

The Baptist Herald

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

Volume Eleven

CLEVELAND, O., NOVEMBER 15, 1933

Number Twenty-two

A Thanksgiving Prayer

O God, we humbly pray
To thee this glad Thanksgiving Day,
The time that has been set apart
To speak from overflowing heart
Of thy great love.

We thank thee for thy watchful care
O'er us, thy children, everywhere:
For health, for food, and needs supplied—
All has been given, naught denied
From thy great store.

Nor would we scorn our grief and pain,
For as the sunshine follows rain,
So joy with sorrow ever goes,
And even the most lovely rose
Must have its thorn.

Keep us from sin: we would not have
Sin kept from us, though we are weak,
But ask thee for the strength to rise
Above, to where a nobler prize
Is ours to win.

Help us, that when at last we know
Our work is finished here below
We then may go prepared to be
Forever in eternity
With thee. Amen.

C. A. Lufborrow in "Classmate."

What's Happening

Mr. Louis B. Berndt, a graduate of this year's class of the German Department of our seminary in Rochester, has become the new pastor of our church at Shebcygan, Wis., succeeding the Rev. Wm. Schweitzer.

Rev. Albert Knopf, pastor of the First Church of Dickinson County, Elmo, Kans., has resigned to take effect with the end of the year. Bro. Knopf has no other church in view at present and awaits the leading of the Lord.

Rev. John Koschel, formerly pastor at New Leipzig, N. Dak., is now the pastor of the church at McIntosh, S. Dak. He began his new charge the first of October. He reports a revival at the Annental station of his church with over thirty conversions.

Dr. F. W. Simoleit, Missionary Director of our Cameroon Missionary Society from Neu-Ruppin, Germany, will speak at a Missionary Mass Meeting at the First Church, Chicago, Paulina and Superior Sts., on Sunday, November 19, at 3 P. M. All are invited.

"Baptist Herald" Posters with explanatory letter have been mailed to all boosters on the list of the business manager, Mr. H. P. Donner. If any have not received them or if there are changes since last fall in the name of the booster, please notify Rev. A. P. Mihm, Box 6, Forest Park, Ill., and copies will be forwarded at once.

Rev. David Zimmerman, who has been pastor of the First Baptist Church of Arnprior, Ontario, Canada, for the past three and a half years, presented his resignation to the church on Sunday, Oct. 22. Bro. Zimmerman has accepted the call of the Union Baptist Church of Arnold, Pa. He and Mrs. Zimmerman plan to begin work in their new field of activity about November 15.

Miss Alethea Kose, missionary worker and director of religious education at the Bethel Church, Detroit, Mich., has received a furlough for a year and is using this period to pursue further studies at the University of Chicago, looking forward to a Master's degree in Religious Education. Miss Kose is domiciled at the Women's Baptist Missionary Training School on Vernon Ave., where by invitation she has become a part-time member of the faculty.

Two girls of our German Baptist churches are at present students at the Women's Baptist Missionary Training School in Chicago. They are Miss Frieda Remboldt from Gackle, N. Dak., and Miss Irma Theis from the Andrews St. Church, Rochester, N. Y. Both are seniors. Rev. A. P. Mihm gave an address before the student body at the devotional hour on Oct. 11. There are about 45 students at the school in spite of the depression and

the dearth of new appointments for workers. May God soon again open doors for these consecrated young women!

Rev. Rudolph A. Klein, pastor of the Mt. Zion Baptist Church, Geary Co., Kans., had the privilege of baptizing five boys of the junior age in Lyons Creek on Oct. 1. They were converted at special meetings held last Spring, conducted by Rev. G. A. Lang of Lorraine, Kans. All of the boys are related to minister's families. Four are nephews to Rev. O. Brenner. One is also a grandson of Rev. C. F. Tiemann, another a grandson of Rev. O. Zecker. Another is related to Mrs. E. Fromm and Mrs. R. A. Klein, both minister's wives. We hope they will grow up to honor their ancestry and to be workers in the kingdom of God.

Sheldon Beise, one of our German Baptist boys from the Minnetrista, Minn., church, is making a mark these days in Western Conference (The Big Ten) football history. The "Chicago Tribune" refers to him as "the hard-hitting sophomore full-back of the Minnesota State University team, who is already being heralded as a fitting addition to a great line of Gopher line smashers, which included Joesting, Nagurski and Manders." Sheldon, who hails from Mound, Minn., is known to many who attended the assemblies at Mound with him and who watched with interest his growing athletic prowess from year to year.

The Editor of the "Baptist Herald" spent four days, Oct. 19-22, following the Sunday School Convention at White Butte, S. Dak., with Rev. F. Trautner and became acquainted with the widespread field of a typical Western circuit preacher, where the automobile has supplanted the earlier means of locomotion, the horse. Bro. Trautner lives in Lemmon and preaches at three stations,—viz. at Bison, about 45 miles southwest, at Hetlinger, about 26 miles west, and at a schoolhouse about 25 miles northwest. A lot has been acquired at Bison, a thriving little county-seat town, and it is hoped to start building a church edifice in the Spring. We preached at two week-day evening services and at three services on Sunday. The Mission festival on Sunday afternoon filled the church at White Butte. The offering was over \$53. Bro. Trautner is doing a self-sacrificing work on this extended and promising field, ably assisted by his musically-gifted wife, who is doing a fine work with the children. God bless our western prairie preachers!

Rev. G. O. Heide Resigns at Bethany

On the 24th of September, Rev. G. O. Heide resigned from his work with the Bethany Church at Vesper, Kans., completing fifty years in the ministry of the

gospel, the last seventeen years being spent with the Bethany Church.

These have been years of progress in the organization and spirit of every department and sixty-seven members have been added to the church by baptism.

His long and successful pastorate is due to the fact that he could enter into the feelings and circumstances of his people. His kindly interest in the spiritual progress and general welfare of his congregation made him a true shepherd for his flock.

Ordination Service at Stafford, Kansas

The 19th day of October, 1933, was one of special interest and delight for the members of our church at Stafford, Kans. It was the day when their new pastor, Alfred Weisser, was ordained for the Christian ministry.

A large number of delegates and visitors assembled for the occasion. The large attendance was made possible partly by the association which preceded the ordination services. The association met at the Bison church, and delegates and visitors were asked to go directly from Bison to Stafford. All of our German Baptist churches were represented with one or two delegates besides the pastors. There were 30 delegates in attendance besides many visitors, including also members of the English Baptist Church of Stafford.

The Rev. H. C. Elema of the English Baptist Church of Stafford was asked to have part in the Council. He gave the charge to the church in the evening service. Bro. Weisser is a member of the 1933 graduating class of our seminary at Rochester. We wish Brother and Sister Weisser much happiness and success in the Lord's work. REPORTER.

The Baptist Herald

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The Baptist Herald

Where Are the Nine?

EDWARD S. LEWIS

ONE day, as Jesus was passing through Samaria on the way to Jerusalem, he met a group of lepers. They recognized him, and believed in him, and cried out to him to take pity on them. His heart was touched with their woe and he told them to go and show themselves to the priests. This was done that the priests might pass them as cleansed of their leprosy and break the ban which separated them from their fellow men. In full confidence, apparently, they started for the priests, and as they went they were cleansed.

And now an odd thing happened. One of the men, as he felt the healing tides coursing through his body, felt a refreshment of spirit as well. Abruptly he turned about, ran back, praising God with a loud voice, and fell on his face at the feet of Jesus, thanking him heartily for what he had done for him. The gratitude of this poor man must have touched the heart of the Master, but it emphasized the painful contrast between him and the other lepers. Sadly and sternly the Master said, "Were not all the ten lepers cleansed? And where are the nine? Is this foreigner the only one to come back and thank God for his healing?"

MANY are blessed in this world, but few are thankful. Gratitude cannot be weighed or measured, and there is no precise determination of its quantity. But, judging from what we see and hear, the measure of thanksgiving for God's good blessings is all too meager. We are thinking of ourselves too much; and the moment we get what we want we are inclined to seize it and to forget the Giver.

Is it not our heavenly Father alone that we forget in receiving benefits, but our human friends also. When we stop to think about it, it is passing strange that ingratitude is so common, or even that it should ever occur. There is no more flagrant illustration of the evil of selfishness than the readiness with which we can dismiss our benefactors from our mind when we have their gifts within our grasp. Every good gift calls for thanks, and if this call is not heard it is because our ears are muffled with selfishness. We may say, "Oh, I didn't think"; but why did I not think? Selfishness; too much absorbed in my own pleasure to remember the author of it. We do well to be ashamed of ourselves when we are guilty of this.

IN the Master's miracle healing was given to ten men. All must have been overjoyed with this, but nine of the ten rushed away from the divine Healer without giving him a word of thanks. There

was no room for him in their little minds. These were completely filled with self. It is depressing to think how often this scene is re-enacted in human life all around us; yes, even in our own lives. Few of us are wholly imbued with selfishness, it may be hoped; but a good many are selfish, more or less. Gratitude is a great virtue and an exacting one. How many people are thankful enough for their blessings? Am I thankful enough for mine?

THE thankless man is a solitary. He who lives for himself lives within himself. He is a prisoner of the most unfortunate kind. Every time he stifles impulses to thankfulness or sympathy or charity he is placing another padlock on his prison door. And this bondage is fatal in its outcome.

The Christian spirit is essentially a thankful spirit. To cultivate this we offer praises and prayers; we pause a moment before every meal to think of Him who gives us our daily bread; we observe public and private worship; and we celebrate Thanksgiving days.

All this must be as grateful to God as it is profitable to ourselves.

Thanksgiving Thoughts

The verb "thank" is derived from the same root as the verb "think." This is no accident; the two words have very much in common. Thankfulness grows out of thoughtfulness. Thankfulness is a habit. The thankful man is in the habit of considering; the thankless man rushes on, so eager to secure the next thing in sight that he fails to be grateful for that which already has come to him.

There are blessings in our lives that we never recognize. A man in a London street was once asked by a sad-looking stranger, "Did you thank God for your reason this morning?" "No," he replied, astonished at such a question. "Then go right down on your knees and thank him now," said the stranger earnestly. "I have lost mine!"

Thanksgiving is one of the qualities in which there can be no excess. Paul invites Christians to overflow with it. There are virtues of which there can be too much, such as nonconcealment and outspokenness, but to thankfulness and thanksgiving to God there can be no limit. This is not to say that we are to be always saying, "Thank God." There have been devoted men who interpolated all their conversation with the exclamations, "Thank God!" and "Praise his name!" We can say such words too glibly and thus turn religion into irreligion. But we cannot think them too often, or too often make our grateful prayer. Paul was sober and restrained

enough but not in this matter. "Continue steadfastly in prayer, watching therein with thanksgiving." "In nothing be anxious; but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God."

"Giving thanks always for all things," says Paul (Eph. 5:20). "Always." We set apart one day of the year for thanksgiving. It was intended to be the symbol of all-the-year-round thanksgiving. Too often it is only a holiday. The note of praise is lost in many instances. Paul says "for all things." However humble it be, loving thankfulness sweetens the table. However contrary to your expectations the gift may be, offer thanks unto God, and however familiar it may be. Bread and butter, birds and flowers, light and air, are life's essentials. The simplest details of life are most worthy of our thanks.

Parting Company With Jesus

PAUL WENGEL

THERE is a striking passage of New Testament scripture in John 6:66: "From that time many of his disciples went back and walked no more with him." Many who read these words will say: "Oh, if I had only been there, I would not have been among those who turned back. If Jesus were only our preacher today there would be no backsliding Christians in our church. The preachers today are to blame for the multitudes who turn aside from the way of life and from the church. If Jesus were only here neither they nor we would think of turning aside."

There is a homely old saying that advises "People who live in glass houses not to throw stones." Of course we feel we would never forsake the Christ or his cause when his demands are not too exacting and when we are in an atmosphere of life in which we are insulated against severe tests of our Christian profession. The atmosphere of church worship and the fellowship of saints, who are often more saintly in church on Sunday, than in the place of business on Monday, may be conducive to outbursts of emotion and sentimentality.

However, all these environmental fixings for the exercise of worship are missing in the office, shop, store and often in the home.

It Is Quite Another Thing

to be a loyal disciple when all people around us seem to be governed by business principles many of which have their roots in paganism. It is quite another thing, when the universal Brotherhood of man and the Golden Rule seem to be unknown doctrines in the factory, to maintain your faith in Christ. It is quite another thing to remain sweet in the home when the most exasperating things occur, especially when you are already worn out and tired. Then we remember some of the words of Jesus, and we cannot help but say with the disciples of old: "This is a hard saying, who can hear it?" And again many of his modern "disciples turn back, and walk no more with him."

In fact, it is not the hardest part of the Christian

discipleship, to obey the call and begin to follow the Master of Men. It is, when he demands to become the Bread of Life, the very existence of the disciples, that they begin to turn back. Jesus cannot submit to be coexistent with other detracting interests of life. He must be first all.

The Christian Life Is Not Easy

It is, after all, one of the great illusions perpetrated upon unsuspecting individuals, when the Christian life is made to appear so simple and easy. The beginning can be that—but its continuance to the Crown of Life is anything but simple and easy. The great Apostle Paul often illustrates it with a hard battle to be fought or a hard race to be run. Many of the crowd that followed Jesus at first had to learn that there were some **hard words**, some exacting demands in connection with faithful discipleship. That always turns the crowd back.

That is where many of our religious difficulties begin. We are looking for something **soft**. But the religion that is just **soft** is not worth much.

The "Hard Sayings" Are the Test of a Religion

Peter said: "Master, is it not enough to forgive your brother seven times?" "No," came the answer; "Not seven but seventy times seven." "Oh, but that is hard," we say. Yes it is—be it further known that God will not forgive you if you will not forgive your brother. That may be the turning point for many—where they will no longer walk with the Lord.

"Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth where moth and rust do corrupt"... for "where your treasure is there will your heart be also." But oh, how men remonstrate when their easily and ill-gotten wealth begins to slip through their fingers. How they upbraid God. How they turn away from Christ when discipleship does not mean luxury and material privilege and power. It is a hard saying—to trust implicitly in divine providence rather than to grasp material gain. That hard saying is to many the parting of the ways. Their measure of honesty and business policies will be determined by it today.

The Law of the "Second Mile"

and the "other cheek" has become to many the point of turning away from Christ. To some these sayings are so hard that they relegate them to heaven, the perfected Kingdom of God or the Jews. However, they were plainly meant to be lived with the other sayings of the Sermon of the Mount.

Many have turned aside at the point of "loving your enemies," individually and collectively. Whole armies of young men trained in Christian homes and churches were pitted against each other and taught to hate, maim and kill.

Many there are who remember that Jesus said—"Loving your enemies as yourself" is like unto loving God. Yet they will refuse to recognize the black man, the brown man and the red man as that neighbor. They part company with Jesus.

There are those who may have heard that "it were better for a man that a millstone be hung around his neck and cast into the sea than to cause

one of his little ones to stumble." Yet there are millions who jeopardize these "little ones" for the sake of an inordinate appetite for sense-numbing booze; who like Judas would sell the Lord, and their birthright too, for a mess of pottage. I tell you they part company with the Lord when they set their appetites above the welfare of others.

There are those who forget the challenging appeal of the Gospel of Christ when he says, "If any man come to me, and hate not his father, mother, wife, children, brethren and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple" (Luke 14:26). "He who loses his life for my sake and the Gospel's will find it."

This Means Full Surrender

of time, talents and things. There too—many part company with Christ. There cannot be any mental or other reservations in this matter.

"O the hurt and the shame of it when men and women part company with Christ for minor considerations." Oh the hurt and the shame of backslidden Christians, who were willing to walk with Christ when it was easy and soft, but who turned aside because his sayings were too hard. Jesus said to the twelve disciples: "Will ye also go away?" And Peter answered for himself and the rest:

"Master, whither shall we go, thou hast words of eternal life." Remember, others had said his words were hard sayings; but Peter recognized these Hard Sayings as "Words of Eternal Life."

Detroit, Mich.

From Here and There

Women and Liquor. That is something for our statesmen to think of as they work to put the liquor business back into the organic life of this nation. Liquor has always wrought havoc with women, but it is safe to say it will be worse now when it comes back as a legal business. Women have changed much in their status since the old days, and are more and more thrown out on the world on a level with men. They have been claiming the rights of men, which meant the right to sink to the low level of man rather than lift him to their level. They have become cigaret smokers all over the country. The liquor interests will see in womanhood and girlhood a fruitful field for victims as the cigaret trusts did, and with their lust for gold they will go after it.

The Book of the Ages. In the midst of all the atheistic propaganda and pulpit departures, it is refreshing to read that the British Bible Society has just issued the Gospel of Mark in Mundang, an African dialect. This is the 936th language or dialect in which the Bible or some part of it has been published. Complete New Testaments have appeared in 190 dialects. One of the latest was in Sea Dyak of Borneo. The Bible complete is printed in 174 different tongues. And is still the best seller!

Unlike the book of the month, it is the Book of the Ages!

Dean Inge rightly says, "Jesus did not come to bring a religion but to be Religion," and if we are seriously religious we will have to be according to his mind and spirit or else fail to be religious.

Religion is first of all the life of God in the soul. Religion means realization. If not, then religion soon means ritual, and that means death. The early disciples had little ritual but a mighty realization. . . . They went out with the joyful cry, "Christ liveth in me!" The Jesus of history had become the Jesus of experience.—Idem.

Lost Pastorates. How long should a pastorate be anyway? That depends on the three parties to the call: the church, the pastor, and the Holy Spirit. If pastoral relations were dissolved by the same divine guidance that is sought in the call of a pastor there would be fewer and wiser changes. Of course, when a mistake has been made in the call it must be corrected. There are misfits in the pastorate as well as in other things, but far more trouble arises from misunderstandings than from misfits. A pastor who is worth calling is usually worth keeping, and a field that is inviting may be made fruitful if all parties are laborers together with God.—Watchman-Examiner.

"Is any among you suffering? Let him pray" (Jas. v. 13). Dr. T. Bulkley Hyslop, the distinguished mental specialist, addressed the British Medical Association these words: "As an alienist, and one whose life has been concerned with the sufferings of the mind, I would state that of all the hygienic measures to counteract disturbed sleep, depression of spirits, and all the miserable sequels of a disturbed mind, I would undoubtedly give the first place to the simple habit of prayer."

A Religion

1. That **does** nothing;
 2. That **gives** nothing;
 3. That **costs** nothing;
 4. That **suffers** nothing;
- Is worth **nothing**.—So. Baptist Bulletin.

Can You Say?

The service of Christ is the business of my life.
The will of Christ is the law of my life.
The presence of Christ is the joy of my life.
The glory of Christ is the crown of my life.

A Prayer

Put any burden on me.
Only sustain me;
Send me anywhere,
Only go with me;
Sever every tie but this tie
That binds me to thy service
And to thy heart.



Vacation Bible School, Beatrice, Nebr. Rev. J. H. Pankratz and his three helpers are on the extreme right.

Briefs from Beatrice, Neb.

The third successful Vacation Bible School was held at the West Side Baptist Church, the early part of the summer, under the very efficient leadership of our pastor, Rev. J. H. Pankratz.

About 40 pupils were enrolled and the average attendance was very good. Rev. Mr. Pankratz taught the Intermediate group, Miss Ruth Black the Juniors, Mrs. L. W. Jones the Beginners and Primaries with Miss Esther Stuermer as pianist. Many scripture passages and songs were memorized and at the close of four weeks of instruction a fine program was rendered by the pupils.

Enclosed you will find a snapshot of the group, and also one of our Sunday school orchestra, which helps to brighten up our Sunday school hour and also gives our young musicians a chance to use their talents for the Lord. Miss Esther Stuermer, standing, is the director and the two ladies on either side of her are the pianists.

Rev. H. C. Baum held evangelistic meetings for a week in August which were a great blessing and spiritual uplift to all. Two men were converted and baptized and one lady joined our ranks from another church.

Bro. Pankratz and his family are working hard to build up our small church. The attendance and interest in church, Sunday school and B. Y. P. U. are increasing nicely. We pray the Lord will continue to bless their faithful efforts. Mrs. A. M. Kipp, S. S. Supt.

Cleveland Y. P. and S. S. W. Union

The Cleveland Y. P. & S. S. Workers' Union opened the year with a meeting September 28, 1933, at Erin Avenue church.

The meeting was opened with Mr. A. Grossman, Choir Director of the Erin Ave. Church, leading the singing. Mr. F. G. Gross read the 91st Psalm, and Mrs. H. P. Donner, Manager of our Publication House, led in prayer.

The Octet of the Akron Singers Club were our guests for the evening. They brought us a very fine program of music, which was enjoyed by all. A hearty vote of thanks was given them for their very good entertainment.

Mr. E. A. Hasse, president of the Y. P. & S. S. Workers' Union, made an announcement concerning the November and February meetings to come. The program of the Thanksgiving meeting, which is to be held in the White Ave. Church, is to be a pantomime. The February meeting will be held at Nottingham church and will be a patriotic one. Our speaker for the evening was Rev. Wm. L. Schoeffel, pastor of the White Ave. Baptist Church. His text was Lam. 1:12, "Is it nothing to you, oh ye that pass by?" And the theme: "The World on Fire."

Mr. Schoeffel spoke first of the turmoil in the world. Bolshevism in Russia! Nationalism in China! Revolution in India! Europe prepared for war! Our own country in an unusual depression (economical, moral, spiritual). The great men of the world, modern scientists and philosophers are baffled.

The only hope for the world is Jesus Christ. That is the challenge to the young people today. We have what the world needs—a Savior, wonderful principles of world brotherhood, love, and the Golden Rule. "Is it nothing to you" or are you willing to stand up for Christ and to announce to the world the name of Jesus, "who taketh away the sin of the world?"

We who are in the fight know we have a Leader who has never been conquered. The Master is depending upon us to carry on the cause for which he gave his life, and to do that there must be a re-enlistment of the Christians to Christ and to his church.

Will we say, "Here am I, Lord, send me—use me"? The world is on fire and we have the program of salvation and we have the church. Will we pass by or will we enter our ranks and be loyal to Christ and to his church?

M. Buys, Sec.

Sunday School Convention in White Butte, S. Dak.

The 12th Western Sunday School Convention of the Dakotas and Montana was a real success. It was on Oct. 17-18, when it had its session at White Butte, S. Dak. God gave us very favorable weather and therefore many delegates and friends came from far and near. Every one who came for a blessing was not disappointed but went his way, rejoicing in the Lord.

On Tuesday evening the service was opened by Rev. F. Trautner, pastor of the church, with some good singing. The Sunday school children rendered some good numbers in song. The grown-ups and the choir as well as the ladies chorus of the church also excelled along these lines. Rev. O. Lohse of McLaughlin, S. Dak., brought the message of the evening on "For such is the Kingdom of God." Then Rev. Hunter, pastor of the Lemmon, S. Dak., Presbyterian Church, brought an interesting message on: "Redemption."

On Wednesday morning Bro. B. Auch from the New Leipzig church led the devotional hour. Rev. F. Trautner delivered an address on: "The Success of a Bible School Teacher in the Sunday School." Following this Rev. A. P. Mihm spoke on "The Teaching Task of the Church." In the afternoon Bro. Mihm gave a lecture on "The Art of Questioning." Also in the evening he preached a very interesting sermon on "Not Despising these Little Ones." We are very thankful to our beloved Brother Mihm that he counted it worth while to visit our rather small convention. May the dear Lord bless him abundantly!

Rev. J. Koschel gave an essay on: "What Should Every Sunday School Expect from Its Teachers?" Rev. O. Lohse spoke on: "The Passion of the Master Teacher." Musical numbers were given during the day and evening by the different churches.

At the evening service the church was filled to its capacity an hour before the beginning. This hour was used in singing by the audience and by the children who sang a number of choruses. Many hearty testimonies were given by the good Christian people. After the sermon of Bro. Mihm, the congregation sang: "God be with you till we meet again."

We are very thankful to the ladies of the church for the good meals they furnished in the basement of the church.

This entire session of the convention was a real success from the standpoint of the reporter. Young people are taking more and more interest in these gatherings. REPORTER.

You can help the Baptist Herald by sending a gift subscription for 1934 to a son or daughter away from home or at school. It will keep them in touch with our Baptist affairs and worthwhile things.

Thanksgiving

ANN WENTWORTH SMART

We thank Thee, Lord, for all Thy gifts;
Our praise to Thee we sing;
For blessings in the year agone,
And what the new may bring.

We thank Thee, Lord, for all our joy;
Our sorrow and our pain;
And ask that our few virtues may
Thy word of merit gain.

We thank Thee, Lord, for sun and rain;
Life filled with love or grief;
The cycle, as it makes its round,
At best, is ever brief.

And last of all we thank Thee, Lord,
For strength to strive once more;
Until again we lift our voice
To praise Thee and adore.

Detroit Union Holds Fine Meeting

"Dinner is served" were the welcome words that the Young People's and Sunday School Workers' Union of Detroit, Mich., heard at six o'clock on October 24 at the Second Church and such a response to the call! It was well worth while for a sumptuous dinner was waiting.

When our appetites were satisfied we sang several choruses. Our president, Mr. Ed. Straus, then introduced our newly elected first vice-president, Miss Mamie Kose, who most capably presided as toastmistress. She succeeded Mr. Harry Harfst who resigned because he is preparing for special service for our Master. We felt honored to have the pastors of the "Vereinigung" with us and enjoyed hearing a few words from all of them.

We then assembled in the church auditorium for the evening service, and Mr. Norman Boehm presided as chairman. Mr. J. Classen led us in a new type of song service. This consisted in the singing of our old German chorals, which had been translated by Rev. Paul Wengel. Mrs. Elsie Knack favored us with a vocal solo. The big treat of the evening was when Rev. Otto E. Krueger of Pittsburgh, Pa., spoke to us on "What Shall I Do With My Life?" We feel sure that what we heard will not be so easily forgotten. We sincerely appreciate the willingness of the "Vereinigung" to give over the entire evening to the service of the young people.

HELEN M. KLEISE, Sec.

Ordination at Southey, Sask.

Following an invitation from the German Baptist Church of Southey, Sask., an ecclesiastical council convened there on October 24, 1933.

The Council was organized by the election of Rev. F. A. Bloedow as moderator and Rev. J. Kepl as clerk. The Council was composed of delegates from five churches: Southey 3, Serath 2, Edenswald 1, Regina 3, Yorkton 1.

After the moderator had introduced the candidate, Rev. A. Bibelheimer, the



Sunday School Orchestra, Beatrice, Nebr.

latter proceeded to state his Christian experience, his call to the ministry and his views of Christian doctrine. After a full and deliberate examination the candidate was unanimously recommended for ordination.

The meeting for the purpose of ordination was opened at 7:30 o'clock on the evening of the same day. Rev. F. A. Bloedow preached the ordination sermon from John 15:16. Rev. John Kepl offered the ordination prayer with the laying on of hands, after which Bro. Bloedow welcomed Rev. Bibelheimer to the ranks of the ministry.

Rev. J. Kepl addressed the Southey and Serath churches, asking them to give their whole-hearted support to their new pastor, to pray for him, to love him and at all times to try to understand each other.

The meeting was brought to a close by prayer and the benediction by Rev. Bibelheimer. JOHN KEPL, Clerk.

Rev. G. Neumann Leaves Portland

We, the Young People's Society of the First German Baptist Church, Portland, Oreg., gathered with the church Wednesday evening, Oct. 18, for a farewell social for our assistant pastor and his family. Rev. Gerhard Neumann, who was also our Sunday school superintendent, has accepted a call to the Salt Creek, Oreg., Baptist Church, where he will take up his duties about Nov. 1.

The social was held in the lower rooms of the church and was very well attended. The short devotional service was led by Rev. J. Kratt. Mrs. Emma Meier had charge of the program which was very appropriate. Each organization of the church was represented by a speaker or a musical number.

Deep regret that Bro. Neumann was leaving us and good wishes for his success in the Salt Creek Church were expressed.

The church and its organizations showed its appreciation for Bro. Neumann's splendid work by presenting him with a typewriter.

The King's Sons class, of which Rev. Neumann has been the teacher for the past year, presented him with a travel-

ing bag. His work in the King's Sons class has been very fruitful.

Bro. Neumann expressed his appreciation for the way everyone had co-operated with him and helped make his work successful.

Mrs. Neumann has been a very active worker in the Beginner's Dept. of our Sunday school and will be greatly missed. As young people we regret to have Bro. Neumann leave our midst because of his active work among us. His greatest concern was that of winning young people for Christ.

Bro. Neumann preached his farewell sermon Sunday evening, Oct. 22. His challenge to us is the same that the Apostle Paul put to the church of Corinth long ago, "Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong. Let all your things be done with charity" (1 Cor. 16:13, 14).

We are sorry to have Bro. Neumann leave our church but we are glad he loves his Lord enough to go where he is sent. GLADYS G. TESCHNER, Reporter.

Surprise Party for Pastor

The Avon, S. Dak., B. Y. P. U. had the pleasure of surprising their pastor, Rev. B. Schlipf, on his fifty-eighth birthday. About thirty members were present to celebrate the anniversary with their pastor.

The social was begun by the president, Norman R. Bangert, who congratulated the pastor and then presented him with a gift.

The entertainment was supervised by the Fellowship Commission, who carried out their plan very efficiently. Sides were chosen and contests were held throughout the entire evening, after which a plate lunch was served. Everyone enjoyed the gathering and on departing wished the pastor many more successful years and happy birthdays.

REPORTER.

You may not be able to visit some young friend regularly in whose spiritual life you are interested. Send him the Baptist Herald and you will have a good representative pay a visit 24 times a year.

KEZIAH COFFIN

JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

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(Continuation)

Chapter XIX

In which a reception is called off

Far out on the Pacific coast there are two small islands, perhaps a hundred miles distant from one another. The first of these is uninhabited. On the other is a little colony of English-speaking people, half-breed descendants of native women and the survivors of a crew from a British vessel cast away there in the latter part of the eighteenth century.

On the first of these islands, the smaller one, the "Sea Mist" had been wrecked. Driven out of her course by a typhoon, she staggered through day after day and night after night of terrific wind and storm until, at last, there was promise of fair weather. Captain Nat, nearly worn out from anxiety, care, and the loss of sleep, had gone to his stateroom and the first mate was in charge. It was three o'clock, the wind still blowing and the darkness pitchy, when the forward lookout shrieked a warning, "Breakers under the lee!" Almost the next instant the ship was on a coral reef, full of water, and the seas breaking over her from stem to stern.

Morning came and showed a little patch of land, with palm trees and tropical vegetation waving in the gusts and green in the sunshine. Captain Nat ordered the boats to be lowered. Much as he hated the thought, he saw the "Sea Mist" had made her last voyage and must be abandoned. He went to the cabin, collected papers and charts and prepared to leave. The ship's money, over ten thousand dollars in gold belonging to the owner and to be used in trade and speculation among the East Indies, he took with him. Then the difficult and dangerous passage through the opening in the reef was begun.

Only the captain's boat reached the shore. The mate's was caught by a huge breaker, dashed against the reef and sunk. Captain Nat, his second mate and five of his men were all that was left of the "Sea Mist's" company. And on that island they remained for nearly two weeks. Provisions they had brought ashore with them. Water they found by digging. Nat hid the gold at night, burying it on the beach below high-water mark.

Then, having made sure of his location by consulting the chart, he determined to attempt a voyage to the second island, where he knew the English colony to be. Provisions were getting short, and to remain longer where they were was to risk starvation and all its horrors. So, in the longboat, which was provided with a sail, they started. Charts and papers and the gold the skipper took with them. None of the crew knew of the existence of the money; it was a secret which the captain kept to himself.

A hundred miles they sailed in the longboat and, at last, the second island was sighted. They landed and found, to their consternation and surprise, that it, too, was uninhabited. The former residents had grown tired of their isolation and, a trading vessel having touched there, had seized the opportunity to depart for Tahiti. Their houses were empty, their cattle, goats, and fowl roamed wild in the woods, and the fruit was rotting on the trees. In its way the little island was an Eveless Eden, flowing with milk and honey; but to Captain Nat, a conscientious skipper with responsibilities to his owners, it was a prison from which he determined to escape. Then, as if to make escape impossible, a sudden gale came up and the longboat was smashed by the surf.

"I guess that settles it," ruefully observed the second mate, another Cape Codder, from Hyannis. "Call 'em we'll stay here for a spell now, hey, Cap'n?"

"For a spell, yes," replied Nat. "We'll stay here until we get another craft to sail in, and no longer."

"Another craft? *Another one?* Where in time you goin' to get her?"

"Build her," said Captain Nat cheerfully. Then, pointing to the rows of empty houses and the little deserted church, he added, "There's timber and nails—yes, and cloth, such as 'tis. If I can't build a boat out of them I'll agree to eat the whole settlement."

He did not have to eat it, for the boat was built. It took them six months to build her, and she was a curious-looking vessel when done, but, as the skipper said, "She may not be a clipper, but she'll sail anywhere, if you give her time enough." He had been the guiding spirit of the whole enterprise, planning it, laying the keel, burning buildings to obtain nails and iron, hewing trees for the largest beams, showing them how to spin ropes from cocoanut fiber, improvising sails for the longboat's canvas pieced out with blankets and odd bits of cloth from the abandoned houses. Even a strip of carpet from the church floor went into the making of these sails.

At last she was done, but Nat was not satisfied.

"I never commanded a ship where I couldn't h'ist Yankee colors," he said, "and, by the everlastin'! I won't now. We've got to have a flag."

So, from an old pair of blue overalls, a white cotton shirt, and the red hangings of the church pulpit, he made a flag and hoisted it to the truck of the queer command. They provisioned her, gave her a liberal supply of fresh water, and, one morning, she passed through the opening of the lagoon out to the deep blue of the Pacific. And, hidden in her captain's stateroom under the head of his bunk, was the ten thousand dollars in gold. For Nat had sworn to himself,

by "the everlastin" and other oaths, to deliver that money to his New York owners safe, necessary expenses deducted of course, untouched.

For seven weeks the crazy nondescript slopped across the ocean. Fair winds helped her and, at last, she entered the harbor of Nukahiva, over twelve hundred miles away. And there—"Hammond's luck," the sailors called it—was a United States man-of-war lying at anchor, the first American vessel to touch that little French settlement for five years. The boat they built was abandoned and the survivors of the "Sea Mist" were taken aboard the man-of-war and carried to Tahiti.

From Tahiti Captain Nat took passage on a French bark for Honolulu. Here, after a month's wait, he found opportunity to leave for New York on an American ship, the "Stars and Stripes." And finally, after being away from home for two years, he walked into the office of his New York owners, deposited their gold on a table, and cheerfully observed, "Well, here I am."

That was the yarn which Trumet was to hear later on. It filled columns of the city papers at the time, and those interested may read it, in all its details, in a book written by an eminent author. The tale of the Cape Cod sea captain, plucky and resourceful and adequate, as Yankee sea captains were expected to be, and were, in those days.

But Trumet did not hear the yarn immediately. All that he heard and that it knew was contained in Captain Nat's brief telegram. "Arrived today. Will be home Thursday." That was all, but it was enough, for in that dispatch was explosives sufficient to blow to atoms the doctor's plans and Keziah's, the great scheme which was to bring happiness to John Ellery and Grace Van Horne.

Dr. Parker heard it, while on his way to Mrs. Prince's, and, neglecting that old lady for the once, he turned his horse and drove as fast as possible to the shanty on the beach. Fast as he drove, Captain Zebedee Mayo got there ahead of him. Captain Zeb was hitching his white and ancient steed to the post as the doctor hove in sight.

"By mighty!" the captain exclaimed, with a sigh of relief, "I'm glad you've come, doctor. I hated to go in there alone. You've heard, of course."

"Yes, I've heard."

"Say, ain't it wonderful! I'm tickled all up one side and sorry all down t'other. Nat's a true-blue feller, and I'm glad enough that he ain't shark bait; but what about the minister and her? She's promised to Nat, you know, and—"

"I know. Don't I know! I've been going over the affair and trying to see a way out ever since I heard of the telegram. Tut! tut! I'm like you, mighty glad Hammond is safe, but it would have spared complications if he had stayed wherever he's been for a few months longer. We would have married those two in there by that time."

"Sartin we would. But he didn't stay. Are you going to tell Mr. Ellery?"

"Certainly not. And I hope he hasn't been told. He's getting well fast now, but he mustn't be worried, or back he'll go again. We must see Mrs. Coffin. Keziah is our main hold. That woman has got more sense than all the rest of us put together."

But it was Grace, not Keziah, who opened the shanty door in answer to their knock. She was pale and greeted them calmly, but it was evident that her calmness was the result of sheer will power.

"Won't you come in, doctor?" she asked. "Good afternoon, Captain Mayo."

Dr. Parker entered the building, but Captain Zeb remained outside, stammering that he cal'lated he'd better stay where he could keep an eye on his horse. This was such a transparent excuse that it would have been funny at any other time. No one smiled, however.

"Is—is Mrs. Coffin—er—Keziah aboard?" the captain asked.

"No, she isn't. She went to the parsonage a few hours ago. Mr. Ellis brought the mail and there was a letter in it for her. She said it was important and that she must go home to see about some things. She'll be back pretty soon, I suppose."

The doctor whispered her name then and she went inside, closing the door after her. Captain Zebedee sat down on the step to ponder over the new and apparently insurmountable difficulty which had arisen. As he said afterwards, "The more I tried to get an observation, the thicker it got. Blamed if I could see anything but fog, but I could hear—I could hear E'kanah and his gang gigglin', ahead, astern and off both bows."

Parker found his patient sleeping soundly and had not disturbed him. Returning to the living room he spoke to Grace.

"Humph!" he grunted, watching her from under his brows, "everything seems to be all right in there. He hasn't been excited or anything like that?"

"No."

"That's good. He mustn't be. You understand that. He mustn't be told anything that will upset him. He's getting well fast and I want it to continue."

"Yes, I understand."

"Hum! Er—have you heard—Has anyone been here?"

"Yes, I have heard. The telegram came and I answered it."

"You did? Well, it's a miracle, and we're all thankful, of course. Did you—er—er—"

"Doctor, I must go home. I mustn't stay here any longer."

"Why not?"

"You know why not. I must be at home when he comes. You must get some one to take my place. Aunt Keziah will stay, of course, and perhaps Mrs. Higgins would come, or Hannah Poundberry. She—"

"Not if I know it. I'd as soon have a hay-cutter running in here as Hannah's tongue. I could stop a hay-cutter when it got too noisy. Well, if you must go, you must, I suppose. But stay through

tomorrow, at any rate. Nat won't get here until Thursday, and I may be able to find another nurse by that time. And what shall I say to him," motioning toward the other room, "I don't know."

"Must you say anything? Just say that I have been called away for a few days on—on some business. Don't tell him. Don't tell him the truth, doctor, now. He is too weak and I am afraid—"

She stopped and turned away. The doctor watched her pityingly.

"Cheer up," he said. "At any rate, this is only for a little while. When the captain knows, if he's the man I take him for, he'll—"

She whirled like a flash. "You're not going to tell him?" she cried. "No, no! You mustn't. You must promise me you won't. Promise."

"Somebody'll tell him. Telling things is Trumet's specialty."

"Then you must stop it. No one must tell him—no one except me. I shall tell him, of course. He must hear it from me and not from anyone else. He would think I was disloyal and ungrateful—and I am! I have been! But I was—I *couldn't* help it. You know, doctor, you know—"

"Yes, yes, I know. Well, I'll promise, but it will come out right, you see. You mustn't think I—we—have been interfering in your affairs, Grace. But we've all come to think a whole lot of that parson of ours and what he wanted we wanted him to have, that's all."

"I know. Thank you very much for all your kindness, and for your promise."

He would have liked to say much more, but he could not, under the circumstances. He stammered a good-by and, with a question concerning Mrs. Coffin's whereabouts, went out to join Captain Zeb.

"Well?" queried the latter anxiously. "How is it? What's up? What's the next tack?"

"We'll go to the parsonage," was the gloomy answer. "If anybody can see a glimmer in this cussed muddle Keziah Coffin can."

Keziah was on her knees in her room, beside a trunk, the same trunk she had been packing the day of the minister's arrival in Trumet. She was working frantically, sorting garments from a pile, rejecting some and keeping others. She heard voices on the walk below and went down to admit the callers.

"What's the matter, Keziah?" asked Dr. Parker sharply, after a look at her face. "You look as if you'd been through the war. Humph! I suppose you've heard the news?"

Keziah brushed back the hair from her forehead. "Yes," she answered slowly. "I've heard it."

"Well, it's great news, and if it wasn't for—if things weren't as they are, I'd be crowing hallelujahs this minute. Trumet has got a good man safe and sound again, and the Lord knows it needs all of that kind it can get."

"Yes."

"Yes. But there's another matter. I've been to see Grace. She didn't say so,

but it was easy to see; the man she promised to marry and thought was dead, is alive. She's a girl of her word—she promised him and she promised her dying uncle—and she'll marry him. And then what will become of John Ellery? He'll go downhill so fast that a ship's anchor wouldn't hold him. If he doesn't die I'll have to send him somewhere, and the Regular church will lose the minister we've fought so hard for."

"Yes," concurred Zebedee, "and them Danielses will run the shebang and the rest of us'll have to sing small, I tell you."

"So we've come to you, Keziah," went on the doctor. "Do you see any salvation?"

"Yes, I do."

"You do? Where?"

"In Nat Hammond. If he knows Grace doesn't want to marry him, do you suppose he'll hold her to her promise?"

"I don't know. I'm not so sure. Men don't give up girls like that so easy. I wouldn't—by George, I wouldn't! And she won't tell him the whole truth, I'm afraid. She'll pretend to be glad—hang it! she *is* glad—to have him home again and—"

"Of course she's glad. Ain't we all glad and happy and thankful? We ought to be. But"—she hesitated—"doctor, you leave this to me. So far as John and Grace are concerned you needn't worry. I'll take it on myself to see that they have each other, as the Almighty meant 'em to. Leave it to me. Just leave it to me. I *know* I can do it."

She would say no more, nor tell on what grounds she based her optimism. She would go back to the shanty that evening, she said, and stay until the following afternoon. Grace would undoubtedly go to the old tavern to prepare for the homecoming. Let Mrs. Higgins take her place as nurse.

"I shall have to leave myself," she added, "for a little while; so perhaps you'd better try to get somebody else to help the Higgins woman. Don't ask me any questions, please don't, and be sure not to say a word to anybody—most of all to Grace. Just do as I tell you and leave it to me. And don't come and see me again until after—after he comes home. Good-by, doctor. Good-by, Cap'n Zeb."

She shook hands with each of them, a rather unusual proceeding as they thought of it afterwards. Then they went away and left her.

"Humph!" mused Parker, as they came out at the gate. "Humph! She seems sure, doesn't she? And yet she doesn't act like herself. Did you notice that?"

"Yup, I noticed it. But I expect Nat's droppin' out of the clouds shook her up, same as it done the rest of us. Well, never mind. She's a bully good, capable woman and what she says she'll do she gen'rally does. I'm bettin' on her. By time! I feel better."

Captain Elkanah Daniels and his friend were feeling better, also, and they

were busy. Trumet had a new hero now. On Wednesday the Boston papers printed excerpts from Captain Hammond's story, and these preliminary accounts aroused the admiration of every citizen. It was proposed to give him a reception. Elkanah was the moving spirit in the preparations. Captain Nat, so they learned by telegraphing, would arrive on the noon train Thursday. His was not to be a prosaic progress by stage all the way from Sandwich. A special carriage, drawn by the Daniels span and escorted by other vehicles, was to meet the coach at Bayport and bring him to Trumet in triumphant procession. All this was to be a surprise, of course.

Wednesday afternoon the Daniels following was cheered by the tidings that Grace Van Horne had left the beach and was at her old home, the Hammond tavern. And Mrs. Poundberry reported her busy as a bee "gettin' things ready." This was encouraging and indicated that the minister had been thrown over, as he deserved to be, and that Nat would find his fiancée waiting and ready to fulfill her contract. "Reg'lar whirligig, that girl," sniffed Didama Rogers. "If she can't have one man she'll take the next, and then switch back soon's the wind changes. However, most likely she never was engaged to Mr. Ellery, anyhow. He's been out of his head and might have said some fool things that let Dr. Parker and the rest b'lieve he was in love with her. As for pickin' of him up and totin' him back to the shanty that night, that wa'n't nothin' but common humanity. She couldn't let him die in the middle of the lighthouse lane, could she?"

Thursday was a perfect day, and the reception committee was on hand and waiting in front of the Bayport post office. The special carriage, the span brushed and carried until their coats glistened in the sunshine, was drawn up beside the platform. The horses had little flags fastened to their bridles, and there were other and larger flags on each side of the dashboard. Captain Daniels, imposing in his Sunday raiment, high-collared coat, stock, silk hat and goldheaded cane, sat stiffly erect on the seat in the rear. The other carriages were alongside, among them Captain Zebbedee Mayo's ancient chaise, the white horse sound asleep between the shafts. Captain Zeb had not been invited to join the escort, but had joined it without an invitation.

"I guess likely I'd better be on hand," the captain confided to Dr. Parker. "Maybe I can stop Elkanah from talkin' too much about—well, about what we don't want him to talk about, and besides, I'm just as anxious to give Nat a welcome home as the next feller. He's a brick and we're all proud of him. By mighty! I'd like to have seen that craft he built out of cocoanuts and churches—I would so."

Kyan Pepper was there also, not yet fully recovered from the surprise which Lavinia's gracious permission had given him. Abishai had been leaning disconsolately over his front gate early that

morning when Noah Ellis, the light-keeper, jogged down the lane.

"'Mornin', 'Bish," hailed Noah, pulling up his horse. "What's the matter? You look bluer'n a spiled mack'el. What's the row? Breakfast disagree with you?"

"Naw," replied Kyan shortly. "Where you bound, all rigged up in your shore duds?"

"Bound to Bayport, to see Nat Hammond land," was the cheerful answer. "I ain't had a day off I don't know when, and I thought I'd take one. Be great doin's over there, they tell me. Elkanah's goin' to make a speech and there's eighteen teams of folks goin'."

"I know it. I wisht I was goin', too, but I never have no fun. Have to stay to home and work and slave over them consarned tax papers. Sometimes I wish there wa'n't no taxes."

"Humph! I've wished that, myself, more'n once. Why don't you go, if you want to? Climb right aboard here with me. Plenty of room."

"Hey? You mean that? By godfreys mighty! I'd like to."

"Sartin, I mean it. Come ahead." Mr. Pepper sadly shook his head. "I guess likely I'd better not," he sighed. "Lavinia might not like to have me leave her."

"Oh, fiddlesticks! she won't mind. I'll take care of you. It's perfectly safe. There ain't goin' to be no women around. Haw! haw! haw!"

He was still laughing at his own joke when through the slats of the closed blinds shading the Pepper house a shrill voice was heard speaking.

"Go ahead, 'Bishy dear," called Lavinia. "Go ahead and go. A change of air'll do you good."

"Hey?" he shouted in amazement. "Are you deaf? Or is Mr. Ellis laughin' so hard that you can't hear? What is it that's so funny, Mr. Ellis?"

The light-keeper shut off his laughter by a sudden and rather frightened gulp. "Oh, nothin', nothin', Miss Pepper. Nice day, ain't it?"

"I guess so. I ain't had time to look at it yet. I have to work. I can't let my wife do it for me, like some folks, and take 'days off.' What was it you was laughin' at, Mr. Ellis?"

"Nothin', nothin' at all." "Hum! They used to tell me there was only one kind of person who laughed at nothin'. Well, 'Bish Peper, what are you standin' there for? If you're goin', come right in the house and change your clothes this minute."

Kyan obeyed. Shortly he reappeared, clothed like a lily of the field, one that had long since gone to seed. He clambered up beside Noah and they drove off.

"Jerushy!" exclaimed the lightkeeper. "This is kind of unexpected, ain't it? What's got into her to make her so accommodatin'?"

"Godfreys mighty!" was the dazed reply, "I don't know. This as fast as you can drive? Hurry up, afore she changes her mind."

So it happened that Mr. Pepper was

in Bayport with the rest, awaiting the stage which was bringing Trumet's latest celebrity from Sandwich.

"Here she comes!" shouted Ezra Simmons, the postmaster. "Right on time, too."

Sure enough! A cloud of dust in the distance, rising on the spring wind, and the rattle of rapidly turning wheels. The reception committee prepared for action. Captain Elkanah descended from the carriage and moved in stately dignity to the front of the post-office platform.

"Hum-ha!" he barked, turning to his followers. "Be ready now. Give him a good cheer, when I say the word. Let it be hearty—hearty, yes."

The stage, its four horses at a trot, swung up to the platform.

"Whoa!" roared the driver.

"Now!" ordered Elkanah. "One—two—Hurrah!"

"Hurrah!" shouted the committee, its uninvited guests and the accompanying crowd of Bayport men and boys which had gathered to assist in the welcome. "Hurrah!"

"Hooray!" yelled Kyan, a little behind, as usual.

A passenger or two peered from the coach window. The stage driver ironically touched his cap.

"Thank ye," he said. "Thank ye very much. I've been hopin' for this for a long time, though I'd about given up expectin' it. I'm very much obliged. Won't somebody please ask me to make a speech?"

Captain Elkanah frowned his disapproval.

"We are cheering Cap'n Nathaniel Hammond of Trumet," he explained haughtily. "We are here to meet him and escort him home."

The driver sighed. "You don't say," he said. "And I thought my merits had been recognized at last. And 'twas for Cap'n Hammond? Dear! dear!"

He winked at Simmons, who wanted to laugh, but did not dare.

"Come! come!" said Captain Elkanah. "Where is he? Where's Cap'n Hammond?"

"Well, now, I'll tell ye; I don't know where he is."

"You don't? Isn't he with you?"

"No, he ain't. And he didn't come on the train, nuther. He was on it. The conductor told me he see him and set along with him between stations as fur as Cohasset Narrows. But after that he never see hide nor hair of him. Oh, that's so! Here's the mail bag, Ezry."

Captain Eknanah looked at the reception committee and it looked at him. Here was a most disconsolate setback for all the plans. The committee, after asking more, and fruitless questions, went into executive session.

Captain Zeb stepped beside the stage and put one foot on the wheel.

"Say, Thad," he whispered, "is that all you know? Where did he go to?"

"Can't tell you, cap'n. The conductor says he see him afore they got to Co-

(Continued on page 16)

Hymn of Thanksgiving

JOHN H. GURNEY

Lord of the harvest! Thee we hail;
Thine ancient promise doth not fail;
The varying seasons haste their round,
With goodness all our years are crowned;
Our thanks we pay
This holy day;
Oh, let our hearts in tune be found!

If spring doth wake the song of mirth;
If summer warms the fruitful earth;
When winter sweeps the naked plain,
Or autumn yields its ripened grain;
Still do we sing
To Thee, our King;
Through all their changes Thou dost reign.

Lord of the harvest! all is Thine,
The rains that fall, the suns that shine,
The seed once hidden in the ground,
The skill that makes our fruits abound!
New, every year
Thy gifts appear;
New praises from our lips shall sound.

News from St. Louis Park Baptist Church, St. Louis, Mo.

On a certain evening, not so many weeks ago, our pastor, Rev. Thomas Stoeri, stood before a small gathering of his flock in the little "prayermeeting room." As he looked over the group before him, he noted with interest the faces of several people who were not usually in the habit of attending the midweek prayermeeting.

Perhaps now, after many earnest appeals for a larger attendance the people were beginning to see how much they were missing in their Christian experience by not attending regularly the prayermeeting. Why, only last Sunday morning he had made an especially earnest plea to the church members that they remember their Christian duty and come to testify for their Lord and Master. Seemingly they had heeded his admonitions.

It was time to begin and still the people were coming in. What could have taken place to bring them out in such numbers? Soon there were more people present than the little room could hold, so with a joyful, smiling face our pastor suggested that we have our meeting that evening in the auditorium where there would be room for everyone. And still the people came in, one by one. Mrs. Stoeri looked around curiously. What could be the meaning of such a large attendance at the weekly prayermeeting?

After a song or two and an opening word of prayer, Bro. Stoeri gave an inspiring message. Really, the members were so receptive and interested—surely he would get good response tonight. After his message, he asked that two or three members lead in a word of prayer. Then when every head was once more raised he opened his mouth to speak, when to his surprise—

A Deacon, seated on the right side of

the room, had risen to his feet and was saying something. It sounded like, "Just a moment. Bro. Stoeri, I think there is a gentleman here who would like to say a few words to you and the other members." What in the world? Another Deacon, heretofore concealed in a back room of the church, now very solemnly walked to the front of the church. Our pastor was too surprised to say a word—he was dumbfounded. Were they trying to run the prayermeeting for him? Wait, this Deacon was saying something.

That something was to the effect that they had all assembled for one specific purpose—that of remembering the happy occasion of the pastor's birthday. Oh-h-h, so that was it! The pastor's birthday! That was why so many had gathered here for the prayermeeting,—not because of the earnest appeal he had made Sunday morning, but because of his birthday. And he had been so sure that at last his appeals and prayers were heeded. Well-l-l, almost he wished that they had come for reasons other than remembering him on his birthday. But enough, he must rise to the occasion—and he did!

After short talks of appreciation from the chairman of the Board of Deacons, the Sunday school superintendent, the B. Y. P. U. Director, a representative of the Women's Missionary Union, and the sponsor of the World Wide Guild, pastor Stoeri was presented with a delicious cake in the name of the Women's Missionary Union. Then came a Deacon with a large bouquet of lovely flowers in his arms and an envelope in his hand. These two were presented in the name of the church. The latter was found to contain a gift in money to make up in part a certain sum stolen when the pastor's home was burglarized several months previously.

Duly acknowledging the words and gifts of appreciation, our overcome pastor tried to express his feelings—how joyful he had been to think that so many had come to take part in the services of the prayermeeting and how disappointed he had been to find they had assembled only in honor of his birthday. Rather ruefully he said, "If you will all come to prayermeeting every week, you may call every Wednesday my birthday."

Perhaps the words of our pastor sank deeper than he realized. Perhaps the members saw more clearly just how dear to his heart is the midweek prayermeeting. At any rate, the attendance at our prayermeetings is increasing, and if the same spirit of loyalty and devotion is shown during the coming weeks, our pastor may find his dream materialized after all.

Rev. Th. Stoeri has been with us now nearly six years and we appreciate his efforts of devotion and service on this field. The Lord has blessed us richly during this time and we hope and pray that he may continue to bless us in the future as he has in the past. REPORTER.

Farewell Service for Rev. C. A. Daniel

The members of the Second German Baptist Church and a goodly number of representatives of other churches of Chicago and vicinity gathered on October 2 for a farewell service in honor of our departing pastor, Rev. C. A. Daniel, and his sister, Mrs. Sophie Bell. This was in the nature of a social gathering and was held in the lower part of the church.

The choir and young people furnished music suitable for the occasion. Rev. Theo. W. Dons from the Oak Park Church and Rev. H. Koch, Chaplain of the Chicago Old People's Home were the principal speakers of the evening. In their usual eloquent manner they described the good qualities of our departing pastor, at the same time reminding the churches of their duties and responsibilities towards their pastors. Many reminiscences were exchanged since both men knew Bro. Daniel for many years.

It was a difficult task for the chairman of this meeting at times to keep the audience in a happy mood, because our hearts were saddened with the thought of not having our pastor with us any longer. He has served our church faithfully for six years through the most difficult period of its history extending over a span of 47 years. He has labored among us most devotedly and unselfishly. His eloquent sermons and example of a true Christian spirit will never be forgotten. May his years, which he intends to spend in retirement and reflection over his long ministry extending over 45 years, be pleasant and an inspiration to many who come in contact with him in Detroit.

At the conclusion of the talks by Rev. Dons and Rev. Koch we sang the old familiar hymn "God be with you till we meet again," after which we gathered around the table and partook of refreshments prepared by the ladies of the church. Two of the trustees of the church, who are in the bakery business, donated cakes for this occasion, which were especially well baked and relished by all. A beautiful bouquet containing a check was presented to our former pastor as a farewell gift from the members of the Second Church. We parted at a late hour and judging from the remarks of all those present it will be an unforgettable evening.

May God's richest blessings go with our departing pastor to his new home, and may we as the Second Church continue to labor for him who has redeemed us with his precious blood!

Even when crops are poor and income reduced, we need spiritual stimulation and information about the work of the Lord. Don't cut off first here or you will dwarf your soul.

Every intelligent, loyal and progressive young Baptist needs a religious paper. For German Baptists, the Baptist Herald supplies the need.

A Song of Thanks

For eyes to see this autumn world,
And lips to sing its beauty;
For feet to take the happy trail
Of winter's waiting duty;

For light of home and love of friends
And wholesome joy of living;
For grace to know my good estate,
Thanksgiving!

—Youth's Companion.

The Missionary Conference at Rochester

Prof. A. A. Schade

Rochester is a sort of a Mecca to which the saints and sages of many lands make their pilgrimages. Here we are privileged to listen to the educators, scientists, missionaries and evangelists who have the ear of the world. On October 7-9 we were honored and privileged by a visit of the missionary conference team which, 30 in numerical strength, is invading some 29 cities from Nebraska to the eastern seaboard. On this team are outstanding missionaries, mission secretaries, and native Christian leaders from foreign lands. The purpose of the conferences is to call upon the sleeping Christians to awaken, rub the sand out of their eyes and see what is happening to the cherished foreign missionary enterprise of the last 125 years, which is the outstanding achievement of Christianity since the Reformation. Since many of the readers of "The Baptist Herald" do not live in these centers and therefore cannot hear these speakers, and since they have meant so much to the Christian folk of Rochester, it seems desirable that we share.

The religious conviction with which foreign missions had been promoted for a century has been waning under the impact of the materialism of the years of prosperity, and under the onslaught of modernistic religious ideas. The years of depression find the religious faith and devotion to missions undermined and give an excellent excuse for withdrawing financial support from them. The race in "ecclesiastical armaments," as the church building epidemic of the years of prosperity has been termed, left many churches without resources for further support of missions. And then comes the layman's investigation of the missionary enterprise, and the publication of their report "Rethinking Missions" calling for modifications which would transform our enterprise that we could scarcely recognize it again. The Northern Baptists meet in annual convention and dedicate a handful of missionaries to the cause as the "last battalion," unless the course of the tide can be changed. The Methodists see their missionary staff reduced by more than half, and still they run behind in their budget. The interest of the Christians is becoming nationalized, till they fail to respond to the spiritual needs abroad, and localized upon the home base, as though the wider fellowship of service

were unessential to the cause of the Kingdom. The result? Retrenchment year after year, until there is not much left to retrench. Disintegration of denominational unity is inevitable as the great cause which has bound it together slips into oblivion. When denominations lose their faith in a common task, they lose the cord that binds them together; they have no further incentive to cultivate their wider fellowship. Well, something has to be done.

"The Missionary Enterprise Must Either Be Supported or Interred"

Not that the labors of the past century would be lost—that would not be the case. Christianity has taken such firm root in foreign lands that it will not only survive, but thrive even if Western support is withdrawn. The non-Christian lands are provided with Christian leadership which will carry on. But unless the movement is supported, the wise guidance which American missionaries can lend in the development of the missionary institutions which have been built up by sacrificial service, and which are rendering the native population an inestimable service will have to be closed. The triumphant march of Christ's Kingdom will be definitely impeded. All over the country there are Christians who say: "That must not be." These missionary conferences will help thousands who are halting between two opinions to come to a new, wholehearted dedication to the assignment of Christ to "Make disciples of all nations," not letting up in our efforts till He comes.

The Outstanding Apostle of Christianity

on the team was Dr. E. Stanley Jones, the author of so many missionary books which belong to a class of their own, *The Christ of the Indian Road*, *The Christ of the Round Table*, *Christ and Human Suffering*, etc. He proved to be an authority not only on the status of missions abroad, but in equal measure a diagnostician of the religious and theological health of Christians at home. His addresses at the large mass meetings on Sunday afternoon and Monday night, in spite of the admission charge, drew such crowds that the auditoriums of the Central Presbyterian Church and the Baptist Temple, seating around two thousand, could not receive all. And his round table conference lasting two hours on Monday morning for ministers and theological students overtaxed the commodious quarters which had been selected. In these four hours he presented the most profound interpretation of our Christian gospel to a lost world, and challenged us to a devotion to this cause which sent every one on his way feeling the stimulation of new life. I jotted down striking statements in my notebook until my pen ran dry, and a few of these might be incorporated in this report:

"Conversion is the Supreme Task of the Church

It must labor to transform what is into what ought to be in the personal and

in the collective life." In answer to Ghandi's criticism that we lack humility when speaking of our Christian experience Jones says: "Christian experience is an attainment, not an attainment." Because it represents a gift of God's grace to man, rather than something that man achieved through his own effort, it is very fitting that we shall speak about it, especially since that will lead others to share in the same spiritual enrichment.

For the preacher, teacher and missionary he warns that people quickly detect the difference between "verbal and vital advice." For those people who think that other people's religion is as good for them as ours is for us he warns: "If we can't give the gospel to all the world, we can't keep it ourselves; unless it is universal, it is not true; unless it is valid to the world, it will dry up on our own hands."

Dealing with the test which comes to the missionary, he said: "Give us people whose wings are not so tender, that they will break on the toughness of the situation." In answer to a Columbia professor who was quoted as saying that Christianity had failed to exert any influence in China, he said: "China is now at the crossroads. She will make a momentous choice. Only two alternatives are before her: Christianity or Communism. Eighty-five per cent of the people who are working for the good of China are doing it from the Christian motive."

Professor Hocking's (Chairman of the Layman's Commission) famous question: "Is Christianity a way, the best way, or the only way?" and his answer: "I believe it is the best way, and it may prove to be the only way," came up for discussion. Missionary Jones after a long and sympathetic study of the ways presented by other religions, has no moments hesitation in saying: "It is the only way."

The Laymen's Report, of Course, Came Up for Grilling

Dr. Jones took exception with the first chapters which deal with the theological foundation of missions as lacking New Testament support. It would seem to him that the report believes that a combination of the best elements of Christianity and other religions into a New Testament of Faith (antiquating our New Testament) is the likely and desirable outcome of the struggle between Christianity and the other religions. That would be a victory for Hinduism, which always disarmed its foes by receiving them into its embrace. (A notable example in Buddhism in India.) But this combination, usually called syncretism, does not appeal to Mr. Jones. He finds syncretism usually to begin when creative thinking ends. He stated the three processes by which the issue of the struggle might eventuate to be *Eclecticism*, which chooses what it wants and leaves the rest, *Syncretism*, which combine the heterogeneous elements, and *Assimilation*. Christianity effectively

disposes of its combatants by the assimilative process.

What Can Non-Christian Religions Give Us?

The question was raised by one of the theological students, whether there was anything of value in the non-Christian anything which is not present in Christianity, at least in germ. In other words, do the non-Christian religions have anything to contribute toward Christianity? Jones said: "I cannot think of a single lack in Christ to be supplemented by non-Christian religions. Christ rules the developing process. The progress of the race is toward Christ, not away from him. Jesus is the key to the universe. He reveals what God is like, and what man ought to be like."

The question of the incarnation, resurrection, atonement, and miracles could not fail to be raised. So many stumble over these. It was pointed out that Jesus made such an impression through his higher being, that man could not think of him otherwise than divine. It would have been strange, had he not arisen. One would expect miracles from such as he is. A higher type of manifestation is to be expected from this higher type of being. Jesus carries the miracles, and the resurrection. Were they reported of another they would be incredible, from him they seem natural. Then came these significant statements: "If he's a man, and only a man, then I'm not a man. I challenge any man to experiment with Jesus and hold him in low estate."

As to the atonement: "When love meets sin, a cross of pain is formed. The infinite love of God and the sin of man meet in the cross. God suffers because of the sin of man."

The Personal Life

With reference to the personal life: "The minister must know some such experience as the rebirth. Ministers must be twice born. After that great crisis comes in the minister's life he is no longer a half-full vessel trying to run over. After that Pentecost man is at leisure with himself; he has no axe to grind, he can't be bullied or bought. He has surrendered all to Christ. There will be no more jostling for positions of power and influence. They want nothing, so are free. You must lose self to win. Such a Christian is immune to exalting or degrading circumstances. The first class does not exalt and the third class does not degrade."

The Influence of the Meetings on Our Seminary

At the Seminary, classes were dismissed to enable the students and professors to share in these blessings. They returned with radiant faces. Out of the midst of the theological confusion of our times, of the fears and anxieties for the future of our Christian faith, of the cause to which our lives have been dedicated, we came forth with a sense of relief, of clarification, of confidence, and of hope. But more than that we came

forth with a new dedication to the Christ and his enterprise.

The following morning we had an echo meeting of the conference in our chapel service. I wish all our readers might have heard the testimonies of our boys. Each was captivated by something that fitted into his Christian problem: Brother R. testified: "The conference helped me to a new appreciation of the greatness and significance of Christ. He is the 'Kern und Stern. Ausgang und Ende, meines Glaubens und Hoffens,'" and learning to know him better is my deepest desire and firmest resolution." Brother K. testified: "I was impressed that so often we should sacrifice our farms and friends, leave our country and offer everything except our very inmost self." Brother F. testified that he was strengthened in his devotion to the gospel through the test of Christianity which was made by Dr. Jones in the most difficult fields, and that he found it to work, and also that man's constitution can be steered by Christianity to endure the hardships which Christian service requires. Christ proves to be sufficient for all our deepest needs.

The South Dakota Association

The South Dakota Association held its annual meeting with the church at Tyn-dall, S. Dak., September 20-24. A goodly number of visitors had come. The opening address by Rev. E. Gutsche was in line with the convention theme: "God is Love." According to John 13:34 he pointed out: "The love above us, the love within us, and the love around us." Other sermons given were more of the evangelistic type. Rev. W. H. Buenning spoke very earnestly Thursday night on: "What is Your Life?" (James 4:14); Rev. M. DeBoer followed on Friday night with a stirring message on "Harden not your hearts" (Heb. 3:7, 8). Sunday morning we heard Rev. A. Stelter speaking on "And when he is come, he will reprove the world of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment" (John 16:8). In the afternoon Rev. R. Kaiser gave the mission sermon using as text Rev. 1: 9-20; he spoke on "A changed Christ in a changed circle of disciples, a Christ calling the churches to repent, that they may be able to fulfill their mission." The closing sermon was given by Rev. J. F. Olthoff, his theme being, "The Making of a Christian," Acts 26:28.

Next to the preaching the teaching element needs to be mentioned. Some fine papers were given. "The Love of God, the Son and the Holy Spirit" by Rev. J. F. Olthoff; "Origin and Essence of the Christian Love" by Rev. W. Helwig; "Are there causes which justify Hate of Believers against Believers?" by Rev. E. Gutsche; "Brotherly Love, as a Test of our Christianity" by Rev. E. Broeckel; "The Love of Christ as a Motive for Service" by Rev. J. J. Rott; "Love for the House of God" by Rev. M. DeBoer; "By what do we know, that we really love Christ?" by Rev. W. H. Buenning; "Is it possible to love our Enemy?" by Rev. R. Kaiser, and "Christ our Ex-



Four Young Candidates baptized by Rev. R. Kaiser, Parkston, S. Dak.

ample of Love" by Rev. G. W. Pust. Very instructive discussions followed all of these papers.

The devotional meetings were led by the brethren A. A. Voigt, Rev. J. Reichert and L. F. Jacobs. Also the "Quiet Hour" at noon was very profitable. Rev. B. Schlipf led the latter. He gave some fine talks on "The Goodness of God," Rom. 2:4; "The Fellowship of the Believer with God," 1 John 1:3, and "Father, glorify thy Name," John 12:28.

The reports from the churches were as usual. A fine ingathering of souls was reported. The financial situation seems to remain the same. All churches are provided with ministers. Rev. W. H. Buenning took up his new charge with the church at Corona. We were glad to extend the hand of welcome to him as co-worker in our association. Rev. A. Stelter is going to leave Delmont and has accepted the call from the church at Plevna, Mont. The convention took notice of this and recommends him as a true co-worker to our brethren in Montana. We will miss his clear tenor voice in the minister's quartet.

The convention offering was about \$90 for missions. All sessions were beautified by singing or some kind of music given at intervals. God bless all the singers and players and their service rendered! A fine spirit prevailed through all the sessions. Meals were served in the neatly decorated basement of the church. Even Nature smiled upon us, as the weather was ideal for this time of the year. Heartiest "Thanks" was voted to be given to all, who helped to make the convention a success. Most of all, we are grateful to God, who blessed us with such great measure of heavenly gifts.

R. KAISER, Sec.

HOLIDAY CATALOG

A comprehensive Holiday Catalog issued with the "Sendbote" of November 15th will be gladly sent to anyone requesting it by post card or any other convenient way.

This will help you with your Christmas buying.

German Baptist Publication Society,
3734 Payne Ave.,
Cleveland, O.

Life's Orchestra

ELEANOR A. HOFFMAN

Life is like an orchestra,
With instruments so fine.
Each one has a place to fill
In God's program, divine.

We must all play together,
To make the song worth while,
We must keep our instruments in tune
With a bright and cheery smile.

No matter what our color be,
No matter what our race,
If we'd all play happily,
This world would be a better place.

50th Church Anniversary Plum Creek, S. Dak., Church

On Wednesday, Oct. 4, the Plum Creek Baptist Church celebrated the 50th Anniversary of its beginning. The church edifice was beautifully decorated with flowers and a large anniversary sign. The weather was very nice, making it possible for many friends and former members to attend.

Rev. E. Broeckel of Tyndall preached the opening sermon, followed by a short history of the church by the local pastor, Rev. E. Gutsche. The church was founded on Oct. 13, 1883, with a total of 88 members.

Short talks were given by six charter members who were able to be present. Most of the others have been called to carry on in the church above.

The afternoon meeting was concluded with the giving of reminiscences and congratulations by visitors and former members. Supper was served at 5 o'clock.

By means of a loud speaker it was possible for those in the basement and for those outside to hear the program in the evening. Rev. A. Stelter of Delmont, S. Dak., led a song service. We had the pleasure to have Rev. Buening, a former pastor, in our midst. The speakers for the evening were: Rev. Buening, now in Corona, S. Dak., and Rev. J. F. Olthoff of Madison, S. Dak.

We were also favored by special singing, consisting of duets and a number of songs by the ladies quartet.

May the Lord continue to be with us in the future and may we be urged ever forward to serve him until the end!

Y. P. S. SECRETARY.

Set Apart for Sacred Service The Reverend John Broeder

Another recent graduate from our School of Prophets has been called by one of our churches to assume the position of undershepherd and leader. Up in the great Province of Alberta, some half-way between Calgary and Edmonton, lies the little town of Trochu. Many of the wheat farmers of that section speak the German tongue and are of Baptist persuasion. There you will find a vigorous church with its quota of mission stations, striving to make Christ known as the Savior. For a number of years Rev. E.

P. Wahl led this church in a most successful manner, but, you know how it goes—folks in Portland heard about him and enticed him to pack up his goods and return to his native good old U. S. A.

But this congregation, even though suffering from the depression like all other churches, decided it could not afford to handicap its spiritual life by getting along without a minister, and so it proceeded to cast about for a minister to take up the work. Somehow they learned of our Brother John Broeder, who originally hails from North Dakota, but who has spent seven years in faithful study in Rochester, and who gained the esteem of all who know him by his faithful personality and by his diligent scholarship. They called him, and he gladly accepted.

Now it is not so simple a matter for an American to cross the international boundary line and take up a position in the land of our Northern neighbor. Canada also has more workers than jobs, and she feels that her first duty is toward her own citizens. But she was generous enough to make an exception in the case of a Christian minister who has been ordained to the task of preaching the gospel. Under these conditions it was preferred to have the ordination service held in Rochester.

The Monroe County Baptist Association has a Council for the examination and ordination of candidates for the ministry. Brother Broeder appeared before this Council on Tuesday, October 17, and told them how he came to be a Christian, why he entered the Christian ministry, and what message he has for the world. The Council was gratified by the statement, unanimously decided to "set him aside for the Gospel Ministry" and advised the Church to hold a service in public recognition of this ordination. That is the way Dr. A. H. Strong in days gone by trained the local Baptists, and their children choose to abide by the ways of their fathers. More commonly the Council merely votes to advise the Church to ordain.

This recognition service was held on Wednesday evening in the Andrews St. Church, Prof. L. Kaiser preaching the sermon on "A Dynamic Ministry," based on 2 Cor. 2. He stressed the need of a dynamic, consecrated personality, and of a dynamic gospel message. Prof. A. Bretschneider welcomed the brother into the fellowship of the ministry and reminded him of the high honors, and also of the heavy responsibilities which would be his. Prof. F. W. C. Meyer then addressed the brother on Paul's immortal words spoken on the ship, en route to Rome, when he consoled his fellow-passengers that the angel of the Lord, "whose he is and whom he serves," had stood by him during the night. The phrase in German is "Des ich bin and dem ich diene." From this the keen professor evolved a degree of B. D., which may not be of scholastic origin, but which may mean infinitely more. He belongs to Christ and serves Christ.

Bro. Broeder left the next morning for his field of service. May he who "walks among the candlesticks, and carries the seven stars in his right hand," bless this newly formed pastoral relationship!

ARTHUR A. SCHADE.

Ordination of John P. Kuehl at Boston, Mass.

(A belated report, furnished at the request of the Editor)

Pursuant to a call issued by the First German Baptist Church of Boston, Mass., a Church Council met on June 30 at 2.30 P. M., for the purpose of considering the advisability of setting apart Brother John P. Kuehl to the gospel ministry.

A roll call showed that there were 39 delegates present from 13 churches of the Boston West Baptist Association (English) as well as a representative from the German Baptist Church of New Haven, Conn.

Brother Kuehl was then asked to give a statement of his Christian experience. He responded with a well prepared statement relating to his dedication to Christ after striking experiences of divine Grace. He likewise responded with a well prepared statement of his call to the ministry and of his views on Christian doctrines. The Council was well pleased with his statements and voted unanimously to recommend to the church that it proceed with the ordination.

The ordination service was conducted on Friday evening, June 30, in the First German Baptist Church in which Bro. Kuehl has served as student-pastor for the past year and a half. Upon the request of the candidate Rev. David G. Rider of the First Baptist Church of Laconia, N. H., preached the ordination sermon. Rev. V. Broderick of the First Baptist Church offered the ordination prayer. Rev. W. H. Marsell of the Centre St. Baptist Church gave the charge to the minister and the church. A welcome into the denomination was given by Rev. Edward B. Dolan of the Massachusetts Baptist State Convention. Benediction was offered by Rev. John P. Kuehl.

The service was further enriched by selections from the choir and a cello solo by Mr. Karl Zeise, accompanied at the organ by Mrs. Fred. Schlichting, both members of the local church.

Rev. Kuehl has accepted the call of the church to continue to serve them as their pastor.

May the Lord bless his ministry abundantly!
FRED. SCHLICHTING.

"Talk about poverty; if you want to see real poverty, you ought to travel through some of the mountain sections in the South!"

"Terrible conditions, eh?"

"Why, some of those mountaineers live in shacks so dilapidated that every time it rains they have to go out and sit in the sedan."

Afro-English

PAUL GEBAUER

"Excuse my idiot. My idiot and your idiot no be de same," said Etimbe Ngale, the new catechist of Likomba Church, to the small congregation of West-Coast-Africans at the close of his first sermon and sat down. What a powerful ending of an otherwise good speech. Ngale, having only slightly tasted of the white man's world-language tried to show himself worthy of his new charge by employing a word which he may have heard only once: idiom, and just slipt a bit putting his wisdom to work. And like him slip so many of our Africans, youth especially, when expressing themselves in a tongue more than foreign to them. They do in the run of the years—true to their linguistic gifts—master English in theory, but practically it remains for many nothing more a foreign vehicle, all too strange in construction and trend of thought. For your benefit we collected at random some of the Afro-English products on our way through government and mission schools of Cameroons Province:

How I Spent My Holyday

"When we got our holiday I went to Tiko to ask for some work. I slept there almost a day and I found that the place was full of hunger. This was the reason which made me to leave Tiko and to go to Ekona Plantation. When I reached there I slept one day and early in the morning about 4 o'clock we went to the line. I worked almost two weeks and the other week I was sick."

(C. E. Nguta, the writer of this sick and hungry piece of literature, is about 15 years of age and came to the mission school about 4 years ago from a tribe in the interior.)

A Letter to a Manager of a Mission:

"Sir? I have a great desire to reproof you perfectly that I am very poor with my wife together. So I write this few note that you may charity to borrow me the sum of one pound ten shillings. Hoping that you will fulfilled my cheerful desire I thanks in anticipation. Yours, etc."

(The writer serves a certain mission as a catechist. He received his earliest education in his native language and in German. In the great rush for English education after the war he visited the Infant Dept. of a government school for approximately 4 years. His "cheerful desire" indicates that he has not touched a textbook since. Some infant!)

Afama

(To enjoy the following report of a teacher in a vernacular school we may say that Afama presents a cult imported into the province by clever Calabar traders, who exploit the ignorance of their neighbors to the utmost. The Afama worship has many secret followers, causes much unrest and unhappiness, and is to be held responsible for many cases of death.)



Foumban Palace

"Afama.—It's two young trees planted in the middle of a town and round it with a small fence. Every ending of the month the people of that town should kill a goat and cook food and eat it before their god. And they began to worship it and say: 'Our god Afama saves us from any trouble.'

The rules of Afama:

1. If any man steal, Afama will catch the man to give him bad sick;
2. No-body to fight in the night;
3. Not to keep poison's medizin in house;
4. not to curse or backbiting one another.

This medicin comes from Bakosi part. These two young trees means a lion and tiger. If a man fail of these rules and caught by Afama, the family of the man should bring the following things before their god to beg to leave the man: one goat, tobacco, rice, eggs, fowls. If they bring that things the man should live, if not the man should die.

Afama has killed many people from Upper Ekona and Under Ekona and all this part. I went down Ekona. I met one of the backsliders suffering with pain on chest. They told me that he keeps some medicin to kill some man. That's why Afama catch him. The man died.."

"How America Was Founded"

(A. D., a scholar in Standard III of a school considered above the average, gives us interesting information about our continent. The teacher, who dictated these facts, is really to be blamed for the crippling of the history touched upon.)

"America was founded by Christopher Columbus. He told the white man that the land was good. Many of them went over to make farms. The Indians suffered for work, because they were not accustoms of work. The farmers came to Africa and bought a lot of slaves. After many years the slaves were made free. Many of the slaves became Christians and were good bookmen. The free Christian slaves begged the churches in America to send people to Africa to teach their people in Africa. This is how Sierra Leone, Monrovia and Fernando Po were founded."

A Dictation in History:

(That you may have more sympathy with our Africans we copy a few lines of dictation, for which the headmaster of Victoria Government School is responsible. 17 scholars of the Standard IV-class had to master that stuff, which helped them little in their daily life.)

"...The Medes broke away first from their early home in the Oxus Valley and overran modern Persia, subduing the Accadians who were of Mongolian extraction and original owners of the land of Persia...."

Another Letter:

(This fellow, a government employee, did not hide with his conviction about that "pure" fool in the "Baptised" mission school.)

"The Manager of the Baptised Mission School, etc. Sir, I am more delighted to inform you that one of your school-boys named Martin who was sent here to be trained by me the undersigned person has become a pure fool and going all about connecting women and stealing, hence I am afraid the boy will cause me trouble.... Awaiting your early consideration as early as possible I beg to remain...."

From an Examination Paper,

written by the headmaster of a super-vised school we give in full two quotations and beg you to find the answers:

Arithmetic: The short hand of a clock is on 9 and the long one on 13. If the tickling amount to 60. What will be the exact time to be seen on the face of the clock?

Religion: Give the chorus of the heavens of heaven on the fullstop days of the creation and what lessons drawn from it.

Even Change

Butcher: "Well, what do you want, my boy?"

Boy: "Twenty cents' worth of liver and five cents change. Father will bring the quarter in the morning."

Teacher: "Who can name one important thing we have now that we did not have one hundred years ago?"

Tommy: "Me."

Keziah Coffin

(Continued from page 10)

hasset and not after. Naturally, we s'pose he got off there. Pretty good joke on old Daniels, I call it. Serve him right, figgerin' to take a passenger away from me. He! he!"

"But you do know more, now don't you? Tell a feller—come! I don't like Elkanah any better'n you do."

"Well," the driver's voice dropped still lower. "Well," he whispered, "I did hear this much, though don't tell none of them: A chap I know was on the train and he said he see Cap'n Nat get off the cars at Cohasset Narrows depot and there was a woman with him."

"A woman? A woman? What woman?"

"Blessed if I know! And he didn't nuther. So long! Git dap!"

The reception committee and its escort drove slowly back to Trumet. The Daniels following was disgusted and disappointed. Captain Elkanah had figured upon keeping Hammond under his own wing until he was safely deposited at the old Tavern. Grace was there and Elkanah meant that these two should meet before any inkling of Ellery's story reached Nat's ears. Incidentally, he could drop a few damaging hints concerning the minister's character. To hurt Ellery all he could and prejudice Hammond against him—that was the plan, and now it was frustrated. The captain had not put in an appearance and no one knew where he was or when he would come home. Obviously, there was nothing to do except give up the reception and await further news from the missing man.

Some of those present wished to remain in Bayport until night. Another train was due in Sandwich and, possibly, Nat might come on that. They could telegraph and find out whether or not he did come, and if he did, could send a carriage for him. But this suggestion was overruled. The reception was off.

The homeward journey had some unpleasant incidents. Several Come-Outers had driven over. Nat belonged to them, so they felt—he was the son of their dead founder and leader—and they determined the Regulars should not have him all to themselves. They had come to bid him welcome on behalf of the worshipers at the chapel. Now they took advantage of the general disappointment to make sarcastic and would-be-humorous remarks loud enough for the majestic occupant of the decorated carriage to hear.

"Seems to me," said Thoph Black, "that them flags ought to be ha'f mast. That craft's in distress."

"S-sh-h!" counseled his companion, another Come-Outer. "Don't be irreverent. Look who's cruisin' under 'em. That's the King of Trumet. Let's you and me go ahead and fire salutes, Thoph."

Captain Elkanah wrathfully ordered the flags to be removed from the horses' heads and from the dashboard.

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.

As Noah Ellis and his passenger turned into the lighthouse lane another vehicle turned out of it.

"Who was that?" queried Kyan. "Looked like one of the livery stable horses to me."

"'Twa'n't. 'Twas Thankful Payne's and that was her carriage, too. It's gettin' so dark I couldn't see who was drivin' it, but 'twas a man, anyhow."

Kyan seemed to be pondering. "I wonder," he said slowly, "I wonder if that cousin of hers from Sandwich is here visitin'. That Caleb Pratt, seems to me his name is."

"Don't know. Why?"

"Nothin', nothin'. I just wondered, that was all. That might explain why she let me—"

"Hey?"

"Nothin'. Good night, Noah. I'm much obliged to you for takin' me over, even if there wa'n't no reception."

Trumet spent that evening wondering what had become of Nat Hammond. Captain Zeb Mayo wondered most of all. Yet this wonderment was accompanied by vague suspicions of the truth. And, at eleven o'clock, when the village was in bed, a horse and buggy moved down the Turn-off and stopped before the Hammond gate. A man alighted from the buggy and walked briskly up to the side door. There he knocked and then whistled shrilly.

A window overhead was opened.

"Who is it?" asked a feminine voice.

"Don't be frightened, Gracie," replied the man at the door. "It's me—Nat. I've come home again."

(To be continued)

Laziness and Uselessness

Laziness and uselessness are great sins. Sometimes you see a person so lazy that it is restful to look at him! Colonel Bain used to tell the story of a man who took pride in saying that he never worked. He was "not much on stirrin' 'round." The following lines have been written about him:

"When the frost was comin' down,
And the wind was creepin' higher,
He spent his time just that way,
A-sittin' round the fire.

"Same old habit day by day,
He never seemed to tire;
While others worked and got their pay,
He sat there by the fire.

"When he died by slow degrees,
Some said, 'He's gone up higher,'
But if he's doin' what he did,
He's sittin' round the fire."

—Selected.

* * *
Mrs. Bargainhunt (at jeweller's): "I just bought this ring at Cut Rate Joe's, across the street. How do you pronounce the name of the stone? Is it turkwoise or turkwoise?"

Jeweller (after inspecting stone): "The correct pronunciation, madam, is 'glass.'"—Michigan Christian Advocate.