

# 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 Three

## A PRAYER FOR SUNDAY

In thy wisdom and justice thou hast given to us this special day in which to rest, to enjoy our beautiful world, to think of thee and all whom thou dost love. Forgive us, we pray thee, that so often in carelessness and selfishness we forget thee. On this holy day speak to our hearts and help us to remember the countless blessings thou hast prepared for our good.

May this be a day which we shall spend as Jesus did, worshiping thee in thy holy temple, walking through fields and by the lake talking of thee, doing good to all who need our help. Forbid that through our selfishness the day should be hard for others. Teach us to be considerate, kind, and just, doing unto others on this day as on all days as we would that they should do unto us. . . .

Accept, we pray, the worship of loving hearts and the devotion of daily lives in which we remember others and forget ourselves. Through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

—From "A Girl's Book of Prayers,"  
by Margaret Slattery, The Pilgrim Press.

# What's Happening

The "B. Y. Flashlight," the monthly bulletin issued by the B. Y. P. U. of the State Park Baptist Church, Peoria, Ill., Miss Dorothy Abele, editor, had a bright red cover garb in December in fitting honor of Christmas.

Miss Martha Mueller of the Baptist Institute for Christian Workers in Philadelphia, has accepted the call to become the missionary of the Evangel Baptist Church in Newark, N. J. She began her new duties the first of the new year.

Rev. Philip Daum has become pastor of the First Church, Leduc, Alta., since January first. Bro. Daum served acceptably as district missionary in Saskatchewan and Alberta, Can., for a number of years. The Leduc church was pastorless for at least two years.

"The Friendly Neighbor" is the title of the local church monthly of the Fleischmann Memorial Baptist Church, Philadelphia, Pa. It numbers 12 pages to each issue and is one of the best in typographical dress and contents to visit our editorial sanctum. It is issued by the Men's Baracca class of the Bible school in the interest of the church. Publication began nine months ago.

The Young People of the Hebron, N. Dak., church, Rev. F. Alf, pastor, held a debate on New Years eve, before the pastor led the watch-night devotional hour. The topic was: "Resolved, that the women have done more for the kingdom of God than the men." Mrs. A. Fehr and Mrs. Theo. Frey supported the positive side and L. Magstadt and Alvin Heinli the negative side. The church was crowded and the people showed great interest in the debate.

The Sunday school of the Knoxville Baptist Church, Pittsburgh, Pa., Rev. Wm. L. Schoeffel, pastor, came out fourth in a state-wide school and church attendance contest with 110.40% and won first place among the Pittsburgh schools. The Christmas offering of the school set as its goal \$140.00 and the actual offering made was \$142.78—a noteworthy sum for these times. The church distributed 12 Christmas baskets to needy homes.

The Mt. Zion Church, Geary County, Kans., Rev. R. A. Klein, pastor, received four members by letter at the watch-night meeting, which was spent in testimony and prayer, followed by an observance of the Lord's supper at the break of the new year. The church has decided to adopt the envelope budget system. The new officers for the Sunday school are: Charlie A. Zoschke, supt.; Gladys Brenner, secretary; Homer Reber, treasurer, and Alvina Zernikow, pianist.

The Cradle Roll, Primary, Beginners, and Junior Departments of the Im-

manuel Baptist Sunday school, Milwaukee, gave an interesting Christmas program on Sunday afternoon, December 25, at 4.00 P. M. The Superintendent of the Primary Department, Mrs. Arthur Widder, and the Superintendent of the Sunday school, Mr. Emil Quade, were able to make this fine program possible by the help and co-operation of the teacher of each class which participated.

A very picturesque and impressive Candlelight Service was given at the Immanuel Baptist Church, Milwaukee, Wis., on Christmas eve at 10.30 P. M. The Adult and Junior choirs, consisting of about 50 voices, presented the Christmas story in song. Mr. Robert Kreckel decorated the auditorium in a beautiful and appropriate way for the occasion. Mr. Elmer Wengel, director of the choirs, and Miss Emma Beckel, organist, deserve much credit for the success of the service.

During the past few months the junior group of young people at the Humboldt Park Church, Chicago, have been good in attendance. Four special meetings, in which outside speakers had a part were held. Mr. Reemtsma told about his trip to Palestine, Rev. C. J. Bender and Miss Erica Bender spoke about the Cameroon Mission and a group of students from the Baptist Missionary Training School had charge of a devotional service. The society donated a Christmas basket and voted to pay \$15.00 into the church treasury.

Rev. A. Husmann, pastor of our church at Tacoma, Wash., conducted evangelistic meetings at the mission station in Puyallup during November and December, a week each time. An increasing desire for salvation manifested itself and 3 men and 5 women have professed receiving forgiveness of their sins. Regular preaching services on Sunday afternoons and a prayermeeting during the week are now being held. Puyallup with more than a hundred German families who moved in some years ago from Canada, seems a promising missionary field.

"The Baptist," denominational weekly, published in Chicago, which was the successor to "The Standard" years ago, has suspended publication as a separate paper and merged with "The Christian Century," Chicago. Due to the stressful times "The Baptist" last Fall ceased to appear weekly and came out only every two weeks. It is a pity that "The Baptist" ceases to be. Its best days were under the Editorship of Dr. Earle when it was subsidized by the Northern Baptist Convention. We sympathize with Dr. Ashworth in his struggles to maintain the paper. He becomes a contributing editor of "The Christian Century."

The Immanuel Church, Kankakee, Ill., Rev. Geo. E. Hensel, pastor, held two weeks of evangelistic services, beginning Jan. 9. Rev. C. A. Daniel of Chicago assisted in the week of Jan. 17-20. A Junior church, which meets in the lower rooms during the regular service in the auditorium, has been started and is under the direction of Miss Ruby Salzman. Bro. Hensel is one of the instructors in a Union Leadership Training School organized by seven leading Protestant churches. It will run for six consecutive Thursday nights with two periods each evening. Bro. Hensel conducts the course on the study of the pupil, using Mudge: "Our Pupils" as a textbook.

Miss Lenora Kruse was received into fellowship of the Fleischmann Memorial Church, Philadelphia, Pa., on Sunday morning, December 18. This tribute was paid her by the Rev. G. Merrill Lenox of the Judson Memorial Baptist Church in Minneapolis, Minn.: "Miss Kruse won the hearts of the Judson people. Her kindly supervision of work in the church office, her splendid services as director of our Junior church, and her organization of and devotion to a group of Junior B. Y. P. U. children are only a small part of the duties which she ably performed." Miss Kruse is at present studying at the Bible Institute for Christian Workers, Philadelphia.

Even in hard times you can't afford to be without the "Baptist Herald." In these hard times the "Baptist Herald" can't get on without your subscription.

## The Baptist Herald

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# The Baptist Herald

## The Four Dimensions of God's Love

O. E. KRUEGER

WE have always regarded it as a matter belonging to the sense of American honor that on Thanksgiving Day and on Christmas every American mouth should be well fed. How many starve during the rest of the year—well, let organized welfare do the best it can.

Many a Thanksgiving Service of pre-depression days must have been an abomination to the Lord. All this boasting of bigness must have been a stench in his nostrils. But even now "the words of my mouth and the meditations of my heart" are not all acceptable in his sight. Did not a pastor of a well fed congregation, at present erecting an edifice running into the millions, tell his people that they should be thankful even if they had nothing? But their nests are well feathered. Just what reaction do the hungry millions get when they read that a millionaire preacher tells a billionaire crowd to be thankful even if they have nothing! That stirs the fighting blood which pronounces doom upon the "palaces." Read the Prophet Amos. A part of the thanksgiving service conducted by Jesus in the wilderness carried with it the instruction: "Give ye them to eat." We thank God that that spirit is still with the majority.

## Paul Begins a Thanksgiving Prayer

that runs quickly into petition. It is striking in what it leaves out and what it puts in. He does not ask for his release from prison, for the vindication of his innocence, for physical wellbeing for himself or for the members of the church. He does not ask for security from physical suffering or persecution. He does not ask that the church grow in numbers and influence, nor does he pray that the necessary material equipment might be secured without incurring a strangling debt.

He makes bold to ask God for his greatest gift. He is deeply concerned that they might be able to grasp that which lies fairly well beyond human grasp. His great desire is that their inner man might be so fixed and founded, rooted and grounded that they might come to understand the four dimensions of God's love. From the great storehouse of the wealth of the glory of God he selects just that. If they grasp that, whatever else happens is of little consequence.

## Missionary G. N. Thomssen, Deceased, Tells

of meeting a brokenhearted father on the train to Stuttgart who took him to see the little cross that marks the grave of his dear child. The intersection of the cross beams carries the word "So." The little

girl had habitually used it to express the finality of her attitudes and decisions. Even when, upon her insistence, she was informed of the doctor's pronouncement of the approaching end she accepted the inevitable with a decisive "So," for she submitted to God's love. Our faith sees a like inscription on the cross of Calvary: "So God loved the world that he gave." The cross points in the four directions of that love: breadth, length, depth, height.

## The Breadth of Love

Man carries his selfishness into the very heart of his religion. Every race seems to feel itself particularly chosen of its God. Even the Jews tried to monopolize God and exploit him for themselves. Jesus came to break down the narrowing walls of partition and destroy the dams so that the love of God might flow in a mighty stream into all the breadth of the world. How he startled the "holier-than-thous" when he ate with the publicans and allowed the sinners to weep over his feet! How he aroused their wrath when he praised the Samaritans and declared that he had not found such faith in Israel as he discovered in a Roman centurion. Is it any wonder they called for his blood after he had told them that the publicans and harlots would go into the kingdom of God before them? It took the disciples quite some time to understand the breadth of love that extended to the "other sheep" and demanded that they preach to "every creature."

## Its Length

Equal to the breadth of God's love is its length. Even Jeremiah had a glimpse of that when he said of God: "I have loved thee with an everlasting love and with lovingkindness have I drawn thee." On the background of his own human love for a wayward wife, Hosea obtained an insight into the length of God's love. "Having loved his own that were in the world he loved them unto the end." His love went all the way to the cross. His love is longer than the longest day, longer than the longest night, longer than the longest sorrow.

"For the love of God is broader Than the measure of man's mind  
And the heart of the Eternal Is most wonderfully kind."

And what shall we say about

## The Depth of his Love?

No one has ever fathomed it. It is deeper than the grave. We cannot bury our loved ones beyond his reach. It is deeper than the deepest sin. A devoted mother follows her wayward son to the very place of execution, fondly buries his body in the ground and carries his memory to her own grave. Though she should forget, God cannot forget. How can we

grasp a love so deep as that? Can a father restore a prodigal son? God saves to the uttermost.

### Its Height

The secret of the depth of God's love is found in its height. It is so broad and so long because it is so high. It is higher than father-love or mother-love or sister-love. It is purer than wedded love. There is not the slightest tinge of selfishness in it. It is holy love, quite beyond our power to comprehend.

### The Vision of Mirza

In Grand Cairo, Addison picked up an Oriental manuscript which was entitled, "The Vision of Mirza." Space forbids a detailed account of that vision. The Persian philosopher sat on a prescribed fast day on a high hill overlooking Bagdad. His meditations led him to exclaim: "Surely man is but a shadow and life a dream." Having fallen into a trance, he heard the most marvelous music. A Genius came forth from the rocky haunt to reveal the secret of life and direct his thoughts. He saw a huge valley and a great swelling tide rolling through it. It was called: "The Valley of Misery" and the stream was the "Tide of Eternity." Then he saw the "Bridge of Human Life" with 70 complete spans. At yonder end were about thirty broken spans. Both ends were shrouded in misty darkness. A stream of human life struggled across the bridge. Great numbers were falling through trap doors in the floor of the bridge and were carried away with the stream. Many fell into the stream in childhood and youth, only a few hobbled beyond the seventieth span. Some were pushed into the pitfalls by others. Some were walking along in prayer and meditation, others dropped through in the midst of mirth and jollity. The birds of Envy, Superstition, Avarice, Hatred, Love, and Despair were perched upon the spans of the bridge. The stream came forth out of a cloud of darkness and flowed into such a cloud.

Mirzah drew a deep sigh and said: "Alas, man was made in vain! How is he given away to misery and mortality, tortured in life and swallowed up in death." The Genius instructed him to look no more on the first stage of existence. Looking again Mirza saw yonder end of the stream divided by an adamant rock. The clouds over half of the stream were lifted. What a glorious sight on countless islands of bliss! There were fruits and flowers and birds and music and feasting. The dwellers on the island were in the highest state of happiness. Mirza wished for the wings of an eagle that he might fly there and be at rest. His guide informed him that the only way there led over the bridge and through the stream. And said he: "These are the mansions of good men after death. Are not these, O Mirza, habitations worth contending for? Does life seem miserable that gives thee opportunity of earning such a reward? Is death to be feared that will convey thee to so happy an existence?"

The dark cloud still hung over the other half of

the stream. He asked the Genius to reveal to him what lay back of that cloud. The guide made no answer. When spoken to the second time he had vanished. Before Mirza's eyes lay Bagdad as before. Only part of his problems had been solved. Jesus came to answer our questions. May our prayer be like unto Paul's, that we may be strengthened in the inner man to grasp the entire fullness of God's love!

### Preferred Stock

MARTHA E. KECK

God is the creditor of my life,  
In his trust is my preferred stock,  
His shares are always at par,  
They will never go on the rock.  
His trust company was founded  
In the beginning of time,  
When the stars were mounted,  
To brighten his office at night.  
He accepts your credit in the light  
Of any Christian virtues listed  
In his Holy Prospectus,—the Bible,  
With names of those who invested  
Their whole interests in his firm,  
And reaped heavenly premiums,  
According to his godly term.

### God's Final Preparation of a Messenger

C. C. LABORN

OVER thirty years ago I heard Prof. Lewis Kaiser preach on Isaiah, Chapter six, and it seems my heart-strings still vibrate from the great message he brought at that time.

Isaiah had a many-sided preparation. He came from a prominent house, Amoz. He had seen kings rise and fall. He was prepared to know that Jehovah was a holy God, because he knew that the king Uzziah had undertaken to do holy service to this holy God with unholy hands, and as a consequence he, the king, had been made and died a leper.

His preparation also included the "high and lifted up" vision of God in the temple, where the earth shook from the heavenly service.

And again his preparation consisted of a real view of the people of his own day and his own condition.

But this manysided preparation was not sufficient for him to bring a message of life to his fellowmen. In Isaiah 6:6, 7 we find

### God's Final Preparation of a Messenger

What can be said of the live coals he uses? It had passed from one element to the other. At one time it had consisted of life, fiber and natural growth but with the transition to the element of coal all the possibilities of the former element passed.

Higher than the highest heavens,  
Deeper than the deepest sea:  
Lord, thy love has conquered  
None of self and all of thee."

A wealthy woman came in touch with the gospel and desired to bring the message to the "down and outs" of New York. She dressed in her usual way of fine clothes and jewelry and went to speak to the people. But they mocked her, saying: "You are here to get fine clothes and big pay."

It grieved her because her station in life made her unfit as a messenger. She went home and laid aside her jewelry and dressed in cheaper clothes. Returning then to the people, she reached their hearts.

In God's Kingdom is a heap of fuel, and great fires of flame, but what he used to give a great prophet the last preparation was a live coal: a life being lived in a different element than that of natural birth.

Again the live coal is in a passing state, and if not quenched, it will be fully consumed by serving.

Some of us who have been in the ministry for a long time, still remember how the life of some old faithful minister, who had grown old and grey-headed in the noble service, served as a live coal in the power of God to give us the final preparation as a messenger.

When one of our great presidents was nominated at Chicago, a Methodist minister from Wisconsin gave the decisive voice and vote. When that president took office he offered a fine position and big pay to that minister, but he declined, saying: "I have a small flock and get \$400 a year, but I'll stay here." It is the live coal that holds through the passing state until consumed in service.

### A Congregation of Live Coals

need not close its doors on account of depression. A sufficient amount of compression (go together), concession (give into) and confession (admit to) would cure all the church depression for all time.

Then again the coal is constant, thereby setting afire fuel and spreading the heat. Not affected by wind or condition. If covered at night with ashes it is ready in the morning to continue service as a live coal.

"The only smile that is worth while  
Is when everything goes dead wrong."

While I lived in Ontario, Canada, a large Baptist church in Ottawa celebrated. The history of that church showed that at the beginning of its existence the church looked hopeless, and many were ready to quit. In a sad and gloomy hour in conference, one young sister, whose life was full of good deeds and whose heart was full of cheer, finally said: "We've nailed our flag to the mast, now let's stick to the ship." That live coal gave forth its constant heat and glow, carried the day, and today a mighty church is there.

### The Coal That the Seraphim Took

from the altar and applied to the lips of Isaiah to purge his sin and take away his iniquity, was the great sacrifice that God brought for the sins of the

whole world, when he gave his Son into death, so that we might live.

The life that is kindled by his life, passes into another element, will be fully consumed in service, and is constant in sending forth the nature of its own element.

### Editorial Jottings

PROBABLY NO ONE has taught more preachers how to preach than has John A. Broadus. "The Preparation and Delivery of Sermons" is known all round the globe. The heroic life of its writer is less widely known. In his life-story, presented in this number, Dr. John R. Sampey, now president of the great institution which Broadus assisted to found and later to keep alive, tells with the authority of exact knowledge the remarkable story of his predecessor.

MANY NEW CONVERTS have been won in the special meetings held this fall and winter in the churches and among those baptized and received into the fellowship of the churches are many young people. Now is the time for the pastor and the booster to bring the "Baptist Herald" to their attention. Keeping and reading a good Christian and denominational paper is a means of spiritual growth and will help to promote and stimulate the Christian life. We ask our helpers to make use of the opportunity.

THE UNTIMELY DEATH of Calvin Coolidge is mourned by all. Endowed with old-American qualities and virtues, he was greatly trusted by the people. He was a man of few words but he possessed a sturdy and stalwart character as solid and dependable as his native hills in old Vermont where he lies with his forefathers. Our country needs more statesmen of like integrity and sound convictions. The rise of Calvin Coolidge from his humble surroundings in the Vermont hills to the presidency of our country will always be an inspiration to American youth.

### Points for Soul-Winning Teachers

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

1. The gospel is a **fact**: therefore, tell it **simply**.
2. It is a **joyful fact**: therefore, tell it **cheerily**.
3. It is an **entrusted fact**: therefore, tell it **faithfully**.
4. It is a fact of **infinite moment**: therefore, tell it **earnestly**.
5. It is a fact of **infinite love**: therefore, tell it **pathetically**.
6. It is a fact **difficult of comprehension** to many: therefore, tell it with **illustration**.
7. It is a fact about a **person**: therefore **teach Christ**.

### Our Dakota Council Member Issues a Fine Letter

Young People's & S. S. Workers' Union  
Dakota Conference Section

Parkston, S. Dak., Jan. 2, 1933.

Dear Friends of the "Baptist Herald,"—  
I wish you one and all a happy, prosperous and service-filled New Year!

This is the time of the year when your Council Member desires to extend to you a hearty word of encouragement. We have a fine paper in the "Baptist Herald," one that can stand comparison with the best in the field, and one that our young people should loyally support. In the number of our subscriptions we dare not go back; *we should* go forward!

Please suggest to your people how easy it is for farmers to keep the "Herald." Three hens from the flock will pay for it; the hens will scarcely be missed; the "Herald" surely would. A weasel or skunk may carry off three hens, and all you'd have left would be some feathers and bones. The application surely is obvious.

In extreme cases you may suggest that only one-half the price need be paid now, the balance in May. This is permitted so that no one need feel that he cannot have his paper.

The old Latins had this saying: "Ora et labora"—pray and work. In this matter, let us pray as if all depended upon God and work as if all depended upon us. This combination should win.

If a new booster has been chosen, please send me name and address, also the number of subscribers from your church.

Yours in Christ,  
REV. R. KAISER.

### Kyle Union Celebrates Anniversary

It was a great pleasure to have the yearly Institute in Kyle, Texas, this year. On the Saturday night of Institute week (Nov. 23-27) the Kyle Union celebrated its anniversary. A program, consisting of two dialogs, an address, a reading and vocal and instrumental music, was enjoyed by a large crowd.

On Dec. 18, officers for the new year were elected. Our faithful president, Norman Lengefeld, was re-elected, and the other offices are held by capable, willing workers.

On Christmas Day a pageant, "The Birth of Christ," was rendered by members of the B. Y. P. U.

On New Years Eve, the B. Y. P. U. contributed greatly to the entertainment of the Watch Night program with two numbers of different character from every class. Another feature of the evening was the "Bible Sword Drill" contest, at which all members took part.

This is enough to give you an idea that we have been pretty busy lately and aren't ending one year or starting out the other by loafing.

E. L., Cor. Sec.

### To the G. B. Y. P. and S. S. W. U. of Minnesota

The St. Bonifacius Society wishes to extend a hearty invitation to all societies to be present at the Fifth Annual Mid-Winter Institute, which will be held on February 10, 11 and 12. The entertaining society is looking forward to this event and hoping for a record attendance and participation, so that this Institute may be as successful as in the past four years. Every item on the program is intended to score a high point in your favor. Two conferences on Saturday morning and a Forum in the afternoon, centered about "Worship" and "World Relationships," promise an interesting day, well worthwhile for every growing Baptist. There will be inspiring messages, a surprise program, time for worship, meditation and fellowship, old friends and new, recreation and fun. Be sure to give your registration to the chairman from your church as soon as possible, so that plans may be made for housing the delegates.

LENA BARTEL, Sec.

### New B. Y. P. U. Organized in Alberta

We are glad to report to you of our organization as a B. Y. P. U. of Bethel Church, Carbon, Alta.

Rev. F. A. Mueller from Edmonton, Alta., was here for Christmas and New Year Sunday.

Monday evening, Jan. 2, 1933, we met for prayer meeting. At the close of the meeting we organized with 20 members under the leadership of Rev. F. A. Mueller.

The officers are as follows: President, T. E. Neher; vice-president, J. Ohlhauser; secretary, Art Neher; treasurer, E. G. Ohlhauser; pianist, Mrs. Ruth Ohlhauser. We have more members in prospect as our young people were not all present.

We all express hearty thanks to Rev. F. A. Mueller for his kindness and help to us.

A MEMBER.

### Women's Anniversary at Victor, Iowa

The Women's Missionary Society of Victor, Ia., celebrated its 25th anniversary Friday, November 25. The church auditorium, which was tastefully decorated with flowers and potted plants, was filled to capacity.

A very interesting program was presented. It consisted of a number of songs, one of which was sung by the charter members of the society, several readings and two dialogs, "The Fifty Dollar Bill" and "The Missionary Box of St. Marks."

An offering was taken, which amounted to a goodly sum.

After partaking of the delicious refreshments served, all conceded, that a very interesting and profitable evening had been spent.

SECRETARY.

### Miss Gebhardt, Missionary at Erin Ave. Church, Cleveland, Tells of Her Work

We have quite a number of families who are out of work. And the church has been feeling the shortage as well as the families. Every little while when I call up some family, Central will say: "That phone has been taken out."

But we still have much to be thankful for. The majority are still finding ways to provide for their needs.

I wish all Christian would put *Christ first* in their budget. I am sure it would prove even as Paul told the Philippians: "My God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory, by Christ Jesus."

Those who are willing to help the needy, will find many an open door in these days.

I had the privilege of helping two aged people. The husband was confined to his bed for five months; the wife blind and very sick with pneumonia, both in one bed in order to help one another if possible. God sent me an unemployed woman, who was glad for the work, in order to have a place to stay. She did all the work and took care of the patients. Medicine and needed supplies were sent to them. We read the Bible and prayed for God's blessing. They are now on the road to recovery, and are indeed thankful to God.

Many baskets were sent to needy families by the church. Grateful tears showed how welcome they were.

We had a very happy Christmas season. Our choir gave a Christmas cantata. The Sunday school gave their program. The Young People's Society had a party. Each was asked to bring a gift for the sick children in the City Hospital.

Our Guild Girls gave a treat to about fifty Crusaders and Primary children.

Will this depression open the eyes of many to their need of Christ? Perhaps this had to come first, to prepare hearts for the "Revival," Christians are praying for.

MINNIE E. GEBHARDT.

### Christmas Party of Mary and Martha Class

The Martha and Mary class of the Immanuel Baptist Sunday school of Milwaukee, Wis., was invited to the home of Mrs. Mabel Quade on December 18, 1932, for a Christmas party. About twenty members gathered there. After the business meeting the evening was spent in playing games. A delicious luncheon was served at which time Santa had not forgotten us, but left a surprise package at each plate.

The time came all too soon to bid Adieu. May God be our guide in the prayer of each member. A MEMBER.

\* \* \*

Another thing that seems to improve the longer you keep it is your temper.

### The Pastor and the Doctor

Mrs. Huff is up the miff-tree  
On a seat fixed good and firm;  
And she'd like to tell the pastor  
A few things and make him squirm.

Mrs. Huff was sick abed, sir,  
Yes, sir, sick abed a week!  
And the pastor didn't call, sir,  
Never even took a peek.

When I asked her if the doctor  
Called to see her, she said "Sure,  
And she looked as if she thought I  
Needed some good strong mind-cure."

Then I asked her how the doctor  
Knew that sickness laid her low,  
And she said that she had called him  
On the phone and told him so.

Now the doctor gets his bill paid  
With a nicely written check,  
But the pastor for not knowing,  
Simply gets it "in the neck."

—Author unknown.

### A Practical Suggestion

KLARA BICKEL

Many books, pamphlets, tracts and articles exist today, expounding Biblical history teachings and truths. Much help, also many blessings have been derived from them, therefore we do not wish to speak of them disparagingly. On the other hand, one feels inclined to apply a German proverb in this case: "Man sieht den Wald vor lauter Bäumen nicht." "There are so many trees that you cannot see the forest." It is possible to depend on Biblical explanatory notes to such an extent, that God's Word itself takes a back seat, so to say. Many statements in the Bible are easily understood and if humanity in general would live up to just one verse in it, our whole social order would be transformed: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy strength and thy neighbor as thyself" (Luke 10:27). Human selfishness is at the bottom of most of our woes.

The Bible, containing such marvelous truths and practical advice should be circulated without limit. You might ask: "Isn't it distributed more than any other book?" Truly, but there is still a great deal of room for more distribution. It is understood that we cannot all sell Bibles or give them away as presents. But all of us may assist in the very important task of distributing God's Word.

### How May This be Done?

Here is a suggestion which has been carried out and might prove valuable to some of our young people. The Gospels, Matthew, Luke and John, the Psalms and Romans can be purchased at a penny a piece. They are published in small pamphlet forms with attractive covers. At

### Holiday Time at Salt Creek, Oreg.

In spite of the cold weather and chilly winds which brought much sickness and misery with it, our Christmas program was a success. It was somewhat different this year in that a dialog and tableau were presented for the opening. The boys from John Tilgner's class took the part of the shepherds while the girls of Mrs. John Weibe's class portrayed the angels, with Elsie Schroeder as the "Madonna." The scene of Mary with the angels round about her situated in the Baptistry while children in the back room sang "Silent Night," was very touching. After this tableau our Superintendent, Bro. H. Voth, Sr., took charge of the remainder of the program. Our songs were accompanied by Mrs. Geo. Voth at the piano and our large band. There were recitations, exercises and songs in which the children all did very well. Best of all for them though was what the beautiful Christmas tree contained beneath its branches. At the close of the program each child received a package containing candy, nuts and oranges as a gift from the Sunday school.

New Years eve was another evening of inspiration. We all gathered together to greet the new year on our knees in prayer. Bro. D. Bartel, president of our young people's society, had charge of the program from nine to eleven P. M. in which mostly the young folks took part. Psalm 19 was read, followed by prayer and testimonials. We had the pleasure of hearing our boy violinists, Evan Skerries, Elmo and Ervin Voth, play "Serenade Bodine" in which they displayed splendid talent. After a song by the man's quartet and prayer we were served sandwiches, coffee and cake. At 11.15 P. M. we again gathered together to hear a few words from our pastor for the first time this month. Bro. Reschke had been ill with pneumonia, and we are glad that he is again able to take up his duties, for we missed him very much. When the New Year arrived we greeted each other warmly. All resolved to begin the new year by being in Sunday school that morning, and we did have a fine attendance. Our new officers and teachers are Bro. John Weibe, as superintendent, Anna Geisbrecht, secretary, and Mrs. Florence Schneider, Mrs. Mabel Voth, Jake Voth, Sarah Weibe, Bro. Reschke and Agnes Voth as teachers, who is also pianist.

L. T.

### Struck Speechless

It's pretty hard to get ahead of the youngsters: A teacher called for brief essays on "The funniest thing I ever saw." One boy got through several minutes before the others, and the teacher asked to see his effort. On his paper was written:

"The funniest thing I ever saw was too funny for words."—Boston Transcript.

this very low price most every young woman or man can afford to buy them. Of course purchasing them and then letting them remain in your homes, is of no use. What we as Christians wish to do, is to acquaint as many people as possible with God's Word. If we can interest them to read parts of it, they may acquire a taste for the whole Bible. Most young people are employed in one capacity or the other, which leaves them very little time to go from house to house in order to distribute these parts of the Scriptures.

This, however, is what they can do: Take a few of these parts of the Bible with them when they board a trolley car, bus or train and leave them on the seat or window sill when leaving. Then again when they go to lunch at noon, offer a Gospel or Psalm to the waiter or waitress or leave one on the table. When shopping in various stores, a copy may be left on the counter.

### Isn't It More Expedient to Offer a Person a Copy

instead of leaving copies here and there? It would be if human nature were different. It is a known fact that curiosity is strongly developed in most people. If a person discovers a pamphlet, paper or what not, they invariably pick it up in order to examine it, whereas he might in many cases decline any printed matter offered him.

Entering one of the subways in New York recently, I placed a Gospel copy on one of the slot machines. While waiting for a certain train, I stood aside, watching to see what might happen. Soon a man came along, discovered the pamphlet, picked it up, examined it for a short time, then replacing it, giving it a more conspicuous position. Very soon two young women—flapper style—appeared. One saw the booklet, looked at it, passing some remarks which I did not understand. She took this part of the Gospel, crossed the platform, placing it on another slot machine. Suddenly she picked it up again, saying to her companion, so I could understand: "I think I'll take this home and read it." With this the train arrived and we entered the same car where I saw her place the booklet in her purse. I hope she read this messenger of God and received a blessing.

### This Type of Missionary Work

can be performed by any one. It is not necessary to lose hours of our daily occupation or spend much money in order to carry on this missionary enterprise. Eternity alone will tell how many were helped, yes changed into God's people by these messengers of God which were left here and there and everywhere. Why not take up this work for the Master during the year 1933?

\* \* \*

"The pupil is not a traveling-bag to be stuffed (with information) but a traveler to be shown the way."

# KEZIAH COFFIN

JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

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(Continuation)

Chapter II

*In Which Keziah Unearths a Prowler*

The fog was cruel to the gossips of Trumet that day. Mrs. Didama Rogers, who lived all alone, except for the society of three cats, a canary, and a white poodle named "Bunch," in the little house next to Captain Elkanah's establishment, never entirely recovered from the chagrin and disappointment caused by that provoking mist. When one habitually hurries through the morning's household duties in order to sit by the front window and note each passer-by, with various fascinating surmises as to his or her errand and the reason for it, it is discouraging to be able to see only one's front fence and a scant ten feet of sidewalk. And then to learn afterwards of a dozen most exciting events, each distinctly out of the ordinary, which might have been used as excuses for two dozen calls and as many sensations! As Captain Zeb Mayo, the irreverent ex-whaler, put it, "That fog shook Didama's faith in the judgment of Providence. 'Tain't the 'all wise,' but the 'all seein'' kind she talks about in meetin' now."

The fog prevented Mrs. Rogers's noting the entrance of Mr. Pepper at the Coffin front gate. Also his exit, under sisterly arrest. It shut from her view the majestic approach of Captain Elkanah Daniels and Grace's flight, her face dimpled with smiles and breaking into laughter at frequent intervals. For a young lady, supposed to be a devout Come-Outer, to hurry along the main road, a handkerchief at her mouth and her eyes sparkling with fun, was a circumstance calculated to furnish material for enjoyable scandal. And Didama missed it.

Other happenings she missed, also. Not knowing of Captain Daniels's call upon Keziah, she was deprived of the pleasure of wonder at the length of his stay. She did not see him, in company with Mrs. Coffin, go down the road in the opposite direction from that taken by Grace. Nor their return and parting at the gate, two hours later. She did not see—but there! she saw nothing, absolutely nothing—except the scraggy spruce in her tiny front yard and the lonely ten feet of walk bordering it. No one traversed that section of walk except old Mrs. Tinker, who was collecting subscriptions for new hymn books for the Come-Outer chapel. And Didama was particular anxious not to see her.

The dismal day dragged on. The silver-leaf trees dripped, the hedges were shining with moisture. Through the stillness the distant surf along the "ocean

side" of the Cape growled and moaned and the fog bell at the lighthouse clanged miserably. Along the walk opposite Didama's—the more popular side of the road—shadowy figures passed at long intervals, children going to and from school, people on errands to the store, and the like. It was three o'clock in the afternoon before a visitor came again to the Coffin front gate, entered the yard and rapped at the side door.

Keziah opened the door.

"Halloa!" she exclaimed. "Back, are you? I begun to think you'd been scared away for good."

Grace laughed as she entered.

"Well, auntie," she said, "I don't wonder you thought I was scared. Truly, I didn't think it was proper for me to stay. First Kyan and then Cap'n Elkanah, and both of them expressing their wishes to see you alone so—er—pointedly. I thought it was time for me to go. Surely, you give me credit for a little delicacy."

Keziah eyed her grimly.

"Humph!" she sniffed. "If you'd been a little less delicate about fetchin' that hammer, we might have been spared at least one smash-up. I don't s'pose Laviny'll ever speak to me again. Oh, dear! I guess likely I'll never get the memory of that—that Kyan thing out of my mind. I never was so set back in my born days. Yes, you can laugh!"

She laughed herself as she said it. As for Grace, it was sometime before that young lady became coherent.

"He *did* look so funny!" she gasped. "Hopping up and down on that shaky chair and holding on to that pipe and— Oh, Aunt Keziah, if you could have seen your face when I opened that door!"

"Yes; well, I will say you was sometime gettin' it open. And then, on top of the whole fool business, in parades Elkanah Daniels and—"

She paused. Her companion looked delightedly expectant.

"Yes," she cried eagerly. "Then Cap'n Elkanah came and the very first thing he said was—I almost laughed in his face."

"Almost! Humph! That's no exaggeration. The way you put out of that door was a caution."

"Yes, but what did the cap'n mean? Is it a secret? Ahem! shall I congratulate you, auntie?"

"Grace Van Horne! there's born fools enough in this town without your tryin' to be one. You know 'twas n't *that*. Though what 'twas was surprise enough, I will say," she added. "Grace, I ain't goin' away tomorow."

"You're not? Oh, splendid! How the cap'n decided to let you stay here?"

"I guess his decidin' wouldn't influence me, if 'twas stayin' in his house he meant. The only way I could live here would be on his charity, and that would be as poor fodder as sawdust hasty puddin', even if I was fond of charity, which I ain't. He said to me— Well, you take your things off and I'll tell you about it. You can stay a little while, can't you?"

"Yes, I was going to stay all the afternoon and for supper, if you'd let me. I knew you had so much to do and I wanted to help. I told uncle and he said certainly I ought to come. He said he should try to see you and say good-by before you left tomorrow."

"You don't say! And me a Regular! Well, I'm much obliged, though I guess your Uncle Eben won't see me tomorrow—nor speak to me again, when he knows what I *am* going to do. Grace, I ain't goin' to leave Trumet, not for the present, anyhow. I've got a way of earnin' my livin' right here. I'm goin' to keep house for the new minister."

The girl turned, her hat in her hand. "Oh!" she cried in utter astonishment.

Keziah nodded. "Yes," she affirmed. "That was what Elkanah's proposal amounted to. Ha, ha! Deary me! When he said 'proposal,' I own up for a minute I didn't know *what* was comin'. After Kyan I was prepared for most anything. But he told me that Lurany Phelps, who the parish committee had counted on to keep house for Mr. Ellery, had sent word her sister was sick and couldn't be left, and that somebody must be hired right off 'cause the minister's expected by day after tomorrow's coach. And they'd gone over every likely candidate in town till it simmered down to Mehitable Burgess. And Cap'n Zeb Mayo spoke right up in the committee meetin' and gave out that if Mehitable kept house for Mr. Ellery he, for one, wouldn't come to church. Said he didn't want sermons that was inspired by her cookin'. Seems she cooked for the Mayos one week when Mrs. Mayo had gone to Boston, and Cap'n Zeb declares his dreams that week was somethin' awful. 'And I'm a man with no nerves and mighty little imagination,' he says. 'Land knows what effect a dose of Mehitable's biscuits might have on a minister.'

"And so," continued Keziah, "they decided Mehitable wouldn't do, and finally somebody thought of me. I have a notion 'twas Zeb Mayo, although Cap'n Elkanah did his best to make me think 'twas himself. And the cap'n was made a delegate to come and see me about it. Come he did, and we settled it. I went down to the parsonage with him before dinner und looked the place over. There's an awful lot of sweepin' and dustin' to be done afore it's fit for a body to live in. I did think that when I'd finished with this house I could swear off on that kind of dissipation for a while, but I guess, judgin' by the looks of that parsonage, what I've done so far is only practice." She paused, glanced keenly at her friend and

asked: "Why! what's the matter? You don't act nigh so glad as I thought you'd be."

Grace said of course she was glad; but she looked troubled, nevertheless.

"I can hardly make it seem possible," she said. "Is it really settled—your salary and everything? And what will you do about your position in Boston?"

"Oh, I'll write Cousin Abner and tell him. Lord love you, *he* won't care. He'll feel that he did his duty in gettin' me the Boston chance and if I don't take it, 'tain't his fault. *His* conscience'll be clear. Land sakes! if I could clean house as easy as some folks clear their consciences I wouldn't have a backache this minute. Yes, the wages are agreed on, too. And totin' them around won't make my back ache any worse, either," she added drily.

Grace extended her hand.

"Well, Aunt Keziah," she said, "I'm ever and ever so glad for you. I know you didn't want to leave Trumet and I'm sure everyone will be delighted when they learn that you're going to stay."

"Humph! that includes Laviny Pepper, of course. I cal'late Laviny's delight won't keep her up nights. But I guess I can stand it if she can. Now, Grace, what is it? You ain't real pleased? Why not?"

The girl hesitated.

"Auntie," she said, "I'm selfish, I guess. I'm glad for your sake; you mustn't think I'm not. But I almost wish you were going to do something else. You are going to live in the Regular parsonage and keep house for, of all persons, a Regular minister. Why, so far as my seeing you is concerned, you might as well be in China. You know Uncle Eben."

Keziah nodded understandingly.

"Yes," she said, "I know him. Eben Hammond thinks that parsonage is the presence chamber of the Evil One, I presume likely. But, Grace, you mustn't blame me, and if you don't call I'll know why and I shan't blame you. We'll see each other once in a while; I'll take care of that. And, deary, I *had* to do it—I just had to. If you knew what a load had been taken off my mind by this, you'd sympathize with me and understand. I've been happier in Trumet than I ever was anywhere else, though I've seen some hard times here, too. I was born here; my folks used to live here. My brother Sol lived and died here. His death was a heavy trouble to me, but the heaviest came to me when I was somewhere else and—well, somehow I've had a feelin' that, if there was any real joys ever planned for me while I'm on this earth, they'd come to me here. I don't know when they'll come. There's times when I can't believe they ever will come, but— There! there! everybody has to bear burdens in this life, I cal'late. It's a vale of tears, 'cordin' to you Come-Outer folks, though I've never seen much good in wearin' a long face and a

crape bathin' suit on that account. Hey? What are you listenin' to?"

"I thought I heard a carriage stop, that was all."

Mrs. Coffin went to the window and peered into the fog.

"Can't see anything," she said. "'Tain't anybody for here, that's sure. I guess likely 'twas Cap'n Elkanah. He and Annabal were goin' to drive over to Denboro this afternoon. She had some trimmin' to buy. Takes more than fog to separate Annabel Daniels from dress-makin'. Well, there's a little more packin' to do; then I thought I'd go to the parsonage and take a whack at the cobwebs. I never saw so many in my born days. You'd think all the spiders from here to Ostable had been holdin' camp meetin' in that shut-up house."

The packing took about an hour. When it was finished, the carpet rolled up, and the last piece of linen placed in the old trunk, Keziah turned to her guest.

"Now, Gracie," she said, "I feel as though I ought to go to the parsonage. I can't do much more'n look at the cobwebs to night, but tomorrow those spiders had better put on their ascension robes. The end of the world's comin' for them, even though it missed fire for the Millerites when they had their doin's a few years ago. You can stay here and wait, it won't be too lonesome. We'll have supper when I get back."

Grace looked tempted.

"I've got a good mind to go with you," she said. "I want to be with you as much as I can, and *he* isn't there yet. I'm afraid uncle might not like it, but—"

"Sho! Come along. Eben Hammond may be a chronic sufferer from acute Come-Outiveness, but he ain't a niny. Nobody'll see you, anyway. This fog's like charity, it'll cover up a heap of sins. Do come right along. Wait till I get on my things."

She drew a shawl over her shoulders, draped a white knitted "cloud" over her head, and took from a nail a key, attached by a strong cord to a block of wood eight inches long.

"Elkanah left the key with me," she observed. "No danger of losin' it, is there? Might as well lose a lumber yard. Old Parson Langley tied it up this way, so he wouldn't miss his moorin's, I presume likely. The poor old thing was so nearsighted and absent-minded along toward the last that they say he used to hire Noah Myrick's boy to come in and look him over every Sunday mornin' before church, so's to be sure he hadn't got his wig on stern foremost. That's the way Zeb Mayo tells the yarn, anyhow."

They left the house and came out into the wet mist. Then, turning to the right, in the direction which Trumet, with unconscious irony, calls "downtown," they climbed the long slope where the main road mounts the outlying ridge of Cannon Hill, passed Captain Mayo's big house—the finest in Trumet, with the exception

of the Daniels mansion—and descended into the hollow beyond. Here, at the corner where the "Lighthouse Lane" begins its winding way over the rolling knolls and dunes to the light and the fish shanties on the "ocean side," stood the plain, straight-up-and-down meeting houses of the Regular society. Directly opposite was the little parsonage, also very straight up and down. Both were painted white with green blinds. This statement is superfluous to those who remember Cape architecture at this period; practically every building from Sandwich to Provincetown was white and green.

They entered the yard, through the gap in the white fence, and went around the house, past the dripping evergreens and the bare, wet lilac bushes, to the side door, the lock of which Keziah's key fitted. There was a lock on the front door, of course, but no one thought of meddling with that. That door had been opened but once during the late pastor's thirty-year tenantry. On the occasion of his funeral the mourners came and went, as was proper, by that solemn portal.

Mrs. Coffin thrust the key into the keyhole of the side door and essayed to turn it.

"Humph!" she muttered, twisting to no purpose; "I don't see why— This must be the right key, because— Well, I declare, if it ain't unlocked already! That's some of Cap'n Elkanah's doin's. For a critter as fussy and particular about some things, he 's careless enough about others. Mercy we ain't had any tramps around here lately. Come in."

She led the way into the dining room of the parsonage. Two of the blinds shading the windows of that apartment had been opened when she and Captain Daniels made their visit, and the dim gray light made the room more lonesome and forsaken in appearance than a deeper gloom could possibly have done. The black walnut extension table in the center, closed to its smallest dimensions because Parson Langley had eaten alone for so many years; the black walnut chairs set back against the wall at regular intervals; the rag carpet and braided mats—homemade donations from the ladies of the parish—on the green painted floor; the dolorous pictures on the walls; "Death of Washington," "Stoning of Stephen," and a still more deadly "fruit piece" committed in oils years ago by a now deceased boat painter; a black walnut sideboard with some blue-and-white crockery upon it; a gilt-framed mirror with another outrage in oils emphasizing its upper half; dust over everything and the cobwebs mentioned by Keziah draping the corners of the ceiling; this was the dining room of the Regular parsonage as Grace saw it upon this, her first visit. The dust and cobwebs were, in her eyes, the only novelties, however. Otherwise, the room was like many others in Trumet, and, if there had been one

or two paintings of ships, would have been typical of the better class.

"Phew!" exclaimed Keziah, sniffing disgustedly. "Musty and shut up enough, ain't it? Down here in the dampness, and 'specially in the spring, it don't take any time for a house to get musty if it ain't aired out regular. Mr. Langley died only three months ago, but we've been candidatin' ever since and the candidates have been boarded around. There's been enough of 'em, too; we're awful hard to suit, I guess. That's it. Do open some more blinds and a window. Fresh air don't hurt any body—unless it's spiders," with a glare at the loathed cobwebs.

The blinds and a window being opened, more light entered the room. Grace glanced about it curiously.

"So this is going to be your new home now, Aunt Keziah," she observed. "How queer that seems."

"Um—h'm. Does seem queer, don't it? Must seem queer to you to be so near the headquarters of everything your uncle thinks is wicked. Smell of brimstone any, does it?" she asked with a smile.

"No, I haven't noticed it. You've got a lot of cleaning to do. I wish I could help. Look at the mud on the floor."

Keziah looked.

"Mud?" she exclaimed. "Why, so 'tis! How in the world did that come here? Wet feet, sure's you're born. Man's foot, too. Cap'n Elkanah's, I guess likely; though the prints don't look hardly big enough for his. Elkanah's convinced that he's a great man and his boots bear him out in it, don't they? Those marks don't look broad enough for his understandin', but I guess he made 'em; nobody else could. Here's the settin' room."

She threw open another door. A room gloomy with black walnut and fragrant with camphor was dimly visible.

"Cheerful's a tomb, ain't it?" was Mrs. Coffin's comment. "Well, we'll get some light and air in here pretty soon. Here's the front hall and there's the front stairs. The parlor's off to the left. We won't bother with that yet a while. This little place in here is what Mr. Langley used to call his 'study.' Halloa! how this door sticks!"

The door did stick, and no amount of tugging could get it open, though Grace added her efforts to those of Keziah.

"Tain't locked," commented Mrs. Coffin, "'cause there ain't any lock on it. I guess it's just swelled and stuck from the damp. Though it's odd, I don't remember— Oh, well! never mind. Let's sweeten up this settin' room a little. Open a window or two in here. We'll have to hurry if we want to do anything before it gets dark. I'm goin' into the kitchen to get a broom."

She hurried out, returning in a moment or two with a broom and a most disgusted expression.

"How's a body goin' to sweep with

that?" she demanded, exhibiting the frayed utensil, the business end of which was worn to a stub. "More like a shovel, enough sight. Well, there's pretty nigh dust enough for a shovel, so maybe this'll take off the top layers. Spose I'll ever get this house fit for Mr. Ellery to live in before he comes? I wonder if he's a particular man?"

Grace who was struggling with a refractory window, paused for breath.

"I'm sure I don't know," she replied. "I've never seen him."

"Nor I either. Sol was so bad the Sunday he preached that I couldn't go to meetin'. They say his sermon was fine; all about those who go down to the sea in ships. That's what got the parish committee, I guess; they're all old salts. I wonder if he's as fine-lookin' as they say?"

Miss Van Horne tossed her head. She was resting, prior to making another assault on the window.

"I don't know," she said. "And I'm sure I don't care. I don't like good-looking ministers."

"Deary me! You're different from most females in this town, then. And you spoke of his good looks yourself this very mornin'. Why don't you like the good-lookin' ones?"

"Oh, because they're always conceited and patronizing and superior—and spoiled. I can just imagine this Mr. Ellery of yours strutting about in sewing circles or sociables, with Annabel and Georgiana Lathrop and the rest simpering and gushing and getting in his way: 'O, Mr. Ellery, I did so enjoy that sermon of yours Sunday!' and 'O, Mr. Ellery, it was so good of you to come this afternoon!' Pooh! I'm glad I'm a Come-Outer. Not that I would simper over him if I wasn't. He couldn't patronize me—not more than once, at any rate."

Keziah was greatly amused.

"Sakes alive!" she chuckled. "You're awfully high and mighty, seems to me. And changeable since mornin'. You was willin' enough to talk about him then. Now, Gracie, you mustn't take a spite against poor Mr. Ellery just because I've got to keep house for him. 'Tain't his fault; he don't even know it yet."

"I don't care. I know he'll be a conceited little snippet and I shall hate the sight of him. There! there! Auntie, you mustn't mind me. I told you I was a selfish pig. But don't you ask me to like this minister of yours, because I shan't do it. He has no business to come and separate me from the best friend I've got. I'd tell him so if he was here—What was that?"

Both women looked at each other with startled faces. They listened intently.

"Why, wa'n't that funny!" whispered Keziah. "I thought I heard—"

"You did hear. So did I. What do you suppose—"

"S-s-s-h-h! It sounded from the front

room somewhere. And yet there can't be anybody in there, because— My soul! there 'tis again. I'm goin' to find out."

She grasped the stubby broom by the handle and moved determinately toward the front hall. Grace seized her by the arm.

"Don't you do it, auntie!" she whispered frantically. "Don't you do it! It may be a tramp."

"I don't care. Whoever or whatever it is, it has no business in this house, and I'll make that plain in a hurry. Just like as not it's a cat got in when Elkanah was here this afternoon. Don't be scared, Grace. Come right along."

The girl came along, but not with enthusiasm. They tiptoed through the dark, narrow hall and peered into the parlor. This apartment was dim and still and gloomy, as all parlors should be, but there was no sign of life.

"Humph!" sniffed Keziah. "It might have been upstairs, but it didn't sound so. What did it sound like to you?"

"Like a footstep at first; and then like something falling—and rustling. Oh, what is the matter?"

Mrs. Coffin was glancing down the hall with a strange expression on her face. Her grip upon the broom handle tightened.

"What is it?" pleaded the girl in an agonized whisper.

"Grace," was the low reply, "I've just remembered somethin'. That study door isn't stuck from the damp, because—well, because I remember now that it was open this mornin'."

(To be continued)

### Watertown, Wis., Church Progressing

Looking back over the past year it is evident that some progress has been made both numerically and spiritually. All services are kept up and comparatively well attended.

Sunday school has been a real pleasure. An orchestra and two new Sunday school classes have been organized, one class for women and another for men. Both teachers for these classes have come to us by letter. The teacher for the men's class has taught large men's classes for many years. We are anticipating more expansion.

The Ladie's Aid has been busy in making quilts for various denominational institutions, in staging several missionary plays and in doing considerable White Cross work. The Men's Club in conjunction with the Ladie's Aid distributed Christmas baskets locally and remembered the Children's Home with a contribution.

We are planning special meetings for the near future. There are some folks who might be reached for the church and the Kingdom.

G. WETTER.

### Missionary Work in Montana

Dear Bro. Mihm:

Am sending you a short sketch of our missionary work in Montana during the past year with a picture for the "Baptist Herald."

The mileage ran up to 23,128 miles including travel by railway, auto, lumberwagen, buggy, horseback, even "per pedes apostolorum." Besides some trying experiences, the Lord granted us many blessings, souls were saved and 7 of them at Lambert and Ballantine followed the Lord in baptism. One of the outstanding features of the work was the baptism at Ballantine, Aug. 7. Our singers took along an organ to the river bank of the Yellowstone and in nature's beauty songs of praise, reading and expounding of the scripture and a hymn sang by the parents of our brother coming from another fold, made deep impressions on many. Some of our festivals proved quite a success, showing that our young people are willing and ready to answer the call for service in both languages. On Oct. 16 we had a pleasant surprise when the young people of the Brady community rendered a "Harvest Festival" program under the leadership of the Misses Esther Schlepp and Royal Wiest. The attendance numbered close to 100. Vida reached its high water mark in the rendering of a Christmas program causing pleasant hours for the community, with an offering for our "Children's Home."

The protecting hand of the angel of the Lord we could recognize in a number of times. Two young people of our Vida church met with accidents but had a miraculous escape. Family Bischke, Ballantine, with 7 in the car, were saved from harm, while the car was badly damaged. The writer driving a borrowed car with brakes not in order drove into an irrigation ditch, 6 feet deep with streaming water, was saved from harm. We found the promise of old is true: "The angel of the Lord encampeth around about them that fear him, and delivereth them." On Nov. 16 the "Helping Hand" society of our Vida church had a sale of needle work and in spite of the scarcity of money their dainty and artistic work was highly appreciated and brought a good price, so that our sisters were encouraged to go forward. Through the lovingkindness of some missionary friends and especially the W. M. S. of the Anaheim Baptist Church, Cal., who sent a number of packages, we were able to provide clothing for 9 needy families. A number of our young people memorizing parts of the scriptures as: Psalms, Ten Commandments, Beatitudes, and verses in the New Testament, received a Bible or New Testament as reward. It would be an inspiration for the young people in the different localities if they had missionary books to read as: Paton, Cary, Judson, Morrison, Livingstone, McKay and others. In case some society or fam-



Baptism at Ballantine, Mont.

ilies have such to spare please send them to the "Land of the Shining Mountains" and the need of hungry hearts. Missionary opportunities we meet on many crossroads. Men, women, families, disappointed in their quest in the strange land are ready to listen to gospel story or read a tract or "gospel." Driven by conditions families come west. Not long ago a family visiting one of our cottage meetings remained at the close, asking many questions concerning salvation. A prospector in the mountain region showing the writer two small bottles of placer gold said smiling: "It took two months hard work, but it was worth it." Hard work, yes, dear missionary friends, but it is worth it to carry the cross and to win souls for the Kingdom. Pray for us.

EDUARD NIEMANN.

### Reception to New Pastor at Walnut St. Church, Newark

On Wednesday evening, Nov. 30, it was the great privilege of the Walnut St. Baptist Church, Newark, N. J., to welcome as its pastor the Rev. Donald Lee.

Following the scripture reading and the prayer, the choir, which has been newly organized under the leadership of our pastor, sang "Hallelujah to the King."

Addresses of welcome were given by the various organizations of the church. Included in our welcome were Mrs. Lee, their infant son, Richard, Mr. and Mrs. Lee, Sr., and Miss Virginia Lee.

Rev. V. Brushwyler brought to our new pastor greetings from the Evangel Church, Newark.

Rev. A. Bernadt of Second Church, Brooklyn, represented the German Baptist churches of New York and Vicinity and also the German Ministerial Union. Rev. Dr. W. S. Booth brought greetings from the New Jersey Baptist Convention.

Rev. Charles W. Koller expressed the good wishes of the Clinton Hill Church, Newark, and also gave the charge to the church. He stressed three important questions for a church to answer: 1. Can a church get a pastor? 2. Can the church make its pastor grow? 3. Can the church grow with its pastor?

Dr. Geo. E. Dawkins of the Peddie

Memorial Church, Newark, gave the charge to the pastor. In a most inspiring manner he charged the pastor to live so close to God that we might see, not the preacher and his personality, but God through him.

Rev. Mr. Lee's short response was followed by the benediction.

A social and fellowship period gave an opportunity for the guests to become acquainted with Rev. Mr. Lee and his family.

Both church and pastor feel God's guiding hand in the present connection. We believe with renewed vigor and enthusiasm the Walnut St. Church can render great service to the Master and that we have in our new pastor a leader who will truly and faithfully direct us in God's way.

JOSEPHINE N. RAUSCHER, Reporter.

### Their Victory is Defeat

We have all known people of whom Dinsdale T. Young says, "Number one was the only numeral to them." They have succeeded because they thought of no one but themselves. They did not care whom they crushed. "They built their throne upon broken hearts."

Mr. Young reminds us that "it needs no proving to those who believe in Christ and in the Bible that in such a case the one who wins loses. For such men succeed but quench all friendship. They have been too busy, too self-engrossed, or too unsympathetic to keep their friendships in good repair or to make new friends, and they have attained great success. But they have no friends."

\* \* \*

A witness one day in a Georgia court was asked by an attorney: "Did you know the defendant, Parson?"

"Yas, suh. Ah has a logical 'quaintance wid 'im," the negro replied.

"What do you mean by 'logical acquaintance'?"

"Well, suh," he replied, "we is mem-bahs of de same lodge."

\* \* \*

You cannot be informed as to what is going on in the denomination unless you take a Baptist paper. Renew your subscription to the "Baptist Herald" now.

# Life Stories of Great Baptists

## John A. Broadus

JOHN R. SAMPEY, D. D., LL. D.

Life Stories of Great Baptists  
Baptist World Alliance Series: No. 6

### Some Dates

Birth, (Jan. 24) .....	1827
Conversion .....	1843
Graduation (M. A.) .....	1850
Pastorate and University Teaching	1851
Professorship, Southern Baptist	
Seminary .....	1859
Travel in Europe .....	1870-71
Removal of Seminary to Louisville.	1877
Death (March 16) .....	1895

Dr. Thomas Armitage, in his "History of the Baptists," stamped on the front cover a picture of John A. Broadus as the representative Baptist. It was a gracious compliment worthily bestowed. Dr. Broadus loved the great Baptist brotherhood, and was himself deeply loved by Baptists in all parts of the world.

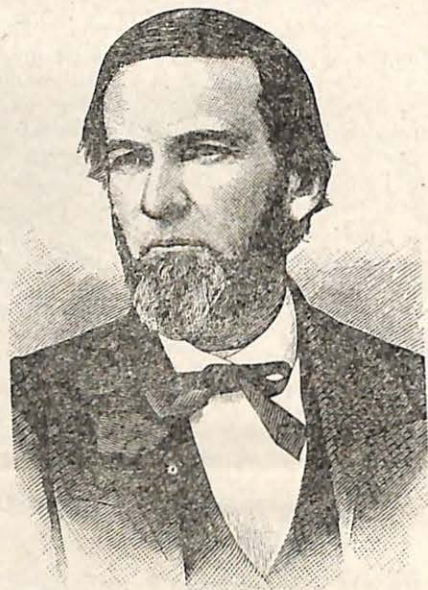
### His Birthplace and Early Education

John Albert Broadus belonged to a family which has given to the world many Baptist preachers, some of whom were widely influential. He was born in Culpeper County, Virginia, January 24, 1827. He died in Louisville, Kentucky, March 16, 1895. He was the son of Major Edmund Broadus, a gentleman of character and ability, who for many years represented his county in the legislature of Virginia. Major Broadus looked well to the education of his children, being himself a schoolmaster of real ability. John Albert was an ambitious pupil and throughout his school life stood at the head of his classes. He was industrious and had a great capacity for unremitting toil. He had excellent training in the Latin language in his boyhood. In order to assure John of the best educational advantages of the time, his father obtained a position at the University of Virginia as steward for State students. The father died two years before his son's graduation in the University four years later. The degree of M. A. at the University of Virginia in 1850 demanded more hard work than graduation at any other American institution of that time. His teachers and his fellow-students predicted for him a great future.

### A Soullwinner After His Conversion

John A. Broadus was converted in a protracted meeting in May, 1843, at Culpeper, Va. In this country community were Baptist preachers of marked gifts and unusual eloquence. The Rev. Barnett Grimsley was a man of great gifts and unusual eloquence. In a meeting a few months after John's conversion the preacher suggested that Christians should speak to their unconverted friends.

John had never done anything like this, but decided that he might venture to speak to a man not very bright, named Sandy Jones. This led to Sandy's conversion. Ever afterwards Sandy would cross the street to meet the friend who had led him to Christ, and would say, "Howdy, John? thankee John. Howdy, John? thankee, John." In telling of this first effort at soul-winning, Dr. Broadus used to add, "And if ever I reach the heavenly home and walk the golden streets, I know the first person to meet me will be Sandy, coming and saying again: 'Howdy, John? thankee, John.'"



JOHN A. BROADUS

### A Preacher at Nineteen

At the age of nineteen, under the influence of a powerful sermon by the Rev. A. M. Poindexter, young Broadus was led to surrender his life to the Christian ministry. His first sermon was preached at a Presbyterian church in Albemarle County, Va., as supply for Dr. William McGuffey, one of his professors in the University. A lady who heard him deliver his first sermon says, "There was something in his manner very entreating, very touching, very convincing. After the sermon all were eager to find out the name of the student who had filled so acceptably the learned professor's place."

In 1851 Mr. Broadus was called to the pastorate of the Charlottesville Baptist Church. He was also offered the position of Assistant Instructor in Ancient Languages in the University. He accepted both positions. He became equally great as preacher and teacher. During two years, 1855 to 1857, Mr. Broadus was Chaplain of the University of Virginia.

### A Founder of and a Teacher in the Southern Baptist Seminary

In May, 1857, he took part in the Theological Convention in Louisville, Ky.,

which led to the organization of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary at Greenville, S. C., two years later. The committee to devise plans for the new institution consisted of James P. Boyce, John A. Broadus, Basil Manly, Jr., E. E. Winkler and William Williams, all of whom were elected later on to teach in the new institution. With the exception of Winkler, these men constituted the original faculty of the new Seminary.

It cost John A. Broadus a severe struggle to turn from the pastorate in 1859 to become professor in the Southern Seminary. He was to teach two major departments, New Testament Interpretation (English and Greek), and Homiletics. He became a master in each field. His standards of work were very high and his health snapped in the midst of his first session as teacher in the Seminary. His colleagues generously cared for his work for several weeks. In his "Memoir of James P. Boyce" Dr. Broadus tells how he was invited to accompany Dr. Boyce on a first visit to Charleston, S. C. "The journey had to begin at 4 A. M. and to continue till toward midnight, but he wrapped his friend in a wonderful overcoat—a miracle of softness and warmth—and when we reached Charleston carried him in his own arms from the carriage into his room at the hotel. He seemed strong like a giant, and he was tender as a woman."

### A Chaplain in the Confederate Army

The War of Secession broke out during the second session of the new Seminary in Greenville. The institution closed its door in the midst of the third session and remained closed until the autumn of 1865. In the summer of 1863 Dr. Broadus served for about three months as missionary in Lee's army. One of his former pupils, who was a chaplain in the Army of Northern Virginia, thus describes his ministry to the soldiers: He drew large crowds and as he looked into the eyes of those bronzed heroes of many a battle, and realized that they might be summoned at any hour into another battle, and into eternity, his very soul was stirred within him, and I never heard him preach with such beautiful simplicity and thrilling power the old gospel which he loved so well. Again and again would the vast congregation be melted down under the power of the great preacher, and men "unused to the melting mood" would sob with uncontrollable emotion. General Robert E. Lee came to have a very high appreciation of Dr. Broadus as a preacher and invited him to deliver the Commencement Sermon in Washington College in June, 1867.

### Helps Revive the Seminary

When the four young professors in the Southern Seminary came together in Greenville in the late summer of 1865

it was a serious question whether the institution could reopen. After earnest discussion, Dr. Broadus said: "Suppose we quietly agree that the Seminary may die, but we'll die first." They bowed their heads in prayer, and held together for the remainder of their lives. The struggle was long and trying, but each man kept his promise, and so they laid the foundation for the largest Baptist theological school in the world. During the session of 1865-6 there were only seven students in the Seminary, one of whom was a blind man. Dr. Broadus lectured to this blind man on Homiletics. These lectures, five years later, appeared in book form as "Preparation and Delivery of Sermons." This admirable work on preaching has held its place for more than sixty years as the most popular and helpful treatment of the divine art of preaching.

### Travels in Europe and Palestine

When Dr. Broadus's health was shaken in 1870, Dr. Boyce persuaded the Trustees to give to his colleague a year's leave of absence with salary continued and money for traveling expenses. During this year abroad Dr. Broadus had opportunity to hear Mr. Spurgeon, Canon Liddon and other great preachers and to form personal friendships with great scholars like Bishop Ellicott, Professor J. B. Lightfoot and Dr. B. F. Westcott. He spent six weeks in the Holy Land, and drew inspiration from the study of paintings, statuary and architecture in Europe. He was qualified by his previous studies to appreciate all that he saw and heard, and he was greatly enriched in mind and heart by this year abroad.

### An Outstanding Teacher

During the long struggle for the Seminary's life between 1865 and 1877 Dr. Broadus was the outstanding teacher in the Seminary. We do not forget his testimony concerning his gifted colleague, Dr. William Williams: "He is a noble man, of great abilities, and is the finest lecturer I have ever known." Drs. Toy and Whittitt were also doing scholarly work of the highest order. Drs. Broadus and Williams were the outstanding preachers of this group. Students would come away from a service conducted by either of these wondering how the other man could equal the sermon they had just heard.

Invitations to important pastorates and to the presidency of institutions of learning came to Dr. Broadus with growing frequency as the world came to appreciate his ripe scholarship and his unrivalled eloquence in the pulpit. He stuck quietly to his professorship in the Seminary as the work to which he had been called by the providence of God. He never forgot the covenant between himself and his colleagues to dedicate their lives to the Southern Seminary. He made no mistake in giving himself through a long life to the work of teaching and inspiring growing classes of

young men studying for the ministry. He lives in hundreds of lives that were enriched by his instruction and his example.

### Removal of Seminary to Louisville

In 1877 the Seminary was removed to Louisville, Ky., and has continued to grow in numbers and resources until it has become the largest evangelical Seminary in the world. John A. Broadus was the greatest teacher who has ever been connected with the Seminary. The men who sat in his classes can never forget his inspiring lectures and his ability to stimulate students to their highest endeavor. He was a wise counsellor and a faithful friend. If one of his students could measure up to all that Dr. Broadus hoped for him, he would be completely satisfied. The great teacher set an example of industry and toil to the close of his life. He always did his best, and his best was better than anybody else's best.

In 1886 Dr. Broadus completed his Commentary on Matthew, a work of great learning and at the same time one of the most readable commentaries to be found anywhere. It is seldom that a teacher can excel in two major departments. The students in the Seminary were never willing to give up either Homiletics or New Testament. In later years young men assisted him in all his classes, but he retained the position of chief instructor in both departments.

Among the books published by Dr. Broadus we may name "A Harmony of the Gospels," "Sermons and Addresses," "Lectures on the History of Preaching," and "Jesus of Nazareth." Those who heard

### Dr. Broadus in the Pulpit

can never forget his manner, the tones of his voice and the magnetism with which he charmed his audience. We can imagine ourselves actually listening to him as we read one of his sermons or addresses. Few of his sermons were written out in full in advance of the delivery. The audience and the occasion always made some contribution to each sermon. The preacher was stimulated and inspired by the audience to which he ministered. In an atmosphere of worship the fulness of his learning and wisdom was brought under tribute and his marvelous powers of persuasion found expression. The soul of the preacher impinged upon the souls of his hearers and awoke in them aspirations after a higher and richer life of fellowship with Christ. In the presence of such a magnetic and frank personality, men yielded themselves to his sway with full assurance that their lives would be enriched under his instruction and appeals. Men unused to the manifestation of emotion were often powerfully moved by the preacher's message. The written sermon in the case of Dr. Broadus could not equal in impressiveness the spoken word. The preacher's thoughts were always

well arranged, but there was much of spontaneity and freshness in the words which flowed from his lips in the presence of a responsive audience. These same elements appeared in his lectures before his classes. Students were often so completely under the spell of the teacher as to find it difficult to write down the thoughts as he presented them. Men's hearts beat faster under the charm of his delivery. He knew how to seize the essential principles of the subject on which he was lecturing, and he was always accurate and succinct in statement.

### Relation to His Colleagues

During the years in which the life of the Seminary often hung in the balance, there were times when Dr. Broadus would pour into a brief address appeals which profoundly moved his hearers. Men found it impossible not to respond with generous gifts. Without the aid of Dr. Broadus, his gifted colleagues who founded the Southern Seminary could hardly have kept it alive through the trying period which followed the War of Secession. The friendship between Boyce and Broadus was like that of David and Jonathan. They loved and admired each other, and each would grow eloquent in talking of his comrade and friend.

Dr. Broadus outlived his three colleagues. He presided at the funeral service of Williams, Boyce and Manly. It seemed to some of his friends that Dr. Broadus took up into his own personality the finest things in the character of his great colleagues as they passed on to the life beyond. As long as Broadus lived, his three friends and colleagues lived in and through him.

Dr. Broadus did much to draw Northern and Southern Baptists together in fellowship. He could interpret Southern people to Northern audiences, and Northern people to Southern audiences. His love of the Baptist brotherhood in America and in the whole world enabled him to interpret his brethren of one section and country to those of other sections and countries. He was a great peacemaker.

### Serves on International Sunday School Lesson Committee

For seventeen years Dr. Broadus was a member of the International Sunday School Lesson Committee. Toward the close of his life he was regarded by his colleagues of the Lesson Committee as their greatest scholar and their wisest leader in the selection of lessons for the Sunday schools of North America. He was asked by the Committee to make the first draft of the lessons, and so well was the work done that only minor changes of his work were made by the full Committee. In selecting lessons which were used by millions of pupils and teachers, he rendered a signal service to evangelical Christianity.

(Continued on page 16)

# Our Devotional Meeting

August F. Runtz

February 12, 1933

## When Is Friendship Christian?

Acts 9:26, 27; John 15:13

The saddest plight on all the earth is to see a friendless soul. We are made for friendship as we are made for God, and life can never attain its best without this friendship. When is this friendship Christian? Remember that when it is Christian it is at its best.

When it is not conditioned by circumstances. Seeking the companionship of another for personal gain or advantage is not friendship at all, for friendship is never based on selfishness. A friend is as ready to give as he is to receive; in fact a friend is never known till needed. "A friend loveth at all times, and as a brother is born for adversity." The greatest illustration of such a friendship in all the Bible or in all literature is that of Jonathan and David. "It is a friendship between two men, of whom the younger was a most formidable rival to the older. It is Jonathan that shines most in this friendship, for he was the one who had least to gain and most to lose from the other." Even though he knew that David had been chosen to succeed his father as king, yet no atom of jealousy stained his noble spirit. Circumstances did not affect this friendship.

When it transcends race, religion, and custom. There can be no prejudice in friendship. In one of our Scripture passages we read how Barnabas befriended Paul, who had been persecuting the church, and vouchsafed for him before the church in Jerusalem. Later he befriended him again and introduced him to the church in Antioch. Only eternity can measure how much Barnabas is responsible for the wonderful life of Paul. In the book of Ruth we have a splendid illustration of how race barriers were broken down, when that Moabitish maiden left her home to go into a foreign land because of her love for her mother-in-law, Naomi. Another notable illustration of such a friendship is that which sprung up between Paul and the Roman centurion on that fateful voyage when Paul was taken to Rome as a prisoner.

When it is Christlike. Jesus called those men about him his friends, and he said a man would lay down his life for his friends. He loved those men, and even in his last great struggle he longed for their company, and at last died for them, and yet that was no reason for him to refrain from pointing out their faults, although we are sure that it was not done with a harsh, critical attitude. And we too may, when we are possessed of a tenderness begotten of affection, speak gently but frankly to our friends.

"Faithful are the wounds of a friend: but the kisses of an enemy are profuse."

February 19, 1933

## Why Marriages Succeed or Fail

Eph. 5:1, 2, 25-33

When God doth join. The history of mankind began in wedlock. The family is the first institution of society, and the mother of all the rest. It was before church or state, and is greater than either. From the beginning it was God's plan that a man and woman should unite and found a home, where each generation might bring into being and teach the noble meaning of life to each succeeding generation.

God knew that it would take a strong tie to hold this family together. So there was placed into the heart of humans the love-instinct; that certain something that is greater than law, and because of which two young people of opposite sexes will leave their parents and face the world together, sharing joy and sorrow, fortune and misfortune, each bearing a share of the common burden, never tiring of each other, but rather becoming more attached as the years go by. And when at last the one or the other is taken away, the very heart-life has gone out of the one who remains, the one desire being to depart and be with the loved one. Such love is God-implanted, and such lives have indeed been united by God. And when God unites hearts, not through the preacher's words, but from very nature, there will be no separation by any divorce court.

Why do marriages so often fail? And a great many do fail. President Hoover's committee, investigating modern social trends, stated: "If divorce continues at the present rate, one of every six marriages this year will ultimately end in the divorce courts."

And many a marriage that is a failure never reaches the divorce court.

Why are there so many failures? A few of the contributing causes are mentioned here that young people might guard against them. Hasty marriages; it is much better to get acquainted before the wedding. Marriage as a lark; how often folks forget that marriage is a serious affair, and that one entering into the agreement vows to be loyal unto death. Lack of self-control; laziness. No one can be happy long where the wife has to make the living while the husband loaf, or where the husband comes home to find a sloppy wife, dirty children, an untidy house, and meals unprepared. Too much "in-law."

Religion, although one of the greatest

forces in life, it is still, according to a New York City judge, the cause of much domestic trouble. Better marry someone of your own religious faith. Lack of religion and church attendance; financial worries, caused largely by installment buying; marriage for wealth; marriage simply because of physical attraction or the fascination of beauty. Ill health; every young man and young woman who intends to marry ought to bring a healthy body, a pure mind, and a clean heart to the marriage altar.

February 26, 1933

## How Can We Show Christ Attractive to New Americans?

Acts 2:1-11

Immigration is about at a standstill at present, nevertheless there are a great many in our land who know little of the Christ as we know him. They may have learned many things from us that will be detrimental to them, and yet not have learned anything of the beauty and the help of our Savior, and it is our duty to help them know Christ. We must not forget either that there have been many fine Christian folks among the immigrants who have enriched the religious life of our country. When such folks come now we must welcome them into our homes and into our churches. However, there are also those who are not even nominal Christians. How can we make Christ attractive to them?

He must be attractive to us. "Nothing convinces like conviction" is a true saying. And it is just as true that no one can make Christ attractive to another unless his own life has felt the charm of that personality. When once the soul is able to say, as Peter said that morning by the Sea of Galilee, "Thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee," then it will not be long until people take note that we have been with Jesus, for we radiate his personality. Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh, but not only the mouth, the whole life. When Christ holds supreme place in a life his charm cannot be hid in that life.

Friendliness. This must be genuine, and not artificial or sham. There is no place for a feeling of condescension in genuine friendship. Jesus was friendly toward all sorts of folks as they came to him; perhaps that is the reason so many came, even a Syrophenician woman among them, because they felt that here were open arms and an open heart.

On the day of Pentecost there were many nationalities represented in Jerusalem, but the apostles treated all as

February 1, 1933

equals. All about us are strangers who are friendless. We have our friends and so we make no effort to be friendly toward them, nor to let them know that we are followers of the Nazarene. Have you ever tried to show the winsomeness of Christ to that Chinese laundryman? Or have you ever invited that Mexican into your home?

March 5, 1933

## Discovering Jesus' Principles for Our Lives

Matt. 5:1-9, 21-24

In this Sermon on the Mount are laid down great principles of life, which, if followed, would redound to individual happiness and the coming of the kingdom in society.

The quest for happiness. When Jesus looked at the crowd before him he realized that all were seeking happiness, or satisfaction, even if they were seeking it in the wrong direction. Satisfaction is still the quest of every man.

How can one find the supreme good in life? Jesus pointed out that it is not dependent upon a man's outward circumstances, but upon his character, not so much on what a man has as on what he is; not upon the kind of house he lives in, but upon the kind of man that lives in the house. It is really something spiritual. So we discover in Jesus' principle that things are not fundamental to happiness, though they may be contributory.

Meekness. Here is a principle that is rather unpopular, because it is misunderstood. Meekness is something different than good nature. It is not weakness. It is the opposite of pride and arrogance toward God. It is a trustful submission to God, seeking to know and to do his will. The meek man is the strong man. Jesus said of himself: "I am meek and lowly of heart," yet he drove those profiteers from the temple with a rope. When he was wronged he refrained from any retaliation, but when the weak were abused his indignation became terrible. He was strong enough to pray for his enemies. No weakness in that meekness.

The desire for righteousness. This burning desire, which is akin to the keenest hunger and thirst of the body, must first of all be for our own righteousness or goodness. It is the intense desire for a right character. Do you desire a right character as much as you desire wealth, or ease, or fame, or knowledge? Then it is also righteousness in society. Jesus said that it was blessed to have that burning desire for justice, and brotherhood, and a square deal for every one, and then to work for its achievement. Do we desire this righteousness as much as we desire the return of prosperity?

The reconciling spirit. "If thy brother has aught . . . leave thy gift . . . first be reconciled. . . ." How plainly Jesus taught that he who would be forgiven of

God must himself have a forgiving attitude. "If ye forgive not men, neither will your Father forgive you." We need scarcely be told of the great need that this principle dominate our lives. An unforgiving attitude is the ruination of many a home, it disrupts the church and makes it ineffective, it causes feuds among neighbors, that often end in bloodshed, it leads to wars and the devastation of wars.

## Holiday Activities of Los Angeles Society First Church

We of the First German Baptist Church of Los Angeles have certainly had a blessed holiday season in Him. On Saturday evening, December 10, a group of young people motored to the Sailor's Rest Mission at San Pedro, taking charge of the program there. Clinton Kraft brought a very inspiring message on Romans 6:23: "For the wages of sin is death but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ, our Lord." Sin, the employer, with death as the sure and certain wages was contrasted with the gift of God, which if we accept it, brings us eternal life. The music of the evening was brought by the three Gates sisters. How thy can sing and play!

At the close of the meeting several men raised their hands for prayer and Gospels of John were distributed to those wishing them. After this, the men were taken downstairs to the dining hall where they received the food which we had brought for them. It is our privilege to witness for Christ at this mission once every month.

The next day, December 11, was indeed a day of showers—showers of rain and showers of blessing. After the morning service and a lunch at church, a group of twenty young people went to the County Poor Farm at Hondo, Cal. We took along enough bags filled with candies, cookies and fruit to supply two of the wards in the infirmary. There are from 30 to 50 in each ward. Before passing out the bags to the eager folks, we sang Christmas carols and other choruses to them. How delighted they were! As we presented them with our small gifts, we had the opportunity of speaking to them and presenting some of them with tracts and Gospels of John. Just to see the happy look on the faces of those dear sick people more than repaid us for our visit. We are planning to go there again soon.

On December 18, the Sunday before Christmas, our young people presented a Christmas program. The main feature was a pageant, "The Christmas Voice," which revealed to us the true Christmas spirit.

Then came Christmas eve, when a group of our young people had a happy time caroling at the homes of some of our own church people. At midnight we

enjoyed refreshments at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Kageler.

Christmas day with the message, old yet new, was a great day for Him. On Christmas night our Sunday school scholars presented a fine program. Each child brought a "white gift" in the form of food which was later distributed among the needy of our congregation. An offering also was taken for missionary purposes. It amounted to \$41.00.

On New Years eve, as a climax of the old year, our pastor, Rev. J. A. H. Wuttke, had the privilege of baptizing eight young converts. After the baptismal service, the young people presented a program downstairs, consisting of several readings and musical numbers and a surprise testimony meeting. Refreshments were then served and we enjoyed a social hour. Then the regular watch-night service followed until midnight. Thus the old year passed into history. New Years day being the first Sunday of the month, the newly baptised believers were given the right hand of fellowship.

We, as a young people's society, praise and thank the Lord for the many opportunities we have of witnessing for Him. Our prayer for the new year is that we might do more for our Master than we have in the past.

FLORENCE WESSEL, Reporter.

## Sins of the Spirit

Perhaps the most significant change that has come over the face of modern civilization is the new conception of sin that is being made manifest. The deadly sins of years gone by laid heavy stress on licentiousness, gambling, drinking, dancing, and theater-going. And if a man was sound in doctrine no one questioned his meanness in business, his hardness at home, or his crookedness in politics. While we still abhor the sins of the flesh we are gaining a broader understanding of the more deadly sins of the spirit. A great church leader in England has crystallized these changing conceptions in a new list of seven deadly sins. He puts each one of them in three words. And I will paraphrase each one in phrases that you will appreciate.

- (1.) Policies without principles
- (2.) Wealth without work
- (3.) Pleasure without conscience
- (4.) Knowledge without character
- (5.) Business without morality
- (6.) Science without humanity
- (7.) Worship without sacrifice

These are the new standards that you will be measured by in the years to come. Are you getting ready to live up to them?



**John A. Broadus**  
(Continued from page 13)  
A Wise Leader

In the Southern Baptist Convention Dr. Broadus came to have a place quite unique. He was not only the greatest preacher among Southern Baptists, but also one of the wisest leaders. The brethren were always happy when he rose to speak on any subject, and they would follow his words with bated breath. At certain crises in the life of the Convention, it was Broadus who showed the way out. Plain and uneducated men could understand him, and they came to trust him as a safe leader. He was aware of the weaknesses in our ultra-democratic denominational life, but he believed in our Baptist doctrines and polity. He held the confidence and loyalty of the Baptist brotherhood to the close of his life. Our whole world seemed to be different when he went away. In seasons of perplexity men found themselves inquiring "What would Dr. Broadus say of this? What would he advise us to do?" We missed him much as the early Christians must have missed the Apostle Paul when he departed "to be with Christ."

**The Worth-Whileness of the Little Sunday School**

It may be a surprise to many Sunday school workers to know that of the one hundred and forty-five thousand Sunday schools in the United States the great majority are not in the cities and large towns, but in the open country and little places of not more than fifteen hundred inhabitants. The average Sunday school enrolment in the United States and Canada is less than sixty. Of the seventeen million scholars, at least two-thirds are in the little schools, a fact that ought to make them take on a new importance, not only in the minds of those who are conducting them, but also in the minds of city Sunday school workers the country over. There should be, in fact, something in this statement to create new interest, courage, and enthusiasm in those who are members of little Sunday schools or workers in them. Some of the reasons why the little Sunday school has certain distinct advantages over the large city school are set forth in these words in "The Standard Sunday School Worker":

"There is a closer community contact between teacher and pupil. The pupil's daily life, as well as his home environment, is more of an open book. The teacher thus knows better how to apply the truth to the needs of the pupil. Teachers must know not only the lesson, but also the pupil, if the lesson is to be taught under ideal conditions, and in the small school these essential conditions are best realized. The third strategic opportunity lies in the fact that small rural schools win to Christ and train for service thousands of workers who later

move to the cities, carry their religion with them, and in time are chosen pillars in the church. They become elders, or deacons, or church trustees, or Sunday school superintendents, or teachers, in the large city churches and church schools."

The worker in the little Sunday school who is longing for a "wider field of opportunity" often fails fully to appreciate the real opportunity that lies at his or her own door. No Sunday school officer or teacher is giving better service than the sincere and faithfully devoted workers in our little schools. Many a strong and useful city Sunday school of today is in that condition, because so many of its most helpful workers were once pupils and then workers in little Sunday schools.

**Safe on the Golden Strand**

(A Translation of "Wenn Ich am Ufer des Jordans steh'.")

S. A. KOSE

When at the Jordan my journey ends,  
Savior, be thou my guide.  
Help me to cross, where the Jordan  
wends,  
Let me with thee abide.

CHORUS:

Yonder in heaven the land of light,  
Safe on the golden strand,  
There in that land where there is no  
night,  
There I my ship will land.

City of God on Judean hills,  
Open thy gates for me,  
With adoration my soul it fills  
When I thy glory see.

There I will rest after woe and strife  
Leaning on Jesus' berast  
And with the gift of eternal life  
There I'll enjoy my rest.

From yonder home I can hear sweet  
sraings;  
"Welcome, come in," they sing.  
Soon shall I see him, who o'er us reigns,  
Jesus, our Lord and King.

(This translation was sent to us by a friend for whom Rev. S. A. Kose made it. Alas, when this good friend sent it to us he omitted two words in his copy which garbled the text. Bro. Kose called our attention to this and sent a corrected text which we herewith publish. We hope we have caused no inconvenience to singers. Editor.)

**On Our Side**

Mrs. Lucy W. Peabody, speaking for prohibition recently, said:  
Time is on our side;  
Science is on our side;  
Wealth is on our side;  
The home is on our side;  
Mothers and children are on our side;  
Finance and industry are on our side;  
The gospel is on our side;  
And the Savior of the world is on our side!  
Tell 'em, sister. Amen!

**An Opportunist**

She: "And what did papa say when you told him you couldn't sleep for thinking of me?"

Jack: "He offered me a job as night watchman in his factory."

**Poor Fish**

"Mary," inquired the mistress suspiciously, "did you wash this fish carefully before you baked it?"

"Why, ma'am," replied Mary, "what's the use of washin' a fish that's lived all his life in water?"

**Obliging**

The shopper was on the way out after leaving her list of groceries to be delivered. Suddenly she turned and said, coldly: "Never mind the apples; I see the cat is sleeping on them."

"O, that's all right. She won't mind me waking her up."—Pearsons.

**Farewell**

Son: "Mother, today you will look upon my face for the last time."

Mother: "What? You would leave your home forever?"

Son: "No, mother; I'm going to raise a beard."—Knoxville Journal.

**Good Enough**

An Indianapolis dealer in tires and tubes advertises this way: "Invite us to your next blowout."—Good Hardware.

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Policeman: "As soon as I saw you come around the bend I said to myself, 'Forty-five at least.'"

Lady Driver: "How dare you? It's this hat that makes me look so old."

\* \* \*

"Now, children, we have heard all about the duties of the Senators and Congressmen. Johnny, can you tell us the duties of the chaplain?"

"Please, teacher, the chaplain looks the Senators all over and then prays for the country."

**Crabbing Her Act**

"They tell me your engagement is broken."

"Yes; and Bill behaved abominably."  
"But I thought you broke it off yourself."

"So I did, but he made absolutely no fuss about it."—Halifax Chronicle.

**In the Future**

"This is little Waldo."  
"Yes? And how old is he?"  
"Nearly six."  
"Can the little fellow write?"  
"O yes," said the proud mother, "but he has not as yet published anything."—Judge.