

The Baptist Herald

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

Volume Eleven

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Number Twenty-one

November Days

EDGAR DANIEL KRAMER

November days are gray days,
November days are cold,
As winds like banshees wander
The ways of wood and wold,
But, while the dead leaves whisper
Amid the withered fern,
I lean above the fire
And watch the oak logs burn.

November days are harsh days,
November days are sad,
As hills and meadows hearken
The winds that have grown mad,
But, while their ghostly fingers
On door and window drum,
Above the crackling oak blaze
I hear the kettle hum.

November days are death days,
November days are drear,
As ghostly winds go wailing
Along the haunted weir,
But, while the trees are heeding
The dirge the grasses sing,
I lean above the fire
And dream of lilac spring!

What's Happening

Rev. Albert Stelter, pastor of the church at Delmont, S. Dak., has resigned to accept the call of the church at Plevna, Montana, to succeed Rev. E. Huber.

The Young People's Society of the Bethany Church, Milwaukee, Wis., had their first annual banquet recently. Forty-eight were present. The Rev. Mr. Ewing, state director of Christian education, brought a fine message.

While there has been no official pronouncement as yet, all indications so far, as a result of preliminary negotiations, point to Zurich, Switzerland, instead of Berlin, Germany, as the meeting place of the Baptist World Alliance next summer in the month of August.

Ninety per cent of the adult church members in the United States are in 24 denominations, according to the report of Dr. C. Luther Fry. In his count the Roman Catholic Church is treated as a denomination, and is credited with 13,000,000 members of 13 years of age or older.

At the recent General Conference of the Baptist Churches of Bulgaria, held in Lom on the Danube, an increase of 25 per cent in membership was reported. In one church the gain was 20%, in another 30% and in another even 90%. Bro. G. Stefanoff, who shepherds the converted Gypsies, was ordained to the ministry.

Rally Day at the Nottingham Baptist Church, Cleveland, O., Rev. John Ansborg, pastor, on Sunday, Oct. 8, was a big event. The Sunday school went over the top with a record breaking attendance of 430. The speaker was Helen Wickes, Director of Christian Education, Granville, O. Mr. James Galloway is superintendent of the Sunday school.

Records at the office of the Hall of Religion, Century of Progress Fair, Chicago, indicate that approximately one million persons had visited the hall during the first two months of the exposition. Dr. Hugh McGill, executive secretary of the International Council of Religious Education, is manager of the hall and spends his full time at the building.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Marks of St. Paul, Minn., announce the marriage of their daughter Marion Kathleen to Mr. Stanley Sherwood Ernst of Detroit. The wedding took place on Oct. 19. The young couple will be at home after Nov. 15 at 5056 Drexel Ave., Detroit, Mich. We extend cordial congratulations to the newly-weds, who are both well known in German Baptist circles of young people.

The Seventy-Fifth Anniversary of the German Baptist Church of Minnetrista, Minnesota, Rev. F. H. Heinemann, pastor, was celebrated Oct. 8-9. Sunday was the big day. Rev. C. F. Stoeckmann of Minneapolis, Rev. C. G. Tideman of Scandia and Rev. Wilfred Bloedow of Merrill.

Wis., addressed the Sunday school. Dr. Wm. Kuhn of Forest Park was the guest preacher at the festival service in the morning and evening. The pastor, Bro. Heinemann, who has ministered to the church since 1901, gave a historical survey in the afternoon entitled "75 Years of Growth," and Rev. Stoeckmann spoke. Others who brought greetings were Rev. E. Becker of Hutchinson and Rev. H. Hirsch of Minneapolis. Dinner and supper were served in the church dining hall. On Monday night a "Liebesmahl" was held with talks by older members.

New Dialogues

The Women Who Never Knew. A missionary dialog. Characters, 8 girls or women.

Mrs. Stanley, a "worldly Christian," has money for selfish enjoyments but none for foreign missions and turns down the missionary visitor in a haughty fashion. After the departure of her caller she falls asleep in her chair and then in a dream appear five women from different heathen lands who describe their conditions. Then conscience awakes and speaks and Mrs. Stanley is converted to the cause of missions. Four pages.

The Pastor's Call. Five characters. Mr. Jenkins, his wife and their two sons, Jake, 11, and Ebenezer, 9, and the pastor of the Ridge Road Baptist Church.

The pastor of a rural church in the southern mountain country calls on a non-church going family and by his tact and the real interest he shows in the welfare of the family, wins them to a new appreciation of the ministry and the church, which they decide to attend. Three pages.

"Wenn Sie Nur Wüssten!" A German missionary dialog for women's societies and young women's groups. The first part takes place in a Woman's Missionary Society and the second and third parts in a Chinese village. Eleven persons. Some characters could be taken by same persons in the different parts. The members of the missionary society resolve to retrench and give up the support of the Bible woman in China because of lack of funds. The second and third parts show the effect of their action on the foreign field. "If they only knew— at home. This only in German. (Reprinted from the "Vereins-Herald" 1918.)

Sample copies of any or all of the above if you write and send five cents in stamps to Rev. A. P. Mihm, Box 6, Forest Park, Ill.

The Alberta Bible School Announcement

The Alberta Bible School under the auspices of the Alberta, Can., Tri-Union will be held for 10 weeks from Jan. 8 to March 16, 1934, in Wetaskiwin, Alta. The dean of the school will be Rev. F.

W. Benke. Rev. and Mrs. C. B. Thole of Olds, Alta., will supervise the home and have charge of the cooking arrangements.

The purpose of the school is to give a knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, to cultivate the formation of christian character, to train workers for the kingdom of God and to teach in sacred song and music.

The registration fee for students is \$2 and board and room is offered at the low price of \$2 per week or \$20 for the whole term. This low price for student upkeep is made possible only by the donation of foodstuffs from the Alberta churches.

Among the subjects on the 1934 curriculum are: Study of the Major Prophets of the Old Testament; in New Testament, the Life of Christ and Paul's Epistles excepting Romans; the early period of Church history; Biblical geography and background of Biblical peoples; music course; language instruction in German and English.

The main burden of teaching in Bible and church history will be carried by Rev. A. P. Mihm of Forest Park, Ill., for four weeks, beginning Jan. 8. Others who will teach at various times and in various subjects are Rev. P. Daum, Rev. A. Ittermann, Rev. A. Kraemer, Rev. A. Kujath, Rev. F. W. Benke and Rev. C. B. Thole.

It is hoped that many of our Alberta young people will avail themselves of this unusual privilege this winter. Attendance at the school is open to all Christian young people of other denominations. Write to the Dean, Rev. F. W. Benke, Wetaskiwin, Alta. Can., for folder and further particulars.

The Baptist Herald

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Rev. A. P. Mihm, Editor

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The Baptist Herald

Hope

HERBERT L. KOCH

The prophets of the Old Testament at no time fully lost hope for the ultimate salvation of the Jewish nation; nor did any true Christian leader ever lose hope in the ultimate triumph of Christ's cause. In our day we too have every reason to be steadfast in hope of our Lord Jesus Christ; Christ within us is the hope of glory.

A better day is breaking,
When men shall have less greed;
And evil ways forsaking,
Shall banish want and need.

A better day is speeding,
When men shall gladly share;
And Christ's commandments heeding,
Shall treat each other fair.

A better day is coming,
When men shall wiser grow,
And more like Christ becoming;
Shall peace and plenty know.

A better day is dawning,
When men shall visions see,
And fondest hopes and longing
Through Christ fulfilled shall be.

A better day is calling,
When men shall heed Christ's plea,
And let his love enthraling
Renew humanity.

Chicago, Ill.

Promoting and Supporting "The Baptist Herald"

THE fall of the year brings our "Baptist Herald" Subscription Campaign to the front. To hold not only our present subscribers for 1934 but to win many new ones is the goal of all our friends and boosters.

The depression of the last years has played havoc with many religious papers. A number of prominent denominational papers have ceased publication. We were surprised at this turn of affairs, for they had a large constituency from which to draw support. Other papers, especially those serving denominational and interdenominational young people's groups, have retrenched by appearing semi-monthly or monthly where formerly they came out every week. Others have maintained themselves but with a much depleted subscription list. This makes for a hard struggle.

"The Baptist Herald" in common with others has suffered in this respect. We cannot go on in this way

in the new year without still greater economic problems confronting us. The remedy is a more energetic rallying to our support on the part of all those who believe our paper to be a real necessity for our young people's and Sunday school work and for our churches which carry on their activities in a bilingual manner.

With the success of the national recovery act helping many in different walks of life, we look for a renewed support of our denominational press. "The Baptist Herald" in every German Baptist home is an aid to the personal spiritual life, a helper to the local church work and informs and inspires with regard to the kingdom enterprises of the entire fellowship of churches. "Printer's ink," says the "Baptist Evangel," "is the life-blood of any modern movement. The press is the bugle that calls to attack, the courier who brings messages of victories won or defeats suffered. There is nothing yet devised to take its place as a connecting medium of geographically disunited bodies of Christians. If we would do ourselves a good turn we can do it in no better way than by giving our denominational press a boost to larger friendship and a wider sphere of influence."

May the spirit of loyalty and devotion live and move in the hearts of our "boosters" as they again begin their labor of love for the "Baptist Herald" in securing subscriptions for 1934. New posters for display will be in their hands soon. Let the host of our young people co-operate with them in their efforts so that the "Baptist Herald" will receive a great increase in numbers. Your editor and publisher pledge themselves to make your paper the best possible that we can for 1934.

Christianity a Youth Movement

JESUS was a young man himself, and it must have thrilled him to find young men coming to him. For the most part the comrades and disciples of Jesus were young men. Thirty years after the ascension Paul says, in a letter to the church at Corinth, that of the more than five hundred men who at one time saw the risen Lord the greater part of them were still alive. In all likelihood, then, they were young when they become followers of Jesus. He had drawn to him young men. In its beginnings Christianity was a youth movement.

The Greeks have given to us in the Parthenon the most beautiful building in the world. From Palestine the only perfect character has come to us in the person of Jesus of Nazareth. It is impossible to imagine a life more beautiful than his. As our comprehension of him increases our appreciation of him grows. Dr. T. R. Glover has recently said: "Why is

it that there never seems risk in overestimating Jesus? I see all sorts of ill consequences follow underestimating him, but who has been hurt by overestimation?"

Youth may be apathetic to many of the problems that are shaking the world. In fact, it has been stated that youth is an unreasoning age. If religion is presented to youth in the form of doctrines or a creed, he will turn aside from theology. But personality ever attracts. The call of chivalry, the call of loyalty, the call of courage, the call of adventure, these are the things which fire a young man's soul. When approached from such a coign of vantage, Christianity has its appeal. As the late President Faunce declared: "The characteristic of Christianity is that its ideal is not embodied in verbal statement, but in a life. The Christian ideal is Christ." You cannot separate him at any point from his teaching. Christianity is devotion to the person of Christ.

Not only during the first century, but throughout the centuries, has Christ drawn young men to himself. Again and again youth in their twenties have been outstanding leaders in the Christian cause. C. F. Adams, in his book, "What I Owe to Christ," proclaims the great truth of the attractiveness of Christ in these words: "More than any figure in human history Jesus represents, for all time, the youth of man confronting, undismayed, obstacles inconceivably great and conquering them by the daring of his Spirit!" Now, call up in imagination a few representatives: John Wesley founded the Holy Club, at Oxford, at the age of twenty-six. Martin Luther climbed the Santa Scala at Rome at twenty-seven. Jeremy Taylor was holding men spell-bound at St. Paul's London, at eighteen. Dwight L. Moody was doing the work of an evangelist at twenty-three. Charles H. Spurgeon was preaching at the great London Tabernacle at twenty. Francis E. Clark founded Christian Endeavor at twenty-nine. George Williams founded the Y. M. C. A. at twenty-three. And David Livingstone was witnessing for Christ in the heart of the Dark Continent at twenty-three.—H. C. Allen in *Young People*.

From Here and There

A Little Thanks, Please! "We noted this sign recently in a store," says the "Evangelical Messenger." "Patrons are requested to report any unusual attention or service on the part of employees. This enables us to recognize the exceptional efficiency which we wish to encourage in our service." This sign replaced one that asked for information of discourtesy or inattention. How much better to lay the emphasis on appreciation. It is never necessary to advertise for complaints."

During the meeting of the General Council of the United Church of Canada, Principal Walter Brown presented a hopeful and penetrating analysis of

modern youth: "Youth today hears voices which its fathers scarcely knew, and these voices call to higher ways of living. The voices come from psychology, from literature, and from the colleges; and in them all there is sounding the voice of the Eternal, which is being recognized by youth as it is not by the middle-aged. Utilitarian aims in education are being rejected, and even the fussy devotion to social service is yielding to the quest for God. Youth today seeks some clearly envisaged reality, some clearly presented, positive conviction."

Autumn Thoughts

RICKA LEIMKUEHLER

THE Autumn season is here again and Autumn banners are waving of crimson and of purple and of gold. Get out, oh ye people, while the forest puts on its autumn transfiguration. The glorious autumn, as well as the other seasons, tells us of the glory and love of God. Let us walk slowly along a path through the woods and carefully observe. We shall experience the feeling of calmness that rests on woodland and hillside. There is a deep breath of satisfaction that a purpose has been accomplished, an effort has been rewarded, and a hope has been fulfilled. Everywhere in nature we see the close of a well-finished life.

Have we ever wondered why the leaves change their color? What lesson is there for us when we see them robed so beautifully?

After a long cold winter we eagerly look for tiny green sprouts from the buds that shall soon make the leaves that densely cover the trees to give us the pleasant shade we enjoy so much during the summer heat. Too quickly the summer has flown. And now as we see the leaves with their gorgeous colors, we know that the time is brief when the trees will again be bare and cold winter will slowly make his appearance again.

Why Do Leaves Dress Up So Beautifully

when but in a few days a puff of wind will toss them up, then to and fro and finally down to the soil below, seemingly to lie there a dishonored and pitiable wreck? Just think for a moment of a leaf torn from its leafy perch and hurled rudely and roughly along by the wind. We look at it as a helpless, worthless, despised and perishing thing. Perhaps we have often helped to kick such a leaf along or trampled it under our feet. Has its life been all in vain? Must it lie down as a worthless thing?

Oh no, let none of us take on such a discouraging notion of the leaves. They have been faithful workers for their mother trees. They have finished their work. Nature sees that they are no longer needed on the trees; so she gently cuts them off and starts them on a new career. When they drop to the earth, they still have a value. They form a mulch carpet for the trees that bore them and add their substance to the humus soil from which the trees draw new power for growth.

The Brilliant Hues of the Autumn Foliage

are caused by the natural beautiful old age and death of the leaves. And where is there to be found old age and death more beautiful? When the leaves assume their bright colors, they are making ready to depart from the trees. They have done their duty. Side by side with the leaves even in their summer green, they bore the young buds that are to take their place and with their own life have fed them. They have completed their work. They have made perfect preparation for their departure. Gayly dressed, they will go to enjoy their jubilant festival in the air, after which they shall one by one drop to each one's final resting place.

If God has ruled, that in nature there should be such

A Wonderful Preparation

for the future, ought we not think that human beings should also prepare for the future? No matter how long life may seem to us, it is well to pause and take heed to the words of the psalmist: "So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

The autumn leaves are speaking to us. They speak to us of the shortness of life, of a wonderful preparation for the future and of a robe of reward for the faithful.

Heaven is a Prepared Place for a Prepared People

Christ left these encouraging words with his followers: "In my Father's house are many mansions. . . . I go to prepare a place for you. . . . I will come again, and receive you unto myself, that where I am ye may be also."

We can only have a faint conception of what that home-going will be amid the welcoming shouts and songs of angel harps and the everlasting joys that await the redeemed, who have been faithful and who are wearing the "robe of righteousness" of which the prophet Isaiah spoke when he said: "My soul shall be joyful in my God, for he hath clothed me with the garment of salvation, he hath covered me with the robe of righteousness."

"When he shall come with trumpet sound,
Oh, may I then in him be found;
Dressed in his righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne."

Mt. Sterling, Mo.

Editorial Jottings

JESUS WAS and is averse to public coronation by popular pressure. Where Jesus wants to be crowned is in the hearts of sinners for whom he died.

A **CORRESPONDENT** in the "Religious Telescope" gives the following definition of swearing: "Swearing is the effort of a feeble mind to express itself forcefully."

A **STORY** is told of a young Polish girl in a New York school who was asked to write the difference between an educated man and an intelligent man. She summed it up thus: "An educated man gets his

thinks from someone else; an intelligent man works his own thinks."

ARE WE AFRAID of failure? A young woman flung herself into a seat with a disgusted air, then exclaimed: "Well, no one will ever persuade me to try that again. It was a perfect flop!" A middle-aged man said rather boastfully: "I led a meeting once, when I was a young fellow. It was a fizzle. I said, 'Never again!' and I've kept my word." Yet many who have made the greatest successes in life have started with failure.

AN OFFICIAL INQUIRY brought out the startling fact that one-half of the arrests for stealing automobiles, more than thirty per cent of all robberies, more than twenty-five per cent of all offenses against young girls in New York City are committed by boys between the ages of sixteen and twenty. Once these boys were in our homes, or within the reach of our churches and Sunday schools. The enemy has found a hole and we have suffered a great loss. Was I that hole?

The Traveler

PHILIP WENDELL CRANNELL

I never saw blue Galilee;
But he who walked there
Walks with me.

Bethabara must distant be;
But he who led there
Leadeth me.

My eyes ne'er fell on Bethany;
But he who wept there
Weeps with me.

I never stood on Olivet;
But he who taught there
Teaches yet.

Gethsemane afar must be;
But he who won there
Wins in me.

My feet have ne'er pressed Calvary;
But he who hung there
Lifteth me.

Unseen the rock-hewn tomb must be;
But he who rose there
Raiseth me.

These holy scenes I shall not see;
He brings them, and himself to me.

**READ THE PUBLISHER'S
ANNOUNCEMENT
ON THE LAST PAGE**



Ladies Aid Society of the Immanuel Baptist Church, Loyal, Okla.

B. Y. P. U. of Los Angeles, First Church

This is the B. Y. P. U. of First German Baptist Church of Los Angeles announcing. Although we have been silent for some time, we have not been idle.

On Sunday, October 1, we celebrated our anniversary. The weather was ideal, making it possible for many from our neighboring societies to attend.

The program of the evening consisted mainly of several musical numbers and a dialogue in three parts, "The Greatest of these is Love." Everyone acclaimed the evening a great success, and we give all the glory and praise to our Lord and Master. The following is from the annual report of our secretary.

In the past eight months we have had the privilege of receiving ten new members into our society. This makes our total enrollment 59 members.

Our meetings are held each Sunday evening from 7 to 7:30 o'clock, with a few exceptions. These meetings have been of many different varieties—devotional, missionary, literary, stewardship and miscellaneous, including a series of talks on "The Second Coming of Christ" by our pastor, Rev. J. A. H. Wuttke. All of these have been very helpful.

In order to create a greater interest in these services, our society has been divided into groups, each having a captain whose chief duty is to provide something to do at each meeting for as many members of his team as possible.

One Sunday evening service of each month is given over to our young people. The programs presented on these evenings have been most interesting and inspirational.

To provide programs for the months of May, July and August, the society was divided into three groups with three young men as captains. Judges were appointed and the group which presented the best program was chosen as winner, the two losing teams having to entertain the winning group with a social. This contest aroused a great amount of interest and resulted in revealing a good deal of hidden talent amongst our mem-

bers. Along with this contest each member was to endeavor to earn money in some unique way to help defray expenses for our Sunday school floor. \$22.85 was raised for this purpose.

We as a society are happy also for the privileges we have of witnessing for our Lord, through song and testimony at the Seaman's Rest Mission at San Pedro, Cal., each month. We rejoice to report that in the past eight months a good many of the men at the mission have requested our prayers that they might see the "light" and accept Jesus Christ as their savior.

We have also tried to bring cheer and sunshine to the shut-ins at the County Farm at Hondo, Cal. Our visits there have been a blessing not only to the shut-ins, but to ourselves as well. For after each visit, our hearts were filled with praise and thanks to our Lord for His mercy and goodness towards us.

One Sunday afternoon, not long ago, a group of our young people and our pastor, visited a couple of the older members of our church who are no longer able to attend our services. We certainly received a blessing by setting aside an afternoon for these visits. In the coming year we hope to be able to visit many more of our dear older folks.

Last, but not least, we would not forget our social evenings where we enjoyed having fellowship with each other.

The newly elected officers for the coming year are: President, Ruth Schultze; vice-president, Paul Luschnner; secretary, Florence Wessel, and treasurer, William Gungler.

Our desire for the coming year is to draw closer to Christ that He might use us in a greater measure for service in the world, William Gungler.

FLORENCE WESSEL.

Portland Society Presents "Home Coming" Program

The Young Peoples Society of the First German Baptist Church, Portland, Ore., is looking forward to a very profitable year of work.

After the inspirational and enjoyable week at the annual assembly at Twin

Rocks, Ore., August 13-20, inclusive, in which our society had an active part, we are off to a flying start for the winter activities.

As a society we are divided into four groups; each group having an appropriate name to live up to and an able body of officers. The officers of the General Society for this year are: H. Schroeder, president; Naomi Pfaff, vice-president; Arpa Pfaff, secretary; W. Parker, treasurer; Grace Meiner, librarian, and Ed. Rocks, "Baptist Herald" Booster.

The first activity for the winter was the "Home Coming" program which was given on Sunday evening, September 17.

A very interesting dialogue "The Pathway of Service" was presented by members of the society. We were shown that the foundation of our service must rest on the Bible. We were also shown our opportunity for service in the different departments of our church and that it is our duty to render service there. All visitors were invited to attend our services and to make our church their home church. A short talk on "Opportunities for Service" by Rev. G. N. Mann and the benediction by Rev. J. Kratt concluded our "Home Coming Program."

With the Lord's help we hope to make this year's work better than ever before.

GLADYS G. TESCHNER, Reporter.

Festivities at the Bethany Baptist Church, Milwaukee, Wis.

The evening of September 10th was another happy occasion for the members and friends of our church. This time it was the celebration of the 80th birthday of our pastor, Rev. E. Otto. Heartly congratulations were brought by representatives from the various organizations, and an envelope containing monetary value was presented by the oldest member of our church, Bro. H. J. Weihe, who in his usual fine manner brought cordial greetings.

"The days of our years are three score years and ten, or even by reason of our strength four score years." God has been gracious to our Brother Otto and has permitted him to serve us faithfully for the last year and half. We pray that He may continue to make him a blessing as he continues to preach the Word of God each week.

Brother Giesecke, our moderator, had invited everyone to remain for light refreshments, when another interruption took place. Our ladies' quartet sang the "Wedding March," while Brother Schultz, one of our deacons, led Mrs. Giesecke to the side of her husband. A basket of beautiful red roses was presented to the happy pair, on the occasion of their 24th wedding anniversary. Not only congratulations but also words of appreciation were expressed to both for the faithful work that they have done at Bethany. Our sincere good wishes will go with them for many more years of happiness together, and that they will continue to find joy in diligent service for the Master.

MISSIONARY BULLETIN

The General Missionary Society of the German Baptist Churches of North America

Post Office Box 6, Forest Park, Illinois

Rev. William Kuhn, D. D.
General Secretary

No. 1

Mr. E. Elmer Staub,
General Treasurer

The Burning of the Mission Station

PAUL GEBAUER

In an inhospitable altitude of about 7000 feet Ndu, the station of our fellow-workers, the Schirmachers, is located. Tornadoes and storms are served first-hand. Cold are the nights in Ndu; colder still the natives. Not the desire to have his people hear the gospel prompted the chief's consent to have the mission settle among his tribe, but the distinction to have an English school in the land. The school exists and through it the powers, hated by darkness, are at work among the Nsungli. Last June Brother Schirmacher baptized among others two men of Ndu, and with this act of faith the secret warfare of an excited heathenworld was brought into the open. What would be their answer to the challenge? The answer came, and in the words to follow we attempt to let you have it in the way told us by the Schirmachers.

The drums did not cease calling the people to the dances and meetings of the Ju-Ju-Society since the day of baptism. Night after night the calls of the drums and the shouters from the dancing mobs were heard in the mission upon the hillside. The Secret Society prepared for action. Market day came. Thousands flocked into the little market place, not to examine the goods of the traders but to see the Ju-Ju-Society in its splendor and power. The fore-runner of the king appeared in his feather-dress. Like a giant bird he looked as he raced along the road, followed by a large crowd. The noise ceased, women fell upon their knees in fear and the men stopped talking as the king of the Society appeared on the road. Slowly he advanced, for a real

king never hastens. In the midst of his faithful he walked. A frightful mask crowned his head; a fantastic garment covered his body. Drinking-



A Cameroon Beauty admiring her German Sisters

horns in his and the hands of his followers were constantly filled with palm-wine of which little was taken but most of it spilled on the ground. In such fashion the wealth of the Society was displayed to the crowd. Occasionally the ghostly procession was stopped by the king beating with the foot upon the ground, while the rattles around his legs sounded and the oldest of his followers

Our New Publication

Above we are presenting a fac-simile of the first page of our new "Missionary Bulletin." The actual size of the page is 6x9 inches. The paper is bilingual; the first two pages being in English and the last two pages in German. The paper is to be published monthly and is to be sent to the presidents of our Young People's Societies and to superintendents of our Sunday schools in the United States and Canada. The purpose of the publication is to supply such information which will stimulate missionary interest in our Sunday schools and Young People's Societies.

The publication grew out of a suggestion of the Executive Committee of the Young People's and Sunday School Work-

ers' Union of the Atlantic Conference. This Union is endeavoring to raise \$1,000 during the present conference year for our Missionary and Benevolent Offering. It is our purpose to send a copy of the "Missionary Bulletin" regularly to the presidents of every Young People's Society and to the superintendents of every Sunday school.

We will very much appreciate an expression of opinion regarding this new promotional leaflet. Any suggestion regarding the "Missionary Bulletin" or the method of using this leaflet to the best advantage will be very welcome. Should you not receive your copy, then please write at once to the General Secretary. Upon request we will also be pleased to put others on our mailing list.

New Books

(Order all books through German Baptist Publication Society, Cleveland, O.)

The Queenly Quest. By Rosalee Mills Appleby. The Judson Press, Philadelphia. 160 pages. \$1.

A queenly book for the girlhood of America by a noble Christian woman. Mrs. Appleby is the widow of a southern Baptist missionary, stationed in Brazil, near Rio de Janeiro. Mrs. Appleby's other books, "The Life Beautiful" and "Rainbow Gleams" have won for her a wide circle of readers, attracted by her literary charm, her fine Christian womanly point of view and the delightful way in which she reflects Brazilian folklife and the beauty of nature of South America. The queenly quest is the purpose of girlhood to choose heavenly virtues by which to please the King of Kings. These chapters make for attractive character and a radiant Christian life. A good book to present to a young woman for Christmas or at any time.

The Church and the Great Tribulation. What is the outlook? By William R. Newell. Published by The Scripture Press, Inc., 829 Orleans St., Chicago. Paper. Price 20c.

A pamphlet of 31 pages in which the author upholds the thesis that the church will not go through the great tribulation. An address that will be of special interest to students of prophecy and questions of "the final things."

How to Get Decisions in Personal Work. By J. E. Conant, Bible Teacher and Evangelist. The Bible Institute Colportage Association, Chicago. Paper, 39 pages. 20c.

Dr. Conant is well-known for his evangelistic books. In this brief booklet he shows how to qualify for this important work of personal soul-winning, how to make the approach to the unsaved individual, how to diagnose the case, how to present the remedy and how to bring the decision. A great revival will come to all of our churches if our members become personal workers in soul-winning.

Some Religious Talks By a University Professor. By Walter Wilson Jennings, Ph. D. The Christopher Publishing House, Boston. 181 pages. \$1.75.

Thirteen talks by a professor in the University of Kentucky who has been active in church work, especially the Bible school for a score of years. Much of the material in this book has been used by the author in Bible classes, men's clubs, Y. M. C. A. groups and young people's societies. They are popular in style, practical in contents, and liberally interspersed with apt stories and poetry. The book would be a help to young people's leaders in guiding them in the preparation of talks and furnishing usable material. A. P. M.

KEZIAH COFFIN

JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

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(Continuation)
Chapter XVIII

In which Keziah decides to fight

The news was flying from house to house along the main road. Breakfasts were interrupted as some neighbor rushed in to tell the story which another neighbor had brought to him or her. Mr. Ellery was very sick and it was feared he had the smallpox, that was what Mrs. Parker, the doctor's wife, told those who lived near her. By the time the Corners heard of it the tale had grown until the minister was said to be dying. And when it reached Gaius Winslow's home at the upper end of the town he was reported dead. This was denied upon investigation, but soon another rumor grew and spread; Grace Van Horne was with him back to the shanty, and insisted upon staying there until the doctor came. Facing that dreadful disease and— It was wonderful—and queer.

At the Daniels' house the servant girl rushed into the dining room to serve the toast and the story at one swoop. Captain Elkanah's dignity deserted him for an instant and his egg spoon jingled to the floor. Annabel's face turned a dull red. Her eyes flashed sparks.

"Pa!" she cried, "I—I—if you don't do something now I'll never—"

Her father shook his head warningly. "Debby," he said to the maid, "you needn't wait."

Debby departed reluctantly. After the kitchen door had closed, Captain Elkanah said: "My dear, we mustn't be too hasty in this matter. Remember, Mr. Ellery is very sick. As for—the Van Horne girl, we haven't heard the whole truth yet. She may not be there at all, or it may be just an accident—"

"Accident! Pa, you make me boil. Accident! Accidents like that don't happen. If you let her stay there, or if—Oh, to think of it! And we were calling him a hero and—and everything! Hero! he stayed there just so she might—"

"Hush! hush! child!"

"I shan't hush. Pa, are you going to let him disgrace himself with her?"

"No, no. Probably there ain't any idea of his marrying her. If there is—"

"If there is you put him out the church and out of this town. And as for her—O-oh! And we've been having him here at dinner and—and I have— Oh, I shall die! I wish I was dead!"

Then followed hysterics and agony, greedily listened to by Debby, whose ear was at the crack of the door. Captain Elkanah soothed and pleaded and tried to pacify. It ended by his promising to investigate and, if necessary, take steps 'immediately.'

Lavinia Pepper sprung the mine on her brother. Kyan was horrified. He had

grown to be one of Ellery's most devoted worshippers.

"Smallpox!" he groaned. "The minister got the smallpox. Oh, that's terrible." "Ain't it?" observed his sister, also horrified, but rather relishing the horror. "And if it hadn't been for Gracie Van Horne—"

"What?"

"What's the matter with you? I say, if Gracie Van Horne hadn't happened to meet him, wanderin' around, crazy as a coot, and toted him back—"

"Gracie—Van—Horne! Godfrey's mighty! She—she met him? Where? Down to Peter's grove, was it?"

"Peter's grove! No. What on earth made you think 'twas there? She'd been visitin' Keziah Coffin at the parsonage, and when she come out on the main road she heard him aravin' down the lane. Must have passed right by this house and we never heard him. I never see such a dead man as you be when you're asleep. You don't sound dead, I'll say that for you, but nothin' wakes you up."

"Why, Lavinia! you never woke up yourself!"

"That's right, lay it onto me. I expected you would; it's just like you. But why in time did you think Grace met the minister down to Peter's grove? That's the most loony notion ever I heard, even from you. What made you think of it?"

"Nothin', nothin'. I guess I was loony, maybe. Dear! dear! dear! have you heard how he's gettin' on? Is he took bad?"

"I ain't heard nothin' yet, nobody has. But see here, 'Bish Pepper, you act funny to me. I want to know more about that Peter's grove notion. Why did you say it?"

Kyan wriggled upon the rack and dodged and squirmed for the next twenty minutes. He tried his best to keep the fateful secret, but he admitted too much, or not enough, and his sister kept up the cross-examination. At the end of the session she was till unsatisfied, but she was on the scent and her brother knew it. He fled to the woodshed and there punctuated his morning task of kindling chopping with groans and awful forebodings.

One of the very first to hear of the minister's illness was Keziah Coffin. Mrs. Parker told her and Keziah started for the beach before the tale of Grace's part in the night's happenings reached the village. She did not wait for a conveyance, hardly waited to throw a shawl over her shoulders, but began to cover the three miles on foot. She had walked nearly two thirds of the distance when Captain Zeb Mayo overtook her and gave her a seat in his chaise.

They said little during the drive, the

shock and anxiety forbidding conversation. At the ropes was the same group, larger now, and Dr. Parker's horse was hitched to one of the posts.

"You can't go in, Mrs. Coffin," said Thoph Black. "The doctor give us his orders not to let nobody get by. I guess nobody wants to, but all the same—"

Keziah paid not the slightest attention to Mr. Black. She stooped beneath his arm, under the rope and was on her way to the shanty before they realized her intention. Captain Zeb roared a command for her to return, but she kept on. No one followed, not even the captain. Mrs. Mayo had strictly forbidden his passing the dead line.

Keziah opened the door and entered the little building. The living room was empty, but at the sound of her step some one came from the room adjoining. That some one was Grace.

"Aunt Keziah!" she cried. "What did you come here for? Why did you?"

"Gracie!" exclaimed the housekeeper. "You—you?"

Dr. Parker appeared, holding up a hand for silence.

"Hush!" he cried. "He's quiet now and I think he will sleep. Don't talk here. Go outside, if you must talk—and I suppose you must."

Grace led the way. Fortunately, the door was on the side not visible from the spot where Captain Zeb and the rest were standing. Keziah, bewildered and amazed at the girl's presence, followed dumbly.

"Now, auntie," whispered Grace, turning to her, "you want to know how he is, of course. Well, I think he is better. The doctor thinks so, too. But why did you come here?"

"Why did I come? I? Why, because my place was here. I belonged here. For the love of mercy's sakes what are you doin' here? With him? And the smallpox!"

"Hush. I can't help it. I don't care. I don't care for anything any more. I'm glad I came. I'm glad I was the one to find him and help him. No matter what happens to me—I'm glad. I never was so glad before. I love him, Aunt Keziah. I can say it to you, for you know it. You must know it. I love him and he needed me and I came. He was calling my name when I found him. He might have died there, alone in the wet and cold, and I saved him. Think what that means to me."

The girl was in a sort of frenzy of excitement and hysterical exaltation. All the night she had been calm and quiet, repressing her feelings, and tending the man she loved. Now, with some one to whom she could confide, she was calm no longer. Keziah answered her soothingly, questioning her from time to time, until, at last, she learned the whole story.

The door opened softly and Dr. Parker came out.

"He's asleep," he said. "And he's better, much better. And I'll tell you something else, if you won't make too much noise about it—he hasn't got the smallpox."

The two women looked at him.

"Fact," he said, with an emphatic nod. "Not a symptom of it. I'd have bet my best hat that he wasn't going to have it and I won't have to go bareheaded yet awhile. He is pretty close to brain fever, though, but I guess he'll dodge that this time, with care. On the whole, Keziah, I'm glad you came. This young lady," with a movement of the head toward Grace, "has done her part. She really saved his life, if I'm not mistaken. Now, I think she can go away and leave him to you and me. I'll pretty nearly guarantee to have him up and out this—this pesthole in a fortnight."

Here was joyful tidings, the better for being so unexpected. Keziah leaned against the boards and drew a long breath. Grace said nothing, but, after a moment, she went into the house.

"That's a good thing, too," commented Parker, watching her as she went. "I wanted to talk with you, Keziah Coffin, and right away. Now, then, there's something up, something that I don't know about, and I rather guess you do. Young women—even when they're her kind as there is—don't risk smallpox for any young man they pick up casually. They don't carry—I guess it was pretty nearly carrying—him home and put him to bed and care for him and cry over him and call him 'dear.' And he doesn't beg them to run away and let him die rather than to stay there and risk dying, too. No, not to any great extent. Now, Keziah, you and I are fairly good friends and we ought to know each other by this time. I see a light—a little one. Now, then, if you turn up the lamp, so that I can see the whole blaze, maybe I can help those two in yonder."

Keziah considered. "All right, doctor," she said, when she reached a decision. "All right; I'll tell you the whole thing, and you can see one of the reasons why my hair is gettin' grayer. This thing has reached the point now where there's no keepin' it quiet. Folks'll know—I s'pose they know already—that she's been here with him. They'll suspect a lot more and the truth is better than suspicion—that is, it can't be worse than the suspicions that come natural to a good many minds in this town. I am glad I can tell you, for I guess the time's come to step out in broad daylight and h'ist our colors. Now, you listen. Here 'tis, from beginnin' to end."

Dr. Parker listened.

"Hm!" he said thoughtfully, "I see. What made her change her mind so suddenly? You say, or you gather from what Mr. Ellery told you, that she had all but agreed to marry him. She cares for him, that's sure. Then, all at once, she throws him over and accepts Nat. Of course her uncle's sudden seizure was a shock and he wanted Nat to have her, but she isn't the kind of girl to be easily swayed. Why did she do it?"

"Well, doctor, that's kind of a puzzle to me. All I can think is that she come

to realize what it might mean to him, the minister, if he married a Come-Outer. I think she done it for his sake, to save him, though what made her realize it all at once, I don't know. There's the part we ain't heard."

"I guess you're right. Something happened between the time she left Ellery and when you and I reached the tavern. But never mind that, that doesn't count now. Let's look at things as they are this minute. She's here and folks know it. As they do know it they'll begin to talk, and the more they talk the farther from the truth they'll get—most of 'em. Nat, poor chap, is dead, so her promise to him is canceled. Ellery will get well if he isn't troubled, and her being with him will help more than anything else. I can understand now why he broke down."

"Yes, he ain't been himself since it happened."

"Of course, and the last few weeks of worry and night work have helped to wreck his nerves. Well, as I see it, there's only one thing to do. If she leaves him he'll go to pieces again, so she mustn't leave. And she can't stay without an explanation. I say lets give the explanation; let's come right out with the announcement that they're engaged."

"Whew! that'll stir things up."

"You bet. But let it stir. I like that parson of yours; he's a trump. And I like her, although, generally speaking, I don't love Come-Outers. And I like her more than ever now, when she risked what she thought was smallpox to care for him. As I said, she saved his life, and she ought to have him. She shall have him."

"But she's a Come-Outer and—there's the church."

"Well, I know it. But he never was so popular as he is now. And she isn't by any means a steady Come-Outer. Why, Zeke Bassett and the rest have been findin' fault with her and calling her a backslider. That'll help. Then you trust me to whoop up her heroism and the fact that without her he would have died. We can do it, Keziah. Come on! I've tackled a good many jobs, but matchmaking isn't one of 'em. Here goes to tackle that."

Keziah was delighted; here was work after her own heart. But she still hesitated.

"Doctor," she said, "you've forgot one thing, that's Gracie herself. Would she marry him now, knowing it may mean the loss of his ministry and all, any more than she would at first? I don't believe it."

"That's your part, Keziah. You've got to show her she must marry him or he'll die; see? Call on me to back you up in any fairy yarn you spin. You prove to her it's her duty to marry him. You'll have to stay here and help nurse, of course, and that's easy because his disease isn't contagious. You convince her and I'll take care of the congregation. He'll live to be minister here for the rest of his life, if he wants to, and she'll be a minister's wife and sit in the front pew. I'll guarantee the church if you'll guar-

antee the girl. Why, it's your duty! Come, now, what do you say?"

Keziah's hesitation was at an end. Her face lit up.

"I say good!" she cried. "And I'll be thankful to you all the rest of my life. But for the dear mercy's sake, don't say 'duty' to me again. Oh, doctor, if you only knew what it means to me to be fightin' at last for somethin' that ain't just duty, but what I really want! I do honestly believe we can win. Glory, hallelujah! And now I want to give you a piece of advice, your course for the first leg, as you might say: you see Cap'n Zeb-dee Mayo."

"Humph! Cap'n Zeb is the first man I mean to see."

Captain Zeb listened with his mouth and eyes and ears open. Mrs. Mayo was with him when the doctor called, and she, too, listened.

"Well!" exclaimed the captain, when the plea for support was ended. "Well, by the flukes of Jonah's whale! Talk about surprises! Old lady, what do you say?"

"I say go ahead, Zeb-dee! Go ahead! If Mr. Ellery wanted to marry Jezebel's sister, and I knew he really wanted to, I'd—I do believe I'd help him get her. And Grace Van Horne is a good girl. Go ahead."

"Of course," put in Parker, profiting by a hint of Mrs. Coffin's, "of course Daniels will fight tooth and nail against us. He'll be for discharging Ellery at once. And he really runs the parish committee."

"He does, hey? Well, I cal'late he don't. Not if I'm on deck, he don't. All right, doctor, I'm with you. He, he, he!" he chuckled. "Say, doc, do you know I sort of love a good lively row. That's been the only trouble with our society since Mr. Ellery took command of it—there ain't been no rows. He, he, he! Well, there'll be one now."

There was, and it was lively enough to suit even Captain Zeb. Dr. Parker, on his calls that day, was assailed with a multitude of questions concerning Grace's presence at the shanty. He answered them cheerfully, dilating upon the girl's bravery, her good sense, and the fact that she had saved Mr. Ellery's life.

Then he confided, as a strict secret, the fact that the two were engaged. Before his hearers had recovered from the shock of this explosion, he was justifying the engagement. Why shouldn't they marry if they wanted to? It was a free country. The girl wasn't a Come-Outer any longer, and besides—and this carried weight in a good many households—what a black eye the marriage would be for that no-account crowd at the chapel.

Captain Zeb-dee, having shipped with the insurgents, worked for them from sunrise to sunset and after. Zeb was something of a politician and knew whom to "get at." He sought his fellows on the parish committee and labored with them. Mrs. Mayo and the doctor's wife championed the cause at sewing circle. They were lively, those sewing meetings,

and the fur flew. Didama Rogers and Lavinia Pepper were everywhere and ready to agree with whichever side seemed likely to win. Lavinia was so deeply interested that she forgot to catechise Abishai further about his untimely reference to Peters's grove. And Kyau, puzzled but thankful, kept silence.

It was by no means a one-sided struggle. Captain Elkanah, spurred on by the furious Annabel, marshaled his forces and proclaimed that Ellery, having disgraced the Regular Society, should no longer occupy its pulpit.

"If he does," thundered Elkanah, "I shall never cross the threshold of that church. And I've worshiped there for fifty years. Hum—ha! I should like to know whose money has gone more liberal for that meeting house than mine! But not another cent—no, sir! not one—if that licentious scamp continues to blaspheme there."

He hinted concerning a good-sized contribution toward a parish house, something the society needed. If Ellery was discharged, the contribution would probably be made, not otherwise. And this was a point worth considering.

Daniels also wrote to his influential friends of the National Regular Society. But Captain Zebedee had forestalled him there and both letters were laid on the table to await further developments. As for the Come-Outers, they were wild with rage and Grace was formally read out of their communion.

"I wonder," shrieked Ezekiel Bassett, in prayer meeting, "what the sperrit of the good and great man who used to lead us from this 'ere platform would say if he were here now? Hey? what would he say?"

Josiah Badger upreared his lanky person. "I dreamed about Cap'n Eben t'other n-nin-nun-night," he stammered. "I see his just as—p-pup-pup-plain as you hear me now. And he says to me, he says, 'Josiah,' he says, 'I—I—I—I—'"

"Ki yi!" broke in Thoph Baker, from the shadow of the rear seat. Josiah turned to berate Thoph, who, being in disgrace because of his defense of Ellery, was reckless, and the communication from the dead leader of the Come-Outers was lost in the squabble which followed.

Meantime Keziah, installed as head nurse at the shanty, was having her troubles. The minister was getting better, slowly but surely getting better. The danger of brain fever was at an end, but he was very weak and must not be excited, so the doctor said. He knew nothing of the struggle for and against him which was splitting Trumet in twain, and care was taken that he should not know it. He was not allowed to talk, and, for the most part, was quite content to be silent, watching Grace as she moved about the room. If he wondered why she was still with him, he said nothing, and the thought of what his congregation might say did not vex him in the least. She was there, he saw her every day, that was enough.

He had expressed a wish to talk with his housekeeper. "I've got something to tell you, Aunt Keziah," he said weakly. "Some news for you and—"

"Cat's foot!" snapped Keziah briskly, "don't start in tellin' me news now. I've got my hands full as 'tis. News'll keep and you won't, if you talk another minute."

"But this is important."

"So are you, though you may not think so. If you don't believe it ask Grace."

"Well," the minister sighed. "Well, perhaps I won't tell it now. I'd rather wait until I feel stronger. You won't care, will you? It will be hard to tell and I—"

"No, no! Care? No. If its bad news I don't want to hear it, and if its good I can wait, I callate. You turn over and take a nap."

She could manage him; it was with Grace that she had her struggle. John was safe now; he would be himself again before very long, and the girl had begun to think of his future and his reputation. She knew that gossip must be busy in the village, and, much as she wished to remain by his side, she decided that she should not do so. And then Keziah began to fulfill her agreement with Dr. Parker.

First, and bluntly, she told the girl that her leaving now was useless. The secret was out; it had been made public. Everyone knew she was in love with John and he with her. Their engagement was considered an established certainty. Grace was greatly agitated and very indignant.

"Who dared to say so?" she demanded. "Who dared say we were engaged? It's not true. It's a wicked lie and— Who is responsible, Aunt Keziah?"

"Well, I suppose likely I am, much as anybody, deary."

"You? You, Aunt Keziah?"

"Yup; me. You are in love with him; at any rate, you said so. And you're here with him, ain't you? If you two ain't engaged you ought to be."

"Aunt Keziah, how can you speak so? Don't you realize—"

"Look here. Don't you want to marry him?"

"Want to? Oh, please— How can you? I—"

"S-s-sh! There! there! I am a bull-headed old thing, for sure. But I'm like the dog that chased the rat across the shelf where they kept the best china, my intentions are good. Don't cry, deary. Let's go to the bottom of this thing, as the man said when he tumbled into the well. When I first knew that you and John were in love with each other, I felt dreadful. If you had married then, or let people know that you thought of it, 'twould have been the end, and ruin for John and you. But things are different now, a good deal different. John is worshiped pretty nigh, since his pluck with that smallpox man. He could go into church and dance a jig on the pulpit and nobody—or precious few—would find fault. And you've stood by him. If it

wa'n't for you he wouldn't be here today, and people know that. Dr. Parker and Captain Zebedee and Gaius Winslow and dozens more are fighting for him and for you. And the doctor says they are going to win. Do you want to spoil it all?"

"Aunt Keziah, that night before uncle died I was upstairs in my room and I heard uncle and Captain Elkanah Daniels talking."

"Elkanah? Was he there at your house?"

"Yes. Somehow or other—I don't know how—he had learned about—about John and me. And he was furious. Aunt Keziah, I heard him say that unless I broke off with John he would drive him from the ministry and from Trumet and disgrace him forever. He said that if I really cared for him I would not ruin his life. That brought me to myself. I realized how wicked I had been and what I was doing. That was why I—I—"

"There! there! Tut! tut! tut! Hum! Now I see. But, Gracie, you ain't goin' to ruin his life. No, nor Elkanah ain't goin' to do it, either. He can't, no matter how hard he tries. I've lived to see the day when there's a bigger man in the Reg'lar church than Elkanah Daniels, and I thank the good Lord for it."

"I never should have come here. I know it. But he needed me. Aunt Keziah, he was sick and dying almost, and I couldn't leave him. I came, and now he will be ruined and disgraced."

"He won't, I tell you; he won't. Listen to me. I ain't talkin' for my health. Listen."

She argued and pleaded and coaxed, and, at last, when she began to think she had prevailed, Grace brought forward another objection. She had given her word to her uncle. How could she break that promise made to a dying man? She would feel like a traitor.

"Traitor to who?" demanded the housekeeper, losing patience. "Not to poor Nat, for he's gone. And don't you suppose that he and Eben understood things better now, where they are? Do you suppose that Nat wouldn't want you to be happy? I know he would, for I knew him."

It was still unsettled when the long talk was over, but Grace agreed not to leave the minister at present. She would stay where she was until he was himself again, at least. Keziah was satisfied with the preliminary skirmish. She felt confident of winning the victory, and in the prospect of happiness for others, she was almost happy herself. Yet each time the mail was brought to the shanty she dreaded to look at it, and the sight of a stranger made her shake with fear. Ansel Coffin had threatened to come to Trumet. If he came, she had made up her mind what to do.

The parish committee was to meet. Captain Elkanah announced his intention of moving that John Ellery be expelled from the Regular church. There was to be no compromise, no asking for

(Continued on page 16)

Eastbound

PAUL GEBAUER

May came into the land and with it our parting from Soppo. We made it short for the heart cared to stay while the mind was eastbound. In a friend's Chevy we bounced over the mountain road downhill to the lowlands, passed once again through the splendors of tropical forest at morning time, and in a great rush made for Mundame, a trading-post in the Mongo Valley. Goodbye we said to our friend, to Soppo-field, to Mount Cameroon and set our faces eastward for a new field and new tasks. Canoes waited the following morning. In went provisions, loads and the bath-tub of our fellow-travelers, the Schirmachers, plus the rest of loads and company. Upstream we crossed, stepped on French soil and marched for about two hours through bush and with us most faithfully—the bathtub.

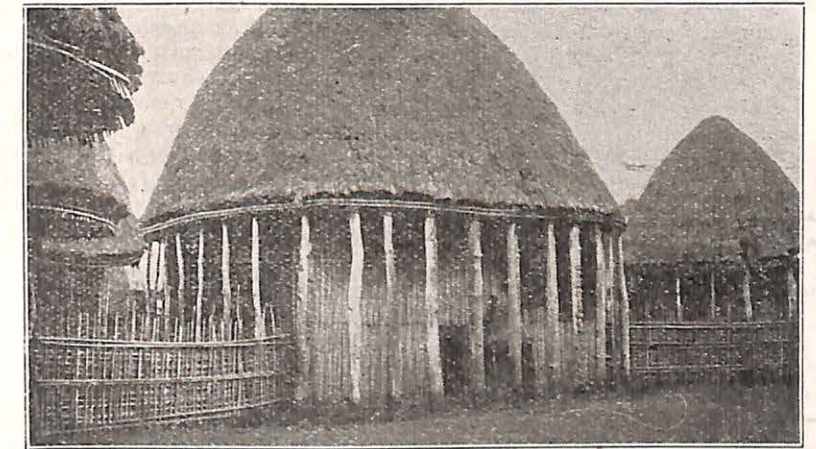
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"Civilization on its last leg" we thought as we viewed our goal, the railroad ties. The train from Duala moved in, crowded with black and white. The cars were rattling and shaking and wiggling boxes. More inviting was the study of our fellow-passengers. To the right of the door sat a French father of the Santa Claus type: front-buttoned white coat and a long, long beard. Next to Santa Claus were two nuns. In the next compartment: a coffeeplanter from Fouban, his lady, some travelers, German and American workers of our mission. Next compartment: more traders, more ladies, one in black, weeping. Next: British officers on their way to the interior.

What a mixed combination of callings, occupations, nations. Santa Claus read a great deal, anxiously dodging to be seen from the outside. Once he was caught at the window; eager hands of his black flock reached for his: embarrassed he drove his sheep with "Move, move" away. The nuns exchanged cheap prints of Roman saints. Traders and planters talked, read, ate, laughed and laughed, ate, read and talked. The lady in black kept on weeping. The British doctor studied the passing landscape, while his friend, the young officer, was busy entertaining the wife just come out from England.—And what a diversity of ideals and interests. Here the British Empire, there French capital. Here Rome, there the gospel. Inside natives dressed in western fashion; outside a crowd of half-clad Africans. And we thought of Van Loon's words: "We are all of us fellow-passengers on the same planet and we are all of us equally responsible for the happiness and the well-being of the world in which we happen to live."

* * * *

Nkongsamba, the terminus of the French Northern Railroad, offers surprises to the traveler. Broad avenues lead to the business center. Clean stores display the latest and cheapest from the West. Government buildings fit neatly



The Bee-Hive Roofed Huts between Ukangs Ambe and Fouban

into African architecture and landscape. Marvels of roads lead into the interior. Could, of course, these matchless highways whisper they would tell you about the tears and agonies which go hand in hand with forced labor, with taxation burdens and with the employment of women and children. And we thought of it as the truck swept over 150 miles of the smooth road to bring loads, bathtub and us eastward. The mean-looking huts of the Bantu disappeared. Square-built houses with bee-hive grass roofs came into sight and they in turn made place for an architecture all its own: Fouban City.

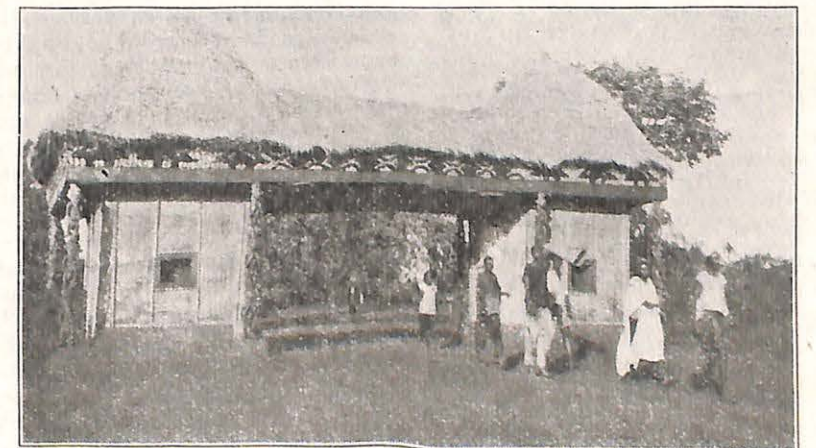
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We pass the neglected walls of the once fortified city; we pass through the gate, a fair representation of Bamum art; we pass along strangely painted houses; we meet with a proud and beautiful race of peasants, craftsmen, traders, artists. It is said that about 40,000 live in this place. Excellent work is done among them by the French Protestants. A great church, built entirely by the nationals and without financial help from outside, is the center of Protestant activities. Touching stories are being told about these Black Sheep of our Redeemer, many of whom passed through fierce persecution during the last war. There must have lived among this intelligent people a type of missionaries who not only preached but also

showed by example and by sharing that abundance of life found in Christ Jesus.

King N'jova is the soul of the wonder city. He is the promoter of Bamum art in all her variety. He beautified the capital and held order in times past, quite in a cruel manner, of course. He built the temple for the religion he created for his people (a mixture of Islam and Christianity). He invented an alphabet and taught his nation the art of writing. He built the palace, that queer piece of art,—halls of confusing number, rooms filled with treasures of old, hallways and courtyards, palms and harems speak of a glory that has been. For the soul of palace and city, King N'jova, has been exiled and his leaders are scattered. No more desert glory, no more gayety in town or palace. The palace crumbles into dust. Tired the walls lean westward, willing to fall and to die with their master. An African kingdom passes away. Up yonder, where the big church stands, heralds of a new dawn speak about a kingdom which shall never pass away. And it is spoken about in the brass foundries of the city, in the blacksmithshops, among the weavers, in the assembly of the wood-carvers, the women in the fields sing about it and it is lived out daily and hourly by those who believe and proclaim that His kingdom is coming.

(Continued on page 15)



Fouban City Gate



The Old Edifice

Fleischmann Memorial Church Celebrates Ninetieth Anniversary

The ninetieth anniversary of the Fleischmann Memorial Church in Philadelphia, Pa., was a colorful feature of the Atlantic Conference of German Baptist churches held at the celebrating church from Sept. 13-17. A brief report concerning the anniversary services will probably be welcomed by German Baptists of North America.

The spirit and achievements of the early pioneers in establishing the work of God's Kingdom among Germans in this country were remembered with grateful appreciation. The life of Konrad Anton Fleischmann, the founder of the church in Philadelphia, which bears his name, was reviewed in vivid detail. Recognition of the marvelous heritage which is ours from the past was made by many of the speakers in hopefully facing the future.

The formal anniversary service of the church was held on Sunday morning, Sept. 17, participated in by a large congregation of members of the church and conference visitors. Two former ministers brought the messages with a wistful backward glance as well as a g'adsome forward look. Prof. Lewis Kaiser of Rochester, N. Y., who was pastor of the church from 1884-1888, spoke in German on "Man Proposes and God Disposes." The Christian Church represented by the devotion and sacrifice of its members is just as indispensable to God's work on earth as God's grace and power are to the Christian's individual life. The guidance of God within the institution is just as necessary as his leadership in personal affairs. The Rev. F. P. Kruse, now chaplain of the Philadelphia Home for the Aged, who was pastor of the church from 1920-1927, brought an English message on the text, "Remember the days of old."

On Friday evening of the conference a dramatic sketch, entitled "Nine Decades

of History," was presented by a group of local church people. In the brief scenes certain significant phases in the history of the church were presented with introductory remarks by the scroll reader. Fleischmann's call to America, the first baptismal services and the organization of the church, the first German Baptist conference held in Philadelphia, the death of Fleischmann, the min-



Konrad A. Fleischmann

istry of Rev. J. S. Gubelmann, the story of the mission churches, the thirty years of service of Miss Hanna L. Seils, the missionary, the dedication of the new church and snapshot pictures of recent times were depicted in rapid succession. A large framed photograph of Miss Seils was unveiled during the program.



J. S. Gubelmann

On Tuesday evening, Sept. 19, the more informal occasion of the church's anniversary was held with many members and friends in attendance. Hymns which had been translated by Fleischmann were sung during the service. Prof. L. Kaiser brought the main message of the evening, recalling reminiscences of the happy past. The Rev. William Kuhn spoke of invaluable experiences which were associated in his life with this church. The Rev. Herman Kaaz, minister from 1903-1919, brought greetings and congratulations. Brief remarks were made by Bro. Theodore Felsberg, a dear friend of the church, the Rev. J. G. Draewell, pastor of the Second Church, the brethren Fred Blessing, Reuldyia Wenzel, Miss Henrietta Sheetz, and Miss Ruth C. Doescher, representing the church. Letters were read from Miss



Lewis Kaiser

Hannah L. Seils in North Freedom, Wis.; the Rev. and Mrs. August Kraemer in Edmonton, Alberta; Mrs. Anna Goettmann in Henrietta, Tex.; and Mr. Henry Windisch of Philadelphia, who could not be present because of illness. The festive fellowship was continued in the social period with refreshments after the program.

The church now enters the last decade on its way toward the century. Its past has been glorious and happy. It has always rejoiced in the share it has had in making German Baptist history in America. It faces the future days with a prayer of courage, a deeper consecration, and the strength to continue in building God's Kingdom through the medium of this oldest German Baptist church in North America.

MARTIN L. LEUSCHNER.

Sundays Abroad

WALTER A. STAUB

PART TWO

Our stay in London included a Sunday on which we attended the service at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, made world-known through the preaching of Charles H. Spurgeon. We had the pleasure of meeting after the service the present pastor, the Rev. H. Tydeman Chivers.

In Germany

Our first Sunday on the Continent was spent in Berlin. In 1925 my brother spent a half year in Berlin and made the Schmidstrasse Baptistengemeinde his church home for the time being. The friendship established at that time with the pastor, Brother Rockschie, and others have continued through the years. It was but natural, therefore, that we should attend services at that church. Despite the fact that it was the end of July, Brother Rockschie was not on vacation but in the pulpit, and it was a privilege both to sit under his preaching and to participate in the other parts of the service. It was pleasant to renew friendship with Brother Rockschie and his good wife and to meet Brother Gezork, who is well known to our churches in America. The fellowship was continued through the day by having Brother Gezork at dinner with us and by the group of us being entertained at tea in the home of Geschwister Rockschie. Those who have had evening tea in a

home in Germany know that it includes much more than merely a cup of tea. This was the case in the present instance and in addition there were hours of delightful companionship.

Those who were active in our Second Church in Philadelphia in the early nineteenth hundreds will recall the Wantzloebe family and the three Schmidt brothers. The two Wantzloebe daughters were excellent singers who made a very helpful contribution to our choir, and the Schmidt brothers were leading factors in organizing and training a Männerchor in the church. Hans Schmidt was its first director—and an exceptionally good one—whom it was my privilege to succeed when he left Philadelphia, and George Schmidt, long since deceased, was its first president. That they laid a good foundation is evident from the fact that after some thirty years the Männerchor still exists and is active in the church.

Some years before the World War the Wantzloebe family returned to Germany, one of the daughters, Gretchen, becoming the wife of a German army officer, and the other, Anna, marrying a business man. Hans Schmidt went to China some years before the war, married a German girl while there, and after the war returned to Germany with his family.

Among the delightful incidents of our visit to Germany three years ago were the meetings with the old friends, Gretchen Wantzloebe Hensler, and Hans Schmidt, and becoming acquainted with their families. Since then she has passed on to glory, but we had the pleasure of a visit with Brother Hensler, who is now retired from army service and who is an active member of the Gubenerstrasse Gemeinde in Berlin. Unfortunately, our "Sangesbruder in alter Zeit," Hans Schmidt, was out of the city when we were in Berlin this time so that there was no opportunity for reminiscing with him about old times.

Switzerland

Our next Sunday found us in Zurich, Switzerland, a city which always has a special interest for me because it was only a few miles from it, near the lake of the same name, that my father was born. Twenty years ago, when my brother and I attended the World's Sunday School Convention in Zurich, we had naturally visited our Baptist church, the Salems-Gemeinde, in that city. It was our privilege at that time to hear the noted F. B. Meyer of London preach in that church. The sermon was in English—I still recall that his subject was the lame man healed by Peter and John as they were going into the temple—and was interpreted into German, sentence by sentence, by Brother Mascher of Berlin, the then director of the Kamerun Mission.

It was therefore but natural that we should attend the Sunday service at the Salems-Gemeinde on the occasion of our latest visit to Zurich. We missed the pastor of the church, Brother Meister,



Edifice of the Fleischmann Memorial Church, Philadelphia

a substantial man among our Swiss Baptist group, as he was away on a short vacation, but we enjoyed the service nevertheless. Our brief stay in Zurich also afforded us opportunity for a visit with my uncle, Karl Stieber, whom the members of our Second Church in Philadelphia will recall, as he was a member there for about forty years. Since he is now living permanently in Switzerland, he has become a citizen there and also became a member of our church in Zurich.

A week later we were in Montreux in French speaking Switzerland. So far as I know we have no Baptist church in that city. Consequently, we attended the morning service at Christ Church-Lauren which is a part of the Church of England. In journeying about Europe I have been repeatedly impressed with the outreach of the Church of England in its endeavor to meet the religious needs of English speaking people in foreign countries. We have attended Church of England services in such widely separated places as Madrid in Spain, Taormina in Sicily, Milan in Italy and, as just mentioned, in Montreux, Switzerland. The ritualistic service of the Church of England does not appeal to me as much as the simple service of our Baptist churches, or of our sister denominations, the Presbyterians and Methodists. However, in the absence of the latter I prefer the former to absenting myself entirely from divine service on the Lord's day.

France

Our last Sunday in Europe on this trip was spent in Paris. There we naturally visited the American Church. When my brother and I first visited this church in 1913 it was located in the Rue de Berri. It is now at 65 Quai d'Orsay, which is not far from the Eiffel Tower and easily reached from any part of Paris. A few years ago a new church building was erected which is both architecturally attractive and adequate in its facilities for the work the church attempts to do. In addition to its religious services, it endeavors to meet in a special way the needs of American students in Paris. This is a real contribution to their welfare.

The American Church in Paris has an

interesting history. Some of the features of it are given in the following notes which I obtained from the Rev. Clayton E. Williams, the associate minister of the church:

This was the first American church to be established on foreign soil, and it is the oldest non-official American organization in Europe. It is a union church, inviting to its fellowship all who accept the Lord Jesus as Master. In its stained glass windows, every form of Christianity is represented—Catholic, Orthodox, Anglican and Protestant.

Three presidents have worshipped in this church—Ulysses S. Grant, Theodore Roosevelt, and Woodrow Wilson. A French Prime Minister, William Waddington, attended its Sunday school. Its first presiding layman was Dr. Thomas W. Evans, Philadelphia dentist, who arranged for Empress Eugenie's escape to England after the catastrophe of Sedan. Among those who have spoken or sung in this church are Charles H. Spurgeon, Dwight L. Moody, Ira D. Sankey, Charles Wagner, "Gypsy" Smith, and Homer Rodeheaver.

Lorado Taft, sculptor, and Josiah G. Holland, poet, have been among its Sunday school superintendents. Leland Stanford University was "born" in the mind of its founder as a result of a sermon he heard in this church. Mrs. Leila Morse Rummel, daughter of Samuel F. B. Morse, inventor of the telegraph, was the first Primary teacher; her father was one of the organizers of the church.

As a congregation, the church can trace its history back to the First Empire. The first edifice was constructed in 1857 in the Rue de Berri. The present edifice at 65 Quai d'Orsay was dedicated in 1931.

The Homeward Journey

brought us one more Sunday afloat. The Cunard Line, on whose good ship "Aquitania" we returned to America, makes provisions for both Catholic and Protestant passengers. Each morning at half past seven and at eight o'clock there are Roman Catholic services in the library and on Sunday such services are held at eight o'clock and at half past nine. Sun-

(Continued on page 15)

Our Devotional Meeting

August F. Runtz

November 12, 1933

A Program for Peace

Isa. 2:1-5

Disarmament. "Armaments are the chief cause of fear between nations. Fear is the chief cause of war. War produces still greater fear. Fear in turn produces larger armaments. This is the vicious circle in which the nations have been traveling during the past century, with armaments piling higher and higher, and fear steadily increasing." What is needed is for nations not only to renounce war, but to put away the implements of war. Cease building larger armaments and peace will have a chance.

Teach Peace. Isaiah based his hope of peace on the fact that Jehovah would teach the nations his ways, and that the nations would cease learning how to fight. The achievements of peace, the heroes of peace, and the persons who have accomplished something worthwhile ought to be glorified in our schools, as in the past the heroes of war have been glorified. If the money spent upon armaments were used in the promotion of good-will, and methods of better understanding among nations were organized, the implements of war would soon be relegated to the scrap-heaps of barbarism.

Accepting Christ's Way of Life. When Isaiah had his great dream of world peace he saw the people of many nations going up to the house of God, and there being taught his ways. And that still remains the greatest program of world peace. All other efforts made to secure peace are fine as far as they go, and will doubtless achieve much. But the fundamental difficulty lies in the human heart. It is here that a change must take place. Jesus came teaching us to say "Our Father." God is the Father of us all, and we are his children. When a person has experienced the forgiving grace of God in his own soul he will be unable to hold a grudge against another. His old theory of "an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth," leaves him. At his Master's feet he learns to pray for his enemies. So our big task as Christians is to follow Christ's way of life, and to convert the world to him and his cause. Why not try Christ's way?

November 19, 1933

Avoiding Shams and Pretenses

Matt. 23:1-39

Shams and Pretenses Denounced. In our Scripture passage the scribes and Pharisees are denounced by Jesus in words perhaps the most terrible in the whole Bible. They are a very thunderstorm of indignation. His indignation is aroused against those whose pretended charity is a lie. They take the property

of widows, perhaps through foreclosures, or by appealing to their religious natures and use it for themselves, but that their sordid avarice may not be known they offer long prayers for the widows. But the prayers are not genuine, they are only masks, for they do not have the widow's welfare at heart at all. Again these people stand at the street corners and pray. Nothing wrong about that. But the motive is wrong, for it is done, not to direct people's thoughts toward God, but toward themselves. These words of Christ are a denunciation of all sham and pretense wherever and whenever existent.

Shams and Pretenses Exposed. No one ever "pulled the wool over the eyes" of our Master. He saw not only the deed, but the motive back of it. When he saw two men in the temple praying he knew exactly why the prayers were offered. When he watched the people drop their gifts into the temple treasury he knew the motive of every gift. (Did you ever see a dollar bill spread over a collection plate?) He knows as well, and perhaps better, than we do when our acts are only sham, and when they genuinely express the inner desires of our hearts. His gaze penetrates us as an X-ray! He knows whether we do a thing to make a good impression, or because we sincerely desire to be a help.

Non Essentials May Be Shams and Pretenses. Yes it is right and good, Jesus said, to pay the tithe, but to do this is no excuse for omitting the weightier matters, clear spiritual discernment, love to one's neighbor, humble trust in God. Some little insignificant thing is often the excuse for neglecting the worship services of the church. How often is a candidate for baptism or church-membership asked whether he will keep the greatest commandment, "thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy strength, and thy neighbor as thyself?" Do not the questions usually revolve themselves about questions of a secondary nature?

November 26, 1933

What Have We to Thank God For?

Psalms 103:1-5

When Prosperity Takes Its Flight. Just a few years ago the popular Thanksgiving sermon dealt with our material prosperity. With pride we pointed to the wealth and achievements of our great country; to magnificent skyscrapers, the full granaries and the well-spread dinner-table. We said: "Here are the things God has given us, let us give thanks." But today things are different. In the very shadow of those same skyscrapers men, and even women

and children, lie outdoors all night on newspapers, and beg for food during the day. Material prosperity has simply departed from a large part of our people. Therefore many people feel that there is little left for which to thank God, as though God were to blame for our present state of affairs, and as though "what shall we eat" and "what shall we wear" were the chief concerns of life. Christ is still ours. Love, peace, and hope may be still ours.

Thank God for Life. Albert Schweitzer, that super-man of our day, says that when he sees all the misery of the world, he is really never glad to be alive. And yet he regards life as a great gift and is making a noble use of his life. Life itself is our greatest gift from God. We never asked for it—it was given to us—and it shall never end for any of us. It can be destroyed only in the sense that it may become worthless and miserable. But Christ came that this might not be. He came that we might have life abundantly, life at its best.

Thank God For Forgiveness. Mr. Spurgeon says of David: "He selects a few of the choicest pearls from the casket of divine love, threads them on the string of memory, and hangs them about the neck of gratitude. Pardoned sin is, in our experience, one of the choicest boons of grace, one of the earliest gifts of mercy—in fact, the needful preparation for enjoying all that follows it. Till iniquity is forgiven, healing, redemption, and satisfaction are unknown blessings."

December 3, 1933

Causes and Cures of Poverty

Psalms 82:1-8

Laziness. Some people are poor because they are lazy. They would not work even in the midst of ideal economic conditions. They believe that the world owes them a living and they're not going to work for it. A lazy husband, a lazy wife, and you have a dirty and slovenly home. The vast amount of poverty today, however, is caused not by laziness but by unemployment. People anxious to work, yet unable to find it. Many things combine to cause unemployment.

Concentration of Wealth. Even the prophets of old saw the danger of such a condition. "Woe to them that join house to house, that lay field to field." (Isa. 5:8). Most economists agree that "The concentration of wealth in the hands of the few constitute one of the most glaring defects in our economic structure; one of the profound and far-reaching causes of poverty." Two per cent of our population own sixty per cent of the wealth; thirty-three per cent own thirty-five per cent; sixty-five per cent of the population own five per cent of the wealth.

November 1, 1933

Modern Machinery. Unless some way is found to give the worker the benefit of the machine it becomes a curse and not a blessing at all. A modern machine will do the work that formerly required 10, 20, 50 or even 100 men to do, and it will do it in less time. But who is going to buy the goods manufactured by this machine, if only one-half the people are employed and these must feed and clothe the unemployed?

Attempts to Abolish Poverty. There can be no one remedy, for the reason that it has no single cause. Many manufacturers have been making a sincere attempt to help their own workers by giving bonuses, providing insurance, old-age pension, and the like. Our administration in Washington is making a desperate attempt to help. Many noble-minded men and women are striving to find a way out.

The Christian Principle. Whatever attempts may be made it is certain that we shall never succeed until the teachings of Christ find their application. The true worth of the individual must be recognized. Men must learn to love their neighbors as themselves. "He hath showed thee, O man what is good; and what doth Jehovah require of thee, but to do justly, and to love kindness, and to walk humbly with thy God."

December 10, 1933

What Does Salvation Mean?

John 3:16-17

Salvation From Something. "Salvation" is one of the great words of the Bible; Notice how often it appears, and how varied is its application. "And thou shalt call his name Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins." "The eternal purpose of God is to save people from their sins. And until we are saved from sin, we are not saved at all. For this cause God sent his Son. To this end Christ died and rose again. When we are saved from sin, then we are saved from its guilt, from its dominion, and from its penalties, both present and future."

Salvation For Something. When Christ saved Paul he not only saved him from a life of harming others, and his soul from eternal destruction, but he saved his life for a noble career. And every one of us is saved from something for three distinct purposes. We are to come "unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ." Here then is one of the purposes of salvation, that we grow spiritually until we take on the character of Jesus Christ. Then we are saved to serve God and our fellowmen in order to build God's Kingdom here on earth. Surely we are also saved for a time when we "shall behold the King in his beauty."

How We Are Saved. Our Scripture passage shows clearly that salvation comes from God. It is something that has been done for us which we could not do for ourselves. But there is also a

responsibility placed upon us, for it is possible to reject this salvation. The Word says: "whosoever believeth on him." And to believe on him is to completely trust him, not simply to assent to some truth about him. It is to adopt his way of life, to commit oneself wholly to the cause for which he lived and died.

Sundays Abroad

(Continued from page 13)

day morning at eleven o'clock the Protestant service (Church of England) is held in the lounge in first class to which the passengers of the other classes are, I understand, also invited. The turnout was gratifying, the large lounge with hundreds of chairs being filled.

The service was conducted by the Staff captain of the ship and was made attractive by the participation of the ship's orchestra. Some fifty or more officers and stewards marched in as a body, sat together and served as a choir for the chants of the service as well as supporting effectively the singing of the hymns. Apparently, there was no clergyman of distinction aboard, or, if there was, he had not been discovered, as no sermon was delivered. On the whole, however, the service was edifying, as the music was good, the two Scripture passages (one from the Old Testament and one from the New Testament) were well read, and the prayers included in the ritual would be inspirational to a thinking person with a spiritual appetite.

The Cunard Line has had specially printed a book containing "Service with Prayers from the Book of Common Prayer and Hymns Selected for Worship on Board the Vessels of the Cunard Fleet." It was interesting to observe the following footnote on those pages of the book which contained prayers for King George:

On Passenger Steamers employed on the Company's service to and from ports of the United States of America, the words "and the President of the United States" are to be used.

My first thought in writing this account of some Sundays spent abroad had been merely to recount briefly the visits made to churches in a number of places on the journey, but I have been led to reminisce a bit and to introduce matter which may not be of general interest but which will probably interest certain groups who have had contact in the past with some of the persons mentioned herein. If the article stirs up some, who would otherwise not do so while vacation-

ing, to visit a church wherever they may happen to be spending Sunday, the main purpose of this article will have been accomplished. Not only may interesting contacts and experiences result from such a visit, but the visitor to a church who comes from a distance will bring interest and stimulus to the church and thus render it a real service. Let us render such service whenever we can!

Eastbound

(Concluded from page 11)

We left the dreaming wonder city and journeyed across highland-plains, passed between meager farms, halted in little settlements for shelter and food on our way to the respective places of labor. On Sunday morning we arrived in Bangolan, an out-station of Bro. Orthner's field. We spoke to a people who not only witnessed for the Living One but also suffered for his name's sake. Their language we understood not, but our hearts went out to them as they sang about Jesus.—We parted. The Schirmachers, interesting and good company, went uphill into the cold land of the Nsungli. The third of the party turned to the left to make his way into the Belo Valley. Adolf Orthner's kingdom "Under Africa's Sun." He marched over waterless plains, along red-dusty roads, rested in the huts of red-painted natives, crossed a high mountain-range, and—in the glittering of a noon-day sun—saw one day in the valley to his feet the huts and the church of Belo-Station.

Did You Find One?

The typographical error is a slippery thing and sly,
You can hunt till you are dizzy, but it somehow will get by.
Till the forms are off the presses it is strange how still it keeps;
It shrinks down into a corner and it never stirs or peeps,
That typographical error, too small for human eyes,
Till the ink is on the paper, when it grows to mountain size.
The boss he stares with horror, then he grabs his hair and groans;
The copy reader drops his head upon his hand and moans—
The remainder of the issue may be clean as clean can be,
But that typographical error is the only thing you see.

—*Knockville, Iowa, Express.*

FILMS	DEVELOPED	ANY ROLL — 6 or 8 EXPOSURES	25c
	and PRINTED	REPRINTS, ALL SIZES, 4c 12 EXPOSURE ROLL, 50c	
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Keziah Coffin

(Continued from page 10)

a resignation; he must be discharged, thrown out in disgrace. The county papers were full of the squabble, but they merely reported the news and did not take sides. The fight was too even for that.

Captain Zeb chuckled. "It's all right, Keziah," he said. "We know what's what and who's who. The Rev. Mr. Ellery can preach here for the next hundred year, if he lives that long and wants to, and he can marry whoever he pleases, besides. Elkanah's licked and he knows it. He ain't got enough backers to man a lobster dory. Let him holler; noise don't scare grown folks."

One afternoon a few days before the date set for the meeting Elkanah and two or three of his henchmen were on the piazza of the Daniels home, discussing the situation. They were blue and downcast. Annabel was in the sitting room, shedding tears of humiliation and jealous rage on the haircloth sofa.

"Well," observed her father, "there's one thing we can do. If the vote in committee goes against us, I shall insist on the calling of a congregational meeting. Hum—ha! Yes, I shall insist on that."

"Won't do no good, cap'n," sniced Beriah Salters dolefully. "The biggest part of the congregation's for Ellery, and you know it. They're as sot on him as if he was the angel Gabriel. If you'd only told what you knew afore this small-pox business, we'd have been able to give him and his Come-Outer woman what b'longs to 'em. But not now."

Captain Daniels shifted uneasily in his chair.

"Hum—ha!" he barked, to cover confusion. "Hum—ha! It seemed to me more—er—charitable to give the misguided young man another chance, and I did. But— What's that?"

Some one was talking excitedly on the sidewalk beyond the lilac bush at the border of the Daniels property. Voices answered. Didama Rogers darted out of her yard and past the house in the direction of the sounds. Salters rose and walked down to the gate.

"Hey!" he shouted. "Halloo! Ahoy there! You, Em'lous, what is it?"

Emulus Sparrow, the fish peddler, was seated in his cart, which was surrounded by men and women, neighbors of the Danielses. There was a perfect storm of questionings and ejaculations. Salters opened the gate and joined the group. A moment later he came running back, up the walk toward the piazza.

"Cap'n," he shouted. "Cap'n Elkanah, here's news! What do you think? A telegram's just come from Nat Hammond. He's safe and sound in New York, and he'll be here day after tomorrow."

They could not believe it and rushed out to hear more. Emulous, glowing with importance, affirmed that it was so. He had seen the telegram at the store. It was for Grace Van Horne and they were

Announcing to the Baptist Herald Boosters the 1934 Campaign

As this campaign approaches and our boosters all over the country are planning their share in it, the Publication House wants to inject some additional enthusiasm into the endeavor.

THIS YEAR'S PRIZE

consists of a beautiful box of Christmas Cards that will be sent to any and all boosters who will send 10 or more subscriptions, accompanied by the cash to Cleveland before December 10th. The purpose is to encourage an early start in making up the list of subscribers for the New Year and to get them into the hands of the publisher earlier than usual which makes for better service.

These Christmas boxes contain 21 beautiful greeting cards which will be given entirely free to any booster who gets his 10 or more "Baptist Herald" readers to Cleveland before, and not later than, December 10th.

This arrangement has the advantage of getting the cards into the hands of the prize winners sufficiently early to be sent to their friends. If preferred the box of cards can be sold for 75 cents which is our advertised price.

Now let's be up and doing!

German Baptist
Publication Society
3734 Payne Avenue
Cleveland, Ohio.

just going to send a boy over to the shanty with it.

"No details nor nothin'," he declared. Just said 'Am all right. Arrived today. Will be in Trumet Thursday.' And 'twas signed 'Nathaniel Hammond.' There!"

"Well, by thunder!" exclaimed Salters. "If that don't beat all. I wonder what's happened to him? Two year gone and give up for dead, and now— What do you cal late it means?"

Captain Elkanah seized him by the arm and led him out of the group. The old man's face was alight with savage joy and his voice shook with exultation.

"I'll tell you one thing it means," he whispered. "It means the end of Ellery, so far as his marrying her is concerned. She gave her word to Hamomnd and she'll keep it. She's no liar, whatever else she is. He may be minister of the Regular church, though I'll never set under him, but he'll never marry her now."

(To be continued)

But the Cow Might Mind

A town girl, staying in the country, became friendly with a young farmer of the rustic type.

One evening, as they were strolling across a meadow, they saw a cow and her calf rubbing noses in affectionate fashion.

"Ah," sighed the farmer, sheepishly, "that makes me want to do the same!"

"Well, go ahead," said the girl, calmly; "it's your cow, isn't it?"—Tit-Bits.

Trees

(Close to Highways)

I think that I shall never see,
Along the road an unscraped tree

With bark intact, and painted white,
That no car ever hit at night.

For every tree that's near the road
Has caused some auto to be towed.

Sideswiping trees is done a lot
By drivers who are not so hot.

God gave them eyes so they could see,
Yet any fool can hit a tree.

—Evangelical Crusader.

All Askew

Little Billy, aged four, was being shown the shape of the earth on a globe atlas by his mother. After pointing out all the countries with their peculiar shapes, she asked, "Now, Billy, what shape is the world?"

Billy, looking very wise and happy, beamed on her with: "It's in a terrible shape, Daddy says."—Parents' Magazine.

* * *

Teacher was going to give an object lesson. "Tommy," she began, "why does your father put storm-windows on every fall?"

"Well," said Tommy, "Mother keeps at him until he finally gives in."