

The Baptist Herald

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

Volume Ten

CLEVELAND, O., JUNE 1, 1932

Number Eleven

OUR FINANCES

A careful study of our detailed financial statement as of April 30, 1932, will fill our hearts with thanksgiving toward our Heavenly Father that he has so graciously provided for our denominational needs.

BUDGET RECEIPTS

August 1, 1931, to April 30, 1932.....	\$82,898.02
During April, 1932	\$15,298.76

Comparing our budget receipts during the nine months closing April 30, 1932, with the budget receipts during the nine months closing April 30, 1929, we observe that during these last nine months we have received but \$17,000 less than during the same nine months of the previous triennium. Taking into consideration the seriousness and the long duration of the present depression, we believe that we have every reason to be encouraged. Every day the Lord is giving us new evidence of his helpful co-operation with us.

CHILDREN'S DAY will be observed by all our Sunday schools on the second Sunday in June. This is our most popular early summer Sunday school festival. In past years our Sunday schools have contributed very generously toward our Chapel Building Department. Every dollar given this year will be worth more than ever before.

In response to our recent announcement we have received considerable OLD GOLD FOR MISSIONS. We are just waiting for your OLD GOLD before converting our entire collection into mission money by way of the smelter's crucible.

The Finance Committee
Box 6,
Forest Park, Ill.

What's Happening

Rev. Wm. L. Schoeffel has accepted a unanimous call from the Knoxville Baptist Church, Pittsburgh, Pa. Bro. Schoeffel has been supplying this church for a number of months.

"The Nova Bugle," published by the Fellowship Commission of the Avon, S. Dak., B. Y. P. U., featured Easter and Mother's Day in recent numbers. "Nova" is Avon in reverse. The bulletin is issued monthly. The society is doing good work.

The B. Y. P. U. of the Temple Church, Pittsburgh, Pa., was again awarded the cup in the South Hills Group Contest. The society is making progress. There are 33 members in the senior group, not counting the intermediate and junior groups.

The Philomathean Society of the Calvary Baptist Church, Pekin, Ill., has been reorganized and in future will be known as the Brotherhood of Calvary Baptist Church. The place of meeting, instead of being in the homes of the members, will now be in the church.

The German Baptist Church of New Haven, Conn., has the honorable distinction of having ten of its members enter the ministry or missionary service at home and abroad during the 75 years of its existence. Dr. F. W. Meyer, who is physician and surgeon at the Emmanuel Hospital at Capiz, Philippine Islands, since 1919, is a member of this church.

The Brotherhood of the Humboldt Park Church, Chicago, celebrated its second anniversary on April 12. The Rev. C. A. Daniel was the main speaker. His topic was, "Abraham Lincoln." The officers gave the usual reports. The male chorus sang a number of songs. Spokesmen from other brotherhoods conveyed words of cheer and good wishes. About 70 were present.

The 100th anniversary of the writing of the national hymn, "America," was celebrated Feb. 28 by First Baptist church, Needham, Mass. Rev. Samuel F. Smith, the author of the hymn, served as pastor of the Needham church from 1866 to 1873, and for a brief period at a later date. His famous hymn was written while he was a student at Andover seminary, in 1832.

The First German Baptist Church of New Haven, Conn., Rev. Julius Kaaz, pastor, published a very fine souvenir program of 22 pages on the occasion of its recent 75th anniversary. It contains a history of 75 years of service of the church, the Sunday school and other organizations of the church, winding up with a membership list of the church at the present time. The program is finely

illustrated with pictures of former pastors and various other groups and persons.

A cablegram from Rangoon brings news of the death of Mrs. George J. Geis, at Myitkyina, Burma, on April 28, a missionary of the American Baptist Foreign Mission Society for forty years. Mr. and Mrs. Geis sailed for Burma in 1892, and a year later were assigned to work among the Kachins, then a wild hills' people, where they did real pioneer service and won many converts. In 1918 they were designated to the Philippine Islands to take charge of the evangelistic work in the Capiz area and in 1923 were again sent to the Kachin work in Myitkyina, where they have remained to the present time. Mrs. Geis' church membership was with the Andrews Street Church, Rochester, N. Y. Many of our readers will remember the addresses of Bro. and Sister Geis at the General Conference in Detroit last summer shortly before they again sailed for Burma at the close of their furlough. We extend our sincerest sympathy to Bro. Geis and family in this bereavement. A faithful worker has gone to her heavenly reward.

Baptist World Alliance in Berlin, Germany, 1933

The General Missionary Committee has already appointed a Special Transportation Committee for the meeting of the Baptist World Alliance in Berlin, Germany, 1933. The committee is composed of the following: E. Elmer Staub, H. P. Donner, William Kuhn. The committee has already begun negotiations to make the necessary arrangements and in due time public announcement will be made. The committee will endeavor to render the very best service to all those who are planning to attend these meetings of the Baptist World Alliance in Berlin in 1933.

B. Y. P. U. Organized in Lehr, N. Dak.

On March 12, 1932, the young people of Lehr had the opportunity of meeting for the purpose of organizing a B. Y. P. U. Our minister, Rev. J. J. Abel, was appointed and acted as temporary chairman, and Miss Ida Bauer acted as temporary secretary.

The following officers were elected: Rev. J. J. Abel, president; Miss Emma Bauer, vice-president; Fred J. Wolfe, secretary; and Jacob V. Lang, treasurer.

The Constitution Committee was appointed by the B. Y. P. U. and consists of the following members: Mrs. J. J. Abel, Walter Gabel, Mrs. John Kranzler, Ida Bauer, and Theodore Lang.

The B. Y. P. U. has created considerable interest in the Baptist church, and we are more than pleased to say that all members are very active. At one of the meetings of the officers it was decided that different members of the organization would be called upon to conduct services, and thus far the plan has proven to be a grand success. It was also our privilege to conduct a Bible reading contest whereby the young people had the opportunity to display their enthusiasm and ability, and needless to say, it aroused an abundance of interest, not only among the young folks, but also among the older people that attended the meetings.

We have a membership of 58 at present, and expect to have many more before long. It is our constant desire to construct an organization that will remain here for years to come. Our motto is "Backbone Not Wishbone," and as long as we all pull on the tug of prosperity, we will no doubt be blessed.

We meet every Sunday evening, one-half hour before church services begin, and conduct a short program, such as musical programs, various singing, prayer meetings, etc. Our attendance consists of not only members of our B. Y. P. U. but also of a lot of visitors.

The Lord is with us in our services, and we can say gladly that we have been greatly blessed. Our earnest prayer is to continue in the good work.

F. J. WOLFE, Sec.

The Baptist Herald

Published semi-monthly by the
GERMAN BAPTIST PUBLICATION SOCIETY
3734 Payne Avenue Cleveland, Ohio

Rev. A. P. Mihm, Editor

Contributing Editors:

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

"The Baptist Herald" is a denominational periodical devoted to the interests of the German Baptist Young People's and Sunday School Workers' Union at the subscription price of \$1.25 a Year.

(24 cents additional to foreign countries)

Advertising rates, 60 cents per inch single column, 2½ inches wide.

All editorial correspondence is to be addressed to Rev. A. P. Mihm, 7346 Madison St., Forest Park, Ill.

All business correspondence to German Baptist Publication Society, 3734 Payne Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

Entered as second-class matter January 9, 1923, at the post office at Cleveland, Ohio, under the act of March 3, 1879.

The Baptist Herald

If There Were No Children

IF there were no children, dreary indeed would be our today. In our hearts we thank God for the delightful burden; we are grateful for the sublime responsibility; we appreciate the inspiring trust. To us now comes the privilege of proving our gratitude to God for his priceless gift of childhood. Let us take seriously our responsibility to teach and to train these little ones for their future places in this world and the next.

If there were no children, hopeless indeed would be our tomorrow. They are the key to the future. They are the hope of the world. The destiny of the world is being determined today, not in senate chambers and parliaments but in the boyhood and girlhood of the races. They are "the fragile beginnings of a mighty end." They are the solution of the world's great problems. From childhood we have received much; to childhood we owe much.—Nan F. Weeks in Westminster Teacher.

Recognizing the Worth of Childhood

TO be able to recognize values is a great achievement. True worth is not always accurately gauged by crude estimates, and gifted is that person who is able to detect possibilities. Many boys had watched a kettle's contents boil and raise the lid, but it took a Watt to recognize the possibilities of steam. Countless boys had been flying kites before Franklin's mind discerned the secrets of electricity. It is said that the priceless Koh-i-noor diamond was the plaything of some African children in their grass hut until a discriminating traveler discovered its real worth.

Jesus of Nazareth was a master in the art of recognizing values. He never failed to see the plus sign in the personality of a child. He appreciated the worth of childhood. "He called to him a little child, and set him in the midst." The Son of God deemed it worth his while, in the midst of his busy life, to go to the home of Jairus to restore to life a little girl. The great Messiah in his kindly service of providing food for a hungry multitude accepted the help of a boy. The King of kings graciously said, "Suffer the little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me."

* * *

To childhood the world owes a tremendous debt of gratitude. Our heritage of civilization has come to us from the hands of children. Their helplessness has been man's challenge; their weakness has made him strong; their comfort has been his incentive and his reward.

Building Character

JOHN WOBIG

DYING, Horace Greeley exclaimed, "Fame is a vapor, popularity an accident, riches take wings, those who cheer today will curse to morrow, only one thing endures—character." These mighty words bid all remember that life's one task is the molding of character. Webster in defining character says, "Character is the sum of qualities or features, by which a person is distinguished from others, or a trait serving as an index of the inner nature of a person."

The Inner World of Man and Character

Thus character building has to do with the inner nature of man, and in building character man must first realize the idea of an inner world. An inner world consisting of a conscience, God's crowning gift to man, telling man what he must, and what he must not do. Reason is a noble and kingly faculty, turning reveries into orations and conversations into books. Imagination is a stately and divine gift, turning thoughts into poems and blocks of stone into statues. Great are the joys of memory, that gallery stored with pictures of the past. But there is no genius of mind or heart comparable to a vigorous conscience, magisterial, clear-eyed, wide-looking. Man is a pilgrim and conscience is his guide, leading him safely through forests and thickets, restraining from the paths of wrong, pointing out the ways of right. Man is a voyager and conscience is his compass. The sails may be swept away, and the engines stopped, but the voyage may yet be saved if the compass is kept. It may be possible to sustain loss of wealth, friends and honors, but no man can sustain loss of conscience. It is the soul's eye. The soul, which also consists of the inner world. A soul that lives on and that needs a preparation in this life for the world beyond. This human soul, the image of God, ought not to be dissipating its strength on trifles and on the pleasures of this world. It ought to hear the challenge of the higher life and grow forever. The master effort of the soul of man, in the building of character, is to aim at moral perfection.

Guarding Our Actions

Secondly, with this idea of an inner world consisting of a conscience and a soul fully inaugurated in one's mind, man must exercise constant watchfulness over himself.

One needs at all times to guard his actions and conduct against the multitudinous number of foes that may ruin a life grandly begun. Certain it is that men's characters change from the white inno-

cence of youth to the black sinfulness of iniquity, and men get so accustomed to seeing that sort of transformation that it often happens without any serious alarm, simply because they neglected to guard their actions and conduct. How much better it is to go through life with an earnest eye, a kind face, and pleasant manners.

Then it must not be forgotten to watch over one's conversation. One who wishes to build a strong character must not use slang, tell untruths, dwell upon faults of others, or exaggerate things. A bitter tongue is very fatal. No one wants to associate with one who is continually complaining and criticizing. In Proverbs we read, "A wholesome tongue is a tree of life," and again "Whosoever keepeth his tongue keepeth his soul."

Watching Over Habits

Another thing we need to keep under surveillance is our habits. Habits reveal personality. First the river digs the channel, then the channel controls the river, and when the faculties by repetition, have formed habits, those habits become groves and channels for controlling the faculties. Many a body bears the marks of a neglected character, because the faculties have been allowed to form bad habits.

We need especially to keep a watchful eye on our bodily, mental and spiritual habits. Bodily habits, such as pertain to our health and our manners. Mental habits, such as pertain to our reading, temperament, etc., and spiritual habits, such as pertain to our relations toward our God. It is stated that Jesus advanced in wisdom, and stature, and in favor with God and men. That is to say he advanced intellectually, physically, socially and spiritually. Those are habits that are praiseworthy. May we take him as our example in forming our habits.

One of the largest stones ever quarried, until recently, in this country was the monolith for the General Worth Monument erected in New York. This shaft weighed one hundred and seventy-five tons when quarried. After it was all ready for erection, having been quarried at an enormous expense, its was found to contain a slight defect, and the contractor was obliged to furnish another. How sad the tragedy when a human character has passed through all the workshops of life and is at last thrown aside because of defects which have been overlooked amid the dusty and noisy experiences of this world's quarry. Let us be watchful over our actions, conduct, conversation and habits.

Exercise Resolute Efforts

Finally, man must exert a resolute and self-denying effort in his personal decisions in building character. Every step taken toward the resistance of temptations and the overcoming of self-pride is a victory won in paving the way for the attainment of the higher and nobler life. We must try to cultivate the power to resist opposing obstacles and it will revolutionize our whole life. Put forth a reso-

lute effort for the attainment of the qualities of a good character. Fight for high ideals.

Thus unto man slowly building up his character comes the supreme ideal, when Jesus Christ stands forth fully revealed in his splendor. He is no empty attraction, no bloodless theory but bone of our bone, brother of our own body and breath, yet marred by no weakness, scarred by no sin, tossing back temptations as Gibraltar tosses back the sea's billows and the bits of driftwood. Strong, he subdued his strength in the day of battle, and bore himself like iron. Yet he was so gentle that he ministered to the needs of the little children. Nor could he be holden of the bands of death, for he clove a pathway through the grave, and made death's night to shine as day. Oh what a model for the molding of our characters! Having him, man has not only his teacher and Savior, but also his master and model, fulfilling all the needs of the highest manhood and the noblest character.

Rightly Valuing Character Traits

So true character will ever come to its own in the end. Some one has truly said, "Sow an act and you reap a habit; sow a habit and you reap a character; sow a character and you reap a destiny." Value highly the traits of a good character and strive for them. What beauty is to the statue, ripeness to the fruit, strength to the body, wisdom to reason, that character is to the soul.

A band of Apache Indians once captured the army paymaster's safe in the Western Mountains. The safe contained about seven thousand dollars in greenbacks. It weighed four thousand pounds and worked with a combination. They were very anxious to get hold of the money. They first pounded off the knob with stones, thinking the door could then be pried open. It was a failure. They next tried fire, but that kept them as far from the money as ever. They tried to burst it open by tumbling it over a precipice, but the only damage done was to break off the wheels. Next they tried to soak it, but it remained as hard as ever. Then they tried gunpowder, only to badly burn themselves. Finally they tumbled it into a deep ravine and left it there. Fourteen months later the government found it. It was a rusty, dented, lonesome-looking safe, but when it was brought into the fort and the door was opened it yielded up its contents without the loss of a dollar.

True character is like that. You may put it through the fires of temptation, you may stone it as they did Stephen, but if it is real Christian character it will keep its treasure secure and bring it forth at last to be honored of God and man.

* * *

I feel a profounder reverence for a boy than a man. I never meet a ragged boy on the street without feeling that I owe him a salute, for I know not what possibilities may be buttoned up under his shabby coat.—President Garfield.

Look Before You Love!

CHAS. W. KOLLER

IN the perfect love story recorded in Genesis 24, the usual order of popular love stories is completely reversed. Instead of love at first sight and then a delightful succession of chapters throbbing with overpowering emotions of love, this magic word is neither mentioned nor suggested until the very last sentence is reached; and there three little words are made to suffice: "He loved her."

The author, by divine inspiration, devotes sixty-six ponderous verses to the quest, and three monosyllables to its blissful realization. The peculiar composition of the love story gives emphasis to two significant facts: first, that a vast amount of careful looking should precede the loving; and secondly, that love is inevitable when the vital requirements of a successful quest have been met.

Customs and Methods of Choosing a Life Companion may change with every generation, but principles never. In the days of Abraham and Isaac the full responsibility rested upon the father. Modern customs and circumstances have shifted the burden mainly to the shoulders of the youth himself. Yet, if he would make a happy choice and escape the unutterable tragedy of being wrongly mated, he must follow certain definite principles laid down in the chapter indicated.

Young people greatly err when they imagine that love at the marriage altar is a guarantee of a happy marriage. Among the multitudes whose lives have been ruined by unwise marriages, the overwhelming majority were deeply in love when they married. As thousands have found, it is just as easy to love the wrong person as the right one. And after love takes hold it is too late to look, too late to consult parents, and usually too late to pray. Love is not therefore to be despised, but to be directed, cultivated, and safeguarded as the most precious thing in human relationships. But love, when joining one to the wrong person or things, may become the supreme tragedy, destroying body, mind, and soul for time and eternity. Therefore, look before you love!

In Choosing a Wife for Isaac,

the father was profoundly conscious of his responsibility toward God, toward the son and the daughter-in-law, and toward unborn generations to come. A youth choosing for himself is bound by the same responsibilities and cautioned to take the same thoughtful approach to his task. The patriarch insisted that the bride be not of the Canaanites, whose heathenism would fashion the home and color the family life and perhaps destroy Isaac's heritage of godliness. Obvious considerations of course were not overlooked. Personality is important; health is important; character is important; family relationships are important; but incomparably more important is the religious status of the prospective bride or groom. Love usually rises or sinks to the

level of its object; and what shall it profit a man if he win the most charming, the most cultured, the most beautiful bride in the whole world, and lose his own soul? Abraham knew that

God Would Lead in the Quest

He always does, if one is willing to be lead. God has been thinking of people in pairs since he created the first woman; and happiness depends not upon finding a companion of our own choice but upon finding the partner whom God has chosen. As Abraham well knew, the right person must be sought in the right place; and he took particular pains thus to instruct his servant. And the servant, charged with locating the maiden whom God had chosen for Isaac, went forth supported by the prayers of the patriarch and feeling his way through the medium of his own prayers. What superb wisdom he displayed! He prayed before he looked, not daring to wait until he had seen the damsel, whose charm and beauty might have swept him off his feet and blinded him with enthusiasm. Look before you love; but pray even before you look!

The story closes beautifully, with the bridegroom conducting the bride into his mother's tent, where she worthily filled the place in his life left void by the death of his mother. He finds in her a worthy substitute for mother; and she finds in him a worthy substitute for the father whose home she has left to become a bride. Only with this confidence, grounded in absolute conviction, should maiden or lover approach the marriage altar.

Are you worthy of the uncritical confidence with which someone deeply in love would receive you? And is your destiny to be safely entrusted to the object of your affection? Then, if the quest has been thoughtful, prayerful, and Spirit-guided, followed by marriage that Christ can honor with his presence and a home congenial to his continued presence, happiness is inevitable.

But look before you love!

Qualities Helpful with Children

IN all work with children be natural. Their sharp eyes will instantly detect any pretense or hypocrisy. Be sunny and merry, for they dearly love fun. Be humble, and expect to learn as much from them as you teach them—perhaps more. Be trustful, and expect great things from every one of them. Be prayerful, and seek at every turn the guidance of the Holy Spirit. Do not work alone, but associate yourself with others in this blessed work. And above all things hold before yourself at every turn the great example of the divine child-lover, Jesus Christ.

* * *

It will grieve the dear Savior in heaven
If one little child shall go wrong—
Be lost from the fold and the shelter,
Shut out from the feast and the song.

—Margaret Sangster.



Children's Shelter, Bronx County, N. Y.

A Noble Work and a Large-Hearted Man

While the Editor of the "Baptist Herald" was in New York City recently on the occasion of the Diamond Jubilee of the Third German Baptist Church, it was his privilege to come again in personal contact with a friend of long standing in the church there, Bro. Frederick A. Wurzbach. Bro. Wurzbach has been connected with the Third Church for more than 40 years, and has served in various official capacities during this long period. He was a loyal supporter of Rev. R. Hoefflin during his long ministry with the church and a deep, intimate friendship existed between "H" and "W" as they familiarly designated each other. Not only to his church has Bro. Wurzbach given generously of his personality and of his means but the wider Baptist Work of the Metropolis has had a large place in his interest, his time and his purse. For many years he has been a valued member of the board of the Baptist Mission Society of the City of New York. Our German Baptist denomination is honored in having faithful and devoted laymen and eminent business men of this type in its membership.

A Noble Achievement

But it is of another work, a philanthropic work, a humanitarian enterprise, a public-welfare achievement of which Bro. Wurzbach has been heart and soul for many years, that we wish to speak of in this article. We refer to the Bronx County Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children of which Bro. Wurzbach is founder and has been its first and only president since its inception some 17 years ago. The story of its beginnings and its remarkable growth and development from the humble start is a marvelous one. When one sees the present splendid building which houses the society and forms the center of its humane activities, a realization comes over the beholder: Here is indeed a noble achievement and the secret of its success under God is in great measure due to a large-hearted man who possesses

the Spirit of the Good Samaritan, yes, the spirit of our Divine Master. For this society which takes care of neglected and abused children and is their protector and advocate, and helper is surely after the heart of Him, who placed a little child in the midst of his disciples and said: "He that receiveth one of these little ones in my name, receiveth me."

It was our opportunity with a number of other friends to be shown through the well-equipped, commodious building of the Children's Shelter from top to bottom by the President himself on the occasion of our visit, to have all its uses explained, to meet its personelle and to behold a beneficent operation. It was our privilege to interview Bro. Wurzbach and to draw out from him the story of this project which is so dear to his heart. He is naturally an eloquent and magnetic talker but when you get him started on the Children's Society you liberate the enthusiastic springs of his very soul.

From this interview we gleaned the following story which makes the heart-strings vibrate as you listen to it.

A Stirring Story

"It was back early in 1915 when a party of our leading citizens, comprised mainly of lawyers and judges, had a meeting at the Bar Association for a conference as to the necessity of starting an organization such as this. After a couple of hours of debate among the some hundred or one hundred and fifty men present, it was decided to form an organization.

"I was," said Bro. Wurzbach, "temporary chairman of that meeting and finally it came to the election of officers. The thought was expressed and for a time carried out that the man to head it should be an outstanding citizen. The names of four or five prominent New Yorkers were mentioned. Then business proceeded to the election of vice-president, treasurer, secretary and directors. The election of directors had been about half-way finished when one of our leading attorneys arose to a point of order. As temporary chairman I recognized him of course and granted him the floor. He

made an address of some six or eight minutes, stating the fact that we were on the wrong road, that we were erecting and building a body without a head. He had listened to and thought about the suggestion which had been made for men to head the Association, overlooking the possibilities right in our midst. Then he went on to extol the merits of a certain individual. We were all attention and I was the least sure of any man there who had any idea whom he was referring to, until he said, 'I now nominate Mr. Frederick A. Wurzbach.' Amidst a most terrific din and uproar I arose to my feet, and with both hands outstretched I tried to quiet them, but it was of no use. It seemed every man in the hall had seconded it. Someone during all this put the motion and again a great howl followed the 'Ayes.'

When quiet was restored I told them that I recognized my limitations and



F. A. Wurzbach

could not accept it. When we adjourned I told them we were adjourning without having elected a President. A committee of two or three Judges and Attorneys were named to talk with me and try to convince me that I was the man for the job. It required thirty days for them to convince me that I must say 'Yes,' which I did. So much for the organization.

Humble Beginnings

We had not a dollar. I hired the third floor of an apartment house on 137th Street for twenty-five dollars a month. A little later we took the floor above—that made fifty dollars a month, or six hundred dollars rental a year. I then engaged a good woman as Matron for six hundred dollars a year and two men for officers at the same figure. We did the work in this limited space, but of course continuously with additional labor up to a little over five years ago.

Then we entered this beautiful palatial home on the Grand Concourse, which represents something over half a million of dollars. The night of the organization meeting it was understood and made quite clear that the work would be strictly non-sectarian. The result is that we have eight Protestants, eight Jews and eight Catholics on our Board. This ratio has been maintained effectively and religiously. If a Jew dies or resigns, an outstanding Jew must be found to take his place. The same holds

good if it were a Protestant or a Catholic. I have on our Board leading men of our County. There is no organization either financial, religious or political that carries with it a higher prestige or what is considered more honorable to be part of than this organization. I have been told time and time again, and from my experiences I thoroughly believe that no position in this County of nearly one and a half million people carries with it more honor than that of the Presidency of the Bronx County S. P. C. C.

Dealing With Souls

But with the honor also the greatest responsibility. We are not dealing with corner lots, apartment houses or skyscrapers. We are dealing with human souls of whom nearly fifty-three thousand have come under our care during the past seventeen years. While this is a semi-penal institution, it would never be so considered by any child who comes under our care and whose home this happens to be for anywhere from a day to six months. Nor would it be so considered by any grown-up who enters our portals. It is a home where love and affection are fundamental.

In other words, the love and thought and ideals of the president have impregnated the work. We have a Matron, eight assistants to the matron, a cook, two colored girls for cleaning, a manager, a superintendent, eight men and one woman officer. Besides this we have book-keepers and stenographers. The first year our overhead expenses were about forty-five hundred dollars. Today our budget is ninety-two thousand dollars. A part of this is furnished by the City of New York and the other half we must raise.

Any child in this County picked up by our own officers, or by any one of the twenty-four hundred policemen in this County must be brought to this Shelter. We are open twenty-four hours of the day. Our work is with the child under sixteen only.

Champion of the Abused Child

We prosecute all the adults who commit crimes against the child. It may be a wayward child, either boy or girl. It may be one over whom the parents have no influence. It may be a child whom a crime has been committed against. Anyone from lack of care, either mental or physical up to the crime of rape, which is of course the most serious of all, which the world would be astonished at if they knew the amount of these cases which we have in the course of a year, where girls of tender ages suffer from the acts of grown-up brutes. There are today in the jails and penitentiaries of this State men and women whose total amount of sentences are over fifteen hundred years because of such heinous crimes.

We find homes where father and mother abandon their children and have gone to parts unknown. Our arm reaches not alone to our local courts but also to

the State Courts and the Interstate Courts and very frequently to the Federal Courts. When one has committed a dastardly crime against a child we have the tenacity of a bull dog. We never stop until we get him. The most distant point has been Buenos Aires, South America.

It is but natural that we run up against and must fight influence. This influence might be religious, financial or political, and I want to say that none of them, be they what they may, have ever gotten away with anything when it came to a crime against a child.

I recognize nothing but the most severe justice. I never permit the old saying of 'tempering justice with mercy' to cross my path. They show no mercy when they are committing a crime, why should we show any afterwards?

We differ a bit, from other societies, insofar that we have and do occasionally go in where poverty reigns. We have once and again been able to go into the jail and take out the father upon whom a wife and possibly a half dozen children were dependent for their livelihood, and place him back in the midst of his family.

We have cases where poverty reigns supreme, but where love and affection, not alone between parents, but between parent and child were extremely deep, which in themselves again required action of a different nature and such action was taken.

"Baby Farms"

Then again, the so-called 'baby farm' requires a lot of attention. No, we don't grow babies on this farm. However, as most of the medical men know, hundreds, yes, perhaps thousands of little lives are brought into the world which are not wanted, and at the earliest moment are left by the mother. Many cases have we had where the mother escaped from the hospital and left her child to the care of anyone who would care for it. How many are left on the door steps, in halls, in churches. These little lives build up the baby farm. We find a good woman here or there who has an apartment, little or no income, desirous of doing something. She forwards her application; then her character is carefully looked up, her apartment is scrutinized and if found O.K. she receives a permit to board anywhere from one to ten so-called 'city babies' for which the city pays her a monthly amount per baby.

These farms must be watched and examined. Every once in so often and unannounced, we visit them, examine every child, and if they are not old enough to speak, we look for bruises or marks of any kind, and closely examine the beds, the ticking, the sheets, the covers, the pillows. Then into the pantry to examine the foods, and unless all is satisfactory, the license is revoked, the babies are taken away and placed in some other home."

So far the story. It is only a story in part of what this Society does. Bro. Wurzbach retired from manufacturing business a few years ago, but is found every morning at his beautiful office in the "Children's Shelter." It is his great business now,—no salary attached—but a great labor of love. We are glad that the Master, who loved and defended children, has raised him up to be a large-hearted defender and champion of "his little ones." May God bless and continue to use him many years more in this benevolent and humane work!

A. P. M.

Mother's Day Program at Gladwin, Mich.

The King's Daughters of the Round Lake Baptist Church of Gladwin, Mich., gave an interesting program the evening of May 8. A large crowd was in attendance.

All mothers of the church upon entering were requested by the ushers to enter the basement until the program should commence. At that time, to soft strains of music, they entered the church by twos, preceded by two King's Daughters, Helen Gertz, our vice-president, carrying a bouquet of red carnations, and Helen Peck, our secretary, carrying a bouquet of white carnations.

The mothers entered the pews which had been reserved for them, and the flower carriers proceeded to the platform, followed by the entire class of King's Daughters. Appropriate verses in remembrance of our living mothers and in remembrance of the departed mothers were spoken by these two girls. Then the class sang "Blessed be the tie that binds Our hearts to Mother's Love."

After this a short portion of the Scripture was read by our vice-president, and then the entire class took part in a responsive reading of questions and answers about Bible mothers. After finishing, our president, Susan Schilling, requested the congregation to rise and join the King's Daughters in the Lord's Prayer. After this the class left the platform, and our president took charge of the remaining part of the program, which consisted of interesting recitations, dialogs, and musical numbers, and a talk by our minister. The program completed, the congregation remained seated while the mothers marched out of the church. Then all were invited into the basement for refreshments, which consisted of coffee, cake and sandwiches, which they all enjoyed.

After the refreshments the 6 red carnations were presented to the 6 oldest living mothers of our church, and the 6 white carnations were presented to the nearest relatives of our 6 oldest departed mothers.

We hope everyone left the church with a deeper respect and love for their mothers and with a sincere desire to make every day a Mother's Day.

S. SCHILLING.

THE WHITE LADY

By GRACE LIVINGSTONE HILL

Copyright by J. B. Lippincott Co. 1930

(Continuation)

Chapter XVI

The minister knelt long beside his study chair that night. How soon might he go and tell her more about his Lord? It must not be at once, for he must go cautiously. There were many tongues to wag in Rushville, and they made as loud a clamor as the katydids when they began. He did not wish to have them turned upon him. He could almost imagine it. "Mr. Endicott did! Yes, he did! I know he did!" and few would be the voices on the other side to say: "No, he didn't! I say he didn't!" He must just put the matter into the hands of the Lord, and ask him when to go. There would be some guidance, he felt sure. With all his heart he wished a way might open for him to visit Miss Wetherill frequently for the music and the talk had put into his life an element which had been lacking since he left college, and for which he often felt a great longing. There were few people of culture in in Rushville, there were many quiet homes of true refinement, where the opportunities for culture had been lacking. In these he was a welcome visitor, and enjoyed many restful hours. Nevertheless, there were not many where music in its highest forms was even understood, much less a part of the daily life, and where the latest books were read and discussed; neither was there a single home where art and luxury united to make beautiful surroundings. This plain man, born in a plain home, surrounded all his life with the simplest of this world's goods, seeing luxury only occasionally and from afar, yet loved beautiful surroundings, and was rested by them.

It came about through old Mrs. Wetherill.

She had declared a wish, one day, to take a drive. She seemed to forget that they had moved, and that the car had been left in New York. For a moment Constance thought she would leave her undecieved; but then she reflected that it would be impossible, for her grandmother would at once notice that the car was not their own; so she said gently:

"Well, grandmother, you know we didn't have the car sent down. But I think I can get one here. You lie down and rest a bit while I go out to see."

"Send a servant, child. Don't go yourself. It isn't becoming even in the country," said the old lady. "It's likely they have a garage here, or a telephone, at least"

"All right, grandmother," said Constance, slipping away quickly as she always did when her grandmother began to ask troublesome questions. There were a

go to a farmhouse at some distance in the country over a rough and hilly road. He was to start with them almost immediately, and there would be little or no time to get dinner. His usual habit on like occasions was to get a sandwich or two at the drug store and stock up well with something stronger; but this morning he left his team hitched by the station, and slipped to the tea room. He threw down a silver half-dollar, and said to Norah:

"I want a good big dish o' soup in a hurry. Kin you git it? An' I want you should fix up some o' thet thar bread an' butter, an' hard-biled eggs, and pie, an' stuff in a box. I'm goin' out a good piece in the kentry, an it'll be a while afore I git ennythin'."

Norah had obeyed his orders in a very short space of time, had set the soup before him, and was preparing a tempting lunch with all possible expedition. Holly was swooping in the hot soup with audible satisfaction, his broad back to the wide hall doorway, his coat off, slung over the back of his chair, his shirt sleeves rolled high, showing his freckled, hairy arms, his whole appearance extremely negligé, when Mrs. Wetherill appeared in the doorway.

She had lain down obediently, as her granddaughter bade her do, but her mind had been by no means at ease. A number of things had troubled her of late, and she was puzzled beyond anything over some strange sounds and sights. She listened with her hearing made keen by suspicion, and distinctly heard Constance's steps go to the kitchen, then back to the hall and out the front door. Going with unusual haste to the window in Constance's front bedroom, a room which she seldom entered, she caught a glimpse of the girl as she hurried out between the cedars, putting on hat and gloves as she went—a very strange proceeding for the carefully bred Constance Wetherill, to put on gloves after leaving the house. It was extremely countrified, and she felt she must speak to her about it.

And why did Constance run around town in that strange way, and not send a servant? Were there no servants? Perhaps the proprietor was disagreeable, and Constance did not like to say anything because they seemed so nicely settled. But that must not be. She would speak to the manager herself, and see that he understood who they were, and that they must have proper service. If they wanted more pay, why, of course they should have it.

She had not been downstairs since arriving, for Constance had impressed it upon her that the dining-room downstairs was for the public. But now it seemed necessary for her to descend if she would follow this thing up at once and find out. So, putting on her hat and wrap herself, and carefully buttoning her gloves, a thing she had not done for her-

self for years, she set out to find the manager. She felt, it is true, somewhat like Columbus discovering America, for she had been so carefully kept that this seemed quite like an adventure to her; but she summoned all her stateliness of bearing, for which she had been noted in former years, and slowly descended the stairs.

Elegant and lovely as a rare old withered rose, in her rich silks and foamy laces, with her crown of fluffy silver hair, she dawned upon the astounded Holly. She had been beautiful as a young woman, and she had lost little of her beauty as an old one. With the haughty manner of her time she raised her gold-rimmed glasses to her sweet, dim eyes, and gazed at the rough man who sat eating soup as if he were sucking it out of a trough.

By some subtle law not understood by Holly he became aware that a presence was near him, though he had been making a sound with his lips so near akin to the rustle of her skirts that he had not heard her approach. Slowly he turned around and met her gaze, and for one full, long minute they looked at each other. Then Holly recovered his speech, and ejaculated,

"Wall, I swow! Ef 'tain't the old un!"

"Sir!" said Mrs. Wetherill, in gentle, stately tone.

And then the front door opened, and Constance came in. She stood aghast for just an instant, taking in the situation, and then swept down upon her little, silken grandmother, and almost carried her out into the sunshine.

"Grandmother!" she said. "What a start you gave me! Why did you come down before the car came? Did Norah put your things on? What a hurry you were in! but the car is coming now; here, let us go around the side where they can drive in."

"But, Constance," protested her grandmother as she was hurried along, "I don't understand. What kind of a place is this in which we are living? Do they allow their help to eat in the dining-room at the public table?"

"Oh, no, grandmother!" said Constance feverishly, anxious only to get her grandmother around the corner of the piazza before Holly should come out or any other guests enter. She had seen Jimmy in the distance as she came in at the gate, heading a band of urchins, who looked as if they were coming on ice cream intent. Mrs. Wetherill must not see them. But the old lady stopped short in her progress when she heard her granddaughter's answer.

"Well, then, Connie, that man ought to be reported at once. Go in and tell them. I will not go a step until it is done. Such insolence ought not to be allowed. I saw him myself, a great, big, ugly creature that looked like a stable boy, and in his shirt sleeves! Think of

it! And he was making a dreadful sound with his lips when he ate. It was disgusting."

Constance was divided between her desire to laugh and to cry, but she knew neither would do any good at this critical moment; so she put her hand gently on the old lady's arm and drew her along.

"Grandmother, he is not a servant. Come on, and I will tell you about it. Here is the car. Do you think you can step in? It is not high. Put your hand on my arm. Are you comfortable? Drive down that pretty woodsy street beside the church, please. Now, grandmother, let me tell you. You know this is a quiet little village, and there are a good many plain people, farmers and that kind, who do not pay much attention to city ways. Sometimes they come into town, and I suppose they get hungry. I know there are a number of people who dress very curiously, and have queer manners, but I am told they are very respectable people. I suppose perhaps that is why we have a separate dining-room. Some of the people here are shy, and like to take off their coats without being looked at."

It was a lame story, and did not quite ease the old lady's perplexity. "But, my dear, you are quite certain that this is a perfectly respectable house where we are? You know it is inexcusable to come to the table with one's coat off. Every one knows that. Not even a respectable servant would do it."

It was a trying drive. Constance was glad when a diversion occurred as they passed the minister. He bowed to them with a pleasant lighting of his eyes, and the old lady asked who he was. Constance explained; but, when Mrs. Wetherill heard he was of another denomination than her own, she had little further interest in him, except to say that he looked a trifle shabby, and suggest that Constance send a contribution to his church, that probably they needed help. Constance turned her head away to hide a tear that crept into her eyes as she thought how they almost needed help themselves. She wondered how things were to go if her grandmother became troublesome, and whether she would have to tell her after all. Two or three times she almost tried to frame the words to let her know the truth; but somehow she could not bear to do it, and they drove back home without its having been revealed. It was a nervous strain to get the old lady into the house, for she seemed determined to see the manager and report about the strange man in the dining-room before she went upstairs; but at last she was persuaded that the proprietor was busy and could not be seen, and she agreed to leave it to Constance to report the case.

Much troubled, Constance at last left her grandmother comfortably ensconced upon her couch with three or four letters from home bearing the familiar hand-

writing of old friends. She stole to her room, and lay down with closed eyes, feeling keenly the weariness of what she had been through that morning, wondering whether there were anything in religion to help in such a time as this. How she wished she could talk to the minister, and get a hold upon something which would calm her spirit! How was it she had never known before how little real foundation she had for contentment in her life? Had money given her all that trust and light-heartedness, that freedom from care and fear, that she had always had till now?

Then, suddenly, in the midst of her troubled thoughts, she heard a slight sound. It was not much, but it was startling, the click of breaking glass, the gentle thud of something falling, the uneven shoving of a chair, that bespoke the unusual, and gave the undefinable alarm.

Constance sprang from her bed, and flew into her grandmother's room. She could not tell why, but she felt that something had happened. It might be nothing, but she must see.

The old lady lay on the couch as she had left her; only the chair was shoved away as if in a sudden effort to rise; it had been grasped, and a small glass of water had fallen on the rug. Coming closer, Constance saw that her grandmother's eyeglasses lay splintered on the bare floor beside the rug. But the old lady lay very still and rigid, one hand grasping the letter she had been reading.

Constance knelt down beside her, and spoke to her, and took her cold hands in her own; but the rigid hands did not relax, and the drawn, agonized expression remained fixed upon her face. With a cry the girl sprang to the bell, and rang for Norah, and then went back to the couch. She had no experience whatever with illness, and did not know what to do.

She rang the bell so violently that Norah came rushing up at once, with Jimmy at her heels. Jimmy always knew instinctively when there was anything happening, and in his boldness was somewhat like those people described as rushing in where angels fear to tread. He saw no reason why he should not follow, and see whether he was very much needed.

For Jimmy was a person of experience. He had seen a man that was taken off a train in an apoplectic fit, and he had been with his grandmother when she had her last stroke of paralysis. Such things were too common among the common people for Jimmy not to know what was the matter. With one lightning glance of pity toward his friend and patroness he turned, and, yelling out as he went, "I'll bring the doctor," he sped down the pebbly path and out the gate, nearly knocking over Mrs. Bartlett who was passing by, thereby adding one more to her list of reasons why the new tea room was not needed in the town.

Chapter XVII

Now there were a number of physicians in Rushville, and they lived in various directions in the town; but there was not hesitation in Jimmy's flying feet as they reached the street. Straight as an arrow to its mark went Jimmy to the house of the doctor he had decided should be the man of his choice if ever any of his friends or acquaintances were sick.

His choice was based upon two incidents in the worthy doctor's career. Jimmy had once seen him pick up a stray kitten with a broken leg, and care for it tenderly, carrying it away with him in his car. The doctor had also allowed Jimmy to "hitch on" behind sometimes in winter when the sleighing was good. There might be other good qualities in the other doctors of the town, but these were enough for Jimmy. Therefore to Dr. Randall he sped with all promptness, and it was Dr. Randall himself who presently came driving back with him at lightning speed, for Jimmy had represented the call as urgent.

The doctor entered the old lady's room, gruff, gray, grizzled, silent; and Jimmy lingered long enough to notice with satisfaction that he handled the old lady as gentle as he had handled the kitten in the road. Then, as if he had known it would be so, he turned contented, and sped away to another self-imposed errand.

Jimmy had his eyes wide open always. He had noticed the look of fright and anguish in his dear lady's face. He felt that she needed a friend and supporter in this trying hour; and, looking about quickly in his untaught little mind for such a one to call, he could think of none more fitting than the minister.

John Endicott was in his study, trying his best to banish the vision of Constance as he had seen her in the car that morning, and bring his mind to bear upon his next Sunday's sermon. Try as he would, the sermon framed itself all for her, and it was her wistful eyes that looked up to him from each line that he wrote.

Mrs. Bartlett was out. She was sitting at that moment, much shaken, detailing to a friend on the other side of town the account of how Jimmy nearly knocked her over in front of the new tea room. She did not often take the long walk over there, and it was likely she would stay until she was obliged to come home and get supper. The minister was conscious of satisfaction in her absence.

Then Jimmy arrived with his imperative summons.

"Come 'cross this here way," said Jimmy doggedly as they passed a field on the other side from the Bartlett house. "Thur's a short cut through the orchard. It'll save a lot." Jimmy in his secret soul wished to save the minister from

the gaze of the street loungers. He had not fought his battle for his minister for nothing. He was learning how to protect him. This was not an occasion when there was time for fighting.

The minister, nothing loath, followed Jimmy through the meadow and down the orchard path.

"What did you say was the matter, Jimmy?" asked the minister, taking long strides beside Jimmy's running trot. "Did you say they sent for me?"

"Guess she's got a stroke," said Jimmy wisely. "Looked like it to me. No, they didn't send fer nobody; I just come myself. Thur ain't nobody thur to hep 'cept Norah; an' Miss Constance, she oughter have some one ter kind of hep her out. I went fer the doctor, but he has to 'tend to Mis' Weth'rill. I thought they oughter have you."

Silently and gravely, like two engaged in the same important business, they walked across the orchard, and skirted the pond, and so up to the house by the back path where John Endicott had first seen Constance in the moonlight. He looked kindly down on Jimmy's earnest little freckled face, and felt a warmth of kinship.

"Good work, old scout!" he said gravely, looking down into the troubled young face.

Jimmy flushed under his tan and plodded along with only a flashing glance of gratitude toward the minister. But they walked together now as fellow laborers in one cause.

(To be continued)

Mr. Graichen Speaks to Salt Creek Society

We had the pleasure of having Mr. Henry Graichen of McMinnville College speak on young people's Sunday evening, April 10. His topic was "The Call of the Master." It was the story of his own life and of how God miraculously called him away from the paths of sin to follow him. Mr. Graichen is going east this fall to study for the ministry. If any of our eastern societies have the opportunity to hear him you will say with us, God's miracles have not ceased. Our young people in and around Salt Creek certainly enjoyed Mr. Graichen's inspiring message.

Our pastor, Rev. Reschke, then told us something of the medical mission work in China, while Miss Helen Kleiver operated the picture machine. A mixed quartet sang "Somebody's Praying for You" and a recitation, "Is There Room?" was given by Miss Gaisbrecht. Mr. Otto May led this young people's meeting. It was our first program under the new system, in charge of our new president, Br. D. Bartel.

L. T.

Nothing is gained by abolishing hell as a remote superheated region and adopting it as a home institution.—Tledo Blade.

Chicago Sunday School Workers Meet

The annual meeting of the Sunday School Workers of Chicago and Vicinity was held at the First Church, Chicago, Tuesday, April 26, 1932.

The delegates met at 6.30 P. M. for lunch after which we had reports, new business and election of officers. The following were elected for the ensuing year: Pres., Mr. H. Siemund; vice-pres., Mr. F. Grosser; treas., Mrs. Olga Engbrecht; corr. sec'y., Mrs. Irene Lange; rec. sec'y., Miss Olga M. Justin.

We had a question box pertaining to Sunday school work, answered by Rev. J. A. Pankratz.

At 7.45 there was a devotional service, led by Mr. Bruno Martin, Supt. of the local Sunday school. Rev. A. Ittermann of the East Side Church led in prayer. Our president, Mr. Herman Siemund, then took charge and roll was called, eight Sunday schools responding, each giving a brief report of their work for the past year. Mrs. Engbrecht gave the treasurer's report which showed a balance of \$66.45 of which \$55 was given for missions.

The topic for the evening, "Solving Problems confronting our scholars in Sunday School Work," was discussed by three speakers, each limited to ten minutes.

Miss A. V. Orthner treated the Junior Department problems. Miss Minnie Pankratz those of the Intermediate Department, and Rev. F. L. Hahn those of the Senior Department. The speakers were interesting and their topics well handled.

The music for the evening was rendered by the Oak Park mixed choir, male quartet of the Second Church and a solo by Rev. A. Ittermann of the East Side Church.

The meeting was closed with prayer by Rev. Hahn, after which refreshments were served in the Sunday school room.

OLGA M. JUSTIN, Rec. Sec.

Waco Society Visits Kyle

Sunday, May 1, was a profitable and an enjoyable day for the Kyle, Texas, B. Y. P. U. Sixteen of the Waco young people came down and rendered a most excellent program, which consisted of music, both vocal and instrumental, a short mission play, and other B. Y. P. U. features. Bro. Walter Schaible, president of the Texas B. Y. P. U.'s, had charge of the program.

As it was necessary that the young people return to Waco that evening, lunch was served on the church lawn after the program. The fellowship was greatly enjoyed and we are convinced that Waco has a high-stepping, active B. Y. P. U.

EVELYN LENGEFELD, Sec.

Though the world be filled with devils, we abide in One whose little word can fell them all.

"Miracle"

RUTH STEVENER

Spring is here, I vow!
For as I wandered in the woods
The yellow sunlight was captured,
In a shady dell:
Fairy hands held it fast—
While I stared enraptured,
As they took counsel:
Watching them vary its moods
Until it emerged at last—
A yellow daffodil!

Recognition Service, Bethany Baptist Church, Milwaukee, Wis.

The youngest and newest member in the family of our German Baptist churches is the Bethany Baptist Church of Milwaukee, Wis. It was organized by about 45 members of the Immanuel Baptist Church, Milwaukee, who upon application received their letters of dismissal. The church was duly recognized by a council of churches of the Milwaukee Baptist Association, which convened in the Grace Baptist church on April 18. Twenty churches, including both the North Ave. and Immanuel German Baptist churches, were represented by 44 delegates. The public recognition service was held on Sunday evening, May 8, in the houses of worship of the Grace Baptist church. The pastor of this church, Rev. Robert MacMullen, acted as moderator of the meeting. Many friends from other churches both locally and from Racine and Kenosha were in attendance. The members of the Bethany church occupied the first four rows of pews in the auditorium.

After the organ prelude and doxology, the acting pastor of the Bethany Church, Rev. E. H. Otto of Watertown, Wis., led in prayer. Rev. E. G. Hanley, pastor of the Tabernacle Baptist Church, read the Scriptures. A ladies' quartet, composed of members of the Bethany Church, sang very acceptably at this time and also later in the service. The sermon was preached in German by the Rev. A. P. Mihm of Forest Park, Ill., as representing the German Baptist Churches of North America. His text was the latter part of Acts 20:28, "The church of God, which he purchased by his own blood." The speaker emphasized the need of a better conception and a deeper feeling concerning the Scriptural view of the nature and the worth of the Church of Christ. This conception must show itself in a more intense loyalty to the fellowship of the local church and must result in Christlike service in and for and through the church. The speaker exhorted the members to incorporate into their church life these ideals from the very beginning and never to lose sight of them as they carry on in the name of their Lord and Master.

The charge to the church was given by

Rev. Wm. Appel, Assistant Secretary of the Wisconsin Baptist State Convention. He appealed to the church to operate purposefully, sanely and sincerely and to co-operate intelligently and loyally. The address of welcome was made by Dr. D. W. Hurlbut, representing the State Convention and the Milwaukee Baptist Association. Rev. Paul Zoschke, pastor of the Grace Baptist Church of Racine, as secretary of the German Baptist Association of Wisconsin, welcomed the new church on behalf of this fellowship and gave the hand of fellowship to Bro. Gieseke as moderator of the Bethany church. The closing prayer was made by Rev. R. A. MacMullen. This brought this dignified and impressive service to a close.

The church has rented and fitted out a store at 4610 West Burleigh Ave. as a temporary meeting place. The painting and decorating was done by the members. In addition to the main room which has 135 chairs, there is a room for the primary department, and in the basement a Bible class room has been equipped in cozy fashion. The new Sunday school reports an enrollment of 78. A young people's society and woman's missionary society have been organized and are at work. The new church occupies a promising field in a new portion of the city and looks hopefully to the future.

Grace Baptist B. Y. P. U., Racine, Wis.

Well, here we are again, our B. Y. P. U. has been kept busy during the past months. The "Commission Plan" keeps us going. Try it!

Another "Gift Day" program was presented, this time it was held at the Sunny Rest Sanatorium. The program included hymns, readings, vocal duet, a talk and a piano solo. We feel that these meetings are an inspiration to us as well as to the inmates.

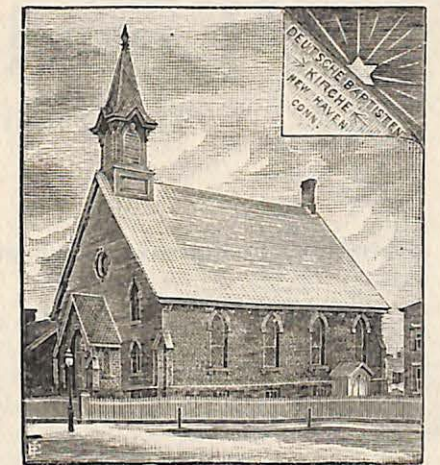
On April 19 about 30 young people met at the parsonage. A few items of business were transacted, followed by a fellowship meeting. We had as our guest speaker Dr. Aimee Zillmer. She gave a heart to heart talk which proved to be helpful.

A rally banquet was held on April 26 in the church dining room. The program was sponsored by the "Service Commission."

"What is Religion?" was the address given by Rev. T. B. Frizzelle, pastor of the First Church.

Toastmaster Helmuth Freimund took the group through an imaginary trip by which they viewed the rest of the entertainers.

Henry Bender, Jr., whose hobby seems to be "Snapshots" or "Kodak as you go," surprised the group by showing several lantern slides of the B. Y. P. U. society in action.



Diamond Jubilee of New Haven Church

The 75th Anniversary of our church in New Haven, Conn., was celebrated in the week of April 10. We were very glad still to have with us Mrs. Paulina Liefeld Rungee, who was a Sundayschool attendant since the beginning of the work and who enjoys the Sunday school and the church services as much as ever.

Prof. F. W. C. Meyer, one of the former pastors, preached the anniversary sermon and also took part in other programs during the celebration. We regretted that Prof. O. Koenig, also one of the former pastors, was not able to be present. On Visitor's Night congratulatory addresses were given by Rev. J. Brush in behalf of the English speaking churches; Rev. E. E. Gates in behalf of the State Convention; Rev. E. Berger in behalf of the German churches of our New England Association and also by visitors of our churches in New Britain and Meriden.

At our church banquet letters from former members were read, and present members and visitors related reminiscences of serious and lighter nature to the joy and profit of all.

The church has had ten pastors during the past 75 years. Rev. J. Kaaz is pastor since 1917. The various branches of the church are striving to help in the upbuilding and spreading of the kingdom of our Lord. Dr. Fred Meyer in the Philippines is our representative in the foreign field. Nine young men from this church have entered the ministry, and one entered our school in Rochester last Fall.

With a membership of 144 and the various branches and societies we endeavor to serve our city and the Lord's cause at large.

On April 3 we had the joy of baptizing a young man who, we hope, will be a useful servant of the Lord.

Cheerfulness is the finest lubricating oil ever discovered to keep the wheels of humanity running smoothly.

Leadership Training

The Training of Youth for Service through the Church

A. A. SCHADE, S.T.M.

VIII.

Planning, Preparing and Presentation of the Program

There should be no further confusion concerning the purpose of the B. Y. P. U., the type of training it is to offer to effective Christian service, the ranks from which the training candidates are to be selected, the genius of the training organization, the functions of the training coach, or the principles governing the selection of training material. All these were considered in the foregoing chapters. A lesson should follow dealing with the procedure in planning, preparing and presenting the programs.

It should be clearly recognized from the start that nothing can be achieved in the field of training without diligent work. Listening to the eloquent speakers will never make eloquent speakers. Listening to good singing will not suffice to make good singers. If we would master the art of public speech, public prayer, uplifting song, leadership, and soul-winning, we must practice these arts ourselves. Practice under skillful direction is our only hope of mastery. The whole success of the training enterprise depends on the thoroughness with which the training programs are planned, prepared and presented. If this is done in a "slipshod" manner, as so frequently seems to be the case, no genuine training is accomplished.

The conventional preparation of the program occurs somewhat after the following order: Either a handy outside speaker is invited, which is infinitely easier than the preparation of the program by the members themselves, or the individual responsible for a given program will unearth a "Young People's Leader," or some other similar journal, clip out talks there provided, which represent points, parts or segments of a complete whole, and on a Sunday morning hand these to different members to present in the evening program. Even if the members seek to master their assignments and to present them in the most intelligent manner, they are under a great handicap, because they have but a segment of a whole in their hand, and not knowing the other parts, they can make little of their part. Cases have actually come under the writer's observation when they were to speak concerning a book of the Bible, and the identity of the book was not revealed in that part. In many cases these clippings are "shoved" into the pocket and forthwith forgotten until they are called for in the evening meeting, when they are brought forth and read with varying degrees of intelligibility. In rare cases the contents are given orally. It goes without saying that such programs do not greatly interest the audience, or produce results from the training point of view, and the blame is usually placed on the quality of the material. But in reality the blame lies at the door of those who expect with such little effort to present a program which has neither training or edifying qualities.

Let us seek to outline a method of procedure which will produce better results. Programs need to be carefully planned by a program committee which might well consist of the President of the Union, the Secretary, and the Group chairman, or the Chief Commissioners, when the Commission Plan is being followed. This committee will meet and plan the program for a season, probably three or four months. It will seek to provide for useful information, abundant training opportunity,

refreshing variety and persistent continuity in its programs, bidding strong for the wholehearted interest of the members. The material for the program will be drawn from the fields indicated in the former lessons, presented with such variations as will avoid monotony or overspecialization.

For a season one program may be taken from each of the major fields, Bible, Missions, Church History, or Social Problems, while for another season attention will be devoted to a single subject. The one method makes its concessions to the demand for variety, while the other to the principle of organization of knowledge. Bits of unrelated knowledge snatched up here and there are less useful than knowledge which clings together forming a larger unit, as it may be obtained through the pursuit of continued study courses. But change in procedure is essential to maintain interest, and the same method should not be adhered to with undue persistence.

The program committee will then look up sources for material covering the contemplated programs, and authorize the secretary to order the same from the publishers, libraries, or other sources. It will not expect the group to present interesting programs without the necessary material, for the thinking and experience of the participants must be checked and supplemented from the thinking and experience of others. The skill in discovering program material, or sources of information on important subjects is a large factor in the educational process of the individual. It represents a phase of making the literary inheritance our own.

The subjects will then be assigned to the various groups for treatment. Supposing the program had been planned for the months of September to December inclusively, and that variation in the subject matter from Sunday to Sunday were desired, offering a program from the Bible for the first Sunday, concerning the application of Christian principles to the problems of society on the second Sunday, concerning Missionary work on the third, and dealing with phases of Church History on the fourth Sunday, these subjects could be assigned to the groups in different ways. One group could be requested to furnish all the programs dealing with a given subject, or each group could be called upon to offer one program on each subject. The former method will be somewhat easier, as the group has to deal with only one field of material, and can depend on the programs becoming supplementary to one another. The latter method compels wider research and results in a wider acquaintance with the material. The method may well be varied to insure interest and the accumulation of experience.

The material is placed into the hands of the group leader, and the responsibility of preparing the assigned program definitely placed upon him. He will have the task of personally mastering the material in order that he may select that which is most suited to the program purpose and present it to his group in a living way. Several weeks of careful study would be required by the group leader for this advance work. The leader may have come to certain conclusions concerning the method of representation, and the assignment of the material to the members of the group. But in the practice of leadership he will not thrust his decisions forth, but lead the group to his conclusions by means of the discussion which he will lead. The true leader decides as little as possible, but leads his group to see it his way and helps his group to make decisions based on a careful consideration of all the factors which are involved.

After having done this advance work, the group leader will

June 1, 1932

call a meeting of the group. This ought to take place at least two weeks before the contemplated program is to be rendered. If possible, an entire evening ought to be devoted to it. If pleasant sociability is combined with the event, it will not prove irksome but most delightful. Coming only once each month for each group, it should not be burdensome.

MONTHLY GROUP MEETING

tunity for the group leader to develop his powers of inspiring and informing utterance.

(Chapter VIII continued in our next)

African News

PAUL GEBAUER

Our English and vernacular schools opened with the first of February. That means a lot of work for us, but also much amusement. For your mental edification I copy just one of the many pieces of African literature now disturbing my peace. Here it goes:

"My dear Father:

I have affection of writing you this my little note of mine: I hope it will meet you in good health: The only thing which I wish to tell you, is like this: My master Pastor Laban I'm leveng with him: but he do not like to pay my schoolfee: Once I told Mrs. Bender all the maters, She said, that I should wait some few minutes: And I beg of you that you may give me authority so that I should not pay Schoolfee: I hope this my humble application will granted: I shall be much Pleased if you will do so for your poor boy: I beg to close so far: Here with my best compliments to you, I remain your faithful servant,

your lovingly,
Rudolf: N: Moky."

* * * *

We write the 20th of February. I have just returned from the sad mission of bringing Our Little Doc—Erica D. Bender—to the ship. Erica has been sick for quite a while. Bravely did she master all difficulties in order to do her duty, till at last every day of stay was but a gambling with her life. The whole story of her years out here will never be told. But God knows of it, of her sleepless nights, of her single devotion to the cause of her Redeemer;—and that suffices.

Having had the privilege of watching her closely during the past three months, I say this about our American nurse and missionary: "She thought of others more, than of herself. She labored for others, thereby forgetting herself. Her devotion to the cause passes words."—Treat her kindly, my friends! She is yours. She labored in your behalf. She took your place, and did most excellent work. If you do not know her personally, love her for my sake. It was she—next to her father—that made the start out here so easy for me. God's grace and her continuous care kept me in perfect health during the time past. Her experiences, so freely offered to me, kept me from making many blunders. She blazed the trail for me into the hearts of the natives. Only in the highest terms

can I speak of her. That she left before her furlough was due, is regretted most of all by her. It was no easy thing for her to say farewell to the natives, to the work, to the land. But she had to go! Nothing is left of the "heavy girl" some motion pictures from the Cameroons show you. Treat her kindly—again I plead—, for she is one of those, "that have hazarded their lives for the name of our Lord Jesus Christ" (Acts 15:26).

* * * *

"That so many break down before their furlough is due, that so many feel themselves 'returned empties' when they get back, is no wonder," writes a certain "Ilico" in the "British Weekly" of January 7. Some of you may wonder about Erica Bender's sudden return. Kindly let me quote to you some of the sayings of the writer mentioned above. "Our attitude to missionaries is somehow wrong. In going abroad they have made a great sacrifice, much greater perhaps than they realized when first they sailed away, and we tend to assume, therefore, that being 'dedicated spirits' they live always upon the heights of visions and enthusiasm, and that their life abroad is one long, splendid wrestling against the powers of darkness. But in truth the making of an heroic decision in the glow and consecration of youth is one thing, and to live on the level of that sacrifice through long and sometimes dreary years is altogether another; for the ordinary missionary's life, though, of course, it has its great moments, is normally commonplace enough. It is usually a life lived under peculiar discomforts; the climate is mostly trying, enervating to a degree or racking to the nerves; ants, mosquitoes, snakes, smells and squalor (with attendant fauna) would be intolerable to most of us; missionaries have to live in large houses because of the climate and upon such an income, and often with such insecurity, that these houses can rarely be furnished with any real comfort; they can have no pictures of any merit; their books are few, and they are debarred from lending libraries; they rarely hear any music, except temple bells and tom-toms and the dirge of the jackals; except in unusual circumstances they have no social circle from which they can choose their friends; they enjoy as much privacy as a goldfish; their relaxations are few and mostly tepid; and it is certainly no easier to teach an unruly class or go district visiting or keep your temper through a long series of vexatious interruptions and distracting calls in India or China than it is at home."

In this group meeting the leader is the teacher of the group, "selling" them his material, if we may use a commercial term. This is a wonderful opportunity for the group leader to develop his powers of inspiring and informing utterance.

Quoting these lines I claim nothing for myself, my friends. The short space of time in foreign service does not even give me the right to call myself a missionary. But your Erica Bender has gone through three years of "ordinary missionary life." She has spent three years under "peculiar discomforts." For her sake I quote the above words, and not for her alone, but also for that brave and hard-working man who has given about 26 years to missionary work in Africa: C. J. Bender.

Great Soppo, March 1, 1932.

The Joybells of Englewood Church

The "Joybells," a society of young ladies of the Englewood Church in Chicago, gave their yearly program Friday evening, April 1st.

Miss Bertha Lengefeld, president for the past year, opened the meeting and extended a cordial welcome after which she turned the meeting over to the president for the coming year, Miss Frieda Kassner. Miss Kassner greeted all visitors and announced the program, which consisted of two dialogs. The first, "America does her Duty," showing the great work of Americanization, from which we learn much. The second, "Her First Proposal," was full of humor. A piano duet, a recitation and a reading completed the program.

This society is not only for pleasure but has helped much in the church work and outside work.

At the close refreshments were served in the lower room which had been prettily decorated in blue and white. The collection went for missions.

Meanwhiling

"Choose you this day." It has been said sagaciously that few persons really live, most of us are merely getting ready to live at some distant time. This thought is emphasized by H. G. Wells in his new book entitled "Meanwhile." Says one of his characters, "I perceive that I have been 'meanwhiling' all my life." In that fashion, life soon passes away and we have done none of the things we most want to do and that we feel to be best worth doing. We are likely to put off Bible reading, to postpone prayers, to procrastinate in the matter of church membership; and "meanwhile" time hastens on, death approaches, and we find it is too late. This is the supreme folly of mankind, this putting off the vital things of life.—The Christian Herald.

Our Devotional Meeting

August F. Runtz

June 12, 1932

Getting the Most Out of Our Leisure Time

John 9:4

All Have Some Leisure Time. Our farmer friends are usually very busy during the summer months but have respite in the winter time. City workers usually get several weeks of vacation in the summer time. Many folks of today are suffering from enforced idleness, which is much harder than steady work. We all have some evenings or days which we may call our own.

All Need Leisure Time. "The bow cannot always be bent," else it will soon cease to be a bow. Some time ago the writer of an article in a magazine was trying to prove by photograph and argument that steel gets "tired," and needs rest. Telegraph operators tell us that after a wire has been in constant use for a long time transmitting messages it needs a rest. How tired these bodies of ours get sometimes! How we fairly long for a moment when we can lay our heads down on the bosom of old Mother Earth and be still! Even Jesus said to his disciples: "Come ye yourselves apart and rest awhile."

In these days of fear and apprehension of disappointment and disillusionment, when great storms are sweeping over our souls, our hearts grow weary; and this is the sorest weariness of all. To such Jesus said: "Come unto me and ye shall find rest unto your souls." The great tragedy is that this leisure time is so often squandered, or even worse, it is so often used in the things that bring only headache, and heart-ache, and ruin.

Getting the Most Out of This Leisure Time. Perhaps we too have been guilty of spending money for that which is not bread, and laboring for that which satisfieth not. The story is told of a wealthy woman, who was suffering with nervousness coming to a doctor for advice. The good doctor soon discovered that she had lost a good deal of money, and was worrying about her financial losses. He told his patient to go home and quietly read her New Testament at least one hour each day, and at the end of six weeks report to him. At first she resented his advice, but when the doctor persisted, she consented. At the end of the designated time she came back a well woman.

More quiet contemplation upon the things that endure, and upon the goodness of His grace on our part would soon give us rest of soul, and body too. "Come unto me and ye shall find rest unto your souls."

June 19, 1932

How Honest Are We as Individuals and Groups?

Acts 4:32; 5:1-5

Honesty Toward God. Our Scripture passage tells of the stern judgment that came upon two members of the early Christian church. It was a time of great spiritual awakening, when multitudes were being saved, and many in the church were giving their all for the Lord's work. Some even sold their property and brought the money to the apostles. These folks were regarded with very high esteem. And so Ananias and Sapphira, envious of this esteem, sold their property and brought some of the proceeds of the sale, making it appear as though they had brought all, expecting of course to be honored and praised by the church. But it all ended in a terrible tragedy. Their sin did not consist in bringing only a part of the money, but in bringing a part as though it were the whole. In other words, it was an act of dishonesty. Peter makes it very plain that their sin was in lying unto God.

People may endeavor to deceive God, but such a thing is really impossible. No one can deceive him. The all-seeing Eye sees even the motive of our actions. But people can deal dishonestly with God. Are we honest with him if we take all his good gifts and give him no love or worship or service in return? Is it right for a Christian to sing "I am Thine, O Lord" and then go and live for self?

Honesty Toward Our Fellowmen. Have you ever noticed how much Jesus had to say about fundamental honesty? He would not tell a lie to save his life. He would not mislead his followers by withholding from them the cost of discipleship. How honest are you in your work? Do you work as faithfully when the boss is absent as when he is present? Do you play to win, but always play fair? How about that church-pledge? Are you as careful to pay it as you are to pay the grocer? How about those debts?

If you are honest you will do your level best to pay every debt even though those notes are no longer collectable by law, and even though no court of law could force you to pay. Is your word as trustworthy as though it were given under oath? Is it as good as your signature? Is it as "good as gold"?

June 26, 1932

How Does Christ Meet the Needs of the World?

Acts 4:1-12

By What He Is. Buddha may have been a great and wise teacher, and

founder of a new religion; the prophets and apostles may have been great preachers and teachers, but none of them can meet the deep needs of the world, for, even though they may be great and wise men, they are, after all, *only* men. All the great moral, social, and spiritual needs of the world can be met by One, and only One, and he is the divine Son of God. If Jesus Christ is nothing more than man, if he is not a living, real, omnipotent, personal Savior, then he can no more meet our needs than can Buddha or Paul. When our needs and the needs of others loom before us, we must remember that here is the very power of God, for in him dwells all the fullness of the Godhead.

In the Forgiveness of Sin. It is sin, with its power and its consequences, that is troubling the world, and the heart of man wants to know how to get rid of it. People have brought all sorts of sacrifices, even human sacrifices, to appease an offended deity. They have inflicted terrible punishments upon themselves, but have not found peace. Jesus came as the great sin-bearer. The iniquity of us all was laid upon him. He forgave sins while on earth. He will forgive our sins without any effort on our part, except that we turn from our sins and accept his proffered pardon. Jesus Christ and he alone can free us from the guilt of sin.

By Giving Power Over Sin. Freedom from the guilt of sin is not enough. There must also be power over sin. Christ can give that power. A Japanese student once asked Dr. G. Truett in what respect Christianity was superior to Buddhism, for both have great and noble teachings. Dr. Truett then used an illustration of two railroad locomotives, each coupled to a long string of cars. The one engine puffing and panting drew its load across the country, the other stood still. The one had power, the other none. So, said he, it is Jesus Christ in the life of the believer that gives him the dominion over sin, and the power to live a righteous life. Jesus Christ may dwell in our hearts by faith, and when he is there sin shall not have dominion over us.

July 3, 1932

What Is Freedom, Political, Personal?

1 Peter 2:13-16; John 8:36

Personal Liberty. We hear a great deal in our day about personal liberty. We have a certain class of people opposed to the prohibition law, who for a pretext are saying that it robs a man of

his personal liberty. They are saying that because of it America is no longer the "land of the free." Just what is personal liberty anyway, and what is political freedom? Is there any such thing as absolute personal freedom; that is, the right of every man to do exactly as he pleases? If there is, it is found only in the jungle, never among civilized people. "The land of the free" never meant that every one could do as he pleases. It meant liberty under law. There could be no liberty for anyone if every one were permitted to do as he pleased. That would be anarchy.

Can you imagine the traffic conditions of our large cities if every one were permitted to drive when and where they chose? The liquor traffic has always been a maker of slaves, and now that a civilization is trying to rid itself of its curse, it is squealing very loudly, like the demons of Jesus' day, who, after having tortured their victims, said: "I adjure thee by God that thou torment me not." Freedom can only be freedom when it brings the greatest good to the greatest number.

Freedom and Choice. We start out in life to make certain choices. When the right choices are made, our freedom is enlarged, we are at liberty to make other choices from a large field, and a man becomes the captain of his own soul and the master of his own fate. But when wrong choices have been made, the circle of freedom has been decreased; for wrong choices make wrong habits, and wrong habits are chains that bind. At the beginning you are free to choose within a wide circle, but that circle, through wrong choice, may become greatly circumscribed.

For illustration: here is some evil thing. An evil companion persuades you to do this evil, your conscience dissuades, neither can compel; when the balance hangs even, you throw the weight of your will into the scale. You were as free to choose as were Adam and Eve in the garden, but like them, if you make a wrong choice, you automatically close the gates upon a life that you can never know again. "Choose well, your choice is brief, but endless." No wonder Peter says: "Be free men, and yet do not make your freedom a screen for base conduct."

Aching Void

"Husbands are verra like teeth," said an old Scotch lady. "They're mighty hard to get, an' they're a deal of trouble all the time ye hae them, but they leave an awfu' blank ahint them when they're gone."—Boston Transcript.

* * *

Hatred in the human heart is like a worm in the core of an apple—the longer it remains within, the deeper the hole grows.



Male Chorus, Fenwood, Sask., Church

Male Chorus, Fenwood, Sask.

Many of our churches would like to have a male choir like this. They are a sturdy group who, upon occasion, look as if they could make the rafters ring with their voices.

Back row, left to right, they are John H. Nessel, Wm. Baron, Jr., L. Reinheimer, Jacob Baron, Wm. E. Dohms, Edw. Fritzke, John Dohms, Gerhard Falkowsky, Fred. Werk.

Front row, left to right: Arnold Richter, Emil Schmuland, Leon W. Wilke, Rudolf Wilke, Karl H. Fritzke, Karl Schmuland.

Memorial Service for Mrs. George J. Geis, Andrews Street Baptist Church, Rochester, N. Y.

As we entered our new church home for the first time upon our arrival in Rochester, we were greeted with the sad whisper: "Did you hear that Mrs. Geis passed away?" Everybody was talking about it and expressing sorrow for the tragic loss which had come to the missionary enterprise and especially to her faithful companion, our beloved brother, missionary George J. Geis. But there was need of giving more formal expression of the esteem in which she was held by the church in which she grew up, in which she was converted and baptized, in which she shared in the young people's activities more than four decades ago, from which she, as a young missionary bride, started on her honeymoon to distant Upper Burma, and of which she remained a faithful member all these years. Accordingly a memorial service was arranged for the Sunday morning of May 8.

The church was well filled with admirers of Sister Geis, including members of her immediate family from near and far. It was in charge of the pastor, the Rev. D. Hamel, who had learned to know and esteem the Geis family through a closer contact with them on their recent furloughs. He invited the large choir under the direction of Mr. Edmund Mittelstedt of the Seminary, and the Pro-

fessors F. W. C. Meyer, L. Kaiser and A. J. Ramaker, and a former pastor, Rev. Frank Kaiser, to aid him in the solemn service.

Professor Meyer read comforting Scripture passages in a most comforting manner. The pastor in fitting words paid his tribute to the character, personality and service of the departed. He stressed her abiding qualities, and the glorious fact that her life and work does not end with the grave, as is the case with some. The changes which were brought about in the benighted tribes of Upper Burma through the prolonged joint ministry of Mrs. Geis and her husband can never be obliterated, but will bring their blessings upon that needy people for all time to come. But her life was a benediction not only to the Kachins of Burma but a stimulating asset and a solemn benediction to Andrews Street Church also.

Prof. L. Kaiser was invited to speak because of his long standing friendship with Mr. and Mrs. Geis, reaching back even into their student days. To him they were simply "George" and "Katie." He called attention to a remarkable coincidence which occurred just at the time that the news of her departure had been flashed over the wire to her homeland. At the same time an article appeared in the "Sendbote" signed jointly by George and Katie Geis, entitled "Unser Ruhmeskranz." (Our Wreath of Fame.) It reports the miracles of divine grace which God had wrought through their joint ministry during the forty years of their missionary service, 1892-1932. It probably was the last manuscript prepared by them for publication. The professor surmised he could see Brother Geis at the typewriter putting down on paper what the Lord had so graciously accomplished, and Katie probably looking over his shoulder and expressing approval to the words of her own heart.

And how true it is that they were weaving a wreath with deft fingers of love. Not a corruptible wreath which will wither in a day or two, but an incorruptible wreath that will abide forever, not a wreath to place upon their

own head, but to adore the brow of their Lord. They demonstrated to the world that the Gospel of Jesus Christ is a power of God unto salvation even for the headhunters of Burma. They wove together at the wreath until the Lord came and stayed the hand of the one. But the other will go on weaving, in loneliness of heart, possibly with tears in his eyes, but he will work on putting the finishing touches to the wreath of fame for their common Master. What an example they are for us all to emulate.

The Rev. Frank Kaiser, for fourteen years pastor of the Andrews Street Church and of the Geis family, expressed the heart of the congregation in fitting words of prayer.

Prof. A. J. Ramaker had been requested to prepare resolutions expressing the feelings of the congregation, to be sent to Brother Geis, but he felt it could be less formally and more fittingly done by means of a letter. He presented the following which was unanimously adopted and ordered mailed to Brother Geis, a copy of which also to be spread upon the minutes of the church:

Rochester, N. Y., May 8, 1932.

Dear Brother Geis:—

We are assembled at our regular Sunday morning worship hour in a Memorial service in behalf of the Dear One who has been taken from your side so unexpectedly—your sweetheart of earlier days when you both lived your happy lives among the young people of our church and later your wife and life companion in the fruitful and successful missionary work among the wild hill tribes of Upper Burma. To what great extent your dear companion has contributed to the success during these many years of toil and anxiety no one is a better judge than yourself. We in your home church have always associated you both in the splendid and sacrificial piece of foreign mission work. And surely the Lord Christ, the master of us all, at whose behest and for whose honor that life-work of both of you has been undertaken, knows best of all how to evaluate what has been done in his name.

We want to give expression of our sincere and heartfelt sympathy in this great bereavement that has come into your life—a bereavement the heavier to bear because intimate friends and relations are for the moment widely separated from you. We would speak to you by this letter and tell you that your loss is shared by all of us. We do earnestly desire, if possible, to send a ray of light into the darkness and lonesomeness of the hour in which you are finding yourself; by reminding you that God, our heavenly Father, even if his ways seem inscrutable, has always imparted that higher, that supernatural peace which brings quietness and submission to the Christian heart. May that experience comfort and brighten the remaining years that

are yet before you. And may "the touch of the vanished hand and the voice that is hushed" in death be a sacred memory to you until that great reunion of God's people in the life everlasting.

On behalf of the Andrews Street Baptist Church,

Pastor. Clerk.

The congregation joined in singing:

Servant of God, Well Done

CHARLES WESLEY

Servant of God, Well done!
Thy glorious warfare's past,
The battle's fought, the race is won
And thou art crowned at last.

With saints enthron'd on high
Thou dost thy Lord proclaim.
And still to God salvation cry,
Salvation to the Lamb.

O happy, happy soul!
In ecstasies of praise,
Long as eternal ages roll,
Thou seest the Savior's face.

Redeem'd from earth and pain,
Ah, when shall we ascend,
And all in Jesus' presence reign
With our translated friend?

ARTHUR A. SCHADE.

A Trip to San Pedro by the B. Y. P. U. of Los Angeles

San Pedro, the harbor city of Los Angeles, has a mission called the "Sailor's Rest Mission." It was our privilege to have charge of the services on Saturday evening, April 30. The work of the mission is to minister to men who are in want. This is done by preaching the Word, giving them to eat, and providing them with the necessities of life. Our part at the mission was to preach the Word and to give them to eat. Accordingly everyone brought sandwiches and provided for a "milk shower." Volunteer workers arranged the tables and prepared the evening meal.

The mission was packed with all seats taken. Clinton Kraft led the meeting with a song and testimony service, which was brightened by our orchestra. Three friends of Florence Wessel, our B. Y. P. U. program chairman, sang several numbers, accompanied by stringed instruments. How they could sing! Bro. Kraft brought the message from Gal. 3:9-13, selecting for his topic, "Salvation—Do or Done." He spoke briefly of the curse resting on all men, Christ as the Redeemer, and the remedy by faith. At the close of the message an invitation was given. Five men raised their hands, expressing their need.

Then all went downstairs for the time of fellowship around the tables. While the men were eating a male quartet sang several songs.

Thus ended a Saturday evening full of interest and opportunity. We had to leave the men and return to Los Angeles,

but we trust that our Lord continues to reveal his salvation in their lives. We have the schedule to conduct this service the second Friday of every month. We covet your prayers as we carry on this work. PAUL LEUSCHNER, Reporter.

New Books

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

Three Arrows, The Young Buffalo Hunter. By E. Ryerson Young.—The Friendship Press, New York. Cloth, \$1.00. Paper, 75 cts. 183 pages.

This is a captivating and entrancing book for young people, especially of the junior and intermediate age group, but seniors and older people will find it just as fascinating. It is a missionary story, telling how the Indian baby, somewhat handicapped from birth, through a mother's training and the stern self-discipline of the boy as he grew up, overcame these difficulties and became a mighty hunter of the buffalo and a leader of his people. At the trader's post in Fort Edmonton he met Missionary Rundle and became a Christian and one who brought the Book of Life to his own people. Here is a virile story of adventure, an "Indian story" which parents ought to get for their boys.

The Young Revolutionist. By Pearl S. Buck.—The Friendship Press, New York. 182 pages Cloth, \$1.50. Paper, 75 cts.

Pearl S. Buck, the wife of a Presbyterian missionary in China, whose novel "The Good Earth," a portrayal of real Chinese life through two generations, was the outstanding work of fiction last year, is the author of this briefer story. It is a story of the newer China, the awakening of a patriotic and conscious national spirit among Chinese youth, the conflict between the old customs and the new ideals and the delusion caused by resultless war and strife. One follows the experience of Ko-Sen and his friend and buddy Fah-li with bated interest and sees how they came to regard the white men differently after their contact with the Christian hospital. Ko-Sen is deeply touched by the spirit of brotherhood and finds the way to be a helper and savior of his people by entering into such service under the Master named Jesus. The clear, limpid style, seemingly simple, yet one of the highest and most attractive forms of writing, which characterized "The Good Earth" meets and charms one again in this work. Every friend of missions ought to read this book.

Times Have Changed!

And the woman who used to wrap men around her finger, now wraps them around her automobile bumper.—Judge.

* * *

Fear is a two-edged sword that cuts both ways. It may keep you from making mistakes, but it will also keep you from making successes.