

The Baptist Herald

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

Volume Eleven

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Number Twenty-four

A Christmas Prayer for the Church School

GOD, Our Father, we thank thee for the joy that came into the world when Jesus was born in Bethlehem. We thank thee that light sprang up then for those that sat in darkness, and that this light and joy are in our homes today because of him. Let us not crowd him out of our lives because there is no room for him there, but may we welcome him as the Christmas gift of God's love, so that he may always stay with us and make our lives what God would have them be. We come to thee with sorrow for the children today who are cold and sick and starving and helpless. Send them deliverance and cheer, we pray thee. May the peace and goodwill that Jesus came to bring, spring up among the nations everywhere. May we live to help on this day of a better world for all men. And may thy kingdom come, and thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven, Amen.

— Henry Kingman.

What's Happening

A successful Bible School was held in November in the church at Edenwald, Sask., Can. It lasted two weeks and 30 students were in attendance. Rev. John Kepl acted as dean of the school.

A Correction. In the report of the Thanksgiving play given by the Young People's Society of the Immanuel Church, Kankakee, Ill., the name of one of the participants was misprinted. Apologies are due to Mr. Marvin Saedorf who was made unrecognizable as Marvin Zinsdorf. The attendance at the play was 325 and a freewill-offering of \$24 was received.

Rev. J. H. Ansberg finished the first year of his pastorate with the Nottingham Baptist Church, Cleveland, O., in November. During the year 80 new members were received; 42 by baptism and the rest by letters and reinstatements. The Sunday school has an attendance of 320. Things that had been broken have now been united and today the church is one great unit.

Rev. Albert Alf of Herreid, S. Dak., conducted evangelistic meetings for three weeks with the church at Scottsbluff, Nebr., and reports a great revival with 93 professing conversion. Bro. Alf baptized 50 and 12 others were received on confession. Another baptismal service is looked forward to at Easter time. Bro. Alf has accepted a call of the Scottsbluff church to become its pastor and expects to begin his work there in the near future.

The Oak St. Baptist Church, Burlington, Ia., Rev. C. F. Zummach, pastor, is

putting on a "C. R. A.,"—a Church Recovery Act, a Loyalty Campaign, the purpose of which is to promote church attendance. Record and pledge cards are issued to the members, covering a period of three months, which are marked by themselves and then returned at the close of the period. The recent Father and Son Banquet was attended by about 200. Rev. A. D. Freden gave the address.

A Bible School will be held in Leader, Sask., Can., for the young people and Sunday school workers of the churches of the Central Saskatchewan and Alberta Association beginning Feb. 5, 1934. Rev. A. P. Mihm of Forest Park expects to devote two weeks as main teacher to this school. Rev. J. Weinbender and others will assist. The local church extends a hearty invitation to the young people of the district. Let many prepare to come and make use of this opportunity for training.

"The Messenger," the weekly church bulletin of the Oak St. Baptist Church, Burlington, Ia., has this timely word in its issue of Nov. 19: "The time has come to renew your subscription to the 'Baptist Herald.' But we want more than the renewals of the old subscribers, we want at least 25 new ones. Our denominational papers make for denominational solidarity, and we cannot get along without them. One of the tragedies of the present depression is the demise of so many splendid religious journals, whose influence for good meant so much during the past years. The price of the 'Herald' is only \$1.25 per year."

Program for Sunday Schools and Young People's Societies of Northwestern Conference

Since the program outlined for the Sunday schools and Young People's societies of the Northwestern Conference last year had such splendid results we have decided again to have a unified program.

The first program is for the Sunday school and certainly ought to have big returns. The last Sunday in January has been appointed as "Sunday School Day." The topic to be discussed at this time is "The Sunday School—the Church of Tomorrow." This is an interesting topic with many possibilities. Get busy, you Sunday school workers, for there isn't much time.

"Youth Sunday," April 29, is to be entirely in charge of young people. Show your pastor and your elders what you can do when given a chance. The topic for this Sunday is "Loyalty to Christ" and deserves a good meeting. Let us hear from you as to the results.

We are especially anxious that each society send in a record of their year's work, and the month of May has been designated as the appointed time. It is important that these reports be sent in as we have no other way of contact with your society.

The Poster contest was one of the big successes of the program last year. The posters were on display at the conference and showed much originality. Show us your artistic ability. Hunt up your talents—advertise your meetings.

Don't let your society drop in spirit. Keep it alive by following this program and send us the results.

E. L. Z., Sec.

The Baptist Herald

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Rev. A. P. Mihm, Editor

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Jesus

JESUS is the splendor of the Christmas Star, the beauty of the Christmas Message, the heart of the Christmas Spirit. He is our Hope, our Teacher, our Exemplar who counts us worthy to represent him in the grace and glory of recurring Christmas times. His mission and his majesty, his humanity and his divinity are the sacred significance of the Christmas story. Denied and despised, maligned and neglected, he stands the most regal and masterful figure on the horizon of life, the most dominating influence of the world this holy Yuletide—Jesus. Gentle Jesus!—Winifred Willard.

The Simplicity of Christmas

ONLY God could have thought of Christmas. Its beauty is beyond the wit of mortals, so simple in its sublimity, so homely yet so heavenly. On a tapestry woven of starlight it unveils a picture to soften and purify the heart and to bring us back from a wisdom that is not wise, because it is hard, unholy, and unhelpful. Man would have made it a pageant, its stage directions as follows:

Array of Great Ones,
The Army passes by.
Fanfare of trumpets.
Enter the King!

The divine method is different:

The crowded inn.
A Mother and a Babe.
No cradle, but a Manger.
A man stunned by wonder.
A wandering star.

The simplicity of the first Christmas! How strange it seems to us when we pause to consider it! The greatest event in history transpiring quietly, without notice of the world's important ones, in a little village of a remote province! And yet how appealing it is, how essentially right that it should have been so. For the truly great moments, those that matter eternally, do not require spectacular settings to enhance them. Stripped of all decorative background they are sufficient.

Can the simplicity of the first Christmas give us courage to re-examine our standards of values? Can it help us to see the relative unimportance of material possessions and social prestige and superficial

fame, and to face the loss of one or all of them with faith and good cheer? Can it help us to see that what really matters cannot be found or lost with the abundance of the accessories to living which one possesses? Can it help us to appreciate the simple joy of generous living, of sharing the laughter of children and the ideals of youth, of loving and being loved, of serving and being served? Can it help us to escape from the burdensome luggage of needless things and the cumbersome armor of pretense to rejoice in the freedom of men and women who live sincerely? Can it help us to shake off the pose of hardness and disillusionment which our age has made "smart;" can it help us to recapture the joyous faith that brought the Wise Men from afar to a manger in Bethlehem—the faith that no hope is too high to be fulfilled?

Then will Christmas be kept indeed.—Journal of Relig. Education.

The Birth of Christ Spelled Hope

A newspaper's comment on Christmas and Hard Times

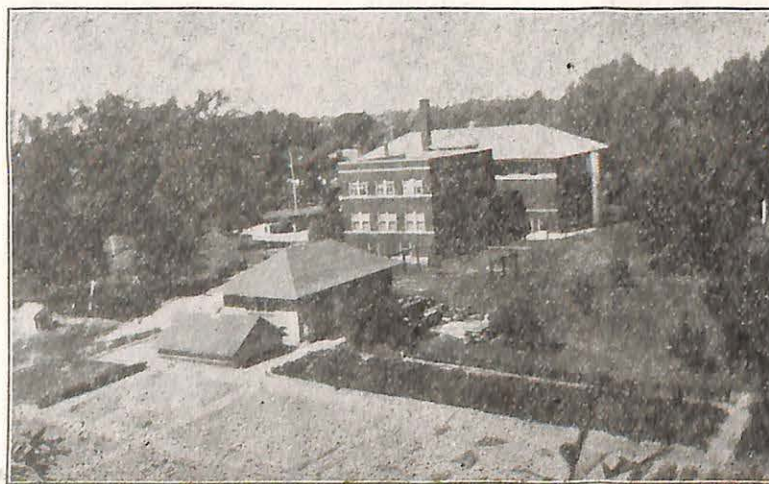
CHRISTMAS finds a world talking of hard times. Times are good or bad only by comparison with other times. There have been worse days that were thought better days; but because we have had slightly better times these are hard times.

We count our losses and ignore our blessings. On this Christmas Eve let us look about us. Let us take stock. Let us assemble our assets. Let us look squarely at what God in his beneficence has given us. And, having looked, we are astonished. We find, most of us, a reasonable degree of good health, the respect of our associates, the love of our families, a fair amount of food, clothing, and shelter.

On the other side what do we find? We find that things are not as they used to be. But here are we, with the same moral, mental, and physical equipment to do with, but perhaps without the opportunity to show our value.

We know of two men. One lost his savings as a result of the depression. The other lost an almost identical amount of savings through double lobar pneumonia. The man who lost his life's savings through illness went back to work, not only penniless, but badly in debt. He weighed 105 pounds,

Remember Us at Christmas Time



Our Children's Home in St. Joseph, Mich.

who had weighed nearly 150. He was married, and had children. He faced years of shabby clothes and self-denial, but his spirit was high.

The man who last his savings in the depression gave up almost entirely. His health was sound. He was not in debt. But he gave up hope.

Which would you prefer to be, if either? Which suffered more, the man who lost his money with accompanying pain and all the threat of death to him and stark poverty to his family, or the man who lost his in a financial depression? Yet one goes valiantly on, while the other whimpers.

To deny that there are hardships and suffering would be to mock the unfortunate. But there is not so much hardship as the uproar would lead one to believe. In some cases prosperity has made men soft, as it made soft and ruined the Roman Empire. Nations as well as individuals become strong through facing and defeating temptation and adversity.

Strange words, you say, to use on the occasion of the anniversary of the birth of Christ. Not at all; they are carefully chosen for the occasion. They and the present situation in which the world finds itself have an intimate connection with that sacred event in the stable of Bethlehem. Christ is no fable. Christ is no imagining of the theologian. Christ lived; millions of us believe Christ still lives. In our day of stress we turn to experts, when the best Expert laid down the cure ages ago. The fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man—these were his rules. Decency, honor, simple honesty, were his advice, his command.

It is not the world that is sick. The world never was in better physical condition. It has given up and is giving up its treasures. It is the souls of men that are sick, and the Healer asks only to be consulted. The anniversary of Bethlehem comes at exactly the right moment. The birth of Christ spelled hope. The very death of Christ had as its chief ingredients hope and faith. Are we keeping the faith? This Christmas should be merry, if we would but thrust aside the weak veil that covers our eyes.—Editorial in the "Boston Traveler."

The Face of Jesus

JESUS was a man with a purpose, a purpose that was written on his countenance for all the world to see. Faces differ and the heart has much to do with it. Voluptuous, deceitful, cruel, weak they may be, no matter how pretty, but Christ's was none of these. His was a strong face to match the strength of his purpose. Nobility of countenance does not come from powder puffs and face liftings, but from years of Christian resolution and discipline. Would it not be well for us if we were to look the Christian part a little more? The pious countenance has suffered sorely at the hands of the critic, and too often justly so. Many people, taking their religion the wrong way, appear from their sour expression to bear a heavy grudge against the world in general. In the face of Jesus were the marks of love, joy, and peace. He was conscious of victory before it came.

A Christmas Prayer

God bless this house on Christmas Day,
And all who in it dwell;
And send us work, and send us play,
And many a glad Noel.

God send us store on Christmas Day
Of friends and health and mirth;
And bless us with that dream alway
That blessed the world on Christmas Day—
"Good will, and peace on earth."

And think ye well on Christmas Day
That love is more than art,
And the words of love and cheer alway
Rhyme well within the heart.

So sing we all on Christmas Day
Old songs of Christmas cheer,
God grant us brave, true words to say;
Yea! help us live some better way
In all the glad new year.

—Charles W. Kennedy, in Scribners.

Suggestions for Gifts

Give money. Give a portion of your income, however meager it may be, in order to form the habit of giving.

Give a word of appreciation to those who have given you help in time of difficulty. At this season of the year it is fitting to write letters to faithful friends, telling them that you are grateful for their kindness.

Give others the benefit of your gifts. If you have a good singing voice, use it where you know you will be eagerly received. If you are a gifted conversationalist, visit some one who is lonely and longs for friendship.

Give flowers and fruit to shut-ins and to the sick in homes and in hospitals. Give an hour of your time and offer the service of your car to take these gifts, which will help sufferers to forget their pain.

Give books and magazines to sailors or to others who like to read during lonely hours. Get information from local headquarters concerning specific needs. Then bring the matter before the society.

Give time and service to the blind in the community. There is great need for books printed in raised type. Voluntary workers are being sought to do this work. Reading the daily news to the blind is a real service.

Give your time and skill to the guidance of boys and girls in Church schools, clubs, playgrounds, and camps. This sort of work presents an opportunity to influence for good those who are to be the citizens of tomorrow.

Give an hour or two of your time each week to church attendance. There is no finer way than this to show the world that there is reality in religion. A churchgoer is an object lesson to those who have no faith in the Church.

Give time and attention to Bible study and prayer. This kind of giving does not get public notice, but it results in character which has a direct bearing upon those with whom we associate. This type of giving helps us to acquire what we most need.

Give your influence for good in the community. Give your time to movements that lift up rather than those which tear down.

The Symbolism of Christmas Colors

THE colors that we employ in Christmas decorations, and associate with the day, are beautifully appropriate green—evergreen—emblematic of God's undying love and of the fact that the Christ who came, came to stay; red, the tint of the blood of the heart and the blood of the wounds that washed away the sins of the world; and gold, of which kings' crowns are made; for this day crowns and celebrates the King of kings.—M. B.

The Unspeakable Gift

IN a Christmas message on Paul's beautiful word, "Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift," Dr. J. C. Massee used the outline which a friend gave him many years ago. The divine gift was unspeakable because:

- It was an unspeakable love that thought it.
- It was an unspeakable life that brought it.
- It was an unspeakable death that wrought it.
- It is an unspeakable joy when taught it.

I am a total abstainer from alcoholic liquors. I always felt I had a better use for my head.—Edison.

Editorial Jottings

"THE BAPTIST HERALD" Subscription Campaign ought to be at its flood-time just now. Don't forget to renew your subscription for 1934 in the holiday bustle and distraction. We have won some new boosters and appreciate their pledges to do their utmost for our beloved paper. Let every worker and friend do his part and we will advance in 1934.

A MOST INTERESTING Christmas story—"The Fruit of the Tree"—appears in this number. You will enjoy reading it.—Rev. C. F. Zummach furnishes a stimulating and timely article on "Rethink-

ing Our Church Program." It touches on some acute, present-day problems in the relation of the church and the Sunday school and points out a solution.—"Aunt Polly's Notions" is discriminating in its judgment and would teach us to approve the things that are more excellent and not to be misled by the showy and flashy, which is but for the moment.

IN A STUDY of suicide, Dr. Dublin, statistician of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company tells us that suicide is more common among men than among women; in general, it is more common among the very rich and the very poor than in the intermediate class; it is "a reaction of the aged; the foreign-born in this country commit suicide more often than the natives, and, in New York City, the suicide rate is higher among the foreign-born than in their native country. Negroes have a very low suicide rate but other colored peoples in this country have a high suicide rate. The Jewish rate which was formerly very low in Europe, is now higher than that of either Catholics or Protestants." He also shows that those forces which make for sound mental health tend also to prevent suicide.

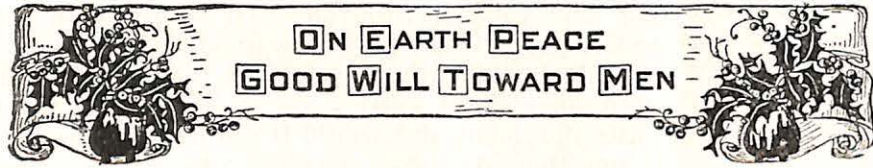
Our Children's Home in St. Joseph and Christmas

THE Christmas season is the time par excellence, the time above all others for giving and making glad those who are in need. One of the institutions that every German Baptist ought to bear in mind in this Christlike way is our Children's Home in St. Joseph, Mich. Our churches, our Sunday schools, our young people's societies and many other church groups and individuals have observed the splendid custom to help this worthy denominational benevolence with money offerings or with offerings of food, clothing, etc. Through the Orphanage Board many other widows and orphans all over the country in our conferences receive assistance and ten such widows with 42 minor children are being aided at present to maintain their homes. May this Christmas-tide find no abatement in the number of helping hands and hearts!

Donations of food, clothing and etc. are to be sent direct to Rev. Hans Steiger, 1401 Langley Ave., St. Joseph, Mich.

All donations of money are to be sent to the General Treasurer, Mr. E. Elmer Staub, Box 6, Forest Park, Ill. All monies designated for the Home are used for its support.





Gifts for the King

EMMA THARP HALE

To Bethlehem in days of old
The Wise Men came with gifts of gold,
And myrrh and frankincense,
And with this costly offering
They brought their worship to the King,
And bowed in reverence.

Years passed away. The cross looms
near,
And one who holds his friendship dear—
Mary of Bethany—
While there for him the feast is spread,
Pours ointment on his feet and head,
And worships lovingly.

Then, when his earthly life had fled,
Friends come and beg the holy dead,
Their hearts bowed down in gloom:
With myrrh and aloes wrapped his
clothes,
And laid the body to repose
In Joseph's new-made tomb.

The Marys come with eager feet,
And bring for him their spices sweet,
But he has gone away.
But joy comes when they are aware
Of angels with a message there,
"The Lord has risen today!"

We, too, can bring our gifts of gold,
And frankincense, like those of old,
And worship at his feet.
We, too, may break our costly vase
Of ointment, filling all the place
With odors rare and sweet.

Jamesburg Young People Visit Walnut St., Newark

On Tuesday, November 14, a group of the Jamesburg, N. J., church entertained the young people of the Walnut St. Church of Newark, N. J. Since our splendid highways in New Jersey bring Jamesburg only about 35 miles from Newark they hired a bus and made the trip in an hour. After an inspiring message of Rev. Victor Prendinger who is the Visitation Secretary of the Y. P. U., the meeting was turned over to our guests.

"Farmer Brown's Conversion to the Doctrine of Stewardship" was presented in a 3 act play which was coached by Mrs. Peters (wife of Rev. C. Peters, pastor of the Jamesburg church). It was offered in a very amusing way and yet serious enough to make us see the need of stewardship in the church. Mrs. Grace Epp was pianist.

Those who made up the cast were the

following: Weston Ashman, Lillian Epp, Mrs. Cara Ziegler, Viola Peters, Alice Fowler, Mildred Kilburn, Albert Kilburn and Arthur Schroeder.

The attendance from the Jamesburg church numbered 22.

After the meeting games and refreshments were indulged in and we enjoyed a grand evening of fun and fellowship, bringing us closer together and strengthening the bonds of a real B. Y. P. U.

AUGUST G. BUERMANN.

Days of Refreshing at Canton, O.

It was my pleasure to assist Rev. Hilko Swyter and the church at Canton, O., from Nov. 12-19 in evangelistic services. I found a ready church, a religious atmosphere and a prayerful attitude. However, snowstorms and extreme cold made it difficult for people to get to church. In spite of these handicaps members and strangers came out night after night to hear the word of God. A message was given each evening in German from 7 to 7.30 o'clock, followed by fervent prayers. The English service followed in the main auditorium of the church.

Right from the outset it was evident, that the Lord was with us. On two occasions the greater part of the congregation and the pastor came forward and formed a circle and clasping hands ready to reconsecrate themselves anew to Christ and his church, while the evangelist offered an earnest, fervent prayer for pardon, peace and power. A husband, his wife and married son come forward and confessed the Lord. An excluded brother repented, asked forgiveness of God and went on his way rejoicing. Two Sunday school scholars too came forward ready to yield to the Lord Jesus Christ.

The pastor and people were filled with new hopes and aspirations for the future.

The writer found good care and Christian hospitality in the home of the pastor and much joy in contact with some of the members in their homes. On one evening Prof. J. Heinrichs, who now lives in Canton, O., came to the service and spoke encouragingly.

I have had several opportunities since my retirement in October to preach and am grateful that I can be a help to my brother ministers and to churches.

CARL A. DANIEL.

* * *

Whatever your special need may be, you may readily find some promise in the Bible suited to it. When you find such a promise, take it back to the promiser, and ask him to fulfil his word!—C. H. Spurgeon.

Minnesota German B. Y. P. U. & S. S. W. U.

The Young People's meeting of the State Association was held in conjunction with the 60th Anniversary program of the First Church, St. Paul, on Sunday afternoon, October 22, at 3 P. M. Miss Lena Bartel, president of the Union, presided at the meeting.

Everyone took part in the opening services by uniting heartily in a rousing song service, led by Miss Caroline Kiueger.

Devotions were led by Vernon Heckmann, First Church, St. Paul. Following this musical selections were rendered by a men's quartet from the Minneapolis church, and a piano and pipe organ duet was played by Dr. Arthur Stoekmann and Thusnelda Mueller.

The sermon for the afternoon was delivered by Rev. R. W. Babcock, who preached on "The Unlit Lamp." The message was very inspiring and touched the hearts of everyone present. Rev. Babcock stressed the importance of doing good deeds now and not waiting until it is too late. He also urged the non-Christians to follow the Lord now while they still have the opportunity, because some day the door will be shut and they will no longer be able to enter the Kingdom.

Following the address a musical selection was rendered by a men's quartet.

EDNA TUBBESING, Sec.

This Day of Youth

A good text for youth is Paul's exhortation to his young friend and collaborer in the Gospel, Timothy, to whom he writes in his last epistle: "Stir into flame the gift which is in thee" (2 Tim. 1:6). To this verse the "Christian Herald" adds the following helpful thoughts:

"Whenever a young person takes his religion seriously, his religion takes him, too. Usually, this results in the development of his character and powers.

"In these days of disillusionment concerning many men who recently wore the conventional labels of greatness, there is anxious thought being taken as to where we are to get new leaders, to fill the place of the old, who have failed so miserably.

"Obviously, we have come upon a day of rare opportunity. This old world is youth's for the remaking.

"Paul's word is timely. There are latent gifts in every youth: smoldering fires capable of blazing into greatness of service.

"We all might be so much more than we are! God's beautiful plans for us often fail because we will not co-operate. We refuse to stir into flame our gift."

* * *

The depression is like a postage-stamp; it has to be licked if it is going to be sent away.—Louisville Times.

Aunt Polly's Notions

Remembered by O. G. HERBRECHT,
Director of Young People's Work, Iowa
State Council of Religious Education,
Des Moines, Ia.

Aunt Polly's vine covered porch is quite a famous spot in Blue Water, Kansas. Please don't try to find that name on the map. It isn't there. But the town is there and so is Aunt Polly. She is past eighty now, has lived next door to the church all her life, and in spite of all the cares that come along in four score years, her mind is keen, her smile is happy, her heart is very sure of God. She is "Aunt Polly" to man, woman, and child in Blue Water—by blood or by adoption. Her vine covered porch holds the secret of many a heart ache. It is the city of refuge for the discouraged, the distressed, the disappointed, the weak, the fallen. Aunt Polly never "tells" and Blue Water knows it. There must be a tremendously optimistic faith in her soul, for with all the foibles of the neighbors in her bosom, her eyes remain untouched, kind, and trustful as the years go by.

Aunt Polly has "notions" as she calls them, and as she laughs at them. But some of us have discovered that these notions hold the sound wisdom of mature thought and the lifting strength of tremendous experience.

One day, sitting on her porch, just visiting, I saw the young minister of one of Blue Water's five churches coming. So did Aunt Polly and she laughed—a sort of inside chuckle that seemed to go clear to the outreaches of her ample personality and give her decided satisfaction. It was Aunt Polly's own particular laugh.

"Over at his church," she said, "they call him a Live Wire. Well, he acts like it all right. Watch him now. He'll swing his hat like a cowboy, grin clear across his face, stop and shake my poor old hand till it hurts, crack a joke, and hustle along to one of his million odd jobs."

And sure enough, Milton Porter did just those things—every one of them. Cordial, hearty, happy, energetic, the typical "hustler."

"Wonder what he was before he preached," continued Aunt Polly. "He'd make a dandy bond salesman, wouldn't he?"

"Well," I replied, "a young fellow like that certainly will make his church go. I'm told his Sunday school is just jumping ahead. The program of Christian education needs men like him."

I knew I was safe in talking Christian education to Aunt Polly. She was quite up-to-date. Her philosophy was "there's no fun in lagging behind." So she read much and her opinions were not the mere conversations of age.

"Y-e-e-s," she agreed slowly and uncertainly. "I guess so, though I'm not altogether sure—not so sure. Blue Water's a nice little creek, isn't it?"

I was a little surprised. It wasn't like Aunt Polly to switch the conversation so suddenly.

"Yes, but...."

This time she laughed out loud.

"You thought I was side-stepping, didn't you. Well, I'm not. Milton Porter reminds me of But Water. Down by Eiler's farm there isn't much water in the creek but it tumbles over a pile of rocks and you can hear the noise clear up to the house. But south of town here, where the creek runs under the railroad track it was deep enough to drown Steve Putnam's boy last year—and it didn't make any sound."

She paused significantly.

"Come, come, Aunt Polly," I remonstrated, "you're kind of hard on Milton Porter, aren't you? Everybody likes him...."

"I like him, too," she interrupted. "Can't help liking him. He's so friendly and so sincere. But he's like Blue Water just the same. Now, that wouldn't worry me much for I can stand him easy but there's getting to be so many like him it sort of scares me."

Evidently Aunt Polly had something on her mind, so I just let her go her own way.

"Last Christmas," Aunt Polly began again, "I was visiting my son Fred in the city and I passed a church with one of those electric sign boards out in front. On it was 'There'll be a big time in this church Christmas Day. Come around.' That hurt—'way down inside of me. It's just Blue Water tumbling over the rocks at Eiler's farm."

"You mean—shallow?" I suggested.

Aunt Polly nodded.

"I do and it's the biggest menace to the Church right now. The man that writes that kind of a sign preaches that kind of a sermon. His whole church is like that. His Sunday school is like that. If we keep up that sort of thing religion will just be the world's Big Noise. I'd a lot rather have for my pastor the man who first said, 'The Lord is in his holy temple, let all the earth keep silence before him' than the one who wrote that sign in the city. I've never had much education but I have a notion that a fellow's words are a pretty good index to the size of his soul. When a fellow holds his religion cheap he uses cheap words and when it's a big, wonderful thing to him, he uses big, wonderful words. We're putting 'rich,' 'deep,' 'beautiful,' 'holy' away in a cupboard along with the Ladies Aid silverware and using instead, 'clever,' 'snappy,' 'live,' 'hustling.' Somehow I can't think of Jesus as being a 'live wire' and the Sermon on the Mount being 'snappy lines.' He's bigger than that—he is beautiful, holy, more than anything we've got. Christian education ought to keep him so for our children. Can you tell me how with snappy language God is going to be anything more to our children than an Unusually Big Business Man?"

And I couldn't.

As I left Aunt Polly that morning and walked to the little depot for my train I thought long and hard about her "notion." It was worth thinking about.

Sometimes I, too, am desperately afraid we are not sinking our roots deep enough into God's soil. Just so we have some flowers when the neighbors do—and so we plant too close to the surface where the growth is rapid—and the decay is even more rapid.

In the field of Christian education, which holds the future of the Kingdom of God, our present emphases are so practical, so aggressive, so active. The achievement of proper pupil behavior seems the sole intent of the program. Indeed, it is so very much like the demand of the business world for daily "results" that we unconsciously adopt both its vocabulary and its technic. Yet is there not something to be said for the achievements of *spiritual graciousness and culture*? Is there not something beyond moral satisfactory behavior? In the academic world the scholar may be quite properly active in the schoolroom, and yet be socially a boor. In the moral and religious world one's behavior may be entirely acceptable as a citizen, yet his spiritual awareness and sensitiveness be utterly undeveloped.

One of the ancient singers, whose vision of the Lord was always so clear and holy and whose language was ever so well in keeping with that vision, has written,

"They that go down to the sea in ships
that do business in great waters....
These see the works of the Lord and his
wonders in the deep."

"Ships that do business in great waters!" They are not canoes or little sail boats, but big, deep-going vessels that cut the water far below the surface. Christian education should understand that "to see the works of the Lord and his wonders" is quite as important as to solve a human life situation.

Christian education has not forgotten it altogether. There is much commendable effort now apparent in behalf of a more worthy concept of God and self-expression toward him, through worship. Yet I am wondering if this is sufficient, or if there might not also be contained in the lesson materials more help toward this same end. I, personally, should like to see some of the great devotional materials of the Scripture in our youth lessons, materials for instance like some of the Psalms, exalting the Lord, comparing him with the mighty things of nature—the sea, the storm, the light, the fire, the everlasting hills. Isaiah saw "the Lord high and lifted up." Something of that exaltation would serve mightily in expanding the inner dimensions of modern youth.

It is, I take it, the business of Christian education to propagate and maintain the cause of Christianity, as well as to achieve moral character in life; to interpret every part of it to every part of the world. It seems easy to forget that it means interpret God as well as man. There are sore, dark hideous places in life that the healing hand of Jesus needs to touch, but the beauty of

(Continued on page 16)

KEZIAH COFFIN

JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

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(Continuation)

Chapter XXI

In which Mr. Stone Washes His Hands

Mr. Abner Stone, of Stone & Barker, marine outfitters and ship chandlers, with a place of business on Commercial Street in Boston, and a bank account which commanded respect throughout the city, was feeling rather irritable and out of sorts. Poor relations are always a nuisance. They are forever expecting something, either money—in Mr. Stone's case this particular expectation was usually fruitless—or employment or influence or something. Mr. Stone was rich, he had become so by his own ability and unaided effort. He was sure of that—often mentioned it, with more or less modesty, in the speeches which he delivered to his Sunday school class and at dinners of various societies to which he belonged. He was a self-made man and was conscious that he had done a good job.

Therefore, being self-made, he saw no particular reason why he should aid in the making of others. If people were poor they ought to get over it. Poverty was a disease and he was no doctor. He had been poor once himself, and no one had helped him. "I helped myself," he was wont to say, with pride. Some of his rivals in business, repeating this remark, smiled and added that he had been "helping himself" ever since.

Mr. Stone had "washed his hands" of his cousin, Keziah Coffin, or thought he had. After her brother Solomon died she had written to him, asking him to find her a position of some kind in Boston. "I don't want money, I don't want charity," wrote Keziah. "What I want is work. Can you get it for me, Abner? I write to you because father used to tell of what you said to him about gratitude and how you would never rest until you had done something in return for what he did for you."

Captain Ben Hall's kindness was the one thing Mr. Stone forgot when he said no one had ever helped him. He disliked to be reminded of it. It was a long while ago and the captain was dead. However, being reminded, he had called upon a friend in the tailoring line and had obtained for Keziah the place of sewing woman. She decided to become housekeeper at the Trumet parsonage and so notified him. Then he washed his hands of her.

But now he was compelled to soil them again. Keziah had appeared at his office, without warning, and demanded that he find her a position. "Demanded" was the proper word. Certainly she had not begged. She seemed to feel that her demand was right and proper, and his acceding to it the least he could do.

"What a fine place you've got here, Abner!" she said, inspecting the office

and the store. "I declare it's finer than the one you had when you first went into business, afore you failed. I wish father could have lived to see it. He'd have realized that his judgment was good, even though his investment wasn't."

Captain Hall had invested largely in that first business, the one which had failed. Mr. Stone changed the subject. Later in the day he again sought his friend, the tailor, and Keziah was installed in the loft of the latter's Washington Street shop, beside the other women and girls who sewed and sewed from seven in the morning until six at night. Mr. Stone had left her there and come away, feeling that an unpleasant matter was disposed of. He had made some inquiries as to where she intended staying, even added a half-hearted invitation to dinner that evening at his home. But she declined.

"No, thank you, Abner," she said, "I'm goin' to find a boardin' place and I'd just as soon nobody knew where I was stayin', for the present. And there's one thing I want to ask you: don't tell a soul I am here. Not a soul. If anyone should come askin' for me, don't give 'em any satisfaction. I'll tell you why some day, perhaps. I can't now."

This was what troubled Mr. Stone as he sat in his office. Why should this woman wish to have her whereabouts kept a secret? There was reason for this, of course. Was it a respectable reason, or the other kind? If the latter, his own name might be associated with the scandal. He wished, for the fiftieth time, that there were no poor relations.

A boy came into the office. "There is some one here to see you, Mr. Stone," he said.

"Who is it?"

"I don't know, sir. Looks like a seafaring man, a sea captain, I should say—but he won't give his name. Says it's important and nobody but you'll do."

"Humph! All right. Tell him to wait. I'll be out in a minute."

Sea captains and ship owners were Stone & Barker's best customers. The senior partner emerged from the office with a smile on his face.

"Ah!" he said, extending his hand. "Glad to see you, Captain—er—"

"Hammond," replied the visitor. "Same to you, Mr. Stone."

"Fine weather for this time of year."

"Fine enough, Mr. Stone."

"Well, Captain Hammond, what can we do for you? Going to sail soon?"

"Not right away. Just made port, less'n a week ago. Home looks good to me, for a spell, anyhow."

"So? Yes, I have no doubt. Let me see—where is your home, captain? I should remember, of course, but—"

"Don't know why you should. This is my first trip in your latitude, I guess. My home's at Trumet."

"Trumet?" Mr. Stone's tone changed. "Yes, Trumet, down on the Cape. Ever been there? We think it's about as good a place as there is."

"Hu-um! Trumet? Well, Captain Hammond, you wished to see me, I understand."

"Yes. Fact is, Mr. Stone, I want to ask you where I can find Mrs. Keziah Coffin. She's a relative of yours, I believe, and she's come to Boston lately. Only yesterday or the day afore. Can you tell me where she is?"

"Why do you wish to see her?"

"Oh, for reasons, personal ones. She's a friend of mine."

"I see. No, captain, I can't tell you where she is. Good morning."

Captain Nat was greatly disappointed. "Hold on there, just a minnte," he begged. "This is important, you understand, Mr. Stone. I'm mighty anxious to find Kezi—Mrs. Coffin. We thought, some of her friends and I, that most likely you'd know where she was. Can't you give us any help at all? Hasn't she been here?"

"Good morning, Captain Hammond. You must excuse me, I'm busy."

He went into the office and closed the door. Captain Nat rubbed his forehead desperately. He had almost been sure that Abner Stone would put him on Keziah's track. Grace had thought so, too. She remembered what the housekeeper had told concerning her Boston cousin and how the latter had found employment for her when she contemplated leaving Trumet, after her brother's death. Grace believed that Keziah would go to him at once.

Nat walked to the door and stood there, trying to think what to do next. A smart young person, wearing a conspicuous suit of clothes, aided and abetted by a vivid waistcoat and a pair of youthful but prominent side whiskers, came briskly along the sidewalk and stopped in front of him.

"Well, sir," observed this person, with cheerful condescension. "Anything I can do for you?"

Captain Nat turned his gaze upon the side whiskers and the waistcoat.

"Hey?" he queried.

"I say, is there anything I can do for you?"

The captain shook his head. "No-o," he drawled dryly, "I'm afraid not, son—I admit that don't seem scarcely possible, but I am afraid it's so."

"Looking for something in our line, was you?"

"Well, I don't know. What might be on your line—clothes?"

The bewhiskered one drew himself up. "I am connected with Stone & Barker," he said sharply. "And, seeing you standing in our doorway, I thought possibly—"

"Yes, yes. Beg your pardon, I'm sure. No, I don't want to buy anything. I come to see Mr. Stone on a personal matter."

"He's busy, I suppose."

"So he says."

The young man smiled with serene sat-

isfaction. "I'm not surprised," he observed complacently. "We are a busy house, Mr.—er—"

"Hammond's my name. Are you Mr. Barker?"

"No-o, my name is Prince."

"So? Silent partner in the firm, hey?"

"No-o, not exactly." Mr. Prince was slightly embarrassed. "No, I am a— a salesman—at present. Was the matter you wished to see Mr. Stone about a very private one?"

"M.ddlin'."

"Well, I asked because Mr. Stone is a busy man and we like to save him all the—the—"

"Trouble you can, hey? That's nice of you, you must save him a lot, Mr.—er—King, was it?"

"No, Prince."

"Sure and sartin', Prince, of course. I knew 'twas connected with the royal family. Well, Mr. Prince, I'm afraid you can't help me nor him out this time. I'm lookin' up a friend of mine, a widow lady from down the Cape. She's a relation of Mr. Stone's, and she's come to Boston durin' the last day or so. I thought likely he might know where she was, that's all. That would be a little out of your latitude, hey?"

"I don't know. The name wasn't Coffin, was it?"

Captain Nat started. "It certainly was," he answered eagerly. "How'd you know that?"

Mr. Prince's complacency was superb. "Oh," he answered with condescension, "Mr. Stone trusts me with a good many of his personal affairs."

"I should think likely he would. But about Mrs. Coffin? You was goin' to say?"

"She is with James Hallett & Co., the tailors, on Washington Street. Mr. Stone found a place for her there, I believe. I—er—er—superintended the carrying of her valise and— What?"

"Nothin', nothin'. Hum! Hallett & Co., tailors? What number Washin'ton Street did you say?"

Mr. Prince gave the number.

"Thank you a lot," said Captain Nat, with fervor. "Good-by, Mr. Prince. Hope the next time I come you'll be in the firm. Good day, sir."

"Hey?" Nat had started to go, but now he paused and turned. There was a grim twinkle in his eye. "Message?" he repeated. "Why, ye-es, I don't know but there is. You just give Mr. Stone Cap'n Hammond's compliments and tell him I'm lookin' forward to interviewin' him some time. Just tell him that, will you?"

"I'll tell him. G'ad to have met you, Captain Hammond."

The captain nodded solemnly. "Say, Mr. King," he said, "you ain't half so glad as I am."

Mr. Prince strutted into the store.

"Who was that chap you were talking with?" asked a fellow-clerk.

"Oh, a hayseed who wanted to see the old man. Poor relation, I guess. I headed him off. Stone is always telling us that time is money, so I saved both of

'em for him. He ought to thank me. Wouldn't be surprised if I got the raise I've been askin' for."

Mr. Prince did not get the raise, nor the thanks. But he was surprised.

In the workshop of Hallett & Co., Keziah sat sewing busily. The window near her was closed, stuck fast, and through the dingy panes she could see only roofs and chimneys. The other women and girls near her chatted and laughed, but she was silent. She did not feel like talking, certainly not like laughing. The garment she was at work on was a coat, a wedding coat, so the foreman had told her, with a smile; therefore she must be very particular.

She wondered idly whose coat it might be and who its future wearer was to marry. This reminded her of the minister and Grace. They would be happy now, her talk with Nat had assured her of that, and they, too, would be married one of these days. But she would not attend the wedding. She wondered what John had said when he read her note. He and Grace would be sorry for her, of course; but there was nothing they could do to help. No one could help her, no one. Perhaps by this time the man she had run away from had reached Trumet and her secret would be known. How Di'ama and the rest would spread the tale! How Captain E'kanah and Annabel would sneer and exult! They hated her because she was the minister's friend. And Nat, poor fellow, what would he do? Well, at least he would understand now.

The narrow stairway leading up to the workshop ended in a little boxed-in room where the finished garments were hung to await final pressing. From behind the closed door of this room came the sound of voices, apparently in heated argument. One of these voices was that of Larry, the errand boy. Larry was speaking shrilly and with emphasis. The other voice was lower in key and the words were inaudible.

"No, sir, you can't," declared Larry. "You can't, I tell you. The boss don't let anybody in there and— Hold on! Hold on!"

The other voice made a short but evidently earnest answer. Larry again expostulated. The workers looked up from their sewing. The door opened and Larry appeared, flushed and excited.

"Where's Mr. Upham?" he demanded. "Mr. Upham!"

Upham was the foreman of the workroom. At the moment he was downstairs in conversation with the head of the house. A half dozen gave this information.

"What's the matter? Who is it?" asked several.

"I don't know who 'tis. It's a man and he's crazy, I think. I to'd him he couldn't come in here, but he just keeps a'comin'.

He wants somebody named Coffin and there ain't no coffins here."

Keziah bent lower over the wedding coat. Her hand shook and she dropped the needle.

"I told him we didn't keep coffins," declared Larry. "This ain't no undertaker's. Where's Mr. Upham?"

Keziah's nearest neighbor leaned toward her.

"I guess it's somebody to see you," she said. "Your name is Coffin, ain't it?"

"No, no. That is, it can't be anybody to see me. I don't want to see anybody. Tell him so, whoever it is. I can't see anybody. I— Nat!"

He stood in the doorway, beckoning to her.

"Keziah," he said, "come here. I want you. I'll tell you why in a minute. Come!"

She hesitated. In a measure she was relieved, for she had feared the man at the door might be her husband. But she was greatly agitated and troubled. Everyone in the place was looking at her.

"Nat," she said, trying to speak firmly, "I can't see you now. I'm very busy. Please go away."

"Come!"

"I can't come. Go away. Please!"

"Keziah! I'm waitin'. And I'm goin' to wait if I stay here all night. Come!"

She obeyed then. She could not have a scene there, before all those strangers. She stepped past him into the little room. He followed and closed the door.

"Nat," she said, turning to him, "why did you come? How could you be so cruel? I—"

He interrupted her, but not with words. The next moment his arms were about her and she was pressed tight against the breast of his blue jacket.

"Keziah," he whispered, "I've come to take you home. Home for good. No, stay where you are and I'll tell you all about it. Praise be to God! we're off the rocks at last. All that's left is to tow you into port, and, by the everlastin', that's what I'm here for!"

When Upham came up the stairs after his long interview with "the boss," he found the door at the top closed. When he rattled the latch that door was opened by a stranger.

"Are you Mr. Hallett?" asked Captain Nat briskly.

"No, I'm not. Mr. Hallett is in his office on the first floor. But what—"

"On the main deck, hey? Well, all right; we won't trouble him. You'll do just as well; I judge you're one of the mates of this craft. You tell Mr. Hallett that this lady here has decided not to cruise with him any longer. No fault to find, you understand, but she's got a better berth. She's going to ship along with me. Ain't that so, Keziah?"

Keziah, pale, trembling, scarcely realizing the situation even yet, did not speak. But Captain Nat Hammond seemed to find his answer in her silence. A few minutes later, her arm in his, they descended the gloomy, dusty stairs, and emerged into the sunshine together.

That afternoon Mr. Abner Stone again "washed his hands" of his poor relation—this time, as he indignantly declared, "for good and all."

(Concluded in our next)

Christ Born In Me

MARY T. LATHROP

'Tis not enough that Christ was born
Beneath the star that shone,
And earth was set that morn
Within a golden zone.
He must be born within the heart,
Before he finds his throne,
And brings the day of love and good,
The reign of Christ-like brotherhood.

Rethinking Our Church Program

CHAS. F. ZUMMACH

The writer does not wish to pose as an authority on Religious Education, nor is this article intended to be a dissertation on the subject. It is merely an attempt to analyze the program of the church, in the light of past experience and our present situation, in so far as it pertains to religion and to worship:

It is always hard to break away from cherished traditions, whether it be in the realm of politics, economics, or morals. Every sphere of human activity and relationship has its "Tories," that ultra conservative element, which clings to the past with the tenacity of a leech. They feel that because certain methods have worked in the past, there is no reason why they should not work in the future, so "Why change?" It would be strange indeed, if religion should be an exception. Twenty-five years of preaching has taught the writer that every church, in every denomination, has within it those, whose opinions can perhaps be best summed up in the words of an old German hymn: "So war's, so ist's, so wird (or muss) es sein bei seiner heiligen Gemein'."

And Yet We Are Living in a Changing World

What tremendous changes have swept over the world within the last thirty years! Our whole social order has been completely revolutionized. And now, under the "New Deal," we are again "Rethinking" our whole economic order,—not in terms of "rugged individualism," or great profits for the few, but in terms of human needs, and the greatest good for the greatest number. We are beginning to realize that the teachings of Jesus are not merely beautiful sentiments, but fundamental principles, which must be translated into practice, if our civilization is to escape the abyss.

But when we enter the realm of religion, how tenaciously we cling to the old and established order of things. To many the very suggestion of a change seems sacrilegious. Why should this be? Christianity itself is the Product of the Greatest Religious Revolution

the world has ever known. While its fundamental truths have not changed with the centuries, again and again, it has been forced to change its methods to meet the changing conditions, and its ability to do so, has been its salvation in every crisis. That the church is pass-

ing through another crisis in its history, and that we are living in the period of transition, only the blind will deny. For a year we have been talking about "Rethinking Missions." Is it not about time we began to "Rethink" our whole church program? Is it meeting the needs of the day in which we live? If not, what can we do to make it so?

Nineteen hundred years ago the church was born. For almost eighteen hundred years, what education there was, both secular and religious, centered around the church. Not always was the church true to her divine mission. It was not long before the church became an end to herself, instead of a means to an end. The result was moral corruption and spiritual bankruptcy. Then

About 150 Years Ago the Sunday School Was Born

It originated outside of the church, and for a long time was carried on outside of the church, often in open opposition to the church. But as the circle of its influence enlarged it gradually drew nearer to the circumference of the church, until finally the circles met, and then interlocked. Still to this day, they exist for the most part as two separate and distant organizations, and separate institutions. While for the most part teachers of the Sunday school come from the rank and file of the church, and both meet in the same building, the Sunday school is still considered an entity within itself, managing and financing its own program, often without any supervision from the church itself, and sometimes even without any consideration for the church.

For some years there has been

A Growing Dissatisfaction

with this dualistic type of organization, where each part is separated from the other part, in the program of the church. Other organizations besides the Sunday school have contributed to this dissatisfaction. Too often, as the efficiency of these organizations increases, the gap between them and the church widens. Instead of all the activities radiating from the church like the spokes from the hub of a wheel, these have become planets, or even fixed stars, swirling around their own axis, with perhaps the church only as a sort of a center of their solar system.

About two decades ago some people began talking about

The Church School

instead of the "Sunday school." The name was to signify a new idea in the educational program of the church. Common sense demanded that there should be an end to this dualistic type of organization, and a unification of the whole church program. We realize that the Sunday school does not have a separate message, or a "Corner" on the educational program of the church, even though it does make a very distinctive contribution to that program. While any change of method and terminology is

bound to be opposed, many are panting for the refreshment which may come through an improvement in the program of the average church.

The Church is Concerned With the Religious Upbuilding of All Its Members

young and old, and the regeneration of the whole life. To this end the whole program of the church must make its contribution. This program of spiritual development far exceeds the scope of the work which can be done in the Sunday school alone. The records show that approximately two thirds of the conversions and additions to the church come from the Sunday school. This is the common boast of the Sunday school. But it only shows the credit side of the ledger. What about the debit side? Recent figures compiled by statisticians show that approximately 80% of the pupils in our Sunday school never join the church, and usually drop out after they have reached the age of twelve or so.

What is the reason for this? Let me mention just two. In the first place, a large number feel that they have graduated from the Sunday school at that age, and so immunized themselves to further religious instruction. Secondly, a large number of them may be found in the membership rolls of other churches. The reason for this is, that while the parents were perfectly willing to have the children attend our Sunday school while they were young, and perhaps because our church happened to be conveniently near, when the time came to join the church, they insisted that the children join the church to which their parents professed allegiance. The result is, that while the church had the burden and the care of these children while they were young, she was denied the reward of her labors, in the sharing of their lives when they grew up.

Two Reasons Might Be Cited for This Showing

The first is, we have insisted upon separating the Sunday school from the church proper, not alone in our practice, but also in our thinking. Primarily the Sunday school was organized to give religious instruction to children, whom the church had sadly neglected. The church had become an institution for adults. It still is to a large extent, and then we wonder why the young people are not more interested. Our conference and association programs are made up with only the interests of the older folks in mind, with perhaps an afternoon or evening set aside for the Sunday school and the young people. The marvel of it is, that the young people are interested at all. Where the language question enters in, it only tends to accentuate the difficulty, and widen the gap which exists between the two.

Secondly, because of this separation in our program for both institutions, the church and the school, there has developed an overlapping, if not even a conflicting element in the program of these institutions. Let me illustrate.

In Our Particular Church,

of which I happen to be the pastor, we have a very efficiently departmentalized Sunday school, thanks to the splendid work of my predecessor, the Rev. O. E. Krueger. Each department has its own assembly room, and its own program of worship. Some of these departments have a highly developed program of worship, lasting half an hour, and sometimes even more. Once a month the pastor gets round to these departments for a short "sermon." This worship period is followed by an half hour class period. Then there is a reassembling of the classes in their departments, and a closing exercise, usually followed by some sort of benediction, such as: "The Lord watch between me and thee, while we are absent one from another." Then comes the dismissal. The service is closed, and the youngsters feel at liberty to go home, having performed their religious duty for the day. And why should they not think so?

It is a Common Complaint

that young people do not attend church services as regularly as they should. (They might at that, if some older folks would set a better example.) But is the charge true? Have they not attended a church service? They had a worship period, special music, and a sermon by the teacher, and they cannot see why they should be expected to attend another. If they remained, they would get credit for attending only one church service, when as a matter of fact, they attended two.

In spite of this a larger number of young people remain for the morning service in our church, than is perhaps the case in many others, and I marvel at it. Some of the folks who come at 10.45 feel very self-righteous, because they are attending divine worship. They forget that a great many folks whom they censure for going home after Sunday school have attended an "early mass" at 9.30, and cannot see why they should be expected to attend "High Mass" at noon.

But all changes must be prompted by something more than the mere desire for something different. Unless we can suggest something definitely better, we had better leave well enough alone. But even the fact, that the new plan is better, is insufficient for its adoption, it must be practical, and must have within it the possibility of being carried out, as the circumstances in each community demand.

We offer as a solution for our problem what is known as

The Unified Church Program

We are not discussing it in all its phases at this time, but only in so far as it applies to the relationship of the Sunday school to the church. We lay no claim to originality for this idea, it has been the subject for discussion in many groups. But unless it is put into practice, discussion will get us nowhere. What is needed is pioneers, who are will-

ing to experiment with such a program, and thus give to the world the results of their experiments. What an opportunity for a glorious adventure!

In the first place, let us cease talking about "Sunday school commences at 9.30 and church services at 10.45," as if these two were two separate institutions, that had nothing in common, except that they meet in the same building. Instead, let us rather say:

"Our Church Program Begins at 9.30"

The first part of this program (or the latter part, where the Sunday school is ordinarily held after the church service) is the study period of the church service. Those who fail to be there for that period are late, just as much as if they ambled in after the choir had sung the second anthem. The devotional or worship period of this part of the program ought to be kept at the minimum, including all special music, and other features. The main emphasis should be placed upon the class study period.

The Best Course of Study

for such a program is a graded lesson course for all departments. The International Uniform Lessons are an anachronism, which have outlived their usefulness. All attempts to adapt the same lesson to the mind of the infant and the adult are a failure. At the close of the study period the classes should assemble, —not in their department,—but in the church auditorium, for the next period in their program, the worship period of the church. Where the facilities permit, the primary and other younger children should be gathered for junior church service. The others should unite with the older folks in the worship service of the church. There would be no dismissal, till the final benediction is pronounced. Granting that the study period closed at 10.15, the whole church services, including the whole program for the morning, would be over by 11.30. They tell us, two hours is "too long for children," yet these same children sit for three hours at a time in the public schools.

What Are the Advantages of This Plan?

In the first place the children would be made to feel that they did not only have a part in the Sunday school, but in the very worship services of the church itself.

Secondly, they would be made to feel, that they are not merely a part of the Sunday school, but would consider themselves a part of the church itself, into whose full membership and fellowship they could come by their acceptance of Christ as their Savior and the ordinance of baptism.

In the third place, and this is important, it would link up the adult membership of the church with the whole church program, instead of confining them to the worship services of the church. A full, rounded out, religious program would be offered every member, old and young every Sunday, instead of a lopsided one, as is now too often the case. We know

This Plan Will Meet With Opposition

To many it will seem revolutionary. Preachers will oppose, if for no other reason than that it will compel them to change the character of their preaching. Instead of indulging in the customary theological discussions, to suit the tastes of older folks, they will have to learn to think in terms of youth of today. These theological discussions could be carried on in the class period, under the leadership of the pastor. The same is true where a German element makes the use of that language desirable.

Sunday school officers and executives will oppose it, because it will seem to detract from the work and glory of the Sunday school. But what are we working for? Is the Sunday school an end unto itself, or a means to an end?

Can we truthfully say, that our work is a success when three fourths of the pupils never join the church? Do we not see, that if the church is to continue, we must make the children church conscious? In cases where strong home ties bind the families to the church, this is comparatively easy, but where the children come from homes that have no church connection, this is exceedingly difficult. A unified church program would solve this difficulty. May we have the wisdom to see it!

"What's the Use?"

A young man ran for the legislature of Illinois, and was badly swamped.

He next entered business, failed, and spent 17 years of his life paying up the debts of a worthless partner.

He was in love with a beautiful woman to whom he became engaged—then she died.

Entering politics again, he ran for Congress and was badly defeated. He then tried to get an appointment to the United States land office, but failed.

He became a candidate for the United States Senate and was badly defeated.

He became a candidate for the vice-presidency, and was once more defeated.

One failure after another—bad failures—great setbacks, THEN he became one of the greatest men of America—Abraham Lincoln.—*Author unknown.*

Helpfulness can not be standardized. Giving until it hurts is not a true measure of charity. Some are easier hurt than others.—*Toledo Blade.*

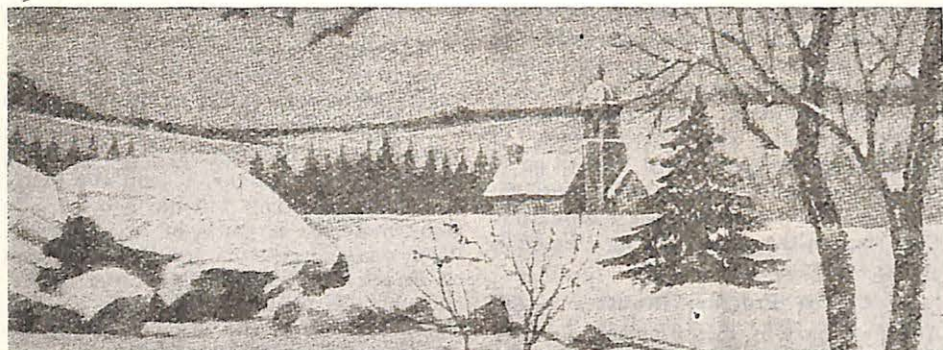
Still Hope

The young actress had married and was confronted with the problem of preparing her first meal.

The soup and meat came out of tins, so they were comparatively successful. But when she produced the sweet she looked glum.

"These are supposed to be pancakes, dear," she said, "but I think they're a ghastly frost."

"O," said her husband, encouragingly, "don't say that until we've tried them on the phonograph."



The Fruit of the Tree

WILLIAM MERRIAM ROUSE

All along the river road folks called Esau Unger meaner than quack grass and twice as aggravating. Quack grass just hogged the goodness out of the land and said nothing, but when Unger took what lay to his hand he made a noise about it, brzenly, and a jest of his victim. Unger knew those things that were said about him, and cared not. They were never said to his bristling beard, both because of his ruthless strength and his power in money, and it gave him satisfaction that men did not dare to speak their minds.

On the morning before Christmas Unger sat by the stove in his comfortable kitchen and worked a new pair of laces into the high rubber shoes that went on over his thick leggings of felt. It was just after breakfast and Martha Unger, worked lean and somewhat submissive by twenty years of Esau, moved from table to kitchen sink, clearing away the dishes. Esau knew, although she had not spoken, that there was something in her mind, seeking for words. He was ready to put a stop to it for, to his thinking, almost anything that his wife might suggest would be foolishness.

"I'm going to chop on the spur of the mountain today," he said after a time. "You might as well put me up some lunch—it's a waste of time to come back for a warm dinner."

"Yes, Esau."

Martha spoke in her most conciliating tones as she turned hurriedly from the dishes and began to prepare the lunch. Esau gave barely enough thought to her to realize that she was on the point of broaching some unwelcome subject. Working in a stiff pair of new leather laces was an important matter.

"Tomorrow's Christmas," said Martha in a voice that was a trifle strained.

"Uh-huh."

"The church folks in the village is planning to do quite a little this year." "Then the fools ain't all dead yet." He spoke calmly, but with the strength of a conviction that had been his until it had become a part of his life.

"The women are a-going to try and give a Christmas tree to each one of the families around here that can't afford it." She hurried her words a little. "Some is going to furnish one thing, and some another."

"Encouraging shiftlessness," commented Esau as he stamped his feet into the rubber shoes.

"I thought maybe I might be able to give a tree." She turned and faced him, unconsciously twisting up a bit of apron in her work-hardened fingers. "One of that little clump of young spruces up in the back pasture would do first class. They a'n't good for nothing else."

Esau grunted and stood up. In spite of his contempt for Martha's notions these rare scenes were unpleasant to him. They made him feel as if his wife thought he was not a good provider. He knew that he was. Martha Unger never wanted for the best food and the warmest clothes.

"I need all them trees to make sled stakes out of," he said shortly.

Martha's lip quivered. It irritated him that it should be necessary to say anything about the matter, but he waited for her to speak.

"It does seem as though you might spare one, Esau. I was figuring on fixing mine up for Nahum Phinney's family. His wife ain't well and they's six young'uns and I don't believe they've got more'n enough to eat, if they have that much."

"That good-for-nothing little runt!" Esau snorted out the words. "I hadn't ought to of rented him fifty acres last fall. The first quarter of rent is due today, but he won't never be able to pay it, and if he don't—"

Esau paused abruptly as he put on his Mack'naw jacket and took the lunch pail from his wife. He feared she would guess what he had left unsaid, and his fear was justified.

"It wouldn't just seem Christian to turn him out of his house in this kind of weather, Esau," she protested. Martha had struck on the two subjects most powerful, just then, to stir Esau to wrath—Christian and Nahum Phinney. He turned, with his hand on the door knob, and g'ared down from his six feet three of self-sufficient strength.

"Christian!" he grunted. "Tomfoolery! Your Christianity is like spoon vittles—rushy and soft for them that's too old and too young to eat regular. It ain't for men and women; not if they've got any sense. Christmas and Christian and Nahum Phinney go together!"

"That don't make no difference!" Martha had flared up at last. "The Phinneys is human critters jest like we be!"

"Human nuisances!"

He swung out of the house, his cap brushing the top of the doorway. He was too big to be deeply angry with a woman, but he was disgusted. Every year at Christmas Martha was taken with notions more or less like this. He honestly tried to make allowances for her, and that was more than he did for any other living being.

Unger stopped at the woodshed and picked up an ax, curling two fingers around the very tip of the helve. Then he raised his arm slowly and held the ax out straight. There were few men in the township who could do that. Suddenly he lowered the ax and turned at the sound of footsteps crunching over the hard snow. He was a little abashed that anyone should have caught him at his prideful display of strength, but when he saw the peaked face and the stooping shoulders of Nahum Phinney his embarrassment turned to anger.

Phinney came up and stood before him for all the world like a scared rabbit. Unger thought. He looked scornfully down at the smaller man, who was p'ainly suffering from the intense cold despite many wrappings of patched clothes. Phinney dispensed with the customary greetings and remarks about the weather.

"I come over to see about my rent, Mr. Unger," he said nervously. "I sold my hay all right enough, but they ain't come for it on account of the deep snow. Maybe next week they can draw it and then I'll have a check that is jest as good as cash money. I'll turn it right over to you and I can cut wood enough to pay the rest inside of a month, certain sure!"

Although he had no leaning toward mercy, Esau Unger reflected a moment before rep'ying, for Mrs. Unger and Phinney together had stirred him to thought on a matter that ordinarily he would have settled mechanically. The world was full of Nahum Phinneys, never more than holding their own and often needing help. They were a drag on the strong.

"The rent is due today," said Unger. "If you can't pay it you'd better pack up and move tomorrow, like a man, instead of whining about it."

"But tomorrow is Christmas!" Phinney's eyes widened with growing apprehension.

"It's the twenty-fifth of December!" corrected Unger grimly.

Phinney swallowed two or three times and fumbled his hands together.

"Little Emmy, one of my young'uns, is sick," he said, rather dragging the words. "She was getting kind of worse when I left home and it don't seem like it would be right for to make us get out and move with a sick young'un on Christmas."

It was the reiteration of Christmas that further hardened Unger. Otherwise he might have yielded a few days in order to be rid of the matter and get to work.

"I didn't make the young'un sick, did I?" He threw the ax over his shoulder preparatory to moving away. "Tain't

my fault you ain't more forehanded, is it?"

Phinney made Unger think more and more of a rabbit. Now, as he struggled with some inward difficulty, he looked like a rabbit that had just been shot.

"Won't you please—?"

"No!"

If Phinney had stood up and defied Esau Unger, the little man would have been physically safe and he might possibly have won his case. It was not in Unger's code to strike a man smaller than himself, and he liked grit. But this weakness made his stomach turn.

"Why didn't you look ahead?" he demanded. "A feller that's renting a farm is a naturally shiftless cuss or he wouldn't be renting—he'd own the place. Why be I well-fixed? Because I pay every dollar the day it's due! And I calculate to make other folks do the same. I ain't asking no favors and I ain't giving none. Them's my principles!"

He wheeled sharply and walked away without once looking back. His Mackinaw jacket was flapping open and he drew deep breaths of air. To him the clear cold was a stimulant and he wanted to breathe out the feeling that Christianity and Christmas and Nahum Phinney had raised in him. He ploughed upward through the snow that covered his fat acres to the foot of Old Roundtop, rising in somber grays and greens against the winter sky. Between him and the mountain there was understanding.

Unger halted at the base of one of the steep sides of the spur, covered with sturdy second- and third-growth timber. He was chopping primarily for firewood but he planned to cut the ground over clean, selling the larger and better grown trunks for lumber. In a moment his jacket and mittens were off. Then, bracing himself at the foot of a young maple, he swung his ax in a long arc, with all the power of his taut muscles, and sent its blade deep into the body of the tree. The ax had hit in almost to the helve. Two skilful jerks tore it loose and again it came glittering down. This time the chips flew and a clean, wedge-shaped cut appeared. A day's work was well begun.

A few minutes later the maple tottered and Unger stood aside as it went crashing through the undergrowth. Dripping with sweat but breathing evenly, he took no rest. He worked up the slope, chopping out underbrush when he had to and sending tree after tree swaying mightily downward to await either the chains or the log team or the process of working up into four-foot lengths.

Well up the side of the spur there was an oak of considerable size, forking out in two branches not far from the base. The axman set himself to it with a certain zest in the conquering of its thickness, but it was some time before he stood proudly back and looked at a deep notch scarring into the heart of the downhill side. On the upper side there was another and smaller notch, with its apex higher in the trunk. A few more well-placed blows, struck with a good arm, would bring the tree down.

Unger took a fresh grip and swung his ax. The first blow sent a quiver throughout the length of the oak. At the second there was an ominous snap and a chorus of little cracking noises. For the third time he drove his steel downward. Then came a mighty rending of wood and Unger, snapping the ax free, locked upward.

He saw death coming down upon him. He had chopped, accurately enough, to fell the tree straight down the slope, but one of the great branches had caught in the top of a smaller tree and swung the oak out of its course just as it tottered over. Unger sprang backward, and might have saved himself had it not been for the stump of a little bush, no bigger than a man's finger, that he had lopped off not half an hour before. His foot caught; he tripped and fell and rolled over, with the roar of the falling tree like an avalanche of sound against his ears. As the man's muscles tensed for a desperate spring, it seemed that the heavens and earth thundered together. The breath went out of his body in one gasp.

Esau Unger, face downward in the snow, tried to rise and could not. On his back and loins there was a weight that mocked him. He twisted and wriggled, digging his bare hands into the snow, until he could turn his head and glance upward. The rough trunk of the oak loomed above; a little hollow in the ground had saved Unger's life. His body lay wedged into this depression by a weight that, given a few more inches to fall, would have crushed flesh and bones to pulp. He could move his legs and arms but otherwise he was held powerless, save that by great expense of strength he was able to lift his head and shoulders just a little way.

Unger was not hurt so far as he could tell, but at the end of a few seconds his feeling of relief passed. It was no small matter to be pinned down by a tree. His hands grew cold and it was only after considerable exertion that he drew them together and washed his stiffening fingers in snow. A sudden chill went through him and he remembered that a flannel shirt and undershirt were all his protection against a temperature well below zero. The heat and exercise had passed and sweat was congealing in his hair. Already there was a mound of ice along his beard. Grudgingly he admitted to himself that it was necessary to call for help, only to realize, with cold striking into his heart, that there was no one to hear.

The nearest house was Esau Unger's own, down on the river road, and beyond that lay the house that Phinney rented. The strongest voice could not reach to either of them from the mountain side. He had told Martha not to expect him for midday dinner. At best a searching party could not be expected until well into the evening and Unger knew that he would be frozen long before nightfall. He was no coward, but at the thought of death creeping slowly upon his helpless

ness he raised his voice and bellowed a call for help that went echoing away from the granite cliffs of Old Roundtop. Again and again he shouted and the echoes drifted back in feeble cries.

Unger was not beset by panic and after a little time he ceased to call out and began to struggle, for if there were any chance of getting free it behooved him to find it before his strength waned. Long since sensation had left his feet and now his fingers were growing numb. He raised himself, turtle-wise, and pulled and jerked at his cumbered body. The muscles knotted across his shoulders and he strained until faintness touched him, but it was all without result. He dropped back and lay panting with his face against the snow.

That desperate effort for freedom had taught the imprisoned man one thing. He could keep alive as long as he had strength to struggle, for the exercise had stirred his blood again. So he began to twist and squirm and in that way worked up a little glow of heat. It seemed to him that he had been rolling his head and working his arms for indefinite years when a dead branch cracked. Unger braced himself to the difficult task of lifting his head. Nahum Phinney was standing on snowshoes twenty feet away, watching his writhings.

For a brief time the men looked at each other in silence. At first Unger was in a measure stunned by the shock of sudden deliverance, and then his heart misgave him that perhaps this was not deliverance at all. For Phinney did not speak or stir. He stood and looked. Something of disinterestedness in his air chilled the man on the ground more than the cold. But although Unger was shaken and part of his contempt for Phinney returned.

"Get me out, man!" he ordered. "I'm almost froze! Can't you see what's happened?"

Nahum Phinney did not move. He continued to look down at Unger with blank, expressionless eyes.

"Little Emmy's purty sick and I'm hurrying 'cross lots to the village after the doctor," he explained. "Don't believe I got time to get you out, Mr. Unger. It would take quite a spell."

Esau Unger gasped with astonishment. He had never besought help of any man before; but never before had he been unable to help himself. For a moment he hardly knew what to say.

"You ain't going to leave me here?" he asked. "I'll die!"

"You knowed the tree was going to fall, didn't you?" Phinney looked almost accusing.

"Course I did," growled Unger. "It twisted round and then I stumbled over a cussed root."

"It ain't my fault you wa'n't more foresighted, is it? I didn't put the root there, did I?"

Suddenly Esau Unger realized that he was being mocked with words out of his own mouth, and by a little man whom he mentally compared to a rabbit. He was not so angry as he might have been,

for cold and dread had worn him down. Then, too, there was amazement at the failure of his own self-sufficiency. So it was not hard to speak calmly.

"You ain't mad about this morning, be you?" He made an attempt to laugh. "Well, the joke's on me, all right. You get me out of here and you can have all the time you want making that payment; say, two or three months, if you got to have it."

He expected that this would settle the matter.

"Much obliged, Mr. Unger, but I don't want no time. The little man's voice droned monotonously. "I saw Peter Sayre after I left you and I'm figuring to move on to his place tomorrow—Christmas. I ain't asking no favors and I ain't giving none."

Phinney stooped and carefully retied the thong that bound one of his snowshoes. Unger struggled with a growing belief that the other intended to leave him to die. He would have to beg, but it was a bitter pill to swallow.

"Phinney," he began, "I—I'm kind of scrry about this morning. Mebbe I ought to have been easy on you. Tell you what I'll do—I'll give you a hundred dollars, cash money, to get this tree off me!"

Then Nahum Phinney straightened up and increased in stature until he was no longer like a rabbit. With blazing eyes he pointed one mittened hand at Unger.

"You ain't fit to live!" he thundered. "You ain't as good as that tree you jest cut down! A tree don't go agin its kind like you do. What's God or Christmas or kindness to you? You was going to turn my sick baby out doors like I wouldn't turn a sick dog out! It's wuth more to get the doctor quick for my little Emmy than it is to he'p a feller such as you be! God Almighty ain't got no use for critters that turns sick babies into the snow! I ain't neither! Ye can freeze!"

Phinney turned and started off with swinging strides. Unger, dazed and sickened and despairing, listened as the flap of snowshoes grew fainter and finally died away. He was doomed. A groan of impotence and self-pity shook him. Then the meaning of all that Nathan Phinney had said began to take shape in his mind until it stood out as sharp and clear as the snow crystals before his eyes. For the first time in his life he wondered if God and such things did make a difference.

Unger did not know whether minutes or hours were passing, but he lay quietly and waited for the end that he could feel descending upon him. He was too weak to struggle now. He did not b'ame Phinney much. His greatest concern was for Martha, his wife, and that concern took hold upon trivial things. It must have hurt her when he compared Christianity to "spoon vittles," for that was the most contemptuous comparison he knew how to make. There were other things, also, and so full was his mind that when the flap of snowshoes first came to his ears

he doubted that the sound was real. Then his head was lifted and the voice of Nahum Phinney spoke in its accustomed tones.

"I'm awfully sorry, Mr. Unger," it said. "I didn't understand jest what I was a-doing, going off and leaving a human being like that. It was an awful mean thing to do and I hope you won't lay it up agin me. It wa'n't Christian, nohow."

Esau Unger said not a word as Phinney spread a coat beneath his head. The pinioned man was trembling from cold and exhaustion, but these were not what kept him silent. He was thinking with a kind of awe of the thing that had brought Phinney back to the aid of an enemy when his child lay ill. This thing would have been foolishness to him a few hours before but now it began to take hold upon his feelings and slowly upon his understanding.

"It ain't nigh so bad as I figured, Mr. Unger," announced Phinney cheerfully, as he pulled off his mittens and p'cked up the ax. "You jest keep your courage up and I'll have you out in two shakes. Ain't no bones broke, be they?"

"No," answered Unger. Phinney's p'atter of encouragement was wonderfully grateful to him and he marveled at his own thoughts. Christmas and Christianity and Nahum Phinney went together he had said to his wife that morning. Now he remembered the words with astonishment at their meaning. He heard the chug of the ax with a warmth in his heart for the despised little man.

Talking and working with equal rapidity, Phinney, now freed from his snowshoes, kicked the snow away from the limb between Unger and the fork. Then he put down the section of a thick branch that he had cut and over it worked the end of a strong pole until that end was well under the limb that held Unger imprisoned. It acted as a perfect lever.

"If I was as big and strong as you be, I'd jest take one hand to this and pull you out with the other," chattered the rescuer, "but I ain't, nowhere near. 'Spose you can crawl out when I pry on the limb, Mr. Unger?"

"Yes," replied Esau Unger, and shut his teeth with the grim realization that he must drag himself out or most likely perish. Phinney threw his s'ral weight and strength on to the end of the lever; the limb yielded and moved upward ever so little, and Unger, digging his c'umps of hands into the snow, prayed for the first time in all his life for that which he had believed was his inalienable strength. His great arm and breast muscles contracted. Slowly his body moved while the little rabbit-like man, at the end of the pole, bore down and panted and clawed for a foothold in the snow. Unger drew himself up on his hands and knees only to fall down again. But he was free.

It was minutes before Esau Unger could stand upright, and half an hour before he could walk without an arm flung over the shoulder of Nahum Phin-

nel, who had continued to gossip cheerfully.

"You better change all your clothes jest as soon as you get home, Mr. Unger," he advised, "and soak your feet in mustard water tonight. If it wa'n't for little Emmy I'd go clear home with you. I'd jest as lief go anyway, if you want me."

"You hustle right along after that doctor!" ordered Unger with a touch of his old manner.

"Well, I guess mebbe I'd better," replied Phinney.

He hurriedly bound on his snowshoes and started up the slope of the spur.

"Much obliged, Nahum!" Unger called. "A'm'ghty much obliged!"

Phinney turned and waved his hand; and there was something in his face that the other had not seen before.

Unger tightened the belt of his jacket and went down toward the valley that he had thought he would never see again. The chill was rapidly going from him and his blood warmed. He drew deep, grateful breaths as he climbed the fence into the back pasture. There at hand stood the c'ump of spruces, one of which Martha had wanted to make a Christmas tree for Nahum Phinney's children.

Esau struck off a tree with a blow and went toward home with the green limbs dragging behind him in the snow. Sight of the kitchen door was pleasant and he remembered that Martha had wanted to have it painted the fall before. He felt sorry that he had not let her buy the paint; and, as he made ready to go into the kitchen, he carefully kicked the snow from his feet.

Martha Unger had just finished baking and Esau glimpsed many brown loaves and fat pies on the pantry broadshelf. His wife turned from the stove and gazed at him.

"What happened?" she cried. "What brought you home at this time of day and all over dirt?"

"Nothing much," he answered awkwardly. "I brought down the Christmas tree for the Phinney yung'uns."

"Good land!" The pie knife slipped out of her hand and rattled to the floor.

"Jest as quick as I change my c'ot'es," he went on doggedly, "I want you to pack up some pies and truck and go over to Nahum Phinney's with me. Might take along a hunk of beef, too. One of the little gals ain't very well and Nahum's gone for the doctor."

Martha Unger sat down limply in a chair.

"Esau Unger, you're sick!" she cried. "You better go right straight to bed."

"I ain't sick, neither!" Esau bristled, but he avoided his wife's eyes. "Ain't a man got a right to help his neighbors, I'd like to know? Ain't they human critters, jest like us?"—American Forests.

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The old effort used to be to keep the boys on the farm. The new problem is how to keep the boys on the farm after they have come back brcke from where they've been.—Boston Herald.

Christmas Packages

J. LILIAN VANDEVERE

Packages, packages,
Square, round and flat.
You wonder what's in this one,
And guess what's hid in that.

Packages, packages,
With shining silver bows,
But what is tucked inside of them
Not anybody knows.

Packages, packages,
They're wrapped for Christmas Day,
And best of all the packages
Are those you give away.

The Saskatchewan and Alberta Tri-Union

The second annual session of our Saskatchewan and Alberta Tri-Union was held with the friendly and hospitable church of Burstall, Oct. 22-23. Owing to the heavy snowfall many of our members and friends could not come for this meeting.

Sunday morning we had our Sunday school as usual, led by the local superintendent.

At 7.30 Sunday evening we gathered for the B. Y. P. U. program, which was led by the young people's president of Burstall. Bro. Gust Straus read Psalm 148, 12, 13. Bro. Straus extended heartiest greetings to all, Rev. J. Weinbender responding. The evening was well spent. The young folks entertained with recitations, songs, etc. Bro. Krunwald gave a short address.

The Monday morning session was opened with prayer meeting, led by Bro. Alex. Huva, who spoke on Acts 16:23-33.

The Union president, Rev. J. Weinbender, opened the business meeting. The delegates numbered 25, of which 9 were from Glidden and the others from Burstall and nearby stations. During this

meeting the officers for the coming year were elected as follows: President, Rev. J. Weinbender; vice-president, A. E. J. Weinbender; secretary, Ed. Strauss; treasurer, Phil. Serr; pianists, Mrs. Julia Urner, and Gus Schatz, Jr.; Sunday School Director, Fred Hoffmann; Young People's Director, Rev. H. Schatz; Music Director, also Rev. H. Schatz. The officers present were greeted by song. We wish them God's richest blessing.

In spite of severe weather and with only a few present we were not discouraged. Our Master, the Lord Jesus, says, "Where two or three are gathered in my name I will dwell amongst them."

Those were blessed hours we spent with the members and friends at Burstall, whom we greatly thank for their kindness. May God repay you hundred-fold! We hope there will be more of our young folks with us next year.

ALEX. HUVA.

• • •
Try to know yourself before you try to know the other fellow.

Saskatchewan Tri-Union at Edenwald

The second conference of the Saskatchewan Tri-Union, representing the Young People's Union, Sunday School workers and choirs of the German Baptist churches, was held at Edenwald, Sask., from October 25-30.

Owing to snowstorms and blocked roads the first meetings were poorly represented. Only 32 delegates were present from eight churches out of 16 belonging to the Tri-Union.

The convention was opened on Wednesday evening by Rev. J. Kepl, the local minister. Rev. A. Felberg delivered the opening sermon on "Three Steps in Acknowledging Christ," Eph. 1:18, 19. Rev. A. Felberg responded to the greetings given by Rev. J. Kepl.

On Thursday morning, after the devotional, President Felberg took charge of the business session. The roll call was taken of the different churches and all those present answered with Bible verse or song. Rev. J. Kepl read the reports from the different Young People's Unions, followed by a discussion. Rev. Kepl also told how the young people can promote missionary work. Rev. A. Felberg gave a talk on "The Christian Youth and the Drift of Our Times."

Thursday afternoon the song service was led by Willie Kramer. Bible school business was discussed. It was decided to hold two Bible schools this coming winter; one in Edenwald for two weeks, commencing on November 13, and one in Nokomis for six weeks, starting in February. Rev. J. Kepl gave an essay on "Promoting Christian Life Among Young People," which was followed by an earnest discussion.

Thursday evening Rev. G. Schroeder was the speaker. His topic was "The Holy Ghost and Ourselves," from Acts 15:28. The mass choir and the local choir both sang.

On Friday morning a short service was led by Rev. J. Kepl; subject, "Service According to the Example of Christ," John 13, 10, 11, 30. Sunday School Director, H. Fenske, Nokomis, gave his report as received from the Sunday schools. E. A. Litwin, Director of Music, then followed with his report from the choirs belonging to the Tri-Union. The president then read greetings from our young people's friend, F. W. Benke, Wetaskiwin, Alta. The conference voted to return hearty greetings. Six judges were appointed to decide the awarding of prizes in the competition held on Friday evening. Rev. A. Felberg talked on "The Blessing of Christian Songs in the Church."

Friday afternoon the meeting was opened by Rev. B. Belheimer, Southey. The newly elected officers are: President, Rev. A. Felberg; vice-president, Christian Rumpel, Balgonie; secretary, E. A. Litwin, Nokomis; treasurer, Miss Anna Kepl, Regina; Young People's Director, Rev. J. Kepl; Music Director, Rev. G. Schroeder, Ebenezer; Sunday School Di-

rector, H. Fenske, Nokomis; organists, Anne Kepl and Mrs. F. Brucker, Edenwald. After the election, Rev. G. Schroeder spoke on "Joys and Sorrow in Our Sunday School Work." A duet was given by two Regina girls.

Friday evening we had our program. Each church represented was entitled to give three numbers. The church was well filled and the program was enjoyed by all.

On Saturday morning the president announced the decision of the judges as follows: Sunday school division, Nokomis, first prize; Regina, second, and Davin, third. Young People's Union division, Regina, first prize, Edenwald, second, and Nokomis, third. Music and choir division, Nokomis, first prize, Regina, second, and Ebenezer East, third. Rev. A. Belheimer gave an essay on "Music in the Church."

On Sunday the Sunday school had its session under the direction of C. Rumpel. Several visitors spoke to the school. Rev. G. Schroeder preached in the morning service. His text was Isaiah 6:8. "Whom shall I send and who will go for us?" Several quartets and choir songs were rendered. The combined collections for the week amounted to \$53.60.

At the closing meeting on Sunday afternoon each officer gave a five-minute speech. Each minister present gave a ten-minute talk on the subject "Christ Our Victory." A resolution of thanks from the committee was read by Sarah Milner.

The visitors all went home carrying a blessing and hoping for a better year. The next conference will be held at Ebenezer East in 1934.

RUDOLPH KURTZ,

* * *

What a glorious creed! My soul, is it thine?—J. R. MacDuff.

Tasmania: "Campaign of Positive Evangelism"

The Baptist Union of Tasmania is marking its centenary year, 1934, by initiating a "Campaign of Positive Evangelism" along the general lines of the Discipleship Campaign in England. District committees and other organizations are being set up. Recently branch churches have been founded in some districts of Tasmania, and a reorganization of the Home Mission work is taking place, which it is hoped will accelerate church extension in the Island.

Points of View

Poverty asked, "Will it cost too much?"

Mammon asked, "Will it pay?"
And scholarship, "Is the measure wise,
And are you sure of the way?"
Statesmanship, "Can we find the time
To finish before the night?"
But when the seeker had heard them
all,

He only asked, "Is it right?"

—Marguerite Bigelow.

Aunt Polly—

(Continued from p. 7)

that hand, the wondrous fairness of himself, the glory of his holiness—these also must find their place in the heart of the world.

The present tendency in popular religious vocabulary reveals a startling poverty of soul—a terrible bareness of its walls. We do not use great words because we have no great things in our heart. When a ten-year-old boy tells the story of David and calls him "that little guy" we say he is clever. When a great evangelist says "O Lord, lambest these old soaks" we crowd the hall, tickled at his familiarity with the Deity.

American Protestantism needs spiritual enrichment, a renaissance of respect for the dignity of God, for the authority of his Word, for the beauty of his holiness.

Aunt Polly's notion is right, it seems to me.—Int. Journal of Religious Education.

Scattered Notes and News Items

DR. J. H. RUSHBROOKE,

General Secretary, Baptist World Alliance

Russia: Serious Need of Help

The general situation today is, that in spite of a good harvest in parts of the country, famine conditions are widespread. Tens of thousands of letters, as well as direct testimony, furnish proof of the deep need.

All that can be done from abroad is to concentrate upon the help of individuals. Anything like a general relief scheme for Russia would be impossible; nor is there clear and unquestioned evidence that it is necessary. The motive of relief efforts must be that of brotherly love, and the object the person or family whose want has become known. Christian workers, including those of our own denomination, are in exceptional need.

The methods of help are the sending of food packets, or sending of foreign currency to the *Torgsin* establishments from which food can be obtained in exchange.

Lithuania: New Organization

Baptist work in Lithuania is of comparatively recent growth. Until the present year it has been carried on by a provisional committee of co-operation. Now, however, a firmly organized union has been founded under the title of "Association of Evangelical Baptist Churches of Lithuania." This is an indication of progress in one of the smaller fields of Europe, and it is peculiarly encouraging to observe the emphasis laid in the constitution of the new body upon evangelistic efforts in every form.

Progress in the Baptist Convention of La Plata

Reports recently to hand indicate that the advance which is characteristic of recent years has been steadily maintain-

ed. The net increase during the year 1932 was about 200 members. At the opening of 1927 the total membership was below 3,000; it has now risen to 4,292.

"The New Zealand Baptist"

A great many Baptist papers reach my desk. Among the most vigorous is the "New Zealand Baptist" edited by Principal J. J. North. The way in which denominational principles are kept to the forefront is well illustrated by the following paragraph which appears each month immediately beneath the title of the paper:

"SETTLE WHAT BAPTISM IS AND YOU SETTLE MOST OF THE QUESTIONS VEXING CHRISTENDOM.

"Baptism is inseparably connected in the Testament with conversion and the second birth. What is the connection? Two explanations are offered. The Catholic, which declares that Baptism causes second birth; and the Baptist, which declares that Baptism proclaims it. No other theory has any connection with Scripture. The Catholic theory makes salvation depend on a ceremony, and so is not ethical. The reflection it makes on the character of God is unbearable. The Baptist theory makes baptism the most radiant thing in the world. It is the first act of the new convert."

Moneygrams from Various Sources

We all might do more than we have done,
And not be one whit the worse:

It never was loving that emptied the heart,

Nor giving that emptied the purse.

I never knew how it came about, said Richard Baxter, but I always seem to have the most come in when I give the most away. (Luke 6:38.)

Phonetic Spelling

A certain producer of foreign nationality in Hollywood decided to go hunting, and called up his valet on the phone.

"Blease get my gun out of the den, and send it to me at the studio at once," he commanded.

"What did you say you wanted, sir?" asked the valet.

"My gun!" shouted the producer into the instrument. "Gun!"

"Awfully sorry, sir," replied the valet, "but I still don't know what you mean."

"Gun!" roared the producer, louder than before. "Listen now! G like in Jerusalem, U like in Europe, and N like in Numonia. Now haf you got me?"—Tit-Bits.

Bad Matters Worse

The following correction appeared in a provincial paper:

"Our paper stated last week that Mr. John Doe is a defective in the police force. This was a typographical error. Mr. Doe is really a detective in the police force."—Tit-Bits.

Fleas

I thing I shall never see
A bug as jumpy as a flea;

A flea that hops around all day,
And jumps on me to my dismay;

A flea that may in summer bite
And which I cannot put to flight.

Flies are caught by fools like me,
But who on earth can catch a flea?

Some of the parodies on Joyce Kilmer's work must prove disturbing to his spirit in the other world. Still, if you know fleas from personal experience, this entomological parody will appeal to you.—From "The Davey Bulletin."

Complimented

The master of the house rang for the maid.

The girl was in the act of cleansing pots and pans, and before she could tidy herself her employer entered the kitchen to see what was delaying her.

He looked at her dirty hands and face.

"My word, Mary," he said, "but you're pretty dirty, aren't you?"

Mary smiled coolly.

"Yes, sir," she replied, "but I'm prettier clean."—Tit-Bits.

The Baptist Herald

with this issue closes another year. It is the eleventh of its service. We hope that it has measured up to the expectations of its entire family and that every reader will continue as such during the approaching year 1934.

Please do not overlook renewing your subscription very promptly so that there be no interruption in the visits of the "Herald."

Many have already renewed and paid for next year. They will turn a deaf ear to this announcement. Others will please see their "Booster" or communicate direct with the Publication House.

The rate remains at \$1.25.

A Happy New Year to one and all.

The Publishers.

3734 Payne Ave.,
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