

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., OCTOBER 15, 1933

Number Twenty

BUSINESS is more than sitting around answering the telephone. The man who would be successful must also initiate calls. Likewise in the business of being a Christian, we cannot develop character by merely being passive. There is a time for being quiet and receptive in the presence of God, and there is also a time for active service. Faith must be accomplished by works if we are to grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ. Often our prayer to God should be, "What wilt thou have me to do?"

What's Happening

Read the special announcement of our Business Manager on the last page of this number. This liberal inducement ought to bring in many new subscribers.

Rev. John Luebeck, pastor of the German Baptist Church at Whittemouth, Man., has resigned to accept the call of the church at Medicine Hat, Sask.

Mr. Alfred Bibelheimer began his pastorate with the German Baptist Church of Southey, Sask., Can., on Sunday, Sept. 24. Bro. Bibelheimer was inducted into his new charge by Rev. F. A. Bloedow, our veteran Western Canada pioneer and missionary worker. Bro. Bibelheimer graduated last Spring from the German department of our Colgate-Rochester Divinity School.

The Institute at the McDermott Ave. Church, Winnipeg, Man., Rev. H. P. Kayser, pastor, for Sunday School Workers and Young Peoples Leadership, Sept. 25-29, was well attended with an average of about 75 night-y. Rev. F. A. Bloedow and Secretary A. P. Mihm were the teachers. Three periods of 40 minutes were held from 7.30 to 9.30 P. M. The weather during the week was delightful.

The Alberta, Can., Triunion will conduct a Bible School for young men and young women this Winter at Wetaskiwin, Alta. Rev. F. W. Benke will serve as Dean of the School. Suitable buildings have been secured for the school in the City of Wetaskiwin and the school will open on Jan. 8 and continue for two months. An extensive curriculum is planned and a good faculty will be secured. General Secretary A. P. Mihm will teach for a period of four weeks.

Rally Day for Church and Sunday school was held at the White Avenue Church, Cleveland, O., Rev. Wm. L. Schoeffel, pastor, on Sunday, Sept. 24. Addresses were given by the Supt., Mr. Fred Linsz, and the pastor, who spoke on "The Challenge of the Hour." The morning attendance was 252 and 110 in the evening. Among the goals listed for the coming year is a Sunday school attendance of 300, an attendance of 80% of the members at church services, the winning of 25 new members to the church and a leadership training class for the teachers and workers.

The church at Stafford, Kansas, had the pleasure of giving their new minister and wife, Brother and Sister Alfred Weisser, a reception on Friday evening, Sept. 15. Members of the various branches in the church spoke words of welcome, and Rev. J. Borchers from Ellinwood presented an address of welcome. Following the reception the young couple were given a shower, consisting of presents useful to them in furnishing their home. Bro. Weisser is a member of the 1933 graduating class of the Rochester Seminary.

Our "Baptist Herald" boosters ought to get off to an early start in winning new subscribers for 1934. Mr. Donner's offer on page 16 is an encouragement to begin now. Let's go!

Mr. John Broeder of this year's graduating class of the German department of Colgate-Rochester Divinity School has accepted the call of the church at Trochu, Alberta, Can., as successor to Rev. E. P. Wahl.

Rev. David Zimmerman, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Arnprior, Ontario, Can., had the privilege of baptizing five girls and three boys on Sunday morning, July 9. The young people were given the right hand of fellowship and received into the membership of the church at the Communion service held in the evening of the same day.

Mr. Otto Draeger and Miss Lydia Draewell were married in the Second German Baptist Church of Philadelphia at 5 P. M. on Saturday, Sept. 16, 1933. The bride is a daughter of Rev. and Mrs. J. G. Draewell. The father of the bride officiated at the wedding ceremony. We wish the young couple many happy years together on the journey of life.

The Churches at Minitonas and St. Rose, Man., Can., composed of German colonists who settled there about 5-6 years ago, were visited by the Editor of the "Baptist Herald" on Sunday, Oct. 1. The trip was made by auto from Winnipeg with Rev. F. A. Bloedow. The Editor gave three addresses to a large gathering at Minitonas in the forenoon and early afternoon and preached to the St. Rose congregation, about 130 miles north of Minitonas in the evening. It was a strenuous but blessed day.

Rev. Wm. G. Jaster, pastor of the German Baptist Church of Killaloe, Ont., was privileged to baptize 10 converts on Sunday, Aug. 13, in the out-doors at a nearby flowing water. All were grown-ups but one, who was a girl of 12 years from our Sunday school. The baptism was something new in the history of the church in Killaloe; of the 10 baptized, one came from the Lutheran, four from the Evangelical, and two even came from the Roman Catholic churches, which seldom happens. After the baptism we met in the church for the Lord's Supper and the 10 baptized and 3 more by restoration of faith received the hand of fellowship. It was a glad day for the church.

Donation Day at the Philadelphia Home

Donation Day at the Philadelphia German Baptist Home for the Aged will be held on Saturday, October 21.

The afternoon program will present the Rev. Alonzo D. Winters of Philadelphia and the Rev. John Schmidt of City, N. J., as speakers. An evening entertainment will also be provided. Friends of the Atlantic district are in-

vited to spend the day with us at the Home.

Donations in merchandise or gifts by friends throughout North America may be sent at any time to 7023 Rising Sun Avenue. The Philadelphia Home deeply appreciates your interest in its work and service.

Program of the Lake Erie Association, Detroit, Second Church

October 22-25

Advance Preacher on the Lord's Day, Rev. E. J. Baumgartner, Dayton, O.

Monday: Opening sermon, Rev. W. L. Schoeffel, White Ave., Cleveland, O.

Tuesday A. M.: Devotional, Rev. John Grygo, Lansing, Mich.

Organization and Reports of the Churches.

"Contemporary Religious Thinking," Book Review, Rev. C. F. Lehr, Snaker Square, Cleveland, O.

P. M.: "Buchmanism or the Oxford Movement," Rev. J. Leypoint, Detroit.

Bible Study, Rev. C. A. Daniel, Detroit.

The evening service will be under the auspices of the Young Peoples and Sunday School Workers' Union of Detroit.

Address: "What Shall I Do With My Life?" O. E. Krueger, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Wednesday A. M.: Devotional, Rev. Fred Guenther, Alpena, Mich.

"Church Clinic," Rev. Paul Wengel, Detroit.

"Barth's Theology and Movement," Rev. O. E. Krueger, Pittsburgh.

P. M.: The Women's Union of Detroit will have their fall luncheon after which Rev. E. J. Baumgartner of Dayton will speak.

Bible Study, Rev. W. S. Argow, Erie, Pa.

Evening: Sermon by Rev. S. Blum, Erin Ave., Cleveland.

We invite all of the churches of the Association to send their delegates and visitors. Announcements may be sent to Herman Eichler, 12018 Prairie, Detroit, Mich.

The Baptist Herald

Published semi-monthly by the
GERMAN BAPTIST PUBLICATION SOCIETY
3734 Payne Avenue Cleveland, Ohio
Rev. A. P. Mihm, Editor

"The Baptist Herald" is a denominational periodical devoted to the interests of the German Baptist Young People's and Sunday School Workers' Union at the subscription price of \$1.25 a Year.

(24 cents additional to foreign countries)
Advertising rates, 60 cents per inch single column, 2 1/2 inches wide.

All editorial correspondence is to be addressed to Rev. A. P. Mihm, 7346 Madison St., Forest Park, Ill.

All business correspondence to German Baptist Publication Society, 3734 Payne Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

Entered as second-class matter January 9, 1923, at the post office at Cleveland, Ohio, under the act of March 3, 1879.

The Baptist Herald

Our Baptist Churches in Germany and Their Sunday Schools

ON January 8, 1825, Pastor Rautenberg, at the instance of Johann Gerhard Oncken founded the first German Sunday school in St. Georg church in Hamburg.

On April 23, 1834, the first seven converts, who were baptized upon confession of their faith and formed the first German Baptist Church on German soil in Hamburg, soon thereafter began the first Sunday school of our denomination in Germany.

In 1851 our churches in Germany had 3,746 members and reported 56 Sunday schools with 151 officers and teachers and 1243 scholars. For every 100 church members there were 33 pupils in the Sunday schools. In 1932 there were 278 churches with 1821 stations and 68,538 members. They report 840 Sunday schools with 4,019 teachers and officers and 33,653 pupils. For every 100 church members there were 49 pupils. The churches baptized 4,001 converts in 1932 of which 855 were from the ranks of the Sunday school.

The Sunday school statistician, Bro. Max Knappe of Dresden, to whom we are indebted for these figures, distinguishes between enrollment and average attendance. The above figures are those for average attendance. The enrollment of the schools is reported as 50,003 which would raise the percentage of Sunday school scholars to membership making it 74 pupils to every 100 church members. The figures include the Baptist Sunday schools in the areas, formerly German, but now belonging to Poland, as well as the churches in the Memel territory and the free city of Danzig. During the years since the war the churches and Sunday schools in Alsace Lorraine and North Schleswig and lately the churches in the Memel district have severed their connection which entailed a loss of 20 preaching places, 542 members, 11 Sunday schools with 29 teachers and 345 pupils.

In considering these Sunday school statistics our American readers must bear in mind that Sunday school enrollment and attendance in Germany is still restricted to children up to the intermediate grades, about 15 years of age. The young people's and adult classes, which form such strong sections and departments of our American Sunday schools, are lacking. We have a somewhat different conception of the Sunday school than our European brethren and we think a better and more advantageous one. We believe the Sunday school, while originally started to gather the children, has developed beyond that initial idea and stage and now is

the teaching agency of the church and the teaching service of the church to which all age groups are urged to come because the Sunday school has something which all need.

It may be of interest to compare the above figures with the 1932 statistics of our own German Baptist Sunday schools in the United States and Canada. We report 323 Sunday schools with 34,960 enrolled pupils and 3298 teachers and officers. Our church membership for 1932 is 34,737. For every 100 members of our churches, as may be seen, we have over 100 pupils in the Sunday schools. The much larger comparative enrollment in our schools is due to the somewhat different conception of the range and outreach of the Sunday school that we have in America as compared with that of the Baptists of Germany.

Forcing Our Religion on Non-Christians

WHEN we grow excited, we use strange phrases which we should repudiate in our cooler moments. One of the strangest we use is when we speak of foreign missions as "forcing our religion on other people." It is a foolish term, on two counts.

For one thing, Christianity is not "our" religion. It came to us from other people. We adopted it in our ancestry, and there is no reason in common sense why it should stop with us. It is not so tremendous a success with us that it ought to count its work done; that is sure. We speak about people's "native faiths." Well, this is not our native faith any more than it is China's or India's. Christianity is just as much "native" to Africa or Persia as to America and England. Most nations have changed their religions at least once; and if a better faith offers, it is not ridiculous to suggest that it be accepted. Japan is largely Buddhist, Siam is wholly so; yet Buddhism was born in India, and has been accepted by other lands. Africa and China have large Moslem populations; but Islam was born in Arabia, and has traveled to these other lands. Christianity was not born in the West, and is not "our" faith over against the rest of the world.

For another thing, nobody is doing any "forcing." Nobody in non-Christian lands has to become a Christian if he does not choose to do so. If we open a school, nobody has to attend it; and even if one does attend, he need not become a Christian. Only about fifteen percent of the students in mission schools are Christians, or ever become Christians. If we open a hospital or send out a doctor, nobody has to go into the hospital or receive the doctor. If we publish the Bible, nobody has to read it. Even if treaties permit missionaries to work in a country,

no treaty ever suggested that anybody had to accept their teaching. There is no fair sense in which any such word as "force" can be used about mission work. Non-Christian people can take or leave the missionary service precisely as anybody in Christian lands can take or leave the service of any minister if he chooses.—Cleland B. McAfee in C. E. World.

Have You Had Your Face Lifted?

WHAT do you suppose I read in the newspaper the other day? I read that some people were going to Paris to have their faces lifted. Now wasn't that a funny idea! It seems that when your face is lifted your skin is smoother and clearer and you look much younger. But of course you cannot laugh very hard, and you must never cry. In fact you must not show any strong emotion like joy or gratitude, because your face might fall again! It seems to me that kind of face must be a great deal of trouble. I have heard that it is also a great expense.

Now I know a way to get your face lifted that doesn't cost a cent. It is not guaranteed to take all the wrinkles of living out of your face, but then who wants to look like a wax doll, anyway? But it surely does make your eyes brighter, your mouth sweeter and your face younger. And you can laugh and sing, and express all the happiness you want.

"Hasn't she a lovely face! Did you notice her eyes? What a sweet expression she has!" These things were not said about a young girl. They were said about a woman of middle age. She must have had her face lifted by my new method. This method may be used on your face whether it is only nine or ten years old or has been worn for a hundred years. But of course the method gives a more lasting effect if it is begun when one is very young.

A girl whose mouth turns down, whose eyes are dull, whose lips curl scornfully, whose face mirrors discouragement, despair, or disgust, should have her face lifted right away.

Here is the recipe: Take one ounce of forgetfulness of self, mix with three large lumps of interest in some one else, spice well with enthusiasm, stir vigorously with a spoonful of service. Apply whenever the face is drooping. This is guaranteed to lift your face into beautiful lines and quite often it works down toward the heart and make an uplifted heart, too.—Girl's Weekly.

Largest Baptist Cities in South

FOR many years, Richmond, Va., was considered the largest Baptist city in the South—that is, Richmond had more Baptists, white and colored, in proportion to the total population than any other city in the South or the world, as for that matter. More recently, however, Atlanta, Georgia, has been claiming this signal honor. The 1926 Census of Religious Bodies, on the other hand, revealed three hitherto unknown facts about the Baptists in the big Southern Cities:

First of all, Birmingham, Alabama, leads the South in the number of Baptists, having in 1926 56,000 Baptists, white and colored, as compared to 47,010 in Richmond, Va., and 46,482 in Atlanta, Ga.

But in proportion to the total population of the city and in proportion to the total church membership of the city, Knoxville, Tenn., leads the whole South, and the nation as well, having a total of 48,211 church members of all faiths and 29,000 Baptists out of a total population of 105,000. That is to say, there is 1 Baptist in Knoxville to every 3.6 persons in the city, and 29,000 of the total church members are Baptists, while only 20,000 belong to all the other churches in Knoxville.

In proportion to the total population, the four ranking cities of the South stood as follows in 1926, viz: Knoxville had one Baptist to every 3.6 persons in the city; Richmond had one Baptist to every 3.8 persons; Birmingham had one Baptist to every 4.6 persons, while Atlanta was fourth, with one Baptist to every 5.8 persons in the city.—The Challenge.

Setting Goals for Others

IN the corner of the dining room of the home of a Dallas, Texas, woman there is a line at the height of six feet, two inches with "A.A." written after it, meaning "All American." When her oldest son was home on furlough from West Point and had received All American mention, his three younger brothers were eager, too, to gain this honor; so they backed him against the wall, measured him, put down the date, weight, and height, and from that day there has been a conscious effort on their part to arrive some day at the A.A. pinnacle of fame in these respects.

Not always is the idol of the younger set so obvious as in this instance. Often we who stand on the threshold of manhood or womanhood, with only a few years separating us from the junior-high, are unconscious of our great influence over them. These youngsters look to us for goals and bend every effort to measure up to them.

What kind of standards are we setting up for those who are younger? The clothes we wear, the language we use, the books we read, the amusements we attend, the companions we have, the unselfish service that we undertake—all these things form the goals for these proteges of ours. Paul was conscious of this influence. "None of us liveth to himself," he said.—Forward.

Studying the Prophecies

IT is a melancholy symptom of the prevalence of religious apathy in our day that we so rarely meet with men who take pleasure in studying either the Scripture as a whole, or the prophecies in particular.

Learn from Isaiah to value Christ above all. Let Jeremiah with his oft-repeated cry, "Repent!" be to thee a wise preacher of repentance. Let Ezekiel, who describes God as a fire, humble thy stubbornness and self-righteousness. Let Daniel open up to thee a prospect of those events which shall occur in the kingdom of God on earth, from its establishment to its final and universal triumph. Learn from Jonah how deceitful and wicked thine own heart is. Let Joel rouse thee and make thee abandon all luxury and sinful ease. Let Amos warn thee against security and ease, and let Hosea rouse thee up to renewed faithfulness. From Micah learn what is a rare virtue in our day, that of swimming against the current of public opinion. Learn from Nahum how irresistible is the storm of God's wrath when it once begins to blow. Let Habakkuk be our example of the blessedness of waiting for the Lord amidst evil days. Let Zephaniah and Obadiah recommend a confident trust in the final result of the divine dispensations. Let Haggai, Zechariah and Malachi show thee how those should diligently labor to build up the city and Temple of God, especially in such times as the present. And rest assured, O reader, that the more thou studieth the prophecies with such feelings as these, the more abundant and more precious will be the treasures which thou wilt find in their perusal, and the more surely will they lead thee to Christ!—Barth.

An Object Lesson

A SUPPLY MINISTER was taking the place of a regular pastor for a few Sundays and was especially happy in giving the children's sermons. One Sunday he said: "Children, next Sunday I am going to bring something in my pocket that I have never seen. The person who gave it to me has never seen it. Nobody in this whole world has ever seen it. And yet I have it at home, and it was given to me by a friend. I will show it to you next Sunday, then it will disappear, and no one will ever see it again. Do you believe that I can do this?"

Of course the children were curious; they promised to come the next Sunday and bring their friends.

When Sunday morning came the number of children in the congregation was noticeably larger.

Again the minister began by saying: "I have something in my pocket that I have never seen, something that no one else has ever seen, the man who gave it to me never saw it. Do you believe me?"

"Yes! Yes!" came from the children.

"Now, children, that is faith. You believe what I have told you. You believe that I am able to show you something that I have not seen myself, something that nobody else has seen. Always remember that this is a lesson on faith." Then he took from his pocket a peanut, broke it open, and showed the children the meat. After they were through

laughing he called two boys to the platform, gave each one-half the meat, and told them to eat it.

"Now, children, you see for yourselves that it has disappeared and no one will ever see it again. And I want one of you to tell me what I told you at the beginning. What is faith?" Several hands went up and waved vigorously. "Jack, you may face the people and tell them what faith is."

Jack: "A peanut."—The Children's Leader.

Editorial Jottings

WE ARE NOW in the heart of the Fall season when we rally our "Baptist Herald" Boosters for the annual subscription campaign. The advantage of an early start is clear. Bro. Donner, our business manager, makes a special offer of sending the "Herald" from the time the order is received to all new subscribers. A splendid box of Christmas cards will be given by the publisher to all Boosters sending in the names of no less than ten subscribers for 1934 accompanied by the cash, or its equivalent, such as check or money order, on or before the tenth day of December. All renewals as well as new subscriptions are included. We hope many Boosters will take advantage of this offer and win such a prize.

THE STORY—"The Transformation of the Fairview Sunday School"—in this number is by Mr. Herman J. Weihe of Milwaukee. Bro. Weihe is one of the best informed men on Sunday school work among German Baptists and can write ably and in an interesting manner about it. In this number our readers will find the first installment of a pleasant "Plauderei" on "Sunday Abroad" by Mr. Walter A. Staub, one of the foremost figures in the accounting world of today and a devoted Christian layman. This issue also contains the last of the Conference reports for this year,—the Eastern and Atlantic. The cuts of the various groups also enhance this number. In the editorial section the reader will find an illuminating article on Sunday School work among Baptists of Germany.

"I BELIEVE the 'Baptist Herald' should be placed into the church budget for every German Baptist family. I believe that churches with the 'Baptist Herald' would prosper more than double every way. It creates a greater zeal and determination to be loyal to the kingdom's cause. I believe the 'Baptist Herald' to be the key to spiritual inspirations and the door to material gain. For it is by the rules and the laws of the Word of God given to us and in the keeping and exercises of them that we prosper in both, the spiritual and the material things which the 'Baptist Herald' maps out for us to follow out of the Word of God."

A Reader—an admirer of the "Baptist Herald" in the Southwest.

We are glad to publish the above suggestion. It might be carried out by some organized classes and young people's societies.



Winner in Bible Memorizing Contest, Clay St. Sunday School, Benton Harbor, Mich.

Benton Harbor School Has Bible Contest

Several months ago we made an effort in our Sunday school—the Clay Street Sunday school of Benton Harbor, Mich.,—to increase interest in Bible study, so in the accompanying picture you see a group of twelve young ladies; in the front row are Martha Koss, Helen Zoschke, Mary Koss, Ivy Cassner and Anna Mae Versaw. These memorized twelve or more psalms. In the back row are Mary Applegate, Gladys Renhack, Edith Schermer, Ruth Steinke, Marie Mabs, Evelyn Miller and Helen Glaske, and these memorized six or more Psalms. There were a great number who memorized Psalms but since they did not attain the number of six or more Psalms, they were not admitted into the picture, which was within the rules of the contest.

H. J. GLASKE.

(What's the matter with the boys? Editor.)

The Thirty-Sixth Atlantic Conference in Philadelphia

The thirty-sixth session of the Atlantic Conference met with the Fleischmann Memorial Church in Philadelphia, Pa., from Sept. 13-17, and in conjunction with the Conference the entertaining church celebrated the 90th anniversary of its existence. We met with the oldest of our German Baptist churches in North America. In his welcome address on the opening night, Rev. M. L. Leuschner, the pastor, spoke of many "first things" for which Philadelphia was historically noted,—the first savings bank, etc. He also cordially welcomed us to the hospitality and fellowship of our "First German Baptist Church" in this country. In spite of ninety years of history, the church is live, up-to-date,—worships in one of our finest church buildings and its warm hospitality showed no signs of feebleness or senility.

The Motto and Theme

of the Conference was "The Kingdom of God." In large German letters is was strung above the choir loft: "I love thy kingdom, Lord." Rev. John Schmidt of Union City, N. J., preached the opening

sermon on the topic: "The Church and the Kingdom," basing his discourse on texts from Matth. 16, Psalm 2 and Revelation 11. As we left the church at the close of the service, rain was falling heavily and this rain stayed with us, more or less, until the last day of the Conference, when the Sun again began to shine. The continuous rain kept us from the nearby park in recess hours, but kept us together in the church parlors and caused many to cluster around Bro. Donner's book-display. This, no doubt, worked together for his good. Despite the rain, everybody was cheerful in the fine fellowship and radiated the sunshine of Christian brotherhood.

After the usual reading of the church letters, Bro. M. L. Leuschner presented the report of the Conference Missionary Committee. Bro. Leuschner and Bro. C. W. Koller were elected to the General Missionary Committee. Bro. J. A. Conrad, treasurer of the Conference, presented his annual report and received a vote of thanks for his faithful services during his term of office. The Conference adopted the recommendation of the General Finance Committee and fell in line with most conferences in making the General Treasurer the treasurer of their Conference and sending all monies in future direct to him in Forest Park.

The General Work

was well represented by business manager H. P. Donner, who reported on the status of our Publication Society, by Dr. Wm. Kuhn, General Secretary of our Missionary Society, and A. P. Mihm, Secretary of the Young People's and S. S. Workers' Union. Bro. Kuhn spoke on Thursday evening to a crowded house in a happy vein on "The Kingdom of God and Our Denomination." Bro. Kuhn is a son of the old First Church and was pastor of the Second German Church for many years, so he is always at home ground in the City of Brotherly Love.

A splendid address was given by Rev. Julius Kaaz of New Haven on Thursday morning on "Konrad Anton Fleischmann and the Men Who Influenced Him." The influence of George Mueller of Bristol, the famous philanthropist and man of

prayer on Fleischmann's career was vividly portrayed. Two other addresses by brethren W. A. Mueller and C. W. Koller on "Fleischmann and His Relation to Our Work," and "As Christian Worker and Leader" were crowded out by protracted discussion over certain business matters to the regret of all.

A Pageant

depicting nine decades of history was splendidly given by the young people of the Jubilee church on Friday evening. Nine historical scenes were presented. We understand pastor Leuschner wrote this pageant. It was a fine piece of work.

Other notable addresses were those given by Rev. G. H. Schneck on Friday night on "Our Fathers and We," and by Rev. V. Brushwyler on Saturday forenoon on "For Such a Time as This." Bro. Schneck emphasized the Christian attitude to the past and admonished us to honor our fathers, to hold their faith and to evince a willingness, like them, to put first things first. They had conviction. We often lack conviction.

Bro. Brushwyler in his address said that in a time like ours, we need men of ripe scholarship, men of conversion, men of courage and men of conviction. He sounded the note of evangelism and stressed the continuous need of evangelism in our churches.

The statistics showed total additions of 322 since the last report and total losses of 229, leaving a net gain of 94. The present membership is 29 churches with a membership of 4412. The Ebenezer Church of West New York, N. J., received the hand of fellowship.

After a full discussion the Conference adopted a resolution endorsing the action of the Council and the German Baptist Ministers' Conference of New York with regard to Bro. John Lehnert and requested the West New York Church to dismiss him as pastor and to withdraw the hand of fellowship from him within the next month.

Rev. C. W. Koller and Mr. Reuben Windisch were elected members of the local Conference Missionary Committee. The new Conference officers are: Rev. W. A. Mueller, Brooklyn, moderator; Rev. John Schmidt, Union City, vice-moderator; Rev. F. Orthner, New York, recording secretary, and Rev. C. Peters, Jamesburg, N. J., statistical secretary. The session next year is to be held with the Second German Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.

An Enjoyable Outing

was held on Saturday afternoon to historic Valley Forge, some thirty-five miles distant. About 20 or more autos bore us through the tree-lined roads and broad green fields to the place where Washington and his ragged Continental army spent their hard and rigorous winter. A beautiful Memorial Chapel and a tower of sweet-voiced bells, donated by various states, now stands on the historic battle and camping field.

After the outing the visitors and delegates were entertained at supper at the beautiful Old Folks Home on Rising Sun Ave. and gathered in the gem of a cha-

(Continued on page 12)

The Transformation of the Fairview Sunday School

HERMAN J. WEIHE

Chapter I

When Rev. Hemingway began his ministry in Fairview he made a rather disconcerting discovery. He found that the Sunday school of his new field was to a large extent a failure, as far as the religious training of childhood and youth was concerned. While it seemed at first as if none of the folks were conscious of this deplorable situation, there was at least one exception. This became evident when Clarence Benton, the youthful assistant superintendent and teacher of a large boy's class, asked the question: "Brother Hemingway, what do you think of our Sunday school?"

After a moment's hesitation the pastor replied: "My friend, that's a question which I ought not to answer hastily or prematurely. You see, I'm a newcomer and ought to have more time for further observation and better acquaintance. How about expressing your own opinion? You are probably thoroughly acquainted with every phase of the work."

"Well, pastor, I'll be perfectly frank. It's been my conviction for some time that our school is nothing to be proud of. It's probably the least efficient department of our church."

"Perhaps you have also diagnosed conditions," the pastor continued, "and have reached some definite conclusions in regard to the cause of our school's delinquency."

The young man was about to reply when the conversation had to be discontinued, as Rev. Hemingway was unexpectedly called away.

Chapter II

On the Sunday following this brief interview the pastor began to do various things which caused no little surprise among his associates. Instead of accepting a position as teacher of the Adult Bible Class, as had been expected, he became, what might be called, "a worker at large." Generally he taught some class which had been left without a teacher, occasionally he visited a class upon the request of its teacher and on one Sunday he assisted the secretary of the school who had asked for advice concerning the improvement of his work. Some of the interesting and illuminating experiences which came to the pastor in these various capacities, as well as important items of information gathered from other sources were duly recorded in a notebook and then summarized in the following statement:

Sunday School Assets

1. A fairly good working plant with some useful equipment.
2. Officers and teachers with considerable natural ability and many undeveloped leadership possibilities.
3. An assistant superintendent with an attractive personality, high ideals and much executive ability.
4. A community with many children

not reached by any agency of Christian education.

5. The Master's commission to teach, together with his assurance: "Lo, I am with you always."

Liabilities

1. Irregular attendance of pupils and teachers.
2. Religious indifference of many parents.
3. Sunday school ruts of various types.
4. Inadequate preparation and training of teachers.
5. Discouragements of some of the workers.

There were also a few factors of importance which were not easily evaluated or classified. So, for instance, it seemed rather doubtful whether the superintendent, Brother Paxton, should be listed among the assets of the school. It might be better to wait and see before coming to a decision.

Chapter III

About two months after his arrival in Fairview, the Rev. Mr. Hemingway started what soon became a forward movement in Christian education by preaching a remarkable sermon on "The Teaching Ministry of the Church." While the pastor's plain speech offended a few of the members, there were some important results of a practical nature. On the following Monday evening, the church, in its business meeting, elected a "Committee of Religious Education" which was destined to have an important part in the work of the church for the moral and spiritual welfare of its youth.

During the same week the officers and teachers of the Sunday school began to hold a series of special Workers' Meetings for the purpose of studying the local Sunday school situation and planning needed improvements. While the superintendent rather reluctantly served as chairman of these meetings, the pastor was their guiding spirit. In his efforts to make every session instructive, inspirational and helpful, he was ably supported by the assistant superintendent and a number of the other workers. As the meetings progressed the interest grew until practically all officers and teachers were enlisted in a campaign of improvement and progress. There was a fact-finding or survey committee which discovered and reported special needs, and a literature committee which furnished information in regard to the most helpful material for reading and study. Throughout the course much practical use was made of the denominational Sunday School Standard, as well as the 500 Point Standard of the International Committee of Religious Education. Usually the study of some particular project was followed by some "forward step" or definite project in the way of Sunday school improvement. So, for instance, the discussion of the topic "Leadership Training" led to the organization of a young people's training class which met during the regular Sunday school session.

The consideration of the subject "Building up the Membership and Attendance" resulted in a neighborhood canvass and the adoption of an effective "follow up system."

One of the most urgent needs of the school was the improvement of the worship service. Under existing circumstances all departments above the Primary met for a united opening service which was in charge of the superintendent. It was easy to see that the aimless and desultory manner in which this service was conducted was largely responsible for the inattention and irreverence which usually prevailed during this period. The solution of this vexed problem was all the more difficult, because Brother Paxton did not take very kindly to suggestions that might be given concerning anything which he regarded as his official prerogatives. For a time the superintendent's reformation seemed a hopeless task, when something occurred which was destined to have an important effect, not only on the school's worship service, but also upon its progress in other respects.

It happened when the superintendent, who was otherwise very regular in attendance, was obliged to make an extended business trip of several weeks' duration, so that his assistant, Clarence Benton, was left in charge of the school. It was the first time that the responsibilities of a Sunday school executive had been placed upon the young man and he rose to the occasion in a manner which surprised even his most intimate friends. Among the comments which were made in regard to his work were the following: "It beats all how that young fellow takes hold of things." "Clarence surely knows how to run a Sunday school." "Brother Paxton had better look after his laurels, if he has any to look after."

Chapter IV

When Brother Paxton, after a three week's absence, returned to his accustomed place in the school there was something in his demeanor and attitude which attracted attention. It was also quite evident that he had carefully prepared himself for the day's program and that, as a result, things were running smoothly. Some of the folks thought they knew what had brought about the change, while others were not so certain. All had reason to feel gratified that the improvement in the work of the superintendent was not a temporary matter, but continued on succeeding Sundays.

The improvement of the school also continued in other respects. Better teaching was one of the goals which had been stressed in the workers' conference with some encouraging results. Progress in this, as well as in other respects, was also due to the personal work and influence of the pastor. Teachers discovered that he entered into a consideration of their problems intelligently and sympathetically and that his counsel was often of great practical value.

(Continued on page 14)

KEZIAH COFFIN

JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

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(Continuation)
Chapter XVII

In which Ebenezer Capen is surprised

Before sunset that afternoon the "San Jose" was anchored behind the point by the inlet. The fishing boats changed moorings and moved farther up, for not a single one of their owners would trust himself within a hundred yards of the stricken brigantine. As soon as the anchors were dropped, the volunteer crew was over side and away each of its members receiving a scolding from his family for taking such a risk and to have his garments sulphur-smoked or buried. Charlie Burgess, whose wife was something of a Tartar, observed ruefully that he "didn't take no comfort 'round home nowadays; between the smell of brimstone and the jawin's 'twas the hereafter ahead of time."

The largest of the beach shanties, one which stood by itself a quarter of a mile from the light, was hurriedly prepared for use as a pesthouse and the sick sailor was carried there on an improvised stretcher. Dr. Parker and Ellery lifted him from his berth and, assisted by old Ebenezer Capen, got him up to the deck and lowered him into the dory. Ebenezer rowed the trio to the beach and the rest of the journey was comparatively easy.

The shanty had three rooms, one of which was given up to the patient, one used as a living room, and, in the third, Capen and the minister were to sleep. Mattresses were procured, kind-hearted and sympathizing townspeople donated cast-off tables and chairs, and the building was made as comfortable as it could be, under the circumstances. Sign boards, warning strangers to keep away, were erected, and in addition to them, the Trumet selectmen ordered ropes stretched across the lane on both sides of the shanty. But ropes and signs were superfluous. Trumet in general was in blue funk and had no desire to approach within a mile of the locality. Even the driver of the grocery cart, when he left the day's supply of provisions, pushed the packages under the ropes, yelled a hurried "Here you be!" and, whipping up his horse, departed at a rattling gallop.

The village sat up nights to discuss the affair and every day brought a new sensation. The survivors of the "San Jose's" crew, a wretched, panic-stricken quartet of mulattos and Portuguese, were apprehended on the outskirts of Denboro, the town below Trumet on the bay side, and were promptly sequestered and fumigated, pending shipment to the hospital at Boston. Their story was short but gawdarn. The brigantine was not a Turks Island boat, but a coaster from Jamaica. She had sailed with a small cargo from Savannah. Two days out and the smallpox made its appearance on board. The sufferer, a negro fore-

mast hand, died. Then another sailor was seized and also died. The skipper, who was the owner, was the next victim, and the vessel was in a state of demoralization which the mate, an Englishman named Bradford, could not overcome. Then followed days and nights of calm and terrible heat, of pestilence and all but mutiny. The mate himself died. There was no one left who understood navigation. At last came a southeast gale and the "San Jose" drove before it. Fair weather found her abreast the Cape. The survivors ran her in after dark, anchored, and reached shore in the longboat. The sick man whom they had left in the forecabin was a new hand who had shipped at Kingston. His name was Murphy, they believed. They had left him because he was sure to die, like the others, and, besides, they knew some one would see the distress signals and investigate. That was all, yes. Santa Maria! was it not enough?

This tale was a delicious tidbit for Didama and the "daily advertisers," but, pared to Mr. Ellery's astonishing behavior. That he, the minister of the Regular church, should risk his life, risk ger and a common sailor, was incomprehensible. Didama, at least, could not understand it, and said so. "My soul hands. 'I wouldn't go nigh my own alone settin' up with a strange critter that I didn't know from Adam's cat. And a minister doin' it! He ought to consider the congregation, if he done than a common water rat that, even when he's dyin', swears, so I hear tell, of such foolishness. It beats me!"

It "beat" a good many, who, like the Widow Rogers, could not understand self-sacrifice. But there were more, and they people, who understood and appreciated. Dr. Parker, a man with a reputation for dangerous liberal views concerning religious matters and an infrequent attendant at church, was enthusiastic and prodigal of praise.

"By George!" vowed the doctor. "That's my kind of Christianity. That's the kind of parson I can tie to. I'm for the time. And if he don't get the smallpox and die, and if he does live to preach in the Regular church, you'll see me in the front pews every Sunday. That's what I think of him. Everybody else ran away and I don't blame 'em much. But he stayed. Yes, sir, by George! he stayed. 'Somebody had to do it,' says he. I take off my hat to that young fellow."

Captain Zeb Mayo went about cheering for his parson. Mrs. Mayo cooked

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delicacies to be pushed under the ropes for the minister's consumption. The parish committee, at a special session, voted an increase of salary and ordered a weekly service of prayer for the safe delivery of their young leader from danger. Even Captain Elkanah did not try to oppose the general opinion; "although I canot but feel," he said, "that Mr. Ellery's course was rash and that he should have considered us and our interest in his welfare before—"

"Dum it all!" roared Captain Zeb, jumping to his feet and interrupting, "he didn't consider himself, did he? and ain't he as important to himself as you, Elkanah Daniels, or anybody else in this meetin' house? Bah! don't let's have no more talk like that or I'll say somethin' that won't be fit to put in the minutes."

Even at Come-Outers' meeting, when Ezekiel Bassett hinted at a "just punishment fallin' on the head of the leader of the Pharisees," Thoph Back rose and defended Ellery.

Keziah Coffin was, perhaps, the one person most disturbed by her parson's heroism. She would have gone to the shanty immediately had not Dr. Parker prevented. Even as it was, she did go as far as the ropes, but there she was warded off by Ebenezer until Ellery came running out and bade her come no nearer.

"But you shan't stay here, Mr. Ellery," vowed Keziah. "Or, if you do, I'll stay too. I ain't afraid of smallpox."

"I am," confessed the minister, "and I'm not going to let anyone I care for expose themselves to it unnecessarily. If you try to come in here I shall"—he smiled—"well, Capen and I will put you off the premises by force. There!"

Keziah smiled, too, in spite of herself. "Maybe you'd have your hands full," she said. "O John, what in the world made you do this thing? It's dreadful. I shan't sleep a wink, thinkin' of you. I just must come here and help."

"No, you mustn't. You can come as far as the deadline once in a while, if that's all. I'm all right. Don't worry about me. I'm feeling tiptop and I'm not going to be sick. Now go home and make me some of that—some of those puddings of yours. We can use them to advantage, can't we, Capen?"

"Bet yer!" replied Ebenezer with enthusiasm. Keziah, after more expostulation, went back to the parsonage, where the puddings were made and seasoned with tears and fervent prayers. She wrote to Grace and told her the news of the "San Jose," but she said nothing of the minister's part in it. "Poor thing!" sighed Keziah, "she's bearin' enough already. Her back ain't as strong as mine, maybe, and mine's most crackin'." Well, let it crack for good and all; I don't know but that's the easiest way out."

The sick sailor grew no better. Days and nights passed and he raved and moaned or lay in a stupor. Ebenezer acted as day nurse while Ellery slept, and, at night, the minister, being younger, went on watch. The doctor came frequently, but said there was no hope.

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A question of time only, and a short time, he said.

Capen occupied his mind with speculations concerning the patient.

"Do you know, parson," he said, "seem's if I'd seen the feller somewhere before. 'Course I never have, but when I used to go whalin' v'yages I cruised from one end of creation to t'other, pretty nigh, and I might have met him. However, his own folks wouldn't know him now, would they? so I cal'late I'm just gettin' foolish in my old age. Said his name's Murphy, them ha'f-breeds did, didn't they? I know better'n that."

"How do you know?" asked Ellery, idly listening.

"'Cause when he's floppin' round on the bed, out of his head, he sings all kinds of stuff. A good deal of it's plain cussin', but there's times when he talks respectable and once I heard him say 'darn' and another time 'I cal'late.' Now no Irishman says that. That's Yankee, that is."

"Well, he ought to know his own name."

"Prob'ly he does—or used to—but 'most likely he don't want nobody else to know it. That's why he said 'twas Murphy and, bein' as he *did* say it, I know 'tain't it. See my argument, don't you, Mr. Ellery?"

"Yes, I guess so."

"Um—hm! Why, land sakes, names don't mean nothin' with seafarin' men. I've seen the time when I had more names— Humph! Looks kind of squally off to the east'ard, don't it?"

That night the sick man was much worse. His ravings were incessant. The minister, sitting in his chair in the living room, by the cook stove, could hear the steady stream of shouts, oaths, and muttered fragments of dialog with imaginary persons. Sympathy for the sufferer he felt, of course, and yet he, as well as Dr. Parker and old Capen, had heard enough to realize that the world would be none the worse for losing this particular specimen of humanity. The fellow had undoubtedly lived a hard life, among the roughest companions afloat and ashore. Even Ebenezer, who by his own confession, was far from being a saint, exclaimed disgustedly at the close of a day's watching by the sick bed: "Phew! I feel's if I'd been visitin' state's prison. Let me set out doors a spell and listen to the surf. It's clean, anyhow, and that critter's talk makes me want to give my brains a bath."

The wooden clock, loaned by Mrs. Parker, the doctor's wife, ticked steadily, although a half hour slow. Ellery, glancing at it to see if the time had come for giving medicine, suddenly noticed how loud its ticking sounded. Wondering at this, he was aware there was no other sound in the house. He rose and looked in at the door of the adjoining room. The patient had ceased to rave and was lying quiet on the bed.

The minister tiptoed over to look at him. And, as he did so, the man opened his eyes.

"Halloo!" he said faintly. "Who are you?"

Ellery, startled, made no answer.

"Who are you?" demanded the man again. Then, with an oath, he repeated the question, adding: "What place is this? This ain't the fo'castle. Where am I?"

"You're ashore. You've been sick. Don't try to move."

"Sick? Humph! Sick? 'Course I been sick. Don't I know it? The d—n cowards run off and left me; blast their eyes! I'll fix 'em for it one of these days; you hear—"

"Sshh!"

"Hush up yourself. Where am I?"

"You're ashore. On Cape Cod. At Trumet."

"Trumet! Trumet!"

He was struggling to raise himself on his elbow. Ellery was obliged to use force to hold him down.

"Hush! hush!" pleaded the minister, "you mustn't try to—"

"Trumet! I ain't. You're lyin'. Trumet! Good God! Who brought me here? Did she— Is she—"

He struggled again. Then his strength and his reason left him simultaneously and the delirium returned. He began to shout a name that caused Ellery to stand upright and step back from the bed, scarcely believing his ears.

All the rest of the night the man on the bed raved and muttered, but of people and places and happenings which he had not mentioned before. And the minister, listen'g intently to every word, caught himself wondering if he also was not losing his mind.

When the morning came, Ebenezer Capen was awakened by a shake to find John Ellery standing over him.

"Capen," whispered the minister. "Capen, get up, I must talk with you."

Ebenezer was indignant.

"Judas priest!" he exclaimed; "why don't you scare a feller to death, comin' and yankin' him out of bed by the back hair?" Then, being more wide awake, he added: "What's the row? Worse, is he? He ain't—"

"No. But I've got to talk with you. You used to be a whaler, I know. Were you acquainted in New Bedford?"

"Sartin. Was a time when I could have located every stick in it, pretty nigh, by the smell, if you'd set me down side of 'em blindfolded."

"Did you ever know anyone named—"

He finished the sentence.

"Sure and sartin, I did. Why?"

"Did you know him well?"

"Well's I wanted to. Pretty decent feller one time, but a fast goer, and went downhill like a young one's sled, when he got started. His folks had money, that was the trouble with him. Why, 'course I knew him! He married—"

"I know. Now, listen."

Ellery went on talking rapidly and with great earnestness. Ebenezer listened, at first silently, then breaking in with ejaculations and grunts of astonishment. He sat up on the edge of the bed.

"Rubbish!" he cried at last. "Why,

'tain't possible! The feller's dead as Methusalem's grandmarm. I remember how it happened and—"

"It wasn't true. That much I know. I know, I tell you."

He went on to explain why he knew. Capen's astonishment grew.

"Judas priest!" he exclaimed again. "That would explain why I thought I'd seen— There! heave ahead. I've got to see. But it's a mistake. I don't believe it."

The pair entered the sick room. The sailor lay in a stupor. His breathing was rapid, but faint. Capen bent over him and gently moved the bandage on his face. For a full minute he gazed steadily. Then he stood erect, drew a big red hand across his forehead, and moved slowly back to the living room.

"Well?" asked Ellery eagerly.

Ebenezer sat down in the rocker. "Judas priest!" he said for the third time. "Don't talk to me! When it comes my time they'll have to prove I'm dead. I won't believe it till they do. Judas priest!"

"Then you recognize him?"

The old man nodded solemnly.

"Yup," he said, "it's him. Mr. Ellery,

what are you goin' to do about it?"

"I don't know. I don't know. I must go somewhere by myself and think. I don't know what to do."

The minister declined to wait for breakfast. He said he was not hungry. Leaving Ebenezer to put on the coffee-pot and take up his duties as day nurse, Ellery walked off along the beach. The "dead line" prevented his going very far, but he sat down in the lee of a high dune and thought until his head ached. What should he do? What was best for him to do?

He heard the rattle of the doctor's chaise and the voices of Ebenezer and Parker in conversation. He did not move, but remained where he was, thinking, thinking. By and by he heard Capen calling his name.

"Mr. Ellery!" shouted Ebenezer. "Mr. Ellery, where be you?"

"Here!" replied the minister.

The old man came scrambling over the sand. He was panting and much excited.

"Mr. Ellery!" he cried, "Mr. Ellery! it's settled for us—one part of it, anyhow. Hes slipped his cable."

"What?" The minister sprang up.

"Yup. He must have died just a little while after you left and after I gave him his medicine. I thought he looked kind of queer then. And when the doctor came we went in together and he was dead. Yes, sir, dead."

"Dead!"

"Um—hm. No doubt of it; it's for good this time. Mr. Ellery, what shall we do? Shall I tell Dr. Parker?"

Ellery considered for a moment. "No," he said slowly. "No, Capen, don't tell anyone. I can't see why they need ever know that he hasn't been dead for years, as they supposed. Promise me to keep it a secret. I'll tell—her—myself, later on. Now promise me; I trust you."

"Lands sakes, yes! I'll promise, if you want me to. I'm a widower man,

so there'll be nobody to coax it out of me. I guess you're right, callate you be. What folks don't know they can't lie about, can they? and that's good for your business—meanin' nothin' disreputable. I'll promise, Mr. Ellery; I'll swear to it. Now come back to the shanty. The doctor wants you."

The next day the body of "Murphy," foremast hand on the "San Jose," was buried in the corner of the Regular graveyard, near those who were drowned in the wreck of that winter. There was no funeral, of course. The minister said a prayer at the shanty, and that was all. Ebenezer drove the wagon which was used as hearse, for the occasion, and filled in the grave himself. So great was the fear of the terrible smallpox that the sexton would not perform even that service for its victim.

Capen remained at the shanty another week. Then, as the minister showed no symptoms of having contracted the disease and insisted that he needed no companion, Ebenezer departed to take up his fishing once more. The old man was provided with a new suit of clothes, those he had worn being burned, and having been, to his huge disgust, fumigated until, as he said, he couldn't smell himself without thinking of a match box, went away. The room which the dead sailor had occupied was emptied and sealed tight. The "San Jose" was to stay at her anchorage a while longer. Then, when all danger was past, she was to be towed to Boston and sold at auction for the benefit of the heirs of her dead skipper and owner.

Ellery himself was most urgent in the decision that he should not go back to the parsonage and his church just yet. Better to wait until he was sure, he said, and Dr. Parker agreed. "I'd be willing to bet that you are all right," declared the latter, "but I know Trumet, and if I should let you go and you did develop even the tail end of a case of varioloid—well, 'twould be the everlasting climax for you and me in this county."

Staying alone was not unpleasant, in a way. The "dead line" still remained, of course, and callers did not attempt to pass it, but they came more frequently and held lengthy conversations at a respectful distance. Ellery did his own cooking, what little there was to do, but so many good things were pushed under the ropes that he was in a fair way to develop weight and indigestion. Captain Zeb Mayo drove down at least twice a week and usually brought Mrs. Coffin with him. From them and from the doctor the prisoner learned the village news. Once Captain Elkanah and Annabel came, and the young lady's gushing praise of the minister's "heroism" made its recipient almost sorry he had ever heard of the "San Jose."

Dr. Parker told him of Grace Van Horne's return to the village. She had come back, so the doctor said, the day before, and was to live at the tavern for a while at least. Yes, he guessed even she had given up hope of Captain Nat now.

"And say," went on Parker, "how are you feeling?"

"Pretty well, thank you," replied the minister. "I seem to be rather tired and good for nothing. More so than I was during the worst of it."

"No wonder. A chap can't go through what you did and not feel some reaction. I expected that. Don't get cold, that's all. But what I want to know is whether you think I could leave you for a couple of days? The Ostable County Medical Society meets at Hyannis tomorrow and I had promised myself to take it in this year. But I don't want to leave you, if you need me."

Ellery insisted that he did not need anyone, was getting along finely, and would not hear of his friend's missing the medical society's meeting. So the physician went.

"Good-by," he called as he drove off. "I guess your term is pretty nearly over. I shall let you out of jail inside of four or five days, if you behave yourself."

This should have been cheering news, but, somehow, John Ellery did not feel cheerful that afternoon. The tired feeling he had spoken of so lightly was worse than he had described it, and he was despondent, for no particular reason. That night he slept miserably and awoke with a chill to find a cold, pouring rain beating against the windows of the shanty.

He could not eat and he could not keep warm, even with the cook-stove top red hot and a blanket over his shoulders. By noon the chill had gone and he was blazing with a fever. Still the rain and the wind, and no visitors at the ropes, not even the light-keeper.

He lay down on his bed and tried to sleep, but though he dozed a bit, woke always with a start and either a chill or fever fit. His head began to ache violently. And then, in the loneliness and misery, fear began to take hold of him.

He remembered the symptoms the doctor warned him against, headache, fever, and all the rest. He felt his wrists and arms and began to imagine that beneath the skin were the little bunches, like small shot, that were the certain indications. Then he remembered how the other man looked, how he had died. Was he to look that way and die like that? And he was all alone, they had left him alone.

Night came. The rain had ceased and stars were shining clear. Inside the shanty the minister tossed on the bed, or staggered back and forth about the room. He wondered what the time might be; then he did not care. He was alone. The smallpox had him in its grip. He was alone and he was going to die. Why didn't some one come? Where was Mrs. Coffin? And Grace? She was Mrs. where near him—Parker had said so—and he must see her before he died. He called her name over and over again.

The wind felt cold on his forehead. He stumbled amidst the beach grass. What was this thing across his path? A rope, apparently, but why should there be ropes in that house? There had never

been any before. He climbed over it and it was a climb of hundreds of feet and the height made him giddy. That was a house, another house, not the one he had been living in. And there were lights all about. Perhaps one of them was the light at the parsonage. And a big bell was booming. That was his church bell and he would be late for the meeting.

Some one was speaking to him. He knew the voice. He had known it always and would know it forever. It was the voice he wanted to hear. "Grace!" he called. "Grace! I want you. Don't go! Don't go! Grace! oh, my dear! don't go!"

Then the voice had gone. No, it had not gone. It was still there and he heard it speaking to him, begging him to listen, pleading with him to go somewhere, go back, back to something or other. And there was an arm about his waist and some one was leading him, helping him. He broke down and cried childishly and some one cried with him.

Early the next morning, just as day was breaking, a buggy, the horse which drew it galloping, rocked and bumped down the lighthouse lane. Dr. Parker, his brows drawn together and his lips set with anxiety, was driving. He had been roused from sleep in the hotel at Hyannis by a boy with a telegram. "Come quick," it read. "Mr. Ellery sick." The sender was Noah Ellis, the lightkeeper. The doctor had hired a fast horse, ridden at top speed to Bayport, gotten a fresh horse there and hurried on. He stopped at his own house but a moment, merely to rouse his wife and ask her if there was any fresh news. But she had not even heard of the minister's seizure.

"My soul, Will!" she cried, "you don't think it's the smallpox, do you?"

"Lord knows! I'm afraid so," groaned her husband. "What made me leave him? I ought to have known better. If that boy dies, I'll never draw another easy breath."

He rushed out, sprang into the buggy, and drove on. At the ropes, early as it was, he found a small group waiting and gazing at the shanty. The light-keeper was there and two or three other men. They were talking earnestly.

"How is he, Noah?" demanded the doctor, jumping to the ground.

"I don't know, doc," replied Ellis. "I ain't heard since last night when I telegraphed you."

"Haven't heard? What do you mean by that? Haven't you been with him?"

"No-o," was the rather sheepish reply. "You see, I—I wanted to, but my wife's awful scart I'll catch it and—"

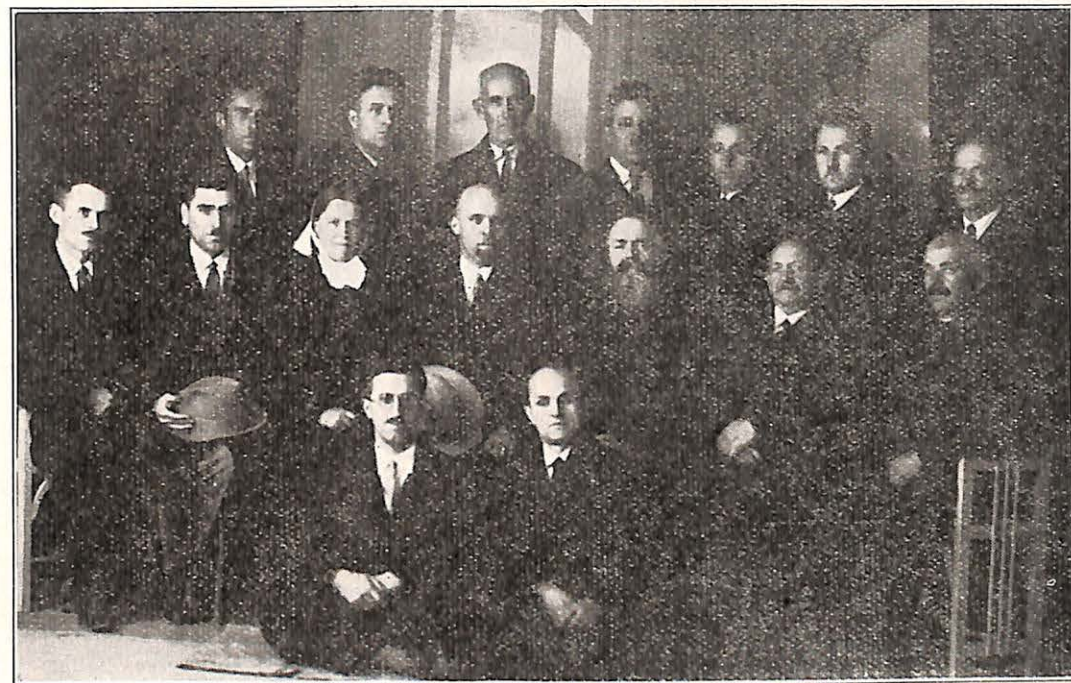
"The devil!" Dr. Parker swore impatiently. "Who is with him then? You haven't left him alone, have you?"

"No-o," Noah hesitated once more. "No-o, he ain't alone. She's there."

"She? Who? Keziah Coffin?"

"I don't callate Keziah's heard it yet. We was waitin' for you 'fore we said much to anybody. But she's there—the one that found him. You see, he was out of his head and wanderin' up the lane' most to the main road and

(Continued on page 16)



The Baptist Workers in Bulgaria

Seated: Geo. Vasoff, At. Georgieff. Second Row, seated: Triphon Dimitroff, Nichola Michailoff, Sister Hanna Mein, Paul Mischkoff, E. V. Gerasimenko, Carl Grabein, Peter Zasheff. Third Row, standing: Geo. Stephanoff, Chr. Neicheff, Peter Raicheff, Dimitr Christoff, Gligore Vasileff, Ivan Igoff, Chr. Mocheff.

Bulgaria Today

By PAUL L. MISHKOFF, President Bulgarian Baptist Union

Modern Bulgaria was born in 1878. It is a country about the size of Scotland and Wales together. It has now a population of about 6,000,000, with a Constitutional Government based on Anglo Saxon ideas of democracy. All the nationals in Bulgaria enjoy equal rights. The Constitution guarantees liberty to all.

Bulgaria has made remarkable progress during the fifty years since her liberation. In social conditions, in education, in morality, this youngest of the Balkan States stands pre-eminent among them all. The peasants represent about 85 per cent of the population.

The hard conditions under which the peasants live is one of the factors in Bulgaria's supreme social and economic problem. There is no highly-developed industry in Bulgaria such as exists in England. The laws created for controlling the conditions of labor guarantee the Bulgarian proletariat better living conditions than those existing in most European countries. Bulgaria has ratified all the Conventions recommended by the International Labor Bureau and has adopted the most modern measures for the insurance of the workers.

The co-operative movement is fast becoming a decisive economic factor in the country. At present there are more than 2,600 co-operative associations engaged in a wide variety of activities.

But the most extensive enterprise carried on by Bulgaria for the enlightenment, elevation and unification of her people is her school system, which is the best in the Balkans. Bulgarian youth is very eager to secure an education. A tireless striving for improvement and reform is characteristic of the

people and, since the younger Bulgarians are wide awake and very receptive, idealistic movements flourish among them as in few other countries.

The most noteworthy of these organizations for the making over of Bulgarian life are Temperance societies, the federation of women's clubs, a well-developed peace movement, all sorts of athletic clubs, and various religious bodies. The Temperance movement is rapidly gaining influence, especially among the young people.

The Bulgarian woman is playing an ever more important role in the social life of the country. The women's societies, during a quarter of a century, have worked against great odds for the awakening, enlightenment and uplift of the Bulgarian woman, and have accomplished a great deal.

Bulgaria is a land of aspirations and hopes. A restless, impetuous national spirit, ever striving for reforms and liberation, seeks to express itself in many ways and organizations. This leads to tolerance and co-operation, and the Bulgarians are remarkably tolerant. The supreme problem is to get all the turbulent streams of Bulgarian social life to mingle in one broad, life-giving river.

The Bulgaria of today is a romantic land, pulsating with life. The Churches, the schools, and a myriad idealistic societies are composing a new song for Bulgaria. Her mothers will no longer sing dirges, nor her maidens sigh-winged harvest songs heavy with tears and sweat; no, we shall all sing a new song of love, and enlightenment, of unity and life, because we have set out to turn Bulgaria into God's country.—The Baptist Times (London).



Wiesental Church Orchestra

Wiesental Church Orchestra

The above picture represents the Wiesental, Alberta, German Baptist orchestra. Rev. Fred W. Benke, minister of the church, is music-director and Miss Frieda Borchert is the church organist. They are the two first in the front row, from the left.

The young people of Wiesental show much missionary zeal. The meeting of the society are well attended and carried on with a fine Christian spirit of enthusiasm. And then they visit communities in outlying districts to bring the Gospel in word, song and music to others. Mr. Hermann Kern, president of the society, leads the meetings.

Last Sunday evening we held one of such meetings in the Porta Bella school, 10 miles southwest of our church. A large number of people from the surrounding district had gathered. God richly blessed us and his Word to the salvation of souls.

The Atlantic Conference

(Continued from page 6)

pel for an informal meeting. Mr. Reuben Windisch, so prominently identified with the Home from its inception, presided and various brethren spoke briefly in humorous and serious vein, interspersed with song and music.

The Lord's Day

was a fitting climax to the Conference. The sun gladdened our eyes and heart and it was a fine late Summer day. The Sunday school assembled at 9:45 A. M. Brethren H. P. Donner, Wm. Schmidt and A. P. Mihm addressed the school. Bro. M. Heringer led in prayer. At the Jubilee Service following, Rev. F. P. Kruse, a former pastor of the local church and now chaplain of the Old People's Home, preached the sermon in English on "Remember the Days of Old." He told us to remember what God had wrought during the 90 years; to remember to avoid the mistakes of former days and to be considerate of others in view of the low estate from which we came. Then came the festival sermon in German by Prof. Lewis Kaiser of Rochester, a son of the church and one of its former pastors. His sub-

ject was: "Man Proposes and God Disposes,"—drawing an analogy from Paul's experiences as narrated in Acts 16:6-12 and God's hand in the leading of K. A. Fleischmann to America and Philadelphia.

A great mass meeting of young people was held in the afternoon beginning at 2:30 o'clock. Many delegations of young people had come to the Conference from Brooklyn, Newark and other nearby places for the day. Mr. Ed. Kiesewetter, president of the Conference Union, presided. The new officers of the Atlantic Conference Y. P. & S. S. W. Union with Mr. Ed. Marklein of Brooklyn at the head as president were installed into office by National Secretary A. P. Mihm. Prof. L. Kaiser was the speaker of the afternoon and brought an inspiring and thoughtful message on "The Enlarger of Human Lives." The male chorus of the Second Church, Philadelphia, rendered several numbers with fine precision and harmony.

The Conference came to a close on Sunday night with a Union service of the Fleischmann Memorial and the Second Churches. Rev. A. P. Mihm of Forest Park brought the closing message on "The Impelling Vision," based on Paul's words: "I was not disobedient to the heavenly vision." It proved a fitting word for the close. Heavenly visions came to us during the Conference days, but they are not only for enjoyment but for employment. We must be obedient to their call.

Space fails to speak more fully of the singing by the choirs of the two Philadelphia churches, the solos by brethren Windisch, Zachay and others; the good meals furnished by the sisters, the historical exhibit and other features. May God bless the Fleischmann Memorial Church as it presses toward the Century mark and the Atlantic Conference as it begins another year in the work of the Lord!

New Books

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

Builders of a New World. By Robert Merrill Bartlett.—The Friendship Press, New York: 166 pages. Cloth \$1.00. Paper 60 Cts.

A survey of a changing world and its problems are given, not in dry statistical or mechanical form but rather in tangible facts interestingly presented with illustrations from life. The Simple Life, Communion and the Christian Revolution, the New Patriotism, War or Peace are some of the chapter topics. A distinguished feature of the book are the interviews or the personal messages from such outstanding leaders like Dr. Grenfell of Labrador, Ramsay MacDonald, Mahatma Gandhi, Kagawa of Japan, H. G. Wells, peace leaders like Romain Holland and Stefan Zweig, missionaries like Albert Schweitzer and James Fen, which are woven into the various chapters. Good for personal reading and study or for a young people's study program.

The Never Failing Light. By James H. Franklin.—The Missionary Education Movement, Publishers, 150 Fifth Ave., New York. 207 pages. Cloth \$1.00. Paper 60 Cts.

The survey of the missionary field of the world today, with its opportunities and its difficulties, peculiar to our day and age, is presented in a masterly and statesmanlike fashion by Dr. Franklin. The author is well-known and beloved in our Baptist circles as the secretary of the Am. Bapt. Foreign Missionary Society for many years. Through his repeated visits in the foreign fields and contacts with the leaders of thought in these lands, the writer is in a position to speak as a keen observer. The book strengthens missionary zeal.

A. P. M.

Literary Partnership

A young author in Washington once wrote to Rudyard Kipling as follows: "I have heard it stated that you receive one dollar a word for everything you write. I inclose one dollar and would like a sample."

Kipling replied with just one word, "Thanks," signed the letter and kept the dollar.

The American then wrote the anecdote up and sold it to a magazine. Being an honest fellow, he then wrote back to Kipling: "I sold the anecdote for two dollars and I inclose your half—forty-six cents, after deducting the postage."—Exchange.

* * *

It is said that Big Bethel church—the largest Negro church in Atlanta, Ga.—keeps three rolls. A layman of the church explained it as follows: "There's the roll of active members, the roll of the dead who have passed away to the other side, and the roll of the deadheads. The last is for people who do nothing and pay nothing. We keep them on the dead-head roll for a year, and if they don't become active we turn them out."

* * *

"Man is that peculiar animal who can get a good hearty laugh out of pictures in an old family album and then look in a mirror without as much as a grin.

The Texas and La. Y. P. and S. S. W. Union

The Hurnville, Tex., church welcomed the Texas and Louisiana Young People's and Sunday School Workers' Union on Friday afternoon, Aug. 4, 1933. Sorry to state our young people were not represented like other years on account of the distance and other circumstances.

The meeting was opened with songs, led by our president. The delegates list showed there were 8 Unions represented with 37 delegates from Crawford, Greenville, Cottonwood, Dallas, Gatesville, Kyle, Mowata, Waco and Hurnville. All Unions brought reports from the work they are doing.

Officers were elected as follows: President: Norman Lengefeld, Kyle; vice-president: Rev. C. C. Gossen, Crawford; secretary: Matilda Hirsch, Waco; treasurer, Paul Loewer, Branch, La.

Various committees gave some real interesting reports of their work in the past conference year. The Council member, Walter Schaible, gave an inspiring report of his activities. He also helped to get up the historical report of the Unions from the very beginning of their work. It showed how the Unions have progressed with the talents of their young people. We were real glad that the young people could have a part in helping to celebrate the 50th Anniversary of the Conference. May we keep this good work going, so we too can celebrate the 50th Anniversary of the Young People's Work some day!

On Friday night the meeting was opened by Rev. Ph. Potzner. The meeting was then turned over to the president. The Council member had the pleasure to introduce the officers to the Union, after which we listened to a program given by different B. Y. P. U.'s.

Saturday morning a group of young people met at the Red River for a sunrise breakfast. After a devotional period and games the picture was taken which appears in the "Herald."

Saturday afternoon we met again at Lake Gage to play games.

Sunday afternoon the meeting was opened with songs, led by Paul Laborn. Two letters were read from our missionaries in Africa, A. Orthner and Paul Gebauer.

After several musical numbers, we had the pleasure to hear the speaker, Walter Schaible. He chose for his topic: "On the Road to Doubting Castle."

The offering, though small, \$8.75, was promised for missions. We regret very much that Rev. Wm. Kuhn could not stay for our program.

May we ask for new co-operation and prayers for God's work among our young people in the new Conference year.

THE SECRETARY.

* * *

First Stenog: "The idea of your working steady eight hours a day! I would not think of such a thing!"

Second Stenog: "Neither would I. It was the boss that thought of it."



Picture of the Sunrise Breakfast during the Conference at Red River

The Eastern Conference

The 83rd annual session of the Eastern Conference took place in the beautifully decorated High St. Baptist Church, Buffalo, N. Y., August 23-27. At the opening service Rev. R. A. Schmidt, pastor of the High St. Church, heartily welcomed the delegates and visitors to the city, the High St. Church, and the homes of the German Baptists of Buffalo; and our moderator, Rev. W. S. Argow, very fittingly responded to the hearty welcome extended. Rev. A. E. Jaster preached the opening sermon on "The Mysterious Power," based on 1 Cor. 2:2.

The thirty-minute devotional periods on Thursday, Friday and Saturday mornings were led by the brethren Zinz, Licht and Zimmerman, and served as very fitting introductions to the daily sessions.

The election resulted in the re-election of the old officers, viz: Rev. W. S. Argow, moderator; Rev. A. E. Jaster, vice-moderator; Rev. Peter Geissler, secretary; Rev. David Zimmerman, statistician. Most of the church reports were optimistic and showed that the pastors and Christian workers of our churches labored faithfully and not in vain. They showed an increase of 139 members and a decrease of 89, leaving a net increase of 50, making the total membership of our Conference 2335 for this year. The total expenditures were \$36,999.62, or \$15.84 per member.

The pastors Zimmerman, Biberich and Argow spoke on: "Which is the Special Task of the Christian Church?", "Does the Church of Christ Today Stand on the Offensive or Defensive Side?" and "Our Position Among and Toward Other Christian Denominations." These talks were interesting and instructive, and were followed by discussion. Professor A. J. Ramaker reported about our Seminary, Rev. G. Fetzter about our Publication Society, Rev. O. E. Krueger about our Orphanage in St. Joseph, and Rev. Wm. Kuhn about our denominational work.

Professor A. J. Ramaker led the Quiet Meditation on Thursday afternoon, speaking on "The Value of Good Cheer," and Professor A. A. Schade led it on Friday afternoon, speaking on "Faith."

Thursday afternoon the "Schwesternbund" of the Eastern Conference held their meeting. Thursday evening Professor H. G. Dymmel preached on "The

Burden of Our Message to the World;" Friday evening the Conference statistician gave a summary report, and Rev. David Hamel preached on "A Life, Well-pleasing Unto God."

On Saturday morning Rev. O. E. Krueger, assisted by the brethren Argow and Geissler, conducted a well planned and impressive Communion Service. On Saturday night the B. Y. P. U. banquet was held. The speakers were Professor A. A. Schade and Dr. Wm. Kuhn. The banquet was a success and enjoyed by all who attended.

On Sunday morning there were services at the three German churches of Buffalo, and on Sunday evening the final service was held in the Conference church. Dr. Wm. Kuhn preached a very gripping and heart-searching sermon based on John 4:35.

We are sincerely grateful to the many singers who cheered and inspired us with their singing, and to the good cooks and capable waitresses who served us such delicious meals, and the kind hostesses of the homes where we were so well entertained during our stay in Buffalo.

"Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above."

D. B. Z., Reporter.

And Mama Was So Pleased

"You must be pretty strong," said Willie, aged six, to the pretty young widow who had come to call on his mother.

"Strong? What makes you think so?"

"Daddy said you can wrap any man in town around your little finger." Buffalo News.

* * *

"How has your potato crop turned out, old chap?" asked one ardent amateur gardener of his neighbor.

"Splendid, old man," replied the other; "some are as big as marbles, some as big as peas, and, of course, quite a lot of little ones."

* * *

Small Boy: "Uncle Ben, can you still do tricks?"

Uncle Ben: "What do you mean, my son, 'do tricks'?"

Small Boy: "Mamma says that when you were young you used to drink like a fish."—Osteopathic Magazine.

The Layman

EDGAR A. GUEST

Leave it to the ministers and soon the church will die;
Leave it to the women-folk, the young will pass it by;
For the church is all that lifts us from the coarse and selfish mob;
And the church that is to prosper needs the Laymen on the job.

Now a layman has his business, and a layman has his joys,
But he also has the training of his little girls and boys.

I wonder how he'd like it if there were no churches here
And he had to raise his children in a Godless atmosphere?

It's the church's special function to uphold the finer things,
And to teach that way of living from which all that's noble springs.
But the minister can't do it single-handed and alone,
For the laymen of the country are the church's cornerstone.

When you see a church that's empty, though its doors are open wide,
It's not the church that's dying, but the laymen who have died.
For it's not by song or sermon only that the church's work is done,
But by the laymen of the country who for God must carry on.

The Fairview Sunday School

(Continued from page 7)

In all the activities of the school the spiritual purpose was kept uppermost. "What are our pupils becoming?" was a question which received much consideration. Commitment to Christ and training in Christian living were among the school's most important goals.

Chapter V

The first year of Rev. Hemingway's pastorate having been completed, the Fairview church commemorated the occasion by means of a fellowship supper. In addition to various other interesting and enjoyable features, the program also provided for a goodly number of brief addresses. One of the speakers was Brother Paxton, who was referred to as "our former Sunday school superintendent who will in the future serve the school as treasurer and chairman of the Stewardship Committee."

After some preliminary remarks Brother Paxton referred to the change which had taken place in his official relationship and then continued as follows: "It is not at all surprising that my young friend, Clarence Benton, became my successor at the last election; as a matter of fact, I did some electioneering for him myself. It was something of a surprise, however, that I ran a very close second in the race for the superintendency. One of my acquaintances said to me afterwards: 'James, do you know

why you got as many votes as you did? Here's the reason: During the last months folks couldn't help but see that you were waking up. Before you took that trip, or whatever it was, you were not even a second class Sunday school pilot. Very often it looked, as if you didn't know for what port you were steering, but when you got back, things were different. Even my youngsters noticed it. On account of the way you made things go, some of the folks thought it wouldn't be more than fair to give you another chance. Sorry you didn't get enough votes.'

"Many of you have no doubt wondered what it was that caused the change to which my very outspoken friend and others have referred. For this and other reasons I ought to make a confession. When our pastor came to us a year ago, my Sunday school activities were moving along on a dead level of inefficiency. As I see it now, I was out of step with almost every progressive movement in the field of religious education, and would probably have continued in this manner until the expiration of my term of office, if it had not been for a remarkable experience which came to me during my absence from Fairview. During that time I visited a Sunday school in Cincinnati which is noted for its excellent work. What I heard and saw on that memorable Sunday was in the nature of a revelation. For the first time in my life I realized the wonderful possibilities of a Church school which employs sound educational methods and is also fully consecrated to its divine task. I also became convinced that I had thus far hardly begun to understand and appreciate the remarkable work our pastor was doing for the reformation of our own school. I had now seen the light, and resolved that I would henceforth, with God's help, seek to walk in the light."

Chapter VI

It was now the pastor's turn to speak. He referred in a touching and tactful manner to some of the things which the former superintendent had said and then continued as follows: "You may have noticed that all of our speakers have made personal confessions. I have decided to follow their example. When I graduated from the Theological Seminary a number of years ago, I felt that I was fairly well equipped for the work of the Christian ministry; as a matter of fact, however, my training had been woefully incomplete as far as the subject of religious education is concerned. It may surprise you to hear that it was my ambition at that time to become an eloquent preacher. During my first disillusioned with reference to my oratorical ability, and even began to doubt my usefulness as a Christian minister in other respects. During this period of perplexity and discouragement I providentially made the acquaintance of a retired minister who had, to a considerable extent, specialized in the Christian education of youth and whose ministry had been

THE BAPTIST HERALD

October 15, 1933

Sundays Abroad

WALTER A. STAUB

PART ONE

It is sometimes said that many Christian people, who are otherwise quite regular in their attendance at Sunday church services, take a vacation from church attendance when going upon summer trips. My observation has been that, aside from the necessity for spiritual refreshment and stimulus which is just as essential to one's well being during vacation as at other times, one may well miss some interesting contacts by giving the church the "go by" on vacation Sundays. I have again had a series of interesting Sundays in the course of a recent rip to Europe.

Afloat

Our eastward journey was on the "Caledonia" of the Anchor Line with Glasgow as our landing port. Our second day out of New York was a Sunday and I was interested in the church service which was held in the lounge with the Scotch Captain of the ship leading it. The service was well attended by the passengers and consisted of the singing of quite a number of hymns (from the Church of Scotland hymn book, of which the ship carried an ample supply) and the reading of a Scripture selection and the use of the Church of Scotland ritual. In general, the service was conducted by the Captain, the Scripture selection, however, being read by one of the ship's other officers. No sermon was included in the service. This might appeal to a good many folks!

As is generally known, the Captain reigns supreme on a ship and unless the ship has a chaplain, which is the exception rather than the rule, he also conducts the religious services, such as the Sunday services which may be held on the ship or a burial service at sea, unless he wishes to delegate this to another officer or to a clergyman who may happen to be among the passengers.

Sunday services are not invariably held aboard ship. The first time I went to Europe, now just twenty years ago, it was on the "Ryndam" of the Holland-American Line, which has since gone on the scrap heap. There was no question about a service being held on that trip for there were about seventy of us aboard who were journeying to the World's Sunday School Convention which was being held in Zurich, Switzerland, that summer. A service was arranged by the passengers, with the Captain's approval, and we had with us ample ministerial talent to furnish a full fledged sermon and all the other features of the type of service to which Baptists and other non-ritualistic Protestant denominations are accustomed.

When, fourteen years later, we were again on a Holland-America ship—this time the "Nieuw Amsterdam," which has also since been scrapped—no service was held on Sunday. Perhaps this was because of the small number of passengers aboard. It was in October and there were only twenty-nine of us in all of first class. There were, it seemed, al-

richly blessed. In the course of a conversation one day he said to me: 'Brother Hemingway, it is my candid opinion that you have been on the wrong track. You have tried to become a brilliant preacher when God called you to be a teaching pastor.' Those words, together with some other things which my friend said, actually led to a turning point in my life. I began to utilize all available means and methods which promised to make me a better teacher of religion. The work has not always been easy, but it has brought me much joy and happiness.

"These personal matters have been mentioned in this connection because they have had an important bearing upon many of the things which I have tried to do since I came to Fairview. One of our speakers has expressed the opinion that our Sunday school has been transformed during the past year. It is certain that my own humble share in the work of improvement and reconstruction would have been entirely impossible without that personal transformation to which I have referred, and for which I am deeply grateful to God."

The pastor closed with a fervent prayer which fittingly expressed that spirit of gratitude and renewed consecration which now prevailed among his people, and which would mean so much for the continued success of the work in the future.

Some English Names

Those of us who find the pronunciation of French words trying and unreasonable will be surprised to find as much difficulty, on visiting England, in pronouncing certain English proper names. The following list deals phonetically with a few of the most difficult cases.

Talbot is pronounced Tolbut.
Thames is pronounced Tems.
Bulwer is pronounced Buller.
Cowper is pronounced Cooper.
Holburn is pronounced Hobun.
Knolloy is pronounced Knowles.
Cockburn is pronounced Coburn.
Brougham is pronounced Broom.
Norwich is pronounced Norridge.
St. Leger is pronounced Sellinger.
Hawarden is pronounced Harden.
Colquhoun is pronounced Cohoon.
Cirencester is pronounced Sissiter.
Grosvenor is pronounced Grovenor.
Salisbury is pronounced Sawlsbury.
Beauchamp is pronounced Beecham.
Marylebone is pronounced Marrabun.
Abergavenny is pronounced Abergenny.
Majoribanks is pronounced Marchbanks.
Bolingbroke is pronounced Bullingbrook.
Cholmondely is pronounced Chumley.
—The Classmate.

* * *

According to a college weekly:
Frenchman: "I don't know."
Sophomore: "I am not prepared."
Junior: "I do not remember."
Senior: "I don't believe I can add anything to what has been said."

most more stewards than passengers on the ship. Had it not been that the vessel was carrying some seven thousand tons of grain it would certainly have been a costly trip for the shipping company.

Three years ago we were on the "Bremen" of the North German Line, but we got aboard on a Sunday in the early afternoon off Southampton, England, so I did not learn whether or not a church service was held in the morning. We have twice sailed on Italian boats, six years ago on the "Conto Biancamano" and three years ago on the "Conte Grande." In both cases a Roman Catholic service was held on Sunday morning which, in the absence of any other, we attended. Incidentally, one must pay tribute to the fidelity with which the Roman Catholic Church maintains its services. I remember being at the Grand Canyon in Arizona some nine years ago on a Sunday and being told, on inquiring about a church, that there was none there but that a Catholic priest came twice a month to hold a service.

On our latest European trip we were afloat on one Sunday while en route from London to Gothenburg, Sweden, on the "Britannia" of the Swedish Lloyd Line. There was no service aboard the ship, either Protestant or Catholic, so far as I know.

England

In England the forms of religion at least appear still to be observed in certain connections to a greater extent than has come to be the case in America. For example, in the early years of my business life it was a rather general custom in America to invoke the divine blessing at the beginning of a banquet or public dinner; today I think it is probably in only a minority of such instances that this is still done. Because of this change which has taken place in the course of the years in America, I was the more interested in the procedure at the International Congress on Accounting held in London during July of this year, attendance at which was the primary purpose of my latest European trip.

The very first item on the program of the Congress, which after all was a technical and not a religious gathering, was a special service in Westminster Abbey at eleven o'clock on Monday morning. It was very impressive and included an excellent and timely sermon by the Archbishop of York. It was reported in part as follows in "The Accountant" (London):

The Archbishop took as his text the words: "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and his righteousness"—or his justice—"and all these things shall be added unto you" (Matt. 6:33). The words "these things," said the Archbishop, referred to "what we shall eat" and "what we shall drink" and "wherewithal we shall be clothed." In other words, the distribution of economic goods would come right when men sought first the Kingdom of God and his justice.

How insistently history taught us that lesson; and how continuously mankind

disregarded it! We liked to take to ourselves what was sometimes called the consolation of religion—to seek in it a comfort for our distress without trying to understand or to remove the causes of our distress. But the proclamation that God was love was not only an announcement of a truth which brought comfort to everyone whose heart was touched by the spirit of love, but was also and inevitably the proclamation of judgment upon all policies of purposes which were dictated by motives at variance with love. For if God, the Supreme Reality, was love, then every policy and purpose which was governed by selfishness was based upon something at variance with ultimate reality, and was bound to end in calamity. So our Lord said that they who heard his sayings and followed them were like those who built upon a rock—the rock of fact—while those who heard them and followed them not built their house, indeed, the house in which they sought for these consolations of religion, but when the time of stress came the house would fall because it was not based upon fact, which alone supplied firm foundation.

This thought of the working of the Divine judgment upon all that was contrary to the Divine will was very prominent in the Gospel. Our Lord wrapped up what he had to say concerning his own judgment of the world with what he foresaw to be an imminent event in the experience of the disciples—the fall of Jerusalem. It fell because it could not rise to the height of its spiritual opportunity; it did not know the time of its visitation.

The writer of the great book with which the Bible closed beheld all history as it were set out in a single panorama, and its leading principles were two: the principle of self-centeredness and pride, which used force as its instrument and was typified by the great wild beast, and the principle of love, which used sacrifice as its instrument and was typified by the Lamb as it had been slain. Over and over again men had built upon the basis of self and pride, by means of force, the civilization whose name in that book was Babylon the Great; and every time it came tumbling down because it rested on a foundation that was not the rule of God. But ever before men's eyes was the vision of that civilization which could be the Holy City, which came, when and in whatever degree it came, always from one source—out of Heaven, from God.

When we turned to apply such thoughts to the routine of our material and economic life, two things above all were seen to be involved as necessary. The first was obedience to God and the realization of dependence upon him, and the second was mutual trust among those who conducted the world's affairs, in little things and in great.

But trust and trustworthiness went hand in hand. It was not true simply that one of them created the other, but that each created the other. When a person was trusted, he did not like to

(Continued column 3 next page)

Keziah Coffin

(Continued from page 10)

she'd been callin' on Keziah and when she come away from the parsonage she heard him hollerin' and goin' on and—"Who did?"

"Why"—the lightkeeper glanced at his companions—"why, doc, 'twas Grace Van Horne. And she fetched him back to the shanty and then come and got me to telegraph you."

"Grace Van Horne! Grace Van— Do you mean to say she is there with him now?"

"Yes. She wouldn't leave him. She seemed 'most as crazy's he was. My wife and me, we—"

But Parker did not wait to hear the rest. He ran at full speed to the door of the shanty. Grace herself opened it.

"How is he?" demanded the doctor.

"I think he seems a little easier; at any rate, he's not delirious. He's in there. Oh, I'm so thankful you've come."

"Is that the doctor?" called Ellery weakly from the next room. "Is it?"

"Yes," replied Parker, throwing off his coat and hat. "Coming, Mr. Ellery."

"For God's sake, doctor, send her away. Don't let her stay. Make her go. Make her go! I've got the smallpox and if she stays she will die. Don't you understand? she must go."

"Hush, John," said Grace soothingly. "Hush, dear."

Dr. Parker stopped short and looked at her. She returned the look, but without the slightest semblance of self-consciousness or embarrassment. She did not realize that she had said anything unusual, which must sound inexplicably strange to him. Her thoughts were centered in that adjoining room and she wondered why he delayed.

"Well?" she asked impatiently. "What is it? Why do you wait?"

The doctor did not answer. However, he waited no longer, but hurried in to his new patient.

(To be continued)

Beware of Big Words

Here is Johnson's definition of network: "Anything reticulated or decussed at equal distances with interstices between the intersections."

It is no wonder that Goldsmith said to the great lexicographer: "Doctor, if you were to write a fable about little fishes, you would make them talk like whales!"

As we have been told, it is better to say fine things simply than to say simple things finely.

Not much too severe were the Spartans who fined a citizen "because he used three words where two would have done as well."

At all events, beware of big words!

* * *

"I wouldn't cry like that if I were you," said a lady to little Betty.

"Well," said Betty between her sobs, "you can cry any way you like, but this is my way."

The Baptist Herald

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Let everybody boost!

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Sundays Abroad

(From page 15)

betray that trust, and so found an added motive to be trustworthy. And when a person was trustworthy he encouraged others to trust him—for the first time if they had not done it, in greater measure if they had. Trust and trustworthiness developed one another in the world, and those who gathered in the Abbey that morning were, in a quite peculiar degree, the custodians of that sacred principle of trustworthiness and trust.

Upon their profession, and the conduct of its responsibilities by its members, must largely depend the basis of mutual confidence which was the first condition of returning or abiding prosperity. It was because they knew that full well that they had come to the Abbey, in order that in the course of their deliberations, and at their very outset, they might remember that other great factor which was the primary necessity of man's welfare—the sense of dependence upon God for guidance and for power. Surely the very holding of that Service was of good augury, not only for their Conference but for the future of the world. For they, upon whom so much depended in those various countries which they represented, had come to seek the guidance of God and to confess their dependence upon him in their work of maintaining mutual confidence and trust.

Upon such a purpose they knew that the Divine Blessing fully rested. With the sense of such a consecration about them they would proceed to their deliberations with the confidence that they could claim God's guidance. And those who watched would try to pray with them and for them, that through them something more might be done to bring mankind to lay aside the dreams of acquisitiveness and to seek first God's Kingdom and his justice.

At the banquet seven hundred men attending the Congress from the British Isles and various foreign countries, which was held in the historic Guildhall, and at which Prince George was present, the Archbishop of York was among the honored guests and, in addition to making a happy and effective response to one of the toasts, invoked a blessing at the beginning of the meal and gave thanks at its conclusion when the speaking was about to begin.

On another day, when the technical business of the Congress was put aside for the time being, various groups journeyed to different points of interest, each group under the leadership of a British accountant. The group which Mrs. Staub, our daughters and I joined, visited Hampton Court and in the course of our visit there an informal luncheon was served. Ere we "set our teeth into the food," the leader of our party, a Welsh accountant, asked a blessing upon the meal.

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If your neighbor is sprouting wings, he doesn't need to tell you about it—you'll know it before he does.