

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 15, 1932

Number Six

What will You give as Easter Offering?

Gold — Frankincense — Myrrh

GOLD. Some of our members may have discarded gold jewelry, watch-chains or the gold frames of spectacles. We are very fortunate in having a brother in one of our Detroit churches who can melt all this gold down and convert it into a very valuable **EASTER OFFERING**. All such old gold should be sent direct to the Missionary Office at Forest Park.

Even in these hard times most of our members can give a money contribution as **EASTER OFFERING**. Any such contribution given in sincere love is more precious than gold and much fine gold.

FRANKINCENSE. Our Heavenly Father seeks such who worship him in Spirit and Truth to be his true worshipers. We are always well pleasing when we come to him either with adoration, intercession or the sacrifice of praise. Such as have no money can nevertheless bring to him the frankincense of prayer. Gold and frankincense together are a most acceptable **EASTER OFFERING**.

MYRRH. There is a close relationship between myrrh and suffering. Suffering for Jesus' sake is such a priceless **EASTER OFFERING** that only the very best Christians are privileged to give it. Even our insignificant money contributions will be transmuted into higher values when they have cost us some sacrifice.

EASTER SUNDAY, MARCH 27, 1932

Missionary and Benevolent Offering
The Finance Committee
Box 6, Forest Park, Ill.

What's Happening

Plan now for your Easter Offering.

Read the **Missionary Supplement** in this number. It will furnish strong reasons for making a sacrificial Easter Offering for missions.

Rev. Wm. L. Schoeffel is supplying the pulpit of the Knoxville Baptist Church, Pittsburgh. The church has been pastorless for several months.

Our next number will have a newsletter from China by Miss Bertha M. Lang. Also a stimulating article by Miss Klara Bickel on "Consider Your Vocal Cords."

Rev. Herman G. Kuhl, pastor at Wilmington, Del., reports that they had a small revival and five Sunday school scholars accepted Christ. There is a new spirit in the meetings since.

The Religious Drama, "The Rock" was given at the Fourth St. Baptist church, Dayton, O., Rev. E. J. Baumgartner, pastor, by a cast of about 25 young people on Sunday evening, Feb. 28. This drama depicts the experience of the apostle Peter.

Rev. Theodore W. Dons, pastor of the Oak Park German Baptist Church, had the joy to baptize six persons on Sunday night, Feb. 28. Others are awaiting the ordinance. A spirit of inquiry is awake in the church and especially in the Sunday school.

The Young People had charge of the church prayermeeting in the Second German Baptist Church, Chicago, on Wednesday, Feb. 3. There were 45 present. Mrs. Harold Lange presided, the orchestra played and the male quartet sang. Then Dr. Harold Lange and Herbert Siemund gave interesting addresses, stressing some of the goals of the Y. P. and S. S. W. U. which were adopted in Detroit last August.

The B. Y. P. U. of the State Park Baptist Church, Peoria, Ill., Rev. A. F. Runtz, pastor, believe that the Lord has been blessing them in a financial way during the last six months. They have raised over \$46.00 since giving their New Year's play and now have a balance on hand of about \$80.00. Of this they are sending in \$50 for missions to complete their missionary quota. The State Park society is setting a fine pace for others.

Sunday, Feb. 14, was a happy day for our Baptist folks at Wausau, Wis., Rev. John Wobig, pastor. The day was observed as "Decision Sunday." The theme for the morning's discourse was, "How can we escape if we neglect so great salvation?" (Heb. 2:3.) At the close of the message an invitation was given and

18 persons, both young and old, came out and took a stand for Christ. The church is looking forward to a day of rejoicing when these souls will follow the Lord in baptism, in all probability on Easter Sunday.

A Church Night and School of Missions was conducted at the Temple Baptist Church, Pittsburgh, Pa., for 6 successive Wednesday nights from Feb. 3-March 9. A fellowship hour was held from 7.45-8.15 P. M. under the leadership of Rev. W. L. Schoeffel. Motion pictures and plays were presented. From 8.15-8.45 the pastor, Rev. O. E. Krueger, held an adult class taking through the book: "The Bible and the Rural Billion." At the same hour Mrs. A. A. Schade had a Mother's Class on "Mother's Problems," and Rev. Schoeffel a Young People's Class on "Problems of Youth." Miss Meta Johnson during the same period held a Children's Class for all children up to 14 years with Bible Stories and Bible Reading. From 8.45-9.15 P. M. pastor Krueger led in a closing devotional hour, speaking on various phases of the "Victorious Life."

German Baptist Young People at Moody's

It may be of interest to many of our readers to learn that there are quite a number of young people from our German Baptist churches who are studying at present in the Moody Bible Institute at Chicago, Ill., preparing themselves for Christian service. We have obtained the following names: Miss Frieda Koester, Corona, S. Dak.; Miss Evelyn Seedorf, Kankakee, Ill.; Miss Florence Haegen, Erin Ave. Church, Cleveland, O.; Miss Verna Schade, White Ave. Church, Cleveland, O.; Miss Martha Reule, First Church, Chicago; Miss Grace Kettenberg, Evangel Church, Newark, N. J.; Miss Lillian Krause, Union Church, Arnold, Pa.; Mr. Harold Hoppe, Burns Ave. Church, Detroit, Mich., and Mr. Cyril Collison, Nottingham Church, Cleveland, O. All of the above are students in the Day School. Miss Alma Voigt of Avon, S. Dak., is a student at the Evening School. There may be others. If so, we would be glad to learn their names.

Message from the General Treasurer

We have been highly honored by having been put into the responsible position of stewards of God. The Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ has been entrusted to us; any talents with which we may have been endowed we hold only as his trustees; all material possessions which

he has given us power to accumulate are administered by us solely as his stewards. Our Lord demands of each steward faithfulness in the administration of his trust.

During the past years our denomination has had wonderful leadership and its missionary enterprise has been so widely extended that today we find ourselves in many far removed countries carrying on the Lord's work. We are convinced that relatively only few of our members truly appreciate the magnitude of our missionary enterprise. Regular cash income and careful expenditure are essentials in any successful missionary administration. During past years we have conscientiously followed these safe policies and we are resolved not to deviate from them in the slightest degree in the future that lies before us.

As the newly elected General Treasurer, may I assure our people everywhere that I will use all my talents and the wisdom God has given me in the conscientious administration of my office. I would commend our denominational enterprise to the loving care of our members and churches everywhere. Hitherto the Lord has been with us and our members will continue to support us with their prayers, their love-service and their generous money contributions. In this wonderful partnership of Christ and his people there is much joy and wonderful success.

May the united service of all of us bring about the extension of Christ's kingdom and the glorification of his holy name!

E. ELMER STAUB,
General Treasurer.

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The Baptist Herald

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The Baptist Herald

Gethsemane

MILTON R. SCHROEDER

Into an olive garden Jesus went,
His strength exhausted and his courage spent.

In anguish, tears, and bitter agony
He found the Father's way to Calvary.

His weakness, now subdued, the triumph won,
He prayed, "Not my will, Lord, but thine be done."

* * * * *

Lord, help me here in my Gethsemane
To let thee ever have thy way with me.

A Day of Joy and Gladness

A GAIN the Easter Festival a day of hope and of joy.

Easter Day reminds us of the triumph of our Lord Jesus Christ over death, which is the prophecy of our own victory over "the King of Terrors," and entry into the life immortal. Through the power of Christ we gain our successive victories over sin, in our earthly pilgrimage, and at life's end we meet and vanquish "the last enemy."

Death is a universal terror, except where the Easter revelation has come. As for us, we look with calm eyes upon the dissolution of our body, confident that this only means the emancipation of the soul and its flight to a world of bliss in the presence of God. It means the full and permanent satisfaction of love's great longing; for as Christ lives we shall live also, in a glad reunion of all those who have lived and loved together. In the dawn of hope's glad morning we shall find those whom we have loved long since and lost a while, and there will be no more separations of kindred spirits forevermore.

YES, we have the unspeakable boon of a joyous religion. It is not the will of our Father in heaven that we should be burdened with sadness, even though tribulations have their place in this world. The Gospel is an honest word: it means good news, and this ever cheers us all along life's pilgrimage.

The resurrection of our Lord from the dead is an all-around illumination. Its light is not limited to the distant future, but drives the darkness away from our present day on earth. For it means that Jesus Christ's dominion is established universally. He is the Lord of the earth as truly as of the heaven. His rightful domain extends from sea to sea, and from the river even unto the ends of the earth. Vic-

torious over death, he appears as the Lord of life here and everywhere.

WE have only to be faithful to our Master. He will take care of everything else. The servants in the parable who were faithful in the use of the talents intrusted to them were commended by their employer, who said to them, "Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." What he meant was, "Share in your master's joy." He had been prospered by their fidelity and so he bade them share in this as their due reward. The text has no direct reference to heaven. It means that all the faithful enter into the happiness of the Lord Jesus here and now.

May all who are humbly following the Master experience a new sense of sharing in his joy this Easter Day!—Selected.

Calvary

MILTON R. SCHROEDER

A little hill, a precious hill,
And on the hill a cross
On which the Prince of Heaven died
To save a world from loss.

A brutal hill, a cruel hill,
A hill of pain and grief,
Where Jesus suffered, bled and died
To give a world relief.

A little hill, a precious hill,
A hill of hope for me,
Where Jesus paid the ransom price
For all eternity.

The Resurrection

THE resurrection of Jesus of Nazareth from Joseph's tomb is confessedly the bulwark of vital Christianity. There are some who say that they can get along with the "Jesus life" in their hearts and with the "Jesus way" in their daily lives, without being bothered by questions of metaphysics and theology. Sooner or later they will have a rude awakening. It may come with the death of a loved one, or with some personal calamity or tragedy. They may even become weary of their own easy-going mysticism, and long for something that will satisfy mind as well as heart. Christianity presents the resurrection of Jesus as a historic fact, a significant truth, and a spiritual power. It offers substantially validated Gospel records, a consensus of credible testimony from friend and foe, and an aftermath of such character and preparation as to make the resurrection of Jesus the best-attested fact

in history. This fact beheld in the light of its relationship to other facts, such as the life and character of Jesus, and his death upon the cross, is lifted out of the region of mere facts, and becomes a significant truth. This truth, in turn, when given lodgment in the mind and heart of any man becomes a spiritual power. It transforms life, begets hope and courage, quickens loyalty and love, incites to service and sacrifice, and gives assurance of "a life beyond the dying."

Easter is founded upon a fact. Put your feet squarely upon it, and stand fast. Easter is aglow with moral and rational truth. Take possession of it and let it possess you. Easter pulsates with spiritual power. Lay hold on the eternal life it ushers in, and let the immortality it brings to light lay hold on you. "Christ Jesus . . . hath abolished death, and hath brought life and immortality to light through the gospel."—William Hiram Foulkes.

The Fine Art of Encouraging

WILLIBALD S. ARGOW

THE fallacy of the saying: "If you are not up and doing, you will soon be down and out," was sufficiently demonstrated in the following incident. Some time ago, on an ideal autumn afternoon, an athletic meet was held. Fully ten thousand people were seated around the circle in which the contests took place. The chief event of the afternoon was a five-mile race, and eight fine looking fellows received the plaudits of the crowd as they started on their long run. For a time, they kept well together, but after several laps, one of the runners began falling behind; and while the others received cries of encouragement from their friends, no one seemed to pay any attention to him until he seemed well-nigh out of the race. Here and there thoughtless persons were heard to taunt him, and soon all around the circle people began laughing and calling out witty things at his expense. He was plainly discouraged and distressed and was falling rapidly behind.

Just at a time when he seemed hopelessly beaten one gentleman said to another: "It's a shame to treat that poor fellow so; he needs encouragement. When he comes around again, let's applaud him."

On came the runner, and the two gentlemen clapped their hands vigorously as he passed. He looked up quickly and appreciatively. He seemed to realize that he had found some one who was interested in him; the thought put new speed into his dragging limbs and his pace quickened perceptibly. Goodness as well as evil is contagious. Others caught the meaning of the applause, and saw its effect. They, too, joined in, and as the flying runner with ever-increasing speed, sped around the track, one after another became interested in him, until the whole crowd was on its feet shouting as one man. It was a moment of thrilling excitement and the incident furnished a very good illustration of

the power of encouragement. With a speed that seemed superhuman the runner drew nearer and nearer to others, and finally, at the end of the race, but one man had beaten him by a few feet. Had it not been for the encouragement he received, he would have been hopelessly beaten; as it was, he finished second, and won a handsome reward.

Applause Not Applesauce

Perhaps at no time like the present time has a word of encouragement been so valued. In all walks of life alike a word of encouragement is needed. Yes, there is nothing needed more than that the art of encouraging should on occasions at least be practiced. Not that we need anyone to flatter us, to say sweet nothings to us, to try to build up by telling us a host of things that are not true. But what we do need, many, many times, is some touch of courage or faith or renewal of will that shall lift us out of repressions and discouragements and falterings, and help us to still believe in the good and press on to its realization with all the freshness and buoyancy of youth. And what we, and thousands about us need, is encouragement. Yes, the art of encouragement is a wonderful art.

Back in Deuteronomy 1:38 we find the admonishment: "Encourage him." Joshua needed it. And when Moses had been called up higher, the Lord again has these words of encouragement, Joshua 1: 5-7: "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life: as I was with Moses, so I will be with thee: I will not fail thee, nor forsake thee. Be strong and of good courage—only be strong and very courageous, that thou mayest observe to do according to the law, which Moses my servant commanded thee: turn not from it to the right hand or to the left, that thou mayest prosper whithersoever thou goest." How these encouraging words must have put iron into Joshua's blood.

It has been said of Jesus that he, of all men the world has ever seen, knew how to put heart into people. He had learned the art of encouraging. The Gospel story seems to bear out the statement in a wonderful convincing way. There cannot be any other explanation of the scene so often witnessed during those three strange years of his ministry, when all sorts of outcasts and needy and discouraged people crowded about his pathway. Could anything finer or more splendid than that have been said about him, that he learned the art of encouraging? It is one of the most difficult arts in the world to learn and to practice, making bigger demands upon faith and courage and personality than all the other arts. And if it were fine and splendid and difficult for him, what must it be for us? The crowds that flocked about him two thousand years ago show how much the gift of encouragement needed exercising then, and there are many things that reveal the fact that it needs exercising almost as much today.

Elijah Was Subject to Like Passions as We Are

He also had his moments, when he was "down in the dumps," discouraged, under the juniper tree, when he begged God to take his life away. He felt he was the only remaining true worshiper of Jehovah. Would not a word of encouragement from the "seven thousand who had not bent the knee to Baal" cheered him? So dear friends—

Say It Now!

"More than fame and more than money is the common kind and sunny
And the hearty, warm approval of a friend;
For it gives to life a savor, and it makes you stronger, braver;
It gives you heart and spirit to the end.

If he earns your praise, bestow it! It you like him, let him know it!
Let the words of true encouragement be said.
Do not wait till life is over and he's underneath the clover;
He cannot read his tombstone *when he's dead.*" (Anon.)

Manslaughter is a penal offense, but man's laughter isn't—see? Why not try to transform that frown upon another's brow into a smile? A word to the wise is sufficient.

Time for the Band to Play

A few weeks ago the football team of Tulane university was defeated by the team of Southern California after confidently expecting a season of unbroken victories and being crowned champion. They started for home, heavy-hearted, discouraged, almost dreading the hour of their arrival. Great was their surprise when they found the whole college assembled, the city authorities and the city bands out to greet them. Think what such a greeting must have meant to the boys.

Plenty of people are always near to cheer the successful. There are always bands to meet the fellows who come home victorious. Those university students who turned out to give a rousing welcome to the defeated team, however, were in the right. It is the friend who has failed who needs your help and encouragement. When some one you know has encountered defeat, and is crushed, shamed, and possibly embittered, that is the time for the band to play.

And even though the friends may not have met defeat nor been embittered, but have just become discouraged—and the good Lord knows they are all around us at this time—they may be in the church, it may be your pastor, or the officers of the Sunday school or societies; they may be in the office, store, factory or even in your home; they may be yearning for just a little word of encouragement. Stop! Look around, speak the word!

A Southern blind organist became famed for his soulful interpretations of the old Masters. Crowds flocked to hear him. He was happy. Gradually there crept into his playing a minor note. One Sunday he surprised all by resigning. The people crowded around him, expressing their regrets, tell-

ing him how much his playing had meant to them. After listening to them for a little, he said with the tears filling his sightless eyes: "Why didn't you tell me? I never knew it."

Speak the word, you may be surprised at the changes it will bring about. How it will put back the spring into another's step, put a song upon the lips of many and make your own load lighter. Some one has said: "When troubles start they come one's way like a string of beads." But so do the joys and blessings of life. If only they live who dare to do the unusual thing, then be a pioneer, if necessary, and say with Michael Angelo: "I am still learning." Let the Christ teach you the fine art of encouraging. Then your friends will not have occasion to say as did Robert C. V. Meyers—

"If I should die tonight,
My friends would call to mind, with loving thought,
Some kindly deed this icy hand had wrought,
Some gentle word the frozen lips had said.
Errands on which the willing feet had sped—
The memory of my selfishness and pride,
My hasty words, would all be put aside,
And I should be mourned to night.

Oh friends, I pray tonight
Keep not your kisses for my dead cold brow,
The way is lonely; let me feel them now.
Think gently of me; I am travel worn;
My faltering feet are pierced with many a thorn.
Forgive! O hearts estranged, forgive, I plead!
When dreamless rest is mine, I shall not need
The tenderness for which I long tonight."

At the Rising of the Sun

GRACE NOLL CROWELL

Last Friday night, last Friday night
(Why do they call it Good?)
I came upon a barren hill
Where three dark crosses stood:
Two for the thieves, and one for him,
All cleft from oaken wood.

And I cried like a little child
Uncomforted at night;
There was no star in all the sky,
No moon to give me light.
My heart broke there, remembering him
Who was so clean and white.

Today, today, before the dawn
I followed where they led,
Through an old garden; and I heard
His voice, and what he said;
And oh, I was so glad, so glad,
To know he was not dead!

The sun came flaming on the hills;
Each little golden seed
Laughed out, and lifted up a flower;
Each waking bird gave heed;
Out of the earth the Lord had risen,
The Lord had risen indeed.

—C. E. World.



Pupils and Teachers of Bible School with Rosenfeld Church, Saskatchewan, Jan. 25-Feb. 5, 1932

The Bible School at Rosenfeld Church, Saskatchewan

Jan. 25-Feb. 5

The small photograph of the group gives an impression of the 51 young people who assembled daily at the Rosenfeld German Baptist Church, which is about 26 miles direct north from Maple Creek on the Can. Pac. R. R. It is on the open prairie, rolling, open prairie, with not a tree in sight. The country round-about is part of the great wheat-country, which furnishes so much of the world's bread.

Thirty of the pupils who assembled daily from 9.30-12.15 A. M. and from 1.30-3.30 P. M. were young men and twenty-one were young women. Rosenfeld church furnished 37 of this number, Hilda 7, Burstall 2 and Glidden 5. A perfect record of attendance was made by 45 of the students. Fifty instruction periods were given of which General Secretary A. P. Mihm taught 30; Rev. John Weinbender 10 and Rev. H. Schatz 10. Bro. Mihm taught the Bible, a Sunday School Teacher Training Course and one on Young People's Work in the B. Y. P. U. and church. Bro. Weinbender treated the "History of the Baptists" and Bro. Schatz instructed in Music and Singing.

The closing exercises of the Bible School were held on Friday evening, Feb. 5, 1932, at 7 P. M. The church was packed to its utmost capacity. A fine program lasting about two hours was rendered in which the students had the major parts, furnished brief addresses, a mixed chorus, male chorus, duets, brass instrumental quartet and an interesting dia'og. Mr. Robert Jaster spoke for the male students, Mrs. Elsie Arndt for the young women and Mr. Edward Strauss of Burstall expressed the gratitude of the students from other churches for the hospitality of the local church. The three members of the faculty also made brief talks. The students surprised Bro. Mihm by the gift of a fine Parker Pencil as a memento of the school fellowship. Altogether the school was a splendid success.

The names of those who attended this school are as follows: Adolph Jaster, Hulda Huber, Robert Jaster, Daniel Jacksteit, Ben. Ehrmann, Jakob Ehrmann, Karl Ockert, Christ Kandt, Reinhart Unrath, Eduard Strauss, Eugen Bandzmer, Andrew Rust, Christ Arndt, Robert Kohls, Henry Arndt, Nathaniel Meyer, Ida Ehrmann, Frieda Neitz, Maggie Ehrmann, Lydia Lobe, Amalia Odenbach, Bertha Unrath, Ella Winkler, Ida Arndt, Bertha Heitzelman, Ida Fried, Paulina Tippe, Katy Wohlgemuth, Aleck Huwa, Otto Zinn, Emanuel Bender, Emilia Springer, Christina Springer, Friedrich Hoffmann, David Kohls, August Meyer, Edwin Martin, Edward Gerwin, Adolf Semrau, Elsie Arndt, Emilia Arndt, Lily Martin, Harold Martin, Otilia Neitz, Alwina Martin, Sam Arndt, Christ Kohls, Fred Heller, Ferdinand Heller, Conrad Heller, Sam Rust.

These students also formed a student's choir which sang at the nightly services held for the congregation and friends.

A. P. M.

Detroit Union Stages Banquet and Debate

The Y. P. & S. S. Workers' Union of Detroit enjoyed a delightful Fellowship Banquet at the Second Church on Jan. 28. After partaking of a splendid meal, Rev. E. W. Palmer, a local Baptist pastor, gave us a real message. He told us to visualize a square and on the top write the word "Good," on the right side the words "For Something," at the bottom "Worth-While," and on the left side "For Others." In the center he told us to put the words "For Christ." He pointed out how important it is that we as Christian young people make our daily lives count in some definite way for our Master.

Mr. "Billy" Repaid, the Radio News Reporter of Station WJR, also gave us a real peppy talk in his humorous, unimitable, rapid-fire way. Anyone who came with the "blues" soon lost them after "Billy" started about the depression and admonished us to smile even in the midst of adversities.

After the banquet a debate took place in the church auditorium. Six young people of three of our Detroit churches gave the audience a real treat with their well prepared and delivered orations on the topic "Resolved That Capital Punishment Be Adopted by the State of Michigan." The judges who deliberated carefully decided that the affirmative team had scored the most points. All present that evening heartily concurred with the judges commendation of the splendid preparation and delivery of all members of both teams.

E. F. S.

B. Y. P. U. of McLaughlin, S. Dak.

We can look back upon the last year's work of our B. Y. P. U. with gratitude toward the Heavenly Father. Our membership now totals 43, which is an increase of 4 over 1930.

Owing to distance and bad roads, some of our members are not able to come very often; but our president, Mr. E. J. Kludt, was absent only once in the four years he was president of our society.

At some of our programs of the past year we had interesting subject matter, consisting of musical programs, study of Baptist Missions in China, and the discussion of such things in the Bible as the Psalms and the Ten Plagues.

In the near future we expect to devote an evening to the study of different trees found in the Bible and their uses at the present age.

The young people have taken great interest in our B. Y. P. U. in the past years (we are but four years old now) and we hope it will continue this way.

The 27 books now in our library have been read 137 times in all, since the library was started a little over a year ago.

On November 8, we had the pleasure of having with us the well-trained choir of Gackle, N. Dak., with Rev. B. Krentz as director. The fine singing will live long in our memory.

We wish to be of further service to our Lord and Master through our B. Y. P. U.

ANNA L. LOHSE, Sec.

Donation Day at German Baptist Home for the Aged, Chicago

The annual "Donation Day" will be held at the German Baptist Home for the Aged on Easter Monday, March 28, 1932, at 2 P. M.

The Schwesternbund of Chicago and Vicinity extend a hearty invitation to the readers of the "Baptist Herald" to join with us at the Home. Your gifts will be thankfully accepted, be they large or small. There will be an interesting program rendered.

Donations may be sent directly to the Home, German Baptist Home for the Aged, 1851 N. Spaulding Ave., Chicago, Ill.

THE COMMITTEE.

News from Lodi B. Y. P. U.

The Young People's Society of our First Baptist Church, Lodi, Cal., has been very active during the year of 1931 under the capable leadership of Miss Emma Rawe, who was a very faithful president.

Many new members were admitted into the society during the year. The society had many devotional evenings, led by different members.

Our society has also put aside evenings for recreations, such as socials in the basement of our church, which are always enjoyed. On warm summer evenings we went into the country and had swimming parties, wiener roasts and watermelon feeds.

Our B. Y. P. U. exchanged visits, presenting plays and having Life Service Rallies with the following surrounding cities: Stockton, Modesto, Turlock, Hughson, Waterford and Oakley.

In December we had our last missionary program for the year. The B. Y. presented two dramas, a brief one in German and the other one, "The Color Line," in English, which were both carried out effectively.

Thirty of our young people met at five o'clock on Christmas morning and went caroling to the various members and friends who sent in requests and also to the homes of those who were unable to attend our Christmas services. After they brought happiness into the many homes they were all invited to the home of our Sunday school superintendent, August Auch, where Mrs. Auch had a lovely breakfast prepared for them.

We feel that with this same splendid co-operation that Miss Rawe had during her regime of 1931, our new president, Calvin Lohr (son of our pastor, Rev. G. E. Lohr), will also make this another big year for us.

The society has been divided into two groups, Group I and Group II. Each group has three leaders, who will be responsible for the programs for three successive months. The first meeting held on the evening of Jan. 24, "Hidden Desires for 1932," given by Group I. We had a wonderful response with this program, as many gave interesting expressions of their desires in verse and in songs. The outline for the following evenings: Group II, Feb. 14, "A Birthday Party," and members from that group will give a short religious play in honor of George Washington's and Abraham Lincoln's Birthday. Feb. 28. Group I, "A Musical Program." March 13. Group II, "God's Hand in Nature." The date for an all-evening program has been set for March 27 and both groups will participate. The selected title for this evening is "The Resurrection."

The social on the evening of Feb. 26 will be in the form of a supper, and the rest is a surprise to all the members.



Group at Bible School, Nokomis, Sask., Jan. 25-Feb. 11, 1932

We all hope to accomplish very much in this new year, and our young people have given our president, Calvin Lohr, much encouragement to feel he will have the support of all. It is our aim and desire that this be a successful year.

BERTHA MEYERS, Sec.

The Bible School at Nokomis, Saskatchewan

Jan. 25-Feb. 12, 1932

During the past three winters, a Bible school has been held with the German Baptist Church at Nokomis, Sask. Various circumstances worked together in making the attendance this year smaller than usual, chief of these was the economic situation as well as the inability of some of the pastors in this district to be present and to take part. Nevertheless a group of sixteen young people attended and were faithful for almost a 100% attendance record during the three-weeks session in spite of very severe winter weather at times.

Great credit for carrying on the school for the first two weeks single-handed goes to the energetic and optimistic pastor of the Nokomis church. Rev. Albert Felberg. He taught 5 periods a day for the first two weeks. During the third and closing week General Secretary A. P. Mihm came to his help and bore the teaching burden, taking over 4 periods daily. The school was in session daily from 9-12 A. M. and from 1.30-3 P. M. Bro. Mihm gave a course on Bible study, 2 periods daily, and one on Sunday School Teaching as well as one on "A Successful Young People's Society" daily. About half of the students were from the Nokomis church and the others from the churches at Lockwood, Esk and Serath, Sask.

In spite of the cold, biting wind which

prevailed, the church was well filled for the closing exercises of the school, Friday night, Feb. 12. Rev. A. Felberg presided. Miss Margaret Lach spoke for the girls, Edwin Korella for the young men and Adam Huber for the out-of-town students. The student chorus, and the student's string orchestra rendered various numbers very acceptably and several recitations were given. It was a very enjoyable program. A pie-social under the auspices of the young people's society in the lower rooms followed the program.

The above photograph gives an interior view of the school-room and the students. They are as follows: Lying down, left to right: Ewald Neuman, Erwin Bonikowski. Sitting: Mrs. W. Fenske, Mrs. Wm. Lach, Helen Wildeman, Rev. A. Felberg, Rev. A. P. Mihm, Frida Zepik, Margaret Lach, Alma Bonikowsky. Standing: Adam Huber, Herbert Wolter, Erwin Korella, Alfred Neuman, Jonathan Richter, Ewald Wildeman, Theodor Penner, Theodor Bresch.

A. P. M.

Daughter of Former Pastor of the High Street Baptist Church Is Called to Her Reward

Sister Marjorie Bell (nee Brunner) of Buffalo was called to her heavenly home January 20, 1932. She had come to Buffalo in 1921 with her father, Rev. J. P. Brunner, who served as pastor of the High Street Baptist Church for five years. His daughter Marjorie proved to be of great help to the church during these years of service. The church and numerous friends throughout our denomination extend their heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved family.

ALFRED R. BERNADT,

THE WHITE LADY

By GRACE LIVINGSTONE HILL

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(Continuation)

John Endicott had found much for his hands and brain to do the morning after his return. He had no idle moments to mope over mistakes he had made, or sorrows that had come into his life. There were letters to be answered; there was a promised article, already overdue, which he must write; there were sermons to be written; and there were many calls to be made. It seemed as if everybody in the parish had been ill since he went away, and he must visit and comfort them all; and each one watched the street with jealous eye lest he should go to the other one first. It required untiring energy and a heart full of love to do all that fell to his lot.

Whenever he sat down for a moment alone, however, the annoyance he felt over the little incident that occurred near the old house troubled him.

It had not taken him long, of course, to discover that some one had really taken the old house. Mrs. Bartlett was informed of it early, and duly reported it to him with Bartlett notes thereon. She expressed her hearty disapproval, in advance, of any one who was fool enough to rent that house. If they were ignorant of its history, then they showed shiftlessness, in not inquiring. They couldn't be a respectable family, or they never would take up with a place that had once been a tavern, and had so bad a reputation. Besides, there was something wrong about that house. Not ghosts, of course; she didn't believe in them; but something went on at that house in the dead of night, she felt sure; and the evil ones who carried it on covered their tracks by these stories of ghosts. These people would leave, as all others had done, just as soon as they found out; that is, if they were worth anything, she finished with an air that said it was extremely doubtful whether they were.

It was the morning when Constance left that he met his friend Jimmy returning from escorting her to the station. Jimmy was feeling a trifle sad over her departure; for she had said it might be two or three weeks before she would be able to return, though she hoped to come back sooner. He brightened up when he saw the minister. Mr. Endicott always had a pleasant word for boys, and never forgot names.

"Well, Jimmy," said the minister, "I missed you last Sunday." Jimmy grinned. "What was the matter that you were not at church?"

"Been busy," said Jimmy mysteriously, in a tone that invited further inquiry.

"Busy? Gone into business, have you?" Jimmy grinned wider, and looked important.

"Had to stick around, fear Miss Constance would want something. She's a friend o' mine; been movin' into the big house here," and he jerked his thumb over toward the cedars.

"Oh!" said the minister, showing unusual interest. "A friend of yours? Well, can't you bring her to church?"

"Mebbe! said Jimmy with a confident wink. She's an awful nice singer. She plays on the pianer, too."

"Indeed!" said John Endicott. "Well, Jimmy, if she's a friend of yours, perhaps you can persuade her to come." John Endicott was puzzled.

He could not make the beautiful sight of the girl he had seen, full of refinement, grace, and loveliness, accord with Jimmy's statement that she was his friend. She did not look to him like one who would be a boon companion of the Wattses.

"She's just gone away fer a while," volunteered the boy. "I took her down to the station. She's gone for her grandmother."

"Ah!" said the minister interestedly.

"You'll hafta come to the tea room when it's ready," volunteered Jimmy with an air of proprietorship. "Thur's goin' to be eyes cream. Don't you like eyes cream?"

"Ice cream? Why, of course, Jimmy," said the minister, smiling with kindred boyishness; "but what's this about a tea room? Are these new people really going to keep a tea room?"

"Sure thing! She told me this mornin', an' she said I might tell folks ef I was a mind to. It's a-goin' to be peachy. Thur's pams all round the room."

By this John Endicott expected to find it thoroughly furnished with palm-leaf fans.

"You just wait till you see her," boasted Jimmy. "She's a peach! Good-by. I'm goin' in here now to help Norah. Don't you forget the eyes cream when the tea room opens."

"All right," said the minister; "I'll remember. And don't you forget church next Sunday."

"I'll come, an' I'll bring her soon's she gits home, ef I can; an' I guess I can."

Jimmy waved his hand and disappeared behind the cedars. The minister walked on, pondering what kind of family could have moved into the old house.

Chapter XI

Constance found that getting rid of the maid was rendered easy for her by the maid herself. She showed signs of homesickness; and, when she received a letter saying that her mother was ill, she came to Constance declaring that she would have to give up her position and go.

Mrs. Wetherill looked as if the foundations of the earth were shaken when this announcement was made to her, and Constance was not a little troubled lest all the changes that were coming would be very hard upon her grandmother's health; but she saw no other way, and she thought she knew her grandmother well enough to be sure that the changes would be less hard upon her than the knowledge of the true state of their circumstances.

"Never mind, grandmother," said Constance cheerily, "I'll be your maid. Don't you think I could for a little while at least? I think you might teach me how, and I'm sure it will be much less trouble when we're traveling to have just us, and not always be having to look out for the maid."

It was a new way of looking at things. Mrs. Wetherill had been used to having all tasks performed for her. She could not remember the time when a maid had not made the way smooth, before her gentle feet, carried her bundles, arranged her chair, and laid out the clothes she was to wear. She was as helpless as a baby as far as looking after herself was concerned, and it took much argument from Constance to overcome her dismay; but she finally agreed to try it.

The next morning, accordingly, the maid departed, and Constance and her grandmother, a day or two later, started in another direction. Constance had suggested that perhaps Norah would train into a good maid, and she would write and find out whether the girl would meet them somewhere on their journey. So the old lady went quite contentedly with Constance, finding, after all, that the young girl was as quick in anticipating her needs as the departed maid had been.

They started on their journeyings once more, for it was no part of Constance's plan to bring her grandmother to Rushville at once, or to let her see the place until all things were in order. From one hotel to another they went, staying a day here and a day there, never going a great journey from Rushville, and yet visiting many pretty places, often driving about and drinking in the beauties of spring.

The old lady enjoyed it all in a way, but Constance could see that she was growing weary and restless for a quiet room and her own things about her. This was the time that she had been waiting for, and gently, little by little, she suggested the idea of taking permanent quarters for the summer in some quiet little country village.

About this time a letter reached her from Norah, reporting progress in the house, and she told her grandmother that Norah had consented to meet them and do the best she could at anything they wished of her. The old lady brightened perceptibly at this prospect, and readily

agreed that it would be good to settle down and have some of their own things sent for. She expressed a desire for her favorite rocking-chair and books, and to have the New York papers reach her regularly each morning.

With a sigh of relief Constance sat down and wrote to Norah that she might expect them within a few days now. That afternoon, when her grandmother's nap was finished, she got her out upon a quiet piazza of the hotel, where she might look into lovely green woods, and began to describe the house in Rushville, which truly enough she said she had seen and fallen in love with on her way out to Chicago the first time. She said that there were pretty apartments where they might use their own furniture if they choose, and that there was a lovely tea room downstairs which would send up their meals to their own apartments. She felt sure that it would be pleasant place in which to spend the summer, and if her grandmother approved she would send word at once to have their furniture, at least a part of it, sent on and put in place. Norah would see that things were in order for them, and she thought it all might be arranged very soon.

Mrs. Wetherill, having for so many years lived her peaceful life, saw no inconsistency in the idea of having their furniture brought and arranged within a few days, and readily gave her consent. Indeed, she was almost a child in matters that pertained to the world, and her mind had partially gone to sleep in many ways.

Jimmy was waiting at the station with shining eyes full of expectation. If he had worn the full regalia of a liveried porter, he could not have swelled with more importance as he strutted up and down the platform. Constance had planned that they should arrive in the early evening, for she did not care to have her grandmother get a view of the forlorn little village which surrounded this new home of theirs. The worst part of Rushville, as of all small towns, was down by the station, of course. So Jimmy had been instructed to secure a closed car, and have it in readiness to take them to their new abode.

Jimmy had wheedled a friend of his brother's into meeting the train with his neat sedan. He had roared with laughter over Jimmy's offer of pay and had consented to go merely out of curiosity.

Jimmy with the eclat of having ordered the car, held his head high, jingled a silver quarter and two nickels in his pocket, and felt large.

"Oh, say," he called, hailing the minister who passed on his way from the bedside of a sick person to the prayer meeting, "she's a-comin' home tonight, an' I'll bring her next Sunday ef I kin work it."

"Is she?" said the minister. "Do," he added fervently.

At last Jimmy's patience was rewarded, and the train rounded the curve and drew up at the station. Jimmy devoted himself vigilantly to the sweet-faced old lady, picking up her handkerchief when it fell, hovering round her, and in every way making himself the wheel on which all moved. He slammed the door shut with importance, and slid into the front seat in spite of the driver's protest that there was no call for an able-bodied boy to ride across the road. Jimmy held his seat, and bounced to the ground to open the door for the ladies. He received as a reward a kindly smile of gracious acceptance from Madame Wetherill, and a silver half-dollar, for in such wise had she always been wont to pave her way.

They passed into the wide hall, and the old lady glanced with mild eyes into the long palm dining-room, and told Constance it seemed "very nice." Norah appeared with voluble welcome at the top of the stairs, and fairly lifted Mrs. Wetherill up. But, when she came into the sitting-room, and looked about, and saw everything arranged just as it had been in her sitting-room at home, a room of very much this same shape and size, she dropped into her easy-chair by the low stand where stood her own reading-light and Constance saw almost with fear how great had been the strain of the time spent out in the world. She said only, "Oh, this is good!" but there were tears of gratitude in her eyes, and she seemed entirely satisfied.

Had Constance known that the old lady had undertaken this hard journey for the sake of her beloved grandchild because she fancied she was running away from an affair of the heart with Morris Thayer, who somehow needed a severe lesson, she might not have been so thoroughly satisfied with the easy way in which she had carried out her plans.

It was as well, however, for Constance that she had no further burdens upon her; for there were enough with all the strange things she had undertaken, and all the mistakes she must inevitably make and the disappointments she must meet. She had been counting up that day. The thousand dollars she had nominally set aside to use for traveling expenses and in getting started had melted away like dew. There was none of it left, and she had even encroached upon the next thousand she had told the lawyer to put into the bank for her. Money must begin to come in at once, or they would soon have to spend some of their capital; and that, she knew, was swift and certain ruin.

She lay awake most of that first night planning and worrying, and on the next morning called a conference with Norah and Jimmy, as the result of which it was decided that the tea room should be opened at once.

The room that was to be the scene of action was in immaculate order; the porch and front hall were neatness itself. Nothing could have been more attractive, even if large sums of money had been spent. Constance surveyed it, and was satisfied. Moreover, she knew that Norah's cooking would be as irreproachable as the room. Now if people could be made to believe and come and see! And if a demand could only be created!

Work had begun on the tracks for the new Junction and that made the outlook more hopeful, but it might be months before any business could come from that quarter.

Now that she had spent so much time and thought and money, the awful thought kept crowding upon Constance that perhaps there were not people enough in this town who would want to eat outside of their own homes to make it pay. However, she had tried, and she could but fail. She must wait and see.

It so happened that all these fears had come to Jimmy also. He was young; but he was wise, and he wanted with his whole soul to have his beautiful lady succeed.

Jimmy was no fool. He knew that the greatest obstacle in the way of the success of the new enterprise was the ghost story attached to the old house. He had done his best during the last few days to make "the fellers" see how harmless the place was; but they seemed to suspect some trap, for they were exceedingly wary about going with him inside the gate. But he determined to begin to work upon their feelings and create custom for the new tea room.

He was on hand bright and early the next morning for a game of marbles. He had not condescended to marbles much of late, he had been so busy in other directions. Marbles were a trifle out of season, but Rushville did not keep quite so closely to the fashions in games or anything as they do in many places; so marbles were still in vogue. He played abstractedly, and did not seem to mind when two of his best marbles were won from him. He did not mind, because he saw it put the boys in good humor.

The new tea room was open that day. A notice had been put into the village paper, and notices printed on thick white cards in Constance's lettering were posted in prominent places about the town. Jimmy had put them up the night before. They read:

THE CEDARS

Meals at all hours
Table d'hôte or à la carte
Home-made Ice Cream
Cakes Candy

Jimmy had read it over carefully every time he had tacked it up, standing back after the last tack was set, until he knew it by heart. He had learned what the mysterious foreign phrases meant.

and felt he could explain to any inquiring citizen, though he was a trifle uncertain yet as to his pronunciation.

At right angles to a post of the great wooden gate of the old house hung a neat white sign with dark lettering "The Cedars." The fence and gate had both been mended and painted a rich, dark green.

About half past ten on that first morning of the opening Jimmy stood among a crowd of boys.

"Say, ain't any you fellers got fifteen cents, hev ye?" he asked disinterestedly, looking around upon the ring of boys. One boy said he had, and another, and another, and a fourth said he had twenty-five at home in his bank. Whereupon there rose a cry of scorn. What good was twenty-five cents at home in a bank? They demanded to see it before they would believe, and the urchin sped home to pry open the mouth and extract the money, but was discovered by his mother in the act, and returned crestfallen with a boxed ear instead. Meantime Jimmy had proceeded.

"I know a place where there's eyes cream!" remarked Jimmy with his eyes half closed, taking a sly squint at each boy in turn to try the effect of his words.

"Where?" demanded seven eager voices.

"Come with me, an' I'll show ye," said Jimmy slowly, drawing a glass-blade between his lips, not, however, rising to go; for well he knew his case was not half won as yet.

"Can't git no eyes cream better'n the drug store nowheres," asserted one boy loftily.

"Aw, you don't know everythin', Lanky. Shut up!" said Jimmy shortly. He had no mind to be interrupted in the flow of his argument.

"Well, show us where you mean," said one eager fellow with his mouth watering for the treat. He had no money but it might be possible to get some if he once saw the place and were sure of it.

"Don't you fool yerself, kid," said the tall boy who had disputed the quality of the cream. "Jimmy here is talkin' to hear hisself talk. He don't know 'bout no eyes cream. He jest wants to get you green little kids down there to the hanted house. an' git the ghost after yer; that's wot he's after, kid. Don't let him put anything over on you."

The blood flamed into Jimmy's cheek and the fire into his eye. He clutched the silver half-dollar that Mrs. Wetherill had given him, and resolved to vindicate himself or die in the attempt. But first he must settle with his adversary.

"Come on!" he cried, doubling up his fists; and, leaving no choice for the other boy, he lowered his head and flew at him.

The tall boy sidled away from the fence, and prepared to return fight. The small ring of onlookers formed about the two, ready to follow the victor, which-

ever he might be. Then followed a confusion of arms and bare legs, the sound of ripping garments, and the quick revolution of two sturdy bodies this way and that. The tall boy was agile, but he was also lazy; and, besides, he had not the incentive to fight that Jimmy had. Jimmy fought with a great purpose, and he was as determined to win as any knight fighting for the honor of a fair lady would be. He had all he could do, for the bigger boy gave him a tremendous pommeling; his nose was b'eeding, his shirt minus one sleeve and his hair, which for a wonder had been nicely combed that morning, stood up fiercely all over his round, belligerent head.

But when the fight had gone on for some minutes and the revolutions of the pair had become so rapid as to make it impossible to distinguish the legs of the tall boy from the legs of Jimmy, there was a sudden murmur of admiration from the ring of observers which had increased in numbers as the fight went on, and the animated bundle in the center suddenly became quiet. When the dust subsided, Jimmy could be seen red and triumphant, sitting upon his prostrate opponent, his knee upon the insulting breast, one eye rather the worse for wear, and a stream of blood running down his faded little blouse.

"Now," said the victor, when he could get his breath again, "you stay there till you own up I ain't no liar, and promises you'll go and git some eyes cream an' see for yourself; and I'll tell you what you does. These here little kids," motioning to the two smaller boys who had owned to having no money, "is a goin' with me to have eyes cream"—he looked at them with a fatherly wink, whereat the two small boys huddled together pleased and frightened, and looked upon one another with awe, for they had great fear of that ghost, and yet great curiosity to see her—"an' they don't have nothin' to pay, fer I'll stand 'em treat; but the rest of you fellers pays yer own way, an', ef ye don't come 'tall, it's cause yer fraid cats, so there! Now Lanky Jones, do you choose to git up an' walk over to that there tea room peaceable, and pay yer own eyes cream, er hev I got ter lick ye some more?"

He punctuated these sentences by punches in the ribs of his victim, and Lanky was glad enough to promise all that was asked of him.

"Ye hear wot he says?" said Jimmy, his bloody face looking solemnly about the company; "an' you all stands by me an' makes him do it?"

There was loud assent. The rest were with Jimmy unanimously. They wished to see the thing carried to a close now, and began to believe in the ice cream. Besides, what ghost would walk amid such numbers? Their courage was up, and they would be glad of the adventure. It

would be something of which to boast during all their future lives.

So the band retired to the spigot at the garage and made their several toilets, and then started on their way. Jimmy, his wet hair licked down as smoothly as two hands could pat it, led the way with his tall prisoner walking crestfallen by his side, thus by might, if not by right, the first guests entered "The Cedars," braved the mahogany furniture and oriental rugs and sat down to partake of a ghostly dish of cream.

Jimmy gave the orders, but first he made each boy lay down his money on the table before him, and he himself gathered the whole collection, and swept it with his own fifty cents into Norah's hand. The four older boys who had confessed to having money, cast a lingering farewell look after it, half regretfully.

But, when Norah appeared in the doorway a few minutes thereafter, a huge tray in her hands, upon which stood seven immense saucers of delectable ice cream, then their eyes bulged, their mouths watered, they smacked their lips, and prepared to enjoy themselves as they had never enjoyed themselves before. They cast no more furtive glances back of them for ghosts. They applied themselves to their several dishes of unadulterated bliss. Seven pairs of bare legs swung contentedly, or braced seven sets of toes whose owners dared not move lest the wondrous dainty should disappear before their gaze. There was content, and there was a great silence in the new tea room until every dish had been scraped, and in some cases licked. Then those seven boys arose, silently stole forth over the Persian rugs and filed down the path till they reached safely the other side of the gate, whereat they with one accord threw their caps and raised a great shout. Jimmy was declared victor.

(To be continued)

A Collection or An Offering?

A "collection" in church language, is an assortment of coins (with an occasional bill) brought together by the pulling power of a special appeal or the force of habit.

An "offering" is a concrete expression of love and loyalty that has taken the form of money, but is as much more than money as spirit is more than matter.

It is more blessed to make an offering than to take a collection.

It is relatively easy to take a collection. It costs time and prayer and patience to lead people to make an offering. That is why we have many collections but few offerings.

* * *
If you will listen carefully to the door of your heart you will hear the still, small voice of God speaking from that holy of holies where he dwells forever.

How Old Are You?

Age is a quality of mind.
If you have left your dreams behind,
If hope is cold,
If you no longer look ahead,
If your ambition's fires are dead,
Then you are old.

But if from life you take the best,
And if in life you keep the jest,
If love you hold,
No matter how the years go by,
No matter how the birthdays fly,
You are not old.

—The Quaker.

Why I Am a Baptist

WM. RITZMANN

Requested recently by the Editor of a German weekly in Portland, Oregon, to give reasons for the change of church membership, I can only say: "It was the plain Word of God, which fully convinced me." Years ago in Worcester, Mass., an Episcopalian asked me the same question. I simply answered: "Because I wanted to touch bottom." This I did, when thoroughly converted at 27 years of age in New Haven, Conn. Illuminated by the Holy Spirit, I studied prayerfully a number of passages on faith and baptism in the New Testament and believing them heartily, I naturally, without any persuasion, became a joyful Baptist. The Word of God, my personal experience in regeneration, my love to my Savior restrained me to take this decisive step. I did this to follow the example of my Lord in his baptism in the Jordan and in his baptism of suffering on the cross for my sins and salvation.

With this I broke once for all with the dead faith and formalism of the state church, with her so-called legal infant baptism and confirmation to become a real Christian. I became and was a new man, a new creation in Christ. "Old things had passed away, all things had become new" (2 Cor. 5:17).

To be a Baptist, means to be a believing, baptized Christian. This is the real and proper name of the Baptists. "One Lord, one faith, one baptism" (Eph. 4:5). This is the logical order instituted by God. This excludes infant baptism absolutely, according to my understanding, because infants cannot believe according to Romans 10:17: "So faith or belief cometh of hearing and hearing by the word (gospel) of God."

To be a Baptist has still another significance on account of the proper manner and practice of baptism. The Greek word "Baptizo" has only one meaning in faithful translation, namely "to plunge, to immerse, to dip in water" to speak with Dr. M. Luther. On this point no further argument is needed.

The mode of baptism is clearly stated in God's Word in Romans 6:4: "We were

buried therefore with him through baptism into death, that like as Christ was raised from the dead through the glory of the father, so we also might walk in the newness of life." Baptism alone saves no man, but "who believes on the Lord Jesus Christ and is baptized will be saved." Baptism is a symbol by which we understand the death of Christ on the cross, his burial and his resurrection as the Son of God and Savior of the world. When I requested this biblical baptism, I declared that being united with Christ in heart and soul in living faith, I am henceforth dead to unbelief and a sinful life in lusts of the world and now live and walk in the newness of life according to the precepts and example of my Lord. This I was willing to do.

"My faith in God's Word, which I esteem higher than all human opinions and my willingness to obey it," this is the answer to the question why I am a Baptist. To me, this is very simple and convincing and I am standing upon the rock foundation of the Word of God.

In scripture we as Baptists have no episcopal higher or lower orders, but co-ordination, that is, we are all of the same rank and authority. As to the ministry, every preacher serving the Lord's church according to 1 Tim. 3:1-7; Acts 20:28; 1 Peter 5:2 is the bishop or the overseer, the pastor or the shepherd, the elder held in honor in the church. With this I fully agree.

Among the churches, there is none superior to others, but each is independent of the sister church. This I call Christian liberty, equality and brotherliness. But as churches we are united with another through the Head of the Church, the Bishop of our souls, the Archbishop of the church "who in all things is pre-eminent" (Col. 1:18).

As Baptists we have a pure democratic church business order. The church with the pastor deliberates, advises and resolves for the good of the body by majority votes. The church also calls its pastor and acts in all things in a Christian and brotherly manner.

Baptists have been opposed and persecuted by state and so-called Christian denominational authorities, principally on account of baptism and liberty of conscience, but under God's wonderful blessings we have grown to a membership over the world to about 12 million souls, and in missionary activities we take our place most worthily among other denominations.

After all the statements and explanations given above—why I am a Baptist—I rejoice that I have honored God and his Christ and word in obedience and faithfully believing confessed in baptismal waters my love to my Lord and Savior. "If ye love me ye will keep my commandments" (John 15:15). So the

Lord admonishes his disciples before going to his suffering. "And whatsoever ye do, do it heartily as to the Lord and not unto man, knowing that of the Lord ye shall receive the reward of the inheritance: for you serve the Lord" (Col. 3:23, 24).

Missionary Rally at the Evangel Baptist Church, Newark

On Sunday, January 31, we, as a church had a missionary rally. In the morning Rev. F. Niebuhr briefly covered our field of missionary endeavor and what we as German Baptists have accomplished in the past. In the evening, Rev. Brushwyler had invited a group of Oriental students who brought to us in an interesting way, what missionaries had done for them, and the need at present of the continued work of missionaries on the foreign field.

We gave expression of our interest in missions, in that we brought an offering to the Lord for missions amounting to \$563. We feel that this has been a definite answer to prayer because most of our members have been affected by the present depression, and it was a sacrificial offering on the part of all. We are grateful to our Heavenly Father for the share that we have been able to have in carrying on the work of the Lord, and pray that our interest in the kingdom work may continue to grow.

J. ADOLF DRECHSEL.

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

Another year has passed, and we find many things demanding our attention as we step into 1932. We are all no doubt anxious to have our B. Y. P. U. activities renewed, and get our programs under way. The following are our newly elected officers for the B. Y. P. U. society: President, Carolyn Truelsch; vice-president, Margaret Freimund; secretary, Verna Hassel; treasurer, Leslie Jones; pianist, Irma Jander.

Our society has been using the "Commission Plan" during the past year and found it to be successful. We are therefore adopting it for this year. A new feature was added to our program last year called "Gift Day" and we are also renewing it for this year. There may be a question as to what this means when we say "Gift Day." It means giving of our time and talent to bring cheer to shut-ins. For instance on February 23 our B. Y. P. U. gave a varied program at the County Asylum, which consisted of songs, prayer, a vocal selection, a cheer-up talk, piano duet, and readings. We are endeavoring to bring cheer to shut-ins at various institutions at least once a month. May all that we do in our B. Y. P. U. be to the honor and glory of our Redeemer!

M. F.

Friendship

ABBIE FARWELL BROWN

Gold cannot buy it,
Poverty try it;
Thrift may not cheapen it,
Sorrow must deepen it;
Joy cannot lose it;
Malice abuse it;
Wit cannot choke it,
Folly provoke it,
Age can but strengthen it,
Time only lengthen it;
Death cannot sever
Friendship forever.
Heaven the true place of it,
God is the grace of it.

African News

PAUL GEBAUER

On the 15th day out from Hamburg we touched the first port on the African mainland: Freetown in Sierra Leone. Little is to be seen of the gay and brilliant colors painted in one's imagination about the tropics. A peculiar brownness gives a kind of dullness to the landscape. "Charly" came out to welcome us to Africa. He and his small dug-out canoe are the welcome-committee. The man is a sight. A high silk hat, a standup collar which once upon a time must have been white, a bright tie, and a pair of striped trunks as many-colored as Joseph's robe are the touches of western civilization upon his black body. "Wie geht's?" he shouted toward us in purest German. "How is your husband?" he asked with the next breath one of the ladies. "Thank you, he is well," she replied. "Where is he?" Charly most modestly inquired. "I left him in Hamburg," being acquainted with the ways of west-coast-Charly. "In Hamburg?" he echoed back, and—falling back into his German—continued: "Was hast du mir mitgebracht?"—Who would not have laughed? Who would not have thrown a coin toward that smiling beggar. And while the first penny made its way toward the African, Charly got ready for the performance. The crowning act of the whole comedy began. With an air of solemnity he laid aside his silk hat, dove for the sinking coin, placed it between his ivory teeth, returned to the canoe, grabbed the silk hat while still with one leg in the water, and shouted a sweet "The Lord bless you!" toward the friendly giver. That's Charly's way of welcoming strangers to the dark continent. And what Charly does in Sierra Leone, thousands of his countrymen do everywhere in every fashion. They begged for coins in Freetown, for cigarettes at Liberia, for tobacco in Secondi, for eats in Gold-Coast-Accra, for anything and everything along the Nigerian ports, for positions and lodgings in Victoria. The time will come when Africa will stop

begging in order to produce. That will change things in east and west!

We landed at Victoria on the 7th of November. The Benders came on board. Mr. Schirmmacher, one of our German workers, came to get his blonde bride. He got her. They were married in the afternoon and returned to the ship to sail for Duala. Our Benders took hold of me. The whole outfit, I and my luggage, were placed upon a truck. The journey toward Soppo had started! Up and up the truck climbed. Soppo lies 2000 feet above Victoria, on the slopes of an old volcano: Mt. Cameroon. This station has a pretty location. In our backyard stands Mt. Cameroon, 14,000 feet high; toward the south the world seems ours: forests, swamps, rivers, hills and mountains till the eyes can't see any farther; toward the west we catch on clear days glimpses of the ocean; the east shows green in green. In pre-war days Soppo was the "Health-Station." In the dry season it is a healthy spot. But those 6 or 7 months of rain in the wet season spoil everything of the good reputation. Just one mile above us is Buea, considered by the weatherman the wettest spot in the world. How does that come? Our rockpile in the backyard has much to do with it. With his 14,000 feet he certainly discourages the weary clouds that come out of the southland so that they simply cannot make the grade and "drop everything over Soppo;" he seems to act as stop-sign to those happy west-bound clouds, and they do "drop everything over Soppo;" he seems to tell the eastbound clouds of the dry and dusty land ahead of them, and they also think, what is the use of marching farther and they too "drop everything over Soppo." Seven months per year of such a game are no fun for the people living in Soppo. Do you wonder that the Benders looked "played out" on the day I met them? This year we have four weeks "extra" of the rainy season. It really was not necessary. I bought an umbrella. It's the first one I ever called my own! Come, friends, and help us to sing: "Brighten the corner where you are." It's not so easy for those having passed through three rainy seasons!

We just returned from a 100-mile walk through African bush. We saw some of our churches and schools. All of the places seen, with the exception of two, were opened up during the war-time by Bro. Bender. Some of our teachers are gifted and consecrated Christians. David Epupa is doing excellent work among his people in the bush, and not for money's sake. The love of Jesus is driving him. The people at Tongo have built a fine chapel. They have cleared the place round about it. They have even planted trees along the straight path leading to the chapel. That is something brand new in Africa. Jesus has trans-

formed their lives. I meet him and his transforming power everywhere in changing Africa. David Ekutu is small of stature, but his Christlikeness makes him taller than the rest of the people. Within one year he has brought one of the least promising stations up to the second place among them all. He is a good teacher; a greater example; the greatest leader in his village. The people give since he is there; they take active interest in the progress of the Kingdom of God. They have built a good chapel and a fine resthouse since David is there. Of such teachers and such people we have still more.

I have spent many happy hours with our colored Southern Baptists in the years past. Many of them "wiggled" when they sang. Our African Baptists don't do it. They have not learned the hallelujah-shouting during the preaching either. "Whenever they do that," Dr. Lockett of Nigeria once said, "you may be assured that some white man has been tampering with them." He is right. They don't wiggle, and they don't shout; they seem so cool and reserved. But let them sing! They can, and they do so with all their heart. Then one can look into their hearts and know, that God's love is understood and gratefully accepted. Most of their songs they know by heart. They are on fire when they sing.

Such a one-week-trip per pedes apostolorum is interesting. The first night I slept upon a musical folding bed. To every turn I made it responded with a joyful noise. Poor "Sango Bender" could not sleep with such kind of music, neither could I. The next night I slept on the floor. We slept!—I spent a night in the resthouse at Victoria. I had believed the boy who had put up my bed that no mosquitoes were in sight. That saved him from doing the little extra-work of setting up the net. About midnight I awoke. The mosquitoes had a picnic upon my marble-top. They had the fun and I had the pain. I had to put up the net with the flashlight, had to start my sleeping all over again. About 2 o'clock I awoke again. This time the disturbance came from the ceiling. Strange noises reached my ears. Someone upstairs was in a neck-to-neck race with empty tin-cans. Up and down and to and fro they raced. What was it? Just some African rats on a picnic! I was grateful that my marble-top was not the meeting-ground this time.—I remember the one night in Tongo! The mosquitoes were bad that night, but worse the noise of the village people. They talked and laughed past midnight. Bender could not stand it any longer. He took the lamp and walked through rain and bush into the dawn of the new day. I remained and counted the stars. Some job!

C. J. Bender has the wrong name. His name ought to be "Walker." He certainly is great in that sport, in spite of his 62 years. For years he has walked and walked and walked, while others used cars or horses, or were carried, or had settled down to keep the homefires burning. He is considered the champion walker among the whites. "It's Sango Bender!" the blacks say, when they hear the steps of a lonely wanderer, or watch one with a lantern coming along a path after midnight. He knows the bush, the short-cuts, the river-crossings. These virtues of his are admirable, but are they always commendable for the rapidly changing Africa? The message of the King requires haste.

C. J. Bender gave his word to Dr. Kuhn that he would introduce the "green-horn" into every phase of missionary work. He is keeping the promise. Every day brings new lessons into my crowded life. We talk about churches, schools, pastors, teachers, chiefs, customs, problems native and foreign; we talk about languages, policies, experiences. We visit churches and inspect schools; we paint rooms and floors and windows; we imagine ourselves to be plumbers, gardeners, mechanics, nurses. That brings us into Erica Bender's territory! She introduces me to her field in her own unique way. One eve we entered into one of the huts. The young mother of the home was in expectation of a baby. I wanted to back out. Erica insisted on my getting acquainted with this line of missionary work too. My body remained; wisdom fled from me. Fortunately we had been called too early. We went home. Our nurse was sick that night. About 3 A. M. another hurry-call came. I went alone. I entered into the darkened room. The young mother was lying on the floor. A young African was making his way into this world of misery. My heart sank deeper and deeper. The room was just crowded with people. They looked at me in doubt and expectation. Hebrew and Greek and all the other pretty things I had learned in the seminary left me at that moment; and I left the room—and in a hurry. I dashed across the lawn, stormed the stairway, stopped before a certain door to plead with the sick and tired girl behind. She came and helped me out of my calamity. The good girl! Mother and baby live! And so do I!

We returned from an afternoon-visit to the village. A tall Bakwiri accompanied us. Parting he bid us to listen to a story. Word by word Dr. Aggrey's story of "The Eagle" came from the lips of the young African. The story had become part of himself! He spoke with enthusiasm about his people as created to be eagles; he spoke with sadness about their present life as that of chickens; but "We are eagles" he concluded. It

was Aggrey's story, and yet that man's story too. It is the real story of the African race! Difficult indeed it is to believe that once upon a time the negro too was created in the image of God while one gets acquainted with African dirt, laziness, and slowness. It becomes easier while watching those already restored into the fellowship with God through faith in Christ. Jesus and Jesus alone is able to carry Africa's burden and solve Africa's problems. Africa is ready to accept the Crucified One. It is ours, young people of America, to answer the challenge. "Africa is a-hungering for Christ, and Christ Jesus can take



Our American Nurse in the Cameroons,
Miss Erica D. Bender

that continent in a generation if his people will give him a chance," says Aggrey. He is right. Pray for Africa, my friend! More: give yourself for it in the name of your Redeemer.

Sunday, November 29, was Thanksgiving Day for Soppo church. The room was soon filled. The women came in their finest dresses. Colorful headdresses concealed their woolly hair. Some wore even stockings and shoes. The "gents" were dressed in out-of- and up-to-date styles. Of the sermon I understood little for the preacher spoke in Duala. The major part of the service I understood: the collection. The people brought coins of all sizes. They brought eggs and the chickens with them. Out of their poverty they contributed five pounds toward the work that morning. That does not seem so much. If you

could see how many of the "coppers" placed upon the plate that morning had been earned, you too would praise the Lord for the wonders done in Africa.

Saturday eve! We came to a steep hill, entering into the village of Won-jongo. Two slim, young negroes went with us. "So you are from America?" "Yes, I am," I answered. "I have read about America," he replied. "Have you?" "Yes, sir, I have! It must be a big village!" Friends in the big village, don't forget, that even Africa's youth turns toward you. It did not surprise me to find such an attitude among Germany's young people. To meet with it out here startled me for a moment. "What must I do to get to America for studies?" one asked most seriously one day. He had watched your missionaries for the last two years. America has risen very high in many an estimation. Our responsibility toward Africa is great. Not without thought has God placed 12 millions of negroes in the midst of our national life. We have a definite mission toward the world's black people. We shall have to give account of our stewardship some day. Are we, are you, faithful?

Gr. Soppo, December 1, 1931.

New Books

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

The Strait and Narrow. A play for use in churches by Eugene P. Koppin.

The Leaden Image. A Missionary Play by Eugene P. Koppin. Both published by Tullar-Meredith Co., New York. Single copy 35 cts. Four copies or more @ 25 cts. per copy.

Here are two plays written by one of our own German Baptist young men who has a special talent for dialogs and plays. Our Young People's and Sunday School Workers' Union has had the privilege of promoting some of Bro. Koppin's plays which he wrote for us in former days. One of these was "The Leaden Image." This and a new one, "The Strait and Narrow," are now published by the well-known New York firm. The plays of Bro. Koppin are always full of action, the dialog never drags and the purpose is always to exalt the true, the good, the righteous. We heartily commend them to our young people.

Strength Needed

"Rastus," said the negro preacher, "dis am de fust time ah evah saw you in dis here church, and ah's mighty glad you's here."

"Pahson," said Rastus, "ah just hadda come. Ah needs strength, ah does, cause ah got a job whitewashing a chicken coop and building a fence around a water-melon patch."

"The sun has a sinking spell every night, but it rises again the next morning."

Leadership Training

The Training of Youth for Service through the Church

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

(Conclusion of Chapter IV)

Public prayer also has an important function in Christian life and in worship. Children get their earliest impulse to pray from observing adults in prayer. Prayer thus tends to perpetuate itself. Prayer also is an essential factor in creating the atmosphere of public worship. The presence of God becomes real as people audibly speak to God. Moreover, the union of God's people in prayer releases a mighty spiritual dynamic which changes things. If this prayer comes only from the pastor it soon tends to appear professional. Only as it fervently and spontaneously bursts forth from God's people does it exert the full measure of spiritual power.

But prayer also needs to be learned. Many of the finest Christians find themselves incapable of public prayer. This discourages their attendance of prayer-meetings. Since they cannot take this active part the prayer-meeting does not bring to them the satisfaction which impells their regular attendance. It is an easy matter to criticise these Christians. But did not the Church fail somewhere in the training of these people, that they are compelled to go through life with this serious handicap, resulting further in the loss to the Church which comes from their inability to participate in this normal expression of Christian faith? The Church owes it to her members to train them from childhood on to become audibly praying Christians. That is surely a worthy object of training for the B. Y. P. U. The activities should make a generous provision for this essential training.

Furthermore the Christian must know how to use his Bible as a defensive as well as offensive weapon. Its inspired message must be instantaneously available for spiritual re-enforcement in moments of temptation, and for warning, admonition, comfort, and instruction. We must not only know the Bible but gain experience in its effective use in the building of Christian character and in promoting the interests of the Kingdom of God. Again the activities of the B. Y. P. U. are to be such, that its members learn the principles of dependable Bible interpretation, that they may be able to place their finger on the pivotal verses, and that they may know where to turn for such message as the varied situations of life demand.

The grave danger is that we shall move about in a very small circle, and that the message of the major portion of the Book remains sealed to our understanding. How much does the average Christian get out of the wonderful life, and labors of the prophets? The Letters of the Apostles are also unexplored territory to many Christians. To many the Gospels, Acts and the Psalms, and the story, or historical portions of the Old Testament, are the Bible as far as practical use goes. A new appreciation will come to those who are introduced into some of the other wonderful portions.

Christian faith is not solely for the purpose of peaceful dying, but also for fruitful living. Christians are described by Paul as soldiers in conquest now and here. They must fight for truth and right, not only its acknowledgement but its application in the affairs of life. They must therefore receive some training for effective Christian labor in the fields of social life. Their faith should be intimately related to the problems of daily living, not only their own living, for the Christian does

not live unto himself, but also the living of others, in fact the problems of all social living. Hence the curriculum should deal with practical problems which have an ethical or spiritual implication. The Christian solution of race problems, capital and labor, international relations, crime, penal problems, etc. Christians ought to become the leaders in applying Christian principles to these various complex situations. The Church must equip them with the spiritual idealism which they can carry into such walks of life. Training in the application of Christian principles to the intricate problems of social life may well be embodied into the curriculum of the B. Y. P. U.

Finally, a training in the use of music as a means of touching the human heart, may well be fostered by the B. Y. P. U. The soul of the Christian can often find expression by means of song, or instrumental music, penetrating the emotions of people who are not approachable by way of intellectual thought. If the Church is to have capable singers for her choir and for evangelistic services, these must be given an opportunity of developing. That process is not accomplished when well trained choir singers are invited in to entertain the B. Y. P. U. with their excellent gifts. It is only accomplished when others who are blessed with the gift of song are given opportunity of developing these gifts in the training department of the Church.

We may now summarize and line up our training curriculum. It is determined solely by the practical needs of the Church, and the world. These needs are as follows:

- Effective Christian leadership.*
- Capable speakers, who can express spiritual values.*
- All Christians capable of public prayer.*
- Efficiency in the use of the Bible.*
- Accomplishments in the Christian use of music.*

This list may be supplemented as further needs are recognized. The important thing is, that the B. Y. P. U. become a genuine training school, and that it provide the type of training that is urgently needed for the effective promotion of Christian work in the Church and in the world. If it commits itself to this task, it need not seek further usefulness in fields that are provided for by other organizations within the church.

Study Questions

1. Interpret the meaning of each piece of the spiritual armor mentioned by Paul in Eph. 6:10-20. In which of these does training play a major part?
2. For what purpose was the B. Y. P. U. organized? How did it thrive while true to its original purpose? What other activities were substituted in the course of time? How did that effect the life of the organization, and the activity of the other organizations?
3. On what basis should a training curriculum be built?
4. What practical needs are evident in the Church as we know it?
5. How can the activities of the B. Y. P. U. be managed, that they bring the greatest returns in training for Christian Leadership?
6. Is the curriculum as suggested in this chapter sufficiently comprehensive? If you were to eliminate an item, which would it be?

What Do You Read?

She read the Journal and the News,
The Green Book and the Red,
She kept the serials of the month
Securely in her head.
She read the sporting page, she knew
Each athlete by his name,
She read of baseball, football, golf,
Familiar with each game;
She looked the funny pages through;
She watched the mails to seize
The magazine she liked the best,
Whose columns most did please;
But—in her house there was a Book
With pages never turned,
Whose messages of hope and truth
Were still by her unlearned.
And still she reads, and laughs and cries,
O'er stories by the hour,
And lets the Book, dust-covered lie,
Unopened in its power.

A News Letter from Missionary Geis

Myitkyina, Burma, Dec. 23, 1931.

My dear Brother Mihm:

It may surprise you as it does me to be back here in our old home where we spent the best years of our life. It came about rather unexpectedly. I had just returned from a trip to the mountains where I had gone with a fellow-missionary to select a site for the new Bible School when an urgent telegram came requesting me to come to the rescue of Rev. and Mrs. Dudrow in Myitkyina, who took charge of this station when we went on furlough in April, 1930.

They with Mrs. Smith, who is a sister to Mrs. Steiger of St. Joseph, Mich., had taken a trip to the mountains. Unexpectedly the rains came down on them all the time they were absent, when they reached home, both Rev. and Mrs. Dudrow went down with fever, Mrs. Dudrow's developed into typhoid and his into cerebral malaria. I am happy to report that both are on the way to recovery.

While the real cause of my visit is rather a sad one, yet for me personally it is an unexpected pleasure. Upon my arrival in Rangoon no less than two long petitions were handed me asking us to return to Myitkyina, these were followed up with other personal letters. All of these showed how deep was the affection of our people for us and I can assure you that our affection for them is just as deep. No wonder the station was crowded with our people when the train arrived. Not only the whole school but also men and women from nearby villages who had heard of my coming. Each day I receive visitors and gifts such as chickens, eggs and fruit as a token of love for their teacher.

A little over two years ago we handed over this growing work to Rev. and Mrs. Dudrow. I was therefore quite interested to see how the work was progressing under their care. The care of about eighteen

buildings, large and small, and a mission yard of ten acres with all of its varied activities is no small job by itself, then if in addition you have some 17 schools and 22 churches in the district you can imagine how quickly a garden will turn into a jungle if neglected for a few weeks. The man must be on the job both for material work as well as the spiritual welfare. Mrs. Smith was up here for a month for the preacher's Bible training class in September. This is what she wrote about the work: "I could not help but think what a wonderful transformation has taken place in these villages in the short span of one man's lifetime. When Mr. Geis came here '93 all was darkness and superstition and degradation. What a privilege to have been the first messenger of light, the first one to bring the good news of salvation to this section of the lost world. To see new schools, gardens, homes where the families unite in worship, changed lives and the joy in the faces of Christians, is to thank God and take courage."

Lest you may think Mrs. Smith's testimony may be a little biased since she is a missionary reporting on the work of another missionary then please read what the Education Minister of Burma had to say about the work as he saw it in Myitkyina. At the time of his visit Mr. Dudrow was down with malaria fever, so after his visit to the mission compound the Deputy Commissioner who rules over this whole district and who is an Englishman wrote the following letter to Mr. Dudrow:

"Office of the Deputy Commissioner
Myitkyina, dated November 7, 1931.
General Department No. 832/A38.

Dear Dudrow, you will be glad to hear that the Education Minister on returning from your school today remarked, 'It is the best Technical School I have ever seen.' I thought you would like to know this and asked him to make some remarks in your inspection book and he told the Head Master to bring it up to him. Do so hope that you and Mrs. Dudrow are better.

Yours sincerely
W. R. HEAD."

"Camp Myitkyina, dated November 7, 1931. Visited this school this morning together with Mr. Head, Deputy Commissioner, Myitkyina. There was an attendance of 100 pupils, of which 77 are boys and 23 girls. Bokanawng, Head Master of the school, took us round and showed us different work, namely carpentry, blacksmith, weaving, sewing, sawing, grinding paddy (rice) and gardening. Everything was done in proper manner, and I am glad to learn that real work is done in this school. U Ba Tin, 7-11-31. Education Minister."

Shortly before we went on furlough Sir Charles Innes, Governor of Burma, paid the school a visit. He was so well

pleased with what he saw that he made the school a donation of one hundred rupees towards the Kachin education fund in Myitkyina. Another very high English official shortly before retiring wrote me saying: "Your work and the work of Dr. Hanson is of inestimable value to the Kachins."

I am sure our many friends will be glad to read these outside testimonies and estimate of the value of the work that is going on here in Myitkyina. It makes me happy that the good work is so well continued by the present missionaries in charge.

GEO. J. GEIS,
Bhamo, Burma.

"Eighty-three Years With Christ"

Sunday, February 15, was a memorable day for the Spruce Street Baptist Church of Buffalo, N. Y., for on that day was celebrated her 83rd anniversary.

Despite the wintry weather, the auditorium was well filled as the beautiful strains of Schaefer's prelude "Believe me not" ushered in the morning service. The pulpit was bright with beautiful flowers and palms, which seemed to whisper the glorious promise of Spring and the Resurrection. The choir rendered two very beautiful hymns appropriate to the occasion.

Notwithstanding the depression, every one present gave a special birthday offering. Our pastor, Rev. C. E. Cramer, spoke in German on John 12:32: "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me." What a promise those words were to us that morning!

After the German service, the Sunday school met below. Our regular routine was discarded and Rev. Judson Beuerman took charge of the meeting. He had been superintendent at one time for 11 years and he told us many amusing anecdotes about old-time picnics and social affairs of the church. By a curious co-incident he was celebrating his spiritual birthday also, having been baptized 45 years ago.

All former superintendents were asked to say a few words. We listened to our venerable Father Wm. Becker, a Sunday school scholar since 1870. He is the oldest member of the church and is still present every Lord's Day. We also heard a few words from Bro. A. Hanke, a member of 51 years.

Our pastor told us that approximately 2000 people were converted in this church during the past 83 years. Spruce Street Church is the mother church of many Buffalo Baptist churches, notably the Polish Baptist, Hungarian Baptist and First English churches. In all of the Buffalo Baptist churches are to be found members who at one time were affiliated with this church.

A touching token of appreciation was the presentation of a box of money by a class of young girls, all of whom had

found their Savior in the Sunday school. They called it their "Love Box." It was a love gift to their beloved church.

At the evening service, all those who had been absent in the morning were given the opportunity of adding to the birthday offering.

After the evening message, five souls were dedicated to God as they publicly accepted their Savior in baptism.

Our older members of 70 years were honored with a pink rose in memory of the occasion. There were few of these loyal ones present, but we were all cognizant of the fact that Spruce Street Church stands as a living monument to them and those gone to Glory. What glorious optimism of faith in God was theirs.

On Wednesday evening, February 17, a congregational fellowship meeting was held. Many testimonies and prayers from old as well as new members filled a very inspiring hour. A social hour followed while the Men's Fraternity Bible Class served refreshments.

Many will remember this week as the time of their spiritual birth and re-birth, for one could not help reconsecrating oneself anew and to try at least to emulate these pioneers of 83 years ago. God's blessing has been with Spruce Street Church and we look hopefully into the future. The rainbow of promise is before us.

MRS. H. W. GEIGER.

A Faithful Sunday School Boy

Wilmington, Del. Feb. 17, 1932.

Dear Brother Mihm:—

Permit me to send you something for the "Baptist Herald" if you think it worthy of publication. I will, however, let you be the judge. In our Sunday school we have a poor family with 8 children. It so happened recently that the two oldest children had no shoes fit to wear. They had already been promised shoes by the local school board, but they were to get them on Monday. The shoes that they did have were so worn that the soles were almost entirely off. There was gloom in the hearts of the oldest boy and girl because they would have to miss Sunday school.

When Sunday morning came around, they watched the others making their preparations. Then came the usual greetings, but June and Junior had to stay at home. Mother started with the others and walked over a mile to Sunday school. They were already well on their way, when they heard a shout behind them, and then another: "Mom, wait for us!" And there was Junior tearing along as fast as his poor shoes would let him, hatless and coatless, with only a sweater. Mother scolded him, but he said: "Mother, I'd die if I'd miss Sunday school. What would Mr. Mann think if I was the one to miss in our class?" Mother said: "I was thinking so that you

might not get sick. That is why I wanted you to stay at home." But Junior said: "I'll be alright, if I can only get to Sunday school. We've got to be 100%, and those girls are not going to beat us."

I think there are many who not only have good shoes, but also a car, and yet their places are conspicuous by their absence.

Then I have a family who drive to church and Sunday school a distance of 18 miles one way. At times they fetch another family with them. There must be something worth going for!

HERMAN G. KUHL.

Verdict of the Ages

Early Egyptian Tomb

His earthly tenement was shattered by beer and wine, and his spirit departed before it was called for.

Solomon, 1000 B. C.

Look not thou upon the wine when it is red. When it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.

Buddha, 550 B. C.

Drink not liquors that intoxicate and disturb the reason.

Xenophon, 300 B. C.

Temperance means, first, moderation in healthful indulgence and, secondly, abstinence from things dangerous as the use of intoxicating wines.

Pliny the Elder, 79 A. D.

There is nothing about which we put ourselves to more trouble than wine, as if nature had not given to us the most salubrious drink with which all other animals are satisfied.

Chaucer, 1340

Character and shame depart when wine comes in.

Shakespeare, 1600

O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil.

Abraham Lincoln, 1842

Liquor might have defenders, but no defence. Whether or not the world would be vastly benefited by a total and final banishment from it of all intoxicating drinks seems to me not an open question.

Gladstone, 1898

The ravages of drink are greater than those of war, pestilence, and famine combined.

Cardinal Gibbons, 1920

The great curse of the laboring man is intemperance. It has brought more desolation to the wage-earners than strikes or war or sickness or death. It has caused little children to go hungry and cold and to grow up among evil associations. It has broken up more homes and wrecked more lives than any other cause.

M. Georges Clemenceau, 1920

It is definitely settled that alcohol is a poison; a poison destructive of human

energy and, for this reason, of society as a whole.

Sir Wilfred Grenfell, 1928

Alcohol has wrecked more lives, starved more children, and murdered more women than any other single factor.

Thomas A. Edison, 1930

I still feel that prohibition is the greatest experiment yet made to benefit man.

Chester Rowell, 1930

One drink is too many for the man at the automobile-wheel, and the danger-point is far short of the drunken point in nearly all the occupations of life.

Josephus Daniels, 1930

The man who opposes prohibition and says in the next breath that he could never tolerate the return of the saloon either is practising deception or he does not know that as surely as night follows day the fall of prohibition means the re-establishment of the saloon.

Sending Parcels to Kamerun

According to the advice of our own Kamerun missionaries it is always more practicable to remember the Kamerun Mission 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 parcels direct to Rev. Adolph Orthner, 233 North Grant Street, Bay City, Michigan. It will mean a considerable saving in transport charges if Brother 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.

• • •

Mrs. Youngbride: "Jack, those banks are frauds! Didn't you tell me that they would lend money on notes?"

Husband: "Certainly, dear."

Mrs. Youngbride: "Well, they won't. I took those lovely ones you wrote to me before we were married, and the cashier read them and laughed, but he would not let me have a cent on them."

* * *

It takes about fifteen hundred nuts to hold an automobile together, but it only takes one to scatter it all over the landscape.

* * *

Dumb: "Do you know, Adolph, the butcher boy? Well, he just dropped sixty feet."

Bell: "Sixty feet! Did it kill him?"

Dumb: "No, they were pigs' feet."

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A student in a certain theological seminary was asked: "What tribes originally inhabited Palestine?" He promptly replied: "The Hivites, the Per'zites—and the Parasites, some of whom we still have with us."