

The Baptist Herald

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

Volume Eleven

CLEVELAND, O., MAY 15, 1933

Number Ten

MY OFFERING TO THE CRUCIFIED CHRIST.

In these times of money scarcity many disciples of the Crucified Christ are unable to follow the dictates of their passionate love in making their usual money contributions.

In order to meet this situation the Finance Committee has secured practical and attractive SACRIFICE BOXES. Upon every remembrance of Christ's sacrifice for us we can place our sacrifice offerings in these boxes.

In all our Sunday schools, Young People's Societies and Women's Societies there are doubtless many who will gladly avail themselves of this opportunity for the gathering of such offerings. The entire proceeds are to be used exclusively for the support of our own beloved denominational family.

Upon request to Forest Park Sacrifice Boxes will gladly be sent in any quantity and without any charge. We are expecting to receive many such requests from individuals in our churches as well as from the officers of Sunday schools, Young People's Societies and Women's Societies.

THE FINANCE COMMITTEE,
P. O. Box 6,
Forest Park, Ill.

What's Happening

The liberal "Hard Times Offer" to send the "Baptist Herald" for 50 cents to all not now subscribers ought to find a great response. Read about it on page sixteen. This offer of our Business Manager ought to spur our Boosters to renewed efforts with those who failed to subscribe earlier on account of the depression.

Mr. Edmund Mittelstedt of the Senior Class of the German Department of Colgate Rochester Divinity School has accepted the call of the church at Hilda, Alberta, Canada.

The Clinton Hill, Newark, N. J., Intermediate B. Y. P. U. defeated the Evangel Intermediate B. Y. P. U. at a recent Bible Baseball game. The score was 19-32 in favor of Clinton Hill.

Rev. Hilko Swyter of George, Ia., has accepted the unanimous call of the German Baptist church at Canton, O. He begins his work there in the early part of June. Bro. Swyter served this church before going to George.

Rev. August F. Runtz, pastor of the State Park Church of Peoria, Ill., had the happy privilege of baptizing 6 boys and girls, who had professed faith in Christ as their Savior. Pastor Runtz hopes to extend the hand of fellowship to several others at the next communion service of the church.

The Young People of Peoria, Pekin, Trenton, Ill., and St. Louis, Mo., are planning a Young People's Conference for June 3 and 4. There is a possibility of Kankakee, Ill., and Burlington, Iowa, uniting with us. At our last Central Conference meeting it was suggested that such a conference be attempted.

A series of evangelistic services were held at the Kossuth, Wis., Baptist church, Rev. J. C. Kraenzler, pastor, under the leadership of Rev. W. J. Appel from March 5-13. A number of Sunday school pupils accepted Jesus as their personal Savior. "We pray that more of our young folks will soon find their way to Christ."

On Easter morning the young people of the Bethany Church, Vesper, Kans., held an outdoor sunrise service. Following the service they had breakfast together and then visited some of the members, who are "shut-ins," and brought them the Easter message in song and story. They returned in time to take their places in the Easter service at the church.

The newly elected officers of the Cathay, N. Dak., B. Y. P. U. are: Albert Reddig, president; Alma Wahl, vice-president; Louis E. Bibelheimer, secretary;

and Clinton Colony, treasurer. The society celebrated its anniversary on March 10. The chief feature of the program was the rendition of the play: "And the Greatest of these is Love." It was given before a full church and well received. The program was repeated in the Carlington church a little later.

The Oklahoma Y. P. and S. S. W. Union will hold an Institute with the Zion Baptist Church, Okeene, Okla., Rev. Chas. Wagner, pastor, from May 29-June 1. The general theme is "The Glorified Christ." Classes will be conducted on B. Y. P. U. and Sunday school methods by General Secretary A. P. Mihm and Prof. Albert Bretschneider. Classes for Bible Study in German will be held by Rev. F. W. Socolofsky. There will be devotionals, essays, round-table discussions and special evening programs in which the pastors of the state and the guest teachers will take part. A rich and full program has been set up. Recreation will not be forgotten. All Oklahoma Young People are expected to come to the feast.

The Young People's Society of the Walnut St. Baptist Church, Newark, N. J., gave a surprise party to their pastor, Rev. Donald Lee, in honor of his 27th birthday. A mock trial was held and Mrs. Rauscher, the president of the young people's society, presented the pastor with a beautiful bloodstone ring. On April 2, the young people's society under the leadership of pastor Lee took a delegation of 100 to the Baptist rally in Calvary Baptist church, New York City. Mr. Lee arranged for a police escort all the way from Newark. There has been an increase in the congregation of over fifty percent since Mr. Lee has been pastor and in these few months he has baptized over twenty people. The future looks bright.

A delightful Sunday was spent with the church at Wausau, Wis., Rev. John Wobig, pastor, by the Editor of the "Baptist Herald" on April 30. In spite of an all-day rain (much needed in this district and gladdening the hearts of the farmers) there were very good audiences present at both morning and evening preaching services at which we presented the Word. The goodly number of men in attendance was a notable feature. We also had opportunity to address the Sunday school in the morning and the B. Y. P. U. at their meeting before the evening service. Bro. Wobig is encouraged in his work and old difficulties from former days are being overcome. A fine number of converts were added during the year. The Sunday school under Superintendent Benedix is striving for the best things.

Attention! World's Fair Visitors

Ladies from our Baptist churches who are planning to attend the World's Fair at Chicago may have pleasant rooms at reasonable prices in our Girls' Home. Transportation to Fair grounds are very good. Please advise our Superintendent, Miss Anna M. Brinkmann, of your coming. BAPTIST GIRL'S HOME, 3264 Cortland St., Chicago, Ill.

Anniversary Day at the German Baptist Home for the Aged, Philadelphia

will be observed according to the time-honored custom on Memorial Day. The speaker of the day will be Dr. M. J. Twomey, a successor of the late Dr. Russell Conwell of the Grace Baptist Church.

Good meals will be served, dinner and supper, at a very reasonable cost. Wide verandas and spacious lawns afford ample opportunity for rest and recreation.

Donations in cash and merchandise may be sent direct to the Home, 7023 Rising Sun Ave. The management appreciates the interest that the friends of the Home have shown in the past and are confident they will not fail this time. F. P. KRUSE.

Persistence

The most brilliant achievements of mankind have been accomplished not by luck but by persistence. Edison made more than 12,000 experiments, through a period of many years, before he found the right kind of wax out of which to make phonograph records. He performed, or supervised, 100,000 experiments in an effort to find the material for incandescent lamps. Trust to persistence and forget luck.—Roy L. Smith.

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The Baptist Herald

Act Your Age

"YOUTH is a blunder, manhood is a struggle and old age is a regret," says one of the characters in a novel by Alexander Dumas. Another commenting on this cynical evaluation measured these stages differently. Said he: "Youth may also be an opportunity, manhood may be an achievement and old age may be an holy memory."

Paul was testifying to the fact that he had heeded the admonition to act his age when he said: "When I was a child, I talked like a child, felt as a child, thought as a child. But now that I am become a man I have put away childish things" (1 Cor. 13: 11, 12). In both periods of development he acted his age.

It is sometimes a sad but more often a disgusting spectacle to see an old man or woman trying to act like an adolescent.

It is possible to stay young while growing old, but the only way to do so is at all times to act your age. "One of the secrets of perpetual youth," says Dr. J. A. Hatfield, "is the willingness to grow old naturally and gracefully. A man of forty keeps himself fresh and vigorous by surrendering his athletic championships and turning his attention to the development of mind and character. The fact is that there are fresh opportunities and interests ready to spring into being at each new phase of our development. By welcoming them in turn we stay young. By advancing with the years we attain perpetual youth."

Older people are not the only offenders in regard to not always acting their age. Children have the habit not only of "dressing up" in dad's and mothers' clothes, but also of pretending a maturity which is not theirs. There is a certain type of sophistication assumed by some young people which succeeds in making them as ridiculous as the attempts of certain older people to be "one of the boys" or "one of the girls" succeeds in making them disgustingly conspicuous. How much better would both such groups be if they were only wise enough to act their own ages!

Unfortunately, our present social order is not as helpful to such a program as it might be. Many a man who, in his dotage still tries to be "one of the boys," does so largely because of the fact that in his childhood he has been deprived of those very things that he is seeking in his maturity. A social order that deprived him of his childhood made it impossible for him to act his age—and so he reversed the whole normal procedure of his development. His testimony, unlike Paul's, would read: "When I was a child, the circumstances that sur-

rounded my life made me talk like a man, it made me think like a man and reason like a man; economic pressure made me work like a man. But now that I have become a man and am economically self-sufficient, I am going to have my childhood—a long postponed childhood, but I shall have it none the less. Now that I am a man I am going to act like a child"—and so we witness another old man whose maturity is spent in making adolescent whoopee.

Unfortunately, he is not an isolated example of this sort of thing. When we learn that more than one million children from 10-16 years of age are gainfully employed in the United States, and that one-third of them have not reached their 13th birthday, and this too, in a day when eight million men are out of work, it gives us pause. And when too from the national census, we discover that 1,400,000 children between the ages of seven and fourteen are not in school, it makes us wonder how in the world this large handicapped population is ever going to be able to act its age.

The Power of Enthusiasm

A. E. JASTER

IN order to convey a right conception of the thought which we have in mind, we will try to give a definition of the word enthusiasm. This we can do best by going back to the etymology of the word. The word enthusiasm comes from the Greek word "entheos," which means being full of God; inspired by the God or possessed of the God. The original meaning of the word, therefore, pertains to the possession of the human mind and heart of supernatural divine power.

Webster says, enthusiasm is a strong excitement of feeling on behalf of a cause or a subject. It means ardent and imaginative zeal for some cause. This is a good definition when we take into consideration the root meaning of the word.

Enthusiasm Is Something That Urges Us Forward,

it is that which makes us progressive. The famous essayist Emerson said, "Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm." Enthusiasm is an invisible, powerful human dynamo that energizes us, with that magnetism which makes us so magnetic to attract or draw other people towards us. It convinces other people of our capability to perform the task before us.

This reminds me of a story about a certain young man. He was 35 years of age, a college graduate and an assistant manager in a large business corporation. When the manager died, this young man, who had been the assistant manager for a number

of years, thought that the firm would naturally promote him to the greatly desired position as manager. But instead the company brought in a new man as their manager. This aroused such hard feelings in the assistant manager that he gave up his job. He loafed around for some time doing nothing, but finally made a very thorough examination of himself, of his character and of the way he had carried on his work for the company. He found that he never had any ambition for doing hard work. He had no enthusiasm for his daily task. After he had made this thorough examination, he saw quite plainly why the firm that he had worked for did not promote him to a more responsible position. He resolved to bring about a complete change in his life and aspirations. He went to Chicago where he soon obtained a position as manager with a higher salary in one of the world's largest business corporations. He had to convince people of his ability of doing the job right. By putting enthusiasm into every effort, he soon attained success.

Enthusiasm is but an earnest devotedness towards a special object and a constant striving after some higher standard than that which satisfies the mass of commonplace humanity.

Many People Are Prejudiced Against Enthusiasm

They confound it with fanaticism. There is a wild and a noble enthusiasm. The former is dangerous, the latter a royal gift. It is regulated force; heart and sense combined; eagerness and foresight prosecuting sublime purposes. Those endowed with it are not blind to difficulties, but brave to meet them; they measure dangers, recognize the chances of failure, but venture where duty calls, expecting to conquer by success. There is fire in their bones and wisdom in their heads, and the more the fire burns the clearer the mind becomes. Enthusiasm is the spur of a slow, but the wing of a swift and impetuous mind. Every great and commanding movement of the world is a triumph of some enthusiasm. Nothing is so contagious as enthusiasm; it is the real allegory of the lute of Orpheus; it moves stones, it charms brutes. Enthusiasm is the genius of sincerity, and truth accomplishes no victory without it.

Enthusiasm Touches a Responsive Chord

in our co-workers to stand by and see that the task is finished. The famous writer Cowper said, "No wild enthusiasm ever yet could rest, till half mankind were like himself possessed."

Enthusiasm is what we need especially among our young Christian workers and leaders of the Young People's societies. Enthusiasm supplies steady impulse necessary to religious effort and does not soon die, like mere occasional excitement. How do we expect the members of a society to have it and go ahead and do something when their leader is indifferent about everything? There is nothing achieved in such a society unless one of the members rises and takes the lead, which happens only once in a great while.

Whenever I read the wonderful story recorded in 1 Sam. chapt 16-17 of the combat between that little shepherd lad, David, and the giant warrior, Goliath, I imagine myself seeing that little shepherd lad literally overflowing with enthusiasm, as he goes forward to meet his giant enemy. It was enthusiasm that gave David the added and reserved strength; that set him all aflame for his task, and caused him to see nothing but victory before him.

Enthusiasm Lightens Every Burden

and always tries to assure us of success in all our undertakings. It turns work into pleasure instead of making it as a drudgery to us. It will not take long for an enthusiastic leader to electrify a whole nation, so that the people will stand by him in every undertaking, no matter what obstacles might face them on the way to their objectives. We have a good illustration of this in the career of the late Russian political leader Lenin. Evidently he was filled with enthusiasm for his ideals so that he could carry the great masses of common people along with him.

As we have seen, enthusiasm is a divine power that electrifies others who come within reach of its power. It is an almost invincible human power. The enthusiasm for the cause kept Commander-in-Chief George Washington and his men on the field of battle, enabling them to endure all hardships until independence was assured. Let us try to be enthusiasts in every task we may undertake without becoming fanatics. Keep away from fanaticism because a fanatic is generally a visionary, and we don't want to be visionary men but men with a vision.

We are hearing a lot at present about the failure of the Christian church, and about the futility of still going on further with the preaching of the gospel of Christ. Much publicity is being given to the Oxford Group Movement, and to many other movements, as a demand of our times. But what is really needed at present, is the fervent enthusiasm of Christian men and women to dare and put the principles of the gospel of Jesus into practice. As Professor Walter Rauschenbusch once said, "Dare we be Christians?" The demand of our time is men with a new vision of the principles of the gospel of Christ, and sufficient enthusiasm to dare and realize the ideals of the way of salvation. The best system that human ingenuity can devise is nothing but a lot of lifeless machinery unless we have men who are inspired by supernatural power to venture all and accomplish the seemingly impossible. Oh, that we only had men endowed with enthusiasm, such as provoked that invincible faith of the Christian martyrs!

The Apostle Paul Was an Enthusiast

in his great task for his Master but also a man with a clear vision of what he was going to do. We may never expect to be as famous as the apostle Paul; but we can enlist in the mighty army of Christian workers and do our bit. To do our bit, that is all

that the Master asks. Henry Ward Beecher once said, "Religion means work. Religion means work in a dirty world. Religion means peril; blows given, but blows taken as well. Religion means transformation. The world is to be cleaned by somebody and you are not called of God if you are ashamed to scour and scrub."

It seems just at present there is great demand for a lot of men to scour and scrub at some pretty dirty places in our social order. Zane Gray says through one of the characters in one of his books, "We don't need riches. I have so often said that we need nothing out here on the border but honest hearts and strong willing hands." The Christian religion will always be on the border; forever looking across no-mans-land. But don't forget that the man who wants to go out and do something and does not know what he wants to do, and has no vision of his task, will never accomplish anything.

Toronto, Ontario.

Krummacher's Fable

K RUMMACHER has laid us under obligation by a pleasingly suggestive fable. It runs as follows: When Zaccheus had reached a ripe age he still lived at Jericho. Each day at dawn he would be seen out in the fields for a walk, and he always returned with a composed and happy mind. His wife became curious about his morning walks, but Zaccheus never spoke to her about them. One morning she followed him unawares. He made straight for the tree from which, having climbed, he first saw the Lord. Taking a pitcher of water he poured it at the roots of the tree, which were getting dry in a hot climate. He did some weeding here and there, passed his hands affectionately over the old trunk, looked up at the place among the branches from whence he had seen Jesus, and then, turning away with thanksgiving and a smile, went back home. His wife asked him why he was so careful about the old tree, and Zaccheus replied very reverently: "It was the tree which brought me to him whom my soul loveth and in whom I rejoice."

That little fable—if such it be—calls to mind many true stories of human experience. Sometimes a tree, a tent-door, a mountaintop, a friend's house, an upper room, the sea-side—any one of these may furnish the setting for a deep and ineffaceable spiritual experience. Any place, any spot, may be consecrated and remain forever sacred by reason of some new or enlarged realization of God, and life and soul be forever bigger and better. Moses never forgot the burning bush unconsumed. Jacob would forever remember the angel-laden ladder. Isaiah's vision in the temple would remain outstanding and memorable. Paul lived over and over again his sudden consciousness of Christ on the Damascus road.

And there are others. Such happenings outlive the years. A pocket Testament and a cupboard in a noisy engineering shop supply the background for the panorama of peace and salvation which Je-

sus Christ painted on one man's heart. A certain good woman had one of the most extraordinary spiritual experiences of her life in a pantry. The conscious presence of God hallows and makes unforgettable any locality. It is not the place, but the utterance of God's truth, that sanctifies.

In a very obscure village on the west coast of Wales a small boy went to a service one Sunday morning. He came out very much impressed by what he had heard, and, going to a familiar spot he climbed into a tree and there, amid the branches and leaves, received a vision of Christ to whom he there and then surrendered. A few years later, removing thence to a town many miles away, he joined the local Baptist church, and was for more than fifty years an honored servant of God, filling, most adequately, in succession, every office the church could bestow. But that tree, with its transforming glimpse of God, never faded from his mind. Have you any such memory?—Baptist Times.

Editorial Jottings

WE HOPE many of our young people, both individually and in groups, either societies or classes, will make use of the Sacrifice Boxes announced on the front page of this number. Many other church organizations are making use of this method and find their members responding willingly and gladly. In days like these we must count with small gifts for carrying on our work. We must seek to gather up the fragments. Our Lord always blesses giving which is made in the spirit of sacrifice.

MANY IN the English services of our churches miss the good old "Kernlieder" of the former German worship days. Those who translate these songs into singable English are placing us into their debt and performing a real service. Such translations like that of Bro. Paul Wengel and that of Bro. F. L. Strobel of old time favorites in recent numbers of the "Baptist Herald" ought to be preserved and manifolded for general use. We invite others with a poetic gift to take up this work of translation. Our pages are at their disposal for the publication of such translations.

* * *

If you do not shine at home, if your father and mother, your sister and brother, if the very cat and dog in the house are not the better and happier for your being a Christian, it is a question whether you are really one.—J. Hudson Taylor.

* * *

God is the creator, Genesis 1:1. The firmament shows his handiwork, Psalm 19:1.

Lord Kelvin, the Scottish scientist, once said: "Scientific thought is compelled to accept the idea of a creative power. When I asked a great scientist if he believed that grass and flowers grew by chemical forces he replied: 'No more than I could believe that a book on botany could grow by chemical forces.'"

The Gift

F. L. STROBEL

Would that these few lines of mine
 Could cheer the heart of some toiler
 tried;
 Whose burden so bulky, too heavy to bear
 Is weighing him down to gloom and
 despair.

All nature feels the sting of stark ad-
 versity.

Would that I could bring him comfort
 with these words,
 That God must have a purpose in all
 that we meet;
 And never would consign a man to bleak
 defeat.

He knows when the candle of our knowl-
 edge flickers.
 He sees when the mists of life encom-
 pass us about.
 He plans and paves the ways through
 all the years.

Lift that burden once more, brave soul,
 And read the dim but stately inscrip-
 tion on the covering thereof:
 "From God to you."

Chicago Sunday School Workers' Union

The annual meeting of the German Baptist Sunday School Workers' Union of Chicago and Vicinity was held Tuesday evening, April 18, at the Second Church, Chicago.

The delegates met at 6 P. M. for lunch after which we attended to business on hand and electing of officers for the ensuing year.

Reports by the recording secretary and treasurer were given and the treasury showed a balance of \$56.80, of which \$25 was given for various missions.

The officers elected for the year 1933 are: Mr. Herman Siemund, pres.; Mr. Fred Grosser, vice-pres.; Mrs. Olga Engbrecht, treas.; Mrs. Irene Lange, cor. sec'y, and Miss Olga Justin, rec. sec'y.

There was also a question box pertaining to Sunday school work conducted by Rev. C. A. Daniel.

The evening meeting was opened with a devotional led by Mr. Otto Alder, Supt. of the local Sunday school. Mr. Alder took for the scripture lesson, Prov. 3: 1-18. Rev. R. Van Meigs, pastor of the Logan Square Baptist Church, led in prayer. Mr. Alder extended a cordial welcome to all visitors and our president, Mr. Siemund, responded with a double welcome as he is a member of the Second Church.

Roll was called and each superintendent gave a brief report of his school and of the blessings received in the past year.

The program for the evening was of a different nature than formerly and proved very successful. There was a group discussion on, "How can we become more efficient in Sunday school work?" led by

the following speakers in their respective departments: Primary Dept., Mrs. Marie Fouts, Worker with the Chicago Council of Church Federations; Intermediate Dept., Mrs. Robert Van Meigs, Logan Square Baptist Church; Senior Dept., Rev. Walter S. Wood, Jr., Director of Religious Education and Asst. Pastor of First Baptist Church, Oak Park. The writer attended the Primary group and received many helpful hints.

Rev. Wood, Jr., gave the closing address and he took for his text, "And I if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me," John 12:32. Each teacher must have the drawing power of the Lord so he can teach with "Enthusiasm," Stick-to-itiveness, Understanding Joy, Service (which is greatest of all). The greatest opportunity for the teacher is to take the hand of God and pupil and let God speak through him.

The musical numbers were rendered by the First Church Choir, West Suburban Quartet, Oak Park Sunday school and a Saxophone Quartet, Second Sunday school. It was an evening filled with good things from the Lord.

The meeting was closed with the song, "What if it were Today?" during which the offering was taken. Rev. A. Itterman of the East Side Church pronounced benediction and said grace for refreshments served in the Sunday school room. OLGA M. JUSTIN, Rec. Sec.

Cross and Crown Class of Burns Ave. Church, Detroit

Even though more than a year has passed since we've let ourselves be heard from, we have not been idle. Our monthly meetings, which are held in the homes of the members, are well attended. We try to do something useful and profitable each month. Our meetings are opened with a short devotional period, after which we get to our work.

During the past year we made about 1500 scrap books. Some were sent to the South Mountain Baptist Indian School in South Carolina, the rest were taken, with boxes of card board and clothing, to the Friendship House here in Detroit. The Missionary girls, Miss Bistor and Miss Villhauer, conduct daily classes there and have about 700 children weekly, so they can find use for everything we make for them. Around Christmas time we make stockings filled with goodies. A year ago we made 380 for the Friendship House, this year for our own primary children. At Easter we remember the orphans with some sort of goody. About once a year we roll bandages for Missionary Orthner. Thanksgiving Day we co-operated with the church by remembering needy families in our own midst.

The Lord has blessed our humble efforts to serve him, and we find a keen pleasure in our work. We only hope and pray that we can be of further service to him.

SECRETARY.

Doubt hesitates and turns away from the goal. Faith goes ahead bravely.

Easter Program at Elgin, Ia.

The Easter drama, "Pilgrims of the Way," sponsored by Mabel Rennison and Edna Miller, was well presented before an appreciative audience at the Baptist church Sunday evening, April 16.

As an introduction, the orchestra played several fine selections. Fred Schaer, president, read Acts 26:9-16 (Paul's account of his conversion) and led in prayer. The choir, representing disciples worshiping in the house of Mary, sang several hymns most beautifully. Special numbers were a saxophone solo by Luella Miller and the offertory by Erma Grether.

"Pilgrims of the Way" takes us back to a period in the early history of the Christian church at the time of the healing of the lame man, the stoning of Stephen and the first anniversary of the resurrection. The scene is laid in the garden of Mary in Jerusalem. Saul, a close friend of Barnabas, vows he will kill others besides Stephen if necessary to protect the law of Jehovah. He tries to enlist Barnabas in this pursuit but Barnabas refuses, as he already has found "The Way." John Mark, the nephew of Barnabas, is a youth in his teens, passionately devoted to the Savior. Mary, the mother of John Mark, and Rhoda, the maid servant, who is more of a companion than a servant, are also devoted followers of Christ. The climax of the story is reached as a messenger brings the glad news from Damascus that Saul, too, has found the Christ.

Gustav Krueger played the part of Saul in a very forceful manner. Barnabas was capably represented by Eli Habeger. Frederick Lauer displayed his ability in portraying the youth, John Mark. The part of Rhoda was well taken by Dorothy Etter. Mary was represented by Mrs. George Durscher in a very pleasing manner. Hugo Hackman's part as messenger was skillfully done.

The closing prayer was said by our minister, Rev. Ph. Lauer.

MABEL RENNISON.

The Inquiring Age

The story is told of a nine-year-old boy who asked his father, "Why can't we see the other side of the moon?" The lad had asked about twenty questions in half an hour, and his father jumped up and snapped out, "What a boy you are for asking questions! I'd like to know what would have happened to me if I had asked as many questions as you when I was a boy." "Perhaps," replied the sagacious youngster, "you'd have been able to answer a few of mine now."

The inquiring habit is one of the most valuable in children, and must never be lost as we grow older. Curiosity, insatiable curiosity, is the pathway to knowledge. If you are not constantly asking questions, of men, of books, of nature, and of God, you will remain of just the age you were when you stopped asking questions.

The Sunday School

Prayer of Youth

I am a youth, alive today,
 I want to live the Christlike way;
 Se help me, Lord, in all I do,
 To ever be sincere and true.

Give me a mind so keen and strong,
 That it will know the right from wrong;
 I make my heart now pure and good—
 May I not be misunderstood.

Help me to give my life for others,
 Help me to live and serve my brothers;
 And may my life a blessing be
 To all of those who have known me.

O, give thy joy, and peace, and power,
 O, may I live from out this hour
 A life of faith and victory,
 Like Christ who lived in Galilee.

Sunday School Workers' Day

MRS. W. C. KOHLER

Some thought "Recognition Day" would have been a more suitable title, but the majority favored "Sunday School Workers' Day" because it tells what particular persons were being honored. It was in no sense a day when the lesson is set aside for a special program; for the special occasions are multiplying too much as it is. This was simply a little appreciation feature, at the close of the regular session.

In a twelve minutes' talk a brief history was given of the school and some of the early workers. It is amazing how much was crowded into those twelve minutes; but no time was wasted. The contrast between enrollment, offerings, expenses, and the number of teachers and officers on the first record and the present was interesting. From a very humble beginning the school has grown to have more than a thousand members and a large teaching and official force. The missionary and benevolent activities of that first school were almost nothing, while the present organization can boast of relief work in Europe, native missionaries in foreign lands, pupils supported in mission schools, work for orphanages, local ministries and large special contributions to every sort of emergency, from famines in heathen lands to disasters at home.

In a brief address the pastor gave much of the credit for this growth to the faithful officers and teachers, pointing out, and stressing their rewards, not measured by dollars and cents. In this talk was an earnest appeal for young and old to add their mite to the good work, whether it should be the task of substituting as a teacher, or working on a humble committee connected with the social program.

There were flowers for the teachers who had served many years and also for

the officials long in service. The teachers and officers rose at the conclusion, and by periods sat down again, beginning with the one-year or less of service. Three elderly people had rounded out almost a half-century of services as officers or teachers, or both, while others confessed twenty, twenty-five, thirty, and thirty-five years.

It was the first exercise of the kind ever held in the school, but it is safe to say that it will not be the last. Of course men and women do not serve Christ and the church for money, or praise, or special attention, but there is a warm feeling in the hearts of our workers because of this tardy recognition.—Adult Leader.

How Tall Should a Sunday School Teacher Be?

"All candidates for positions in the public schools of New York City must be at least five feet in height," is the recently announced rule of the Metropolitan Board of Education. The right of the Board to make this ruling cannot be denied. Evidently their experience has taught that, whatever excellence he or she may possess, the teacher wanting in stature does not fully meet the necessities of the schools.

And while of course no one would seriously propose that such a standard be adopted by the school of the church, the question is worth asking, "How tall should a Sunday school teacher be?"

Tall enough, certainly, so that his pupils can look up to him. That much character height is desirable in the interest of respect. It is also required by the results which a Sunday school teacher is supposed to produce. We may state the following as the steps in the culture of Christian character: admiration, motivation, emulation, reproduction. As Doctor McCosh once said, "He who would create admiration for goodness must exhibit a good being performing a good action."

Tall enough to overlook. Pettiness in the teaching force of a school will undo craft in organization and skill in operation. The will to overlook requires exercise, both in reference to one's fellow teachers and likewise as to one's pupils. The wise educator does not see quite all that he sees.

Our ideal teacher will be of sufficient stature to join hands with other teachers. He will be of a maturity that realizes the advantage of co-operation.

Tall enough, too, to want to be taller. Like the apostle, this ideal will not count himself to have apprehended, but will reach forward. No Midway Arbour will enchant him on the Hill Difficulty; but he will press for the summit.

We must insist that our standardized teacher will be tall enough to talk with God. To the high and Holy One he will bring the case of his pupils. From the same elevated One he will derive the particular message for those particular pupils on the particular occasion.

Very tall is this figure now before us. Yet there is a height we still crave for him. We want him tall enough to see the possibilities of his pupils. A collection of boyhood photographs of several men now famous in our national life was recently submitted to experts in character analysis, with the request that they indicate in what way these youths promised their subsequent greatness. The experts acknowledged that there was nothing about those boys to disclose the latencies they possessed. A child is a latency. Creative teachers educe their best. As the heroine in one of Conrad's novels says to the hero, "I am what you think I am."—Exchange.

Plowing for the Church

Two wealthy Christians, a merchant and a lawyer, were traveling around the world. In Korea they saw a boy in a field pulling a plow while an old man held the handles and guided the plow. The lawyer was amused and took a picture of the two. He showed the picture to the missionary who was guiding the party, and said, "They must be very poor." "Yes, they are," said the missionary. "When the church was being built, they were eager to give something. They had no money so they sold their only ox and gave the money to the church. This spring they are pulling the plow themselves." The traveling men were silent for a few moments, and then one said to the missionary, "That must have been a great sacrifice." "They did not call it that," said the missionary; "they thought that it was fortunate that they had an ox to sell." When the men returned home the lawyer took the picture to his minister and told him the story, and then said, "I want to double my pledge to the church, and give me some plow-work to do. I have never known what sacrifice for the church meant. A converted heathen taught me. I am ashamed to say I have never yet given anything to my church that cost me something."—The Methodist Recorder.

* * *

"The faith of the Head
 Is the faith that is dead;
 The faith of the Heart
 Is better in part;
 But the faith of the Hand
 Is the faith that will stand;
 For the faith that will do
 Must include the first two."

—Quoted in "Tarbell's Guide."

KEZIAH COFFIN

JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

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(Continuation)

Chapter VIII

In which the Parson and Mr. Pepper declare their independence

That afternoon, when dinner was over, the Reverend John decided to make a few duty calls. The first of these he determined should be on the Peppers. Lavinia and her brother had called at the parsonage several times, but as yet he had not paid them a visit. It was not a ceremony to which he looked forward with delight, but it must be performed. Miss Pepper had hinted several times, at sewing circle and after prayer meeting, of "partiality" and "only stoppin' in where they had fancy curtains up to the windows." So, as it could not be put off any longer, without causing trouble, he determined to go through with it.

The Pepper house was situated just off the main road on the lane leading over the dunes to the ocean and the light. It was a small building, its white paint dingy and storm beaten, and its little fenced-in front yard dotted thickly with clumps of silver-leaf saplings. A sign, nailed crookedly on a post, informed those seeking such information that with it was to be found "Abishai G. W. Pepper, Tax Collector, Assessor, Boots and Shoes Repaired." And beneath this was fastened a shingle with the chalked notice, "Salt Hay for sale."

The boot and shoe portion of the first sign was a relic of other days. Kyan had been a cobbler once, but it is discouraging to wait three or four weeks while the pair of boots one has left to be resoled are forgotten in a corner. Captain Zeb Mayo's pointed comment, "I want my shoe leather to wear while I'm alive, not to be laid out after I die of old age," expressed the general feeling of the village and explained why custom had left Mr. Pepper and flown to the more enterprising shoemaker at "The Corners." The tax collectorship might have followed it, but here Lavinia kept her brother up to the mark. She went with him on his rounds and it gave her opportunity to visit, and afterwards comment upon, every family in town.

The minister walked up the dusty lane, lifted the Pepper gate and swung it on its one hinge, shooed away the three or four languid and discouraged-looking fowls that were taking a sun bath on the clam-shell walk, and knocked at the front door. No one coming in answer to the knock, he tried again. Then he discovered a rusty bell pull and gave it a sharp tug. The knob came off in his hand and he hurriedly thrust it back again into its place. Evidently, that bell was solely for ornament.

He came to the conclusion that no one was at home and felt a guilty sense of

relief in consequence. But his conscience would not let him depart without another try, so he clenched his fist and gave the cracked door panel a series of tremendous thumps. A thin black cat, which had evidently been asleep beneath the step, burst from its concealment and fled in frantic terror. Then from somewhere in the rear of the house came the sound of a human voice.

"Hi!" it called faintly. "Whoever you be, don't bust that door down. Come round here."

Ellery walked around the corner of the building. The voice came again.

"Say!" it wailed, "why don't you answer? Be ye comin'? If you're a peddler, you needn't."

"I'm not a peddler," was the minister's amused reply.

"Oh, ain't ye? All right. Come along, then."

Ellery "came along" as far as the angle where the ell joined the main body of the house. So far as he could see every door and window was closed and there was no sign of life. However, he stepped to the door, a green-painted affair of boards, and ventured another knock.

"Don't start that poundin' again!" protested the voice. "Come round to t'other side where I be."

So around went the Reverend John, smiling broadly. But even on "t'other side" there was no one to be seen. And no door, for that matter.

"Why!" exclaimed the voice, "if 'tain't Mr. Ellery! How d'ye do? Glad to see you, Mr. Ellery. Fine day, ain't it? Here I be at this window."

Sure enough; one of the windows on the side of the house was raised about six inches at the bottom, the shade was up, and peering beneath the sash the minister discerned the expressive features of Abishai Pepper—or as much of those features as the size of the opening permitted to be seen.

"Oh!" exclaimed the visitor, "is that you, Mr. Pepper? Well, I'm glad to see you, at last. You are rather hard to see, even now."

Kyan was plainly embarrassed. He stammered as he answered.

"Yes," he agreed, "I—I shouldn't wonder if I be. How be you? Pretty smart?"

"Yes, thank you. I'm well."

"Er—er—come to call, did you?"

"Why, yes, that was my intention."

"Hum! Er—er—Lavinia, she's gone over to Thankful Payne's. She heard that Thankful's cousin up to Middleboro had died—passed away, I mean—and she thought she'd run over and find out if Thankful was willed anything. She said she'd be back pretty soon."

"Very well. Then, as she won't be gone long, perhaps I'll come in and wait."

He was moving away toward the corner when a shout from beneath the window sash brought him to a halt.

"Hi!" called Abishai. "Hi, Mr. Ellery! don't go to that door. 'Tain't no use; it's locked."

"Locked? Well, you can unlock it, can't you?"

"No, not very well. That is, I—Mr. Ellery, come back here, won't ye? I don't want anybody to hear."

The house of the nearest neighbor being several hundred yards away, the likelihood of being overheard was improbable; but the minister came back, nevertheless.

"You see, Mr. Ellery," stammered Kyan, "I—I'd like to have you come in fast rate, but—er—Lavinia she's got the key."

Ellery was surprised. "She has!" he exclaimed.

"Um—hm, she's got it. She took it with her."

"But there are other doors. She didn't take them all, did she?"

"No—o, but— Well, the fact is, Mr. Ellery, I—I—I'm locked in."

"Locked in?"

"Yes, locked in this room. She—she— Oh, consarn it all, Mr. Ellery, she's locked me in this room a-purpose, so's I won't get out and go somewheres without her knowin' it."

"What?"

"Um—h'm; that's what she's done. Did you ever hear anything like that in your born days?"

This surprising disclosure was funny enough, but the tone of the grieved indignation in which Mr. Pepper told of his imprisonment was funnier still. The minister coughed violently and looked the other way.

"She done it a-purpose," continued Kyan, in a burst of confidence. "She had me put one of them new-fangled spring locks on the door of this room t'other day, 'cause she was afraid of tramps and wanted some place to shut herself up in if one of 'em come. And—after dinner today she sent me in here for 'omethin' and then slammed the door on me. Said she cal'lated I'd stay put till she got back from Thankful's. She knew mighty well I couldn't get out of the window, 'cause it won't open no further 'tis now. I wa'n't never so provoked in my life. 'Tain't no way to treat you'n own brother, lockin' him up like a young one; now, is it?"

Ellery's reply was not made immediately. He had heard numerous stories concerning this old household, some of which seemed too absurd for belief. But this performance was more ridiculous than anything he had heard.

"'Tain't right, is it, Mr. Ellery?" demanded Kyan.

"Why," answered the caller chokingly, "I—I—it is rather unusual, that's a fact. May I ask what you've done to—"

"Done? I ain't done nothin'. She's so darned scared some other woman'll get my money that—you see, a month or so

ago I—I—well, she thought I done somethin', or was plannin' to do somethin' that— Keziah Coffin never told you anything about me, did she?"

"No, indeed. What could Mrs. Coffin tell me about you?"

"All right. Nothin', nothin'. Only if she did, 'tain't so. But I ain't goin' to stand it no more, Mr. Ellery. Bein' shut up in a darned old—excuse my swearin', I didn't mean to, though I got reason enough, land knows—bein' shut up in a room full of trunks and odds and ends is goin' too fur. I never want to smell old clothes ag'in long's I live. Would you stand it if you was me, Mr. Ellery?"

"Why, of course I mustn't interfere in your family matters, Mr. Pepper. Perhaps I'd better call some other time. Good afternoon."

"Hold on! hold on! you ain't answered me yet. You're a minister and I go to your meetin' house. Tell me what you'd do if you was me. Would you stand it?"

Ellery laughed aloud.

"No," he said, "I suppose I shouldn't."

"I bet you wouldn't! What would you do?"

"I don't know. You're of age, Mr. Pepper, and you must decide for yourself. I think I should declare my independence. Really, I must go. I—"

"Don't be in such a hurry. I want advice. I need it! And, so fur's declarin' goes, don't do me no good. She can declare more things in a minute than I can think of in a week. Tongue! I never heard— No, no! Never mind the declarin'. What would you do? S'posin' you wanted to go outdoor without havin' her tagged to your coat tails, how'd you stop the taggin'?"

The absurdity of the affair was too much for the visitor. He roared a "Ha, ha!" that caused Abishai to wave a warning hand beneath the sash.

"Ss-h-h! sshh!" he hissed. "Folks'll hear ye, and I'd be so ashamed if they did that I wouldn't dast to show my head. Can't show much of it, anyhow, just now. By gum! I'll do somethin' desperate. I—I dunno as I won't pizen her. I—"

"Hush! hush! you mustn't talk that way. I'm afraid you must be very fascinating, Mr. Pepper. If your sister is so very fearful of your meeting other women, it must be because she has good reason to fear."

"Stop your foolishness! Oh!—I—I ask your pardon, Mr. Ellery. That ain't no way to talk to a minister. But I'm goin' to go out when I want to if I bust a hole through the clapboards. I ain't fascinatin'. You ask any women—except her—if I be, and see what they say. What'll I do?"

"Ha, ha! I don't know, I'm sure. You might lock her up, I suppose, just for a change."

"Hey!" There was a sound from behind the pane as if the imprisoned one had slapped his knee. "By gum! I never thought of that. Would you now, Mr. Ellery? Would you? Sssh! sshh! some-

body's comin'. Maybe it's her. Run around to the door, Mr. Ellery, quick. And don't tell her I've seen you, for mercy sakes! Don't now, will ye? Please! Run!"

The minister did not run, but he walked briskly around the corner. Sure enough, Lavinia was there, just unlocking the door. She expressed herself as very glad to see the caller, ushered him into the sitting room and disappeared, returning in another moment with her brother, whom she unblushingly said had been taking a nap. Abishai did not contradict her; instead, he merely looked apprehensively at the minister.

The call was a short one. Lavinia did seven-eighths of the talking and Ellery the rest. Kyan was silent. When the visit was over, Miss Pepper escorted her guest to the door and bade him a voluble good-by. Over her shoulder the minister saw Kyan making frantic signs to him; he interpreted the signals as a request for secrecy concerning the interview by the window.

Several times during the remainder of that week he surprised his housekeeper by suddenly laughing aloud when there was, apparently, nothing to laugh at. He explained these outbursts by saying that he had thought of something funny. Keziah suggested that it must be mighty funny to make him laugh in the middle of sermon writing.

"I've heard sermons that were funny," she said, "though they wasn't intended to be; but what I've heard of yours ain't that kind. I wish you'd let me in on the joke. I haven't been feelin' like laughin' for the last fortnit'."

She had been rather grave and preoccupied, for her, of late. Bustling and busy she always was, never sitting down to "rest," as she called it, without a lap full of sewing. The minister's clothes were mended and his socks darned as they had not been since his mother's day. And with him, at meal times, or after supper in the sitting room, she was always cheerful and good-humored. But he had heard her sigh at her work, and once, when she thought herself unobserved, he saw her wipe her eyes with her apron.

"No, no," she protested, when he asked if anything had gone wrong. "I'm all right. Got a little cold or somethin', I guess, that's all."

She would not give any other explanation and absolutely refused to see the doctor. Ellery did not press the matter. He believed the "cold" to be but an excuse and wondered what the real trouble might be. It seemed to him to date from the evening of his chapel experience.

He told no one, not even her, of Kyan's confidential disclosure, and, after some speculation as to whether or not there might be a sequel, put the whole ludicrous affair out of his mind. He worked hard in his study and at his pastoral duties, and was conscious of a pleasant feeling that he was gaining his people's confidence and esteem.

And then he saw her. She was standing just at the outer edge of the grove, leaning against a tree and looking toward the sunset. She wore a simple white dress and her hat hung upon her shoulders by its ribbons. The rosy light edged

A week from the following Sunday he dined in state at the Daniels's table. Captain Elkanah was gracious and condescending. Annabel was more than that. She was dressed in her newest gown and was so very gushing and affable that the minister felt rather embarrassed. When, after the meal was over, Captain Elkanah excused himself and went upstairs for his Sabbath nap, the embarrassment redoubled. Miss Annabel spoke very confidentially of her loneliness, without "congenial society," of how very much she did enjoy Mr. Ellery's intellectual sermons, and especially what a treat it had been to have him as a guest.

"You must dine here every Sunday," she said. "It will be no trouble at all, and if you say no, I shall feel that it is because you don't want to see me—father and me, of course, I mean."

The minister didn't accept this pressing invitation; on the other hand, he could not refuse it absolutely. He did not like Miss Daniels overmuch, but she was the daughter of his leading parishioner and she and her parent did seem to like him. So he dodged the issue and said she was very kind.

He left the big house as soon as he could without giving offense, and started back toward the parsonage. But the afternoon was so fine and the early summer air so delightful that he changed his mind and, jumping the fence at the foot of Cannon Hill, set off across the bluffs and the bay shore.

The sun was low in the west as he entered the grove of pines on the bluff. The red light between the boughs made brilliant carpet patterns on the thick pine needles and the smell was balsamy and sweet. Between the tree trunks he caught glimpses of the flats, now partially covered, and they reminded him of his narrow escape and of Nat Hammond, his rescuer. He had met the captain twice since then, once at the store and again on the main road, and had chatted with him. He liked him as an intimate friend. But the intimacy between a Regular clergyman and the son of the leader of the Come-Outers was out of the question. Partisans on both sides would shriek at the idea.

Thinking of the Hammond family reminded him of another member of it. Not that he needed to be reminded; he had thought of her often enough since she ran away from him in the rain that night. And the picture in the doorway was not one that he could forget—or wanted to. If she were not a Come-Outer, he could meet her occasionally and they might become friends. She was a disconcerting young person, who lacked proper respect for one of his profession and laughed when she shouldn't—but she was interesting, he admitted that.

And then he saw her. She was standing just at the outer edge of the grove, leaning against a tree and looking toward the sunset. She wore a simple white dress and her hat hung upon her shoulders by its ribbons. The rosy light edged

the white gown with pink and the fringes of her dark hair were crinkly lines of fire. Her face was grave, almost sad.

John Ellery stood still, with one foot uplifted for a step. The girl looked out over the water and he looked at her. Then a crow, one of several whirling above the pines, spied the intruder and screamed a warning. The minister was startled and stepped back. A dead limb beneath his foot cracked sharply. Grace turned and saw him.

"Oh!" she cried. "Who is it?"

Ellery emerged from the shadow.

"Don't be frightened, Miss Van Horne," he said. "It is—er—I."

This statement was neither brilliant nor original; even as an identification it lacked considerable.

"I?" repeated the girl. "Who? Oh! Why—"

The minister came forward.

"Good afternoon, Miss Van Horne," he stammered. "I'm afraid I frightened you."

She was looking at him with a queer expression, almost as if she scarcely believed him real.

"I hope—" he began again. She interrupted him.

"No," she said confusedly, "you didn't frighten me. I was a little startled when I saw you there behind me. It seemed so odd, because I was just thinking—No, I wasn't frightened. What is there to be frightened of—in Trumet?"

He had extended his hand, but partially withdrew it, not sure how even such a perfunctory act of friendliness might be received. She saved him embarrassment by frankly offering her own.

"Not much, that's a fact," he said, in answer to her question. He would have liked to ask what she had been thinking that made his sudden appearance seem so odd.

"You came to see the sunset, I suppose?" she said hurriedly, as if to head off a question. "So did I. It is a beautiful evening for a walk, isn't it?"

She had said precisely the same thing on that other evening, when they stood in the middle of "Hammond's Turn-off" in the driving rain. He remembered it and so, evidently, did she, for she colored slightly and smiled.

"I mean it this time," she said. "I'm glad you didn't get cold from your wetting the other day."

"Oh! I wasn't very wet. You wouldn't let me lend you the umbrella, so I had that to protect me on the way home."

"Not then; I meant the other morning when Nat—Cap'n Hammond—met you out on the flats. He said you were wading the main channel and it was over your boots."

"Over my boots! Is that all he said? Over my head would be the plain truth. To cross it I should have had to swim and, if what I've heard since is true, I doubt if I could swim that channel. Captain Hammond helped me out of a bad scrape."

"Oh, no! I guess not. He said you

were cruising without a pilot and he towed you into port; that's the way he expressed it."

"It was worse than that, a good deal worse. It might have been my last cruise. I'm pretty certain that I owe the captain my life."

She looked at him uncomprehendingly. "Your life?" she repeated.

"I believe it. That part of the channel I proposed swimming was exactly where two men have been drowned, so people say. I'm not a very strong swimmer, and they were. So, you see."

Grace cried out in astonishment.

"Oh!" she exclaimed. Then pointing toward the bay, she asked: "Out there, by the end of that leader, was it?"

"Yes, that was it."

She drew a long breath. Then, after a moment:

"And Nat spoke as if it was a joke," she said.

"No doubt he did. From what I hear of your brother, he generally refers to his own plucky, capable actions as jokes. Other people call them something else."

She did not answer, but continued to gaze at the half-submerged "leader," with the pine bough tied at its landward end to mark the edge of deep water, and the tide foaming through its lath gratings.

"Your brother—" went on the minister. "He isn't my brother," she interrupted absently. "I wish he was."

She sighed as she uttered the last sentence.

"No, of course he isn't your real brother; I forgot. But he must seem like one."

"Yes," rather doubtfully.

"You must be proud of him."

"I am." There was nothing doubtful this time.

"Well, he saved me from drowning. I'm almost certain of that."

"I'm so glad."

She seemed to mean it. He looked at her.

"Thank you," he said dryly. "I'm rather glad myself."

"Oh! I didn't mean it exactly that way. Of course I'm glad you weren't drowned, but I'm especially glad that—that one of our family saved you. Now you won't believe that Come-Outers are all bad."

"I never believed it."

She shook her head.

"Oh, yes, you did," she affirmed stubbornly. "You've heard nothing good of us since you came here. Don't tell fibs, Mr. Ellery."

"But I assure you—"

"Nonsense! Does—well, does Cap'n Daniels, or his daughter, say anything good of us? Be honest, do they?"

"I hardly think—that is, I shouldn't call their opinions unprejudiced. And, Miss Van Horne, perhaps the prejudice isn't all on one side. What did your uncle say about Cap'n Nat's meeting me the other day?"

"Uncle Eben doesn't know. Nat didn't

tell anyone but me. He doesn't boast. And Uncle would be glad he helped you. As I told you before, Mr. Ellery, I'm not ashamed of my uncle. He has been so good to me that I never can repay him, never! When my own father was drowned he took me in, a little orphan that would probably have been sent to a home, and no father could be kinder or more indulgent than he has been. Anything I asked for I got, and at last I learned not to ask for too much. No self-denial on his part was too great, if he could please me. When he needed money most he said nothing to me, but insisted that I should be educated. I didn't know until afterwards of the self-sacrifice my four years at the Middleboro Academy meant to him."

The minister had listened eagerly to this defense of the man whom he had been led to consider his arch enemy. It was given with spirit and the girl's head was uplifted and her eyes flashed as she spoke. Ellery's next remark was uttered without premeditation. Really, he was thinking aloud. (To be continued)

Successful Evangelistic Campaign at Kankakee, Ill.

It was my privilege at the Immanuel Baptist Church to baptize eight boys and girls on Palm Sunday. They were the fruits of our own evangelistic efforts in January at which time Rev. C. A. Daniel assisted us for a week. These boys and girls received five periods of instruction by the pastor regarding salvation and church membership before they were baptized and received into the church. The right hand of fellowship was extended to these candidates on Thursday night of the Passion Week, a solemn service set aside to commemorate the Lord's last supper with his disciples.

Our church also participated in a three hours' service on Good Friday, sponsored by the Ministerial Alliance of Kankakee and held in the Presbyterian church. The seven words of Jesus from the cross were presented by the respective pastors in brief messages.

On Easter Sunday I baptized five adults who accepted Christ as their personal Savior during a three weeks' Union Evangelistic Campaign undertaken by six of our Protestant churches in Kankakee including our own. This campaign began the day before the closing of the banks and it looked as if we would be unable to finance this undertaking, but the services were so well attended that we were obliged to move from the Luna Theater to the Armory and all the expenses were more than covered.

The Lord has been richly blessing our work here in the face of all financial difficulties and we are looking forward to even greater spiritual blessings.

GEORGE HENSEL.

Love is a divine thing. If the weakest soul loves God, it is linked to the divine. The most stammering prayer reaches God's ear at once.

He and His House Believed and Were Baptized

This is the happy case with this family, pictured above, the Van Soest family. They are from a Hollander settlement, north of Herreid, about 20 miles. These Hollanders are pious and moral people, belonging to the Reformed Church. They believe with all conviction that their church is the only right one. But with many the spiritual life consists only in an outward religious form; they possess the shell but the kernel is gone.

Among these people the Lord awakened and convicted our brother of his sin by a dream so that he had no peace day and night until he yielded his heart to God. Filled with a living faith, he did not feel at home any more in his former church. The people did not understand him. Finally he came in touch with our members and told of his experiences. He visited our meetings and invited us to hold a meeting in his home, which the undersigned gladly consented to do. In these meetings the other members of the family also accepted Christ and requested baptism. The entire family was baptized on Easter Sunday. They are now members of our church and are helping to build the Lord's work. Pray for them and others of their nationality, who are not yet consecrated to Christ.

ALBERT ALF.

The Work at Wilmington, Del.

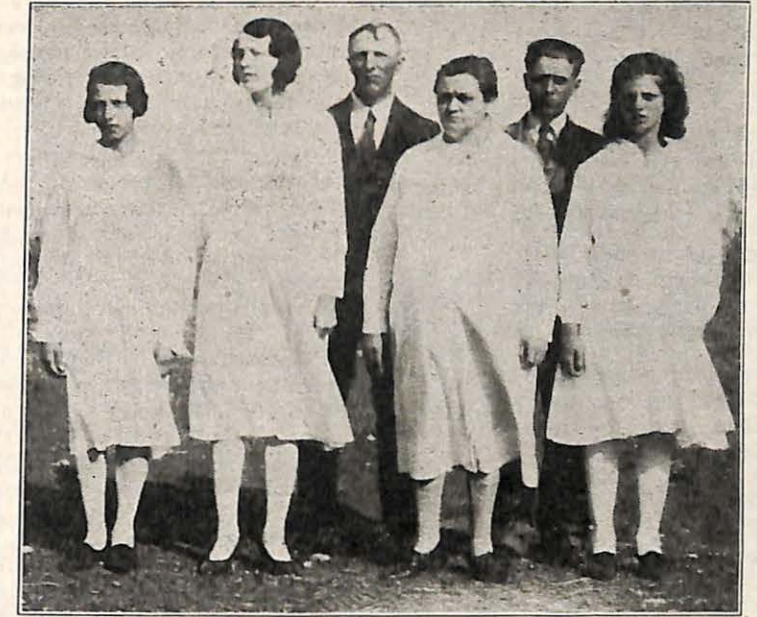
The various meetings are well attended and strangers continue to come. Our prayer meeting is almost as large as our Sunday meeting and also as interesting. Beginning with the last Sunday in March, our Willing Workers (Y. P.) began holding their own meetings before the evening service. A fine spirit of co-operation is shown, although some dissented.

Our Sunday school continues to grow in interest, if not in numbers. The classes are vying with one another in friendly rivalry, although there is no contest. There's an honest to goodness "Go and get them" atmosphere.

As far as finances are concerned, we are not yet in the millionaire class, but we did manage to keep one step ahead of expenses and even had a very tiny balance. It makes one feel like giving three cheers for beating the depression. We have made no debts of any kind. While speaking of finances, I wish to thank the General Missionary Society for its continued support and that of the churches behind it. I feel as if I am a missionary and try to fulfill a missionary's obligation wherever I can. Without the support of the Mission, I doubt whether our little church could weather the times. May the Lord bless you and your work!

The Ladies Aid, while small in numbers, is continuing to be a blessing in these days, and one must thank God for their consecration and help.

HERMAN G. KUHLE.



The Van Soest Family, Strasburg, N. Dak., baptized by Rev. A. Alf into fellowship of the Herreid, S. Dak., Church

Bible School at Southey

We, as members of the Bible School in Southey, Sask., owe our God many thanks for the privilege of having been able to attend this school in which we learned more about him and his Word. 18 members were enrolled, 1 from Regina, 1 from Serath and 16 from Southey. Although the weather was cold, the students attended regular.

The daily classes, which were started with a period of devotion, were held from 9 A. M. to 12 and from 1.30 P. M. to 4.30. Rev. H. P. Kayser from Winnipeg, Rev. A. Felberg from Nokomis and Rev. J. Kepl from Regina taught two periods each daily. Lunch was served in the classroom at noon hour and afterwards choruses were sung by the students.

The pastors taught the following subjects: Bro. H. P. Kayser: "Mission" and "Salvation;" Bro. A. Felberg: "How to have a successful Y. P. Society" and "Baptist Church History;" Bro. J. Kepl: "Bible History" and "Sunday School and Sunday School Teacher." These subjects were most interesting as well as educational.

The closing exercises of the school were held on Friday, March 25. The program was given by the students and the teachers. The church was well filled and the program was very successful and lasted about two hours. It consisted of brief addresses by students and teachers, a mixed quartet, a duet, a recitation and several numbers by the student's chorus. A pie social under the auspices of the Y. P. Society was held in the church basement and brought the evening to a close.

Evening services were held nearly every night for the other members of the church who could not attend the school and for friends.

In spite of the fact that we are pastorless, the Bible School was a great suc-

cess and we believe that many a seed sown in the hearts of students, will bear fruit for our Master.

MARY SAUER, Reporter.

Ordination of Reuben P. Jeschke

Upon the call of the German American Baptist Church of Lansing, Mich., the invited representatives met to consider the setting apart to the gospel ministry Brother Reuben P. Jeschke, one of their members. The meeting was called to order at 2 o'clock on Monday, April 17, 1933, by the pastor, Rev. John E. Grygo. Prayer was offered by Rev. W. S. Ross, pastor of the South Baptist Church of Lansing.

The council was composed of eleven churches and 25 delegates, of whom 12 were ministers. The churches invited to sit in this council were: Bethel Baptist of Detroit; Second German Baptist of Detroit; Ebenezer Baptist of Detroit; Baptist Church of Williamstown, Mich.; Baptist Church of Okemos, Mich.; First Baptist Church of Lansing; Judson Memorial Baptist of Lansing; Pennsylvania Ave. Baptist of Lansing; South Baptist of Lansing and the German American Baptist Church of Lansing.

The Council was organized with Rev. E. G. Kliese, pastor of the Second German Church of Detroit, as moderator and Rev. J. O. Nelson, pastor of the Judson Memorial Baptist Church of Lansing, as clerk. After a satisfactory presentation by the candidate on his conversion, call and convictions the Council recommended that the church proceed with the ordination. The service was held in the evening.

The candidate, Reuben P. Jeschke, is a graduate of Colgate-Rochester Theological Seminary, German Department. He has accepted a call to the Memorial Baptist Church of New Britain, Conn.

The Weary Pilgrim

A translation of "Der Pilger aus der Ferne" by Chr. G. Barth

F. L. STROBEL

The weary pilgrim, stranger,
Plods homeward-bound his way;
There well-known lights gleam brighter
There would he end his day.

His longing transcends living;
The body turns to clay;
And flowers heaped upon him
Sun, wind and time will lay.

The river's course bends downward
Into the rolling sea.
Its wavelets, lost in billows,
We never more shall see.

In kingly mansions glitter
The wealth of gold and might;
Yet, but in one brief season,
Wealth, power and fame take flight.

He who has sipped the nectar
Of God's eternal store,
That pilgrim resteth peaceful;
His body craves no more.

Here he is often wakened
By signals from afar.
He longs the peace above him,
The rest that none can mar.

Missionary Education in the Church

JOHN WOBIG

Part I

Last summer when going from Wausau to Detroit I traveled by steamer across Lake Michigan. Early in the morning before the sun arose I was on deck walking about in the darkness. Our boat seemed enshrouded by a dense fog. Suddenly while looking toward the Eastern sky, I saw a thin, pink line on the horizon which gradually began to grow wider and wider. As I watched, there burst through the darkness and fog shafts of light supplanting the blackness of the night. Then like one arousing himself from sleep the sun in majestic splendor raised his shoulder above the horizon and lifting his head smiled on the earth, heralding the new day that was born.

The morning light revealed to me the beauty of a sapphire sea, fleecy clouds resting lightly on the bosom of the sky like tired sheep on a mountainside, and other ships sailing along in steady dignity.

That same light also revealed the dangers of the way. Before the sun arose I had seen only faint lighthouse lights, or heard the moanings of unseen buoys and the warning horn of the ships, but now that the sun had arisen I saw the dangers to which we were exposed, and recognized what a friend light is to the mariner and traveller.

Then the words of Jesus came to me. "Ye are the light of the world." As I thought of what the sun with its light meant to us, those words of the Master

had a new and deeper meaning for me. Previously I had thought we were to be lights like a lamp in the house, or like a beacon light on a hill guiding the airplane pilot on his course. But now I interpreted the words in a larger sense, as meaning that, like the sun, so we are to be the light of the world. Although we are not all foreign missionaries, yet the light we cast about us in our own little sphere should send its rays to all parts of the world.

It was Communion Sunday in our church. My thoughts were all on my own unworthiness and Christ's great love toward us, until one of the deacons asked this question, "Has any one been omitted in the distribution of the bread?" "Why no, I guess you have reached them all," I replied, thinking only of those in our church. However the question appeared still to be unanswered and it seemed to me I could see millions upon millions of men and women rising in Africa, China, India, Siam, Persia, in all countries where they need the Lord but know him not, testifying that they have been omitted in the distribution of the bread and cup. And they can take it from no hands but ours and we do not pass it on. Therefore I can readily see the need we have to train our churches in the missionary spirit. In touching on this subject, I desire first to clear the ground by seeing what missionary education is, secondly, to survey the ground to see what its value is, and thirdly, to use the ground by asking, what are some methods of building missionary education in the church.

I. What Is Missionary Education?

Missionary education is to educate men and women for worship and service at home and abroad by helping them to discover and accept for themselves and for society at large the full consequence of Christian discipleship. Furthermore, to get them to understand that the church is available to those sections which lack its ministry and that they are to supply the leadership where it is inadequate or unsuccessful, as well as share their gifts with those who are talented in the Christian service, but lack the means for putting into practice the talents they possess.

The Bible in its very subconscious substance is missionary. Not only because of what it advocates, or purposes, or states, but because of what it is, the Bible is the great missionary charter of the church. The first missionary message of the Old Testament is found in the Pentateuch, which plants itself squarely on Theism, and that in itself is a major missionary motive and message. Out of it came the new law of the Mount, and a greater prophet like unto Moses. In teaching the Law, we are already teaching the missionary message in the story of the choice of a man, or family, or nation who were to be God's servant for the world.

The historical books of the Old Testament do not fail to add their contribu-

tion. Constantly beaming forth from them is the hope of a coming King, glimpses of the universal gospel, as in Solomon's prayer of dedication, where he includes the foreigner in the worship program of the temple. Or the story of the captive maid in the house of Naaman, the leper, whose heart goes out quite naturally in the desire to share God's grace with those who know it not.

The poetical books are rich in missionary content, especially the Psalms, where we find a constant expectation and anticipation of a King who shall reign in righteousness over an eternal Kingdom.

Perhaps the richest missionary teachings of the Old Testament are found in the Prophets, where again and again the thought appears that God's people are his chosen instrument for world-wide ends.

The church that is honestly looking for missionary material and guidance in the Old Testament cannot fail to find that

It is Full of the Missionary Atmosphere

But let her step into the portico of the New Testament and she will realize that all her lessons have but poorly prepared her for the glory that streams from the face of Jesus Christ. The New Testament draws its breath in missions, incarnates missions and wherever it goes creates missions. The New Testament is written to tell about Jesus, the one real world missionary. Its every book is the work of a foreign missionary. Missions did not start at Philadelphia or New York and then Christ hitch-hiked onto it. Missions is the very heart and mind of the Master.

Consider Jesus' Teaching

about the heavenly Kingdom. It is filled to the brim with missionary implications. Today it is still in its phase of gradual growth. We have learned that by declaring the Kingdom already present, our Lord meant that its supernatural powers were available and already in operation. What then are we doing to help make it more present? Certainly by helping to educate people along missionary lines. The parables of our Lord teach of the growth of the Kingdom, of its hidden working and long delay, yet the assurance in all that the world can and will be evangelized, our duty being to carry on. Not only are the Gospels missionary because of this main teaching theme of Jesus, but also because of his direct command. In every Gospel he has left a plain, unmistakable command to all his followers compelling them to be missionary if they dare to claim to be his true followers. Note that the command is based on power; our goal, all nations; our task, to make disciples; our ordinance to baptize; our method, to teach them all things which he commanded. It is

In Acts That We Find Our Great Mission Text-Book

A study of the missionary church of the Apostolic Age is sorely needed in the present age. Basil Matthews in speaking

of the setting forth of Barnabas and Saul under the direction of the Holy Spirit to the Gentile World says, "Historically this was the precise hour at which the foreign missionary enterprise actually began. The fact that we are Christians ourselves dates back to that obedience of these men in that little ship. They took the little tree of Christianity and transplanted it from the cramping flower-pot of Judaism into the soil of humanity of the whole world. It is an apparently tiny act which, in simple fact, when looked at down the perspective of the centuries, is seen to have changed the history of the world." The great missionary teachings of the Bible are then the outstanding source for missionary education, if they are interpreted in the light of missions.

The church's teaching responsibility involves the relation of the church as a whole to its children and youth. What does the church owe its youth in preparation for church membership? What responsibility can it lay upon them? The purpose of missionary effort is not merely to try to save adult pagans, but to create a better condition abroad which shall increase the presumption that the following generations will become converted.

Now is the time to educate the generations that are to be the men and women of tomorrow. The Sunday school should take the foremost place in the church to instruct its pupils in the great things pertaining to missions. Sooner or later, the teaching church must turn its attention beyond itself to a community about it. Has the church prepared its youth to face this responsibility,—thus to fulfill the command of our Master?

II. The Value of Missionary Education

Has missionary education a value in the church? There will be persons who balk at foreign missions. They cannot see why we should interfere with other people's religion or try to put over our Christianity upon the people of India or China. They have heard of Ghandi and a little of others and they ask, "Who are we that we should assume to tell them what to believe or what to worship?" Some people even go so far as to repel the Christ when a missionary meeting is announced. Instead of going to attend the missionary meeting they say it's a good chance to go fishing or play golf.

Let us look at some facts that should call our attention to the necessity of educating our churches along missionary lines. Only one out of every four women, and only one out of every eight men, of the average church have given any amount to foreign missions. One cent a year is spent for each of the 1,000,000,000 non-Christians in heathen lands. We spend \$15 at home for every one of the 20,000,000 Christians each year. There is one minister of the Gospel at home for every 546 people, and only one minister in heathen lands for every 275,000 persons. If the religion of Christ is not

big enough for a Chinaman, it is not big enough for an American. If the church isn't big enough to carry it to a Chinaman, it will not carry it with any efficiency across the street or around the corner.

On the Congo they Value a Man

by the number of cattle he will bring, on the Hudson and on the Thames they value men too often by their bank accounts or their social standing; but by the river of life every man is valued by what he has done. In the blue clay of Africa the fortunate discovered diamonds for the crowns of potentates. Moffat, Livingstone, Hugo, Hahn, some of our own men, Steffens, Wedel, Suevern, Graf, Kayser, Orthner, Bender, Gebauer, found other diamonds on those black fields for the glory crown of the King of Kings. As someone has truly said, "Why should not this century witness a great trust organized by Christians and organized exclusively for Christ? Not to advance the price of the Gospel, for heavenly merchandise is without money and without price, but to help get this free gift of God at once to the whole world of dying men. Not to control the market, but to get into the markets of all the world with the wares of the kingdom of heaven. So that into every mart of trade, into every industrial center, into every palace and hovel of sin, into every moral desert on earth where men know so much devil that they do not believe in any true God, shall be sent the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ."

(Concluded in our Next)

These Things Hit You in the Face in America

That is, if you are returning, as Dr. John Ray Ewers did recently after two months in Europe. And the three things he mentions are not particularly flattering to us. Perhaps we need the medicine he gives us in "The Christian Century": "1. The remarkable number of automobiles—going to the poorhouse in motors. 2. The atmosphere of criminality, the disregard of law and order, the commonplaceness of murder, racketeering, bootlegging, grafting, and—particularly—municipal corruption. 3. A defeatist psychology which causes everybody to talk about cases of failure and starvation.

"Europe seems cheerful in comparison! Europe has had troubles before. Europe knows how to make adjustments—to live very simply when the times demand—but in America we are like spoiled youths who have had all their way paid through college, who have bought cars when they wanted them, and who have never faced any severe testing. Now, when, for the first time, a serious and trying situation confronts us, we are weak and whine. Spoiled children—that is what we are."

Popular Young Man of the Burns Ave. Baptist Church, Detroit, Called to His Reward

We, the Young People of the Burns Ave. Baptist Church, have suffered a loss in the death of Albert E. Wolfe, who passed to his Heavenly Reward on March 10, 1933, after 6 weeks of terrible suffering.

Albert was a sincere Christian and was very active in the work of our Master. He was Sunday school pianist and recording secretary; active in our B. Y. P. U. work; worked at our Mission Sunday school; sang in the church choir and was pianist in our prayer meetings. He also was a member of the Burns Ave. Male Quartet. At the time of his death he was vice-president of the Detroit B. Y. P. U. & S. S. W. U. Albert was gifted with a fine voice and was somewhat of a composer and poet. He often sang at the various services and programs, many of the songs being his own compositions. We can truthfully say that Albert lived a "Life that Counts."

Even though we sorely miss him, we do not mourn as those without hope, but agree with Rev. E.G. Kliese, who assisted our pastor at the services, that heaven is that much nicer and more beautiful because Al is there waiting for us to join him. Bro. Kliese spoke in the German language, while Rev. Wm. E. Schmitt spoke in English. Mrs. Edward Russell and Egon Tiechert sang a duet entitled "My Savior Leads." This song was composed and set to music by Al before he passed on. A large number attended the services at the Burns Ave. church as well as in Gladwin, Mich., where interment was made.

In Memoriam: Albert Wolfe

The German Baptist Young People's and Sunday School Workers' Union of Detroit, Michigan, suffered a great loss through the departure of the late Mr. Albert Wolfe on March 10, 1933.

With the exception of one term, Mr. Wolfe has been an officer of our Union since its original organization in 1924, and was our first vice-president at the time of his death.

He was a talented singer, and often-times contributed towards the beautifying of our meetings. He was our song leader most of the time, and we are certain many will remember that he led the singing at our open air meetings in the park last summer. It was not long after that he was placed on the sick bed. Many were the prayers that ascended to the throne of grace in our departed brother's behalf, but after a prolonged sickness, the Lord saw fit to take him unto himself.

We as a Union shall miss him greatly, but words seem inadequate to express the true loss which is ours.

ANN LEYPOLDT, Sec.

Mother's Mediation

MRS. W. S. JAEGER

What a wonderful gift God gave to the world,
When the color and beauty of flowers was unfurled,
With scents so different, so delightful and sweet,
And the many shaped petals that make flowers so neat.
How we watch for the earliest blossom each year,
For the winter is over, and spring-time is here,
We go out into nature and dig, plant and sow,
And how we rejoice when our plants start to grow.
But it's not you and I that gives them this lift,
But one of God's kind and wonderful gifts.

How kind that each year, as Mother's day comes around,
A beautiful bouquet on my table is found.
A child's love-prompted gift, and often I've said,
How much it means to me now, before I am dead.
Children, like flowers, so very different can be,
Yet each different type is interesting to me
Do we train and guard them, as we do our flowers,
And trust God to do his part, when we have done ours?
God forgive! that we mothers do not always smile,
For he gave us a wonderful gift in the child.

"There Is No God"

In Swabia there lived a blacksmith who was very strong, Huschwadel by name. When he was young, he once was in a village in Thuringia and saw pasted the following notice: "At 8 P. M. Dr. Veilchenfeld of Berlin will give an address in the large room of the hotel and will prove beyond question that there is no God." "Ah," said Huschwadel, "I must hear that."

For more than an hour and a half, the atheist from Berlin spoke in blasphemous fashion against God, the Bible and religion and closed by saying: "I have now proven in the clearest kind of way, that there is no God; but if I am wrong it would now be God's moral duty to send down an angel to box my ears before you all for the insults I've uttered against him."

As he looked about triumphantly, Huschwadel went forward to the speaker's desk and said: "God greets you, but for such scamps as you, he sends no angels. Huschwadel can take care of that." So saying, he boxed the doctor's ears, who fell flat on the floor. A perfect torrent of applause was Huschwadel's reward.

Young People's Problem Department, "Baptist Herald"

Palmer Rapids, Ont.

Dear Brethren:

Your Christian and spiritual opinion is requested for discussion of the following problem:

In my contact with young people, especially in religious intercourse concerning the importance of living a clean, moral and spiritual life, free of evil habits, I am immediately demanded to show up a scriptural "Thou Shalt Not" for conviction of sin. In smoking, dancing, theater, cards, pool, waste of time and money, etc., I reply that owing to the immense Bible size and space it would be impossible to enumerate every act of sin in particular. Also mention that Christ has provided for and promised to reveal his will and approval by his enlightening Spirit upon the Word, which will serve to lead us in all truth. I use as my strongest weapon for conviction such verses as *All you do—do in the name of God*, and to *his glory*, maintaining that a bright lamp as this should, if rightly applied, be sufficient to light any one the way to God's will and approval. But seemingly this doesn't entirely satisfy or convince the one in interview.

DANIEL J. HARTWICK.

ANSWER

The Bible is a book of principles, not of detailed rules. It gives no catalogued list of amusements and pleasures which we are to avoid. It has no prohibited index to which we can turn to find out if this or that individual thing is approved or disapproved by it. Amusements change during the centuries, are different with different peoples and measured by different standards.

But the Bible lays down great principles of moral and spiritual truth by which this question and every other question of life and character and conduct can be tested and judged. We may know what is the mind of Christ and what is the mind of the Holy Spirit concerning a certain course of conduct and association which is followed. "The entrance of thy word giveth light." "If any man wills to do his will, he shall know." "If any man lack wisdom, let him ask."

There are certain forms of amusement and habits of life in vogue today that are not consistent with a real Christian life and under present conditions cannot be made so. They are hurtful to the development of the Christian life, chill the devotional spirit and limit one's sphere of usefulness. They are never worth while. Most of the things mentioned in this inquiry fall into this class. The church of Jesus Christ must assume an attitude of open and unyielding antagonism to every amusement or habit that is injurious or degrading in its effects.

In all questionable doubtful things, it is better and safer to turn into the path which leads into the path of self-denial than in to the path which leads to self-gratification. A follower of the Lord

should ask concerning the things mentioned: "Do they elevate or lower my character? Do they draw me nearer or remove me further from Christ?" A sincere seeker after assurance and truth will not be left in the dark.

Read the Bible

The Bible is a small book which you could easily put in your pocket, but all the libraries of America could scarcely contain the books that have been inspired by this one little volume. It has been translated into more than six hundred languages and dialects. Every time the clock ticks a Bible goes into circulation. It has so woven itself into the life and thought, law and literature of the world that ignorance of it is a serious handicap.

The streams of history flow very largely from persons, and back of some of the greatest personalities lies the Bible and its teaching. The adventurous genius of Christopher Columbus was inspired by the Bible. Oliver Cromwell and Abraham Lincoln were saturated with its knowledge.

The Bible also lies back of certain movements of great historic significance, such as the colonizing movement. Bible-reading nations became almost inevitable colonial nations because the Bible teaches them that the kingdom of God must be extended and the gospel of Christ must be preached in all the world. The movement of European people which settled the eastern shore of this continent was due not so much to the pressure of economic conditions as to the religious impulse. The Puritans settled Massachusetts in an effort to find a place where their Bible ideas of government and life could be developed without interference from the older and more formal civilizations of Europe, and the Quakers settled in Pennsylvania for distinctly religious reasons. The Bible and its teaching had something to do with the founding of colonies.

The roots of democracy are in the Old and New Testaments. Go back to the story of Ahab and Naboth's vineyard. It is essentially a struggle for the rights of the people against the interests of the privileged few. Wherever the Bible has gone it has emphasized the value and the rights of the individual and thus laid the foundation of free governments. The society of tomorrow will be greatly in need of these Bible ideas, for it will be a matter not so much of new political and social arrangements as of new and better ways of thinking, more respect for the rights of other people, a willingness to give disinterested service, and these qualities are the product only of such teaching as the Bible contains. Of all the books of the world, it is the book of greatest significance.—Ch. School Journal.

The Depression in the Schools

The situation in the schools today is summarized in "School Life" (Washington, D. C.) for February as follows:

384,000 more students in elementary and high schools this year than last.

14,000 fewer teachers employed.

\$112,800,000 estimated reduction in current expenditures this year.

\$108,000,000 less estimated spent this year on school buildings.

Teachers' salaries slashed as much as 28 per cent in one state and 50 per cent in whole counties.

City school budgets 6.75 per cent below last year.

Rural school budgets 5.23 per cent below last year.

Capital outlay budgets: new grounds, buildings, equipment slashed more than 40 per cent.

Further decreases expected in above percentages if taxes are not collected.

Voluntary return of a percentage of teachers' salaries to school boards common.

Cost per pupil in cities from 10,000 to 100,000 population 9 per cent less than it was in 1929-1930.

Cost per pupil in cities 2,500 to 10,000 population reduced 7 per cent in two years.

Further reductions have taken place this school year.

Daily cost per child in school decreased 14.1 cents, nearly one-fourth, since 1929-1930.

Per pupil cost now only about 48.7 cents per day—in 1929 it was 62.8 cents.

According to Office of Education records, most schools are doing their utmost to maintain service. They have decreased teachers' salaries, have cut expenditures for supplies, equipment and buildings, but service has been maintained wherever possible. Reports indicate, however, that actual effectiveness of schools in some cities is being reduced.

170 cities will shorten school term 10 days or more this year.

92 of these cities will cut terms 20 days or more.

200 counties last year cut school terms 10 days or more.

130 shortened their terms 20 days or more last year.

More than 4,730 rural schools closed early in 1931-1932.

More will probably have to be closed early this year.

School terms in the United States, averaging only 173 days in prosperous times, is shorter than in foreign countries. In France the school term is 200 days, in England and Sweden 210 days, and in Germany and Denmark 246 days.

73 cities have curtailed or eliminated night schools or Americanization classes.

85 cities have curtailed or closed kindergartens.

85 cities have closed or partially eliminated schools and classes for handicapped children.

93 cities cut music supervision.

42 cities cut general supervisory service.

48 cities cut school medical service.

68 cities cut school nurse service.

Music instruction cut in 52 cities.

Art instruction cut in 28 cities.

Home economics instruction cut in 62 cities.

Manual training instruction cut in 64 cities.

Physical education cut in 81 cities.

These reports from only two-fifths of cities are probably representative of other curtailments made elsewhere.

Kansas B. Y. P. and S. S. W. Union

Durham, Kansas, June 5-8, 1933

Theme: *Adventuring With Christ*

MONDAY EVENING

7.30 o'clock: Song Service.

Devotional: "Adventuring with Christ in our personal life," Rev. L. Hoeffner.

Welcome, President of Durham B. Y. P. U.

Special music, Durham.

Address, Prof. Albert Bretschneider.

TUESDAY MORNING

9 00 o'clock: Song Service, Strassburg.

Devotional: "Adventuring with Christ in the Home," Bethany.

Special music, Mt. Zion.

Course of Study

1. "The Pupil, the Teacher, and the New Testament," Prof. Bretschneider.

2. "Training for Leadership," Rev. G. A. Lang.

Special music, Dillon.

TUESDAY AFTERNOON

2.00 o'clock: Song Service, Strassburg.

Devotional: "Adventuring with Christ in the Church," Strassburg.

Music, Bethany.

Course of Study, same as morning.

TUESDAY EVENING

8.00 o'clock: Song Service.

Music, Stafford

Address, Prof. Bretschneider.

WEDNESDAY MORNING

5.30-8.00 o'clock: Breakfast out of doors.

Devotional: "Adventuring with Christ in the Great Outdoors," Rev. A. R. Sandow.

10.00 o'clock: Song Service, Stafford.

Business and election of officers.

Music, Bison.

Course of Study

1. Same as Tuesday, Prof. Bretschneider.

2. Studies in parables of Jesus, Rev. Sandow.

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON

2.00 o'clock: Song Service, Strassburg.

Devotional: "Adventuring with Christ in Home Missions," Ellinwood.

Music, Ebenezer Junior Choir.

Course of Study

1. and 2. Same as morning.

3. Plans and Projects for Junior-Intermediate Society, Mrs. Geo. Schroeder.

WEDNESDAY EVENING

8.00 o'clock: Song Service.

General Program.

Music or literary number from Bethany, Bison, Ellinwood, Mt. Zion, Lorraine, Stafford.

Mission Play, Ebenezer, Dillon, Durham, Marion, Strassburg.

Mission Offering.

THURSDAY MORNING

9.00 o'clock: Song Service, Stafford.

Devotional: "Adventuring with Christ in Foreign Missions," Stafford.

Special music, Strassburg.

Course of Study

1. Prof. Bretschneider.

2. Resources of Character, Rev. A. Knopf.

Question Box, Prof. Bretschneider.

THURSDAY AFTERNOON

Picnic.

THURSDAY EVENING

8.00 o'clock: Song Service.

Installation of officers.

Music, Marion.

Address, Prof. Bretschneider.

Invitation

The Durham Baptist Church extends to all the Sunday schools of the State of Kansas a most cordial invitation to come to the Institute convening here from June 5-8. A glimpse of the program will convince you that we have many good things in store for you. Lodging and breakfast will be free. Dinner and supper will be served at 25 cents per meal. We will appreciate very much if you would send in your names in due time. It will greatly aid us in giving you better service. Address all your communications to Rev. L. Hoeffner, Durham, Kansas. In behalf of the church,

GEO. D. HERBEL, Clerk.

Leadership Training School

Madison, S. Dak.

The First English Baptist church joined us this year in a Leadership Training course. We began on January 26 and held the school in our church once a week (with one exception) till April 6. The school was divided into five groups which met simultaneously. Three groups took one of the specialization units on Materials and Methods, required by the Standard Leadership Training Course. The primary group studied course 32, the junior group course 42, and the intermediate group course 52. These classes were taught by superintendents, Miss Ruth Krueger and Mr. Frank Fuller. The other instructor was Miss Freda Rasmussen, a public school teacher. The pastor gave a series of addresses on the Life of Paul before the fourth group, and Mr. Helling had a class for the children of junior age. There was a good attendance, but less than half of the number had the courage to take the Leadership examinations. Nineteen were awarded with certificates. In groups four and five no examinations were taken. The total average attendance was 87.

Two weeks after the close of the school commencement exercises were held. The Rev. W. H. Bayles, Director of Christian Education in North and South Dakota, gave a fine address on "The Value of Leadership Training" and presented the certificates to those who had completed a course.

The training school was our first attempt and enjoyed by all who attended the classes. J. F. OLTHOFF.

Keep Smiling

EVELYN STIELOW

Darker and darker grow the days,
When money is very hard to raise,
When we creatures find it harder still,
To keep up spirit and goodwill.

Even if we can't pay in money,
We can have a smile that's sunny.
This is something we must admit
Is more important than a "bit."

Though many a time we wish to sigh
And even feel we need a cry,
We should keep on smiling to the end
As this our motto we commend.

You will find it worth while
To keep on fighting with a smile,
Take it with you where e'er you go,
Even to church in every row.

Arnprior, Ont.

"I'm up a tree," admitted the bolting senator; "but my back is to the wall, and I'll die in the last ditch, going down with flags flying, and hurling defiance at the foe, soar on the wings of triumph, regardless of the party lash that barks at my heels."

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Cleveland, O.

The Long and Short of It

I was wondering about long meetings.
Our minister ran overtime at church
today

Five minutes.

He preached 28 minutes.

And that made one hour and five minutes' service,

Which is too much,

So some people say.

And if our preacher doesn't watch out,
They'll be handing him his hat and
asking him what's his hurry,

Because one hour and five minutes in
church is such an outrageous long time;

I was wondering

How those folks stood it to sit three
hours at the theater,

And two hours and a half at the
movies;

And I never heard of a dance only one
hour long,

Or a sixty-minute card party.

People seem to want to get their
money's worth

When they go to shows and things.

Well, perhaps that's why they want
only an hour at church,—

That's all they've paid for!

I never thought of that

—From a church calendar.

Touch the Harp Gently

Here lies a young salesman named Phipps,
Who married on one of his trips,

A widow named Block,

Then died of the shock,

When he saw there were six little chips.

—Syracuse Orange Peel.

The Shasta Car

"What is the name of your car?"

"I call her 'Shasta.'"

"Because she's a 'daisy'?"

"No; because she has to have gas, she
has to have oil, she has to have air, she
has to have something all the time."

* * *

Jimmy: "Mother, I found a little green
snake."

Mother (alarmed): "Let it alone,
Jimmy; it may be as dangerous as a
ripe one!"

Sign of Recognition

Barber: "Haven't I shaved you before,
buddy?"

Soldier: "No, I got that scar in
France."—Christian Science Monitor.

A Matter of Width

An American was prowling around a
Scottish churchyard. His eyes caught an
epitaph: "Lord, she was thin."

"Say, sexton, what d'ye make of that?"
he asked.

"That's all right, sir; the sculptor went
over near the edge of the stone and
didn't leave no room for the 'e.'"—West-
ern Christian Advocate.