

# 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 Twelve

## The Blessing of Problems

**W**ITHOUT problems, it would be a dreary, flat and strengthless world. Men build hazards into a golf course to make the game more difficult, then why should they constantly complain against the difficulties of life? As one stated it, "Don't be afraid of obstacles, you can't tell you're moving, till you hit something." It's the principle of resistance that makes progress possible. The resistance of the steel rail against the wheel of the locomotive enables it to make traction. The resistance of air against the propeller of an airplane enables it to leave the earth and soar among the clouds. Problems are producers of strength. Problems, when solved, are the givers of joy. Problems, when fairly faced, are the developers of mind, and soul, and body. Therefore, be thankful for the difficulties and problems which make it a hard task to build your Sunday school to what it ought to be. Face these things with a spirit of real gratitude for the task and all that it means. Ours is, indeed, a warfare, and we fight under the glorious, blood-stained banner of a victor King

—Sunday School Builder.

## What's Happening

Rev. R. Vassel, pastor of our church at Bison, Kans., had the joy of baptizing 17 converts on Sunday, June 4, nearly all of whom were young people.

On Feb. 26. Rev. B. Schlipf, pastor at Avon, S. Dak., had the joy of baptizing 26 converts, and on May 21 8 more were baptized. During the past year the Avon church had a net addition of 30, the present membership being 296. The Sunday school, too, is prospering, 349 being on the roll. On a recent Sunday 318 were present.

The King's Daughters of the church at Emery, S. Dak., gave a Mother's Day program on Friday afternoon, May 12, to which all the mothers of the church had been invited. It was so excellent that a request was made for its repetition at the next Sunday evening service for the entire congregation. The general theme was "Honoring Mother."

The Pentecost and Mission Festival at Marion, Kans., Rev. O. Roth, pastor, held June 4-5, was successful in attendance and spirit. The meetings were held in a large tent on the church grounds. Dr. Wm. Kuhn and Rev. A. P. Mihm were the guest speakers. Rev. G. Lang of Lorraine and Prof. Ebel of Hillsboro also had a part in the program.

Mr. Walter Staub, one of our well-known and active Baptist laymen, has been elected president of the Society of Certified Public Accountant for New York State. Mr. Staub will represent this society at a convention of Accountants in London and will sail for abroad on July 1, accompanied by Mrs. Staub and their daughter Helen. We wish them "bon voyage."

Rev. A. G. Rietdorf is the new pastor of the Salem Church near Gotebo, Okla., and began his ministry with the church the last Sunday of April. Bro. Rietdorf's German Baptist background was in the former church at Piney, Ark., where his parents were members. He studied at the Southwestern Seminary at Fort Worth, Tex., and was pastor in Texas before coming to the Gotebo church.

Rev. W. Helwig, pastor of the Westington Springs church, S. Dak., reports a revival at their new station at Woonsocket, which will lead to an encouraging membership addition in the near future. Already 15 have signified their intention to unite by baptism and by letter. Prayer is being made for the great number of unconverted young people at the Ebenzer church that they might give their hearts to Christ.

The graduating class of the German Department of Colgate-Rochester Divinity School this year numbers eleven young

men. They are Lewis B. Berndt, Alfred Bibelheimer, John Broeder, Hetwin H. Friedrich, John Heer, Thomas Lutz, Edmund Mittelstedt, Max Mittelstedt, Reinhold Sigmund, Fred Weisser and Emanuel Wolff. The commencement exercises took place Tuesday evening, May 23, in the Andrews St. Baptist church.

Rev. G. Eichler, pastor at Linton, N. Dak., preached the baccalaureate sermon before the graduating class of the Linton High School on Sunday evening, May 21. The theme was: "The Pathway to a Noble Life," Proverbs 1:7a. His daughter Ruth was a member of the class.—The Linton B. Y. P. U., which was re-organized over a year ago, is doing splendid work under the leadership of Mrs. C. Kremer. They meet every Sunday evening for business and a varied program.

Rev. Alfred Bernadt, pastor of the Second German Baptist Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., is encouraged by the increased attendances at the Sunday services. The average attendance at the Friday evening prayer meetings for the past months is between 70-100. Since Bro. Bernadt has begun his pastorate 17 members have been received by baptism and letters. A genuine spirit of co-operation is reported in all the church organizations. An Alfred Bernadt, Jr., has arrived at the parsonage and is doing nicely.

Rev. E. P. Wahl, pastor at Trochu and Olds, Alta., Can., presented his resignation to his church on May 21 to take effect August 7. Bro. Wahl has accepted the call of the Second Church, Portland, Oreg., and expects to begin his new work on August 13. Bro. Wahl has long been actively identified with the Northern Conference and is known as an energetic and successful promoter of Bible Schools for the young people of Alberta during the winter seasons. His going is a loss to the Northern Conference, but will be Portland's gain.

Two happy couples, prominent in our Kansas Young People's and Sunday School Workers' Union, were recently wedded. Miss Hannah Schlotthauer of Strassburg and Harvey Kruse of Lorraine joined hands in matrimony. Both have been presidents of the Kansas Union. Miss Irene Steinberg, the present president of the Kansas Y. P. & S. S. Union, and Walter Kohrs of the First Church, Dillon, were married on June 4. We wish these young people God's choicest blessings as they journey through life together.

The newly elected officers of the Y. P. & S. S. W. Union of Cleveland, Ohio, are: Emil A. Hasse, president; James Gallaway, vice-president; Marie Buys,

secretary; Evelyn Rubly, treasurer. This election took place at the annual meeting on April 20, held at the White Avenue church. The speaker for this meeting was Rev. Herbert Mackenzie of the Gospel Church. He gave a very scriptural message on the Three-Fold Vision a Christian worker must have, namely a Vision of the Lord, a Vision of Life and a Vision of the Lost. A hearty vote of thanks was extended to him by the listeners.

Rev. Charles F. Zummach of the Oak St. Church, Burlington, Ia., preached the annual sermon to the graduating class of the German department of the Colgate-Rochester Divinity School in Rochester, N. Y., on Sunday, May 21, and gave an address on "The Place and Message of the Christian Church and the Christian Ministry in Our Day," at the graduating exercises on Tuesday evening, May 23. The Editor of the "Baptist Herald" supplied the pulpit for Bro. Zummach on May 21 and had a full and delightful day with the church in spite of a heavy rain, which marred the attendance at night.

\* \* \*

It is not a sin to be tempted; it is a sin to yield. It is a compliment to us that Satan thinks we are worth fighting for. Let us give him a good fight! Christ, the Son of God, was tempted—tempted in all points like we are, yet without sin. He won, as we may win, by sheer trust in God, by not parleying with the tempter, by using the Sword of the Spirit, and by reliance on the Holy Spirit.

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# The Baptist Herald

## "Ye Must Be Born Again"

A. D. SCHANTZ

### Eternal Life Is Attained by Believing on the Son of God

"For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him, should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John 3:16).

It was in love to us that God gave the gift of Eternal Life. Christ did not come to give us life in the flesh, for that, every one has that is born into the world, and that life is to die. There is no hope of the life in the flesh. Christ said, "Ye must be born again," which shall be a spiritual birth unto Life Eternal. The second birth is Christ-like and unending. Through the second birth we are born into God's family, where death is never known.

The fleshly birth is of the dust which must to dust return, but the second birth is of the Spirit of God which remains with him eternally. In the spiritual birth we are begotten of God, and thus in him "we live, and move, and have our being." Paul says that we are God's offspring. Through the disobedience of Adam we lost our contact with God, and were in the flesh condemned to eternal doom; but through Christ we re-established fellowship with God, of which neither death, nor any evil powers can separate us. Christ died only once for our sin, and he became a victor over death, sin, and the grave.

Christ said, "That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit" (John 3:6).

If that which is born of the Spirit becomes spirit, there can be no death! It is only our fleshly body that dies, but the life that is given to us through and of the Spirit of God, not a body and flesh as we see the earthly life, but one that we receive in God, that life is eternal as God is eternal. The new birth is out of the heart of God to his eternal delight and heaven's glory. It is not a life for just a day, or week, or month, or year, or hundred years, but one without end, eternally.

### Everlasting Life Our Eternal Possession

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth my word and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life" (John 5:24).

"Hath everlasting life" is in the present tense, a gift which we have now and throughout eternity. "Shall not come into condemnation" is in the future tense and holds out as long as the Word of God is Truth. "But is passed from death unto life" is in

the past, present, and future tense. He is already a victor over death to live eternally. But let us remember that our fleshly body still remains the same until the day of the resurrection. But the spirit within us will war against the flesh to bring it in subjection to the will of God, and therefore the difference and change takes place in the converted one. Yet the nature of our body will remain that of the world until the death of our body.

### Christ the Water of Life In Us

"But whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life" (John 4:14).

The water that Christ offers shall be a treat that will satisfy us to the utmost. Having partaken of the Living Water, it becomes in us a well "springing up into everlasting life." Through this water we are clad in garments of righteousness, to ever stamp the seal of life and eternity. If we drink of this water we shall never thirst again. "He that believeth on me, as the scripture has said, from within him shall flow rivers of living water" (John 7:38).

This water will become a living stream in us that will have contact with the lives of others and will be a fountain refreshing the lives of the weary, and quenching the thirst of the thirsty. In this stream we will have direct contact with the fountain of life, which flows out of the presence of God.

### Christ the Bread of Life

"I am the bread of life: he that cometh to me shall never hunger; and he that believeth on me shall never thirst" (John 6:35).

In Christ our hunger is quenched never to hunger again, and in him our thirst is taken to never thirst again. If we partake of "the bread of life" we will become eternal streams of flowing beauty. Coming to him in faith, he will receive us into his everlasting habitation to hide us with him in God. "Being hid with Christ in God," we are protected against the devil, hell, and all the evil powers of the world.

"And I give unto them eternal life: and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand" (John 10:28).

It is eternal life that Christ offers in the new birth, to never perish and to ever live. "Neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand." In this, Christ has sealed the new born soul with the everlasting seal of eternal truth, which seal no man can open, and which truth no power can destroy. In his hand we become treasures of beauty to his eternal delight, which he will never suffer to lose.

### The New Birth

"Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again" (John 3:7).

The new birth is eternal: It has a beginning, but no ending. The first birth is material and will with the material nature fade away; but the new birth is spiritual and Christlike, and will with the spirit take its course to live eternally. If one who is born of the Spirit of God should die, then God is not able to keep that which is his own. If we become a part of God and then die, then God must suffer loss in that which we are a part of him.

The new birth is an entrance of life into an eternal day of glory. It is an entrance to a place where God is, sheltered by the protection under God's wings. In the new birth we have God as our Father, Christ as our intercessor, heaven is our gain, life is our reward. So in the new birth we have God who is eternal, we have a Christ who is eternal, we have a heaven that is eternal, we have a life that is eternal, and there is no room for death to ever claim us.

In Christ we have everlasting life. In him we never perish, in him we never thirst, in him we never hunger, in him we are passed from death unto life, in him we are never condemned, in him we never walk in darkness, in him we never die. Christ's promise and offer of eternal life is as eternal as God is everlasting. Having once received eternal life we are "hid with Christ in God" and God would have to suffer loss and death before the enemy could ever claim us.

"Thou wilt show me the path of life: in thy presence is fullness of joy; at thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore" (Ps. 16:11).

### How to Hear

G. N. LUCCOCK

THE way in which to hear well is to listen well. And the ability to hear well is a mark of culture. No one is born with the ability to hear well. Whoever has that ability has it as a cultivated gift. The capacity to hear profitably is native to us all. If we cultivate that capacity we become seers. If we neglect that capacity, then, in the vivid metaphor of Jesus, we become swine. The call to be careful how we hear is a challenge to choose between becoming seers or becoming swine. Seers become **transformed** by the opening of their minds, literally devouring truth, proving "what is the good and acceptable and perfect will of God." Swine become **deformed** by the closing of their minds, disapproving the good will of God, resenting it, and being viciously ready to rend the prophets of God who scatter before them pearls of truth. It is a ruinous thing not to be careful how we hear.

To listen well is to listen intently and respectfully toward man and reverently toward God, aspiringly, purposefully, persistently, under pressure of the will. Let the reader make for himself this test:

With watch ready, observe how many minutes you can listen without letting your thoughts wander. The purpose of this test is to determine the degree of hearing culture, or the measure in which the listener metes attention. If that measure is small, what the hearer gets is small. If large, the return will correspond. Give to the speaker your best, and the speaker will come back to you. With what measure you mete attention, truth will be measured to you again.

The moderns, no less than the ancients, often keep away from hearing with the ear lest they should understand and be converted. They do not want to be converted; that is, they do not want to change their way of living. That way of living is the way of the transgressor, and, without controversy, it turns out to be a hard detour. They had better hear what God has to say.

The lowest stage of inattention is lost longing for likeness to God. The best of us have less longing for the likeness to God than we ought to have, than we might have. All of us cry out for God in time of trouble. But a cry for help is not a cry for holiness. Some people, even some good people, sometimes sit through a church service when their whole spiritual aspiration may be summed up in a concentrated longing for the benediction. In such an hour, no one can either glorify or enjoy God.

And yet enjoyment of God and longing for the likeness of God come in the measure and in the procedures by which we understand God. That is why so much stress is placed on taking heed how we hear. Inevitably, listening with attention, which is taking heed how we hear, leads to understanding, and understanding leads to liking, and liking leads to longing to be like.

Practice listening with sustained attention. Real progress is registered when a person can keep his thoughts from wandering three minutes longer than the last time. The ability to listen closely from beginning to end is acquired as a result of persistent, determined practice. Some messages make easy listening, because they are so interesting. But the other kind require grace. And grace is always good for the soul.

You can help a preacher to become interesting by showing interest in his message. Your unresponsiveness will deaden him into dullness.

Cultivate selectivity, real power in shutting out discordant clamors. Your brain has a finer selective mechanism than the latest radio. Use it. Concentration in listening comes by exclusion of what is distracting.

Let meditation mold into permanent forms of mental storage the truth that has been heard. Listening is like traveling. When a person goes forth to hear, he is like a man taking his journey into a far country. He gains from his travels according to the knowledge and the expectancies that he takes with him on his journey. If he takes an empty, listless mind, he will be content to sit down and play cards,

while companions with eager and finer personal equipment feast their souls in galleries and among mountain meadows. As soils yield their harvests in the measure that they are prepared for the seed, so must the souls of men, who would take heed how they hear, prepare to listen with passion to know and purpose to do. Only in this way can they "bring forth fruit."—Westminster Lesson Teacher.

### Reverence in the Presence of Our Visitors

MANY a person has been stopped just short of going all the way with Christ because a suppressed giggle bursting upon his thoughts. People who would in time become sturdy church members have been turned away by the thoughtlessness of a child of God. Visitors, who for the first time in their lives have listened to the Word of God, have had their attentiveness interrupted by the restlessness of someone sitting near them.

Our obligations are fourfold. First, let us remember we are in the Lord's House. A place of worshipful reverence to our Lord and Master. Second, to those participating, the organ and violin selections carry sermons in themselves. Third, the pastor, who has labored hard in the preparing an effective message. Last but not least, the Visitor. Does he or she see Christ's likeness in us?

Are you taking part in the church services? Truly it is impossible for everyone to be a preacher, deacon, trustee, organist, violinist, usher and so on down the line. However, it remains in our capacity to take our places in the audience and to worship devoutly throughout the service. Linger awhile at the close, and have Christian fellowship with one another. Make every Visitor a Repeater!

From "Clinton Hill Times," monthly organ of the B. Y. P. U., Clinton Hill Baptist Church, Newark, N. J.

"In my prosperity I said, I shall never be moved!" Psalm 30:6.

Brother, beware of the smooth places of the way! If the way be rough, thank God for it! If God should always rock us in the cradle of prosperity, if there were not a few clouds in the sky, we should become intoxicated with our lot. We bless God, then, for our changes, we thank him for chastening, lest we might become too secure. Continued worldly prosperity is a fiery trial.—C. H. Spurgeon.

Do you not see that if you are going to understand the New Testament you must view it in the light of Calvary? Apart from Calvary the Old Testament is meaningless and the New Testament is valueless.—John McDowell.

"Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you, and ye shall be witnesses unto me!" Acts 1:8.

We are witnesses. The danger is lest we should be witnesses without the power. A bad witness has lost many a case.—Mark Guy Pease.

### Editorial Jottings

THAT SPECIAL "hard times" subscription offer for the "Baptist Herald" is still available. Only 50 cents for the balance of the year. We appeal to our friends and readers to boost our paper and to win many new subscribers by this liberal offer.

WE BEGIN the publication of a series of "Studies in our Denominational Status" by Rev. E. J. Baumgartner of Dayton, O., in this number. There will be four articles, each accompanied by an illuminating graph. These articles are the essence of a paper read at the Central Conference, based on much research and now rewritten and popularized for the "Baptist Herald." They will repay careful reading and should be studied by all who love our denomination and its work.

THE RECENT Institute at Okeene, Okla., at which Prof. A. Bretschneider and the Editor of the "Baptist Herald" were teachers of the young people's classes, was characterized by fine attendance and an earnest spirit. Classes were better than for a number of years. The hospitality of the Okeene church was delightful and left nothing to be desired. A fuller report of the Institute will follow in the next number.

The Christian life is not one of serene pleasantness, but is ever represented as a strenuous conflict in which we must strive to overcome.—W. L. Watkinson.

Prayer looks foolish to the carnal eye. So does a telegraph clerk or a wireless operator working his clicking instrument look foolish to the ignoramus, but not to the instructed. He knows that there is an instrument somewhere else that catches the message and responds.—W. L. Watkinson.

Pray for the gift and spirit of praise! Exercise thyself in the art and habit of praise! It is well if we can put on the garments of praise before we draw near to God, but surely we should never leave his presence without them.—C. H. Spurgeon.

Paul said: "I am made all things to all men that I might by all means save some." There is no doubt but that Paul's rich and successful life was largely due to his tactfulness. Some one has well said:

"Talent is something, but tact is everything. Talent is serious, sober, grave, and respectable; tact is all that, and more too. It is not a sixth sense, but is the life of all the five. It is the open eye, the judging taste, the keen smell, and the lively touch. It is the interpreter of all riddles, the surmounter of all difficulties, the remover of all obstacles."

"I often say my prayers,  
But do I always pray,  
And do the wishes of my heart  
Go with the words I say?"

## Our Father's Bank

F. A. BLOEDOW

In our Father's bank is money,  
And its value never fails,  
Be your days now dark now sunny,  
Though your fortune blooms or fails,  
Make your draft, write out your check,  
Funds this bank will never lack.

This our Father's bank gives credit  
To you and to everyone.  
"As your days your strength" you've  
read it,  
If within yourself you're done.  
For its manager is kind,  
Help with him you'll always find.

Interest this bank pays the highest,  
Just because our Father cares.  
When you're troubled he is nighest  
And with you your troubles shares.  
Never he his own forsakes  
And his word he never breaks.

Just deposit your possessions,  
For this bank's doors never close,  
And its staff knows no transgressions.  
The accountant's record shows  
That your balance safely lies  
Within sight of Father's eyes.

## Corona Society Flourishing

Hello, Baptist Young People Co-workers! Corona, S. Dak., Young People, speaking. Yes, we are still "on the air," although we have been silent for some time. But we are not like little children who are in mischief when silent. We have been working and our Lord and Master has richly blessed us in all our work.

You ask, "What have you been doing?" On Sunday evening, March 26, we gave our annual mission program. We presented three dialogs, namely, "The Finding of the Golden Key;" "This is the Lord's Doing;" and "Little Margaret's Mission." All three were very ably presented. Other numbers on our program were musical selections by both choir and mixed quartet, and two readings. We had a large crowd present and the offering taken amounted to \$16 to which we added \$9 and sent it to Cameroon. May the Lord bless our gift in the foreign fields!

We have added 13 new members to our membership since the new year. So now our membership is 46. We have our members divided into four groups with a leader for each group. At each meeting each group is given a point for each member present and a point for every visitor brought. Our aim is to see who has most points at the end of the year. Our attendance is greatly increased by this plan. Some young people of other denominations and some who do not attend religious services otherwise, now attend our meetings. We hope to be a light to them that they may be won for Christ.

We have a visiting committee which

has been very busy during the past few months. They visit not only the sick people of our denomination but any of our friends who are ill and unable to leave their homes. The members of the committee sing songs, read scripture and have prayer. The committee has already spread much sunshine to "shut-ins" and prays that their small deeds may be blessed.

We were very happy to have Rev. H. C. Baum with us for two weeks. A few of our society members accepted Christ as their personal Savior. Truly we can say, "The Lord hath done great things unto us, whereof we are glad."

In memory of the happy time spent in entertaining last year's Young People's and Sunday School Convention, we are looking forward to this year's convention days. May the Lord have rich blessings in store for us all!

MISS MARTHA WIESE, Reporter.

## Young People's Report of the First Baptist Church, Lodi, Cal.

At the close of the first four and a half months of this year, we as young people are pleased to report that we have had many joyful and blessed experiences. The united prayer of God's children has been answered. A number of souls have taken the stand for Christ and have accepted him as their personal Savior, and many others have been revived. On Easter Sunday 21 new members were added to the church, 18 by baptism and 3 by confession of faith. We lift our hearts in gratitude to the giver of all good, thanking him for what he has done for us and for the continuous privilege of blessed fellowship with him.

The programs of our B. Y. P. U. have varied. Most of them were in the form of topic discussions, while others were such as an all-evening Patriotic program, a travelog, Bible study and an all-evening Mother's Day program. The young people also have had two socials.

In addition to that, the B. Y. P. U. has a special meeting once a month which is held in the various homes of its members. At these meetings, the time is spent in singing, prayer, testimonies, and the study of the Life of Jesus as related in the four gospels. Although not all of the members attend these special meetings, nevertheless they have proved to be inspirational and beneficial to those who have attended them.

The B. Y. P. U. has added 16 new members since the beginning of this year, making a total of 92 members. During the last four months, an attendance and membership contest was conducted between the boys and girls of our B. Y. P. U. The losers were to give the winners a banquet and entertainment. Since the results of the contest show that the boys are the losers, they are making plans to meet their obligation as such.

In addition to the B. Y. P. U., there

are two other organizations of young people in our church who have been quite active, namely, the Junior League and the Intermediate League. Each group meets twice a month at which time programs of various types are rendered. The Junior League, under the leadership of Mrs. A. H. Grieser, has an enrollment of 23 members. Preceding the evening service on Easter Sunday, the Junior League rendered a splendid program for all the members and friends of the church. The Intermediate League, under the leadership of Gottlieb Hust, has an enrollment of 16 members. They too are an enthusiastic group of workers.

Our prayer is that the young people here and everywhere may serve their Master more abundantly, and that a rich blessing may rest on every effort.

EMMA RAWE, Reporter.

## Mother's Day at Plevna

The B. Y. P. U. of Plevna, Montana, rendered a Mother's Day program on Sunday afternoon, May 14. The program consisted of various dialogs, single recitations, duets, quartets, etc.

We are praising God for the divine blessing which he so richly shared with us. The program was well attended and everyone was touched with the inspiring spirit of our Lord.

We shall faithfully continue to further the work of our Savior. D. F., Sec.

## Our Life is Like a Summer Day

Translation of  
"Das Leben gleicht dem Sommertag"

MRS. W. S. JAEGER

Our life is like a summer day  
With shadows and fair skies;  
And e'en the longest day of life  
Like winds blow by, it dies.

CHORUS:

O how fast our days go by,  
That the Lord grants us here;  
What at eve lies wilt and dry,  
In the morn' bloomed bright and clear.

Yet this short day of life is giv'n  
To sow the harvest's seed;  
The only chance this side of heav'n  
To reap eternally.

So wake up early in the day  
And work while day-light lasts;  
For soon the night comes dark and drear,  
And all your chance is past.

All's well with those who sow'd the seed,  
And labored faithfully.  
Their dying brings them happiness  
Their death-night turns to day.

Hunter, Kans.

The church has never been revived by novelties. It has always been revived by turning back to simple faith, to a lost vision, to a rediscovery of the Lord Jesus.—George H. Morrison.

## Making Religion Count

"What do you think about the slogan of the Russian Communists, 'Religion is the opiate of the people?'" asked a high-school student of his pastor. "I'm glad you asked that question?" said the minister, "for I want you young people to get this thing of religion straight early in life.

"I have much sympathy for the Russian Communists in their fight against religion, for the only religion they know anything about has been a perverted religion. The Russian Church kept the people contented while their overlords held them in mental, political, and economic slavery. When I was a boy we used to sing a song something like this:

"He goes to church on Sunday,  
And passes round the contribution box;  
But meet him in his office on Monday,  
He's as crooked and as cunning as a fox.

On Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday,  
He's robbing everybody that he can.  
But he goes to church on Sunday,  
So they say that he's an honest man.

Souch conceptions of religion are a travesty on religion and should be opposed by all of us.

"I'm sure you have not forgotten what Huckleberry Finn said about Miss Watson: 'After supper she got out her book and learned me about Moses and the bulrushes, and I was in a sweat to find out all about them; but by and by she let it out that Moses had been dead a considerable long time; so then I didn't care no more about him, 'cause I don't take no stock in dead people.' That's another mistaken notion. Religion is not merely a record in a book of what happened to people long ago deceased.

"Other misconceptions are: That religion is believing that you go to heaven when you die; believing something you are told to believe whether you want to or not; accepting a set of binding rules arbitrary imposed by the Church, or subscribing to a written creed handed down by our fathers. All these notions miss the mark. Religion is a present experience of God which is the source of spiritual power. It might be called the breath of the soul. In fact the old Hebrew word for spirit originally meant 'breath,' and inspiration meant 'inbreathing.' Religion then, is the breath of God in the soul. Or, as Dr. Shedd, the great medical missionary, used to say, 'Religion is the means of transmitting energy into human life.'

"A man's religion creates moral courage. When Stanley was in Africa searching for Livingstone, he faced many kinds of temptations, which he was able to overcome because he was religious. Afterward he said that his religion was his 'invisible shield against moral evil, against the defilement of the soul.'

"Religion gives health to the inner

man, keeps it free from morbid fears, inner conflicts, and hampering moods. It gives morale, makes the spirit unconquerable. A great medical authority has given this testimony: 'I am convinced that the Christian religion is one of the most valuable potent influences that we possess for producing that harmony and peace of mind, that confidence of soul, which is needed to bring health and power to a large proportion of nervous patients.'

"It is precisely because men believe that God is real and present and available, that they strive to live a godly life and to build a just social order. It makes dreamers and social reformers. It fills men with divine discontent and a burning passion for righteousness. So that Buddhist teacher was wrong who defined religion as 'a device to bring peace of mind in the midst of conditions as they are.' The Russians are wrong who call it an opiate. It is a stimulant to all that is ideal, beautiful, and holy. It is a way of living, a distinct type of life.

"Let no person persuade you that religion is of no practical value. It is absolutely essential for generating within the soul of man the motive power for great living. Rufus Jones, the great Haverford philosopher, rightly says that the man who can make God real to men makes one of 'the most constructive contributions that are made to the assets of the race. To infuse persons with faith in God, to arouse the conviction that the heart of the universe is friendly, to help a generation to get its feet firmly on the highroad to confidence in spiritual energies to live by, is, in itself, as practical a service, as increasing the corn crop, or as fighting malarial mosquitoes, or as turning slums into fine houses.' "

## Our Little Church

(The following poem was written by Miss Helen King for the 75th Anniversary of the North Freedom church.)

They were sturdy, hearty Germans,  
Who sailed across the sea.  
And in this country round about  
They lived in harmony.

Tillers of the soil were they,  
Of work they knew no end;  
But they set out to clear the land,  
And God was their best friend.

On Sunday morn, it mattered not  
If day was bad or fair;  
They journey'd off to Werthner's house,  
Which was their place of prayer.

And from that April morning  
Since Eighteen Fifty-Eight,  
They added to their numbers,  
Until the present date.

And as I sit beneath this roof  
It sort of seems to me,  
As if this were a lighthouse,  
And the world were like a sea.

The angry waves dashed high at times,  
And the clouds looked dark and grim;  
But their eyes were on the lighthouse,  
Where God's light shone within.

So you see, we are the sailors,  
No matter where we sail.  
With our eyes upon the lighthouse,  
All our efforts will not fail.

And from this house the light has spread,  
Though small as it may be.  
For from these very doors of ours,  
Boys entered ministry.

And often as I sit and think  
Now, what's this church to me?  
Within my heart I find, Dear God,  
'Twas first I met with thee.

Oh, if these very walls could talk  
All that they've witnessed here;  
I'm sure we'd smile a little bit,  
Then wipe away a tear.

Oh, the newly wedded couples  
With hope shining from their eyes,  
Have sat and listened Sundays  
And pledged to thee their lives.

And the tiny little babies  
Upon their mother's knee,  
Have grown up under this same roof,  
And given their hearts to thee.

And the many prayers of loved ones,  
Come resounding from the wall;  
All in earnest, all are hoping,  
God, that you might hear their call.

All the preachers from the pulpit  
Have taught us how to gain  
The treasures up in Heaven;  
In our memories they remain.

The years have gone since Mrs. Kroesch  
Led the choir of long ago;  
But some of us still can hear  
Those voices sweet and low.

And alas, the scent of flowers  
O'er the casket of the dead!  
Oh, little church, our refuge  
To you our feet are led.

Now as evening shadows lower,  
As we hear the church bell ring;  
We thank you, God, for this dear church,  
Thank you for everything.

Upper Classman (to Plebe): "Why do they put a hyphen in bird-cage?"  
Plebe: "For the bird to sit on."

"Youth calls to youth," the poet says,  
And it's a good thing, too;  
If youth did not, the telephones  
Would bring less revenue.

—Boson Transcript.

God does not half-forgive; so neither must man half-repent.—E. B. Pusey.

# KEZIAH COFFIN

JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

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(Continuation)

The summer in Trumet drowsed on, as Trumet summers did in those days, when there were no boarders from the city, no automobiles or telephones or "antique" collectors. In June the Sunday school had its annual picnic. On the morning of the Fourth of July some desperate spirits among the younger set climbed in at the church window and rang the bell, in spite of the warning threats of the selectmen, who had gone on record as prepared to prosecute all disturbers of the peace to the "full extent of the law." One of the leading citizens, his name was Daniels, awoke to find the sleigh, which had been stored in his carriage house, hoisted to the roof of his barn, and a section of his front fence tastefully draped about it like a garland. The widow Rogers noticed groups of people looking at her house and laughing. Coming out to see what the were laughing at, she was provoked beyond measure to find a sign over the front door, announcing "Man Wanted Immediate. Inquire Within." The door of the Come-Outer chapel was nailed fast and Captain Zeb Mayo's white horse wandered loose along the main road ringed with painted black stripes like a zebra. Captain Zeb was an angry man, for he venerated that horse.

The storm caused by these outbreaks subsided and Trumet settled into its jog trot. The stages rattled through daily, the packet came and went every little while, occasionally a captain returned home from a long voyage, and another left for one equally long. Old Mrs. Prince, up at the west end of the town, was very anxious concerning her son, whose ship was overdue at Calcutta and had not been heard from. The minister went often to see her and tried to console, but what consolation is there when one's only child and sole support is nobody knows where, drowned and dead perhaps, perhaps a castaway on a desert island, or adrift with a desperate crew in an open boat? And Mrs. Prince would say, over and over again:

"Yes, yes, Mr. Ellery. Thank you. I'm sure you mean to encourage me, but oh, you don't know the things that happen to seafarin' men. I do. I went to sea with my husband for fourteen year. He died on a voyage and they buried him over the vessel's side. I can't even go to his grave. The sea got him, and now if it's taken my Eddie—"

The young clergyman came away from these calls feeling very young, indeed, and woefully inadequate. What *did* he know of the great sorrows of life?

The Sunday dinners with the Daniels family were almost regular weekly functions now. He dodged them when he

could, but he could not do so often without telling an absolute lie, and this he would not do. And, regularly, when the solemn meal was eaten, Captain Elkanah went upstairs for his nap and the Reverend John was left alone with Annabel. Miss Daniels did her best to be entertaining, was in fact, embarrassingly confidential and cordial. It was hard work to get away, and yet, somehow or other, at the stroke of four, the minister always said good-by and took his departure.

"What is your hurry, Mr. Ellery?" begged Annabel on one occasion when the reading of Moore's poems had been interrupted in the middle by the guest's sudden rising and reaching for his hat. "I don't see why you always go so early. It's so every time you're here. Do you call at any other house on Sunday afternoons?"

"No," was the prompt reply. "Oh, no."

"Then why can't you stay? You know I—that is, pa and I—would *love* to have you."

"Thank you. Thank you. You're very kind. But I really must go. Good afternoon, Miss Daniels."

"Mrs. Rogers said she saw you going across the fields after you left here last Sunday. Did you go for a walk?"

"Er—er—yes, I did."

"I wish you had mentioned it. I love to walk, and there are *so* few people I find congenial company. Are you going for a walk now?"

"Why, no—er—not exactly."

"I'm sorry. *Good-by*. Will you come again, next Sunday? Of *course* you will. You know how dreadfully disappointed I—we—shall be if you don't."

"Thank you, Miss Daniels. I enjoyed the dinner very much. Good afternoon."

He hurried down the path. Annabel watched him go. Then she did an odd thing. She passed through the sitting room, entered the front hall, went up the stairs, tiptoed by the door of her father's room, and then up another flight to the attic. From here a steep set of steps led to the cupola on the roof. In that cupola was a spyglass.

Annabel opened a window a few inches, took the spyglass from its rack, adjusted it, laid it on the sill of the open window and knelt, the glass at her eye. The floor of the cupola was very dusty and she was wearing her newest gown, but she did not seem to mind.

Through the glass she saw the long slope of Cannon Hill, with the beacon at the top and Captain Mayo's house near it. The main road was deserted save for one figure, that of her late caller. He was mounting the hill in long strides.

She watched him gain the crest and pass over it out of sight. Then she

shifted the glass so that it pointed toward the spot beyond the curve of the hill, where the top of a thick group of silver-leaves hid the parsonage. Above the tree tops glistened the white steeple of the Regular church. If the minister went straight home she could not see him. But under those silver-leaves was the beginning of the short cut across the fields where Didama had seen Mr. Ellery walking on the previous Sunday.

So Annabel watched and waited. Five minutes, then ten. He must have reached the clump of trees before this, yet she could not see him. Evidently, he had gone straight home. She drew a breath of relief.

Then, being in a happier frame of mind, and the afternoon clear and beautiful, she moved the glass along the horizon, watching the distant white specks across the bay on the Wellmouth bluffs—houses and buildings they were—the water, the shore, the fish weirs, the pine groves. She became interested in a sloop, beating into Wellmouth harbor, and watched that. After a time she heard, in the house below, her father shouting her name.

She gave the glass one more comprehensive sweep preparatory to closing it and going downstairs. As she did this a moving speck came into view and vanished.

Slowly she moved the big end of the spyglass back along the arc it had traveled. She found the speck and watched it. It was a man, striding across the meadow land, a half mile beyond the parsonage, and hurrying in the direction of the beach. She saw him climb a high dune, jump a fence, cross another field and finally vanish in the grove of pines on the edge of the bluff by the shore.

The man was John Ellery, the minister. Evidently, he had not gone home, nor had he taken the short cut. Instead he had walked downtown a long way and *then* turned in to cross the fields and work his way back.

Annabel put down the glass and, heedless of her father's calls, sat thinking. The minister had deliberately deceived her. More than that, he had gone to considerable trouble to avoid observation. Why had he done it? Had he done the same thing on other Sunday afternoons? Was there any real reason why he insisted on leaving the house regularly at four o'clock?

Annabel did not know. Her eyes snapped and her sharp features looked sharper yet as she descended the steps to the attic. She did not know; but she intended to find out.

## Chapter X

*In which Keziah's troubles multiply*

Keziah was getting troubled about her parson. Not concerning his popularity with his congregation. She had long since ceased to worry about that. The young minister's place in his people's regard was now assured, the attendance

was increasing, and the Regular church was now on a firmer footing, financially and socially, than it had been in years. Even Mrs. Rogers and Lavinia Pepper had ceased to criticize, except as pertained to unimportant incidentals, and were now among the loudest of the praise chanters. And as Captain Zeb Mayo said: "When Didama and Lavinia stops fault-finding, the millennium's so nigh port a feller ought to be overhaulin' his saint uniform."

But what worried Mrs. Coffin was John Ellery's personal appearance and behavior. He had grown perceptibly thinner during the past month, his manner was distraught, and, worst of all in the housekeeper's eyes, his appetite had fallen off. She tried all sorts of tempting dishes, but the result was discouraging.

"What?" she exclaimed. "Don't want but one piece of huckleberry pie? Why, a week ago you ate three and looked kind of disappointed 'cause the dish was empty. What is the matter? Are you sick?"

"No, Mrs. Coffin," replied the Reverend John. "No, I'm not sick. I just don't feel hungry, that's all."

"Hum! Well, I've usually noticed that when a healthy man don't feel hungry at dinner time, 'specially in the huckleberry season, his healthiness is pretty shaky. What does ail you, Mr. Ellery? Got somethin' on your mind? If you have, I'd heave it overboard. Or you might unload it unto me and let me prescribe. I've had considerable experience in that kind of doctrin'."

But the answer was unsatisfactory. Mr. Ellery laughed, changed the subject, and wandered out into the garden, where Keziah saw him, shortly afterwards, intently regarding nothing in particular with a rapt stare. She watched him for a few moments and then, with a puzzled shake of the head, returned to her work. She believed that he was troubled about something and was herself troubled in consequence.

His absent-mindedness was most acute on Sunday evenings, before prayer meeting, and after he had returned from the afternoon at Captain Elkanah's.

"Say, Mr. Ellery," she said, on one of these Sunday evenings, "do you know, it seems to me that Elkanah's meals must go to your head. Don't have any of his granddad's New England rum, do you? They tell me he's got some of that down very particular friends. That's the common yarn around town, though I couldn't swear 'twas gospel."

The minister smiled and denied acquaintanceship with the New England beverage.

"Humph! Then it must be the other thing. You ain't in love, are you?"

The young man started, colored, and was plainly embarrassed.

"In love?" he repeated. "In love, Mrs. Coffin?"

"Yes, in love. Annabel hasn't landed a male at last, has she? She's a line over the side for a long time."

The hearty laugh with which this was received settled the question of Annabel's success. Keziah was relieved.

"Well, I'm glad of that," she said. "I ain't got any grudge against Annabel, but neither have I got one against you. Another man in that family would have an easy time in one way, he wouldn't have to do any thinkin' for himself—Elkanah and his daughter would do all that was necessary. So you're not in love. I'll say this, for a body that ain't in love you certainly stay with the Danielses a long time. You went there right after meetin' this noon and now it's seven o'clock and you've just got home. And 'twas the same last Sunday and the one before. Been there all the time, have you?"

She knew he had not, because she had seen him pass the parsonage, on the opposite side of the road, two hours before. But she was curious to learn what his reply would be. It was noncommittal.

"No," he said slowly. "Not all the time. I—er—went for a short walk."

Before she could inquire concerning that walk he had entered the study and closed the door after him.

During the week which followed this particular conversation he was more absent-minded than ever. There were evenings when he spoke scarcely a word, but sat silent in his chair, while Keziah, looking up from her mending, watched him and guessed and wondered. After he had gone to his room for the night, she would hear him pacing the floor, back and forth, back and forth. She asked no more questions, however; minding her own business was a specialty of Keziah's, and it was a rare quality in Trumet.

Sunday was a cloudy, warm day, "muggy," so Captain Zeb described it. After the morning service Mr. Ellery, as usual, went home with Captain Daniels and Annabel. Keziah returned to the parsonage, ate a lonely dinner, washed the dishes, and sat down to read a library book. She read for an hour and then, finding it difficult to keep her mind on the story, gave it up, closed the book and, rising, walked to the window. But the misty, hot loneliness of the afternoon, was neither interesting nor cheerful, so she turned away and went upstairs to her own room. Her trunk was in one corner of this room and she unlocked it, taking from a compartment of the tray a rose-wood writing case, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, a present from her father, who had brought it home from sea when she was a girl.

From the case she took a packet of letters and a daguerotype. The latter was the portrait of a young man, in high-colored coat, stock, and fancy waistcoat. His hair, worn long over the ears, was smooth with a shine that suggested oil, and in his shirt front was a large pin, which might possibly have been mistaken by a credulous observer for a diamond. Mrs. Coffin looked at the daguerotype, sighed, shuddered, and laid it aside. Then she opened a packet of letters. Selecting one from the top of the

pile, she read it slowly. And, as she read, she sighed again.

She did not hear the back door of the parsonage open and close softly. Nor did she hear the cautious footsteps in the room below. What aroused her from her reading was her own name, spoken at the foot of the stairs.

"Keziah! Keziah, are you there?"

She started, sprang up, and ran out into the hall, the letter still in her hand.

"Who is it?" she asked sharply. "Mr. Ellery, is that you?"

"No," was the answer. "It's me—Nat. Are you busy, Keziah? I want to see you for a minute."

The housekeeper hurriedly thrust the letter into her waist.

"I'll be right down, Nat," she answered. "I'm comin'."

He was in the sitting room when she entered. He was wearing his Sunday suit of blue and his soft felt hat was on the center table. She held out her hand and he shook it heartily.

"Well!" she observed, smiling, "I declare if I don't believe you've got the tiptoe habit. This is the second time you've sneaked into the house and scared me 'most to death. I asked you before if you wa'n't ashamed of yourself and now I ask it again."

Before he could reply she caught a glimpse of his face.

"What is it?" she asked. "What is the matter? Is anybody sick? Is your father—"

"No, he's all right. That is, he's as well as he has been lately, though that isn't sayin' much."

"Is Grace—"

"No, she's all right, too, I guess. Been sort of quiet and sorrowful for the last few weeks—or I've seemed to notice that she has—but I callate it's nothin' serious. I wouldn't wonder if the same thing that's troublin' her is what ails me."

"But what is it? Why don't you tell me?"

"I'm goin' to tell you, Keziah. That's what I come here for. I—"

"Sit down, can't you? Don't stand up there like a lighthouse, shuttin' out the whole broadside of the room. You are the *biggest* thing!"

Captain Hammond selected the most substantial chair in the apartment and sat down upon it. He looked at his friend and shook his head.

"No use, Keziah," he said. "If I was as deep down in the blues as the bottom of the Whale Deep, a look at that face of yours would pull me to the top again. You're a good woman!"

"Thanks! When I have spare time on my hands I'll practice tryin' to believe that. But what is the trouble, Nat? Out with it."

"Well, Keziah, it's trouble enough. Dad and I have had a fallin' out."

Mrs. Coffin's mouth and eyes opened.

"What?" she cried in utter astonishment.

"Yes. It's true. We had what was next door to a real quarrel after dinner

today. It would have been a real one if I hadn't walked off and left him. He's as set as the rock of Gibraltar, and—"

"And your foundations ain't given to slippin' much. Nat Hammond, I'm surprised at you! What was it all about? Religion?"

"No, not a sliver of religion in it. If 'twas that, I could dodge, or haul down my colors, if I had to. But it's somethin' worse, enough sight worse. Somethin' I can't do—even for dad—and won't either. Keziah, he's dead set on my marryin' Grace. Says if I don't he'll know that I don't really care a tin nickel for him, or for his wishes, or what becomes of the girl after he's gone."

"Nat!"

"It's a fact. You see, dad realizes, better'n I thought he did, that his health is pretty shaky and that he is likely to founder 'most any time. He says that don't worry him; if he knew Grace and I were provided for he'd slip his cable with a clean manifest. But the dream of his life, he says, has been that we should marry. And he wants to see it done."

Keziah was silent for a moment. Then she said slowly:

"And Grace herself? How does she feel about it? Has he spoken to her?"

"I don't know. I guess likely he has. Perhaps that's why she's been so sort of mournful lately. But never mind whether he has or not; I won't do it and I told him so. He got red hot in a jiffy. I was ungrateful and stubborn and all sorts of things. And I, bein' a Hammond, with some of the Hammond balkiness in me, I set my foot down as hard as his. And we had it until—until—well, until I saw him stagger and tremble so that I actually got scared and feared he was goin' to keel over where he stood."

"Why can't you?" he kept sayin'. "But why can't you? Ain't she a girl anyone would be proud to have for a wife? Course there was no answer to that but yes. Then back he comes again with 'Then why can't you?' At last, bein' frightened, as I said, that he might have another shock or somethin', I said I'd think it over and come away and left him. And I come straight to you. Keziah, what shall I do? What can you say to help me?"

Keziah was silent. She was looking, not at her companion, but at the carpet center of one of the braided rugs on the floor. Her face was very grave and the lines about her mouth seemed to deepen. Her hands, clasped in her lap, tightened one upon the other. But her voice was calm when, at last, she spoke.

"Nat," she said, "there's only one thing I can say. And that's what your father said: Why can't you?"

The captain sprang from his chair.

"What?" he cried incredulously. "What are you sayin'?"

"Just what your father said, Nat. Why can't you marry Grace? She's a dear, good girl and —"

"That be—keelhauled! Keziah Coffin, you sit there and ask me why I can't marry her! You do?"

"Yes, Nat."

"Keziah, you're crazy! Don't talk to me like that. We're not jokin' now. You know why I can't marry her, nor anyone else in this round world but you."

"Nat, I can't marry you."

"I know, I know. You're always sayin' that. But you don't mean it. You can't mean it. Why, you and me have been picked out for each other by the Almighty, Keziah. I swear I believe just that. We went together when we were boy and girl, to parties and such. We was promised when I first went to sea. If it hadn't been for that fool row we had—and 'twas all my fault and I know it—you never would have let that da—that miserable Anse Coffin come near you. And when 'twas too late and you'd married him, the mean, drunken, cruel—"

"Hush, Nat! hush! Stop it!"

"He was, and you know he was. Yes, and worse besides. Runnin' off and leavin' a wife like you to— Oh, my God! when I think I might have been your husband to look out for you and take care of you! That you might have been with me on board my ships. That, when I come down the companion on stormy nights I might have found you there to comfort me and— O Keziah, we aren't young any more. What's the use of foolin'? I want you. I'm goin' to have you. Coffin is dead these ten years. When I heard he was drowned off there in Singapore, all I could say was: 'Serve him right!' And I say it now. I come home then more determined to get you. Say yes, and let's be happy. Do!"

"I can't, Nat."

"Why not? For Heaven's sakes! why not? Don't you care for me? You've let me think—well, at any rate, I have thought you did. You used to. Don't you?"

"Nat, —I— care for you more than anybody else on earth. But I can't marry you. Oh, don't keep askin' it! Please don't. I can't marry you, Nat. No!"

"Well, not now, maybe. Not this month, or even this year, perhaps, but some day—"

"No, Nat. You must listen. There's no use of this goin' on any longer. I mean it. I can't marry you."

"You won't, you mean."

"Well, if you wish to think so. Then I won't."

"But by and by—"

"No, not by and by. Never, Nat. Never."

He drew his hand across his forehead. "Never!" he repeated, more to himself than to her.

"Never. Yes, Nat."

"Then, by the everlastin'! I'll do somethin'—"

"No, no, you won't. Nat Hammond, I know you. You're a great big, brave-hearted, sensible man. You won't be fool-

ish. You'll do—yes, I think you'd better do just what your father asks you to do. Marry Grace, if she wants you and will have you. She'll make you a good wife; you'll learn to care for her, and I know she'll have the best husband that a girl could hope for. And you and I will be friends, just as we've always been, and—"

"Keziah, stop that! Stop it, do you hear! I don't want to listen to such stuff. I tell you I'm past soft soap, and I didn't think you'd give it to me."

"Nat!"

"Oh, yes, 'Nat!' A lot you care for 'Nat!' Not a reason on God's footstool why you won't have me—except one, and that one that you don't want me."

"Please, Nat! I can hardly believe this in you. This trouble with your father has upset you. You don't mean what you say. You're not talkin' like yourself and—"

"Stop it, I tell you. I don't feel like myself. I banked on you, Keziah. I've lived for you. And now— O Keziah, take it back! Give me a little hope, just enough to keep my head above water."

"I'd like to, Nat. I only wish I could. But 'twouldn't be any use. I can't do it."

He snatched his hat from the table and strode to the door. Turning, he looked at her.

"All right," he said chokingly. "All right. Good-by."

His steps sounded on the oilcloth of the kitchen. Then the back door slammed. He was gone.

(To be continued)

### A Definition of "Genius"

It is said that, when Paderewski played before Queen Victoria, she said to him, "Mr. Paderewski, you are a genius."

"Ah, Your Majesty," he replied, "perhaps. But before I was a genius I was a drudge."

This was not a mere epigram, observes "The Way," but the truth, for even after achieving his fame, Paderewski still spent hours every day practicing the scales and painstakingly improving his technique.

Some young people do not agree with Paderewski. They consider genius a kind of luck, which enables its possessor to do without hard work.

But really, the best definition of it is the old one, "an endless capacity for taking pains." The tireless, loving worker wins the secret of power, develops drudgery into mastery, so that it seems careless ease at last, and dazzles the world.

\* \* \*

Christian, beware how thou thinkest lightly of sin! Sin a little thing? Who knows its deadliness? It girded the Redeemer's head with thorns, and pierced his heart. It made him suffer anguish, bitterness and woe. Look upon all sin as that which crucified the Savior, and see that it is exceeding sinful!—C. H. Spurgeon.

### Changing Soppo

PAUL GEBAUER

We come to go. We make homes that others may live in. We sow and others enjoy the harvest. We work and plan for thirty years ahead and at the same time are ready to leave any morning from some other field. We study people and their language while the week to come may find us with another tribe of a different tongue. Such and others are the paradoxes faced by our missionaries. Outwardly and inwardly we remain strangers and pilgrims on earth and especially in Africa.

Soppo offers no exceptions. "Change" seemed our motto during the past twelve months. Failing health forced Erica D. Bender to leave us during February, 1932, before the expiration of her term and long before we really could spare the brave nurse. May saw her industrious father bid farewell to Africa's shores. Mr. and Mrs. Rokitta, sent by the churches in Germany, came in June to fill the vacancies. Little Christa Rokitta arrived on Christmas day as a gift to the young parents and as a surprise to the rest of Africa. The little girl was in a hurry to get first-hand information about Soppo and neighborhood. Bro. C. J. Bender returned this month. It was not so much he that was in a hurry—for the old gentleman knows Soppo—but the field which needed him. Not only him, but equally his good partner, Mrs. Bender. Paul Gebauer shall soon leave Soppo for the land "Under Africa's Sun."

The Benders have come. Fortunately not to go, but to stay—God willing—for years. Soppo Baptists welcomed the two they know longest and best of all the missionaries having visited them in the flow of the years, most heartily. The welcome they offered to our Benders on Sunday, March 12, showed that love never fails; not even in Africa. The people know the old "Sango," his ways, his zeal, his devotion, his love for thorough work, his gifts.

Rightly they call him their Father, for the years of war welded him and the natives together once for all. He was their guide in those years of unrest. He was in the lead in those unparalleled years of harvesting. He was their Man of God while the forces of darkness once more arrayed for battle. So they got together, C. J. Bender and the Wakweli tribe. And while he and they kept on fighting along the whole front, a brave woman held Soppo-fort: Mrs. Bender. Cut off from the homeland, without financial help for three years, with a baby-girl on her hands, surrounded by helpless and puzzled Africans, burdened with the care for sick and aged, leading the church-life of the station, she became the White Mother of Soppo. "She became one of us," an old sister once remarked. Sharing sorrows, problems, supplies, wisdom and love with her flock, she gained

her place in the hearts of a people, strangers to such sacrifice and love.

Is it a wonder the church was crowded on Sunday, March 12, to welcome the returned Mother? Silence reigned when she arose to speak and there were tears of joy when she addressed the crowd in their tongue. Fourteen years had passed since the parting, but Mother had not forgotten the language of her African children. Neither had they forgotten her laboring love. There was joy at home in the church that morning, and in the hearts of your Africans, and in the hearts of your pilgrims to the Heavenly City.

Few were the words passed as the eyes of the assembly met the ones of Sango Bender. Memory brought back their days of wanderings through bush and grassland; days when like them the Father marched barefoot to save shoes; those days of mutual hardships and joys in the services of the King. Joy prevailed while C. J. Bender spoke, the wanderer for Christ's sake.

Soppo, March 23, 1933.

### Bethlehem Baptist News, Newcastle, Pa.

"Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits." The Lord has been blessing us here in a wonderful way. Since our pastor, Walter Biberich, former student of the Colgate-Rochester Divinity School, came to Newcastle, new life has sprung up in our churches, namely, Newcastle and our branch church, at Elwood City, Pa.

On February 19, 1933, Sunday at 3 P. M., three women and two men were baptized. There were about 150 visitors present. Rev. O. E. Krueger and Rev. W. L. Schoeffel and their wives from Pittsburgh were also present. Mrs. B. Osterhouse rendered two beautiful solos, and the Misses Marie Kenst and Sarah Sentgeorge sang a fitting duet. Following the baptism, the pastor, Walter Biberich, held the communion and welcomed the new converts into the church. After the service everyone was invited to the M. Winker residence where a splendid evening meal was served. All left then for Newcastle, where the church was already filled with eager faces, and Rev. O. E. Krueger brought the message.

On Sunday, March 19, the Ladies Aid Society held their annual program at Newcastle. Mrs. J. Kenst, president, opened the meeting with prayer, song and scripture reading. Two plays were presented in German, namely, "Zurück zum Vaterhaus" and "Naomi." A poem, "Die Zehn Jungfrauen," was read by Mrs. J. Untch, which was composed by Mrs. Katherine Hermann, a member of the Ladies Aid Society. The pastor then gave a splendid talk on the fine work and interest the ladies of the church were displaying in their work. Everyone departed with a great blessing in their hearts.

Evangelistic meetings were held from April 3-9, inclusive, in Ellwood City, with Rev. C. E. Cramer of Buffalo, N. Y., as speaker. Words would fail to express how soul inspiring and thrilling these meetings were. Bro. Cramer has promised to return to us in June for two weeks of evangelistic meetings.

The above evangelistic meetings were saddened by the untimely death of one of our Ellwood City members, John Schell, on April 6, 1933. He was one of the most faithful servants of God, and was always doing good to those about him. We greatly miss him.

On April 9 our pastor baptized for the first time. A man and wife were baptized, and Henry Pfeifer brought the baptismal message.

Easter Sunday, April 16, he again had the wonderful privilege of baptizing two men in Ellwood City. His message was taken from the eighth chapter of Acts. Edgar Klatt from Colgate-Rochester Divinity School was also present. Mrs. B. Osterhouse sang a beautiful solo, entitled, "The Name of Jesus." Edgar Klatt brought the evening message at Newcastle.

On April 20 our pastor held the regular Thursday night prayer meeting at Elwood City, and was afterwards pleasantly surprised by the members of his church from Newcastle and Ellwood City, the occasion being his birthday. The evening was pleasantly whiled away with music and chat, and later delicious refreshments were served.

This is our pastor's first charge since leaving school, and he is to be highly recommended for the fine work being done here, and we are praying that the Lord may continue to bless and use him in this work. Pray for us!

KATHERINE TARTLER.

### Is Money Scarce After All?

Money seems plentiful for what people most desire. At a prize fight \$500,000 can be taken in as gate receipts. If it is a vulgar sex novel the circulation will run up to hundreds of thousands. If it is beer the multitudes long for it and will find money to pay for it. If it is Sunday excursions the trains are crowded. If it is Sunday baseball there is a record attendance. When it comes to missions or paying five cents a week for a denominational newspaper—why that is entirely another matter. We are forced to the conclusion that all church people are poor and that all non-church people are rich!

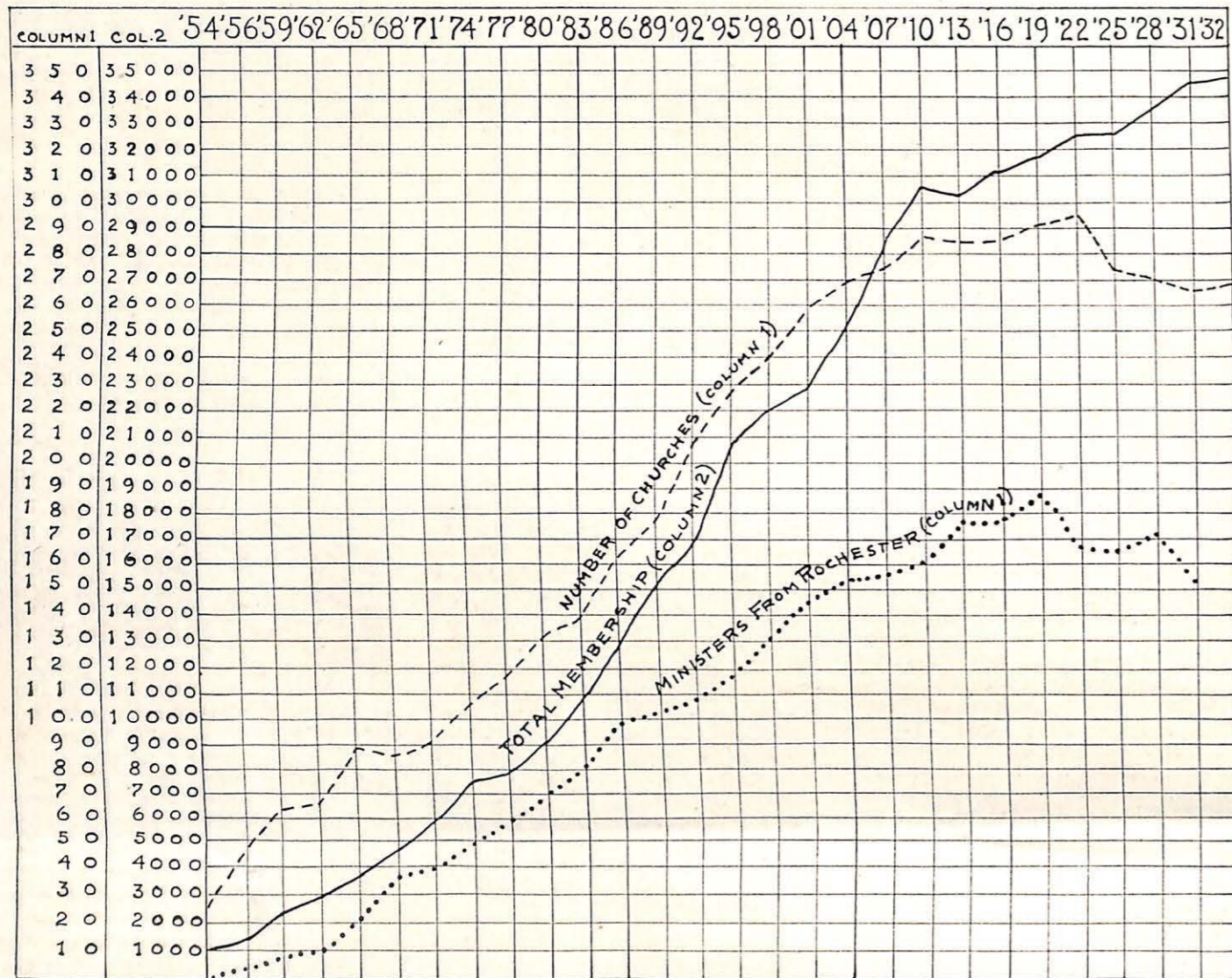
\* \* \*

"Say, Mike, I bought a set of balloon tires the other day."

"Sat so, Ike? I didn't know you owned a balloon."

\* \* \*

If you begin making Sunday a fun-day you will end by making it a sin-day!—E. H. Pace.



This graph indicates the number of Rochester Seminary men, the number of churches and the total membership of our churches from 1854 to the present time.

**Studies of Our Denominational Status**

E. J. BAUMGARTNER

Study No. 1

**A History of Our Growth**

These studies were made for a paper read at the Central Conference, Cleveland, Ohio, 1932. The Conference requested the publication of the paper but it was considered best to publish only those parts of the essay which have wide denominational interest. The original paper was entitled, "Our Seminary in the Light of Denominational Problems." The study of this subject necessitated considerable historical research. Some of the historical findings are hereby submitted under the heading, "Studies of Our Denominational Status." Sources used in the preparation of this paper are, Conference Minutes; General Catalogue of Colgate-Rochester Divinity School. Mr. H. A. Graman, Dayton, O., gave valuable assistance in the preparation of the graphs.

The German Baptist Denomination is wrestling with acute and far-reaching

problems. Future progress will be largely dependent on our ability to solve these problems wisely and arrive at correct adjustments. It is well to be guided by facts which indicate, as far as we are able to conceive, the will and purpose of God. He has something in mind in all the change and re-adjustment which is taking place at the present time. Perhaps a historical study will help to distinguish the course which God has laid down.

The first study deals with the total number of churches, the total membership of our denomination, and the total number of ministers who either graduated or pursued some studies in our seminary at Rochester, N. Y. The entire growth is illustrated in graph No. 1. The graph gives us a complete picture of the development experienced by the denomination in the above mentioned respects. There are several observations resulting from the study of this graph.

It is remarkable to note that our membership has consistently increased in number; even the year 1932 shows a slight gain. The gradual upward trend of the membership line is cause for re-

joicing. It would be interesting to see how this line would look if we could have retained all people who were converted in our churches, but have since joined English speaking churches.

The total number of churches have also shown a rapid growth until the year 1910. From 1910 to 1922 there was only a slight increase. From 1922 to 1931 there was a decrease, but the year 1932 shows that the curve is again on the upward swing. Many reasons can be advanced as an explanation for conditions since the year 1910. Only two will be mentioned, first, the gradual elimination of many small churches; second, our inability to supply a thoroughly trained bi-lingual ministerial leadership. This situation led many German speaking churches to affiliate with English speaking churches.

The seminary has played the major part in the development and growth of our denomination. The graph indicates the total number of Rochester Seminary men who actually entered the service of a church or mission station. Ministers who serve in denominational capacities or foreign missions are not included in

this graph. It needs to be remembered that the line in the graph representing Rochester ministers, indicates the total number who were or are actually in service of a church or home mission station. One of the alarming deductions gathered from the study of this line is the fact that as the number of ministers decreased, there followed a subsequent decrease in the number of churches, as can be noted by comparing the line representing the churches with the line representing the ministers at the years 1919 and 1922. In the original graph, drawn to a yearly scale, this fact is more clearly shown. Here is food for serious thought. To what extent the line representing the ministers fill rise or fall in future years is unknown.

A considerable number of our able and consecrated leaders have received their training in schools other than our seminary at Rochester. These men have made valuable and fundamental contributions in the development of the denomination. While we recognize this with gratitude, the denominations must still look to its seminary for the largest number of its leaders. Our seminary is in an excellent position to acquaint young men with the genius and religious life of the denomination. It is essential that our leaders be acquainted with the historical background of the denomination. They need to be bi-lingual and bi-sympathetic. Even in churches that use the English language exclusively, it is important that the minister have some knowledge of German, and large sympathies for the German Baptist work, past and present.

We are a growing denomination, growing in one of the essential things, namely, membership. This gives courage to go forward into new circumstances and perhaps trying conditions, but we need to go forward for this is God's work.

**The Thirteenth Annual Conference of the Young People's and Sunday School Workers' Union of the Atlantic Conference**

The thirteenth annual conference of this organization was held from May 19-21 inclusive at the Second German Baptist Church in Brooklyn, N. Y. The timely conference theme, "Shall We Be Christian?" was stressed again and again in a most fitting manner by the speakers and leaders in our various meetings.

Approximately 200 attended the opening meeting, which was held in the beautiful auditorium of the Second Church, Brooklyn. Rev. Donald Lee, the newly installed pastor of the Walnut Street Church, Newark, delivered a stirring address on the theme, "Jesus, Our Only Necessity." He challenged the young people and workers assembled so to live that others would know Jesus was our only concern.

The assignment of guests which followed immediately after this opening meeting on Friday revealed that with few exceptions the people of the Second Church were able to house all the delegates and friends who had come from more distant points.

The Saturday morning period was devoted to an interesting discussion which centered about the question of whether or not Christian principles were applicable in our daily social and business life. Everyone agreed at the close of this session that this had been one of the most worth-while open forums that had been presented in some time.

Saturday afternoon the delegates and friends had their choice of two appealing recreation programs. Some went to the St. George Hotel to enjoy an afternoon plunge in the beautiful salt-water swimming pool, while others were invited to attend a bus-ride through New York City, terminating at the Riverside Cathedral, where the group was escorted through the beautiful edifice on a tour of inspection.

The Conference banquet was held Saturday night at Loeser's, located in downtown Brooklyn. Cheers, yells, and group singing was followed by a brief period of business and the election of officers. These in turn was followed by an address given by Rev. Wesley Megaw, pastor of the Fort Washington Presbyterian Church in New York City. His address, entitled, "Three Good Cheers," brought to a fitting close a day filled with Christian fellowship, blessings, and new hopes.

Sunday, the last day of the Conference, was by no means the least. At ten o'clock in the morning the majority of the delegates and friends met with the Second German Church for the Sunday school session. Numerous representatives brought greetings from their respective churches.

The German worship service which followed at 11 o'clock was addressed by Rev. H. Kuhl, pastor of our missionary church in Wilmington, Del. His topic was "Weltkrisis und Missionskrisis." Everyone enjoyed hearing this splendid presentation and welcomed the opportunity of getting better acquainted with the pastor of the Wilmington church.

It was in the afternoon of this last Conference day that one of the largest meetings was held. The church was more than filled to capacity, for approximately 450 were in attendance, but no one seemed to object to sitting on the stairs or on chairs placed in the aisles or in the adjacent Sunday school room. Nor was anyone disappointed in the program presented, for only the highest commendations could be heard for Rev. Charles Wells, feature artist and writer, who sketches in colored crayons his subject as he presents it to his audience. At the close of his fiery appeal for world peace, it was unanimously voted by the assembly that we go on record as being definitely opposed to taking part in any

offensive war. Roll call with responses from the various societies followed and many interesting things were said and done. Typical of some of the society songs that were sung is that of the Second Brooklyn Church which is as follows:

We are the folks from Second Brooklyn Church,  
We're proud of our So-Ci-Et-Ty,  
You'll never find us lagging in the lurch,  
We do our many tasks with glee.  
We hope you've liked our hospitality,  
We tried the best we could to welcome you,

And may we linger in your memory,  
When the Conference days are through.

We're gathered here today in tribute to  
Our Lord and Master to whom we'll be true,

We shall be Christian let our motto be,  
We'll serve in all sincerity.

And when at last our task on earth is done

And after we a faithful race have run,  
The victory shall be ours with Christ above,

Because of his redeeming love.

If you can imagine yourself hearing these words to the stirring martial air being sung by a society of 110 people, you will catch something of the spirit that prevailed at this large mass meeting.

Rev. Martin Leuschner, pastor of the Fleischmann Memorial Church in Philadelphia, brought the Conference day to a close by addressing the evening congregation on the theme directly related to our conference theme, namely, "Dare We Be Christian?"

Conference days are over for a time at least. Many of us will meet again at our summer camp; others will not see each other until our next conference in May of next year; others might never meet again here on earth. However, after all these stirring addresses and appeals there is one thing all of us will do, and that is to say within our own hearts, "We shall be Christian."

**Thrills**

The greatest thrills of life come unthought—the unexpected word of appreciation from a friend, the sudden honor of which we had no warning, the sense of strength and power in an emergency due to preparation in advance. Tingling nerves, sudden shocks, the urge of passion—these are the cheapest thrills life knows. Seek earnestly, therefore, the better thrills.—Roy L. Smith.

The Christian who is not actively loving and serving Christ is a poor counterfeit of the real thing.

Science searches for truth. Religion aspires toward it. There is no true reason why they should quarrel.



A group of Turks and Gypsies after attending a Baptist meeting in the Gypsy section of Rouse, Bulgaria

### Good News from Bulgaria

Lom, Bulgaria, April 21, 1933.

Dear Brother Kuhn:—

I have great pleasure in informing you that on Easter Day we were again privileged to baptize ten converts. This brings our group of this year's new members up to 34. Our hearts are filled with praises and thanks to God. Among this last group of baptismal candidates were three Mohammedan Gypsies—a 60-year-old man with his son and daughter-in-law. In the near future we will also baptize his wife. We are very glad and grateful to God that he continues to bless us.

Last week we had some more conversions. Among them is a man who was a notorious drinker. He was such a villain that his wife has more than 20 wounds on her body which he inflicted on her with a knife. But now he is sitting at Jesus' feet like the once demon-possessed Gardarene, and is listening quietly and peacefully to the gospel message. The whole town wonders at this great miracle. Yes, our great God is living, and he does wonders!

We had a delightful missionary conference in the village of Kowatschitza, where our Brother Georgieff is working. More than 150 members of our churches at Lom and vicinity were present. The meeting hall in Kowatschitza was too small to accommodate the great gathering, and we had to go to a larger hall in town where we counted an audience of over 400. Among these were many Orthodox people and also their priest. Bro. Paul Mischkoff, president of our Baptist Union, my wife and I were the speakers. It was a very inspiring meeting which gave us renewed strength, and on returning home our hearts were filled with great joy. This conference has made a deep impression on the people in Kowatschitza.

During the last two months we were in great financial distress on account of the non-arrival of our checks from America (this delay was caused by the bank holiday and the embargo on send-

ing money into foreign countries) and in order to live we had to make debts. I sincerely hope that by this time help will be on the way. So many of us here are grateful for the love shown to us by our American brethren. May God bless you a thousandfold.

All the members of our church and of my family are sending kind greetings to you.

Your humble Brother in Christ,  
NICOLA MICHAILOFF.

Rouse, Bulgaria, April 12, 1933.

Dear Dr. Kuhn, Brother in Christ:—

I have the great joy of writing to you that since the first of April I am conducting revival meetings at our church at Rouse, and we are having some wonderful results. Bro. Triphon Dimitroff is helping me. Each evening the church is crowded with men and women who are hungering for the Word of God. Many are coming forward in response to our appeals, kneeling down with us to pray for forgiveness and salvation. Praise be to God who has let us see so many seek Christ, confessing their sins and finally accepting Jesus Christ as their personal Savior. Please pray for us and for this great work. We believe that the Lord will lead many souls to him through us.

Next Monday I intend to leave for Sofia where we shall baptize 25 Gypsies next week.

Yours in Christ,

PAUL L. MISCHKOFF, President.

Varna, Bulgaria, March 25, 1933.

Dear Brother Kuhn:—

I ought to have written this letter long ago, but being away from home on a trip and attending to a number of important matters on my return trip kept me from doing so. Our work here in Varna is growing visibly, and in our church life we can notice the presence of the Holy Spirit. God is giving us a rich harvest of souls as there are ten waiting to be baptized. As soon as the weather becomes warmer we will baptize them in the Black Sea.

Our meetings are very well attended and the room is too small to accommodate

all our friends who want to listen to the gospel news. It has become our most earnest desire to meet this great need. So in our annual business meeting we started a church building fund and everyone pledged a certain sum for the current year. This was done with great enthusiasm.

A new field of work opened to us among the Greek Catholic Gypsies. We were able to hold several meetings among them and a room has been placed at our disposal. This place is usually overcrowded with people, and they even are standing outside to listen. It is wonderful to see how eager these poor people are to listen to the gospel stories. We are paying a small sum for rent of this meeting place and are glad that God has given us this opportunity.

We also have prayer meetings in the homes of our members, and other people are also inviting us to their homes. These meetings are usually very well attended. But sometimes we meet with difficulties. One evening a number of young men came to the meeting, and we could see that they were not kindly disposed. After they had sat there a while, they all of a sudden left the meeting with much noise. We had to call the police to restore order. At another occasion, when returning from a meeting with the Gypsies, we were held up by the police who thought we were Communists but we proved ourselves with our Bibles and they let us go. These little incidents are always an inspiration to us to be more faithful in our work for the Master.

With kind regards, Very sincerely yours,  
G. WASSOFF.



Mohammedan Gypsies who know nothing about Christ

### Gospel Victories in Bulgaria

We would like our friends to know how God has been blessing us. He has graciously answered the unceasing prayers in behalf of this most needy field. What we have in faith foreseen and what we have prayed for has actually come to pass. God has given us the opportunity to evangelize these spiritually hungry people. God is working by his Spirit, and all that remains for us to do is to continue the work with all our energy. These opportunities are untold. These souls must not be neglected when they can be so easily reached.

Bulgaria is in a State of Transition. Education is being pressed forward, but very little attention is being paid to the moral and religious needs of the

young. The wave of materialism which is passing over the world has not spared Bulgaria, and the cinematograph acts as its best propagandist. The worst of French and Italian novels and a flood of obscene literature complete the devastation. All this sufficiently marks the depth of the ignorance of true Christianity and the lack of discipline among the young people of both sexes.

Nominal Christianity is often so corrupt that it is utterly incapable of dealing with the situation. Frantic efforts are being made to combat the sects, which are growing stronger every day and to attract the people by means of culture and music and art—anything but the plain preaching of the Gospel of Christ. All this forms a dark picture, but thank God,

### There Are Signs of Revival

Here and there are priests who are striving after better things. There is the beginning of a revival, and groups of believers are springing up, keen on a life of holiness and purity.

Over 700,000 refugees, Macedonians, Russians, Armenians and Thracians, live in the country of our field, and our workers are glad to have the opportunity to point out to them the way of salvation. The time is most opportune for reaching them. Pray for a much greater number of workers, so that the progress of the Gospel shall not be hindered. Consider how deplorable this condition is, where the people are aroused spiritually as they have not been for centuries. The hunger for the Word of God is great, and one of our workers writes that insistent requests for Scriptures and spiritual help are continually coming from the villages. On the other hand, infidelity may gain a great deal, because the people are turning away from the Greek Orthodox church. Now is the time to reach them with the spoken and written word.

We are conducting Evangelistic Campaigns with wonderful results. Everywhere the story has been the same. The largest halls and public buildings have been offered, and all meetings have been attended by crowds which often could not be fully accommodated, the interest being so intense that it was hard to get people to disperse, especially as visits drew to a close.

### Sowing the Seed in Many Towns

In Kovatchitza the people would simply not let us leave at the end of the meetings, but constrained us to remain longer and continue the meetings. The large public hall was offered for the meetings. We had a wonderful time at Razgrad-Mahla. The Mayor invited us to have the meetings at the public hall. The meetings were of an evangelistic character. The large hall was packed. The Master's presence was with us in a marked manner. In Rila it was said that even the best political speakers had not drawn such crowds for one speech as had regularly attended our evangelistic meetings.

In Stob I spoke in an open air meeting from the balcony of the priest's house, and the Mayor said: "We must take the Bible into our hearts if we are anxious to see Bulgaria saved." In Kocherinovo we distributed hundreds of tracts and Gospels. In Ihtiman the hall was packed to the doors with people who were hungry and thirsty for the Bread of Life and for the Water of Life. In Gabrovo we had a crowded hall and very close attention. A man of the Orthodox Church gave me money for 25 Testaments to be distributed to the poorest of the people. They paid all my expenses from Sophia to Gabrovo and return. In Lom the large church building was crowded night after night for ten days. Hundreds experienced a desire to lead a pure Christian life with the help of God.



Returning from the forest this Turk was met by our preacher and led to Christ

Many Turks and Gypsies were among the converts, who have since been baptized. In Rouse we had 15 meetings with wonderful results. Brother Dimitroff said: "Rouse has never seen such crowds in religious meetings. Forty-five men and women gave their names and addresses as a proof of their starting the new life. We have seen souls coming to Christ Jesus. Men and women of all classes have promised to lead Christian lives according to God's Word. One man stopped me in the street the other day and said, 'Oh, how nice it was yesterday!' I asked what he meant. He replied, 'The meeting! The word of salvation that you spoke to us! We have learned to love Jesus Christ.'"

Our work among the children is especially good, as the children carry the fire into their own homes.

This is our aim, that the Word of God—in printed form and by word of preaching—may have the widest circulation possible. Our spirits agonize to bring spiritual things to pass. We are doing with our might and what our hands find to do, and we ask God to make us a power, in his wisdom and strength, for accomplishing his high purposes. We are trying to be true toilers in this particular part of God's harvest field. We

pray that God will make this land a happy part of his own Kingdom of righteousness and peace. Will you stand behind us with your prayers and practical help? We voice Macedonia's own call and need.

Please pray for Bulgaria.

In bonds of Christian Fellowship

I am in his blessed service, yours,

PAUL L. MISCHKOFF,

President of the Bulgarian Baptist Union.

## OBITUARY

### CLINTON EHRLICH KRAFT

A great loss has come to the Wasco Baptist church in the sudden passing of Clinton Ehrlich Kraft at the age of 23 years, 7 months and 11 days. Our brother died of a fractured skull, sustained in an auto collision near Bakersfield, Cal. Our deceased brother was on his way home from Los Angeles, when another auto in the attempt to pass a truck swung in front of his machine, the impact of the unavoidable collision proved fatal to both drivers. Clinton leaves his parents, three brothers and one sister to mourn his passing.

He was converted and baptized at the age of eleven. He was a loyal disciple of Christ. In 1931 he graduated from the Bible Institute of Los Angeles. At the time of his death he was a student of the Baptist Theological Seminary of Los Angeles. Through his gift of song and testimony and was instrumental in leading many souls to Christ.

Rev. J. A. H. Wuttke of Los Angeles, Rev. W. J. Bestvater of the Mennonite Church and two representatives of the L. A. Seminary assisted at the funeral services. This service was attended by hundreds of people from near and far and the many floral offerings were a testimony of the high esteem in which he was held.

He was ready and prepared to serve and his Master called him to service in the home above. The following Sunday marked memorial services by the young people of this home church and also of the Los Angeles First, where he attended during his years of study. God spoke through his life as well as by his death.—Our people have reconsecrated themselves to God and his Kingdom. Eccl. 12:1. Rev. John C. Schweitzer.

Wasco, Cal.

### Memorial Service in Honor of Clinton Kraft

On Sunday evening, May 14, the First German Baptist Church of Los Angeles held a memorial service in honor of our beloved brother, Clinton E. Kraft, who was promoted to glory at about 10 o'clock Sunday morning, May 7. His death was the result of a tragic automobile accident which occurred Saturday evening, May 6, while he was on a surprise trip home from Los Angeles to visit his dear parents and family in Wasco, Cal.

The service was opened by the singing of Clinton Kraft's favorite hymn "When the Roll is Called Up Yonder I'll be There." For scripture reading, our pastor, Rev. J. A. H. Wuttke, read 1 Thess. 4:13-18 and Rev. 7:9-17. The choir then sang "My Soul Waiteth for the Lord," after which Rev. G. Hege, a friend of the Kraft family, led in prayer.

Bro. Wuttke gave us a short review of Clinton's life. Clinton Kraft was born in Marion, Kans., Sept. 26, 1909. When only a boy of 11 years, he accepted Christ as his personal Savior. At the age of 14 he came to Wasco, Cal., which has been his home ever since. However, for the past four years, he has been attending school in Los Angeles and was, until the time of his death, attending the Baptist Theological Seminary of Los Angeles. He also told briefly of the splendid work



he was doing in our midst and briefly outlined Clinton's sermon on "Loyalty." After describing the tragic accident to our people, he introduced Clinton's classmate and employer, Mr. Eugene Eymann, who gave us a very inspiring talk on Amos 4:12, "Prepare to meet thy God."

The next speaker on our program was Bro. Paul Leuschner, our Sunday school superintendent and an intimate friend of Clinton. He spoke of Clinton's work both in our Sunday school and in our B. Y. P. U., calling to memory some of the many things he did for us. He ended his remarks by changing the words of a song and made them read thus:

"I know that Clinton's Redeemer lives.  
What peace this blest assurance gives.  
He lives, he lives, who once was dead.  
He lives, Clinton's ever living head.  
What peace this blest assurance gives.  
I know that Clinton Kraft's Redeemer lives."

Again the choir favored us with a selection, "I shall be Satisfied."

The last speaker was Rev. G. Hege, who spoke a few words in the German language. After telling us of his acquaintance with the Kraft family, and of the many happy hours with Clinton, he told us of receiving the sad news of the death of our co-worker. His first act was to pray to God to give Clinton's parents and family strength in their sorrow. Then he said we must be assured that God has made no mistake. Death is only a comma, not a period, in our existence. There is life beyond the grave if we believe in a risen Lord. God has a plan for us which extends beyond death.

Following this, Mrs. Ferus sang a solo, "Schlummre Sanft." Bro. Eymann led us in the closing prayer and benediction.

Truly this service is one long to be remembered by all who attended and was the means of drawing us all closer to Jesus Christ, for "Clinton Kraft, though dead, yet speaketh."

F. W., Reporter.

### The Influence of a Good Man

Dr. George A. Buttrick, in "Jesus Came Preaching," tells how a storekeeper in Brighton kept a photograph of Frederick W. Robertson. Whenever he was "tempted by short change or short measure or shoddy goods he went into the back room to look at the face" of Robertson. In a sense, Sunday, the sacred day is to do for every man the sort of thing which the photograph of Frederick W. Robertson did for one man. It is to be a luminous conscience which shoots its bright rays out over all of the other days of the week. If we really knew how to use it we could see the meaning of all the other days better for what we saw on that day.

Being a Christian is a reality and not a dream. Christ came as a living man in the actual world, not a shadow.

# The Baptist Herald

for

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The Baptist Herald  
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Cleveland, O.

### Where There Is No Dead Line

The late Silvester Horne, renowned British Congregational minister, had the following conversation with the Rev. W. Kingscote Greenland.

"Greenland," said Mr. Horne, "did you ever preach to old men and women?" "Oh, bless my soul, yes." "No, but I don't mean a graceful allusion. Did you ever advertise a special sermon for old people?" "No, think that is one thing I haven't done." "I did it," said Mr. Horne. "Just before I left Kensington I advertised a sermon to old men and women, and we never had so many walking-sticks and respirators in the church before or since. Now tell me what I preached on." "Oh!" said Mr. Greenland, "'Come unto me all ye that are weary'?" "No." "Or, 'At evening time it shall be light'?" "No." "What was it then?" "Well," said Mr. Horne, "I took as my text, 'He went into the market-place about the eleventh hour and said, Go ye also into my vineyard.'"  
—Christian Work.

### Coffin and Radio

Sam R. Kimball, aged San Francisco Valley rancher, has placed an order with a Los Angeles undertaker for a \$1,200 steel coffin, equipped with an up-to-date radio receiving set, it was revealed the other day.

In directing that the radio equipment coffin be prepared to receive his body, Kimball explained that he is convinced that the soul lingers near the body until the day of judgment and that he will be able to "hear what is going on in the wold" after he dies.

### Was He Contented?

Not long ago Dr. Edgar Godbold was in the railway station at St. Louis and heard a conversation between two Negro men who, though friends of long standing, had evidently not seen each other for some time.

"Tell me about yourself, nigger," said one to the other.

And with a big laugh the second replied: "I ain't been nowhere; I ain't going nowhere; I ain't got nothin'; and I don't want nothin'!"

Many folks without saying it so tersely, seem to be like this colored chap—aimlessly drifting out of an unsettled past to a still more unsettled future.

The Examiner: "But if, as you say, all the rivers run into the sea, why doesn't it overflow?"

Johnnie (taken aback): "Why—er—'cos it's so full of sponges."

"Waiter, what is this on the bill?"  
"Bungalow fluff, sir, at forty cents a portion."

"But what is it?"  
"Formerly cottage pudding, sir, at fifteen cents."—Judge.