

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., MARCH 1, 1932

Number Five

Christ's Nail-Scarred Hands

Christ has these hands today, seated at the right hand of the Father in Heaven.

After the resurrection his hands identified him as the same Christ his disciples had known before his crucifixion and burial.

They are also proof of his love toward us.

In his nail-scarred hands we see part of the great price he paid for our salvation.

Beholding Christ's nail-scarred hands we hear him saying: "All this I did for thee. What wilt thou do for me?"

RESPOND WITH SACRIFICIAL LOVE!

Place Your Easter-Offering
in
Christ's Nail-Scarred Hands
Easter Sunday, March 27, 1932

The Finance Committee
Missionary and Benevolent Offering

What's Happening

Remember our Special Easter Offering on Easter Sunday.

Our Field Secretary, Rev. A. A. Schade, reports an enrolment of over 40 in the Bible School which was held for two weeks with the church at Vancouver, B. C.

Rev. Willy J. Luebeck, pastor of the church at Southey, Sask., Can., has resigned to accept the call of the church at Ashley, N. Dak. Bro. Luebeck will begin work on his new field in the near future.

Rev. C. B. Thole, pastor of the Leduc (Second) and Wiesental churches, Alberta, Can., has resigned on account of continued eye-trouble and will close his work with the end of March. Bro. Thole will retire to his farm near Olds, Alta.

The officers of the General Missionary Committee for 1932-1933 are Rev. E. Umbach of St. Joseph, Mich., chairman; Rev. O. E. Krueger of Pittsburgh, Pa., vice-chairman, and Rev. C. F. Zummach of Burlington, Ia., recording secretary.

Rev. John Lehnert, pastor of the West New York Baptist Church, West New York, N. J., had the joy of baptizing three men and a woman on Sunday, Feb. 7. A large audience was present at the service. A number of others are waiting for baptism.

Mr. E. Elmer Staub of Detroit, Mich., was elected General Treasurer to succeed Mr. Wm. F. Grosser, resigned, at the recent annual meeting of the General Missionary Committee, held in Forest Park, Ill. Bro. Staub is one of our active laymen and possesses the confidence of our denomination in an unusual degree.

"Parts of Burma are in revolt," writes Bro. Geo. J. Geis, our veteran Missionary. "Many lives and valuable property are being destroyed. The price of rice, which is the chief product of Burma, has dropped to about one-fourth its former value. The conditions are blamed on the rulers, hence much of the disturbance. Up in these parts (Myitkyina) all is quiet, in fact our former wild Kachins who entered the army are now on duty quelling the uprising."

The Sunday School Association of the Northern N. Dak. churches will meet with the church at Fessenden on March 9-10. The opening sermons will be preached by brethren K. Gieser and G. Rauser. Eight addresses will be given by various speakers during the day session on March 10. A question box will be treated by Rev. J. J. Lucas. The closing messages will be brought by Rev. H. G. Braun and N. McCoy. Mr. Sam Martin of Fessenden is president of this active association.

A Sunday with the church at Regina, Sask., Rev. John Kepl, pastor, on Feb. 14 was the privilege of the Editor of the

"Baptist Herald" after closing his work at the Bible School in Nokomis, Sask. He preached to very good-sized congregations morning and evening, despite the sub-zero weather, with special reference to "Denominational Day" at the forenoon service. A special young people's meeting was arranged in the afternoon. Despite much unemployment and slow industrial conditions the work of the church has made progress. The attractive meeting house was made possible through the strong assistance of our General Missionary Society, also the acquisition of a parsonage. Bro. Kepl has labored faithfully during the last 3 years on this field. Many strangers attend the services right along.

The meeting-house of the First German Baptist Church of Parkersburg, Ia., was completely destroyed by a fire, following an explosion on Jan. 31. The cause of the explosion was undetermined. The pastor, Rev. A. G. Lang, writes: "We lost everything, not even one book was saved." Last fall the church had spent about \$1800 in making improvements to the building as the Sunday school had doubled in attendance. The insurance amounted to only \$3500, far below what is needed to rebuild. The congregation is meeting for the present in the "Community House," which the town is giving free, the church paying for light and heat. We understand the church is planning to rebuild and facing the future with courage and faith. We recommend our stricken sister church to our people everywhere for prayer and help.

Cottage Prayer Meetings of the Bethel Baptist Church, Detroit

Our pastor, Rev. Paul Wengel, has announced prayer meetings will be held in cottages every Friday evening till Easter. The leaders of these meetings are our pastor, some of the deacons and others able to lead a prayer meeting or Bible study.

Our City is divided into five districts, so a group meets in each district for the purpose of bringing the Bethelites and their neighbors closer to God and each other. Four of the groups having their meetings in the English and one in the German tongue, which is in reality the mother tongue of the Bethel Church. I heard neighbors say: "Oh, wasn't that nice and lovely." (Even our own people are getting more lively.) In this way we reach people who long ago quit going to church, or who go once a year, and that's on Easter Sunday. Most every group is growing in attendance, at some of the German meetings the people stay together to nearly 10 o'clock. The folks

are so happy to meet in the houses for a change, and then too, for better acquaintance. May those gatherings bear good fruits! During, or after the meeting is closed by the leader, some of our good singers have an extra song to offer, others are called upon to render something for the good of the gathering, and they do it willingly. At the fourth meeting of the German group a brother 89 years old who in his younger days sang in a church choir in the old country volunteered to sing a solo, which revealed that he rejoices in the service of his Lord.

Besides these five groups we have our regular powerhouse meetings in the church on Wednesdays which are well attended, as high as hundred and more.

Our splendid church choir has its rehearsal on Fridays at 8 P. M. They, too, hold a prayer hour after the rehearsal in the choir loft, under a good leader and master organist. May all this be an inspiration not only for our church, but for other churches as well!

Wednesday, February 3, just before Bro. Wengel brought the prayer meeting to a close, one of the trustees reminded him that three years ago today he looked into our faces for the first time as our pastor. He came to us from Brooklyn, N. Y. Since that time we have learned to love him and he learned our failures. So all of us went down to the fellowship hall, and while Bro. Wengel and his beloved wife stood just inside near the door, they received a warm handshake from all of us as we marched into the hall single file, and we reassured them of our love and co-operation in the service of the Lord our God. A bouquet of flowers was handed to his wife.

Then we had some Kaffee und Kuchen.

A BETHELITE.

The Baptist Herald

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The Baptist Herald

Back to Real Values

GEORGE HENSEL

IN an article entitled "Don't wait to live," which appeared in the "Reader's Digest" of Dec. 1931, Dr. Wolfe tells of a successful business man who was so busy with his own affairs that he could find no time to concern himself with the affairs and woes of his fellowmen. His nerves evidently were in bad shape and so his doctor advised a change. The advice was not to go south, but to go to the Grand Central Station in New York and look up some one who needed help. The man obeyed his physician's order in a spirit of wounded pride. He soon found a poor woman from a country town who had come to New York to meet her daughter. Unfortunately she had lost the slip with her daughter's address, and there she sat silently weeping in a corner. The man looked up the daughter's address in the telephone directory, called a taxi and took the old lady and her baggage to the desired street in the Bronx. On the way he bought her a few roses which brought tears of joy to her cheeks. When this "good Samaritan" deed was completed the gentleman rushed to the telephone to call his doctor, saying, "My God, Doc, I feel like a human being at last!" He is now one of the directors of a boy's club on the lower East Side of New York, and a member of various child welfare and civic organizations.

Our Distorted Sense of Values

In our wild scramble for the material things of life our sense of values has become seriously distorted, so much so, that we considered food more than life, and raiment more than the body, and the material more than the spiritual. Many still believe that the only way back to normalcy is to create a wave of prosperity. The U. S. Government has created a great fund on which the industries and the banks may draw in order to stabilize financial conditions and thus bring back again prosperity. What we need more than anything else at this time is a proper appreciation of the eternal values.

The Value of One Human Being

Jesus taught us that a human being is far more valuable than the entire material world by saying, "What doth it profit a man, to gain the whole world and forfeit his life?" So sacred did Jesus consider a personality that he disregarded the conventional customs and laws of his time and had fellowship with publicans and sinners. He took a child and set it in the midst of his disciples as a symbol of such values as humility, trust, love, forgiveness, eagerness to learn. Jesus' primary interest was centered in human beings and not in

things. We may claim that we still have that interest. Our scientists can produce statistics that show "where 313 people out of every million died of typhoid fever in 1900, only 16 died in 1929. Tuberculosis destroyed 1745 lives in 1900, but in 1929 only 647 deaths occurred. Scarlet fever took a toll of 96 children or other persons in 1900 to every 19 who passed away through that sickness in 1929." These are splendid gains in the preservation of life, but they fade into oblivion when we consider on the other hand how the inventive genius of science has been employed through the medium of disease germs and chemicals and engines of war for the destruction of millions of the finest and healthiest human beings. What we need more than prosperity is a new sense of the great value and the sacredness of life.

Values Money Cannot Buy

Let us thank God that there are some things in this world that cannot be purchased with money and that have remained unaffected by the crash of the stock-market and the depression of our time. God's laws will continue to operate for our needs as they have before. The heavenly Father will make his sun to shine upon the evil and the good, and send his rain upon the just and the unjust. We may go out and fill our lungs with the fresh air and enjoy the beauties of nature. Depression or no depression, God will permit the forces of nature to stir in a few months and bring forth grain and fruit and other food to feed the hungry and the needy.

The Gift of Love

God's love is still there for him who will seek for it. Take that out of our Christian consciousness and our spiritual life will collapse. The love of parents for their children will continue even though the means for buying luxuries have been taken away. In fact, many parents will have more time to bestow their affection upon their children since they have been obliged to dispense with the "golf" and the "bridge club" because of economic reasons.

The Gift of Faith

Though our faith in our fellowmen may have been shaken, our faith in God remains. When David was surrounded by his enemies he could still say: "The Lord is my rock, and my fortress, and my deliverer: The God of my rock; in him will I trust." Our distress is often God's only means to increase our faith. The story of Silas Marner is a good illustration of that. Not until this man had lost his money did he awaken to the fact that he had shut God and man out from his life. His need

opened up the hearts of his neighbors and in return his heart opened up to God and man.

The Gift of Service

With Peter we may say: "Silver and gold have I none, but what I have, that give I unto thee." The best gifts are still those of personal service. In Kankakee there is a Relief Association which has no funds to work with, being entirely independent of the Welfare Association. The unemployed men band together and chop down trees and make kindling wood for the needy families. Because their time and physical energy flow into the gift a spirit of mutual sharing of one another's burdens is created which far surpasses the gift of money.

The Gift of Salvation

Last but not least is the gift of salvation which cannot be purchased with money. It is a gift of grace which flows freely for all those which do hunger and thirst after it. We too can say with Isaiah, the prophet: "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy and eat."

These are some of the values which men have overlooked and which are so essential to the happiness and welfare of mankind. Possibly we too would "feel like human beings" again if we exercised them for the benefit of our fellowmen. The things which build character and develop the life of the soul are still way above par in value and will outlive the transient things of this life.

What About Your Debts?

E. UMBACH

YOU may say, I have no debts. And you may be fortunate enough not to owe any man a cent, but nevertheless you are a debtor. Paul in his letter to the Romans writes: "I owe a debt both to the Greeks and to foreigners, to the cultivated and the uncultivated." And you and I are debtors in the same sense. Just as Paul tried to pay his debt to humanity by a life-long service and unceasing devotion to the saving work of Christ, his Lord, so you and I are under obligations which we must honestly try to meet.

We Owe a Debt to the World

A little reflection will make that clear. We are today what we are and are able to accomplish the great things we undertake because of the great heritage that has come to us from the past. Every new generation is standing on the shoulders of the preceding generations. The foundations of the world's scientific and technical knowledge have been laid by the ardent and painstaking efforts and researches of the thinkers and scientists of the generations before us. If each new generation would have to start every time again at the bottom we would not get very far in the search for truth or in technical achievement. We are heirs of past achievements and victories, and our debt is so much larger when we consider how often in the past scien-

tific research and discovery has not been welcomed but rewarded with calumny and persecution. Galileo, Kepler and others have suffered in the search and promulgation of truth. There always have been people who were afraid of the truth. When Pythagoras discovered a new truth he made a sacrifice of a hundred oxen to the gods. No wonder that the oxen ever since have trembled when a new truth was announced. Hats off to the heroes of the past in the realm of truth and scientific research. We owe a great debt to them.

Our Liberties Are Inherited

We are enjoying today priceless privileges because our forefathers have fought and suffered and died for them. Who could count the thousands and hundred thousands who have died in the dungeons and on the gallows for challenging the divine right of kings? Who could forget the colonists who fought and died in the Revolutionary War against the autocratic rule of Great Britain, in order to establish once for all the recognition of the truth that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

And just as we are enjoying political liberty because of the great and heroic sacrifices of the past generations, so also civil liberty rests on the same basis. Our people might yet be half free and half slave if it had not been for the brave men who laid down their lives on the battlefields of Gettysburg and Chickamauga and the Shenandoah valley.

But above all, may we never cease to be thankful for the saintly men and women who have secured for us the priceless boon of religious liberty. There is today in the Constitution of our country the amendment that Congress shall make no law respecting the establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof. It is to the glory of the Baptists that it is there. No people have suffered more from religious persecution than they. Thousands of them have died on the gallows, or upon the stake, or rotted in prisons. No torture has been so devilish that they have not been subjected to it. We shudder at the mere thought of the agony and horrors that they had to go through in order to secure for their children the right to serve God according to the dictates of their own conscience. Oh, what a debt, what a large debt, do we owe to the saints and martyrs of the past ages for the victory they have won for us. We are debtors indeed! May we never forget it! But no less clear to us must be

Our Debt to the Present Generation

Our machine-driven age has produced a world interdependence such as never has been seen before. Our means to bridge distances and flash the news over the globe in the twinkling of an eye have changed the world into a neighborhood and have made the ocean a whispering gallery. Each of us for his daily needs is dependent on the most distant parts of the world. It is clear we cannot accept this

service of all mankind by simply paying in coin for it; each one of us must contribute his share to the welfare and comfort of the race in return for what we receive. We are debtors there.

And it is also clear that those who are enjoying the privileges of higher education are so much more indebted. "Noblesse oblige," nobility puts you under obligation. Knowledge owes a debt to the ignorant, and strength to weakness, and wealth to poverty. To whom much is given from him much will be required. In the material affairs as a rule the poor are the greatest debtors, in the realm of the spirit and the intellect, the opposite is true. The most gifted, the best trained, the mentally and spiritually richest owe the greatest debt to mankind. That is the way Paul felt. That is the way we should feel. And

The Seriousness of the Present World Situation

ought to make that clearer to us than ever before. There are problems pressing for solution in our day which in far-reaching importance rival anything which the human race has ever had to contend with. I cannot go into the details of them. I only need to mention them in order to show what a challenge they contain.

Here is the problem of acute poverty and suffering in the midst of superabundance. Millions unemployed. Breadlines in every city. Hunger and want driving many into the ranks of crime or of shame. And no sign of a speedy return of better times. The whole world in the same terrible relentless grip. Oh what a problem! It is our task to find a solution for it and find it soon or—as has been said—the barbarians of the twentieth century will overrun our civilization as surely as the hordes of Ghengis Khan overran the Europe of the middle ages.

And then, there is another problem, no less serious and pressing than the first, i. e. to find an avenue for peace and good-will among men in the face of the most relentless and ever increasing commercial rivalry between the nations of the earth. A new war will mean the destruction of our civilization. It must not come! It is our task to see that it does not come.

And the third problem, just as far-reaching in importance, is the problem of keeping alive in the breast of man in this materialistic age the faith in the invisible and eternal realities which have more to do with human weal or woe than anything else. Take away the faith in God and the conviction of our responsibility to him, and our civilization will head for the rocks. Prof. Semler in his book "The Downfall of the Occident"—a book which has stirred Europe more than any other book for decades—says that our civilization is indeed on the rocks already and that its doom is inevitable. We may not share this view. But we cannot escape the conviction that we must bestir ourselves more than ever if humanity shall not be crushed in the grip of its materialism and worldliness.

Are We Willing to Accept the Challenge?

Are we ready for the service that will be required and not shrink back from the cost? There is no standstill in our modern civilization. It pushes us on irresistibly. But therefore only by constant effort and consecration can we hope to keep abreast with the times.

The world will buy largely of any one who will deliver the goods.

It is ready and eager to barter if you will deliver the goods. But don't take its order and make out the bill Unless you are sure you are able to fill Your contract, because it won't pay you, until You deliver the goods.

Still more exacting than on the brainpower of the modern man are the demands made on the moral nature of man. Man today by his scientific and technical achievements is in the possession of well-nigh fabulous power. That ought to be a blessing but it may turn into a curse. It may be used for destruction as well as for progress. How great must be the moral strength of this and the coming generations to resist the temptation of using this power for destructive purposes or for selfish aims. And here is the disconcerting fact that while the progress of the race during the last hundred years has been simply marvelous, nobody would have the courage to assert that the moral and religious progress has kept step with it. But a single moral lapse in responsible positions and the whole world might have to suffer from it. Oh, how we ought to be concerned to strengthen our own and the world's moral fiber. In trying to do that we will pay a part of the debt we owe to our fellowmen.

However, to help in this great cause we need the power of the eternal God in whose image we are made. Every great question confronting mankind in its onward march is in the last analysis

A Religious Question

And it is the religion of Jesus Christ which will furnish us with the key for its solution. Therefore every great leader who has helped to push forward the hands of time has been imbued with the spirit of Christ. Take our own country. It was his religion which enabled George Washington to keep courage even in the darkest days of the Revolutionary War. It was out of the arsenal of religious conviction that Abraham Lincoln gained the assurance of final victory and the strength of character that upheld him in those trying years. One day while Lincoln was reviewing the Army of the Potomac, a man said to a friend at his side: "Look at the face of that man. The sorrow and burden of the whole nation is written on those features." How he was able to carry on through it all can be explained by but one thing. Lincoln regarded himself as "an instrument used by God," and he was a praying man. It is in the birth pangs of deep religious experiences where the passion and the holy enthusiasm for righteousness and virtue are born that enable men to make sacrifices they otherwise would never dream of.



Students of the Wetaskiwin Bible School

Back row, left to right: Kurt Grubert, Arthur Forsch, Walter Jespersen, Harvey Strohschein, Edwin Schmidke, Walter Krause, Ruben Kern, Gustav Ross, Gus Miller, Edgar Klatt, Walter Stein, Arthur Schmidt, Milbert Benke, Sam Ohlhauser, William Wagner, Emil Price.—The short row of four at right, just below above: Carl Weisser, Gilbert Falkenberg, Reinhold Schmidt, John Mueller.—Second row, left to right: Martha Schmidt, Alma Jespersen, Lydia Littmann, Frances Link, Alvena Holland, Martha Krause, Gertrude Jesman, Lucy Intwert, Emma Holland, Rose Yonkers, Hertle Hein, Emma Sonnenberg, Esther Sorge, Adelaide Klatt, Arpa Meyers, Esther Reschke, Freda Brown, Erika Krueger, Esther Meyers.—Third row: Ernestine Weigum, Martha Link, Lilly Yost, Adina Littmann, Hanna Littmann, Rev. Fred. Benke, Rev. E. P. Wahl, Rev. Arthur A. Schade, Rev. A. Ittermann, Rev. A. Kujath.—Fourth row: Albert Schell, Rudolph Neubauer, Willie Tauber, Leroy Wuerch, Asaph Roth, Dan Albert, Herbert Bienert, Elmer Roth, Asaph Tobert, Robert Neske, Roland Jespersen, Oscar Japs, Harvey Link, Jonathan Tobert.—Front row: Alfred Hanks, Emil Schimke, Paul Weiser, Stanley Klapstein, Harry Strohschein, Wenslaw Tischer.

The Bible School in Wetaskiwin

The fourth annual Bible School of the Alberta "Dreibund" was conducted in the little town of Wetaskiwin January 4-29. A choice lot of young people from the churches of Alberta gathered for the occasion, 65 in number, all but eight for the entire four weeks. They were provided with lodging and meals in the Institute Building of the Swedish Baptists or in the homes of members of the Wetaskiwin church at a very nominal figure made possible through the generous donations to the kitchen by the churches.

The classes were conducted during the forenoon and afternoon in the Wetaskiwin church. Rev. E. P. Wahl, Dean of the School, taught a course on the Psalms; Rev. Fred Benke, pastor of the local Baptist church, presented a course on missionary work in Africa; Rev. A. Ittermann, pastor of the Freudental church, gave courses in Orchestral and Choral music. A remarkable exhibition of musical talent was presented at the closing celebration in an orchestra of 40 pieces, taken from a student body of 65, and also in the wonderful chorus music. The Field Secretary, Arthur A. Schade, presented three courses daily for the four weeks, one on Young People's Training, one on Christian Teaching in the Bible

school, and another on the Gospel according to Mark. The weather was pretty snappy, sometimes hitting as low as 30 below zero, but except for some of the students catching colds from the unfavorable heating conditions, the results were not serious.

The students were provided with prepared text material for the most of the courses which enabled them to do more thorough work than would otherwise have been possible. The only regret which was frequently expressed was, that the course lasted only a month. Many of these young people could spend the whole winter at such work, if the means were provided to conduct the schools, and what a wonderful difference it would make in the quality of their church work in years to come. The pastors are weighed down with the sense of responsibility, and have tentatively decided to extend the course over three months next year. If only the denomination could look in on these ripe opportunities of Christian service, and if only the means were available to realize them! A study of the faces on the accompanying picture of the student body will reveal a high degree of that quality which goes into the makeup of good students.

ARTHUR A. SCHADE.

News from the B. Y. P. U. of Killaloe, Ont.

It is about a year ago since a report has been published from our young people's society. Even if we are not strong in number in our little group, and do not report much, we nevertheless keep quite busy.

Under the leadership of Bro. Leonard Kuehl our B. Y. P. U. rendered a program last year usually every fourth Sunday in the month with great joy.

Our young people started something last year in their society. With much success they visited different sick people and brought to them good edibles and words of comfort.

On Nov. 25 a very good annual program was rendered. After the program we were invited to the social room for refreshments and a little chat of fellowship.

The program consisted of three dialogs and a missionary pageant, "The Light of the Cross," ending with the song "Onward, Christian Soldiers," as it was presented in our General Conference in Detroit.

The instrumental duets and vocal duets, trios, solos, and congregational singing were well placed to add to the attractiveness of the program. THE REPORTER.

The Sunday School

God

ALMA A. REINHARDT (15 years of age)

God guides us through the storms and strife,
God helps us lead a better life,
God shows us what is right and wrong,
God turns sadness into a song.

God befriends the friendless here,
God holds every creature dear.
God gave his Son so we might live,—
God our sins he will forgive.

God makes burdens all the lighter,
God makes grey skies seem much brighter.
God made my heart his royal throne,
And some day God will guide me home.

The Personality of the Teacher

MRS. J. E. DILLARD

"What position does Doctor Franklin hold with the T. P. M. Co.?" asked my guest. "It is an unusual place he fills, that of personality man. His duties comprise all the word means or implies." The president of that large corporation said, "How did I ever make good in this business without 'Doc' Franklin?"

Well may we as teachers ask a similar question. How can we make good in business for the Lord without giving diligent heed to the potent fact of personality?

"Personality is a much overworked word, almost as trite as the word service," remarked a teacher whose personal atmosphere was not of the drawing kind. "That may be partly true," I said, "yet personality is something which belongs to you. You own it. It is yours whether you desire to claim it or not."

"Your personality is the essence of your power in life and the memory of you that lingers with others after you are gone. It is a commodity which you neither buy nor sell. It was your birthday present, a gift from heaven. The result of its growth through cultivation, you pass on, gratis, to all who meet you."

All personalities are different. Each teacher has that undefinable something which makes him different from every other teacher.

In my rose garden all the red radiance roses have the same color. There are certain styles of literary essays. In music the same motif is used over and over by the composer artist, but every teacher is entirely different from every other teacher, each filling his own place in his own inimitable way. The teacher should be grateful for the distinction of his personality, grateful that he is different from everybody else.

Great riches accumulate from a culti-

ated personality. The wealth of an improved personal appearance is valuable. No teacher has the right to come before his class dowdy in appearance. Wear your best clothes on Sunday. Nothing is too good for the Lord. The first yardstick of youth is his tapeline! "Were his shoes shined and his trousers pressed?" "Miss Dean, all the girls in the class are crazy about your new fall outfit." Such are the impressions growing out of youth's keen measurements of the teacher's physical adornment.

No teacher is true to himself, to his class or to the Lord who is indifferent to his mental qualifications. Study, read, in season and out of season. Store the mind with the newest and the best general information. The teacher who spends all of his leisure time playing bridge and attending picture shows robs his mental personality of nourishing food by feeding it poison.

Never does a teacher's personality prove its power in a greater degree than during the presentation of the lesson. Your ability to give out, to share with hungry minds, displays a charm second only to the highest of all influence, your spiritual personality.

The teacher should covet a life lived in close touch with the heavenly Father. A teacher who diligently studies God's Word; a teacher who cultivates the Christian graces; a teacher who has learned the deep meaning of prayer will radiate that spiritual, undefinable something known as personality. "That something" is worth more to the youth you serve than all the learning in all the books; than all the gold in all the banks.

Then you will be a spiritual torch; then you will be a power making ordinary things wonderful; a power helping youth bring from the ugly that which is beautiful; to enable him to give thanks for sorrow; to help him realize a right spirit is the crowning glory of life.

As you unconsciously share with others, your personality grows; it deepens; it enriches, and the more you give out the more you have for future use.

"For whosoever hath, to him shall be given, and he shall have more abundance: but whosoever hath not, from him shall be taken away even that he hath." —The Sunday School Builder.

* * *

You cannot rest unless you have something to rest from. No one lives a restful life who does not live an industrious life.

* * *

God has not promised to answer every prayer, but we are assured that the fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much."

The Pupil's Plea

"Teacher, take my hand in yours,"
Said a little child to me,
"And let me walk beside you,
There's so much I want to see.
I would see God in the flowers
That bloom about my feet;
And find him in the stars that shine
Like lamps along the street.

"I would read his loving message
In sunshine golden bright,
And feel his love about me
When I go to bed at night.
I would know what work of his
A little child can do;
So please, take my hand in yours
And let me walk with you."

"Teacher, take my hand in yours,"
A fine young Junior cried;
"And lead me to the rugged cross
Whereon my Savior died.
Then help me prove to all the world
My love to him is true,
And do the manly things each day
He'd have a Junior do."

"Teacher, take my hand in yours,"
Said the youth with eyes aflame,
"And help me find a worthy task
To achieve in Jesus' name!
Please, when I'm tempted, help me
The still small voice to heed,
And for his sake fill every day
With noble thought and deed."

—M. C. L.

Wanted—A Teacher of Boys

Wanted—a teacher who likes boys and wants to teach them.

Wanted—a teacher who will enjoy hikes and who is not afraid of getting tired.

Wanted—a teacher who loves Christ and who is not ashamed for his boys to know that he is a real Christian.

Wanted—a teacher who will live close to his boys and who will help them to meet their responsibilities and face their problems.

Wanted—a teacher whose personal habits are worthy of the boys' imitation and whose character is worthy of their admiration.

Wanted—a teacher who will really teach boys; who wants them to know Christ and the Bible, and who will spare no effort to that end.

This teacher will receive as his reward the privilege of hard work for the Master, the joy of seeing Christian boys develop into Christian men, and the praise of the Great Teacher.—Intermediate and Senior Teacher.

THE WHITE LADY

By GRACE LIVINGSTONE HILL

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(Continuation)

Chaper IX

John Edicott's train was nearing the station, and familiar objects presented themselves. He could see the old lumber yard, the ice-house off at the side, and one corner of the supply-store steps, but a freight car hid the rest. He turned to the other side of the track, marveling at the advance of spring during his absence. It was growing dusk, but the moon had risen and was shining in glory on everything. It bathed the little pond and island behind the old haunted house, and made the dark cedars stand out primly like sentinels set to guard the place. He placed his face close to the window pane and peered out to see whether he could tell whether the grass was green. He lifted his suit-case ready to get out. He had no need for such haste, save that he wished to get away from his loneliness that seemed to be threatening to overwhelm him. To come back to Rushville, and to know that there would be no mother a hundred miles away praying for him, to whom he could write and who would write him long, cheering letters, asking about his work and planning for the time that would never come now, when she could be spared to leave her daughter and the baby, and would come to make a real home for him, it was all hard. It was no wonder that John Edicott looked out of the window, and tried to take an interest in the spring growth of grass. But now, as he looked, a strange object met his gaze. On the moonlit slope of grass, glittering with diamond drops there appeared a patch of light. It seemed a kind of focusing of the white mist rising from the silver pond, and it took the form of a girl, slender and white-robed.

For just an instant his heart stood still, and his mind experienced great wonder and doubt. It seemed, in very truth, that he must be looking upon a disembodied spirit, the spirit of the woman who had lived in the old house and was walking the earth again. Then his strong New England common sense, sturdy through the years of poverty and hardship, rose. At once he rejected the feeling. There was some explanation, of course, and he would find it out. He would sift this superstition to its depths, and rid the village of a troublesome tradition.

The train had already started to move, and in a moment more would be past the grounds and on its way to the station. There was no time to be lost. Gripping the suit-case, he strode from the car, his eyes fixed upon the white object still visible through the car-win-

dows. The train was moving faster when he swung himself from the back platform, and without waiting to pick his way he set out at once for the object of his coming. Over the fence, suit-case and all, he went, and through the dewy grass, silently and swiftly he moved, lest he should disturb this seeming wraith, if living it was, and not some odd argument of tangible things upon which the moon brought a peculiar light. His speculation was at work, but he could suggest nothing that should give such lifelike form to the old story of the village. He was conscious of a satisfaction that there was something real to lay a foundation for so ridiculous a story which held a whole village in fear. Then he came nearer, his eyes still fixed upon the luminous white object, and out of the evening the form grew more distinct as he drew nearer, until a girl, fair and lovely, stood before him in the moonlight. He could see the perfect profile now with a dark cedar for background, a wave of hair outlining one delicate ear, the exquisitely moulded hand holding back the soft white drapery, and over all the unearthly light.

He paused and caught his breath. Almost he could believe she was a spirit, so ethereal did she seem, so motionless and beautiful, as she stood looking out over that silver sheet of water with dewy sparkles all about her feet and an early firefly over her head, matching its little light against the moon. It did not seem as if she could be ordinary flesh and blood.

Then he came a step nearer, and she turned and faced him.

He looked at her, and saw that she was a real woman, alive, and lovely. What could it mean? Did some insane person secretly live in the old house, and come out at night haunting the place? Or was she a poor creature that had fled from something terrible in her life and was taking refuge here from the world? Not from sin she had committed, surely, for the face into which he was looking was pure and true. But he must know what it meant.

His voice was stern and commanding when he spoke at last.

"Who are you? What are you doing here?" he asked, and to himself it seemed that he had spoken almost harshly.

But the girl was not frightened, apparently, nor did she scream and turn to run away, nor fade like a wraith. Instead she turned quickly and faced him.

"I might ask the same of you," she said coolly, "I happen to be on my premises."

Puzzled, wondering, half abashed by her manner, John Edicott paused. Actually she had made him feel that he was

the intruder, not she. And yet what had he gained, and how could he go away without sifting the mystery further? What had she said that would not make matters more sure to the believers in the walking lady? Nothing. She talked as any reasonable ghost might be expected to talk, provided she had killed herself in this house and had chosen to return and walk within its grounds.

No, if he went away now, it would be better that he had not come. He would not dare mention the occurrence; for it would only confirm the stories that had been going about, and the fear of the poor old house would grow. He must find out what this meant. She was a woman, of course, as real and live as himself, and she did not look like a maniac. She must be made to explain herself, and make it plain why she chose to walk in these lonely grounds alone at night, and frighten a whole village of harmless people. If she had a secret, he would guard it; but she must explain.

"I beg your pardon," he said courteously but firmly, "I must understand your presence here. You have asked me who I am. I am the minister of the church, and for the good of this community I have come here to find out this mystery. Why do you walk about in this strange way and frighten a whole community?"

"You may be a minister," she laughed, "but I fail to understand why that gives you a right to question me on my own premises. I walk here because I choose to do so. As for frightening a whole community, there does not seem to be anybody frightened but yourself."

She turned toward the house.

"But—" he said, "I—"

She was gone. A slight rustle, a breath of faint, almost imperceptible, perfume, a bending of the grasses; that was all. He stood dismayed, worsted, humiliated, out there in the moonlight. He watched her as she went up the path and into the house. As she stood on the low porch for an instant, her hand on the door latch, he caught the gleam of a diamond flashing on her finger.

He stood still, too dazed to move for a moment. Then he looked up at the old house, and saw a candlelight flicker through the windows. Was he perhaps "seeing things" too, like the rest of the village? Had his recent sorrow and loss of sleep unstrung his nerves?

But he could not stand there, a tall shadow in the moonlight, for some passer-by to see and construct another ghostly story about. He must go home. It went strongly against the grain to leave, however, without knowing more about the matter. He was half inclined to walk boldly up to the door, and knock.

He had never been in quite such a situation before, chasing ghosts through property that did not belong to him, merely for the sake of proving to the community that there were no ghosts. He told himself that he should have

mind his own affairs, and then there would have been no trouble.

Altogether, his spirits were much depressed as he wended his way to Mrs. Bartlett's brown house, and a sharp pang of sorrow went through him as he thought that the person to whom he would like to have told this strange adventure was gone from earth.

Mrs. Bartlett laid down the paper she was reading, and opened the door, looking over her glasses at him speculatively. She would have liked to ask him the particulars of his mother's death and the funeral, but he was always so brief about such things. She would rather he were a little more of a gossip. The next morning she told her neighbor that the minister looked "kind of peaked" when he came home; she "guessed he felt his ma's death," though she "couldn't see why he should; he had been away from her a good many years."

There was not much comfort for John Edicott in Mrs. Bartlett's home. Her house was clean, however, and she gave him plenty to eat. He never complained even when the meat was warmed over three times, nor said how tired he was of stewed prunes. She thought that was good enough for the minister; "he didn't hev to work near's hard's Hiram, anyway—just make a few calls, and talk a little while on Sunday." That was Mrs. Bartlett's estimate of a minister's labors.

Mrs. Bartlett set forth for her boarder, sour bread, weak tea, strong butter, tough meat, heavy gingerbread and sloppy prunes, remarking significantly as she did so, that the train must have been late. He made no attempt to satisfy her curiosity however, and betook himself to his room as soon as possible.

His room was small and overcrowded with his books and papers. Mrs. Bartlett never meddled with his things, she told her neighbors with pride; so dust and papers and missionary circulars lay in undisturbed confusion over table and floor and window-seats, wherever he chose to lay them down. They lay so now, just as he had left them two weeks ago when he hurried off in response to the terrible telegram that lay on the top of all, there on his table. He caught sight of it and groaned as he flung himself into the cane-seat chair before the pine table that served as a study-desk. The whole dreadful two weeks passed before his mind in a flash. The confusion in the room served to deepen the feeling of desolation.

He seemed to see everything in it with his eyes shut, and knew just how dismal it all looked. The red and green carpet carefully darned in places, and a great patch wrong side out just in front of the door; the rows of dusty books on the unpainted pine shelves along the wall; the hard little lounge, that was a foot too short for him; the framed picture of his theological professors, and another of his seminary class; the cracked blue paper window-shades, were all as plain to

him as if his eyes were open; and the yellow telegram focused itself as the center of all this desolation, even though his face was buried in his folded arms upon the table.

He went over it all again, the journey, the deathbed, the funeral, and his heart grew sick within him.

He rose quickly, and went over to the cheap oak bureau. There was a white towel on the bureau for a cover; and his mother's picture stood there, the only ornament in the room. A neat and ugly strip of carpet lay in front of the bed. On this rag rug beside the patch-work-covered bed the minister knelt.

He had been wont on cheery days to call his quarters pleasant ones, and himself fortunate to have got them at such a possible price, this when he wrote to his mother and made as bright a picture of his life as he could find in his conscience to do; but on this sad night of his return the whole place looked bare and desolate.

He buried his face in the small, lumpy pillow, and cried to God for help. He felt so alone, and so suddenly weak, and unable to cope with the world that seemed against him sorely.

Long he knelt there and brought every burden, for he was accustomed to talking with his Lord "face to face as a man speaketh unto his friend." Then, comforted, he lay down to rest.

Chapter X

When Constance reached the house, she was trembling from head to foot, whether from fright or from anger she scarcely knew. At first, when she turned around and faced the strange man in the moonlight, she was frightened, and expected to be seized by the throat and choked, perhaps, or gagged and robbed; but, when she saw his suit-case, and noticed that he was respectable looking, her fears were quieted. When he spoke, she recognized the tones of a gentleman, and then she began to be angry.

It was ridiculous of him to think a woman could do any harm, even if she were walking at night on land that did not belong to her near an old deserted house. So she had passed by him with a grand air, and entered the kitchen.

Norah was flying around, putting away dishes on a shelf which she had washed to receive them, and Constance felt that she must either laugh or cry at once; so she lighted another candle, and went swiftly upstairs. It had suddenly come over her what the man must have meant as she remembered the story Jimmy had told her of the white lady. She had entirely forgotten it and thought the stranger most officious.

But now she saw it all. The man had thought her the ghost who haunted the house, and the whole thing took a funny aspect. She wanted to laugh aloud. But it might frighten Norah so she must not tell her.

She stole to the window, and looked

out into the moonlit world. The man was just striding away through the darkness of the cedars, his head bent down, his whole tall form drooping. Something familiar in the form hovered about her memory. What was it? Where had she seen some one like this man? She turned from the window, and threw herself upon the couch; and before she knew it she was fast asleep. Norah, coming up a little later, shaded the candle, threw a light shawl over her, and left her so.

It was broad daylight when they both awoke to the thundering noise of the men banging at the door below. The first load of furniture had arrived. The painter came and said his paper hangers would soon be there, as they had gone after their paste and tools. Constance went about directing, too busy to stop for breakfast, though Norah made her a cup of coffee and sent Jimmy, who soon appeared, to the store for supplies. It was a busy day, and by night confusion seemed to reign everywhere, save in the room that Constance had chosen for her own. That Norah had attacked and made shinningly clean the first thing, and had seen to it that her young mistress's furniture was duly set up. She meant that Constance should have a quiet resting place as soon as possible. It was her loving instinct to care for one who had been good to her.

By night everybody in Rushville knew that some one was moving into the old haunted house, and many were the speculations concerning the people who would be willing to live there.

The owner of the drug store made an errand over to see whether he had left a shovel in the house, which had been missing ever since he moved. His coarse, red face and hard blue eyes appeared at the door during the morning, while Constance was alone for a moment in the kitchen, and made her start unpleasantly. She answered his questions coldly, gave him permission to search for his shovel, and withdrew at once; but the man went back to give a report of her that would have made her writhe if she could have heard it. He was much struck by her beauty, and boasted of her friendliness. And so the knowledge of her coming spread in ways of which she little dreamed.

Constance had selected for the long, high room on the right of the hall a creamy paper covered with wide-spreading palm branches that seemed to be alive in their feathery greenness. The native paper hangers shook their heads over this design, sighed, and said of course they would put it on if she said so, but they wouldn't be responsible for the way it would look; and then stood back in amazement at the effect they had produced when their work was done. It required a wider opening of the artistic in their souls to appreciate it; yet they could but confess that the whole room

was lovely. The palms spread like a grove all about it. It did not seem like paper; it was like great trees growing all about the room.

The men turned to Constance, who stood looking the room over critically, well pleased with the outcome of her experiment, and with one accord they gave her their homage. Thenceforth during the rest of their work she was "the missis," and they spoke it proudly, as if they had found their fit leader. They asked her advice instead of taking their own way, and they praised her at the fire house in the evening when they lounged to smoke and talk.

"I bet you anything, now," one man said, slapping his thigh with his hand, "that her folks has been paper hangers. She comes by it natural; anybody can see that with half an eye."

Constance came to this room after the men were gone, and looked it over again with satisfaction. This was to be the tea room and in her mind's eye she could see that it was a success so far as beauty was concerned. The paint had been enameled white and the floor was stained dark walnut. It was not a fine floor, to be sure, but the stain hid some of the defects. Constance with Norah's assistance untied bundles of rugs, and dragged them out, until she had made a selection; and the lovely room took on a new air of elegance when a number of antique Kazak, Beloochistan and Daghestan rugs were strewn about over the bad places in the flooring.

They brought little tables of solid mahogany and rosewood, highly polished and of beautiful grain, and put them about the room at pleasant distances. Constance thought with a pang of the tremendous price she was going to have to pay for plate glass to cover their polished tops, but she shut her lips firmly and went on. The great painting of the cows grazing was hung at the lower end of the room, and above the mantel, opposite the wide hall door, hung a canvas of the ocean, its liquid green depths and foamy curling waves so lifelike that one felt about to step out upon the sands. It was a large, fine painting, and one that Constance prized. It had cost much money. It had not occurred to her that she might have sold these beautiful and costly belongings, and had more money to live upon. They were a part of herself—the rare old rugs, the fine paintings, the rich mahogany furniture.

In the evening when the men were all gone, Constance and Norah shoved the mahogany buffet in from the hall where it had been put when unloaded. This they placed where its mirror would reflect the palms well and give distance to the room when one entered. After they had brought in a few chairs Constance went to the sideboard drawers, and began to take out fine linen embroidered and

lace-inwrought cloths, and spread them upon the little tables. Norah was as eager as her mistress.

"Thur's just wan thing more ye nade," said Norah, standing in the doorway, her arms akimbo, surveying their work.

"Yez better sind fer thim pams ye used to hev in th' parlor."

"Why, they're here, Norah; they came in the last load. They're out on the side piazza. You thought I sent them to the florists, I suppose, but I didn't. Come! Let's get them. Can you get the crate open?"

They dragged the great palms into the room and set them about where their greenness mingled with that of the pictured ones, and made the illusion more perfect. On the whole, they went to bed that night satisfied.

"We'll soon be ready for guests, Norah," said Constance, laughing as she bade Norah good night.

When Jimmy came in the morning as usual, he was taken to look at the new room. He stood in the hall door, his little bare, dusty toes keeping reverently back from the rich rug in the doorway, and looked in. Never before had a sight of anything like this appeared to Jimmy's dazzled vision. He was used to a dingy kitchen and to a still dingier attic bedroom. He had seldom been in other people's houses, and then not further than the kitchen or a long, dark hall, when he was sent on errands.

"Gee whiz!" he said at last, after a prolonged gaze. "Ain't you a clipper? Say, that's great! My! I wisht the fellers could see them green trees agrowin' right in the room. Make pictures ov 'emselves on the wall, too! Say, thet's great!"

But the tea room was not the only room in which changes had been going on. Up on the second floor three lovely rooms had been in preparation, a bedroom, a sitting-room, and a dainty dining-room. It was the nest that Constance was preparing for her grandmother. Into these rooms were put all Mrs. Wetherill's fine old furniture, her rugs and pictures and books, arranged as nearly as possible in the way in which they had been arranged in her home in New York.

The bedroom and dining-room were the two back rooms; and the sitting room, though on the front, had its windows so sheltered by large trees that it was impossible to see the front door or the path leading to the gate. The outlook was lovely at this time of year, into greenness everywhere, with a nestling church spire and a few dormer windows of houses in the distance. In winter the cedars would stand guard over the front door. There would be no need for the old lady to learn the secret of their maintenance from her windows, at least.

And now letters from her grandmother, though not saying so in so many words, showed Constance that she was feeling homesick, and that it was fully time to go after her. Constance had been in Rushville two weeks and two days, and there was much yet to be done, but she felt that Norah might be able to do it with some help; so, securing Jimmy's mother to stay nights in the house and to help Norah, Constance went after her grandmother. She felt that the hardest part of her task was now before her, to get rid of the maid and to induce her grandmother to be happy for the summer in Rushville.

One fear she had, and that was that Norah would hear in some way about the ghost who was supposed to haunt the house, and that her Irish superstition would take alarm. Constance decided that she must say something to her before she left, lest Norah should be frightened and desert her post. But, when she broached the subject, the girl only laughed.

"Bless me sowl, Miss Connie! Did yez think I was feerd o' ghosts? The painter man, the rid-haired wan, he towld me all about the lady wot wahks; but Oi sez, sez Oi, 'Oi'll not be a-scarin' fer speerits. Oi've two good han's an' two feets, an Oi'll resk meself wid any traillin' gentle leddy thet only wahks. Whot horm cud she do?' Na, Miss Connie, yez no need to be feerd fer me."

Jimmy was establishd as regular right-hand man for Norah until Constance should return.

"I'm going to pay you a dollar a week, Jimmy, while I'm away; and you will do all you can to make things easy for Norah, won't you? Then, when I come back, we'll have a talk together and make some permanent arrangements. You are my partner, you know, and I must pay you something for the use of your name in renting the house."

Jimmy smiled at her confidently. He thought there never was anybody in the world like his new friend. He swelled with pride daily as he walked through the streets, for was not he an established friend of the house that was haunted, and did he not walk in and out familiarly where even yet the village boys would not have dared tread except in broad daylight. It was not that Jimmy did not believe the stories about the ghost, but that he felt that this new and lovely spirit that had come to inherit the place would drive out the other. At least, he had lost the dread of the house he had once felt, and so he enjoyed the prestige of courage among his comrades, who often watched from afar whether he really did go into the house as he said.

(To be continued)

* * *

A purpose in life is priceless; without a purpose you may have poverty of soul although you are worth millions.

China News-Letter from Missionary Giedt

Kwantung, China,
Nov. 12, 1931.

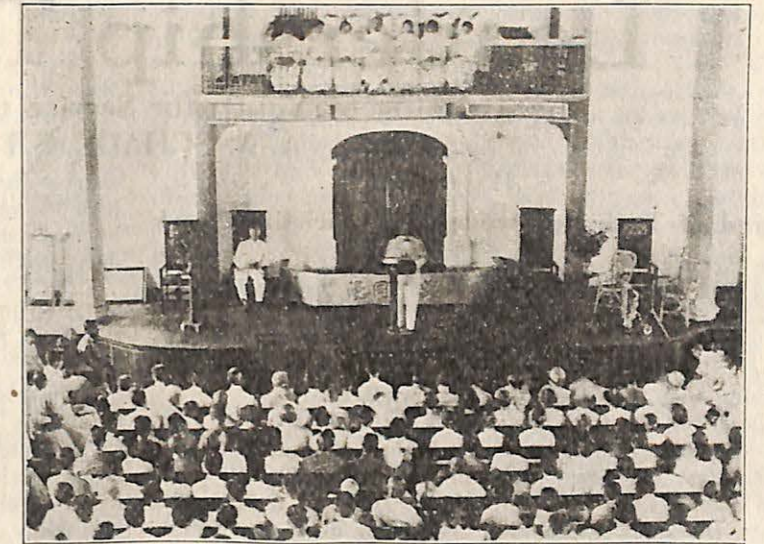
Dear Friends:

With the approach of the Christmas season our thoughts fly homeward, and though 10,000 miles separate us we are with you in spirit and feel that there are no barriers to spiritual fellowship. We should like to sit down and have a chat with each one of you, but that being physically impossible we (the editorial we) have seated ourself at the typewriter and shall now proceed to do all the talking.

Churches Blotted Out by the Communists

In a few days I shall be going on an extended itinerary for three or four weeks to our Kityang home mission field in the Weichow district halfway between here and Canton. We used to have eleven widely scattered churches in that region with its center over a hundred miles from here, but during the past three years three or four of the churches have been practically plotted out by the invasion of a Communist army three years ago. Most of the region has now been cleared of the Communists and bandits so that six or seven of the churches are slowly reviving and are planning for local association meetings the first days in December. In one of the churches twelve people were baptized a month ago. The Kityang Association with its 25 churches maintains three preachers in that region and helps to support two other teacher-preachers. This is always a pretty heavy draft on our resources both in men and money, but it is encouraging to report that the churches are now taking the work up with renewed enthusiasm.

During the Communist invasion of that region two of our chapels were burned while most of the others were despoiled of their humble furniture, which was usually used for firewood. Four of our Baptist church members suffered martyrdom, while the number of Presbyterian martyrs ran up to about twenty, not because of their greater steadfastness but because they have proportionately more church members in the region. The English Prebyterians started work there much earlier and developed a strong mission station at the port town of Suabue with a number of missionaries in residence, which our mission never did. For the last five or six years they also have had no missionaries permanently in residence, but they had a strong church and hospital there. I was planning to go by coast-wise steam launch from Swatow to Suabue, but finding that the weekly launch schedule did not suit my plans I decided to go overland from Kityang. When I last made that trip coming home it took me four days in long and hard marches of about 27 miles a day. Now a bus line is running all the way from Suabue to within 20 miles of Kityang, hence it will be much easier and



Dedication services in the new Ling Tong Memorial Church at Kak-chieh Sunday, June 14, 1931. Mr. Geo. H. Waters and H. C. Ling on the platform.

quicker—provided I am not held up and robbed on the way!

A Flare-Up of Anti-Japanese Agitation

We have enjoyed a fairly quiet year at Kityang. Though the country as a whole has not been free from wars and rumors of wars, yet they have not come near us here so that we have been undisturbed in our work. Five of our churches, however, are still in unsafe and doubtful territory and they are only 10 to 20 miles from Kityang. Work in our junior high school has been greatly hindered by a new flare-up of patriotism and anti-Japanese agitation. Since the latter part of September, when the Japanese soldiers occupied the Manchurian cities, it has been very difficult to get the students to buckle down to any real work. At first they went out in groups to various villages and towns to make speeches stirring the people up against Japan and compelling merchants to remove all Japanese goods from their shelves to boycott Japan. Of course, they will all bring out the same goods for sale after the excitement has abated some.

No doubt Japanese trade will suffer a great deal in the meantime, but the Chinese are so much at the mercy of Japan in this regard. They do not as yet manufacture a great many things but have learned to use and regard as necessary a lot of Japanese products such as artificial (or chemical) fertilizer, clocks, enamelware, cloth, toys, etc. Of course, they can buy British, American, French, and especially German products, but all of these are much more expensive than Japanese goods. True, they are also better in quality, but, for example, a Chinese family or school wants to buy a wall clock. One can get a serviceable Japanese clock now for Mex. \$7.00 (about U. S. \$2.00), but the cheapest German clocks are at least double that price and others even higher. Now, since the Chinese do not yet manufacture their own clocks what is to be gained by boycotting

Japanese goods? The average Chinese family has got to stretch every dollar as far as it will possibly go.

The Hankow Flood Disaster

In recent letters some of our friends have referred to the terrible Hankow flood disaster and asked if that was anywhere near us. No, not at all. China is a large country and most of the people know very little of what is going on elsewhere, but that was a terrible calamity and the Chinese have done a great deal of relief work for the millions of sufferers. Our churches here also raised generous subscriptions for Hankow relief. It almost seems that China can never catch up. When she hasn't recovered from one flood, famine, rebellion or war yet another one hits her straight in the eye. Sometimes I think that a less patient race would just lie down and die under so much distress, but not so the Chinese! They are made of sterner stuff. The law of the survival of the fittest has operated here so long and so inexorably that the average Chinese is about like the proverbial cat with nine lives. Of course they die by the millions too, but they are hardly missed by the surviving hundreds of millions.

Our Baptist Work in Kityang Association Reviving

The latter part of October we had our Kityang Association meetings for two days and a half, when the preachers and delegates from our 25 out-stations met to review the work of the past year and to plan and arrange for the work of next year in the churches and schools. They were good meetings too with a large attendance and a fine spirit of fellowship and co-operation. We all felt that we have definitely turned the corner of the five or six lean years in religious work, and baptisms are back to the highest number we ever had in a single year with a total of 74 for the association year, Nov. 1, 1930, to Oct. 31, 1931.

(Continued on page 15)

Leadership Training

The Training of Youth for Service through the Church

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

IV

The Kind of Training Needed for Christian Work

In the former studies attention was directed to the work that God seeks to accomplish in human life and society, the place which he has assigned to man in this work, and the evident need of special training for this fellowship of service with God. The next question is: Just what is the nature of the training that is needed for this Christian work?

Paul describes the Christian that is fitted for work in Eph. 6:10-20. He discovers some essential character qualities and some vital training acquisitions in him. The Church must raise up strong Christians through its spiritual nurture departments, individuals who wear the armor of righteousness, carry the shield of faith and are crowned with the helmet of salvation. Through her training departments the Church must gird their loins about with truth, shoe their feet with the gospel message, making them to be minute-men who can speak the message of God on the spur of the moment in every situation where it needs to be spoken. She must enable them to take the Sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God, take it with their understanding, and wield it with powers of convincing speech.

The Church has stressed the nurture phase of its task in the past, but has been handicapped in securing the best results through a woeful lack of efficient workers. But this lack of efficient workers is a result of the Church's failure to appreciate the importance of its training task, and its failure to promote it with intelligent zeal.

A clearly conceived, practically outlined, and vigorously promoted program of Christian training must be inaugurated into the Church, if it shall hope to build Christian ideas and ideals into youthful life which shall stand the strain of the time in which they live.

In outlining this program our first concern will be the building of our training curriculum. To what sort of training shall we expose our children and young people?

The more nearly any kind of a product supplies an urgent need, the more successful will be its distribution. Schools seek to produce useful citizens. That which pupils learn must help them to more successful living. A curriculum should be built

about the exacting demands of successful living. Nowhere is that more true than in the training program of the Christian Church. There is no

time to waste on non-essentials. The Church needs members who are capable of leading others in a co-operative Christian enterprise, who are able to wield the forces through which Christian knowledge is spread abroad, Christian activity initiated, and Christian character built. These forces are articulated largely through powers of speech. They call for human channels through which they might flow unhampered, so that their impact might carry others along. It is not sufficient to everlastingly pour into the lives of our members. If nothing but impressions are made, their lives are likely to become more like a stagnant pool, than a flowing stream. The channels of expression must be opened. These channels may be summarized as the power of speech, or may be itemized as skill in witnessing for Christ, in stating in convincing words the essential truth of the Gospel, in uttering the sentiments which move to communion with God in suitable, spiritually contagious public prayer, in mastering the science of Christian teaching, in using the Bible as the guide-book of life. Some, gifted with musical talents will find these an effective channel through which to pour their own Christian emotions into other hearts.

This universal need of trained workers in the Church will

suggest the items which should go into our training curriculum. We must be careful not to invade the fields already covered by other departments of the Church, as has so largely been done in the past. The Baptist Young People's Union was formed primarily for the purpose of training Christian workers. As long as OF THE B. Y. P. U. it held to this purpose it was a "going concern." Any organization must have a definite mission or it will soon die. In the course of time sight was lost of this training purpose, and the B. Y. P. U. invaded fields for which the Church had made provision in other organizations. It soon was converted into an evangelistic band. Folk with admirable zeal for soul saving thought that was really all that amounts to anything in Christian work, and that every organization ought to be immediately engaged in that task. They diverted the activities of the training organizations away from training for service to a high type of Christian service for which they were really not yet fitted.

Others with admirable zeal for Bible study sought to duplicate the teaching of the Bible school in the B. Y. P. U. The emphasis was shifted from training for service to finding saving knowledge in Bible study. There surely is a large place for the Bible in the training activities of the B. Y. P. U. But the emphasis is placed on learning to use the Bible in Christian work rather than merely mastering the content of it for our own spiritual edification.

In many instances the B. Y. P. U. has become a young people's prayer-meeting. Learning to pray is an important item in the training curriculum, but emphasis is on the "learning" and it is not to the best interest of the Church to have this organization usurp the function of the regular Church prayer-meeting. The latter has been sadly weakened in the average church as a result of separating the young people and the older members in this fellowship of prayer.

With the recent growth in appreciation of the element of worship in Christian life, promoters are again in danger of overdoing it. It is insisted that a strong worship service is to be a portion of the Bible school session, the morning service is to consist primarily of worship, all the exercises being contributory to the effect, the B. Y. P. U. is to have an elaborate worship program, and then the evening service is to follow with another service in which there seems to be less room for evangelism than in former days, and in which worship again becomes a big factor. It is a question whether it is possible for the average Christian to really enter into the spirit of divine worship four or five times on a single Lord's Day. Is there not a grave danger of overdoing a good thing, of making something that is very sacred common by over exercised nevertheless, does not religious formalism result? At any rate the modern tendency to stress worship so largely in the B. Y. P. U. meetings tends to digress from the original purposes of training, to duplicate that for which adequate provision is already made in other services, and to substitute the young people's service for the evening worship. The re-early hour and depart leaving the pastor to conduct another worship with the older members of the flock. Under these conditions the B. Y. P. U. becomes a liability rather than an asset to the church. In this day, when education has become widely diffused among Christians, there is a woeful lack of trained Christian workers because the one organization which was brought to life for the purpose of training has been doing everything else in the Church except really train workers. The truth of that statement may become more evident as the course proceeds.

March 1, 1932

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The activities of the B. Y. P. U. are first of all a device for the training of leaders in Christian service. These activities offer young people a chance to practice leadership. If this practice is to be most fruitful, it should be clearly recognized that the doing takes place not only to get the thing done, but that the doers might learn by doing. They should therefore observe the principles on which they proceed, and the results of their efforts. They should study the principles of effective leadership, learn from the experience of the race, and cultivate the characteristics which are essential to successful leadership.

TRAINING IN LEADERSHIP

The programs of the B. Y. P. U. are not presented primarily for the edification of the audience, but for the purpose of giving practice in public speaking, debating, and singing to the members who are engaged in the training activities. It is an easy matter to invite outsiders in to give the young people a talk. That is much easier than to lead young people to put forth the effort and prepare a program themselves. The talk given by the outsider may be good in itself, but it defeats the training end of the organization, unless he should be saying something that will in the end make for more intelligent and diligent training.

TRAINING IN PUBLIC SPEAKING

Neither should the speakers be chosen who have least need of training in order that the audience may have the largest benefit. The success of the program is not to be measured by the benefit which accrues to the audience but that which accrues to the speakers. If the purpose of the meeting is to entertain or edify the audience, by all means invite the church choir singers to come with their trained voices. But if you are seeking to train singers, let those who cannot yet qualify for the choir have a chance to develop their talents. The B. Y. P. U. is not an entertainment society, but a training organization.

Effective public speech and convincing conversation on spiritual matters is very essential to the spread of the gospel.

(Chapter IV concluded in next number)

In Loving Memory of Rev. John C. Huber

John Conrad Huber came to this country from his native land, Switzerland, at the age of 18 years and settled with his parents in Minneapolis, Minn. Here he was converted, and giving evidence of the gift of public speaking and true missionary zeal, he was set apart for the gospel ministry in the Methodist Episcopal Church. In 1880 he married Miss Fredericka Kapphof who proved to be a loving,



helpful wife and all through the years of his Christian ministry. They had the great joy of celebrating their golden wedding anniversary a little over a year ago. After a happy and fruitful ministry of six years in the Methodist Church in Dover, Minn., Bro. Huber's health broke down, seriously affecting his voice, and he found himself compelled to resign his pastorate and seek means of livelihood elsewhere. Following a ten-year service as R. R. mail clerk he again was obliged to seek other employment on account of impaired health and

was led to settle with his family in Newark, N. J. Coming under the ministry of the German Baptists there he was convinced of the New Testament mode of baptism and both he and Mrs. Huber were baptized by Rev. Fr. Niebuhr, joining the First German Baptist Church, Newark, and taking active part in its missionary service.

Accepting the call of the German Baptist Church in Meriden, Conn., he began his very successful ministry of 13 years on this field in October, 1904. Then followed pastorates at Killaloe, Ont., and Folsomdale, N. Y. After closing his ministry with the Folsomdale church the Hubers made East Rochester, N. Y., their home and united with the Andrews St. Church of Rochester, finding a welcome and delightful fellowship. During these years of retirement from an active pastorate, Bro. Huber, notwithstanding his advanced years, rendered faithful and fruitful ministry in serving pastorless churches. His last ministry was given to the church at Newcastle, Pa.

Bro. Huber was an indefatigable worker, a zealous soul winner. He loved folks, cherished the fellowship of the brethren and loved to preach. He was a good and faithful servant of his Lord and Master. Although failing somewhat in health during the past year his last illness was of short duration. With all

People do not read the Bible or Christian literature a great deal. The Bible is often more of an ornament, or a "good-luck" charm, than a book for real study in the home. Christian journals nearly have to suspend publication, because so many Christians prefer the trashy stuff on the market. So the written word is limited in its spread of Christian truth. But Christians have plenty of opportunities to speak the word as they mingle with their fellows, as they discuss the conditions of the time, as they debate on religious differences, and indifference. The pulpit, the classes in the Church school, and the Radio also offer challenging openings for the word of truth, when it is convincingly presented. If the knowledge of the Lord is ever to cover the earth as the water does the sea, it will have to be accomplished largely by the spoken word.

Not only is there so much more chance to spread the truth by word of mouth, but the truth makes a more vital impact upon the other fellow when it comes from a loving heart and a clear mind, than it does when coming from the written page. The spoken word is much more likely to carry conviction and to result in action than the written word.

Modern Christians are very modest about speaking to others concerning spiritual experiences, and religious truth. Many, who are very efficient in their business career, plead absolute inability of speaking on spiritual matters. The reason for this is not to be found in indifference, and not necessarily in lack of knowledge, but often purely in a lack of experience in expressing these values in convincing words. One reason why they lack this experience is, because the testimony in the prayer-meeting is a thing of the past, and because in the B. Y. P. U. this ideal is not presented. God cannot speak through their mouth. He may live in their hearts, but he is limited in them as he is in the material universe, in the matter of coming to conscious expression. Hence the B. Y. P. U. must open the channels of expression, for the sake of the spiritual health of the individual as well as for the sake of the advancement of the Kingdom of God.

of his family at his bedside, he departed in peace and entered into the joy of his Lord, January 21, 1932, shortly after his 77th birthday. The burial service was held in the Baptist church, East Rochester, N. Y. Rev. Alex Makenzie, pastor of the church and friend of the family, also taking part in the service. The body rests in the nearby cemetery at Penfield, N. Y. Bro. Huber leaves his wife, our beloved sister, two daughters, Miss Sophia, secretary at the Baptist Institute, Philadelphia, Pa., and Mrs. R. Schwink of East Rochester, N. Y., three sons, Wilbur of Asbury Park, N. J., Irvin of Baltimore, Md., both successful business men, and Wesley, the beloved pastor of the Lincoln Square Baptist Church, Worcester, Mass. All the children with their families are active members of Baptist churches.

At the memorial service held at the Andrews St. Church, Sunday morning, Jan. 24, Heb. 13:7: "Remember your leaders, the men who spoke the word of God to you; look back upon the close of their career, and copy their faith," served as a fitting tribute and message of comfort. "His servants shall serve him and shall see his face."

DAVID HAMEL.

He overcomes a stout enemy who overcomes his own anger.—Greek.

Our Devotional Meeting

August F. Runtz

March 13, 1932

Do I Want to Be a Christian?

Acts 16:30; 18:12-17

Our topic asks us a rather straightforward question, and before we answer it, perhaps it would be well to ask another question: What does it mean to be a Christian? In our last week's topic we said it meant at least three things: A new birth; growing into the image of Christ; and a living hope. Let us ask ourselves whether we want these three things.

Do I Want to Become a New Creature? Do I really want to be changed into another person with new habits and motives of life? Am I prepared to turn my back upon a life that was sweet to my sinful heart, and that gratified selfish ambitions? Am I prepared to quit habits which in the bottom of my heart I know are ruinous? Do I want a complete revolution wrought in my heart and life by the Holy Spirit of God so that I shall become a living witness of the grace of God? Becoming a Christian means a great deal more than believing that Jesus Christ once lived upon this earth and died on the cross; it means more than joining the church. It means trusting him and permitting him to come into my life. Would you welcome such an experience?

Do I Want to Become Christlike in Life and Character? According to the New Testament the primary motive of becoming a Christian is not whether I want to get to heaven when I die, but whether I want to live the Christ-life here and now. The Christian life begins when we learn to trust Christ. Then the great work of building a Christian character also begins. We are to come to "a mature manhood and the stature of full grown men in Christ." We are to be "changed into the same (Christ's) image." Apostles and prophets are given for that purpose.

Do I really strive to become Christlike in my business, as an employer or employee? Do I really want to be the kind of person that will act, as I believe Christ would act, in the home? Are my pleasures such as Christ could enjoy with me? Am I willing that in me Christ shall be living over again? All these questions have a bearing on the question of our topic.

Do I Want a Living Hope? No one wants to be eternally lost. No one wants to step to the edge of the grave without a spark of hope. Even the infidel Ingersoll, when giving the eulogy by the grave of his brother, said something like this: "Hope hears a rustle of the leaves." But

outside of Christ there is no hope. When I am a Christian I can go peacefully to my grave, for I have eternal life within me. I fear no evil. If you want this hope, then you must be a Christian.

March 20, 1932

How Can I Show My Crowd That I Am a Christian?

Acts 10:44-48

By My Speech. Space will not permit us to consider the phenomenon of speaking with unknown tongues. Suffice it to say that the Bible does not make it a condition nor a token of salvation. On the contrary, Paul speaks very strongly against it. (Read 1 Cor. 14:19.) Nevertheless if I am a Christian my speech will testify to the fact, just as surely as it betrayed Peter when they said to him: "Thy speech betrayeth thee," meaning that his speech showed him up as one of Christ's disciples. If I want to show my crowd that I am a Christian I will refrain from using "cuss" words. I will not pollute my lips with obscene stories and jests. My speech will reveal something of the character of the Christ who dwells within my heart.

By Baptism. As you read the New Testament story you will notice that whenever a person accepted Jesus Christ as his Savior, he openly declared that fact in the act of baptism. Baptism was not a means of salvation. It does not save anybody. It is an outward expression of an inward experience. Jesus was baptized. He commanded his followers to be baptized. He commanded his disciples to baptize. If I should refuse to obey the commands of him, whom I have learned to call my Savior, most of my friends will conclude that my Christianity is not worth very much.

By My Attitude Toward the Worship Services of the Church. The worship service of the church is not for entertainment, but for communion with God and for Christian fellowship. It is here that we worship God; that we praise him for his goodness, and seek his face for pardoning grace. When I neglect these services and seek the places of amusement and entertainment; when I would rather play than pray; rather work than worship, won't I have a hard time convincing my crowd that I am a Christian?

By Consistent Christian Living. The sharpest words of rebuke which fell from the lips of Jesus were not spoken against flagrant sinners but against hypocrites. Pious on Sunday and dishonest and hard-hearted dealings on Monday will make my friends doubt the sincerity of my

profession. We can never be too careful not to bring reproach upon the cause of Christ. The world is expecting a great deal of us, perhaps much more than it ought to expect. On the other hand is it not rather a compliment to our Christianity that even the world sees that its standards are so high?

March 27, 1932

What Is the Meaning of Easter?

1 Cor. 15:1-11

Christ Arose from the Dead. This is the paramount message of Easter. This is the argument for which Paul is offering proof in our scripture lesson. Christ died for our sins; he was buried; but he rose again. Peter had seen him. The other apostles had seen him. James, the earthly brother of Jesus, who had formerly been an unbeliever, had seen him. About 500 brethren had seen him at one time, many of whom were still alive at his writing. And at last he too had been privileged to see him. "Christ arose from the dead." That is the message of Easter. That is the message which we bring; not a dead Christ; not a Christ who once lived; but a real, living, omnipresent Christ.

The Irrefutable Proof that Jesus is the Christ. The tides of faith rose and fell. One day when his disciples had been overawed by his majestic bearing, they say, "Thou art the Christ." Then again when they saw him at the mercy of his enemies, their faith takes wings, and they doubt and fear. But after the resurrection all doubt is gone, and they are sure that he is the promised Redeemer, for the stupendous miracle had removed the last vestige of doubt. And so it is with us. If we can prove the resurrection of Jesus, then we know for a certainty that Christianity is true. We are then convinced that he is more than a great prophet and teacher, even the greatest that ever lived. We are simply obliged to accept the statement that he is the Incarnate Son of God. Search and you shall see that: "The resurrection of Jesus Christ is the best authenticated fact in history."

His Resurrection is the Explanation of the Christian Church. The Christian Church is a present reality. If Christ had not risen from the dead there never would have been a Christian Church; his cause would have died with him. There might have been a few straggling efforts on the part of the disciples, but they never would have amounted to anything. "It was the certainty of that fact (the resurrection) that sent the disciples throughout the world proclaiming their

Master as the Savior of Mankind. It is not merely Jesus, not even Jesus Crucified, but Jesus Crucified and Risen, that is their theme."

Because He Lives We Shall Live. Before the coming of Christ mankind had a rather drear and uncertain conception of life after death. The human heart was asking, as it still asks: "If a man die, shall he live again?" The resurrection of Jesus answered that question definitely. He "brought life and immortality to light." He proved that death does not end all. We know that he lives. And we know that through faith in him we have life everlasting.

April 3, 1932

Why Do We Have a Church?

Matt. 5:13-16; 13:33

The Church Ministers to the Spiritual Needs. We are spiritual beings; we are not only physical and mental. Doctors and hospitals minister to physical needs; schools to intellectual needs. The church ministers to spiritual needs. Of course there will always be overlapping, for you cannot divide life into compartments that do not have any bearing upon one another. The hospital may do more than cure our physical ailments. The school must do more than simply minister to the intellect, for if it does not strive to build character as well as train the mind it may graduate its class of first class crooks, and still be a good school. The church must minister to the physical needs, although that is not its prime function. It must minister to the intellect. However, its great mission is in ministering to the spiritual needs of people. It must see visions, instill hope, create lofty ideals, comfort the broken-hearted, lift up the fallen, develop the spirit of worship, and preach the good tidings of salvation.

Its Task is the Evangelization of the World. Before our Lord left this earth he gave to his disciples the great commission, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel. . . ." The early church understood that to mean that it was responsible for carrying the good news of salvation to every creature. The church in Jerusalem sent men to Samaria and to Antioch. The church in Antioch sent missionaries to Asia Minor, and eventually to Europe. The Gospel was carried as far as Babylon in the East and Rome, and perhaps even Spain, in the West.

It is the task of the church today to evangelize every town, city and countryside of our land. To do this it must provide adequate church buildings besides trained ministers and missionaries. The Gospel can be carried to the pagan nations only by the men and women out of our churches supported by our churches, who in the name of their Lord go out to fulfill the mission of the church.

China News-Letter

(Continued from page 11)

Recent additions have greatly upset the balance between men and women joining the church. In one church 23 were baptized on one Sunday in October, all women and girls, and of the 12 baptized in one of the home mission churches nine were women and girls. Several factors account for this inequality. In the case of the first church the local pastor lost his wife in January last year and in the following July he married a capable Bible woman who immediately set about to gather the women of the neighborhood into Bible classes, prayer meeting groups, etc., with the result that so many of them were ready for baptism this year. Unfortunately, her husband, an ordained man who has acquired considerable wealth chiefly through his sons in Hongkong, has not been primarily active in church work for many years although he is a generous contributor. In recent years his wealth has practically reduced him to captivity in his own home because of fear of robbers and kidnapers.

Summer Vacation at Kuliang

For six years now nobody has dared to go to our nearby summer resort at Thaiyong where we also have a bungalow into which we sank the savings of 10 years. Last year we only went to Kakchieh (across the bay from Sawtow) and a few weeks in Double Island five miles outside the harbor of Swatow to take our turn in the one house our Mission has there. But that gave us very little change of climate and the children looked rather bleached at the end of the summer as compared with those who went to some mountain resort. So this past summer we went to Kuliang in the mountains near Foochow in the neighboring province of Fukien. That is a pretty well developed place with a summer population of 276 adult missionaries of a dozen different denominations, nearly 100 children and about 100 Chinese. There we found ample opportunity to make a wide range of new acquaintances as well as provision for mental and spiritual intake.

The past two years a summer school for Pekinese mandarin has been maintained. This year they had an enrollment of 52 missionaries in language study and a staff of five Chinese teachers. A beginners' course and a second year course were given. Since we had a year of Mandarin in Nanking before coming south but had to forget most of it in order to learn the Swatow dialect, I enrolled in the second year class and enjoyed the opportunity to fresh up what I once knew and to add thereto, especially in the Pekinese pronunciation which is regarded as the standard in spite of the fact that the Government was moved to Nanking! Every Tuesday afternoon they had a children's service both instructive and entertaining. Thursday evenings were given to literary and

musical entertainments for adults, and on Sundays there was Sunday school in the morning, an Episcopalean service at 11 and a union service at 5 P. M. Seven tennis courts and a swimming pool furnished equipment for athletic sports.

The Buddhist Monastery at Kushan

Towards the end of the season we paid a visit to the ancient and famous monastery of Kushan, less than two hours' walk from the settlement. Most temples and monasteries of China are in a state of decay with dust resting thickly on the gods and altars alike, and the monks, nuns, and priests usually in charge are for the most part shabbily dressed and ignorant. But the establishment at Kushan is one of the few that are well kept up, spacious and impressive. As all Buddhist monasteries of its class it consists of three parts or three successive temples, the second on a terrace five to six feet higher than the first and the third another terrace higher than the second. Each part has its own group of gods and saints, the more important ones overlaid with goldleaf. In one place they showed us a number of Buddhist classics, copied by devout monks, using their own blood for ink. These are considered very precious and are kept with great care. In another place we were shown two relics of the original Guatama Buddha, a tooth and some of his tears! The tooth was huge and may have belonged to an elephant or perhaps to some extinct mastodon. The tears (appearing separately like peas in a bottle and illuminated by a lamp) have the uncanny ability of revealing the pure or sinful condition of the spectator by appearing white, gray, or dark at times!

There are about a hundred monks in this monastery but it does not resemble a theological seminary very much. Most of them spend most of their time kneeling or squatting on a mat in a meditative mood. We were there when the bell rang for the noon meal and saw them all file into the dining room chanting something. After they had seated themselves at long tables with a bowl of steaming rice before each one, the abbot occupying a central seat, they all chanted what appeared to be a long and repetitious grace before meals. It was a very humble meal they had but they appeared to be truly grateful. The monks are not permanent residents of one monastery but travel from one famous one to another. Some do not furnish free food to visiting monks but like other well financed ones this one at Kushan does. The establishment has its own electric light system. In a poorly kept barn they have a number of sacred hogs and horses bequeathed to the monastery and they are obliged to feed them until they die a natural death! In a small pond under an ornamental bridge are kept a large number of goldfish and other small ornamental fish, but what furnishes most of the entertainment to visitors is a large pond with shoals of

large tame fish, otherwise good to eat but here no one dares catch and eat them. These, too, are allowed to die a natural death in the pond. It was great fun to the children to feed them with Chinese cookies; how they did splash when a swarm of them rushed for the same piece of cookie!

Expecting Brother Luebeck

Our Mission is finally getting a new influx of missionaries! The youngest of our flock was eight years on the field before the arrival of Miss Beatrice Ericson from Huron, S. Dak., in February to fill the place of stenographer and assistant to our Mission Secretary, Dr. Ben L. Baker. And in October the two Stephens sisters, one a doctor and the other a nurse, arrived. Now we are anxiously waiting for Brother Luebeck who is to come up to Kityang for language study. His final designation is still uncertain, but at present the chief need is for a resident missionary at Ungkung to take the place of Rev. Geo. W. Lewis who died in June a year ago, and Brother Luebeck has been named for that place. That is at the other extreme of our Ling Tong field 40 miles up the coast from Swatow. In October Dr. Marguerite Everham also returned from furlough and came up to Kityang to reopen our hospital which has been without a doctor either foreign or Chinese for two years. Now we still need a man doctor but so far there is none in sight.

This leaves us all well. Eugene has nearly recovered from a siege of chicken pox, and although it is two weeks now Harold and little David have shown no symptoms of coming down with the pox. It is almost too much to expect that they will escape altogether.

We all join in wishing you, one and all, a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

Cordially yours,

MR. AND MRS. E. H. GIETD.

King's Daughters Class Organized at Gladwin, Mich.

January 10 a group of girls met with the purpose of organizing a class and thus declaring to the world that we were still spiritually alive and eager and willing to get to work.

We agreed to call ourselves the King's Daughters, and we decided to have as our class song "An Open Bible for the World."

The officers chosen were: President, Susan Schilling; vice-president, Helen Gentz; secretary, Freda Steinkrause; treasurer, Marion Doede; and Edna Steinkrause was elected pianist.

We have an average attendance of about eight, but sincerely hope our number will increase. Our monthly meetings are held every second Sunday afternoon of the month.

We have listed several things which we intend to accomplish during this

coming year. We have put our hands to the plow, and may God help us never to look back!

S. S.

Walnut St. Church, Newark, Had a Good Year

Again we were able to sing "Praise God from whom all blessings flow" as we held our annual business meeting on January 21.

A fine supper was served by the ladies at 7 o'clock and after one hour of relishing our food and enjoying the spirit of good fellowship we settled down to business.

Bro. John P. Gerber presided and after the reading of our minutes and financial secretary's and treasurer's report, we came to the conclusion that the depression we hear so much about has not affected our church, thank God. In fact we came out with only \$100 less than last year, despite the fact that some of our members are not working and some an part-time only. We were astonished at the amounts given by some of our members.

With Bro. Hensel, our former pastor, leaving us just before the holidays in December and going to Kankakee, Ill., thus starting our new year somewhat handicapped, we still look forward with a great vision in accomplishing greater things for our Lord and Master.

Our services are well attended and our pulpit committee is making plans to fulfill its duties in obtaining interesting preachers for their Sunday services as well as their midweek prayer-meetings. Our Sunday school has obtained a Mr. Miles as teacher for their adult Bible class and this class has already increased in attendance.

We pray God may send us the right shepherd to lead us in the future.

The Committee, JOHN KRAMER.

Report from Indianapolis, Ind.

In the past year, we are pleased to say, that the Lord has blessed us again. It has been our privilege to add a few more members to our number. Our closing business meeting of the year was more of a get-together meeting. Our Sister Norkus sponsored a supper served in the social hall and then Bro. A. Bredy gave words of encouragement to every officer and member of the church. The inspiration received through those words was just a desire to go forward for a bigger and better 1932.

After reports and business were over several of the members made very desirable suggestions and gave testimonies and the male quintet sang a few songs. Such a gathering as that was, full of pep, and the Spirit was there in everyone.

Our Sunday school is on the upward trend under the efficient leadership of Emma Schaefer. Soon we expect to have

a larger Junior Department too under the leadership of C. Hofmann, newly elected Junior Supt. In fact this is the first office of that capacity in our school. So forward we go.

Our one great desire this year is to work in the vineyard of the Master to further his kingdom and to give our pastor a helping hand.

Our prayers go out to all in this time of depression. Fortunately we in our church have not been hit so hard, but that is the helping hand of Christ and to him we give all the glory and thanks.

C. HOFMANN, Church Sec.

Sending Parcels to Kamerun

According to the advice of our Kame-tical to remember the Kamerun Mission-tical to remember the Kamerun Misison with money contributions than with gifts of merchandise. We recognize, however, that occasionally there are exceptions to this rule. As Rev. Adolph Orthner will sail from America to Kamerun in the early days of April, we suggest that anyone planning to send a parcel to Kamerun take advantage of the sailing of Brother Orthner and send such parcel direct to Rev. Adolph Orthner, 233 North Grand Street, Bay City, Michigan. It will mean a considerable saving in transport charges if Bro. Orthner can take all such parcels with him as excess baggage. All such parcels must reach Bay City, Michigan, not later than March 20.

WILLIAM KUHN,
General Missionary Secretary.

Apocryphal Gospels

First, "The Gospel of Infancy" seems to contradict John who says Jesus began his work in Cana; second, the gospels do not regard any instance as satisfactorily told until it had been embellished with marvel; third, the miracles of the Apocryphical writings will not stand the moral test; fourth, the gospels are entirely devoid of moral teachings. These are essential reasons for rejecting these gospels.

In Plain English

Rastus had got into the clutches of the law and was talking things over with his lawyer.

"I think," said the attorney, "I can get the jury to exonerate you."

"Boss," said Rastus, "Ah don't crave to be exonerated. Ah wants to be let loose."

• • •

We have a store of good things for our next number. An interesting letter with Bro. Paul Gebauer's first impressions and experiences in the Cameroons; a letter from Missionary Geo. J. Geis about a visit to his former field in Burma; an article "Why I am a Baptist," by one of our veteran pastors, Rev. Wm. Ritzmann, and many snappy reports from our wide field.