

The Baptist Herald

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

Volume Eleven

CLEVELAND, O., APRIL 15, 1933

Number Eight

THE CROSS

CHARLES NELSON PACE

The Cross is such a simple thing,
Yet of it men may talk and sing.
It is a ladder to the skies,
On which a mounting soul may rise.
It is a sign-board on the road,
To cheer man with his weary load.
It is a key that fits the door
To joyousness forevermore.
It signals to the human race
That God in mercy offers grace.
To some it is a stumbling block
That causes men to curse and mock:
To others who their sins bemoan
It can become a stepping stone.
To voyagers its sturdy form
Becomes an anchor in the storm.
A hammer, it has won renown
By battering old oppressions down.
Gripped by still others as a sword,
It has won battles for the Lord.
Dragged as a plowshare thro' the heart,
New furrows cause the grain to start.
It is a tree upon a hill
Whose fruit the hungry heart can fill.
It is a window for the soul;
'Tis medicine to make one whole.
The Cross is such a simple thing,
And yet it touches everything.
We cannot feel that such a sign
Is other than a power divine.
It is a beacon ever lit
By One identified with it.

What's Happening

Rev. Martin DeBoer, pastor of our church at Chancellor, S. Dak., had the joyful privilege of baptizing 18 persons on Sunday evening, March 19. It was a great day for the Chancellor church and the number baptized is the largest to be baptized at one time during the last eight or nine years.

Rev. C. B. Thole of Leduc, Alberta, who resigned about a year ago on account of his health, writes that his eyes are improving, but very slowly. However, he has been preaching at Leduc Second and at Olds and elsewhere, so that he has been busy nearly every Sunday. He is glad to be able to help along in this way. We wish Bro. Thole a full and complete recovery.

A pastor of an English Baptist Church in Texas, who hails from one of our German Baptist churches, writes to the Editor: "I have enjoyed reading your fine paper very much. It has been a great deal of help to me in my church work. I put out a weekly church bulletin for our church and the fine material you put into your paper makes good reading matter for our bulletin."

Twenty-two teachers and prospective teachers of the Avon, S. Dak., Sunday school recently completed Unit 2 of the Teachers' Training Course and received credit from the International Council of Religious Education. The teacher, Prof. A. R. Eschliman, State Director of Teachers' Training, was enthusiastic about the class. Last year a group completed work for Unit 1 under the same teacher.

Bro. Geo. J. Geis refers in a recent letter of his visit to attend the dedication of a new chapel in the mountains, a picture of which we present in this number. He has on his present field 16 Kachin evangelists, who are all supported by the native Christians. Self-support has been pushed by Bro. Geis in his missionary labors from the very beginning. He has had a most profitable year with his eight boys in the training school at Bhamo. The prospects have never been brighter.

The "New Haven Register" of March 19, 1933, devotes two-thirds of a full page write-up with illustrations to Prof. Otto Koenig's collection of Script money or "Notgeld," the issuance of which was seriously talked of during the recent bank holiday in the United States. The article bears the humorous title: "Prof. Koenig disclosed as City's Greatest Hoarder. Has Millions in Currency Salted away in two ponderous Tomes, but its kind you cannot spend, the Strip floated in Backwash of War." Prof. Koenig is willing to share some of his collection of script and also of stamps with other collectors and to make young collectors happy. See his notice on this page.

Bro. Daniel J. Hartwick of Palmer Rapids, Ont., Can., writes a long letter of appreciation to the Editor, and expresses himself on conditions among our churches and young people at the present time. We regret we have not space to publish it in full. Bro. Hartwick expresses thanks for the good inspirational food furnished him "through the splendid 'Baptist Herald.' The Bible Number of March 1 was a real peach of a treat to a shut in fellow like me. My heart aches as I read of missionaries on furlough, being denied the privilege of returning to their much loved fields." Bro. Hartwick appeals for greater self-denial and a refraining from luxuries and wasteful habits so that we may be able to support God's cause at home and abroad more liberally. He expresses his own joy in giving to the Easter Offering and hopes it will be verywhere "not a little baby-like collection but an outstanding event."

During the winter months wedding bells rang on four different occasions in the First Baptist Church at Leduc, Alberta. On Nov. 2 Miss Orpa Priebe became the wife of Leonard Jespersen of the Glory Hill church. On Dec. 14 Miss Dina Posein and Leo Moskoski were the happy bridal couple. On Dec. 21 Miss Elvina Holland was united in marriage to Edward Krause. On this occasion the church choir, of which the bride was a faithful member, favored with a special number. On Feb. 15 great interest of friends was shown when Miss Myrtle Priebe, church pianist, was married to Ernest Kern, a member of the church band. In honor of the groom, the band rendered several selections. The pastor, Rev. Phil. Daum, officiated at all these weddings. Most of these young people have attended our Alberta Bible schools during past winters and are personally known to the Editor. We wish them much happiness.

Chicago Jugendbund to Hold Annual Conference

Conference Theme: "Let us rise up and build"—base on Nehemiah 2:18.

June 2, 3, and 4 are the dates of the 13th annual conference of the Chicago Jugendbund. It will be held in the Oak Park German Baptist Church, Oak Park, Ill., this year and promises to be one of great interest.

There will be an opening meeting Friday night—a banquet Saturday night—and three meetings and Sunday school on Sunday.

Professor L. Kaiser has accepted our invitation to be our principal speaker and will address the conference Sunday morning and evening.

Final plans are being made now and we hope that many of you readers will

come and receive the blessings which are in store for us during this Young People's Conference.

Attention! Young People and Sunday School Workers, Central Conference

Dear Mr. D. Pression:

After having lived with you for the past few years I have a question that I feel I should ask you. Perhaps you will get angry at me and feel that this question is too personal to be answered but nevertheless I must do my part by asking it. Is it on account of you that the societies belonging to the Young People's and Sunday School Workers' Union of the Central Conference have not paid their dues or is it because they have forgotten? Won't you please investigate and if necessary remind some and tell them to mail their dollar to me immediately?

Regretting every inconvenience caused me during your visit here, I remain

Yours in the Master's Service,
HELEN L. KLIESE, Treasurer,
2620 Linden St.,
Detroit, Mich.

Stamp Collectors, Attention!

A limited number of German and European stamps and some other countries, also Script money—"Notgeld"—will be given *Free* to boys and girls of school age by sending me a stamped and addressed envelope. Adult collectors, please enclose a dime in such envelope. The proceeds will go to the Publication Society in Cleveland or the benefit of the "Baptist Herald." Specify what countries are desired. Address:

Prof. Otto Koenig,
1217 Whitney Ave.,
New Haven, Conn.

The Baptist Herald

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The Baptist Herald

Samson on the Way to Timnath

A. L. TILGNER

BETWEEN the city of Zarea in the country of Judea, and Timnath, a city in the domain of the Philistines, is a beautiful and romantic stretch of scenery, such as you rarely find in the Orient. High mountains covered with a luxurious growth of stately cedars, delightful hills with lovely fruit-trees and vineyards, pleasant valleys with well cultivated vegetable tracts, and magnificent grouping of gorgeous floral designs, all this the traveler beholds as he makes his way from the Hebrew country to that of the Philistines.

Just outside the suburb of Zarea on the morning of a beautiful spring day, we notice a young man, of magnificent stature, in the bloom of youth, muscular and elastic, with long heavy curls and a colorful turban, placed in bold style on his well shaped head. We see him wending his way to Timnath, the city of the Philistines. His turban and his clothes mark him to be a Jew. Health is just smiling on his rosy cheeks, and breathing the fresh morning air laden with the aroma of the blooming fruit-trees, that young man looks cheerful into that beautiful picture of nature about him as though he wants to say, "I surely enjoy life."

It Is Samson, the Son of Manoah

With an elastic step and a light heart, in which the sweet germ of love has been awakened, Samson pursues his way. Samson is on his way to a lovely young lady, to propose marriage to her. Samson is on his bridal way.

But Samson like many other of his fellow men found that even the way to a lovely bride is not rosy and charming all the way, but has its difficulties also, of which he had not thought much when he started out. The first part of the way was glorious. The rain of the preceding night had settled the dust on the roads, the bees were courting the honey suckles, and humming joyously in that balmy morning air. Samson joined them, humming a new love song he had just learned from some of the young folks in his neighborhood.

Now, while Samson is marching so jubilantly along and comes within sight of a heavy forest ahead of him, he spies in the shadow of the trees a young but full grown lion. The king of beasts with a bushy mane, looks at this oncoming young man, as much as to say, "Say, young man, this is my domain; you better turn back if you know what's good for you; here I am the boss." No doubt, many a young man would have detoured, rather than face such a situation.

We Watch the Expression on Samson's Face

Does he look frightened, stop, and wonder if it wouldn't be wiser to take a round-about way to his intended bride?—No, Samson indeed looks very much surprised at that unexpected difficulty in his way. He looks unflinchingly at the young lion, as much as to say, "Say, you young cub of a lion, I am on the way of a very serious business today and have no time for any fooling. If you hope to scare me into a detour you have another guess coming. I'll tell you right now, if you are looking for trouble you can have it, and plenty of it."

The lion looks amazed to see the young man coming so boldly his way, and the beast senses a battle. Yet the lion, like Samson, doesn't seem inclined to get out of the way, but glad like an Irishman to get into a fight. Opening his mouth with a big roar, showing the fierce big teeth, and whipping the ground with his heavy tail, he awaits Samson's advance. Then when Samson came near enough, the lion ducked and with a quick jump hurled himself through the air upon his opponent. But Samson had very cleverly watched his adversary. Nimble he jumped aside, and swift as lightning turned and jumped on top of the lion, grabbed the lion's under jaw with his left and the upper jaw with his right hand, and tore the lion's head in two pieces, as though it were only a piece of cloth.

It was a short, but nevertheless a fierce struggle; a struggle of life and death; with Samson coming out the winner.

Samson, nearly out of breath and panting, threw himself down beside the road into a bed of timber-moss, to take a short rest. After resting a while he arose, went to a babbling brook nearby to wash the blood stains off from his hands, and resumed his way to Timnath, rejoicing over the victory won; and arrived safely without any other difficulty to the home of his beloved Delila.

Now, if Samson encountered any difficulties there too, in winning his bride, or, whether she at once coyly said—"Yes"—when Samson proposed, the historian has failed to put it on record; he only states that Samson there too came to be the winner of a lovely bride.

A few days after this eventful day, Samson in company with his father and mother again went to Timnath. When they came to the place in the forest where Samson had killed the lion, Samson stepped aside into the underbrush where he had thrown the dead beast, to see what had become of it. Samson there and then

Found a Surprise of His Life!

I imagine he pinched himself to make sure he wasn't dreaming. Samson beheld a swarm of bees had

taken possession of the carcass of the lion and had begun placing honey in the novel hive. Samson thought a taste of that sweetness after a long walk might be rather refreshing, and I don't blame him for desiring some of that precious food.—Yes, Samson—but how are you going to get some? Do you think the bees will sell you some? No, no, Samson, not for love or money.

Well, Samson had nothing to offer to the owners of that honey. But he who had not gone out of the way of a roaring lion, nor fainted in wooing a fair lady's heart, found a way to circumvent this new obstacle and harvested not only enough honey to satisfy himself but found a few combs of honey for his father and mother. And here I take off my hat to Samson and give him credit for honoring his father and mother.

This now really ends the story of Samson on his way to Timnath. Yet, there is a practical lesson contained in the narrative.

Many a young man and many young ladies of today may not be on the way to Timnath, but

They Are on the Way Through Life

with an ardent desire to find a vocation or lucrative position in this world and to make a home of their own. Now some of you, who are in quest of something worth while, may, like Samson, find everything rosy and encouraging at the start. The road you travel is smooth, and alluringly romantic; but, like Samson, the most of you will find difficulties in the way, obstacles to remove, if you want to reach the goal, and the thing you covet.

Many a young man, or young lady have fallen in love with a desire for a higher vocation, but on the way thereto

They Have Met the Lion of Poverty,

which proved to be a strong enemy in their way. Yet, we have examples galore, of how such young men like Lincoln, Garfield, and thousand others have come out victorious over the difficulties that beset their way.

One more practical thought in this connection. Many young, and older persons for that matter, are on the way to Timnath, so to speak, or rather on the way to heaven. They have heard of Jesus, that he is the Savior of the world; and they are on their way to gain him as their personal friend. They perhaps say with the apostle Paul: "I count all things in this world, such as wealth and honor, and pleasure, but loss, that I may win Christ." I know I thought so. But here too, like Samson of old, we meet Satan, the Lion of hell and the pit, on our way, the roaring lion whom we have to face and to fight if we would gain Christ and eternal life. And, we must not detour, but bravely, like Samson, face and overcome the foe. For Christ himself says: "He that overcometh shall inherit all things." You who are out to win Christ, may not be as strong as Samson, yea, you may be an invalid, and very weak; and yet, you may overcome every difficulty and win the pearl of greatest price—Jesus and eternal life.

This story of Samson on his way to Timnath confirms the old saying: "Without a cross, no crown." The soldier who craves a medal, must not fear the smoke of powder, nor the hardships of a battle. If you want success in whatever it may be, you must not retreat, but like Samson, plunge right into the fight and overcome the lion in the way. Then you will share with Samson the honey of joy and gain the victory.

From Here and There

I heard of a church here in California that had given up the lessons from the Bible, and is discussing newspaper stuff instead. Do you wonder that a mother took her daughter from the school because she could not bear to have her discuss "companionate marriage" in place of Christ? Do you wonder that earnest Christians stay from church Sunday night because persons are to be introduced as "pulpit guests" whom they would not have as guests in their own homes? The pulpit Guest whom people really crave to meet is Jesus, whom now as of old the common people hear gladly.

The church that stands foursquare for him in all his wonderful ways does not need to resort to clap-trap to fill its pews. In the downtown church of our city that presents Christ as Savior of men I saw more than twenty the other Sunday night—many of them sailors and marines—crowding to the altar to accept Christ. And the pews were full to the door.

Dr. John Cowan, San Diego, Cal.

Dr. Clausen's slogan is a fine slogan—"Pray It Through." Pray what through? The whole business of the kingdom of God. Aye, pray it through! But I hear another cry, too: "Wherefore liest thou upon thy face? . . . Speak to the children of Israel that they go forward." Do not pray less—but move, move! The crying need of this hour is the harnessing of the people to something worth while. The sad truth is that the majority of our people are harnessed to nothing. They have no task, no challenge. They "cling to the old rugged cross," but they are not carrying crosses. Here is a great task. We are able to possess the land. Begin with the leaders—one, two, half dozen. Slack not till every soul is enlisted; or know why not.

Let nobody tell you that beer is not intoxicating. I have seen men drunk on beer, and nothing but beer, much too often to believe that fable. Moreover, beer with its milder alcoholic content is the appetizer for more ardent liquors. Alcohol is a habit-forming drug. In beer it stimulates the desire for something with a bigger kick.

Congress proposes to call beer non-intoxicating. Our wet friends are fond of saying that you cannot change human nature by legislation. They are probably right. Surely you cannot change the nature of alcoholic beer by a like process.

If 3.2 or 3.05 per cent beer does not have kick enough to produce the feeling of the sort that those

who want beer want to feel, it will not satisfy them; and, if it does produce it, then it will create the desire for stronger liquors. Lawful beer will become the screen for bootlegged spirits. It will only make bootlegging easier, and the speakeasy for whiskey and its allied intoxicants more secure from detection.

They say the country will drink itself back to prosperity. Look at any country that has lawful beer today, and then tell me is there any evidence that it is prosperous through consumption of the amber suds? Great Britain has lawful beer, and dire poverty stalks through its streets. Germany has lawful beer, and unemployment threatens her life. Breweries will not create employment; they will shift employment. They will lower demand for soft drinks and milk, and throw dairymen out of jobs. They will decrease the efficiency of workers just as they did before.

S. J. Duncan-Clark of "Chicago Daily News."

Our city mission workers make no mistake in emphasizing the significance of their task. They stand at the center of influence and power. Resources from country and suburban districts are poured into the city ceaselessly and in values beyond measure. That fact is beyond debate. And yet the moral power and the immoral power of the city dominates—absolutely dominates—both city and country. This is true whether we are thinking of social or of educational or of business interests. The pleasure-seeking and fashion-breeding and greed-infecting and character-making power of the city for good or ill is beyond question dominant. The country cannot redeem the city. The city redeemed, the country will be redeemed, the world will be redeemed. One of our modern seers, Dr. Charles E. Jefferson, puts the matter in striking fashion. "No country is safe with its city in the hands of the enemy. If Christianity fails in the city, it fails everywhere. The world has no use for a religion that fails at the point of supremest importance. The city must be cleansed, or like a mighty heart, it will keep on pumping poison through every vein and artery of the body of our national life." The pages of history and literature confirm that statement.

The Bible and Tea Leaves. When tea was introduced into Germany a man received a pound as a gift from a friend, relates, Aquilla Webb. Some time afterward the latter inquired, "Have you tried the tea?"

"Yes, but we did not like it," was the answer.

"How is that, everyone else is delighted with it?"

"I don't know; we cooked it, poured off the brown liquid, and served the leaves, but they were tough and bitter."

The people who find the Bible unpalatable do so because they have not learned to make the right use of it. They take certain outward forms and ceremonies and find little strength in them. But he who reads the Bible with his spirit awake finds it more and more satisfying.

How to Read the Bible Helpfully To Make It Dull

HAVE you decided that the Bible is dull and uninteresting reading? Have you read it and found no enjoyment in it? Perhaps the reason is that you have not been reading the Scriptures in the right way.

A writer makes the sweeping statement that most of us do not enjoy our Bibles. Do you think that this is too inclusive? "See how foolishly we read them!" he says. He tells us how we go about our Bible-reading. There is the "sleepy-by" method. Late at night we pick up the Bible and doze through a few verses. Others of us use the hit-and-miss method. We begin reading wherever the Bible happens to fall open. Then there is the rote method. On January 1 we start with Genesis and read so many chapters every day. But we are apt to become discouraged before going far. The commonest method is reading by fits and starts. For a while we read earnestly, but later we read not at all.

If we have been reading the Bible according to any of these methods, is it any wonder that we have not been helped? How shall we read our Bibles helpfully?

Putting on the Edge

Read the Bible as literature. The best scholars declare that there is nothing finer in all literature than the Scriptures. History, poetry, prophecy, biography, and letters make up this great Book. Do not let the interest in the literary beauty, however, obscure the religious teachings.

Read the biographies in the Bible. A modern writer has written a series of studies on "Human Nature in the Bible." In these interesting essays he has taken up the study of Bible characters, pointing out their weaknesses, their chief traits, and their virtues. There are more than twenty characters of importance in Genesis alone.

WHAT'S HAPPENING

Rev. Wm. L. Schoeffel, pastor of the Knoxville Baptist Church, Pittsburgh, Pa., has accepted the call of the White Avenue Baptist Church, Cleveland, O., to commence his labors May 7. He succeeds Rev. Hugo F. Schade. Bro. Schoeffel was formerly pastor of the East Street Church, Pittsburgh, Pa.

The General Missionary Committee met at Forest Park, Ill., for its annual session, April 4-5. All conferences were represented. The committee was regrettably compelled to make many cuts in their appropriations for 1933-34 in view of the reduced income of the Society from the Budget. The new officers are Rev. E. Umbach, chairman; Rev. O. E. Krueger, vice-chairman; Rev. J. F. Olthoff, recording secretary.

An April Day

GRACE NOLL CROWELL

A high wind, a wild wind, a wet wind blowing,

April running down the hill with flowers in her hair,

The wayside pools are fluted gray, they will not be showing

How the young girl April looks when she passes there.

In the tallest maples there are red buds dripping,

And blackbirds, flocks of them, shrill with their cries,

A whirl of them, a stir of them, a winging and dipping;

Who has not seen blackbirds under April skies?

Who has not loved blowing leaves in the April weather,

Little tender, growing leaves, shimmering with light?

Who is there who does not love a flock of birds together,

Tilting on a topmost bough after a long flight?

A high wind, a wild wind, a wet wind blowing,

Is there one who does not feel his heart lift high

With April running down the hill, and maple buds showing,

And the year's first blackbirds shrill against the sky?

A Delightful Treat for Andrews Street Baptist Church

"Variety is the spice of life," and especially also of the religious life and of religious service. That is our experience in Andrews Street Baptist Church in Rochester. Our students, for example, have charge of the services once a month at which occasion one of the young men preaches the sermon. Quite frequently, too, we have guest preachers who bring us inspiring messages. Now and then our young people present some beautiful religious drama or pageant. And once or twice a year our choir and the student chorus of the seminary give us an uplifting and soul-stirring sacred concert. The choir and the student chorus sing in a very edifying manner throughout the year, the choir Sunday after Sunday and month after month in faithful regularity. Of this consecrated service we are very appreciative and from time to time tell our choir members too.

On the occasion of the annual concert, however, we feel that we should let not only them but also the churches of our denomination know how much we appreciate their singing and the untiring efforts of their devoted leader, Mr. Edmund Mittelstaedt. This year Professor F. W. C. Meyer brought the message of the evening on the topic, "Making Our Life a

Song." It was a delightfully humorous and yet deeply spiritual message.

We wish to express our appreciation to all who helped to make this concert so great a blessing. For the benefit of other choir leaders we are enclosing an outline of the complete program.

Sacred Concert

Sunday March 19, 1933
7.30 P. M.

Prelude—Hymn of Glory.....Yon Mrs. R. W. Conway

Hymn—Crown Him With Many Crowns G. J. Elvey
(Congregation standing)

The Church Choir

a) Auf, singe froh, du Volk des Herrn L. O. Emerson
b) Das Lied des Lammes.....E. Ruh
c) Preis des Allmächtigen...C. Kuntze
Scripture, 1 Chron. 16:23-36.

Prayer Pastor David Hamel
Solo—Show Me Thy Face...English Air
Mrs. Elisabeth Diederich

The Student Chorus

a) The Earth is the Lord's...J. S. Faris
b) Send Out Thy Light...Ch. Gounod
c) Das Kreuz von Golgatha...F. Erdle
Offering.

Hymn—O Worship the King
.....F. J. Haydn
(Congregation standing)

Address.....Making Life a Song
Professor F. W. C. Meyer

Anthem—Beautiful Savior
.....F. Melius Christianson

The Church Choir and Student Chorus
The Church Choir

a) I Thank Thee, O Lord.....
.....M. Hauptmann
b) Great and Wonderful...L. Spohr
c) Psalm 150.....L. Lewandowski
Benediction.

Postlude—Minster March.....Wagner
ALBERT BRETSCHNEIDER.

Eighty-Four Years of Christian Fellowship

Eighty-four years ago, a doughty band of twenty-four God-fearing men and women organized what is now known as the "Spruce Street Baptist Church." Up through the years, through all sorts of hardships the church has stood steadfast in the same building and location. There are nearly two hundred members on the roll now, and it is like one big happy family.

On the evening of February 16, this big family grouped itself in fellowship about long tables in the lower auditorium and enjoyed a delicious chicken dinner. The pleasant buzz of conversation and occasional bursts of laughter echoed constantly throughout the meal and the flower-decked tables were soon cleared.

Our pastor, Rev. C. E. Cramer, welcomed all members and former members present, and our choir of beautifully blended voices favored us with a song.

An interesting historical sketch of the aims and growth of the church was portrayed by Rev. J. Beuerman. The Spruce

Street Church is the mother church of many local churches, and its former members can be found all over the country and abroad.

It accorded Rev. J. Beuerman great pleasure to present two talented young brothers, B. J. Kally and Otto Walter, with licences to preach, unanimously granted by the congregation. This act may be the beginning of great opportunities for these young men and we sincerely hope that God's blessing be with them when they attempt to explain the Word of Life.

On the occasion of our 56th anniversary, our late brother John Laubengeiger composed a German poem fitting to the occasion. The picture of the venerable man of God was before us, as his daughter, Mrs. Paul Trudel, again read it to us.

The talent of one of our younger members, Arthur Mueller, was readily discerned in the beautiful German song he rendered, and another group presented a German dialog, humorously directed at our pastor's wife.

Dr. Paul Trudel told us some of the impressions he received of the church in his ten years as a member. Our former brother, G. A. T. Hagen, paid a great compliment to those assembled. He said that he had not seen so many smiling faces in a long time as he had at this gathering. He meant that because of the prevailing depression, a gloomy countenance seems universal. This, if nothing else proves that God's children can smile in the face of adversity.

This celebration was also to have honored our oldest living member, Bro. Wm. Becker, Sr., on the occasion of his birthday, but illness prevented his presence. However, we felt he was with us and he was not forgotten in the prayers, which followed.

The special birthday offering given by members and the various organizations amounted to almost \$200.

When the last prayer had been spoken and the last hymn sung, the meeting disbanded with the knowledge that Christian fellowship makes a church a success. 84 years of this same characteristic has made this, our spiritual home, a blessing to many and is the secret of its success.

MRS. H. W. GEIGER, Church Clerk.

The Misquotation

An old clergyman wished to send off an appropriate telegram to a girl who was being married. He gave, in a telegram, a reference to 1 John 4:18 and signed it. The words are, "There is no fear in love; but perfect love casteth out fear." Nothing could be nicer, but the telegraph operator left out the Roman I, turning it into a reference to the Gospel of St. John. The bride received the telegram after the ceremony, and borrowed a Bible. She promptly went into hysterics, as she read John 4:18: "He whom thou hast now is not thy husband."—Modern Churchman.

The Sunday School

From Nazareth

MARGARET E. SANGSTER

Comes any good from Nazareth?
The scornful challenge as of old
Is flung on many challenge as of old
From cloistered cells and marts of gold.

Comes any good from Nazareth?
Behold, the mighty Nazarene,
The Lord of life, the Lord of death,
Through warring ages walks serene.

One touch upon his garment's fringe
Still heals the hurt of bitter years,
Before him yet the demons cringe,
He gives the wine of joy for tears.

Oh! city of the Carpenter,
Upon the hill slope old and gray,
The world amid its pain and stir
Turns yearning eyes on thee today.

For he who dwelt in Nazareth,
And wrought with toil of hand and brain,
Alone gives victory to faith
Until the day he comes again.

The Story of a Boy at a Women's Bible School

China Inland Mission,
Pingyanghsien, Che., China.
February 27, 1933.

My dear little friends:

I want to tell you of a boy who came to Pingyang on a visit for ten days. He and a friend weren't really invited, but grandmother thought that as long as she came along as escort, it wouldn't matter in the least if her precious grandson came to the women's Bible school! Let's give our little friend a nickname. Shall we call him "Jimmy"?

When grandmother and Jimmy first put in their appearance I stood in amazement, for 12-year-old boys are not wanted at a women's Bible school. I tried to make Jimmy go home with others who were returning to his village about 7 miles away but he wouldn't go and neither would granny let him go. Hadn't he been looking forward to coming? Wasn't he going to learn to read? Surely I wouldn't send a boy back home—not her grandson!! "But he can't sleep upstairs with the women and girls," I said. Then granny piped in and said, "I'm with him, what's the difference?" Tears welled up in Jimmy's eyes as he heard me say there was no hope for him. "Well, if I thought Jimmy can't stay, neither will I," said granny. What could be done? I thought and thought and finally decided to ask and thought if he would let granny and our neighbor if he would let granny and Jimmy sleep in his empty room. Per-

mission was granted and at once a few bed-boards were found, some straw and a straw mat were placed upon the boards and that was all that was necessary. Now he was happy—Jimmy had won!

The first week of the Bible school my little Jimmy wasn't at all obedient. He could read a little and thought himself a little "smarty." I threatened to send him home if he caused much more trouble.

Then came Sunday and in the afternoon he came to my Sunday school class. He listened to the choruses and hymns sung by the boys and girls—he heard them repeat from memory the names of the books of the Old and New Testaments, John 3:16, etc. He sat as one off in a dream when he heard the children answer the questions of preceding lessons. Then came the golden texts which were repeated by each one. My little Jimmy hadn't ever been in a Sunday school before!

After the children had nearly all gone home, several boys came to memorize the whole of John 15. During that time Jimmy stood beside me. I saw a change in his face. He was no longer the "smarty" of a few days previous. He had seen and heard what other boys and girls were doing and he felt ashamed. I left the room after having heard the memory work and when I got to the gate I heard Jimmy's voice saying, "Teacher, do you have a class for children like that every Sunday?" I told him we had. "And do they memorize Scripture like that every week?" Again I said "yes." With such a sad, sad look on his face and tears about to fill his eyes, he said, "We don't have anything like that in our church—there's no progress in our church as there is here. I wish I lived nearer so I could always come to Sunday school." My poor little Jimmy! My heart did ache for him. I asked if there were other children attending his church. He said there were but only he and another little boy could read. I suggested that he become teacher to the other children and teach them the choruses he had learned. He feared he couldn't do that!

He remained with us until the end of the Bible school, but he was no longer the proud Jimmy. He became very obedient and before he left for home he had memorized the names of the books of the Old and New Testaments.

Do you know why I've told you this story of Jimmy? It is because I want you to pray with me that the Lord will raise up teachers for Sunday schools. So many Christians in this district think it isn't worth while to teach boys and girls the Bible stories and therefore there are no Sunday schools. We want young men and young women with love in their hearts for the Lord Jesus and for boys

and girls to start Sunday schools in the country places. Won't you help us in this by your prayers?

Yours in the Lord's service,
BERTHA M. LANG.

Christian Education

Christian education is education in a Christian atmosphere. There is such a thing as intellectual climate, and no one can thrive in mind and heart anymore than in body without the tonic of pure air.

Christian education magnifies Christian ideals. It recognizes wisdom as the principal thing, places character and conduct above clothes and cash, and puts first things first, declaring: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God."

Christian education requires specific Christian instruction. Some subjects have greater educating power than others, and herein we accord primacy to those which touch and train heart and soul.

Christian education means equipment for Christian usefulness. It capacitates for the greatest possible service to God and man.—The Challenge.

Points for Soul-Winning Teachers

Archibald G. Brown is responsible for these seven keen points for all teachers who would teach to win.

1. The gospel is a FACT: therefore, tell it SIMPLY.
2. It is a JOYFUL fact: therefore, tell it CHEERILY.
3. It is an ENTRUSTED fact: therefore, tell it FAITHFULLY.
4. It is a fact of INFINITE MOMENT: therefore, tell it EARNESTLY.
5. It is a fact of INFINITE LOVE: therefore, tell it PATHETICALLY.
6. It is a fact DIFFICULT OF COMPREHENSION to many: therefore, tell it with ILLUSTRATION.
7. It is a fact about a PERSON: therefore TEACH CHRIST.

The gospel of Jesus Christ is not only a gospel for all men, but it is a gospel for the whole man.

When we mix kindness with common sense in the great pharmacy of life we have a wonderful remedy for many of the ills of life.

Forgiveness shows that we are humble before God. We do not judge those who have done us wrong; we let him judge. We do not desire to revenge ourselves. "Vengeance is mine, I will repay," saith the Lord. We show our utter faith in God's justice.

KEZIAH COFFIN

JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

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(Continuation)
Chapter VI

In which Old Friends Meet

When Ellery came down to breakfast the rain was over, the wind had gone down and the morning sunshine was pouring in at the dining-room windows. Outside the lilacs were in bud, the blue-birds were singing, and there was a sniff of real spring in the air. The storm was at an end and yet the young minister was conscious of a troublesome feeling that, for him, it was just beginning.

However, he had determined while dressing to make a clean breast of it to his housekeeper—a nominally clean breast, that is. There were some things he would not tell her, some that he would not speak of to anyone, the picture in the doorway for instance. True, it was only a picture and of no moment, but it was pleasant to remember. One of the very few pleasant things connected with the previous evening.

So, as they sat opposite each other at the table, he began his confession. The muffins scorched in the oven and the coffee pot boiled over as he told his story, for Keziah was too much interested to think of trifles. Interested and astounded, for, since Come-Outers had been Come-Outers and the split in the society took place, no Regular minister had crossed the threshold of a seceder's dwelling, much less attended their services and walked home with a member of their congregation. She knew what this amazing procedure was likely to mean, if her parson did not.

"Well!" she exclaimed when the recital was finished. "Well!"

"I—I'm afraid I was too hasty," observed Mr. Ellery thoughtfully. "Perhaps it would have been wise not to have done it."

"Perhaps 'twould. Yes, I wouldn't wonder a mite."

"It will be talked about some, I suppose. Don't you think so?"

"Some, yes."

"I'm afraid some of my own people may think it queer."

"Queer! Say, Mr. Ellery, you remind me of a Portugee feller—half Portugee and a half Indian—that went to sea with my father, back in the old days. He hardly ever spoke a word, mainly grunted and made signs. One day he and another fo'mast hand went aloft in a calm to do somethin' to the tops'l. The half-breed—they called him Billy Peter and he always called himself that—was out on the end of the yard, with his foot on the rope underneath, I forget the name of it, when the tarred twine he had for a shoe string caught. Tryin' to get it loose it broke sudden, his shoe pulled off, he lost his balance and fell. He grabbed

"Oh, I'm not. Show him in."

"All right. Say, Mr. Ellery, its none of my business, but I wouldnt say anything about your seein' Grace home. That's none of *his* business, either, or anybody else's."

The head of the parish committee stalked into the study and the door closed behind him. A rumble of voices in animated conversation succeeded.

Mrs. Coffin went out into the kitchen and resumed her business of making dried-apple pie. There was a hot fire in the stove and she opened the back door to let in the fresh air. She worked briskly, rolling out the dough, filling the deep dish, and pinking the edges of the upper crust with a fork. She was thinking as she worked, but not of the minister and his visitor.

She put the pie in the oven and set the damper. And, as she knelt by the stove, something struck her lightly on the back of the neck. She looked up and about her, but there was no one in sight. Then she picked up the object which had struck her. It was a cranberry, withered and softened by the winter frost.

She looked at the cranberry, then at the open door, and her eyes twinkled. Running quickly to the threshold she peered out. The back yard was, apparently, empty, save for a few hens belonging to near neighbors, and these had stopped scratching for a living and were huddled near the fence.

"Hum!" she mused. "You rascal! Eddie Snow, if it's you, I'll be after you in a minute. Just because you're big enough to quit school and drive store wagon is no reason why I can't— Hey? Oh!"

She was looking down below the door, which opened outward and was swung partly back on its hinges. From under the door projected a boot, a man's boot and one of ample size.

Keziah's cheeks, already red from the heat of the stove, reddened still more. Her lips twitched and her eyes sparkled.

"Hum!" she said again. "They say you can tell the Old Scratch by his footprints, even if you can't smell the sulphur. Anyhow, you can tell a Hammond by the size of his boots. Come out from behind that door this minute. Ain't you ashamed of yourself?"

The owner of the boot stepped forth from behind the door and seized her by both hands.

"Halloo, Keziah!" he cried joyfully. "My but it's good to see you."

"Halloo, Nat!" said Keziah heartily. "It's kind of good to see you, too."

The rest of him was in keeping with his boots. He was big and broad-shouldered and bearded. His face, above the beard, was tanned to a deep reddish brown, and the corners of his eyes were marked with dozens of tiny wrinkles. He was dressed in blue cloth and wore a wide-brimmed, soft felt hat. He entered the kitchen and tossed his hat into a corner.

everything else flew out of my mind. Poor Sol! I liked him."

"He liked you, too. No wonder, considerin' what you did to—"

"Belay! Never mind that. Poor chap! Well, he's rid of his sufferin's at last. Tell me about it, if you can without bringin' all the trouble back too plain."

So she told him of her brother's sickness and death, of having to give up the old home, and, finally, of her acceptance of the housekeeper's position. He listened, at first with sympathy and then with suppressed indignation.

"By the jumpin' Moses!" he exclaimed. "And Elkanah was goin' to turn you out of house and home. The mean, pompous old—"

"Hush! hush! he's in there with Mr. Ellery."

"Who? Elkanah?"

"Yes; they're in the study."

"By the jumpin'— Let me talk to him for a few minutes. I'll tell him what's good for his health. You just listen."

He rose from the chair, but she made him sit down again.

"No, no," she protested. "He wasn't to blame. He had to have his rent and I didn't feel that I could afford to keep a whole house just for myself. And, besides, I ought to be thankful to him, I suppose. He got me this place."

"He did?"

"Yes, he did. I rather guess Zeb Mayo or somebody may have suggested it to him first, but—"

"Humph! I rather guess so, too."

"Well, you can't always tell. Sometimes when you really get inside of a person you find a generous streak that—"

"Not in a Daniels. Anybody that got inside of Elkanah would find nothin' but Elkanah there, and would be crowded at that. So he's talkin' to the new parson, hey? Bossin' him, too, I'll bet."

"I ain't so sure. Mr. Ellery is young, but he's got a mind of his own."

Captain Hammond chuckled and slapped his knee.

"Ho, ho!" he laughed. "I've been hearin' somethin' about that mind. Went to the chapel last night, I understand, and he and dad had a set-to. Oh, I heard about it. Wish I might have been there."

"How does your father act about it?"

"'Bout the way a red-hot stove acts when you spill water on it; every time he thinks of the minister he sizzles. Ho, ho! I do wish I could have been there."

"What does Grace say?"

"Oh, she doesn't say much. I wouldn't wonder if she felt the way I do, though we both keep quiet. I'll tell you, between ourselves and the ship's pump, that I sort of glory in the young chap's spunk."

"Good! So do I. I like him."

"See here, Keziah. I'm gettin' frightened. You ain't settin' your cap to be a parson's wife, are you? Because—"

"Don't be silly. I might adopt him, but that's all, I guess."

Her friend leaned forward.

"Keziah," he said earnestly, "there's no sense in your slavin' yourself to death here. I can think of a good deal pleasanter berth than that. Pleasanter for me, anyhow, and I'd do my best to make it pleasant for you. You've only got to say the word and— No? Well, then all I can do is hope through another voyage."

"Please don't, Nat. You know."

"No, I don't know."

"Well, perhaps you don't. But I know. I like you, Nat. I count on you as the straightest, truest friend I've got; and I want to keep on countin' on you just that way. Mayn't I?"

"Course you can, Keziah. But—"

"Then don't say another word, please."

He sighed and looked out at the open door. The kitchen clock ticked loud in the silence.

"All right," he said at last. "All right, but I'm goin' to keep on hopin'."

"You mustn't, Nat."

"Keziah, when you set your foot down you're pretty stubborn; but I've got somethin' of a foot myself. You remember you said so a few minutes ago. Hi, hum! Well, speakin' of dad reminds me that I'm kind of worried about him."

"You are? Why? Isn't he well?"

"Pretty well, but he ain't strong, and he gets too excited over things like last night's foolishness. Grace tells me that the doctor says he must be careful or he'll drop off sudden some of these days. He had a shock five or six years ago, a little one, and I've been anxious about him ever since. I've got to go to New York off and on for the next month; after that I hope to be home for a spell and I can keep an eye on him. Keziah, if you'll listen I'll whisper somethin' to you—religion's a good thing and so's a mustard plaster, but both of 'em can be put on too strong. Dad is just a little mite crazy on Come-Outers, I'm afraid."

"Oh, no, I guess not! You mustn't worry. How did Grace look to you?"

"Like the harbor light on a stormy night. She's a brick, that girl, and gets prettier every minute. Wonder to me some of the young chaps down here don't carry her off by main strength. She'll make somebody a good wife."

"Um-hm. Have—have you ever thought of her that way yourself?"

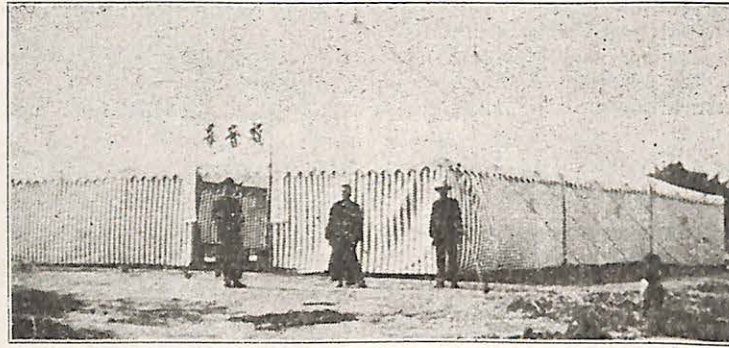
"Keziah!"

"Well, don't get mad. I think a lot of Grace, and I don't know anyone I'd rather see you marry."

"I do. Keziah, that's enough of that. Are you and dad in partnership to get me spliced and out of the way? He was at me this mornin' along the same line. Don't say anything like that again, even in fun. You know why."

"All right, all right. Now tell me about yourself. Have you had a good voyage? How do you like your owners? How did Zach Foster ever get the packet in through yesterday's fog?"

"Voyage was all right. Some rugged weather on the trip out, but homeward bound we slid along like a slush bucket



New Gospel Tent, Kityang Field

News from the Kityang Field

Kityang, via Swatow, Kwangtung, China, February 4, 1933.

Rev. A. P. Mihm:

Early Thursday morning Mr. Giedt left on a long trip with the tent and asked me to make a copy of our annual report to Dr. Franklin to send to you.

Politically, the year 1932 will go down in Chinese history as the humiliating period of the Shanghai and Manchurian affairs, but with the exception of the month of February it has been for the Swatow area the most quiet and peaceful year since 1924. Even last year with banditry and kidnapping still prevalent in several localities within this region the foregoing statement could not have been made. In the Kityang field we have returned as near to "Normalcy" as we dare hope for before some new disturbance appears on the horizon. Certainly it is a great relief once more to move about freely in the country without constant warning against entering unsafe territory and the gnawing consciousness of taking thankless risks. This does not mean that all danger is past and that we are back to conditions prior to 1925. Our nearby summer resort Thaiyong is still uncertain and moreover has lost most of its former attraction and value since there are so few children in both our and the English Presbyterian Mission that it is hardly advisable for the few of us who have children to go there. Those of us owning property up there have little hope of ever getting any returns from the investment in the future.

The Bombardment of Shanghai

did not interfere with our usual special week of Chinese New Year evangelism early in February. When two years ago the Chinese government made strenuous efforts to suppress the celebration of the old New Year with its attendant gambling, etc., the Christian churches with the scriptural "wisdom of serpents and without guile as doves" abandoned the old term "New Year evangelism" and called it the "New Spring evangelism," the allusion being to approaching spring-time. The time, however, synchronized with the old New Year, for everybody knew that the Chinese people in the interior would celebrate their New Year

as if they had never heard of the government in Nanking—and consequently would have more leisure and inclination to listen to evangelistic preaching. The term "New Spring evangelism" was retained last year but the weather far from indicating the approach of spring, turned out to be the coldest week of the year with some rain followed by a powerful northwest gale. Nevertheless, our five organized bands braved the cold and dampness, and with the assistance of the local preachers we found many good opportunities for street preaching in the villages of five groups of churches, together with a good deal of house to house visiting. The people would come out and huddle together behind some shelter, many of them with red blankets around them to keep warm. For want of anything more interesting and satisfying it was evident that many of them were oblivious to the cold in their groping for the more abundant life in Christ Jesus still unknown to them.

We count it as one of the outstanding events of the year that

Rev. Bruno Luebeck Arrived in our Mission and came to live at Kityang. He arrived here on February 15 and within a few days had his first introduction to the intricacies of learning the Chinese language. Faithful and diligent application to this difficult undertaking for nearly a year now has not been without very satisfactory results. Mr. Luebeck also availed himself from the start of frequent opportunities to accompany the writer on week-end journeys of out-stations, on which occasions he usually preached the morning sermon, making use of myself as interpreter. Being gifted with musical talent he also started a choir in the Kityang central church, and during the past months this choir has done some very good singing. In this service he has been ably assisted by Miss Bohn and Mrs. Giedt as organist. On Christmas evening the choir rendered a fine concert program. The Ling Tong Executive Committee has designated Mr. Luebeck to work in the Ungkung field after finishing his language course, but in the meantime we are making good use of him at Kityang.

The Layman's Appraisal Commission Report

The latter part of February a group

of the Laymen's Appraisal Commission arrived at Swatow and some of our Kityang staff met them at Kak-chieh. We were especially pleased to have Dr. Barbour, my former seminary president, come up to Kityang for a brief visit. On that occasion we invited some twenty prominent Chinese preachers and laymen to meet Dr. Barbour at a Chinese feast in our home. Now that the newspaper releases and the Appraisers' official Report have reached us, most of us are left wondering whether we have wasted the best years of our lives in mistaken zeal for the conversion of the heathen to Christianity. Especially those of us who are chiefly engaged in preaching the Gospel in backward country villages feel the sting of the slur on preaching. If Mrs. Pearl S. Buck's appraisal of the Appraiser's report and her estimate of the futility of preaching should prove to be the last word of wisdom on the subject, then some of us ought to sit down and write a book of lamentations on the waste of time and mission funds and of physical, mental, and spiritual endurance while sticking to our jobs! How much more convenient it would be to sit in armchair comfort and "just live among the Chinese!"—doing just what?

Yes, I seem to understand. At least nine out of ten Chinese who come to me with their "real" needs for help want cold cash to feed their families, to repair their chapels or schools, to find a place for themselves to live in, or to send their boys to school. I give them as much aid as I can besides preaching in their wretched chapels, usually beyond a tithe of my salary, but for every one I help there are a thousand equally needy ones whom no missionary can help in their "real" needs. They sometimes haunt me at night and I try to think of some way in which those thousands could be "rehabilitated" so as to earn for themselves what they need instead of pauperizing them with my paltry doles. And again I am up against a blank wall; only more money could bring relief. My higher standard of living among the Chinese only helps to create more "real" needs, whereas the real aid which I can give them is in proportion infinitesimally small. Hence, what am I to do? Until I shall be endowed with superior wisdom I shall probably continue both to preach and to help people in their "real" needs, so far as our limited means will permit, negligible as that may be. No one is more conscious of the missionary's insufficiency in the face of supreme tasks than the missionary himself. The writer would gladly surrender his position to any one of the appraisers to see what he would do under the existing circumstances. It is not that the average missionary is unaware of the fact that all is not well with his little world, but that he seems helpless in the face of insuperable difficulties.

Successful Building Plans

The year 1932 has seen great progress, at least outwardly, in our junior middle school here in the central station. When in 1924 students were crowding into this school so that our dormitory and dining facilities were entirely inadequate, the writer drew up plans for major expansion of the school plant. With funds secured from well-to-do Chinese in Siam, Singapore, and Borneo, the first half of the project was completed with the erection of a spacious assembly room and two new dormitory rooms on the second floor above the assembly room. Then for eight years, beginning with the troubles of 1925, the other half of the building plan remained unrealized in my desk drawer. But last spring our present Chinese principal, Mr. K. T. Ling, again finding the school overcrowded, volunteered to find the money for completing our building program. The trustees gave him a free hand and he has made good his pledge. With funds secured almost entirely from Chinese sources locally, in Hongkong, and in Canton, he not only finished a large building, giving us two commodious and well lighted dining rooms and more dormitory and teachers' room space on the second floor, but also a new kitchen and a new re-inforced concrete veranda along the entire frontage of both the old and the new sections of the school. The building enthusiasm spread to the students and teachers so that they contributed Mex. \$500 towards a well-built permanent stage with adjoining dressing room, office space, etc. All this has required something like Mex. \$9000, yet the principal assures me that it is nearly all paid for. At any rate, he holds himself responsible for finding the balance due.

The Kityang Hospital

also had a good year. The first half of the year we had in addition to Dr. Marguerite Eversham two well-trained Chinese doctors, a man Dr. Chong, and a woman, Dr. Chang. The former received some training in Peking Union Medical College and the latter took her medical course in America. Dr. Chong is still with us, but Dr. Chang left in July for Siam and our most recent information is that she has married somebody there. The nursing side also was well staffed with Miss Katherine Bohn and three Chinese graduate nurses. In September a small class of nurses in adequate staff the hospital has been able to minister to a large number and variety of suffering humanity. But with further expansion there will be need for more doctors and we are looking forward to the not distant future when Dr. Clara Leach is expected to return to her former work here. At the same time we are encouraged to hope for a man doctor from the General Board in the person of Henry Waters as soon as he is through with his medical course and internship.



Interior View, Gospel Tent

Although the Appraisers' report does not encourage us to measure our success by the number of baptisms we have to report for any given year, yet it remains a fact that baptisms are a fairly regular and reliable concomitant of success in other ways, for instance, in successfully living among our Oriental fellowmen! Thirteen of our 25 Kityang churches had baptisms during the past year, although the number in each varied from 1 to 20. The total number was 88, of which number 35 were men and 53 were women. This is a better showing for the men this year as compared with the figures for the past few years.

The Crowning Feature of Our Report for 1932 is the launching of a new type of evangelism in the Kityang field. During the summer Mr. T. H. Ling, a well-to-do business man in Hongkong, came to visit his father, our ordained pastor at Kim Khe, 27 miles west of Kityang. During his visit he manifested great interest in evangelistic work and offered \$1000 for the purchase of a gospel tent and outfit. The writer urged the Ling Tong to accept this offer and furnish a staff to undertake this form of evangelism, but their financial straits discouraged any definite action along this line.

Mr. Luebeck shared our disappointment at this turn of affairs, and after talking the matter over one Saturday night we agreed then and there to assume the risk of launching the gospel tent in the Kityang field. It so happened that the local association meetings of our Weichow home mission churches were to be held within three days at a place half-way between Swatow and Hongkong. So we left early Monday morning for Suabue to attend the association meetings near there and then went on to Hongkong to interview Mr. Ling about the tent offer. He received us royally and renewed his offer of \$1000 without the least hesitation. At Kowloon on the mainland we

found a gospel tent of American make to serve as model, and within two days a tent-maker was found and the contract let for a tent 40x60 feet for \$635. The balance was used for the purchase of a good portable organ, 4 gas lanterns, a platform and 50 benches. Within two weeks the tent was finished and shipped to Swatow, so that when we had our annual association meetings at Kityang early in December, everything was ready for a start.

We set the tent up in our own spacious compound and on Sunday morning, December 11, we arranged for a dedication service in the tent, to which we invited the entire Sunday congregation from the church, together with the preachers and delegates from the inland churches, so that the tent was filled to capacity. Dr. Baker, Mission and Ling Tong Secretary, preached the dedication sermon. There was also special music by the choir and a violin trio by Messrs. Luebeck, Dr. Cheng and the latter's brother. Then the six members of the gospel tent staff, Mr. Luebeck, Miss Bohn myself, and three Chinese including our field evangelist, Mr. Luebeck's translator, and a Bible woman were introduced and each made a brief speech. Altogether it was a beautiful service.

Two days later we loaded the outfit into a boat and towed it with our own motor boat to a village six miles distant for an eight-days' stand just before Christmas to try ourselves out. All worked well and we had some splendid opportunities with four meetings daily for women, mixed Bible classes, children, and revival services. A week ago we returned from an 18 days' stay in another village where we were even more successful and able to organize two classes of inquirers on leaving.

With kind regards from Mrs. Giedt and myself,

Cordially yours,
MR. AND MRS. E. H. GIEDIT.

Century of Progress, Chicago, 1933

Say it with action.

Show them how it works.

One of the great ideas behind A Century of Progress Exposition, the 1933 World's Fair at Chicago, might be summed up in those two brief sentences.

The best brains of science and industry have joined forces to show the world, at the Chicago Fair, a new type of exhibiting. Motion and animation will be emphasized, because the modern age is interested in movement. Instead of motionless finished products, the displays will present processes of fabrication or manufacturing.

Drama Will Be the Watchword of the Exposition

the dramatization of the scientific discoveries that have provided the world, in one short century, with new means of transportation and communication, new weapons for fighting disease, new comforts and living conditions that were undreamed of a hundred years back.

Visitors to Chicago's Fair instead of seeing row on row of automobiles, will see automobiles actually being made, from the start of the assembly line until the machines are driven off under their own power. They will see articles of clothing fabricated on machines that have almost human skill. They will see everyday electrical devices being manufactured; they will see how steel is fabricated; how electrical power is generated.

How blast furnaces convert raw ore into steel for the nation's railroads, automobiles, homes and factories will be depicted by the steel industry. The exhibit, sponsored by subsidiary manufacturers of the United States Steel Corporation will, in effect, take Exposition visitors inside the gates of a steel plant and show some of the spectacular operations of steel making.

A Reproduction of a Diamond Mine,

it is planned, will tell in animated style the story of the processing of precious stones. There will be a mill where visitors may see raw diamonds recovered from "blue ground" or ore. Nearby will be a promenade along the streets of old Amsterdam, diamond cutting center of the world, where visitors may peer through windows of quaint shops and watch diamond cutters at work.

All these exhibits will interest the on-lookers as well as give them a scientifically authentic understanding of the subjects presented.

The General Electric Company will bring its latest miracles of electrical science out of the laboratory. It will exhibit the thyatron organ—size of a piano, but combining the range, volume and musical quality of pipe organ and callopie. It will show the fever machine—wonder device for increasing temperatures at will in fighting diseases. It will illustrate the application of electricity to transportation by land and water, to

scores of industrial uses, and to the home—including electric cookery, refrigeration and air conditioning.

Physics, chemistry, mathematics, biology, geology, and astronomy, and their contributions to human progress, will all be visualized. How drops of water happen to be round, how molecules arrange themselves into crystals, how sound waves are produced and transmitted through the air, how gas and steam engines and refrigerating systems operate—these and scores of other interesting stories will be told.

How the Age of Electricity Has Developed

will be shown by exhibits of the electromagnet, the dynamo, the transformer, the electric motor and other apparatus. The vacuum tube—the heart of the radio set—will be shown in operation, and visitors will see how the radio waves are generated and received. The photo-electric cell, or electric eye, which promises to speed the development of television, will be similarly demonstrated.

How the chemist has developed the world's raw materials—air, water, coal, cellulose, rubber, and oil for man's benefit will be shown. Other exhibits will tell how the chemist has produced ammonia and nitric acid for the preparation of medicines, explosives, fertilizers, etc., and how by the application of the principle of absorption, he has purified sugar, oil, air and water.

There also will be many lighter features to amuse the visitors to Chicago's Fair. One of the most spectacular will be

The "Sky Ride"

Rocket cars traveling 200 feet above the ground will whisk guests between two great steel towers on this ride, for a priceless air view of the Fair. Atop each tower, some 625 feet in the air, will be observation rooms in which the visitor may view the teeming life of busy Chicago, or look down the southern line to the sand dunes of Indiana, and on across the blue waters of the Lake to the looming shores of Michigan.

There also will be a wonderland for children—the "Enchanted Island." Here parents may safely leave their youngsters in care of trained attendants, and the children will find moving pictures and rides, a restaurant, and all manner of amusements built to make it a children's paradise.

Assurance is given by officials of A Century of Progress that every major project planned for the Exposition would be completed. Their summary of the achievements of 1932 included the following statements:

Approximately \$6,000,000 had already been spent on the Exposition's construction program—\$5,534,702.04 up to Dec. 1, the last accounting period.

Exhibit space in Exposition Buildings and special Exhibit Buildings costing a total of \$4,755,324.78 were under contract. More than 230 of the largest industrial organizations were enlisted as exhibitors.

Retrial of Jesus at Jerusalem

The "Sunday School Times" of Feb. 11, page 96, reports as follows:

A retrial of Jesus is reported to have taken place in Jerusalem on July 25, 1932, before a packed assembly. The Court was composed of a number of highly regarded Jews, and the proceedings were led by Dr. Beldeissel, a prominent Jewish jurist. The prosecutor was Dr. Blandeisler who, from a typewritten document of a thousand pages, sought to uphold the judgment of the Sanhedrin. "They acted according to their conscientious opinions. They saw in Jesus a leader or insurrection against the government who had gathered men about himself and announced himself king. He had proclaimed a new religion, and for that offense numberless had been earlier condemned." After an address of four hours the speaker closed with an appeal for a confirmation and ratification of the earlier judgment. "Sound reason demanded it."

In a breathless silence the assembly listened to the defense by Dr. Reichswehr, who stated that he was to prove that the judgment was unjust and that Jesus was the object of a judicial murder. "No one had been able to accuse him of any offense against law. Pilate himself declared his innocence by washing his hands of responsibility before the people. Jesus preached a religion of self-abnegation which the religious egoism of the time would not recognize." So he continued for five hours. Then the judges went aside to confer, and when they came back declared that, with four votes to one, they affirmed the complete innocence of the accused. The complaint against him was based on a regretful mistake and the divine judgment would fall on the Jewish people until they freed themselves from this sin.

This is symptomatic of certain tendencies in present-day Judaism. Its fault lies in presuming to summon the Lord from heaven again before a human bar. It is too late for that. The days of his humiliation are over. He now is judge with countenance shining as the sun in his strength, before whom even his best beloved disciple falls at his feet at dead.

No Need of Adornment

One Sunday evening a charming young woman invited a young man, who had the reputation of being a clever conversationalist, with two or three other acquaintances, informally to supper. She promised them some of her mother's wonderful coffee.

Upon reaching home she introduced her mother, who made apologies for her appearance.

After a moment's conversation, the older woman started to leave the room, remarking:

"I'll go and put on the percolator."

"Oh, don't bother, Mrs. Doty," said Allen. "You look all right just the way you are."