France. The American Negro who has never been articulate to any extent in the past is finding strong advocates and spokesmen for his rights in the young educated Negroes of today. There is stark realism portrayed; the facts are not always pleasant but their truth cannot be denied. The story closes with a demonstration of a Christlike spirit.

Out in the Country. A Junior Course for Rural Groups. By Hazel V. Orton. The Friendship Press, New York. 136 pages. Cloth, \$1.00. Paper, 75 cts.

This course is for leaders of junior boys and girls who live in the country. It is a fine and successful endeavor to illuminate and interpret the every-day experiences of the farm child to him so that he will thereby be better able to understand and sympathize with similar experiences in the lives of others. This will help the farm child to realize the interdependence of farmers with one another and with city groups also. All this will form a good working base for the application of Christian principles of friendliness and service. Eight units of study are presented. Abundant opportunity for activities are offered to the juniors in connection with this course. We can cordially recommend these study courses.

The Friendly Farmers. By Elizabeth Harris. With Stories by Gertrude C. Warner. The Friendship Press, New York. 154 pages. Cloth, \$1.00. Paper, 75 cts.

This is a course for primary boys and girls on Rural Life around the World. In accord with this plan the stories are from different lands. The general plan is similar to the one above for Juniors and a unit in the general series. These books are splendidly gotten up and well stocked with all necessary material with full bibliography included.

The Secrets of Plutology. By Gilbert F. Stevenson. The Christopher Publishing House, Boston. 92 pages. \$1.50.

This is a treatise on the cause and cure of financial depressions. As we are just now in the middle of one of the greatest depressions of a generation, the book is a timely one. Not being specialists in this particular field, we can not offer any expert opinion as to the correctness of the remedies and preventive measures offered. The careful reader of this volume gains much knowledge of value and much food for thought. As a sincere contribution to a perplexing problem it is to be welcomed.

Higher Up

An English hostess was very proud over the elevation of one of her family to the House of Lords. "This makes the second of our family in the Peers," she remarked to one of her callers. "Have you any relation in the House of Lords?" "No," was the calm reply, "but I have two maiden aunts in the Kingdom of heaven."—Christian Register.

A Teacher's Prayer

Make of my heart an upper room, I pray,
Swept clean of pride, let self be but a door

Through which young lives may come to thee today

To know thee as they have not known before.

Speak through my voice that they may hear thine own,

Shine through my life in beauty and in truth,

That they may see the comrade Christ alone

And in the glad impulsiveness of youth

Rise up as did those fisherlads of thine,
Who left their boats and nets to follow thee;

So may they walk beside thee, these of mine,

Whom out of all the world "Thou gavest me!"

—Molly Anderson Haley,
in "The Churchman."

Five Were Foolish, But Five Were Wise

REV. WILLIAM H. LEACH

Whenever we are in the midst of the bustle and hustle of wedding preparations I should like to call together the entire wedding party, bride, groom, parents, and overwrought friends, and read the parable of the wise and the foolish virgins. It might read somewhat like this:

"The kingdom of heaven is like unto ten girls who went to the altar to meet their bridegrooms. Five of them were foolish and five were wise. For the foolish when they went to the altar took no preparation for the new responsibilities upon which they were entering; but the wise had pondered upon these things, and were prepared for life as it should come to them. The new relationship brought joys and responsibilities. Some who married rich became poor; others were early widowed; fortune smiled sweetly upon others. Now, the wise adjusted themselves to the situation. But the foolish had not expected this, and they saw their homes being destroyed by a strange fate. Then they rushed to the five who were wise. 'Give us of your wisdom,' they cried, 'for life is miserable and not worth living.' 'No,' answered the wise; 'that is something you must acquire for yourselves. No one can make life worth while for you but yourself.' Then the five foolish women hurried to find wisdom which would bring satisfaction, but they saw the door of happiness slowly closing against them."

It is not, of course, a very strict interpretation of the parable, but it is one which is badly needed in this day. Perhaps the percentage is a little high, but altogether too many girls are going out to meet the bridegroom unprepared for anything after the honeymoon.

There was Hilda, for instance. She

was one of the nicest girls in our church, happy, herat-free, and lively. She was as pretty as a picture. Her mother intended that she should capitalize that beauty; and, as I have heard her express it, her daughter would never "drive her pigs to a poor man's market." Hilda learned that one lesson well; and when she married, it was one of the most promising young men in the town. He was drafted into the army for the great war within a year after they were married, and came home a nervous wreck. He was unable to care for his business interests, and they slowly went to pieces. Poor Hilda could not help him with the business in any way. She had no conception of money or its value. The care of her husband was burdensome to her. And now after some years of bitter existence they have agreed to separate. The mother who was so anxious that her daughter should marry well would have done a great deal more for her if she had trained her in the responsibilities of life which every individual must expect to bear.

The case of Helen was quite different. She had been trained in many home duties. Her mother thought that her daughter ought to be a good cook and a good housekeeper, and have those other homy virtues which make a happy fireside. She became engaged to Ben when he was in college. His last year he came under conviction that his life must be set apart for work in the foreign-mission field. When he went home, he told Helen of his decision. He could not understand why she was not enthusiastic. Still, she did not flatly refuse to go to the mission field until they were married. As a result he is engaged in the family business of running a grain-mill, a business which is distasteful to him, but to which he is tied for life. His vision is dulled because he has turned down the great call of his life. His wife wonders why he has lost the spirit of youth while he is so young in years. Again it is a case of going to the altar unprepared for the life which should follow.

The opening of the business and professional field to woman should make it possible for girls to be more honest in this preparation. For marriage is no longer the only vocation a girl can seek. She is protected by her own income, and need not be rushed into marriage to the first man who asks her hand. She can weigh the whole matter. There should be fewer marriages for convenience and more for real love. But at the same time business experience complicates the situation. For instance, take the case of Flora and Ned. He was making thirty dollars a week and she twenty-five when they were married. Neither of them had saved anything. She had spent most of her money for clothes, and he had done the same. They decided that each would work as before. They took a little suit of three rooms; and all went happy as before, and they continued to spend the combined salaries as they had spent their individual ones.

And then the baby came. Ned borrowed to pay the bills. Then they had to get along on the one salary. The girl used to spending twenty-five dollars a week on herself could not endure the privation of the pretty things she wanted, even for the sake of her baby. So the baby was sent to the grandmother, and Flora went to work again. But, as usually happens in such a case, each is seeking to be relieved of family life; and they will soon separate, and the grandparents will keep the baby.

Yes, it is a serious thing, this marriage. There are many, many happy marriages. For every foolish five girls there are five who are prepared. They see the responsibilities. It is not a matter of fate or luck to them to be happily married. They know how to build happiness in a home. There is a great feast of life prepared for those who are wise or, as Professor Moffat translates it, "sensible."

Negroes Who Have Made Good

Negroes who have made good include the 67,245 negroes who have engaged in professions, among whom are:

Five hundred authors, 578 dentists, 1279 actors, 59 architects, 123 chemists, 237 civil and mining engineers, 2000 lawyers, judges, justices, 4000 physicians and surgeons, 2500 trained nurses.

The 1000 negro inventors who have been granted patents.

The 22,440 Negroes in the employ of the United States Government.

The Negro landowners whose combined holdings would equal Ireland in area.

The race which owns 500,000 homes and 64 banks and publishes 398 newspapers.

The 500,000 Negroes who served in the American Army and Navy during the recent war.

The 5000 men of the two Negro regiments which were cited for bravery.

The 200 Negroes of "Old New York's Fifteenth," each of which received the Croix du Guerre.

The Negro patriots whose subscriptions to the United War Work Drive totaled \$2,000,000.

The most religious of all Americans, 80 per cent of whose wealth is in church property—the Negro.—Outlook of Missions.

Age of Animals

Only four animals exceed man in length of the life span. A scientist in Scotland has made an exhaustive study of the subject and has found that, in opposition to popular tradition, the whale lives to be only 40 years old and the elephant only 70. The giant tortoise, however, lives to be 150 to 200 years old; the white-headed vulture has a record of 118 years; the German carp has a life span of 150 years; eagles have been known to be over 104 years old. Some of the maximum ages reached by domestic animals and fowls are: dog, 35; horse, 40; cow, 25; cat, 40; hen, 30; goose, 57.

Life Stories of Great Baptists

Baptist World Alliance Series: No. 1

JOHN BUNYAN

W. Y. FULLERTON, D. D.

Next to the Bible, the Pilgrim's Progress is the most popular book in the world. Written in English, it has been translated into all the chief languages of the world, and into many minor dialects. The Religious Tract Society, of London, has itself issued it in 126 foreign versions, and circulated no less than a million and a half copies in English. There is even a version in shorthand.

The author of this remarkable book was John Bunyan, originally a tinker of Bedford, who was born in Elstow in Bedfordshire on an uncertain date in November, 1628, and died in London on August 31, 1688. During the sixty years of his life he wrote sixty books, several of which are still extant, such as "The Holy War," "Grace abounding to the Chief of Sinners," "The Heavenly Footman," "The Life and Death of Mr. Badman," "The Jerusalem Sinner Saved." But none has achieved an eminence, nor exerted an influence comparable to "The Pilgrim's Progress."

"The history of literature is full of surprises," writes Mr. Augustine Birrell, "but none of them more surprising than this preeminence of Bunyan after three hundred years. At the present moment, whatever it may be a hundred years hence, Bunyan is as widely known throughout the English-speaking realms as an author, as either Shakespeare or Milton. And if some personal acquaintance with an author's literary work is demanded beyond the mere sound of his name, Bunyan might possibly head the poll."

Two of the Greatest English Historians bear witness to its worth. Lord Macaulay says, "The characteristic peculiarity of 'The Pilgrim's Progress' is that it is the only work of its kind which possesses a human interest. Other allegories only amuse the fancy; the allegory of Bunyan has been read by thousands with tears. Though there were many clever men in England during the latter half of the seventeenth century, there were only two minds which possessed the imaginative faculty in a very eminent degree. One of these minds produced 'Paradise Lost,' the other 'The Pilgrim's Progress.'"

John Richard Green writes to the same effect. "'The Pilgrim's Progress' is amongst the realists of English poems. If Puritanism first discovered the poetry which contact with the spiritual world awakes in the meanest soul, Bunyan was the first of the Puritans who revealed the poetry to the outer world. His English is the simplest and homeliest English that has ever been used by any great



English writer: but it is the English of the Bible. He has lived in the Bible till its words have become his own."

That is the secret of it all: as Bunyan says himself about one part of his life—

"I Never Was Out of the Bible"

And that great writer Mark Rutherford is right in saying that "We are now beginning to see that he is not altogether the representative of Puritanism, but the historian of man's soul, and that the qualification necessary in order to understand and properly value him is not theological learning, nor in fact any kind of learning or literary skill, but the experience of life, with its hopes and fears, bright day and dark night."

"Men of intelligence, therefore," says another great literary critic, "to whom life is not a theory but a stern fact, will continue to see in conscience an authority for which culture is no substitute, and will conclude that in one form or another responsibility is not a fiction but a fact. And so long as this conviction lasts, the 'Pilgrim's Progress' will still be dear to men of all creeds who share it." Proof that it has been dear to men in the past is found in the fact that over fifty pages in the catalog of the British Museum are devoted to books about Bunyan and his works. And the inner reason of all is put by Robert Browning, into the mouth of one of his characters who says:

His language was not ours,
'Tis my belief God spoke:
No tinker has such powers.

Who Then Was This John Bunyan?

Already it has been noted that he was a tinker. He plied his father's trade as a matter of course. But that was almost as much an accident as William Carey beginning as a cobbler. "Punch," which may fairly be described as the cleanest

humorous journal in the world, characterized him, on the occasion of his two hundred and fiftieth year as:

Bunyan the Pilgrim, the Dreamer, and Preacher;

Sinner and Soldier, Tinker and Teacher.

There we have it all: and his life may be divided, as I have elsewhere divided it, into five sections—The Early Years; The Five Dark Years; The Five Bright Years; The Prison Years; The Final Years.

The Early Years

need not detain us long. The only red-haired boy in his native village of Elstow, he was the ringleader in all forms of mischief, impudent, irreligious, having few equals as he himself says, "both for cursing and swearing and blaspheming the holy name of God." This seems to have been the total of his sins: but nobler qualities were evidently disguised by anarchy of behavior. It has been well said that his portrait shows him rather as having "the face of a poet and in its proper sense that of an aristocrat, it might be that of a great Admiral or General." For three years, 1644-1647, he was enrolled in the Army. On his return he married his first wife of whom he says but little in his writings, though probably the maid "Mercy" in the second part of his great Allegory. is suggested by her gentle character.

The Five Dark Years

during which he sought to break away from his debased life were a desperate struggle towards light. Of his cursing and swearing he was cured by the most unlikely means. He was standing at a shop window cursing and swearing, as he tells us, like a madman, and for no particular reason, when the woman of the house, herself disreputable, said it made her tremble to hear him, that he was the ungodliest fellow she had ever heard in her life, and likely to spoil the Youth of the whole town. Upon which he hung his head, and wished he were a child again.

Of his Sabbath breaking he was converted by a sermon one Sunday morning, but in the afternoon he returned to his sport. In the midst of his game, just as he had struck the ball one blow and was about to strike it again, "a voice did suddenly depart from heaven into my soul, which said, 'Wilt thou leave thy sins and go to Heaven or have thy sins and go to Hell?' At this," he says, "I was put to an exceeding maze." Mr. Gwilym O. Griffith, who has given us a profound study of his character, well says, "What we now understand is that in Bunyan's soul, and for the instant between the first and second blow, eternity took the place of time."

But it was by the godly talk of some

February 15, 1932

three or four women sitting at a door in the sun that he was really arrested. In the opening of his heart to us in his book (scarcely less valuable than the Allegory) "Grace abounding to the Chief of Sinners" he tells us of it in such vivid language that Alexander Whyte says that we know those poor women "far better than if we lived next door to them all our days." Again and again he joined them and listened to their conversation; for days he would rejoice in the hope of acceptance with God and pardon of sin, and then he would for months be cast into the depths of despair. All the time he was seeking God, and all the time God was preparing him for the work he was destined to accomplish in the world. He had dreams and "Comforting times," hoped he had laid hold on Christ, and then for a year was haunted by the temptation to renounce what faith he had. "Sell Him, Sell Him," the tempter urged, until he thought all things asked for his damage and his eternal overthrow.

At length came the hour of complete deliverance. "Now did the chains fall off my legs indeed," he says. The miracle was wrought in his soul as he was passing through a field, and the word that came to him was "Thy righteousness is in Heaven." He saw that all the graces of this life were but as spending money in his purse, while "his gold was in his trunk at home, in Christ my Lord and Savior."

In Bunyan's Day England Was Reborn

and he fits into his time. The great English version of the Bible in its unequalled language had been given to the people in 1611; Shakespeare who died in 1616 had enriched the world with his writings; the Pilgrim Fathers had, for the faith they held dear, ventured across the Atlantic in 1620; the battle of Naseby which secured the liberties of England was fought on June 14, 1645; for all time, was fought on June 14, 1645; Cromwell became Lord Protector of England in 1653; Bunyan lived land from 1653 to 1683; Bunyan lived thirty years longer, during the reigns of Charles II and James II, and he had been dead but a few months when William of Orange came to the throne and declared the Protestant faith to be the faith of England. Bunyan was the great prophet of his time.

Soon after the light had shone clear in his own life, probably in 1653, he in his own life, probably in 1653, he joined the worshipping assembly in Bedford of which John Gafford was pastor, and was greatly helped by his ministry and friendship. In 1655 he began to preach, had crowds to hear him in front of the Moot Hall at Bedford, went further afield, and it was ever his desire to fulfill his ministry to go into the darkest places of the country, where the Gospel he preached proved itself to be the power of God unto salvation to many sinners. During this period he issued his first four books.

Early in his days of unclouded faith

he was baptized. He had grasped the simple truth that salvation comes before baptism, that baptism is a sign of salvation that has been received, and not a means of obtaining it. He describes a Christian "a visible saint he is, but not made by baptism; for he must be a visible saint before, else he ought not to be baptized." Yet in another place he says, "It is Love, not Baptism, that discovereth us to the world as Christ's disciples."

Though there is no record of the event, Frank Mott Harrison, the living expert on Bunyan matters, ventures to describe it. As baptism by immersion was prohibited by law and the person who baptized him, open to severe penalties, great caution was necessary. "So with watchers in all directions" and in the dead of night, a small group of members of St. John's congregation, gather at an inlet of the river Ouse. Many a tear falls from their eyes as they remember the young tinker in his unregenerate days and now behold him, witnessing to his faith. The sacred rite over, the little flock passes silently along the lane and with a grasp of the hand, and a whispered "God bless you" they disperse and Bunyan hastens back to his cottage home in Elstow.

Now Came the Prison Years

For some time the clouds had been gathering around the unauthorized preacher who was causing such commotion by his appeals to the people, and it was determined to silence him. Already early on November 12 when he went to preach to Samsell his enemies were on the watch. He was warned of his danger but refused to dismiss the meeting. Before long a constable appeared with a warrant for his apprehension, but on the assurance given by one of Bunyan's friends, that he would surrender himself on the morrow, he was allowed to return home. The next day he was brought before the magistrate, sent to prison, and after some weeks appeared before the Quarter Sessions, chiefly on the charge that he refused to use the "Book of Common Prayer." At the end he was sent to prison again and warned that if at the end of three months he did not forbear preaching he would be banished the realm, and if he were found in the country after that he must "stretch by the neck for it."

His wife, Elizabeth, the brave woman who had cast her lot with him and his four motherless children, made every effort for his release, but all to no purpose, in spite of the fact that some of the judges were on her side. So for twelve long years he was in the country gaol, allowed by the indulgence of his gaoler to visit his home occasionally, and once even to go so far as London, much to the displeasure of the Governor. He helped to maintain his family by making "many hundreds of long-togged leather laces," and it is even said that he made a flute

from the leg of a chair. He wrote twelve books large and small, and frequently preached to other prisoners, until on May 8, 1672, he was released as the result of an Act of Indulgence issued by Charles II.

Minister at Bedford

Anticipating this happy event the church at Bedford had on January 21 elected him as its minister. A great confluence of people gathered to hear him on the first Sunday of his freedom. On October 6 he presented his credentials to the Mayor of Leicester and thenceforth it seemed that there was no hindrance to his ministry.

But his troubles were not over. There were discussions in Parliament over the King's decree and those who opposed Bunyan took advantage of it to have a writ issued by the then Justice of the Peace, on which Bunyan was again thrown into prison, this time the town gaol of Bedford. Here he wrote the first part of the "Pilgrim's Progress," perhaps suggested by an actual dream, as he lay down on his hard pillow. The latter part of the story was evidently written in haste, as hints of his possible release reached him; and early in the summer of 1676, through the intervention of one of the greatest devines of the day, Dr. John Owen of London, Bishop Barlow of Lincoln issued an order for the prisoner's release.

A Power in the Land

With twelve more years before him he was incessant in the work of his Master. He was a power in the land, and did much to steady the hearts even of those who did not wholly accept his message. Always a Baptist, always insisting on the right of every human being to have direct access to God, through our Lord Jesus Christ, without the intervention of either prelate or priest, and always insisting on the privilege of the believer to confess his faith in the way appointed in the New Testament, he brought the joy of salvation to multitudes. In London twelve hundred people would gather and hear him as early as seven in the morning and about three thousand assembled on a Lord's Day.

His Death

Riding by way of Reading to London to fulfill such an engagement, he was soaked in the rain, and though he preached on Sunday, August 19, in Whitechapel, he never recovered, and on Friday, August 31, 1688, finished his course. Of his last hours we know nothing who wish to know so much. His body was laid to rest in Bunhill Fields, which vies with Greyfriars in Edinburgh for the number of holy dead it contains. George Fox, the Quaker, sleeps on a little green plot behind it, John Wesley at the back of City Road Chapel just opposite. It may be questioned whether the author of "Robinson Crusoe" or the

(Continued on page 15)

A Little Lie

A Little Lie was born one morn,
A feeble fib so white and small
It seemed too weak a thing to live,
Too innocent to count at all.

But ev'ry minute gave it strength,
By noon it had begun to talk;
By nightfall it was on its feet
And crookedly began to walk.

Another morn it was full-grown
And making many friends, forsooth;
Another night, and it was wed—
For reputation—to a Truth.

And from this union soon was born
Half-truths that nevermore would die;
For nothing is so hard to kill
As half a Truth and half a Lie.

So thus, one feeble little Lie
That someone told without a qualm
Lives on and on and multiplies.
An endless wrong, to endless harm!
—Wallace Dunbar Vincent,
in Association Men.

Where They Found Him

GEORGE H. MORRISON

"And when they found him."
Mark 1:37.

There are people of whom we say admiringly that we always know where we will find them. At any hour of any given day we know where they are to be met. But I venture to say with the most perfect reverence that no one could say that of Christ. That was one of the wonders of his life. Appointments may be precious, but what a charm there is in unexpected meetings, when suddenly in the crowd we see a face, and then the sun shines out even in December. People were always finding Christ like that, suddenly, in diverse places.

The Manger

Let us take the wise men from the East. They found him in a manger. It was the most unlikely place in the world for one who had been heralded by stars. I remember going down a coal-mine years ago with a friend. We stumbled along a mile of tunnel, and then came a man working in a hollow. My guide, who was the local minister, pointing to the stooping figure, said, "That is the brightest Christian in my parish." Then I thought of the wise men from the East finding Christ in that unlikely manger. I thought of the rowers upon the Lake of Galilee finding him upon the stormy sea. I thought of the penitent thief upon the cross finding the desire of all the nations amid the shame and agony of Calvary. That is one of the wonders of the Lord. He is found in the most unlikely places, in lives where one would never think to light on him, and in the most unpromising circumstances. He is found in India, in Manchuria, among the hills and glens of Livingstonia, and in the savage islands of the Pacific ocean. How often, studying the Old Testament, is the

Lord found in unlikely places; not in the royal splendors of Isaiah, but in seemingly desolate and barren tracts. So the magi, dreaming of kingly furnishings and of cradles wrought with curious art, found him a little babe among the beasts.

The Temple

Then, passing on a little, one remembers how his parents found him in the temple. Is is a story familiar to us all. The wisest sages of the land were there, but Mary and Joseph did not heed them. The courts were echoing with music, but I question if Mary heard it. Like a morning of sunshine after a night of weeping was the sight of Jesus to his mother's eyes, and she and Joseph found him in the church; not in the streets where rolled the tide of traffic; not amid the chaffering of bazaars; but in the beautiful place where God was worshiped, with its altar and mercy-seat. To this hour, wherever folk are gathered to worship God in singleness of heart, the Lord reveals himself as present. Through song and prayer, or when the word is preached, or in mystical ways the mind can never fathom, how many become conscious of that presence which makes all the difference in the world? What new meaning does it give to church-going if we practice it in the quiet assurance that we shall meet the chief among ten thousand there?

The Solitary Place

Again, one recalls how his disciples found him in the solitary place. To me that is of infinite suggestiveness. All the evening before he had been busy, healing sickness and working miracles. Virtue had been passing out of him, for when he gave a cure he gave himself. Then in the morning, long before the sunrise, he had risen and stolen quietly away; and they found him in the solitary place, all alone, round him the infinite solitude of nature. To me there is a parable in that. To many a young man there comes the day when his spirit is thrilled by Emerson or Shakespeare. But Shakespeare and Emerson do not stand alone; there are other essayists and other poets. You find them moving in a glorious company, and look at them and call them men of genius; but you find Christ in the solitary place. Genius is a thing of less, or more. It has its chosen child in every century. Genius may be an all-subduing flame, or it may be a tiny spark. But Christ is to regard him as belonging to a class; you find him in the solitary place. In the unconditional obedience he calls for, in his unparalleled and stupendous claims, in his immediate knowledge of the Father, in his total unconsciousness of sin, Christ stands alone, confronting every one of us. We find him in the solitary place.

The Common Highway

Lastly, one recalls that there were those who found him on the common highway. Who does not know the matchless story of the two who found him on the Emmaus road? There rolled the

wagon. There the chariot dashed. There marched the legions of the empire. There was the merchant traveling on business; there, the prodigal returning home. It was the common highway, free to everybody, open to the beggar and to the emperor; and there the two disciples found the Lord. Sometimes that common road is dusty. The heart faints and the feet grow weary on it. We wonder if we shall have strength to travel it till in the hour of evening we win home. But what a difference it makes, what a blessed and amazing difference, when like the two going to Emmaus we find him on the common road! He makes so much of our worrying ridiculous; we forget it all in company with him. He is so radiant, so full of loving hopefulness, so absolutely sure of God. In that companionship life blossoms. We have courage for the darkest mile. We recapture, even when the shadows are falling, the burning of the heart.—The British Weekly.

Never Ending Study

A young man who has interviewed more than three hundred leaders in various professions for magazines, was himself interviewed by an older man.

"You've interviewed young men, too," said the older man. "Tell me the outstanding difference between young men who succeed and those who do not."

"The failures think that they are through learning when they leave school," the young writer replied. "The men who get ahead realize that they merely have a foundation for never-ending study."

There was a time when a class of schools was known as seminaries. Ladies' seminaries were especially popular. The name seminary is now used only in connection with a few girls' schools and with institutions for the training of ministers. But the word is an expressive term. It means a place where seed is sown; that is all the schools can do for us. They sow the seed of knowledge and character in our minds and hearts, and hope that the harvest will be good.

Graduates are inclined to feel greatly honored to be known as alumni of the old school. But do they ever think about bringing honor to the school? Surely a graduate cannot fulfill his duty to the institution that has nurtured him when he is content merely to frame his diploma, hang it on the wall, and feel that his intellectual work is definitely completed.

The graduate who takes this attitude is bound to fail. We are living in a day when things are moving so swiftly that the mental sluggard must expect to take the dust. Recently a group of editors were talking over the problem of curriculum for Church schools. One member of the staff inquired, "When can we expect that the curriculum will be worked out to the point where it will 'stay put'?" Quickly came the answer, "Never." The needs are constantly varying, and these needs must be studied so they can be met. Social and industrial affairs are becoming

more and more complex. At a meeting of hardware retailers not long ago these forward looking business men were studying the changing conditions of the home, so that they could better meet the demands. They called in a man who had made a study of the situation to speak to them. He told how the home is changing, that many of the members of the home take their meals out, and that less cooking is being done now than in former years. A demand for cooking utensils still exists, but the needs are different today.

If the young graduate who attaches the numerals '32 to his name expects to be in the forward rank in '42, then he cannot afford to let his opportunities in the post-commencement days go by. Some high-school graduates are reading this. But they form a small per cent of the total number of readers. According to the Bureau of Education, out of every 1000 boys who enter the fifth grade in schools of the United States, only 342 start in high school. Of the latter only 139 graduate from high school. The figures for the girls are somewhat higher.

The best advice that can be given to this vast number of boys and girls who quit school before graduation, is to tell them to stay in school. For some of the graduates the best advice is, "Go to college." Those who do not go to college must realize that they merely have "a foundation for never-ending study."

Ten Points on Tithing

The doctrine of Christian stewardship is being ably and effectively advocated at the present time. Increasing numbers of devoted Christians are adopting the tithe as their minimum standard of giving to benevolent objects. A recent writer has given ten points in regard to tithing which are worthy of consideration:

1. The tithe has scriptural authority.
2. It is fair and business-like.
3. It removes the reproach that attends many of the methods used to raise money.
4. It will lift churches out of the attitude of the beggar.
5. It removes the necessity for spasmodic efforts and for high pressure collections.
6. It puts all the membership of the church on the same footing.
7. It leads usually to the full measure of stewardship.
8. It has the promise of the divine blessing.
9. It breaks down the wall of partition between the sacred and the secular.
10. It enables our churches to give themselves to the supreme task of soul-winning.

Have you been tithing in the past? Will you not be a tither in the future?—Kind Words.

John Bunyan

(Continued from page 13)

author of "Pilgrim's Progress" was the pioneer of the "English romance" though they belong to the same epoch, but one of our most recent novelists, describing Bunhill Fields says in "Angel Pavement": "Not only Defoe, but also Bunyan and Blake, that trio of God-haunted men, lie in the sooty earth, while their dreams and ecstasies still light the world."

The Baptists of the world claim Bunyan as intimately their own, and he was certainly one of the earliest Baptist confessors, though he belongs by right to the whole church of God.

Ling Tong Anniversary

(Concluded from page 7)

woodwork, plaster-of-paris casts, paintings, scrolls, model buildings, and needlework. Some of this work was well executed and while it perhaps would not count for much in the eyes of the utilitarian, it nevertheless constituted an interesting witness to the general Chinese aptitude for handicraft.

The second feature referred to was a series of entertainments in the evenings of Saturday, Sunday and Monday. Notices had been previously sent to each school asking that special plays be prepared to be given on these evenings. The schools responded and the dramatic programs for the evenings were crowded. A stage was built in front of the Boys' Grammar School, the play-ground with its enclosing hill-sides providing the amphitheater accommodating a thousand or more people each night. Big kerosene-gas lights turned night for the limited area into day, and the plays went merrily on for hours each evening. The Chinese greatly love the play and this was no doubt the most interesting feature of this occasion for many of them. Some of the plays were religious in character, especially that of Pilgrim's Progress, given by the Woman's School on Sunday evening. To our foreign way of thinking the use of theatricals was the least of the Anniversary exercises, but the Chinese do not think as we do and it is to be hoped that not a little joy and good came into the lives of those who featured and those who saw these plays.

On the whole it was a great occasion. Perhaps most significant of all impression was that gotten at the end when the shouting and the bustle had passed, when the moving, justling crowds had dispersed, and quiet and silence reigned is the wee hours of the next morning, the magnificent church still stood majestically upon its eminence, rock-ribbed and mute and yet beautifully eloquent of the truth that God in Christ has come to China and will stay until he has his will with his people. May we all with one mind and heart speed that day!

BEN L. BAKER,
Chaochowfu, via Swatow,
China.

Kityang, via Swatow, China,
November 7, 1931.

Dear Friends:

The above speaks for itself. It was written by our Mission Secretary, Dr. Ben L. Baker. We all have a share in and are proud of this memorial church at Kak-chich, across the bay from Swatow. Dr. Baker has omitted one thing: The church, including furniture, cost Mex. \$48,000, of which amount one-half was raised here on the field chiefly from Chinese and the other half was furnished by the Mission Society. As exchange has been very favorable during the past year it cost the home Board only about U. S. \$7000, and the building could not have been built in the U. S. for \$48,000. We are greatly pleased with the financial success of the venture.

Last week we had our Kityang Association meetings for two days and a half when the preachers and delegates from 25 out-stations met to review the work of the past year. We all felt that they were good meetings both as to the number in attendance and also the spirit of fellowship and co-operation. We have definitely turned the corner of the five or six lean years in religious work, and the number of baptisms is back to the largest number we ever had in a single year with 74 for the association year Nov. 1, 1930, to Oct. 31, 1931.

Wishing you all a merry Christmas and a happy New Year, we are

Cordially yours,

MR. AND MRS. E. H. GIEDT.

"I Ain't Gonna Give No More"

Here is a sermon in verse. It is written to the tune of a famous classical American song. The first four lines represent the plaint of the church member who has not caught the vision of the spiritual glory of giving, and the need of the church and the world.

The second verse represents a different spirit. We believe that most of our members will be able to sing in their souls the last four lines. Sing them to the tune, "It Ain't Gonna Rain No More."

Oh, I ain't gonna give no more, no more,
I ain't gonna give no more,
I gave last month and the month before,
And I ain't gonna give no more.

Oh, I guess you can give some more,
some more,
I guess you can give some more;
Though you gave last month and the month before,
I guess you can give some more.

* * *

The man who doubles up with mirth when a woman has difficulty in driving through a ten-foot garage door, usually sobers up when he tries to thread a needle.

* * *

You need not be afraid that you will not be polite enough, if only you are kind enough.

Delayed Report of Dedication of Church at Lehr, N. Dak.

Sunday, Nov. 22, was another red letter day for our Church at Lehr, when we had the pleasure of dedicating our remodeled church to the service of our God.

For several years we have been greatly troubled to make room for those who usually turn out whenever we would have a program, revival meetings, etc., so finally with the courageous leadership of our Rev. Abel, trusting that the Lord would provide the necessary funds and willing workers, work was commenced to tear down the five rooms in rear end of our church formerly used for parsonage, and enlarge the main floor of our church. Plans were made and carried out, so that we have one of the nicest and most convenient church buildings around here, with five Sunday school rooms, suitable also for B. Y. P. U. meeting rooms and other purposes. The whole interior was beautifully decorated, new light fixtures put in, the heating system remodeled, and those who had seen our church in past years are now amazed at what can be accomplished. The total cost of the improvement including labor is \$1300, all of which has been raised, in spite of hard times and adverse conditions.

Sunday, Nov. 22, was the day set for the dedication of our new church. All neighboring churches and their ministers had been invited, and preparations were made to feed the multitudes who are usually willing and glad to come out in Dakota; however, we were sadly disappointed, when a little blizzard set in Saturday, and Sunday there was a lot of snow on the ground, and roads were in bad shape; so that Sunday morning only Rev. A. Heringer of Venturia appeared as visiting minister, and just a small portion of the usual visitors on such occasions.

Rev. Heringer held a very inspiring dedicatory sermon, using as his text Isa. 54:2, and after dinner had been served we found Rev. A. Krombein of Fredonia, Rev. C. M. Knapp of Wishek, Rev. E. S. Fenske of Eureka and Rev. B. W. Krentz of Streeter on the platform. The choirs of Gackle and Lehr helped to make it a full day of joy, and for a fitting close of the services of the day our local Women's Missionary Society gave their annual program in the evening. It is to be regretted that on account of the poor weather and roads we could not have the usual attendance, and the collections or receipts for the day were only \$390, so that the load is just that much harder on our people.

Our Sunday school and church in the past year has grown wonderfully, and our hope and prayer is that this newly dedicated house of God may be the future spiritual haven of many a lost sinner.

MISS BERTHA KRAUSE, Reporter.

News from the St. Louis B. Y. P. U.

Quite a long interval has elapsed since the St. Louis Park Church was last heard from, but we are still striving to carry on the work of our Master, to the best of our ability. As we look back over the past year, we can truthfully say, "The Lord has done great things for us, whereof we are glad."

Under the able leadership of our beloved pastor, Rev. Thomas Stoeri, and our educational director, Mr. A. H. Blattner—who, incidentally, is president of the city-wide B. Y. P. U. of St. Louis—our total B. Y. P. U. enrolment has grown from 61 in 1930 to 154 in 1931. In 1930 we had one Senior, one Intermediate and one Junior union, but in 1931 we organized three new unions. A Story Hour was organized for all children under the Junior age; a new Adult union for all those over twenty-five; and we also divided our Intermediate department into two separate unions—one for those 13 and 14, and one for those 15 and 16 years of age.

In November of 1931 we held a B. Y. P. U. Study Course, in co-operation with the city B. Y. P. U. program. We had two courses for the Seniors, "The Senior Manual" and "Books of the Bible;" two courses for the Intermediates, "The Intermediate B. Y. P. U. Manual" and "Training in Bible Study;" and one course for the Juniors, "Bible Heroes." All who took any of these courses were certainly richly blessed, and we owe a debt of gratitude to those who so nobly gave of their time and talent to teach these courses for us.

Each of our unions is trying to do its share in the kingdom of the Master, and it is our earnest prayer that God in his goodness will bless us this year 1932 as he has blessed us in the past. May we always "study to show ourselves approved unto God, workmen that need not be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth!"

REPORTER (N. G.)

Living Our Thanks

The following statistics from the "American Education Digest" may serve to illustrate the message:

How We Spend Our Money

Living expenses	24½ %
Luxuries	22 %
Wasted	14 %
Miscellaneous	13½ %
Investment	11 %
Crime	8½ %
Government	4½ %
School	1¼ %
Church	¾ %

Is the last item a worthy answer to the question, "What shall I render unto Jehovah for all his benefits toward me?"

Her Petition

The four-year-old was away from home. At bedtime she knelt at the knee of her hostess to say her prayers, expecting the usual prompting. Finding the lady unable to help her out, the child concluded thus:

"Please, God, excuse me. I can't remember my prayers, and I'm staying with a lady who don't know any."

Trust God, go ahead, and you will pass through the shadows into the sunlight of confidence and hope.

Songs for Male Chorus or Quartet

My Mother's Love	price 12 cts.
Come, Come, Ye Saints }	price 15 cts.
If We Only Understood }	

For solo voices

Let Your Words Ring True	price 30 cts.
*Mother of Mine	price 35 cts.
Someone Will Care	price 35 cts.

* also for duet or terzet

"Melos" Music Publishing House

424 Gates Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Easter Cards for the Easter Season

These cards you can buy of us at bargain prices because, frankly, we are overstocked; we have too many for this year of depression and so the prices come down. These special prices are good as long as the stock lasts.

Easter Cards with Envelopes

Beautiful in design and execution

Fully assorted

10 cards with envelopes 15 cts.

Easter Crosses

Much in demand. Especially suited to teachers to give to their scholars or Sunday schools for all the children on Easter Sunday.

Three Lots

- No. 1. Two designs with suitable Scripture text. Hundred for \$1.00.
- No. 2. Two designs with suitable Scripture text. Hundred for \$1.50.
- No. 3. One design with Easter greetings. Hundred for 50 cts.

Easter Post Cards

So well suited to mailing individually. Rich Easter floral designs reminding one of the beautiful Springtime.

15 cts. the dozen

A Few Choice Easter Folders

Fully assorted with envelopes.

Package of ten 40 cts.

Order early of the

German Baptist Publication Society