

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., DECEMBER 1, 1933

Number Twenty-three

Is This the Time to Halt ?

Is this the time, O Church of Christ! to sound retreat!
To arm with weapons cheap and blunt
The men and women who have borne the brunt
Of truth's fierce strife, and nobly held their ground?
Is this the time to halt, when all around
Horizons lift, new destinies confront,
Stern duties wait our nation, never wont
To play the laggard when God's will was found?

No, rather strengthen stakes and lengthen cords,
Enlarge thy plans and gifts, O thou elect,
And to thy kingdom come for such a time!
The earth with all its fullness is the Lord's,
Great things attempt for him, great things expect
Whose love imperial is, whose power sublime.

Charles Summer Hoyt.

What's Happening

Are you making the mercury rise? Study the thermometer on the Baptist Herald poster.

Rev. P. A. Friederichsen, pastor of the Gross Park Immanuel Church, Chicago, received four new members into the church, two on profession and two by baptism. The baptism took place on Sunday, Nov. 19.

Rev. Theo. W. Dons, pastor of the Oak Park German Baptist Church, Forest Park, Ill., had the joy of baptizing three young people on Sunday night, Nov. 19. Two of the candidates were from the Cicero Mission of the church.

Have you renewed your subscription to the Baptist Herald for 1934? If not, see the booster of your church and hand him your order and the cash. If there is no booster soliciting orders in your church, mail your order direct to the Publication Society.

Rev. Fred. W. Mueller, pastor of our church at Vancouver, B. C., Can., for the last six years, has accepted the call of the First German Church of Portland, Oreg., to become co-pastor with Rev. J. Kratt, D.D. Bro. Mueller expects to begin his new charge in February, 1934.

A Teacher Training Class is meeting every Friday evening in the Fleischmann Memorial Church, Philadelphia, Pa., with Miss Ruth C. Doescher, teaching a course on "Old Testament History." Those enrolled in the class are Esther Crommett, Helen Fitzpatrick, Anna Pflaumer, John Hensel and George Pfisterer.

Have you already attended to the renewal of your subscription to the "Baptist Herald" for 1934? If not, don't put it off. See the Booster in your church at once and give him your renewal and the cash. You will make him happy and have the satisfaction in your own mind of having done a good deed.

Miss Erica D. Bender, our former missionary to Cameroon, on Nov. 10 joined hands in matrimony with Mr. Lambert Karst of Chicago, Ill. The wedding took place at the home of Rev. and Mrs. V. Wolff who is pastor of our church in Lebanon, Wis. We wish the happy couple God's choicest blessings as they journey through life together.

Rev. C. A. Daniel announces that his book "Three Days of Gellert's Life," translated from the German can now be obtained at the reduced price of 75c per copy. Brother Daniel's address is 4645 Buckingham Road, Detroit, Mich. This story has enjoyed popularity in Germany for many years and the English translation will serve very well as a gift book.

The Baptist World Alliance will meet in Berlin, Germany, Aug. 4-10, 1934. This decision was unanimously made at the meeting of the executive committee of

the Alliance held in New York City, Nov. 14. Dr. F. W. Simoleit was present as the representative of the "Bund" of the Baptist churches of Germany and strongly renewed the invitation to meet in Berlin.

Rev. B. W. Krentz, pastor of the Grace Baptist Church of Gackle and Alfred, N. Dak., has resigned to accept the call from the church at Wishek, N. Dak. Bro. Krentz closes a service of nearly five years on this field on Dec. 3. During this ministry two church edifices were built at Gackle and Alfred. The stations withdrew from the Streeter church to form the Grace Church. Over 50 members were added to the combined field of Streeter and Grace church.

The Second Church of Portland, Ore., held two weeks' of revival meetings in October in which Rev. J. Kratt, D.D., assisted on five nights. On Sunday evening, October 29, Rev. E. P. Wahl, pastor, had the joy of baptizing seven new converts. On Sunday, Nov. 5, he had the privilege to extend the hand of fellowship to 17 new members, namely the seven baptized, six who came by letter and four received on experience. The church is exceedingly thankful for these blessings.

Rev. Frank Webb Alexander of Mansfield, Mass., is the editor of "The Baptist World," the new Baptist paper, which was started when "The Baptist" ceased publication. It appears, like the "Baptist Herald," twice a month and the subscription rate is \$2 per year. Editor Alexander is a son-in-law of Rev. and Mrs. George J. Geis, our beloved and well-known missionaries in Burma. His wife is the former Emma Geis. We wish the new paper much success in the great Baptist constituency of our country.

A speaking tour was arranged for Dr. F. W. Simoleit of New Ruppin, Germany, in connection with his brief visit to the United States by General Secretary Dr. Wm. Kuhn. During the first week of his stay, meetings were held in Philadelphia, Newark, Union City and New York. During the second week, meetings were held in Rochester, Buffalo, Detroit, climaxing the series in two meetings in Chicago on Nov. 19, one a great afternoon mass at the First Church. His stirring and informing message was on "The New Germany." Dr. Simoleit spoke at a union meeting of our Brooklyn churches in the Second Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., on Friday, Nov. 24, and sailed for Germany on Saturday, Nov. 25. "Auf Wiedersehen" in Berlin, 1934.

Miss Bernice Stier, author of the oration "Youth for Peace," published in this number, is a member of our church in Madison, S. Dak. The oration, delivered in Sioux Falls, brought to Miss Stier first place in the district contest, the award

being a free two weeks' stay at Camp Judson, the Baptist Summer Assembly in the Black Hills. At the assembly the winners of the districts competed for the state championship and Miss Stier again was victorious and has, as prize, the state loving cup in her possession for the year. We heard her deliver this oration at our Y. P. and S. S. W. Union convention at Chancellor and requested it for publication in the "Baptist Herald."—The name of Seils is an honored one among German Baptists, when we think of Miss Augusta and Miss Hanna Seils, missionaries in our churches. Mr. Obert J. Seils of Milwaukee, also connected with the North Freedom Seils', contributes a forceful article for this number on "Pharisaism—Futile Religion." The contents are thought-provoking and the style is energetic and snappy. Read what these two young folks have to say.—Don't overlook the timely article by Rev. E. Bibelheimer on "Supporting our Churches" in a time like this. It presents convincing facts in a challenging way.

Notice to B. Y. P. U. and S. S. Workers Union of the Northwestern Conference

May I remind you that the dues for the Sunday school and B. Y. P. U. societies of the B. Y. P. U. and S. S. Workers Union of the N. W. Conference are \$1 each.

We would greatly appreciate it if you would give this matter your immediate attention.

Make your remittance payable to Miss Elsie Jahnke, treasurer, Ableman, Wis. Kindly see that this notice is brought to the attention of your B. Y. P. U. and Sunday school.

ELSIE JAHNKE, Treas.
B. Y. P. U. and S. S. W. U. of N. W. Conference.

The Baptist Herald

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The Baptist Herald

Youth for Peace

BERNICE STIER

MOST of us have been educated to believe that war is natural and inevitable, but we must learn that war is unnatural. It is based on hatred, and hatred is grounded on misunderstanding. Peace will result from a better acquaintance with the peoples of all the nations.

After all, human nature is about the same everywhere. For hath not God made of one blood all nations of man?

Arabs put butter on their hair, but enlightened Americans use "Brilliantine." We shrink from the idea of the Chinese eating mice, but here in America we think nothing of eating oysters and sardines, the entire creature, not removing either the digestive system or its contents. Would you say these customs are so different—that one is "disgusting savagery" and the other "refined society?"

Let idle men laugh; let the foolish scoff! They are blindly jesting with certain death. Meanwhile international friendship and peace are the things we must teach to the youth; these are the things we must impress on the minds of the youth or we shall all be destroyed. But how, you ask, how shall we teach them?

How did the W. C. T. U. realize its dreams and write the Eighteenth Amendment into our constitution? They started over 45 years ago when they had written in all the text books the fact that alcohol was a poison to the human body. Pastors and laymen should be supplied with educational and research literature on the peace problem to be used in the pulpit, Sunday School, and the B. Y. P. U. meetings. This will encourage youth conferences on world justice and disarmament.

O youth of the World, it is in us the world must put its hopes for a warless future! We must educate our world against contempt and race prejudice; we must educate the school children to be fair minded when judging other peoples; we must teach them to understand the causes underlying the many different customs of mankind. In Christ the East meets the West; the black race meets the white; capital meets labor; Catholic meets Protestant, and civilization meets the jungle.

We have learned that the American people entered the last war not because the Lusitania was sunk, nor because the Kaiser wished to dominate the world, but we know the choicest of our manhood was sacrificed at Chateau Thierry and the Argonne primarily to protect American capitalist millions invested in Allied countries. Historical research has shown that the United States had as much excuse to wage war against Great Britain,

but the political wire-pullers of Wall Street caused a declaration of war against Germany.

Long before such a war as the last one was thought possible, the nations agreed on certain rules to be used if another war should break out. These rules stated that the dum-dum bullet was not to be used, that medical and Red Cross men should be allowed to go on the field of battle to care for the wounded, that poisoning of water, use of gases and the sharpened bayonet were to be outlawed, and an Armistice was to be declared after every battle to allow both sides to bury the dead.

And yet how many of these rules of warfare were respected? Youth had not been trained for peace. The war had hardly started before the dum-dum bullet was brought into use. Who has not heard of the rush necessary to provide the men at the front with gas masks?

And why were these rules violated? Because Youth had not been TRAINED for peace. Medical men brought comfort, solace, and cheer to the dying men on the battlefield, but the object in this war was to crush the very spirit and break down the very morale of the people. Anything was used that would add to the hellish slaughter and drain the vitality of victor and vanquished alike; and this was to be called victory.

We shall never know of the many people entangled in this stricken area who must have cried out, "Where is our God who said, 'Thou shalt not kill' and his only Son who said to the world, 'Blessed are the Peace-makers?'"

We must conclude, then, that anything is legal in war, that international law is for peace times. Yet recently a conference was closed at Geneva in which 27 countries, including the United States, signed a protocol forbidding the use of bacteria and poison gas in the next war. Everywhere people lauded the work of the conference and were foolish enough to believe that in the next war things would be that way. But for what reason shall we believe that this protocol will not be treated as another scrap of paper when the world is again plunged into war?

To what purpose is it that states sign peace pacts, if at the same time they harbor notions of revenge? These are no means toward an ultimate end. Our task is to develop a world wide feeling of friendliness, and informed populace that willingly understands all the peoples of the world. We must educate the world for peace; we must educate the youth; and now is the time to do it. Erect monuments to peace-makers—not to the promoters of war. Let us have text books which stimulate groups of leaders in local communities to study the peace problem.

Each spring we hear broadcasts of graduation exercises of various military academies. The most wonderful military music is heard and speeches lauding the men of battle. But if college students must have a course in military science and tactics, why not a thorough one? Why teach them only a small part of what war is? Instead of regular hours, good food, and beautifully fitted and immaculately clean uniforms, require them to live in dugouts in all kinds of weather. Let them eat rough unpalatable food. Instill in them hate and antagonism for one another, then stage a free for all fight.

Other departments in our universities do not play at their work; they try to translate their teachings into actual practice. Why let the military departments be ineffective and unreal in the science they teach? Let us substitute peace departments. Instead of military parades, let us see youth carrying the banner of peace.

It was Albert Einstein who declared, "that our next step for peace is to act, to do something. America must take the lead, she must lead her sons to love peace."

Choose ye this day whom ye will serve, the pagan Moloch, Lord of destruction, desolation, and war, or the God of mercy, righteousness, and peace.

Madison, S. Dak.

Futile Worship—Pharisaism

OBERT J. SELLS

Ye hypocrites, well did Esaias prophesy of you, saying, This people draweth nigh unto me with their mouth, and honoreth me with their lips; but their heart is far from me. But in vain they do worship me, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men. Matt. 15:7-9.

SOCIOLOGY, the science of living together, teaches us that no man can live to himself alone, he has to consider the other fellow. Anything a man does that may reflect on the lives of his fellows must be authorized first by public opinion. This question of authority has its roots almost in the nativity of the human race. From earliest recorded history we have instances of men's trying high-handedly to bluff the other fellow into doing his bidding; and of that other fellow, not so gullible as he seemed, calling that bluff, and saying, "By what authority; sure, you have the power to get away with this, but where's your moral right?" And that question can safely be put near the top of the list of civilizing influences in the human career.

English King John

didn't answer the question satisfactorily, and he signed the Magna Carta for his barons, a document which has in its main provisions become law for English speaking peoples today. A King Charles thought his theory of the "divine right of kings" a sufficient answer, but for that mistake his enemies had his head. A George Third would not stoop to answer the question for a colony rebellious over taxation—and he lost it. Men at their high points,

fighting for principle; and that principle is concerned every time with the answer to that question, "What Authority?"

The Pharisees, too, had that question for the Christ. He didn't answer it to their satisfaction and they crucified Him for it. Yes, men must have an authoritative answer to their question, or they rise up to assert themselves. Some even dare, in our day of advanced enlightenment, to declare that the answer to the question of authority, "By the right of creation," is insufficient from God's hands, and so they will have none of Him.

The Church Today Must Meet That Question

and she has two answers: The one, from the old dogmatic, man-made tradition-bound branch says, "I am the Church," as Louis Fourteenth said, "I am the State," and demands blind and implicit obedience to her dictates as alternative to roasting in hellfire. Her answer stands on her ecclesiastical dignity of the Apostolic Succession. Its sufficiency is open to debate; not so long after the Fourteenth Louis uttered his bombastic speech, there were no more French Kings.

The other answer, coming from the protesting arm of the Church, says, "I'm here because God made you, God loves you, God wants you back; God worked out the only way of getting you back, and gave me the job of letting you know all about it; yes, I am the Church. It's a name synonymous with 'service' for you and for God. If you won't have me, at least have God, your loving Father-Creator. Here is rest for your soul without any strings attached." One of these answers will better weather the storm of time, as man's growing intelligence makes him more and more dissatisfied with an evasive reply.

More than once Jesus tangled with the hypocritical Pharisees of his day for corrupting their positions of trusted leadership in righteousness to mere selfish vehicles for personal glory and gain, their only authority their own vanity.

The Most Bitter Denunciation

of his earthly career was directed against their making long prayers in the market-places, sitting in the chief seats at the feasts; and devouring widow's houses on the side. Their prayers he declared self-righteous abomination in his Father's ears; their feasts and whole mode of living, a travesty on their pretended "Goodness for God's sake."

Bluffing as usual; putting up a big front; assuming to know all and be arbiter of all; itching only to rub something, anything, into the skin of this righteous, flawless country Rabbi, pretending to uphold the Mosaic Law; trembling only with eagerness that they might put over a fast one on this Jesus, these Scribes and Pharisees come to Genesaret from Jerusalem to bait him. Their influence with the people had been sorely pricked by this plain speaking country fellow.

His disciples had been seen eating bread without first washing according to the Law; their chance of a lifetime at last had come. O what an exquisite

situation! Here, before all the admiring multitude, he could not deny their accusation that his disciples had broken the law. "I think we'll teach this country preacher a thing or two yet, before we're through with him. Pick flaws in our system, will he; well, he'd better tend to his own knitting."

And on this occasion again, there is no mincing of words on Jesus' part. These wolves in sheep's clothing shall be held up for what they are. He took the very thing of which they accused him, and rubbed their noses into it. He asks them, "Why do ye also transgress the commandment of God by your tradition?" It's his first word to them—and it isn't a question, it's an accusation. Then He points out a specific and flagrant instance of their inconsistency. He damns them hypocrites to their faces, and quotes from Isaiah to back up his castigation. "This people honoreth me with their lips, but their heart is far from me. In vain do they worship me, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men."

The Pertinent Question Is

does that story mean anything to us today? We haven't any Pharisee; people don't stand on the corners and make long prayers; what is this Pharisaism all about anyway? Let's look at the term. Isn't Pharisaism the ambition and aspiration of power, authority, and leadership in the affairs of our world—an authority which makes pretense of living up most scrupulously to the highest standards, and in reality betraying everyone of those standards for its own greed and selfishness? It's the kind of mind that insists on obedience to a law generally, but when applied to itself, finds special circumstances which exempt it.

Applying that definition to the world about us, don't we still have those who devour a widow's house? Don't we still have those who see nothing in the world but a green garden for their delectation, with their fellow men as their slaves; who dare cynically and skeptically to cross-examine the Church, "Where's your authority?" but whose only answer to the question is "Who's gonna stop me?" People who graze into pastures where men've no right—sexual impurity; the gangster's overriding every law of society—a law unto himself; a wild and vicious grabbing for the moon of pleasure and the sun of money—and, "Who's gonna stop me?" There certainly are modern Pharisees, aren't there?

Poor Misguided Souls

And there are, too, those unfortunates, led away by the mock-piety, the hollow pomp and ritual, the glamor of Pharisaism. The poor misguided souls who, with a Unitarian preacher in this city believe, "First we must idealize earthly, human affairs. Then we'll be all set and in good shape to take on the heavenly affairs." And while they go about the never-ending job of reforming the world, Christ knocks in vain at the door. The Pharisee doctrine has claimed them; they are too busy; in a convenient season, which never comes, they will render to God his due. Just now they are far too busy with Caesar's.

Isn't that the Eddyist who must put the "forgotten element of healing" back into worship; heal the body, think kind thoughts, the sick soul can wait. A woman evangelist of California turns worship into a Broadway circus—and the money rolls in; the rewards of the hereafter are so shadowy, she'll take hers here and now, while the taking's good. Pharisaism!

And isn't the same spirit present too, in the

Handing Over of Christian Pulpits in War Time

to political expediency; or a Methodist bishop fighting tooth and nail to put prohibition over on the country, and forgetting to clean his own skirts of money-getting? Isn't it the doubting of God's book by a prominent Congregational preacher of our fair town, when, by his ministry he ought to be one of its staunchest defenders? Isn't it this business of taking a thigh bone, and two molars, and making an evolutionary, "prehistoric," Pithecanthropus man of it; and taking the nature observations of a chap called Darwin and expanding them to a cult, to "disprove," (as though it were possible) to "disprove" God's account of how our world was made; and putting up Blue Eagles all over the place, but slyly and surreptitiously evading the recovery maxims the Eagles represent.

Where Does It All End?

Once it ended in crucifixion. The world wasn't big enough then for both righteousness and unrighteousness; for real virtue and sham virtue; a Caiaphas and a Christ; one had to die. The world hasn't grown much in 1900 years. If anything, we have less room than ever before for two masters; modern conditions have bred more Caiaphas's than ever before. It's got to be a showdown between one and the other; goodness or badness, letter or spirit? Pharisee or Christ? Happiness or hell?

Even in the life of God's Church, against which the gates of hell shall not prevail, there are the potential seeds of this spirit-disregarding law and custom observance. With the hymn-poet we are constrained to say, "And with a scornful wonder, we see her sore oppressed; by schisms rent asunder, by heresies distressed." Giving for any reason but grateful love of God's goodness; worshipping for any reason other than honoring God, and blessing ourselves; doing the Church's work for any reason other than the furtherance of his Kingdom; joining the Church or not joining the Church to curry favor, and stimulate business; aren't they all the most despicable and damnable Pharisaism?

We must each one answer for ourselves; is our course the Christ-course of damning these temptations in our lives, or is it a weak, compromising, shilly-shallying, playing along a little with both virtue and evil? "He who is not with Me is against Me." There is room for only real virtue or sham virtue in human life. The one must unequivocally be repudiated, the other clung to desperately through life and eternity.

Milwaukee, Wis.

Whom Will You Serve Today?

GOTTLIEB KESSLER

Now is the time you must make your choice;
Whom will you serve today?
Now is the time you should heed God's voice:
Walk in the Christ-bought way.

Whom? whom? whom? Whom will you serve today?
Is it God or mammon?
Answer now this summons,
Choose, choose, whom will you serve today?

Now is the time that you must decide:
Whom will you serve today?
Now is the time you must choose your guide;
Whom will you cast away?

Now is the time to surrender all;
Give God your heart today,
Now is the time to obey his call;
Come, friend, now, while you may.

I and my house will serve the Lord:
Whom will you serve today?
I and my house we believe God's word:
How long will you delay?

Anamoose, N. Dak.

Young People's Thanksgiving Play

The young people of the Immanuel Baptist Church at Kankakee, Ill., are observing an annual custom at Thanksgiving in presenting their play. For many years the young people have been using this type of entertainment as a means of raising money for their mission fund. Recently these performances have become increasingly popular. Many of the towns-people look forward from one year to the next in order to attend. Last year the church auditorium was completely filled, with standing room at a premium.

The play this year is a slight departure from the usual, although still falling in the realm of the religious. Instead of presenting the work on the foreign mission field as is customary, the present play, "The Lost Church" by Dorothy Clarke Wilson, is a pageant-drama, dealing with the modern home.

"The Lost Church" is the story of a business man who, led astray in his religious thought by modernistic and anti-Christian teachers, wishes that the church and all its influence be removed from the earth. In a dream his wish is realized. Guided by the Spirit of the Church, and with all the horrors, grief and impossibility of living in a Christless world explained by the Spirits of Sin, Ignorance, Spiritual Darkness, and Social Injustice, the man finally awakens to a new realization as to the influence of the Christian church.

The forcefulness of the play is increased by a beautiful pageant participated in by the five Spirits. In the pageant is depicted the power of the

Cross. The transformations accomplished by the healing power of the Cross change the Spirit of Ignorance to the Spirit of Education; the Spirit of Social Injustice to the Spirit of Social Justice; the Spirit of Darkness to the Spirit of Faith; and the Spirit of Sin to Character.

The young people taking part are: The Man, W. Claire Jansen; his Wife, Miss Ruth Salzman; their Daughter, Miss Lucille Stone; their Son, Clarence Salzman; a Poor Woman, Mrs. John Fox; the Daughter's Sunday School Teacher, Miss Helen Elam; a Neighbor, Marvin Zinsdorf. The five Spirits are represented by Mesdames Don Grantham and Burton Hertz and the Misses Mildred Nance, Rosemary Fisher and Lenore Lockwood.

East Ebenezer Events

The East Ebenezer Baptist Church of Saskatchewan wishes to report that the Lord has richly blessed us in the revival meetings held from Oct. 9-19, conducted by Rev. A. Felberg of Nokomis, Sask. Much encouragement and many blessings were received.

On Wednesday evening, Nov. 8, our Ladies' Aid celebrated their 14th anniversary. The president, Mrs. G. P. Schroeder was in charge of the festival. The program consisted of several musical numbers, a dialogue in three parts, "In schweren Zeiten" and a number of recitations. The mission offering amounted to \$15 (approximately).

The newly elected officers for the coming year are, president, Mrs. G. P. Schroeder; vice-president, Mrs. A. G. Zimmer; secretary, Lucy Gurel; treasurer, Mrs. F. L. Katzberg. After the program a very pleasant surprise was tendered to our pastor, Rev. G. P. Schroeder, in honor of his 44th birthday. A fancy birthday cake was presented by Mrs. O. A. Fandrey. A valuable club-bag by the congregation, and a lovely tray was given to Mrs. G. P. Schroeder by the Ladies' Aid. When the speeches and congratulations had been delivered, a happy social time followed in which we enjoyed the good things to eat, which the Ladies' had prepared.

Our Young People's Society has been silent for a long time, but not idle. To create a greater interest for our young people's meetings, the society has been divided into three groups, each having a captain, whose duty it is to provide something to do at each meeting for as many members of his group as possible. This proves very interesting.

We are grateful for all the blessings the Lord has bestowed upon us.

GRAYCE ZIMMER.

A little city boy was visiting his country cousin.

"What do you know about our cows?" quizzed the country lad. "You don't even know if that's a Jersey cow."

"I don't know from here, 'cause I can't see its license."

Thirty-first Anniversary Bethel B. Y. P. U., Anaheim

Our annual B. Y. P. U. program and installation of officers comes at a most fitting time, the fall of the year, when our thoughts are turning to Thanksgiving. Our program, celebrating our 31st anniversary, was given on the night of Oct. 22, and gave us an opportunity to thank God for the work which He has permitted us to do in the past year, to thank him for the results achieved, and to ask for his continued guidance.

The program was both inspiring and entertaining, and was well received by members of our church, society and visitors. We had invited Los Angeles, First Church and Los Angeles, Ebenezer to come and enjoy our program with us, which they did whole-heartedly and in large numbers.

The program was opened with the usual singing of hymns, prayer by Rev. J. A. H. Wuttke of Los Angeles First Church, scripture read by the out-going president, Eugene Bressel, and a word of welcome to the many visitors. The annual reports of the secretary, Evelyn Wedel, and treasurer, Ernest Dargatz, were read. They showed a membership of 120 and money well spent for the cause of the Lord. A very cleverly presented two-act playlet was given called "Der schlechte Jugendverein, wie er ist; der gute Jugendverein, wie er sein soll," with 15 members of the society taking part. Herbert Stabbert and Fred W. Schmidt then played a violin duet, "The Herd Girl's Dream," accompanied by Lois Schroeder at the piano. The church choir presented a number, "Holy, Holy," after which our pastor, Rev. O. R. Schroeder, gave a short address which went deep into our hearts. The organ solo played by Mrs. Eva Gooden was followed by a recitation, "The Old Man in a Stylish Church," given by Ralph Klemm, a clever piece, exceptionally well delivered, and one we hope to hear again. Mrs. Elvin Grauer and Mrs. Walter Schroeder sang "Be Still and Know" as a duet and Mrs. Herbert Stabbert and Lois Schroeder put a magnificent finish to our program by the piano duet "Il Trovatore." Then came the installation of the new officers by Rev. Schroeder; the new officers being: Herbert Stabbert, president; Eugene Bressel, vice-president; Louise V. Schroeder, secretary; Adolph Hein, treasurer.

After the closing prayer by Rev. H. Feldmeth of Ebenezer Church we were all invited to the church parlor to partake of light refreshments and good-fellowship.

Our fervent prayer and song at this Thanksgiving season is "Thanks Be to God" for the year that has passed and for the year that is to come. May our society serve in some measure to strengthen the bond between humanity and God and to do with pleasure the tasks He gives us to do.

LOUISE V. SCHROEDER, Sec'y.

The Sunday School

Prayer of the Young to the Old

CALE YOUNG RICE

"You who are old—
Who have fought the fight,
And have won or lost, or left the field—
Weigh us not down
With fears of the world as we run;
The warning to which we cannot yield,
The shadow which follows the sun
Follows forever!
And with all that desire must leave undone,
Though as a God it endeavor,
Weigh, weigh us not down!
But gird our hope to believe
That all that is done
Is done by dream and daring—
Bid us dream on!
That earth was not born
Or heaven built by beware—
Yield us the dawn!
You dreamt your hour—and dared; but we
Would dream till all you despaired of
be;
Would dare—till the world
Won to a new way faring.
Be thence forever easier upward drawn."
—Classmate.

The Teacher's "Surprise Power"

"Keep your surprise power, my dear fellow; the pulpit must never lose its power of startling people."

The celebrated Australian preacher, the Rev. F. W. Boreham, tells us that this counsel was given to him in his early ministry, and that he has found it one invaluable receipt for successful preaching.

The church-school teacher needs that same "surprise power" quite as much as does the preacher. We recall a highly successful teacher in a suburban school, a young attorney, who held the keen interest of his class because, as one of the boys declared, "Mr. A always keeps us guessing. He hardly ever teaches the lesson twice in just the same way." It developed that in this class the members sometimes read the lesson text in unison; sometimes each taking a verse in turn. Sometimes a single member is chosen to read (with privilege of "wishing" all the hard words on a classmate). Mr. A, on occasion, will bring a fine picture to class to illustrate the lesson theme. Again, he passes out clippings from newspapers of the week as illustrative material. He has a way of putting a sheaf of typewritten slips bearing questions into a hat and asking each member to draw one. No boy knows beforehand when he may be invited to the teachers chair to take the lead. At intervals this teacher distributes sheets of paper and gives the boys a written quiz on their general Bible knowledge. One member will be given a

"tally sheet" with the correct answers and this monitor helps his mates to mark themselves.

Some of Mr. A's associate teachers used to wonder that junior high school pupils who presumably got enough of school during the week would stand for such a stiff program. But there never has been any sign of revolt over in the "torpedo" corner. This young lawyer is himself an exceptionally live and interesting person.

Changes in teaching methods that are too constant and radical are bad. It is not necessary for a teacher always to skip about in order to steer clear of ruts. But steer clear of them somehow he must. Monotony, dull routine, is often more deadly to class interest than we think, especially when it is inflicted on adolescent boys and girls. Teacher, if you have fallen into the habit of doing the same old things in the same old way, try a few innovations. Call upon your "surprise power."—Church School Journal.

Bringing Your Son Up or Down

How to Bring Down a Son

1. Let him have plenty of spending money.
2. Permit him to choose his own companions without restraint or direction.
3. Give him a latchkey and allow him to return home late at night.
4. Make no inquiry as to where and with whom he spends his leisure moments.
5. Give him to understand that manners make a good substitute for morals.
6. Teach him to expect pay for every act of helpfulness to others.
7. Let him spend Sabbath hours, between services, on the street.
8. Be careful never to let him hear your voice in prayer for his salvation and spiritual growth.

How to Bring Up a Son

1. Make home the brightest and most attractive place on earth.
2. Make him responsible for the performance of a limited number of daily duties.
3. Never punish him in anger.
4. Do not ridicule his conceits, but rather talk frankly on matters in which he is interested.
5. Let him feel free to invite his friends to your home and table.
6. Be careful to impress upon his mind that making character is more important than making money.
7. Live Christ before him all the time; then you will be able to talk Christ to him with power.
8. Be much in prayer for his salvation and spiritual growth.

—William D. Laumaster, in "American Youth."

Missions at Home

A gang of eight telephone linemen was working in a New Jersey town. They took their meals at a boarding house, which occasionally harbored a few summer people too. The conversation at the table was not especially elevating. It was a rough gang.

One day a lady came to board for a few weeks. She was a young, sad-faced widow, and she had with her her little girl, Lily. The first day Lily came to the table she was quite alarmed by the big crowd of rough men and their coarse talk. Mrs. Burns, the landlady, seated her at the head of the table.

As soon as her mother and she were seated, Lily bowed her head, resting her forehead on her finger tips, and in a clear, childish treble, said grace. She enunciated the words very clearly, and went right on, in spite of the noise of dishes and the gibes of the men at each other back and forth across the table. The men nearest to her turned toward her in wide-mouthed astonishment, and as soon as it dawned on them what she was doing, they nudged the men next to them. The talk quieted down somewhat, just as she finished her little prayer.

Lily did the same thing at supper that night. With the exception of a few at the other end of the table, who whispered during it, the men were quiet while Lily said grace. It soon got so the whole tableful of men would sit in absolute silence while Lily asked the blessing for them. It was always the same little prayer, spoken very slowly and very clearly, and with a simple, childish trust that they could not get away from.

When new men joined the gang, as they did every once in a while, some one of the men would take them aside before they went in and said something like this: "Say, there is a little girl in there that does something we're not used to—she always asks the blessing. You want to be quiet a little bit at the start. We all are."

Thus were even rough and careless men influenced for good by the simple faith of a little girl.—The Congregationist.

A colored agent was summoned before the insurance commissioner.

"Don't you know," said the commissioner, "that you can't sell life insurance without a state license?"
"Boss, I knowed I couldn't sell it, but I didn't know the reason."

Doctor: "Man, you're looking bad. Did you take the powder I gave you—just enough to cover a dime?"

Patient: "That I did, Doc. Only I didn't have a dime so I used ten pennies instead."

KEZIAH COFFIN

JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

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(Continuation)

Chapter XX

In Which the Minister Receives a Letter

John Ellery was uneasy. Physically he was even very much better, so much better that he was permitted to sit up a while each day. But mentally he was disturbed and excited, exactly the condition which the doctor said he must not be in. Keziah and Grace had gone away and left him, and he could not understand why.

Mrs. Higgins, Ike's mother, was at the shanty and she did her best to soothe and quiet him. She was a kind soul and capable, in her way, but she could not answer his questions satisfactorily.

"Where are they?" he demanded. "Why did they go? Has anything happened? When are they coming back?"

"I can't tell you just when, Mr. Ellery," replied Mrs. Higgins. "Grace had to go home for a—a day or so and Keziah had things to attend to at the parsonage. Don't you fret yourself about them."

"I'm not fretting, but it does seem strange. I could understand why one should go, perhaps, but not both. Didn't Grace—Miss Van Horne tell you why she went?"

"Well, now, Mr. Ellery, don't let's worry about Gracie. She's a good girl with lots of common sense and—"

"I know that. But that doesn't answer me. Why did she go?"

"Keziah hadn't been to the parsonage since that day when you was fust took sick, and I expect likely she felt that she'd ought to—"

"Please, Mrs. Higgins, tell me the truth. I'm not asking about Mrs. Coffin. Didn't Miss Van Horne tell you her reason for leaving?"

"No, she didn't."

"But you know the reason? You're keeping something from me. Did she say when she would come back?"

"No, not exactly, but, of course—"

"I know you're keeping something from me. What has happened?"

"Happened? Land sakes! Does anything ever happen in Trumet?"

"I think a good many things have happened lately. And the longer you keep the truth from me the more I shall suspect."

"Mr. Ellery, you set still in that chair, or, when the doctor comes, he'll put you to bed. I've got some cookin' to do and I can't set here gossipin' no longer. You behave yourself and stop frettin'. I'm skipper here now—er—for a while, anyhow—and you've got to take orders from me. There! now I cal'late you're scared, ain't you?"

He did not seem greatly frightened, nor in awe of his new skipper. Instead,

he was evidently preparing to ask more questions. Mrs. Higgins hurriedly fled to the living room and closed the door behind her.

The minister heard her rattling pans and dishes at a great rate. The noise made him nervous and he wished she might be more quiet. He moved to the chair nearest the window and looked out over the dunes and the wide stretch of tumbling blue sea. The surf was rolling up the shore, the mackerel gulls were swooping and dipping a'long the strand, the beach grass was waving in the wind. A solitary fish boat was beating out past the spar buoy. She was almost over the spot where the "San Jose" had first anchored.

The view was a familiar one. He had seen it in all weathers, during a storm, at morning when the sun was rising, at evening when the moon came up to tip the watery ridges with frosted silver. He had liked it, tolerated it, hated it, and then, after she came, loved it. He had thought it the most beautiful scene in all the world and one never to be forgotten. The dingy old building, with its bare wooden walls, had been first a horror, then a prison, and at last a palace of contentment. With the two women, one a second mother to him, and the other dearest of all on earth, he could have lived there forever. But now the old prison feeling was coming back. He was tired of the view and of the mean little room. He felt lonely and deserted and despairing.

His nerves were still weak and it was easy, in his childish condition, to become despondent. He went over the whole situation and felt more and more sure that his hopes had been false ones and that he had builded a fool's paradise.

After all, he remembered, she had given him no promise; she had found him ill and delirious and had brought him there. She had been kind and thoughtful and gracious, but that she would be to anyone, it was her nature. And he had been content, weak as he was, to have her near him, where he would see her and hear her speak. Her mere presence was so wonderful that he had been satisfied with that and had not asked for more. And now she had gone. Mrs. Higgins had said "for a day or two," but that was indefinite, and she had not said she would return when those two days had passed. He was better now, almost well. Would she come back to him? After all, conditions in the village had not changed. He was still pastor of the Regular church and she was a Come-Outer. The man she had promised to marry was dead—yes. But the other conditions were the same. And Mrs. Higgins had refused to tell him the whole truth; he was certain of that. She had run away when he questioned her.

He rose from the chair and started toward the living room. He would not be put off again. He would be answered. His hand was on the latch of the door when that door was opened. Dr. Parker came in.

The doctor was smiling broadly. His ruddy face was actually beaming. He held out his hand, seized the minister's, and shook it.

"Good morning, Mr. Ellery," he said. "It's a glorious day. Yes, sir, a bully day. Hey? isn't it?"

Ellery's answer was a question.

"Doctor," he said, "why have Mrs. Coffin and—Miss Van Horne gone? Has anything happened? I know something has, and you must tell me what. Don't try to put me off or give me evasive answers. I want to know why they have gone."

Parker looked at him keenly. "Humph!" he grunted. "I'll have to get into Mrs. Higgins's wig. I told her not to let you worry, and you have worried. You're all of a shake."

"Never mind that. I asked you a question."

"I know you did. Now, Mr. Ellery, I'm dissatisfied in you. I thought you were a sensible man who would take care of his health, now that he'd got the most of it back again. I've got news for you—good news—but I'm not sure that I shall tell it to you."

"Good news! Dr. Parker, if you've got news for me that is good, for Heaven's sake tell it. I've been imagining everything bad that could possibly happen. Tell me, quick. My health can stand that."

"Ye-es, yes, I guess it can. They say joy doesn't kill, and that's one of the few medical proverbs made by unmedical men that are true. You come with me and sit down in that chair. Yes, you will. Sit down."

He led his patient back to the chair by the window and forced him into it.

"There!" he said. "Now, Mr. Ellery, if you think you are a man, a sensible man, who won't go to pieces like a ten-year-old youngster, I'll—I'll let you sit here for a while."

"Doctor?"

"You sit still. No, I'm not going to tell you anything. You sit where you are and maybe the news'll come to you. If you move it won't. Going to obey orders? Good! I'll see you by and by, Mr. Ellery."

He walked out of the room. It seemed to Ellery that he sat in that chair for ten thousand years before the door again opened. And then—

"Grace!" he cried. "O Grace! you— you've come back."

She was blushing red, her face was radiant with quiet happiness, but her eyes were moist. She crossed the room, bent over and kissed him on the forehead.

"Yes, John," she said; "I've come back. Yes, dear, I've come back to—to you."

Outside the shanty, on the side farthest from the light and its group of buildings, the doctor and Captain Nat Hammond were talking with Mrs. Higgins. The latter was wildly excited and bubbling with joy.

"It's splendid!" she exclaimed. "It's almost too fine to believe. Now we'll keep our minister, won't we?"

"I don't see why not," observed the doctor, with quiet satisfaction. "Zeb and I had the Daniels crowd licked to a shoe-string and now they'll stay licked. The parish committee is three to one for Mr. Ellery and the congregation more than that. Keep him? You bet we'll keep him! And I'll dance at his wedding—that is, unless he's got religious scruples against it."

Mrs. Higgins turned to Captain Nat. "It's kind of hard for you, Nat," she said. "But it's awful noble and self-sacrificin' and everybody'll say so. Of course there wouldn't be much satisfaction in havin' a wife you knew cared more for another man. But still it's awful noble of you to give her up."

The captain looked at the doctor and laughed quietly.

"Don't let my nobility weigh on your mind, Mrs. Higgins," he said. "I'd made up my mind to do this very thing afore I got back to Trumet. That is, if Gracie was willin'. And when I found she was not only willin' but joyful, I—well, I decided to offer up the sacrifice right off."

"You did? You did? Why, how you talk! I never heard of such a thing in my born days."

"Nor I neither, not exactly. But there!" with a wink at Parker, "you see I've been off amongst all them Kanaka women and how do you know but I've fell in love?"

"Nat Hammond!"

"Oh, well, I— What is it, Grace?" She was standing in the doorway and beckoning to him. Her cheeks were crimson, the breeze was tossing her hair about her forehead, and she made a picture that even the practical, unromantic doctor appreciated.

"By George, Nat!" he muttered, "you've got more courage than I have. If 'twas my job to give her up to somebody else I'd think twice, I'll bet."

The captain went to meet her.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Nat," she whispered, "will you come in? He wants to see you."

John Ellery was still seated in the chair by the window, but he no longer looked like an invalid. There was no worry or care in his countenance now, merely a wondrous joy and serene happiness.

He held out his hands and the captain shook them heartily.

"Mr. Ellery," he said, "as they used to say at the circus, 'Here we are again.' And you and I have been doing all kinds of circus acrobatics since we shook last, hey? I'm glad you're pretty nigh out of the sick bay—and the doctor says you are."

"Captain," began Ellery. Hammond interrupted him.

"Hold on!" he said. "Belay right there. If you and I are to cruise in the same family—and that's what I hear is likely to happen—I cal'late we'll leave overboard the cap'n's and Misters. My name's 'Nathaniel'—'Nat' for short."

"All right. And mine is 'John.' Captain—Nat, I mean—how can I ever thank you?"

"Thank me? What do you want to thank me for? I only handed over somethin' that wasn't mine in the first place and belonged to you all along. I didn't know it, that was the only trouble."

"But your promise to your father. I feel—"

"You needn't. I told dad that it was just as Grace said. She says she's got a better man, or words to that effect. And—I don't know how you feel about such things, John—but I b'lieve there's a broader outlook up aloft then there is down here and that dad would want me to do just what I have done. Don't worry about me. I'm doin' the right thing and I know it. And don't pity me, neither. I made up my mind not to marry Grace—unless, of course, she was set on it—months ago. I'm tickled to death to know she's goin' to have as good a man as you are. She'll tell you so. Grace! Hello! she's gone."

"Yes. I told her I wanted to talk with you alone, for a few minutes. Nat, Grace tells me that Aunt Keziah was the one who—"

"She was. She met me at the Cohasset Narrows depot. I was settin' in the car, lookin' out of the window at the sand and sniffin' the Cape air. By the everlastin'! there ain't any air or sand like 'em anywheres else. I feel as if I never wanted to see a palm tree again as long as I live. I'd swap the whole of the South Pacific for one Trumet sand-hill with a huckleberry bush on it. Well, as I started to say, I was settin' there lookin' out of the window when somebody tapped me on the shoulder. I looked up and 'twas her."

"You could have blown me over with a fan. By the jumpin' Moses, you could! You see, I'd been thinkin' about her—that is, I was—"

He hesitated, turned red, coughed, and went on.

"I was surprised enough to see her, I tell you. Way up there at the Narrows! I couldn't have said a word, anyway, and she never gave me a chance. 'Nat,' she says, 'don't talk now. Come with me, quick, afore the train starts.'"

"Still I didn't say anything, nothin' sane anyhow. 'Keziah!' I managed to stutter. 'Keziah!'"

"'Come!' says she. 'Hurry! I want you to get off here. I've come here on purpose to meet you. I must talk with you; it's important. You can go to Trumet on the next train, to-night. But now I must talk with you. I must. Won't you please come, Nat?'"

"Well, I went. The engine bell was beginnin' to ring and we had to move lively, I tell you. I swung her off the

step just as the car begun to move. After the smoke had faded away around the next bend I realized that my hat had faded away along with it. Yes, sir! I'd left it on the seat. Ha! ha! ha!"

He laughed uproariously. Ellery laughed in sympathy.

"However, I wa'n't worryin' about hats, just then. All I wanted to do was stand still, like a frozen image, and stare at her. You see, John, I hadn't laid eyes on a friend, one of the real home-made kind, for more days than I wanted to count; and here was one of 'em, one of the best, passed out to me unexpected and ahead of time, like a surprise party present. So I just pumped her hand up and down and stared. I didn't have any exclusive mortgage on the starin' by no means, for the depot master and a dozen or so loafers was lookin' at us with their mouths wide open."

"I guess she noticed it, for she says, 'Don't stay here, Nat. Come in the waitin' room or somewheres where we can talk.'"

"So into the waitin' room we went and come to anchor on the settee. Six or eight of the loafers settled themselves handy to the door, so's they could peek in occasionally. I remember I told one of them not to stretch his neck that way 'cause he might never get it back into shape again and in the gunnin' season that would be dangerous. 'Some nearsighted feller might take you for a goose,' I says. Ho! ho!"

"And then, John, we had our talk. Seems she left Trumet Wednesday afternoon. Got the livery stable man to drive her as fur as Bayport, hired another team there and come on to Sand-wich. Stayed overnight there and took the mornin' train which got to Cohasset Narrows just ahead of the one I was comin' on. She'd been so afraid of bein' late, she said. She must see me afore I got to Trumet."

"Well, she saw me and told me the whole yarn about you and Grace. She tried to break it to me gently, so I wouldn't feel too bad. She knew it would be a shock to me, she said. It was a shock, in a way, but as for feelin' bad, I didn't. I think the world of Grace. I'd do anything she wanted me to do; but most the way down on the train—yes, and long afore that—I'd been dreadin' my comin' home on one account. I dreaded tellin' her that, unless she was real set on it, she'd better not marry me."

"You see, John, I've thought a lot sence I've been away. Had consider'ble time to do it in. And the more I thought the less that promise to dad seemed right. I'd have bet my sou-wester Gracie never cared for me in the way a girl ought to care for a chap she's goin' to ship as pilot for the rest of her days. And, as for me—well, I—I had my reasons for not wantin' to marry her."

He paused again, sighed, started to speak, and then sat silent, looking out

of the window. Ellery laid a hand on his knee.

"Nat," said the minister, "you saved my life once, do you remember that? I do, if you don't."

"Saved your life? What are you talkin' about? Oh! that time on the flats? That wasn't savin' your life, 'twas savin' your clothes from gettin' a wettin'."

"No, it was more than that. And now I guess you've saved it again, you and Grace between you. Yes, and Aunt Keziah. Bless her! to think of her going way up there to meet you and help us!"

"Yes. 'Twas like her, wasn't it? She said she knew I'd hear the yarn when I got to Trumet, but she wanted me to hear it just as it was, and nobody but she and Grace and you knew the whole truth about it. So she come. I'm glad she did; not that I shouldn't have done the same, whoever told me, but—"

"Nat, I want to tell you something. Something that only one other person knows. Grace doesn't know it yet. Neither does Aunt Keziah—the whole of it. And if she knew I told you even a part I'm afraid she would, as she would say, 'skin me alive.' But I owe her—and you—more than I could repay if I lived a thousand years. So I'm going to tell and take the consequences."

The captain looked at him. "Well!" he exclaimed. "What's comin' now? More secrets? Blessed if this ain't gettin' more excitin' than the South Seas. I used to think excitement in Trumet was scarcer than cream in poorhouse coffee, but I'll have to change my mind."

"Nat, when—that morning after your father died and after you and Grace had agreed to—to—to—"

"To do somethin' neither of us wanted to do? Yes, I know. Go ahead."

"That morning Aunt Keziah came home to the parsonage and broke the news to me. She did it as only she could do such a thing, kindly and pityingly and—"

"Of course. That's Keziah."

"Yes. Well, as you can imagine, I was almost crazy. I made a fool of myself, I expect; refused to believe her, behaved disgracefully, and at last, when I had to believe it, threatened to run away and leave my work and Trumet forever, like a coward. She made me stay."

"Did, hey?"

"Yes. She showed me it was my duty to face the music. When I whimpered about my troubles she told me her own story. Then I learned what trouble was and what pluck was, too. She told me about her marriage and—excuse me for speaking of what isn't my business; yet it is mine, in a way—she told me about you."

Captain Hammond did not answer. His good-natured face clouded and he shifted in his chair.

"She told me of you, Nat, all about you—and herself. And she told me something else, which explains why she felt she must send you away, why she

thought your marriage to Grace would be a good thing."

"I know. She told you that darn scamp Anse Coffin was alive."

The minister started violently. He gasped in surprise.

"You knew it? You *knew* it?" he stammered.

"I know it now. Have known it for over a year. My findin' it out was one of the special Providences that's been helpin' along this last voyage of mine. My second mate was a Hyannis man, name of Cahoon. One day, on that pesky island, when we was eatin' dinner together, he says to me, 'Cap'n,' he says, 'you're from Trumet, ain't you?' I owned up. 'Know anybody named Coffin there?' he says. I owned up to that, too. 'Well,' he says, 'I met her husband last trip I was in the *Glory of the Waves*.' I stared at him. 'Met his ghost, you mean,' I says. 'He's been dead for years, and a good thing, too. Fell overboard and, not bein' used to water, it killed him.'

"But he wouldn't have it so. 'I used to know Anse Coffin in New Bedford,' he says. 'Knew him well's I know you. And when we was in port at Havre I dropped in at a gin mill down by the water front and he come up and touched me on the arm. I thought same as you, that he was dead, but he wa'n't. He was three sheets in the wind and a reg'lar dock rat to look at, but 'twas him sure enough. We had a long talk. He said he was comin' back to Trumet some day. Had a wife there, he said. I told him, sarcastic, that she'd be glad to see him. He laughed and said maybe not, but that she knew he was alive and sent him money when he was hard up. Wanted me to promise not to tell any Cape folks that I'd seen him, and I ain't till now.'

"Well, you can imagine how I felt when Cahoon spun me that yarn. First I wouldn't b'lieve it and then I did. It explained things, just as you say, John. I could see now why Keziah gave me my walkin' papers. I could see how she'd been sacrificin' her life for that scum."

"Yes. She wouldn't divorce him. She said she had taken him for better or worse, and must stand by him. I tried to show her she was wrong, but it was no use. She did say she would never live with him again."

"I should say not. *Live* with him! By the everlastin'! if he ever comes within reach of my hands then—there's times when good honest murder is justifiable and righteous, and it'll be done. It'll be done, you hear me!"

He looked as if he meant it. Ellery asked another question.

"Did you tell her—Aunt Keziah—when you met her at the Narrows?" he asked.

"No. But I shall tell her when I see her again. She shan't spoil her life—a woman like that! by the Lord! *what* a woman!—for any such crazy notion. I swore it when I heard the story and I've sworn it every day since. That's

what settled my mind about Grace. Keziah Coffin belongs to me. She always has belonged to me, even though my own pig-headedness lost her in the old days."

"She cares for you, Nat. I know that. She as much as told me so."

"Thank you, John. Thank you. Well, I can wait now. I can wait, for I've got something sure to wait for. I tell you, Ellery, I ain't a church-goin' man—not as dad was, anyway—but I truly believe that this thing is goin' to come out right. God won't let that cussed rascal live much longer. He won't! I know it. But if he does, if he lives a thousand years, I'll take her from him."

He was pacing the floor now, his face set like granite. Ellery rose, his own face beaming. Here was his chance. At last he could pay to this man and Keziah a part of the debt he owed.

Nat stopped in his stride. "Well!" he exclaimed. "I almost forgot, after all. Keziah sent a note to you. I've got it in my pocket. She gave it to me when she left me at Cohasset."

"Left you? Why! didn't she come back with you on the night train?"

"No. That's funny, too, and I don't understand it yet. We was together all the afternoon. I was feelin' so good at seein' her that I took her under my wing and we cruised all over that town together. Got dinner at the tavern and she went with me to buy myself a new hat, and all that. At first she didn't seem to want to, but then, after I'd coaxed a while, she did. She was lookin' pretty sad and worn out, when I first met her, I thought; but she seemed to get over it and we had a fine time. It reminded me of the days when I used to get home from a voyage and we were together. Then, when 'twas time for the night train we went down to the depot. She gave me this note and told me to hand it to you to-day."

"Good-by, Nat," she says. 'We've had a nice day, haven't we?'"

"We have, for a fact," I says. 'But what are you sayin' good-by for?'"

"'Because I'm not goin' to Trumet with you,' says she. 'I'm goin' to the city. I've got some business to see to there. Good-by.'"

"I was set back, with all my canvas flappin'. I told her I'd go to Boston with her and we'd come home to Trumet together to-morrow, that's to-day. But she said no. I must come here and ease your mind and Grace's. I must do it. So at last I agreed to, sayin' I'd see her in a little while. She went on the up train and I took the down one. Hired a team in Sandwich and another in Bayport and got to the tavern about eleven. That's the yarn. And here's your note."

The minister took the note and tore open the envelope. Within was a single sheet of paper. He read a few lines, stopped, and uttered an exclamation.

"What's the matter?" asked the captain.

Ellery did not answer. He read the

(Continued on page 15)

O Children Come

A Translation of "Ihr Kinderlein kommet," by Chr. von Schmid

F. L. STROBEL

Come, children, to Bethlehem, come one and all.

Look here in the manger of this humble stall.

Behold what God gave on this high-holy night

To brighten your lives and make all this world light.

All eyes to the manger of this lonely stall.

Find here in a star-beam an Infant so small.

A wonderful Baby, a heavenly Child, Much fairer than angels, so lovingly mild.

Adore him: "Thou loving, thou God-given Child;

O why didst thou suffer for sinners so wild?

Thy bed here tonight amid cattle and need,

Thy bed once a cruel cross on which thou didst bleed."

What gift shall we children present unto thee?

Because thou bless'd Savior didst make this world free?

No silver, nor gold can such kindness repay;

We'll bring thee our hearts and begin a new day.

Accept these our hearts as an off'ring so small,

We bring them so gladly and yield with them all;

And pray, help to make them as thine pure and kind

Until rest eternal in thy heart we find.

Trenton, Ill.

B. Y. P. U. of the Nebraska Churches

The B. Y. P. U.'s of the Nebraska churches assembled with Beatrice on Oct. 15. The meeting was opened by the president of the local society. After the singing of several hymns, the assembly repeated the 23rd Psalm following which Rev. J. Renz led in prayer. Waldo Pankratz welcomed the society and took charge of the program, which consisted of solos, duets, quartettes, piano solos and recitations. Each society contributed to make the meeting a real success.

We are happy to report that the Fremont Baptist Church which does not belong to our association, rendered several selections. Rev. A. Foll delivered the address for the occasion. His topic was "Discipleship." This address very ably and clearly showed us that the young people have special duties to perform as disciples. Rev. J. H. Pankratz gave the benediction. Everyone present left the meeting with new hopes and blessings.

J. J. RENZ.

What Our Young People and Sunday Schools Are Doing

Everyone recognizes the important place our Sunday schools and Young People's Societies have in our denominational life. In a general way these two organizations comprise the church of the future. To insure prosperous days for the future it is most important that the members of our Sunday schools and Young People's Societies receive high ideals of church loyalty. We are often deeply touched by the beautiful devotion of these groups in supporting our work financially. In the following list we are reporting the missionary contributions of our Sunday schools and Young People's Societies during the period indicated.

June 7, 1933, to October 31, 1933
Young People's Societies

Table listing contributions from various Young People's Societies and churches, including Young People's Society of the Ebenezer Church, West New York, N. J., B. Y. P. U. Immanuel Church, Kankakee, Ill., etc.

State Conference Unions

Table listing contributions from State Conference Unions, including Y. P. and S. S. Workers Union Central Conference, California Y. P. and S. S. Workers Convention, etc.

Sunday Schools

Table listing contributions from Sunday Schools, including Second, Philadelphia, Pa., Walnut St., Newark, N. J., First, Brooklyn, N. Y., etc.

Table listing contributions from various churches and societies, including Prim. Dept. First Church, Lorraine, Kans., Elmo, Kans., Mrs. Heidenreich's Class, First, Austin, Texas, etc.

WILLIAM KUHN, General Sec'y.
P. O. Box 6, Forest Park, Ill.

Some young friend will appreciate the Baptist Herald as a gift for 1934. You will help our paper but you will help your friend still more.

Small Beginnings

Charles Dickens was a label sticker in a shoe-blacking factory. Michael Faraday, the famous chemist and physicist, was a journeyman book-binder, the son of a blacksmith. Guiseppe Garibaldi, whom Italians revere as their liberator, was the son of a sailor. Ben Johnson was the stepson of a bricklayer. Thomas Moore was the son of a country grocer. Napoleon was a penniless second lieutenant in 1785 and in 1804 was crowned an emperor. William Shakespeare was the son of a glover; both his grandfathers were husbandmen. George Stephenson, inventor of the locomotive, was the son of a fireman at a colliery. Virgil Watt, inventor of the steam engine, was the son of a small merchant who failed in business. Cardinal Wolsey, Henry VIII's famous prime minister, was the son of a butcher. Homer was reputed to be a blind beggar. Sir Richard Arkwright, inventor of the cotton spinning frame, was a barber. John Bunyan was a traveling tinker. Christopher Columbus was the son of a woolcomber. Daniel Defoe was the son of a butcher, and John Keats the son of a hostler.

Ready to Serve

ALEXANDER SEYMOUR

Take me, my God; command in Thy way:
Not only in the smoothest paths, I pray,
But through life's rugged road, on land
or sea,
I shall be glad to plod, dear God, with Thee.

Send me, my God, for I construe Thy care
Is mine to have at all times, everywhere:
Thy vigil never ends, Thine eye so bright,
I shall not totter in the blackest night.

I come, dear God, with faultless trust
in Thee
And yield myself unhesitatingly.
O, use me now; for truly I would make
A complete sacrifice for Thy name's sake.

Take me, dear God, why should I dread
life's fray?
When well I know that Thou art my
sure stay—
Let storms arise; let sadness weigh me
low—
I am in Thee, Thou art in me, I know.
New York City.

Are We Still Able to Support the Lord's Work Today?

E. BIBELHEIMER

In order not to waste any ammunition let's aim this question directly at the "Lord's Work" where it comes closest to us, where we know it best and where it concerns us most—in the German Baptist churches of our association or conference.

The word "support" might suggest the supports of a building. Many posts and pillars of our churches today are bending under heavy burdens—still they stand. (Badly bent—yet not broken.) But alas? Some do not bear up under the strain but give away and must themselves be borne.

Are we still able to support our churches in this time of depression we hear so much about? We all agree it is not easy. None of our churches find it so. There are giants in the land!

We are reminded of the spies sent out by Moses to spy out the Land of Canaan. All 12 agreed it was a good land where milk and honey flowed. But only two of the 12 had faith and courage to say: "We are well able to overcome it, let us go up and possess the land." (Num. 13:30). The other 10 said the very opposite: "We are not able." They only saw unconquerable giants "the sons of Anak" in whose sight they seemed as "grass hoppers." Who was right? The courageous two later saw the giants conquered whereas the murmuring multitude had neither part in the struggle for victory nor share in the fruits thereof.

"Are WE able?" Granted there are giants in the land. Will we also grant that we are unable to overcome them?

What Does It Take To Support Our Churches

Some may say: "Why we must have money of course." We answer: "Yes, but it takes more than money and our means, it takes us. We can't put God off with a dollar or ten nor ten thousand. He not only requires what we call ours he wants us. He says: "Give me, my son, (my daughter) thy heart." Paul praises the giving of the Macedonian churches (2 Cor. 8) not so much because of the amount they gave as for the willing way they gave it and for their joy in giving in spite of their "poverty and affliction" and because first of all "they gave their own selves unto the Lord."

Some may think it an excellent excuse during these pressing times to say: "Silver and gold have I none and what I haven't got, I can't give—and that settles it." That sounds logical and somewhat biblical but may be an abominable excuse. It is not at all what Peter said (Acts 3). Peter added "But such as I have I give." But if you have neither silver nor gold nor anything else to offer as a Christian you are "wretched and miserable and poor indeed" (Rev. 3:17, 18). "I counsel thee to buy."

Our Presence and Our Interest

We can give ourselves and our interest by being ever present in the services of the church and by always being helpers and never hinderers in whatever the church undertakes for the Lord. How long could any church exist, if every member paid its dues regularly but did no more? How long would your minister stay? What a mistake to stay away from the church and its services with the excuse: "Silver and gold I have none." They ought to support the Lord's work all the more with their presence and with whatever the Lord has given them to give.

Christian Living

"Christian giving is an essential part of Christian living." As a rule if ones Christianity doesn't cost him a cent, it isn't worth a cent. Yet giving is not living. And we need above all to support Christian work with Christian living. For example: most of our young people haven't much money of their own to give. Yet every pastor feels how much he and the church needs their support. They are not only the future of the church, but an essential part of the church now. They can make his heart glad or sad. They can cause a church much sorrow or they can be a wonderful support. They can give what money can't supply.

The church that builds on money bags is very unsafe. But that church stands forever firm and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it whose members and supports are founded on the rock of ages, firm in faith and love and in all the Christ-like virtues that belong to a Christ-like life.

The Props of Prayer

Needless to say the church needs not

only members that pay but members that pray. That is so self evident that we will not dwell upon it. If the church ever needed "prayer helpers" it is now. We all can and we all need to pray in this time of need.

And yet, in spite of all we may say we must admit the church also needs money. I don't know of a church that can do without it.

Money! Money!

Are we still able to raise the money? No, not if we provide for our other needs first. At the end of the year there will be nothing left for the Lord. But that's putting God last whereas we are urged to "Seek first the kingdom of God." Rev. O. E. Krueger has compared the giving of some people with the call to the dentist which is put off to the very end. Giving, as painful as all that, will not amount to much. Such dreadful givers have not learned what the Lord Jesus said "that it is more blessed to give than to receive." Nor is there any joy in accepting the gifts of such givers.

"Are we able?" No, not if we consider our religion a luxury which we can do without or which we expect others to supply for us. Much depends on whether we consider it an absolute necessity or a secondary matter.

The Giant

But are we able to raise the money in this time of need? That's the giant that still stands before us and fills us with fear! Well, let's size up this giant to see how big he really is. The churches of our Dakota association and conference gave last year less than \$10 per member for all local purposes. So that's the giant? Can we keep that up? We certainly find as much money for countless other things. It has been estimated that an average family needs \$30 a year just for sugar and coffee alone. We are not arguing against coffee and sugar but against the idea that these and other things should be even more important to us than our religion or to think that we must provide for these while we expect others to provide our religion for us.

We quote Rev. O. E. Krueger as saying as early as 1917 that the average American needs \$12 annually for smoking. (With the ladies helping, it certainly wouldn't be less today). It is hard to ascertain just how much German Baptists need for smoking, but no doubt with some claiming they are too poor to tithe, they spend more for smoke than missions, and yet insist smoking does not make them poorer. We would like to say to the German Baptists, that do not smoke, the Lord's work should mean as much to them as does the smoke to the smoker. I haven't heard of many that have had to give up tobacco because of hard times but if we are asked to average \$10 per member for the Lord's work, we see giants. No, the "sons of Anak" are not so great after all and perhaps its not so much the "silver and gold" that we lack as the Spirit of God.

God's Way

"Are we able." Yes, if we go about it in God's way according to God's word, putting first things first. "Every man according to his ability" (Acts 11:29). "There is to be no grudging or compulsion about it for God loves the giver who gives cheerfully" (Moffatt, 2 Cor. 9:7).

"As unto the Lord" and not as unto the preacher, else our giving will change with each change in the pulpit. Paul says, "Upon the first day of the week, let every one of you lay by himself in store as God has prospered you" (1 Cor. 16:2). Here is where the envelope system can help us to give the Biblical way—regularly and systematically. Most any system may succeed in collecting 10 to 15 dollars per member in times of prosperity. Hand a check to the treasurer when the crop is sold in the Fall and you don't need to think of the material needs of the church again for a whole year. A single stone has laid the giant low until the hunting season is on again. That's hardly the best method when times are good and becomes impossible for many when times are bad. The envelope system seeks to enlist "every one of you" as a giver. It seeks especially to encourage and to train our youth to share in the giving regularly. "It is just as wrong for the Protestant father to give for all as it is for the Catholic father to drink for all." (O. E. Krueger.)

This system seeks to remind each giver each Sunday that the church needs his support and that he owes it support. Just as we are to provide for the material needs of our household each week, we are also to make provision for the spiritual needs of the household of God each week.

This system does not despise the smallest gift but invites those to give who can give but little. We must not deprive the poor of the blessedness of giving. Since the poor widow gave all her means the Lord has seen many who giving their mites have given more than all our Rockefellers and "oil fellers," "coal fellers" and all kinds of "fellers." If a church has but 100 members giving 25c per week or \$1 per month it amounts to \$1200. That should not be an impossibility! It doesn't require great riches nor prosperity, but willing hearts, consecrated to God and seeking the welfare of the Lord's work the whole year round.

Have we seen this giant—this \$10 a year—that is "defying the army of the living God?" (1 Sam. 17:26) and will "our hearts fail us because of him" (V. 32) or are we ready to go forward "in the name of the Lord of hosts" to slay the giant!

"Are we still able?" Comparing our giants with those that faced Israel we will say with Caleb (Num. 13:30): "Let us go up at once, and possess it; for we are well able to overcome it."

The Oklahoma Association

With perfect weather and the freedom of the plains the 63rd session of the Oklahoma German Baptist Association met with the Emmanuel Church near Loyal, from October 26-29. It was with high tides of feeling that your reporter to whom Oklahoma is still a new field, went up for his first time, "Whither the tribes go up, the tribes of the Lord, unto the testimony of Israel, to give thanks unto the name of the Lord." The fact that only half as many "tribes" belong to this branch of "Israel" as did to that in ancient times only made the fellowship the more intimate.

But that fellowship had still further reasons to be deep and joyful. Emmanuel is the Mother Church of the German Baptist work in the state so that to many who came it was not a mere visit, but an actual, spiritual home-coming. How happy they were to find the "Old Mother" growing young again, and showing some surprising signs of renewed life among the young people. In fact, the building is too small for the Sunday school and it was openly remarked that the walls needed knocking out to make more room. And all this without a regular pastor; though the work of Bro. Melvin Geis, who is supplying as pastor each Sunday evening is due worthy recognition.

Another reason for joy, freely expressed by many present, was the bounty of spiritual blessing. The program was well planned and executed. Faith, that great fundamental in every activity of mankind was discussed as applied to our Christian activity, and was ably presented in different sessions by the lay-brethren, O. G. Graalman, H. Blehm and F. Schanz. Bro. Phil. Weigand closed the Faith series of devotionals with the happy history of Zacchaeus which is after all one of the best examples of faith that resulted in action. A thought provoking address on "Supporting our Church," by Bro. D. Weigand deserves special mention. The effectiveness, however, was not caused alone by the three weeks of hard preparation he aimed for it, but also by many years of Christian experience and observation from the right point of view, that of putting Christ's work first. Bible study hours covering the whole of I Thessalonians under the leadership of the ministers afforded further substantial spiritual nourishment.

All of the six churches in the association were represented and all the pastors were present. Because the acting pastor of the local church, Bro. Geis, could not be present at the day services Bro. A. Rossner of Shattuck was elected moderator, and Bro. Chas. Wagner of Okeene, clerk. Your reporter had been assigned the opening sermon for Thursday evening and preached on a really good theme, "The Promised Land." Bro. F. W. Socolofsky, the senior minister in the group, brought a well accepted message on Friday evening on

Revelation 1:17, in the English language and Saturday evening another in the German on "Daniel, an Example for our Youth." On Saturday Bro. A. Rossner presented an essay on "What is real Evangelism," which was especially timely and enlightening.

Sunday was the high day. Instead of the regular Sunday school session short talks were made to the school by one or more visitors from each church. At the 11 o'clock hour Bro. A. Rossner brought a vigorous message on "Missions," from the 10th chapter of Romans. The following mission offering totalled \$64 all of which was designated for the general mission fund. In the afternoon the devotional and song service was conducted by Miss Lenora Reiswig, president of the local B. Y. P. U. Bro. Socolofsky spoke appealingly to the youth on the theme "Youth and the Church," after which Bro. Melvin Geis brought a worthwhile message on "Spiritual Health Resorts."

The evening service found a fitting climax in the closing sermon by Bro. Chas. Wagner on "The Joy of the Christian Life," through which this "joy" so forcefully impressed by word and gesture, found its way in abundant measure into the hearts of those present. The formal resolution of thanks had already been read by Bro. F. A. Linstead, of Gotebo, but after the sermon opportunity for personal expressions was given in which many took part, voicing a most hearty appreciation for the fine entertainment of the Emmanuel folk, and thankfulness for the fellowship and spiritual blessings. With renewed hopes for the future, and with best wishes for the returning life of the Emmanuel Church the Association adjourned to meet next year with the Shattuck Church. A. G. RIETDORF.

Mrs. Eddy's Definitions

All her definitions have to be defined. And the more I know of the false stuff she put out, the more I am reminded of the young man whose lady friend asked him if he did not find it difficult sometimes to express his thoughts. "Yes," the young man replied, "and when I have expressed them I wonder why I went to all that trouble."

And that's the way I feel about Mrs. Eddy when I remember that she taught that there is no such thing as matter. Yet she sat down on a real chair, slept in a real bed, ate real steak all her life.

Simpkins considered himself a humorist. He sent a selection of his original jokes to the editor of a newspaper and confidently awaited a remittance. His excitement ran high when he received a letter, obviously from the newspaper office.

He opened it with feverish haste. There was no check, however, just a small note, as follows:

"Dear Sir: Your jokes received. Some we have seen before; some we have not seen yet."—Vancouver Province.

Our Devotional Meeting

August F. Runtz

December 17, 1933

Suppose The World Were Without Christ

Luke 2:1-7; Eph. 2:11-12

Read the heading again! Use your imagination! It is impossible for most of us to even imagine a world without Christ.

Without Christmas! Without Easter! Even though these sacred days are often abused, nevertheless life would be robbed of a great deal of joy without them. Christmas is the gladdest day of all the year for a child; his joy knows no bounds here. He is always either looking back to Christmas or else looking forward to it. It is then we hear again the angels sing "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." It is then we read with new understanding the words: "Thou shalt call his name Jesus; for it is he that shall save his people from their sins."

The angels, the stable, the crib, the shepherds, the wise men! How interesting they all are. If there were no Christ there would be no cross, no Calvary. Neither would there be a glad Easter morning with its shout of triumph o'er the tomb: "He is not here, he is risen."

Without a Savior. Henry Van Dyke tells a beautiful story entitled "The Lost Word." The scene is laid in the East in the early centuries of Christianity. A young man, born of wealthy parents, had become a Christian, but in so doing is disinherited, and obliged to leave home. He enters a school, but after a while the Christian life becomes irksome to him. Then the Tempter promises him untold wealth and fame, if he will permit one word to be erased from his memory. The bargain is made. He returns home, and fortune smiles upon him. Once in a moment of exquisite joy, he felt that he ought to give thanks, but, alas, he cannot remember the name of him, whom he wished to thank. So his countenance falls. Later a great sorrow comes into his life. His child has been seriously injured, and the doctors can do nothing for him. He starts to pray for supernatural help: "O thou merciful . . ." That name, what was it? Once he knew of one who would hear, but that word was lost. O, if he could only get it back. His child is dying and he is in despair. Then his old teacher comes. In penitence the word is restored. That word is "Jesus." He calls upon him, and the child is saved.

Without hope. We are told that many a grave-marker in ancient Rome bore the inscription, "Farewell, beloved, forever." Now contrast this with what we have in Christ. Because we have Christ we dare to say, even

through our tears. "Farewell, beloved, for a little while. We shall meet again shortly in a better land." A world without Christ is a world without hope.

December 24, 1933

The Birth of Our King

Matt. 2:1-15

Hark! the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new-born King.
Light and life to all he brings,
Ris'n with healing in his wings,
Mild he lays his glory by,
Born that man no more may die;
Born to raise the sons of earth;
Born to give them second birth.

Born a King. In the land of the East, perhaps Chaldea, there lived wise men who studied the movements of the stars. They believed that the stars exerted an influence upon human affairs, and that they foretold terrestrial events by their position and aspects. Doubtless these men were also interested in the teaching of Zoroaster, who had foretold the coming of a prophet, supernaturally begotten, who should found a kingdom of righteousness and peace. When they saw the strange star they set out in search of this prophet-king.

Coming to Jerusalem they startled the city by asking: Where is he that is born King of the Jews? At that word, cruel Herod felt his throne tottering. Years later, when Jesus stood before Pilate, the governor asked him: Art thou the King of the Jews? To which Jesus answered: Thou sayest that I am a king, but my kingdom is not of this world, it is not political or temporal, but a kingdom of moral and spiritual affairs. Jesus is a King. He is the King of Kings. And he seeks the allegiance of every nation, every people, and every individual. Is he the king of your life?

Born amidst contrasting circumstances. Of course the Magi expected that the king should be born in a king's palace, but there wasn't even room for him in a common small-town hotel. So he was born in a stable. However, he needed no earthly trappings to add to his celestial glory, for did not the angels of heaven come to earth to sing of his birth to a group of shepherds! and did not an angel tell them of that wondrous event! and didn't a star shine over the place where the young child was!

The learned theologians of Jerusalem would not go out even a few miles to behold this wonder, but the Magi traveled many months bringing gifts, and worshipping at his crib. Yes, the near are sometimes afar off; and the afar off are near. "The Magi saw the star, and rejoiced; Herod heard of Christ, and was troubled." The Magi followed the light of nature and found the king; the

scribes had the light of God's divine revelation, but did not obey it, and were left in darkness. It is not enough to have the light, one must obey it.

December 31, 1933

Important Happenings of the Year

Rom. 8:28-39

Sunshine and Rain

Sunshine and rain, refreshing, reviving rain,
Light of faith and love, showers from above!
Sunshine and rain, to nourish the growing grain,
Send us, Lord, the sunshine and the rain.

Most of us have desired both the sunshine and the rain for our fields and gardens, but only the sunshine for our lives. As we look back over the past year, however, we soon perceive that we have had a share of each. There have been days replete with darkness; days of doubt and fear; days of sickness, and perhaps even the days when the death angel entered our homes. But so hath a wise Father ordained this life. All sunshine and no rain soon makes a desert waste.

"Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and drear."

Yet the year has not been without its sunshine. It has had its seasons of joy as well as those of pain. Recall some of these: The glorious sunrise, the splendor of the sunset; the beautiful flowers, the song of the birds; a baby's smile, the laughter of children at play; a lover's love, a friend's friendship; a father's care, a Savior's love; the peace of God, the hope of immortality. Truly "all things work together for good to them that love God."

Seedtime and harvest. After the flood God promised that seedtime and harvest should not cease as long as the earth remained. As we look back over the year we remember that God's promise has not failed. In our mental, moral, and spiritual lives there has also been a seedtime and a harvest. Some truths have been sown, some thoughts have been born, some decisions have been made, and all of these either have already, or in some future day will bring forth a harvest according to the seed sown, and decisions made.

Like always begets like. "If we sow to the Spirit, we shall also reap of the Spirit." If we have permitted evil thoughts to be sown, and have made wrong decisions the harvest will be one of regret and shame. If we have permitted the truths of God to find a lodg-

December 1, 1933

ment in our hearts, and have nourished noble thoughts, and have made our decisions guided by God's Holy Spirit, then our harvest time must be one of joy and rejoicing. And all the while we ourselves have been growing a little stronger, and a little more Christlike, and have been storing up in the granary of our lives things of eternal value.

January 7, 1934

Have We the Best Foundations For Life

Matt. 7:24-29

Building upon sand. Jesus hearers would understand the significance of his words much better than we do, for in the East the peasants and shepherds often built their huts on the sand that is hard and solid in dry weather, but which at the first big rainfall becomes bottomless, and the hut is swept away.

Why will men build in such a place at all? Well, it may be because it is a convenient location, or a cheap lot, and they always have a vague hope that somehow their house will not be swept away. Just so, many young people are putting shoddy into the very foundation of their lives; things which they know cannot endure. They do things which will undermine their health, and do other things which will ruin their characters. Yet they are foolish enough to think that somehow they shall escape destruction.

Building upon a rock. It is interesting to note what Jesus designated as building upon a rock. Who is it that builds upon a rock? Is it he who hears his words, who glories in them, who speaks of their beauty, and who even defends them? No. Jesus added, "and doeth them." Those who build on sand hear also, but do them not. The best foundation for any life is practical obedience to the teachings of Jesus Christ. How splendidly that person is building who has put Christ first in his life. What a solid foundation truth is, also fundamental honesty. What fine material Daniel put into his life when he purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself.

The foundation tested. Jesus depicted the rain, the floods, and the wind, then the fall of the house built upon sand. But the house founded upon a rock stood as sturdily after the elements had done their worst as it did before. Believe it or not, but the foundation of your life will one day be tested. What about the alluring temptation that promises to line your pathway with roses? Have you put enough stamina into your character to keep yourself straight? Are you building with the materials that will withstand all the storms and stress of life?

Keziah Coffin

(Continued from page 10)

note through and then, without a word, handed it to his friend.

The note was as follows:

"DEAR JOHN:

"I am going away, as I told you I would if he came. He is coming. Tuesday I got a letter from him. It was written at Kingston, Jamaica, almost three months ago. I can't think why I haven't got it sooner, but suppose it was given to some one to mail and forgotten. In it he said he was tired of going to sea and was coming home to me. I had money, he said, and we could get along. He had shipped aboard a brig bound for Savannah, and from there he was going to try for a berth on a Boston-bound vessel. So I am going away and not coming back. I could not stand the disgrace and I could not see him. You and Grace won't need me any more now. Don't worry about me. I can always earn a living while I have my strength. Please don't worry. If he comes tell him I have gone you do not know where. That will be true, for you don't. I hope you will be very happy. I do hope so. Oh, John, you don't know how I hate to do this, but I must. Don't tell Nat. He would do something terrible to him if he came, and Nat knew. Just say I have been called away and may be back some time. Perhaps I may. Love to you all. Good-by.

"Yours truly,

KEZIAH COFFIN."

The captain stared at the note. Then he threw it to the floor and started for the door. The minister sprang from his chair and called to him.

"Nat," he cried. "Nat! Stop! where are you going?"

Hammond turned.

"Goin'?" he growled. "Goin'? I'm goin' to find her, first of all. Then I'm comin' back to wait for him."

"But you won't have to wait. He'll never come. He's dead."

"Dead? Dead? By the everlastin'! this has been too much for you. I ought to have known it. I'll send the doctor here right off. I can't stay myself. I've got to go. But—"

"Listen! listen to me! Ansel Coffin is dead, I tell you. I know it. I know all about it. That was what I wanted to see you about. Did Keziah tell you of the *San Jose* and the sailor who died of smallpox in this very building? In that room there?"

"Yes. John, you—"

"I'm not raving. It's the truth. That sailor was Ansel Coffin. I watched with him and one night, the night before he died, he spoke Keziah's name. He spoke of New Bedford and of Trumet and of her, over and over again. I was sure who he was then, but I called in Ebenezer Capen, who used to know Coffin in New Bedford. And he recognized him. Nat, as sure as you and I are here this minute, Ansel Coffin, Aunt Keziah's husband, is buried in the Trumet cemetery."

(To be continued)

OBITUARY

HANNA BLOEDOW HANSEN

Hanna Bloedow N. Hansen was born in Killaloe, Ontario, Can., August 4, 1900. She was a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Bloedow of Killaloe. Under the ministry of the Rev. C. C. Laborn, Hanna was born again of the Spirit of God. As a thirteen year old girl, she made an open confession of her faith and followed her Lord in baptism. In 1927 Hanna was joined in wedlock to Mr. Arthur N. Hansen of Chicago, Ill., where the young couple made their home. Mrs. Hansen was a devout Christian. Her life was one of active and daily testimony for her Lord. Her pleasing and peaceful disposition won the respect of her many friends. Mrs. Hansen's self-sacrificing labor in her home was an expression of her love for her husband and family.

On May 21 the young couple was blessed with the second child, a baby girl, June Louise. In July Mrs. Hansen was taken to the Fresh Air Hospital with an inflammation of the lungs, from which she never recovered. On Sunday morning, Oct. 29, 1933, she was suddenly called away into the blessed presence of Christ, her Lord. She leaves to mourn her devoted husband, a little son, Gerald, and the baby girl. Also her aged father, Bro. Wm. Bloedow of Killaloe and six sisters: Mrs. J. Jahn, Mrs. Alex. Burke, Mrs. H. Woermeke of Arnprior, Ont.; Mrs. J. Hanna-berry of Killaloe, Mrs. Rev. A. J. Milner of Minitonas, Man., Mrs. Rev. Chas. B. Thole of Olds, Alberta, and her brother, Mr. John Bloedow of Minitonas, Man. A host of relatives and friends are grieved over the loss of a true Christian friend. The great floral tribute at the bier showed the esteem in which Mrs. Hansen was held by her many friends.

The funeral service was conducted by the Rev. Theo. W. Doms of Oak Park Baptist Church. Pastor Doms brought a message of hope and comfort based on Romans 8:28, "And we know that to them that love God all things work together for good, even to them that are called according to his purpose."

Miss A. Victoria Orthner, missionary of the Oak Park Baptist Church, sang several comforting hymns. A. E. J.

In Honor of F. C. Krueger

November 7, 1933.

Dear Brother Mihm:

Our senior deacon of our Immanuel Baptist Church, Kankakee, Ill., Mr. F. C. Krueger, who is the uncle of Rev. O. E. Krueger and brother-in-law to Rev. F. Kruse passed away last week. He served the church as deacon for 30 years and was greatly loved and respected by everyone for his fine Christian character and his loyal devotion to the church. One of our ladies composed the following verses which I read as a tribute to him. Probably you can find a place for them in the "Baptist Herald."

How far the candle threw its beam,
How many lives were blest,
How manfully, completely
Was earned that promised rest.

How many young folk loved him,
How many elders prayed
That his mantle fall on others
And its power be not stayed.

In kindly deed and simple faith,
We could not fail to see
The master, who now calleth "come,"
"Ye did it unto me."

O soul, we glory in thy joy
Though mortal eyes hold tears.
Thy consecrated, useful life
Will bless down through the years.

MRS. WILLIAM T. EDWARDS.

Fraternally yours,
GEORGE HENSEL.

A Visit to the Rio Grande Valley, Texas

It was the good fortune of the writer to make a short visit to the garden spot of Texas, the Rio Grande Valley, in company with our newly elected mission secretary, Rev. Phil Potzner of Dallas.

The trip was made in Bro. Potzner's trusty Chevrolet. As assistant pilots we took Walter Behr of Dallas and Walter Schmeltekopf of Kyle, who did not seem to have less fun and enjoyment out of the trip, because they were in the company of two ministers.

The first stop was made in Elm Creek, where we had a meeting Thursday night October 26. At 11 o'clock that night, we left for the valley arriving about 9 o'clock the next morning.

Through the courtesy of Bro. Heidland we were shown much of the valley country, also saw some of the results of the recent hurricane. It was especially sad to see the bountiful crop of citrus in such a plight. About 90 per cent of the crop was on the ground, so we were told. That was a tragedy.

We even crossed the line and were on Mexican soil for a while. Matamores is just across from Brownsville, Texas, but it might as well be a thousand miles away, when you look at the markets, the homes and the streets, the people, and everything in general.

As we came back and found ourselves again on paved streets and modern highways, we thanked God in our heart for the good old U. S. A.

But we did not go to the valley primarily to see the sights, but to visit our little church near Donna. We were glad to find that the hurricane had not done any damage to the chapel. We were thankful that other storms had not destroyed the little church organization. We had meetings Friday night also on Saturday and Monday and two services on Sunday. We were impressed by the fact that a number of young people are having their B. Y. P. U. regularly. The Sunday school is kept up in a fine way too. They have not had a pastor for some time. May God show the way, that this fine little group may soon get a pastor to lead them in the work.

All the meetings were well attended and on Sunday the house was well filled, mostly with young people.

Monday night after a few hours sleep, we again left our good friends in the valley. By 5 p. m. Tuesday we arrived at Greenvine where Bro. Mindrup, a classmate of the writer, has been pastor for a number of years. He had arranged for a meeting and a full house awaited us at the church.

November 1 we arrived in Kyle, after having visited the capitol at Austin, which is only a few feet smaller in dimensions than the national capitol. The state of Texas paid for this imposing building of red granite with 3,000,000 acres of land. On Wednesday night the B. Y. P. U. of Kyle gave their annual program and we were glad that Bro.

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to be returned with the accompanying payments by December 10th.

There are about ten days left in which to complete the task and this new announcement is to serve as an encouragement to be up and doing. The more prizes we can award the better we will like it. Be sure to win the box of beautiful

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Potzner could be with us and give an inspiring talk.

May the Lord bless all our churches, especially all our young people.

C. H. EDINGER.

News from North Freedom

After a rather inactive summer, due to the absence of our pastor Rev. H. R. Palfenier und wife, who spent their vacation abroad, we have again taken up the thread of activity.

Although our week day meetings were suspended during the summer, Sunday always found us gathered in church for worship. We are thankful to have had Rev. C. Dippel of Baraboo with us so often during our pastor's absence. One Sunday we had the privilege of having Rev. Wm. Kuhn in our midst. Our Women's Mission Society and Y. P. Society contributed two worthwhile programs.

Needless to say we were glad to hear of Rev. and Mrs. Palfenier's safe arrival home. We agreed that the old adage "absence makes the heart grow fonder," is still true. Bro. Palfenier gave some interesting talks about his experiences abroad. He visited his childhood home and various other places in Holland and Germany. They were also privileged to take the picturesque trip up the Rhine.

We are glad that our Bible study and also our mid-week prayer meetings are growing in attendance. The young people wished to study the book of Revelation and we find that its contents require more than mere reading and reveal more than mere words. In our prayer meeting the Epistle to the Hebrews is being studied.

Baptismal services were held on November 15 when we had the great joy of receiving a man and his wife into our midst.

On Sunday Nov. 22 we observed Rally Day. The church was prettily decorated with autumn leaves. In the forenoon a program was given by the Sunday school, followed by the regular morning services. At noon a bountiful picnic lunch was served in the church dining room. The afternoon service was in charge of the Ladies' Mission society. A young peoples program in the evening climaxed a day of Christian fellowship.

Now we are looking forward to the coming of an Evangelist, Mr. Dan Shannon, who will begin services Nov. 22.

We pray that these meetings may bring many to Christ and revive us as a church.

ELSIE JAHNKE, Reporter.

* * * *

Abraham Lincoln had a good sense of humor. One evening he had left his stove-pipe hat on a chair in Stanton's reception room. As he returned a very fat woman arose to bow to the president. Lincoln returned the bow politely and then, walking behind her, picked up his hat and said sadly, "Madam, I could have told you that my hat wouldn't fit you before you tried it on."