

The Baptist Herald

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

Volume Twelve

CLEVELAND, O., APRIL 1, 1934

Number Seven

JOY

ALTA WATERFIELD

A joy came into my life one day,
And I locked it close in my heart;
For I feared that someone might steal it away,
Or that it might quickly depart.

I selfishly tried to make it my own,
And lo, like a heartless coquette
The joy departed and nothing remained
Save the memory and the regret.

A joy came into my life one day,
And I shared it with those that I love.
And the joy grew with each passing day
Till it reached the heaven above.

That joy is mine, for I gave it all
And the pleasure I'll reap each day;
For a joy shared is an evergreen
That will live in the heart alway.

What's Happening

Rev. H. P. Kayser, pastor of the McDermott Ave. Baptist Church, Winnipeg, Man., Can., has resigned his charge.

Rev. P. Wengel of Detroit has declined a call of the Second German Baptist Church of Philadelphia, Pa. The church has extended a call to the Rev. A. Husmann of Tacoma, Wash.

The Forty-Third Convention of the Baptist Young People's Union of America will be held in Pittsburgh, Pa., on July 4-8, 1934. The keynote of "The Creative 43rd" is "Thou Shalt Love."

Many Sunday school workers from the Parkston, S. Dak., church attended a recent Teacher's Training Course given by the County Religious Education Association in a neighboring town. Six were awarded credits and all received great inspiration.

Rev. Theo. W. Dons baptized 5 persons at the Oak Park German Baptist Church, Chicago, on Sunday night, March 18. Four of the newly baptized were from one family, a father, mother and two daughters. All were from the Bellwood Mission of the church.

The Editor spent an enjoyable Sunday with the St. Louis Park Church, St. Louis, Mo., on March 4. Pastor Thos. Stoeri, who was quite ill in January, has regained his health. All departments of the church are progressing, especially the Sunday school. The large attendance of young people at the services is very encouraging. During the week of March 20-23 and on Sunday, March 25, the editor preached at the German Pre-Easter services of the Humboldt Park Church, Chicago. The attendance of members and friends was excellent. A good spirit prevailed. Rev. Wm. Kuhn preached every evening during the Passion Week in English.

For Mother's Day

Our Y. P. and S. S. W. Union has mimeographed two new plays for Mother's Day which can be presented with good success in your B. Y. P. U. and society and class programs. They are:

1. The Influence of a Mother. Cast 3 daughters and 3 sons.

2. A Gift for Mother. A pageant for Mother's Day. Cast: 4 female parts, 5 male parts, representing junior boys and adult ages and a chorus of junior boys and girls.

Sample copies of both can be obtained for five cents in stamps. Address: Rev. A. P. Mihm, Box 6, Forest Park, Ill.

Young People's Work at Sheboygan

The Baptist Young People's Union of the German-English Baptist Church of Sheboygan, Wis., reorganized into Senior and Junior B. Y. P. U. The former consists of the married young people and the latter of the unmarried. A large percentage of our young people attend our meetings, but we anticipate a still larger membership, inasmuch as there are many other young people in our church who are eligible to join either one of the newly organized societies.

These two groups meet every Tuesday evening. Each society has its own program committee, which arranges appropriate and interesting programs, consisting of Bible study, debate, devotional and literary meetings. The societies are now both in active operation. Their aims are to cultivate and foster a keen spiritual life. May they possess the aptitude and perseverance to attain them! May they show renewed vigor and strength and may they not, in undertaking their task anew, get discouraged! May the Lord help us to go forward only! Our motto is, "Let us fail in trying to do something rather than sit still and do nothing."

Our young people have charge of the Sunday evening service once a month and once a month we exchange programs with the B. Y. P. U. of Kossuth, the church of which Rev. Jacob Kraenzler is minister.

MRS. L. B. BERNDT, Corresp. Sec.

Bible School at Nokomis

The Saskatchewan Tri-Union Bible School was held in Nokomis, Sask., from Feb. 5-23, 1934.

The courses for our studies were as follows: "Soul-Winning," Rev. G. Schroeder, Ebenezer, Sask.; "Book of Acts," Rev. A. Felberg, Nokomis; "The Life of Christ," Rev. F. A. Bloedow, Winnipeg, Man.; "The Plan of Salvation," Rev. F. A. Bloedow; "Sunday School Work," Rev. J. Kepl, Regina, Sask.

We had expected a large attendance and are sorry to report that only 16 students attended the school. Students of other churches who took part were from Esk and Ebenezer, Sask. The Bible School was very interesting and may we not forget everything that we learned! The teachers taught the courses with faithfulness and ability, which the students deeply appreciated. At the close of the school we held a program in which every student and the teachers took part.

We are looking forward to another Bible School and may it be a greater success!

MARGARET LACH, one of the students.

Reception of New Pastor at Bethany Church, Vesper, Kans.

Friday evening, Feb. 2, will not soon be forgotten by the members and friends of the Baptist Church at Vesper. On that night they gathered to welcome their new pastor and wife, Brother and Sister John Heer, to their new field of work. Brother and Sister Heer came here direct from Rochester, N. Y., where they were recently married and where Bro. Heer has graduated from the Colgate-Rochester Divinity School.

The services consisted of a number of selections by the choir; words of welcome from the different departments of the church; an address by Rev. Mr. Reynolds, pastor of the English Baptist church of Barnard, Kans., welcoming Brother and Sister Heer into the activities of the church. Then Brother and Sister Heer answered with appropriate messages. Following the services a shower and reception were held in the church basement. The new minister and wife received many useful gifts to assist them in starting house keeping in the parsonage.

Brother and Sister Heer have made a fine impression on the people of Bethany Community. We have every reason to believe that they are going to fit into their new charge in a most admirable way.

Patron: "I haven't come to any ham in this sandwich yet."

Waiter: "Try another bite."

Patron (taking huge mouthful): "Now, not yet."

Waiter: "Say! You must have gone right past it."

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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, 2½ 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.

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How to Secure a Revival

JOHN P. KUEHL

"And it shall come to pass, that when they make a long blast with the ram's horn, the wall of the city shall fall down flat" (Joshua 6:5).

"By faith the walls of Jericho fell down, after they were compassed about seven days" (Heb. 11:30).

I BELIEVE that one of the uses of this chapter is to teach us how to secure a revival. The first thing to be done is for the leader to exercise common sense and prudence and learn as much about the conditions of the field in which he is to operate as circumstances will permit.

It will not do for him blindly to preach without knowing something of the people to whom he is talking. He must go out and walk boldly around the walls and shirk no responsibility that confronts him. He must meet the Captain of the Host and get the plan of campaign and promise of victory from him. Routine duties must not be neglected, and surprise power must be utilized.

It won't do to plod along in one way all the time. As soon as the enemy learns your tactics you have no advantage over him. When people do not know just what to expect, they will give you close attention.

When Samson went at the Philistines

with the jawbone of an ass, it was the novelty of the thing that made it win. Had he made his charge with a sword, he would never have lived to have his hair cut.

Don't be afraid of new music. The ram's horn did not sound a bit like a silver trumpet, and for that reason it attracted more attention. The Bible says, "Sing a new song." Don't be afraid to do it. There is a power in a new song when it breathes the right sentiment, especially when godly people sing it. Thousands have their heart touched in that way who have them hardened against preaching. It was the priests who blew upon the ram's horn, not the lepers and camp followers.

Heart Power and Prayer Needed

One reason, sometimes, why there is not more power in the pulpit because there is so much devil behind it. Heart power in song is something that cannot be printed in a note book. A painted fire will not keep the room warm.

Too many of our singers do not know any more about the gospel they sing than the town pump does about water. People who sing simply for bread and bouquets have no more unction than a music box.

One of the great needs of the church is **more prayer** and less nonsense in the choir; more praise

and less back-biting; more love in the heart and less fault-finding; more of a desire to honor God than there is to give a concert; more of reverence and less frivolity; more seriousness and less giggling.

There will not be so much artistic effect, but there will be more heart power. There may not be so much polish, but there will be more of the melody that stirs the soul and makes the sinner want to quit his meanness. The work must begin in the church, and continue until the people quit hanging back and are willing to help and be helped.

Nothing can be done while everybody wants to be a brigadier general and nobody is willing to be a private soldier. It won't do to rush into action until every man learns his place and is willing to stay in it.

The People Must Be Made to Believe In Their Leader

and to believe he expects something. This will give them faith, and their faith will make them united, and when they get to the point where they all have a common purpose, there will be no quarreling about the means to be used.

It won't do for the leader to waver or lose patience. He must stand firm, and yet keep sweet in doing it. He must lead, not send. The word must be "come," not "go." If the leader does not seem to expect much, nobody will.

The fact that Joshua continued to go around the walls every day showed to his troops that he expected to take the city, and every day more of his men got to believing that he was going to do it, and when they all became united in that belief, the time had come to make the charge, and they got the city because they all believed they would.

Faith never goes home with an empty basket.

- Boston, Mass.

A Vital Experience With Christ

IF the Church is to make an irresistible drive against the forces of evil it must have a vital experience with Christ. It will not be done by the "logic of an intellectual dialectic," nor by the authority of an ecclesiastical system. It will be done by consecrated personalities who have been moved themselves by communion with the risen Christ. Here is the secret of the mighty on-rush of early Christianity. It was made by radiant personalities with an experience. They had "heard and seen and handled with their hands." It was their experience that gave them courage to attempt the impossible. They faced fire, sword, cold, prison, the lash and death. Today, so often a little rain, a little snow forms a basis of excuse to evade our

Christian duty. A little criticism and a leader will quit. Hard times and the Church says retrench. Too many are found with Peter "warming himself by the fire," concerned about their own comfort and blind to the tragedies that are being enacted all around them.

Sense, Not Cents

A. G. RIETDORF

THAT is what we need today, we say nationally, but that is only a collective way of saying individually. And it is a very modest kind of sense that we are in particular need of, called in everyday parlance, "horse-sense." However recent the term may be, the quality has long figured in the life of nations, and the lack of it in their fall. Once when Israel had taken a high spin in prosperity, and was about to crash

A Wise Doctor Named Isaiah

came along, diagnosed the case, and prescribed horse sense. No, he did not exactly name it that but it is remarkable how accurately the prescription matches the present label as we read: "The ox knoweth its owner, and the ass his master's crib: but Israel doth not know, my people doth not consider" (Isa. 1:3).

Now for the benefit of an age which is more motor- than horse-wise it might be well to point out that the essential element in this remedy is the ability to head back home.

Going Places Is Great Fun

as long as the weather and the roads are lovely, the car in trim, and the gas tank easily filled. But should all of these conditions be reversed, surely then, if ever, would be the time to know how to head back for home. That is what a horse would do. Men need that sense. And if they do not have it and can't get it—lookout—more cents will only take them farther away, will do more harm than good.

The nation was going places, fast, a few years ago but ran off the pavement into the mire of depression. The road in sight was impossible, everybody agreed, so we have been looking for turns, and have been willing to take most any of them if there was anyone to suggest that it might lead back to prosperity. Thanks to an energetic leadership, the fuel tank was somewhat replenished and some progress made. Anything seems better than standing still.

But have we found, or are we even seriously looking for the road back home—back to the fundamentals of stable government? Was it the reaching out after a spendthrift prosperity that united the thirteen parent colonies? They,

"Appealing to the Supreme Judge of the World," closed their revered pronouncements by saying, "And for the support of this Declaration (of Independence), with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each

other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor." Was the Leader of the tattered forces of Valley Forge on bended knee in the seclusion of the forest trusting in gold or in God? They won against seemingly impossible odds. Why? Not because of their power nor ingenuity, but because they trusted in and were striving after the moral, the eternal verities. Here then must be the home base for this nation. And so stable are these principles and so well was this government founded upon them that the resulting progress is a marvel of history among the nations.

But now we are off, off this firm pavement of the moral and all but submerged in the oozy mud of the material.

We Need to Get Back

Why don't we? Is the leadership alone at fault? Is not the primary responsibility upon those who really know? And who knows if it be not those, who base their lives upon these same everlasting realities, those who know by experience the eternal Son of God? If this beloved nation is to be saved it is time for such to speak out in a way to be heard. Thank God, many are doing so. May their number and their power increase! May the "sense" they lend be applied lest the "cents" prove a further means of destruction. And if their voice be not heeded who knows how soon "the rocks . . . shall cry out" with some searing verdict of judgment? Therefore, "Ye men and brethren, if ye have any word of exhortation for the people, say on."

Gotebo, Okla.

The Joys of God's Children

ELSIE ZIELKE

"I will greatly rejoice in the Lord, my soul shall be joyful in my God; for he hath clothed me with the robe of righteousness, as a bridegroom decketh himself with ornaments and as a bride adorneth herself with her jewels."

Isaiah 61:10.

OUT of experience I can say that young people looking for pleasure in the world can't see any enjoyment in a Christian life. Worldly joys are only for the moment, but we, as Christian young people, have joys which build us up for the biggest joy, that being the reunion with our Heavenly Father. Being a Christian certainly doesn't mean that we are to go along life's pathway with a sour or sorrowful look on our face. God wants his children to be happy in his service. We can have gatherings, entertainments, etc., but always our question should be, "Can God go with us?" If the answer is "No," we should stay away from these places.

Any one who has once tasted the joy of being one of God's followers will never again be happy without it. They may experience things called "good times" but there is always that feeling of something missing. That self-assurance has flown. This was clearly shown us at our "Bible School" in Wefaskiwin. A number of young people once had peace and joy in their Lord but then had fallen back. It was wonderful to see their desire to atone

and greater still to see their happiness when through the grace of God they again had that joy which only our Savior can provide.

No matter what we undertake in life, we do it with the aim to succeed. If we do succeed there is great joy over our success. If we lose out, we never feel so content.

We note this according to Luke 10:17. These 70 disciples who were sent out by Jesus were joyous when they returned because they had succeeded in their work. As we go along from year to year and see that we have done something to help build up God's kingdom we will also possess that joy of success. How deep will be our sorrow, however, if we must look back and see that our best years of life have been wasted.

Let us stay within the Lord's joy and experience that joy of success and peace.

Four Objectives of a Church

I. G. MURRAY

I

Every person saved. Romans 10:1-4.

1. The soul's value. "For what doth it profit a man, to gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Mark 8:36.

2. From the ranks of the unsaved the church must enlist its recruits. Acts 2:47.

3. This work is done by seeking the lost. Luke 14:23; Luke 19:10.

II

Every saved person a member of the church. The next step after salvation is to unite with the church. Acts 2:47.

1. The church was founded for this purpose. It is the Lord's army.

2. Those who do not unite with the church usually drift back into sin.

3. Those without the church are usually recognized as the forces of Satan. Romans 6:16.

III

Every church member trained for the Master's service. 2 Timothy 2:15—Study to show thyself approved unto God.

1. Training facilitates service.

2. Training adds to efficiency. More and better work can be done with a sharp tool.

3. Church service has to do with the most important institution on earth, and the souls of men are of eternal value.

4. But most of all the Christian should be trained in the use of God's Word, the sword of the Spirit. Ephesians 6:17; Hebrews 4:12.

IV

Every church member should be active. "Why stand ye here all the day idle?" Matt. 20:6.

1. Much to be done. The task is gigantic. "The harvest indeed is plenteous." Matt. 9:37, 38.

2. The individual's religious life can be preserved alone in the Master's service. Matt. 12:43-45.

3. Church efficiency depends upon the enlistment of every member in active service. Every soldier on duty makes an efficient army. 2 Timothy 2:4.

4. In active service the church member best exemplifies the life and character of our Lord and Master. Mark 10:45; Luke 22:27.

Christian Living Is Not Simple

IT is not a simple task to carry on the work of Jesus in the world. To be a Christian is not an avocation, not a leisure-time pursuit; it is an engulfing, absorbing, all-demanding occupation. It is not possible to be a disciple of Jesus by the acceptance of one truth or principle for which he labored; we must practice all the principles that characterized his teaching and his living. To add to the difficulty it must be said that no one can live the Christ life by emphasizing now one, now another of the cardinal principles laid down by Jesus, to the neglect of all the others. The whole pattern must be lived at once. Many persons who wish to be known as Christians are but partially Christian. They like and they practice one or maybe two of the central attitudes and purposes of Jesus. They do not care, or they do not dare, to undertake his whole program.—Exchange.

Being a Preacher

IF some of the young men, reading this column, have an intention of becoming preachers, they may try to compare their qualifications with those set up by a certain committee in charge of selecting candidates for their church which needed a pastor. When the committee was through it was evident that they were looking for—

A devout, pious man.

A pulpiteer par excellence.

A theologian of seminary status.

A money-raiser, a vital element.

A sportsman—to lead the young.

A married man.

A guide, comforter and friend.

A great organizer.

A superb mixer.

They wanted a Savonarola, Webster, Rockefeller, Spurgeon, Talmage, Chauncey Depew—all in one—with a touch of Buffalo Bill.

And maybe, it wasn't an exceptional case after all.—Baptist Evangel.

* * *

You Are the Church. The bricks and mortar, the pews and altar, and all that goes to make the buildings are not the church. The church is You.

You are the church. Its strength and weakness are revealed in You. What You are, the church is.

You are the church. The inspiration of its services is the test of your heart.



Teachers and a Group of Students of Bible School, Leader, Sask., February 5-16, 1934
(A number of girls were absent the day the picture was taken)

Harlem and Pilgrim Young People's Societies Meet

On January 30, 1934, 27 of the Harlem young people went to visit the Pilgrim society of Jersey City. The meeting was opened by Rev. V. Prendergast, minister of the church and also General Secretary of the Young People's Union of New York and vicinity, by leading the devotional session. Mrs. Kling, president of the society, spoke a few words of hearty welcome.

The Harlemites then presented a varied program. The first number was a greeting song, entitled "Hello, Pilgrims," sung by the entire Harlem society. This was then followed by recitations by Werner Sewald, Fred Maeder; piano solos by Irma Dollinger, Johanna Korman; duet by Annetta Ehrenstein and Fred Maeder followed by a dialog by William Kosik and Alfred Orthner. The Harlem program came to a close by a song by all present.

This of course was not all to the visit. The Pilgrim society furnished the social part of the evening. Many games were then played such as "The Auctioneer Has Lost His Whistle," "Marching Through Jerusalem," "Pasing the Ring" and many others which gave way to merry laughter. After an hour or more of play the young people sat down at a long white table decorated with rose buds, to enjoy delicious home-made cake and coffee.

The clock showed that parting time had come, and after much good-by the Harlemites were on their way back to the City.

Not alone was this a social gathering enjoyed by all, but it truly accomplished the aim of intersociety meetings, that is, to become better acquainted with young people of different churches engaged in the work of the Master.

Farewell and Reception Program at Herreid, S. Dak.

Sunday, Feb. 25, will not soon be forgotten by the members and friends of the Baptist church at Herreid, S. Dak., for on that day our church was filled to the last seat to say farewell to our past minister, Rev. A. Alf, and family and welcome our new minister, Rev. E. S. Fenske, and family.

The program was opened at 10 o'clock by Rev. A. Alf giving his farewell address on 1 Sam. 12:24, followed by the mixed quartet of Herreid with a farewell song. Then a representative of each organization gave them a sincere farewell, after which all adjourned to the lower room of the church to enjoy a good dinner, prepared by the ladies.

After dinner Rev. W. Luebeck of Ashley, N. Dak., held a farewell address based on Ecclesiastes 7:9. Then Rev. A. Alf and Mrs. Alf answered with words of thanks. Then Rev. J. J. Abel from the church at Lehr, N. Dak., welcomed Rev. E. S. Fenske with an appropriate address as our new minister, quoting Acts 18:9, 10: "Thus spake the Lord to Paul in the night by a vision, Be not afraid, but speak, and hold not thy peace, for I am with thee, and no man shall set on thee to hurt thee, for I have much people in this city." The Ashley male quartet treated us with a selection which brought the afternoon meeting to a close. Supper was served again in the lower room.

At 7 P. M. all congregated again, filling the church to its capacity. Deacon Ackerman opened the meeting, expressing the feeling of welcome to our new minister. Then Rev. E. S. Fenske replied with an appropriate message for entering upon his new field for Christ, choosing as his text: "Who, when he came, and had seen the grace of God, was glad and exhorted them all, that with purpose of heart they would cleave

unto the Lord" (Acts 11:23). A song was sung by the ladies quartet of Ashley after which Deacon Kramlich spoke words of greeting, followed by a representative of each organization of the church and wishing them many years with us. With several selections sung by the quartets this happy day came to a close and will not be so easily forgotten as we received many blessings from the Lord.
A. H., Booster.

Treat for Salt Creek

Here we are! Where from? Salt Creek, Oreg. Listen, and I will tell you all about the program given by the Bethany B. Y. P. U. Friday evening, Feb. 16. At 7.30 the church was filled, and an expectant hush prevailed. All at once the door of the choir loft opened and in marched the young people of the Bethany church, who had come to give us a program. The following inspiring program was enjoyed by all:

1. Song by the choir.
2. Recitation: "My Chum," Dorothy Gerber.
3. Scripture, Ps. 149, Mrs. Ben Croni.
4. Prayer.
5. Trio.
6. Recitation: "Your Mission," Marvin Stalder.
7. Trio.
8. Brass quartet.
9. Vocal duet, Mr. and Mrs. L. Glaske.
10. Recitation: "Keep Care," Anna Glaske.
11. Piano duet, Helen Rich and Carl Cornills.
12. Trio.

After this refreshments, consisting of sandwiches, cake and coffee, were served and a social hour was enjoyed.

The young people made the trip in a new Dodge truck in which seats had been arranged. It took them about two hours.

Bethany, we enjoyed your visit. Come again!
E. A.

God's Way for Our Happiness

There is less excuse now than ever before for any youth's surrender to evil or indulgence in sensual pleasures. They all know that it is both wrong and hurtful to smoke and to tittle and to carouse. Late hours and petting parties and night rides in automobiles may tempt them, but these all bring bitter pangs later. No boy or girl can allow a good name to become tarnished and expect unscathed happiness afterward. To hanker after "kicks" and "thrills" is the sure sign of a sick mind, and to take for a motto, "A short life and a merry one," is sheer lunacy. Ages ago men tried that out, saying, "Let us eat and drink, for tomorrow we die," and they died wretchedly and shamefully.

God has given us all a healthy desire for life, and for happiness, and he has revealed to us the way to secure these. His way is very bright with happiness and cheering with constant growth, and any other way leads to misery and defeat.

The Sunday School

"I Stepped In Your Steps All the Way"

"Be thou an example" (1 Tim. 4:12)

A father and his tiny son
Crossed a rough street one stormy day.
"See, papa," cried the little one,
"I stepped in your steps all the way!"

Ah, random, childish hands that deal
Quick thrusts no coat of proof could stay!

It touched him with the touch of steel—
"I stepped in your steps all the way!"

If this man shirks his manhood's due
And heeds what lying voices say,
It is not one who falls, but two—
"I stepped in your steps all the way!"

But they that thrust off greed and fear,
Who love and watch, who toil and pray—

How their hearts carol when they hear
"I stepped in your steps all the way!"

—Roy Temple House,
in "Ladies' Home Journal."

The Danger of Rewards

JEAN WARREN

Rewards are often promised and given in church schools. They may be offered for regular attendance over a period of months. Again, they may be offered for good behavior in the class. Some teachers offer rewards to stimulate memory work and other features of class work.

It is, of course, true that with sufficiently appealing rewards the immediate goal desired can be realized. There will be regular attendance and good behavior. Passages will be memorized. Lessons will be studied. But there are by-products that may offset any good that rewards seem to accomplish.

If a pupil comes to church school to get rewards, is it likely that he will continue to come when the rewards cease? If he studies only when there is a reward, is there not a danger that he will cease studying when the reward is withdrawn? Does not the offering of a reward appeal to a mercenary spirit, to a desire for material gain? Should not the church school introduce boys and girls to higher motives?

When a reward is offered for the best attendance, the best behavior, or the best lesson preparation, a further wrong motive is appealed to. That is the motive of rivalry. Our civilization is cursed by un-Christian rivalry and competition. Should we appeal to these motives, which have such a bad effect in our civilization, in our church schools?

Moreover, rewards are unnecessary. There are higher motives to which we can appeal than the mercenary spirit. All that the teacher thinks to gain by

the reward can be gained by other and higher appeals.

H. Clay Trumbull, Apostle to the Individual

Dr. Trumbull in his excellent book, "Individual Work for Individuals," tells of a revival in the town of his boyhood. A number of his friends came out for Christ, but as no one had spoken a word to him urging such a step, the opportunity passed, though not without regret on his part. Years after one of these friends wrote to him on the occasion of another revival, and with profuse apologies for thrusting the subject on him, urged Mr. Trumbull to accept Christ. Mr. Trumbull shut himself in the map-room of his office that day and gave himself to Christ. On the next day he began to urge his room-mate to take the same step, when the latter said, "Trumbull, your words cut me like a knife. I've long been a professed follower of his; and yet you have never suspected this, although we have been in close association for years. And now a friend of yours from a distance has been the means of leading you to him. And here you are inviting me to come to the Savior of whom I have been a silent follower for years. May God forgive me for my unfaithfulness." Mr. Trumbull resolved that he should not make that mistake in his life.

While an army chaplain in the Civil War, he was continually seeking the soldiers by themselves that he might urge them to be saved in Christ. And though he sometimes spoke to audiences of thousands in his later life, he always believed and acted on the belief that the man-to-man method was the way which God blessed most effectually for the conversion of men. And he made it a rule on railway cars or wherever he was that when it was in his power to direct the topic of conversation, the subject should be the theme of themes, "Christ, your Savior and mine." Here is a lesson that we may all turn to profit, for while we are not all to speak publicly of him, any one of us may be the means of turning many to righteousness by a word fitly spoken. Such shall shine as the stars for ever and ever.

* * *
"God has three kinds of servants in the world—slaves, who serve him from a principle of fear; hirelings, who serve him for the sake of wages; sons, who serve him under the influence of love."
* * *

To live for today is in the noblest sense to live for eternity. To be my very best this very hour, to do the very best for those about me, and to spend this moment in a spirit of absolute consecration to God's glory—this is the duty that confronts me.—D. J. Burrell.

Winning a Soul

MARGERY ISABEL

There's joy, there's joy in heav'n today,
Among the shining throng;
And he who went to Calvary
Is happy with the song!

And I, upon the dusty earth,
Have a joy I never dreamed:
'Twas I who carried the bread of life
And a soul has been redeemed!

There's joy today in another heart,
In a human heart made whole;
There's joy on earth, there is joy in heav'n,
Because I have won a soul.

The Better Way

In certain parts of rural England and Scotland, long ago, ignorant farmers were in the habit of leaving a small corner of their fields untilled. This untilled portion, which naturally grew rank with weeds and vines, they called, "the Devil's corner." It was devoted to him because of the superstitious theory prevalent that if recognition of his claim was duly made, he would not molest the remainder of the field, and a harvest would be assured.

Of course, this custom, like many others born of ignorance and superstition, has long been abandoned. Men have learned to their sorrow that the Devil will not be satisfied with a mere corner, whether it be in a field of grain or in a human heart. He must have it all. The wiser and the safer way is to exclude him entirely. Judas refused to surrender one corner of his heart to God, and the unsundered portion proved his undoing. Thus it has been with many another. When Jesus says, "Give me thy heart," he does not mean all except one corner of it. Only in full surrender is safety to be found.

Saving Another, He Saved Himself

"During the Peninsular War, while Sir John Moore was making his famous retreat to Corunna, one of his officers, worn out by hunger, wounds and weariness, decided to give up trying to escape. He made his way to a clump of trees beside the road, intending to lie down and die. When he reached the trees, he found there a dying woman who held a tiny baby in her arms. She stretched it forth toward him, imploring him to save its life. He wrapped the infant in his cloak, rejoined his comrades, and was able to keep up with them till he brought the child to a place of safety. In the effort to save another he found safety for himself."



THE PATCH OF BLUE

By Grace Livingston Hill
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By J. B. Lippincott Co.

(Continuation)
Chapter 4

The sound of a falling body below stairs brought Chris swiftly to his senses. He sprang into action, but even so his mother was there before him. He found her kneeling at the foot of the stairs, stooping over his father who lay huddled there with blood on the breast of his bath robe.

"Call Doctor Mercer!" she said in a low strained voice, and Chris hurried to the telephone, his heart beating wildly. What had happened? Was his father shot through the heart? Oh, God, what had happened? He thought he should always see that picture of his mother in her delicate blue robe kneeling beside his stricken father, her soft gray curls falling over her slender shoulders, and that look of bravery in her eyes. How pretty his mother must have been when she was a girl! That was a strange thought to come at such an awful time, yet it flung itself at him as he lifted down the receiver.

He was back in the hall in an instant. "He's on the way," he said soothingly. "Can't I lift him up?"

"No, we'll wait till the doctor comes. Get a glass of water!"

He sprang for the water, noting as he passed the dining room window that it was pushed half way up from the bottom.

"What was Dad doing down here?" he whispered as he brought the water.

"He heard a noise and came down to investigate," murmured the mother. "I tried to make him wait and telephone for the police but he wouldn't."

Then there was a sound at the door. The doctor had arrived, with a policeman just behind him, wanting to know what had happened. The next half hour was a confusion of horror to Chris. Policemen coming and going silently, low murmured directions, finger prints on the window sill, footprints outside the window, a quick low gasp of pain from the stricken man as he came back to consciousness under the doctor's ministrations; anxious waiting during the search for the bullet which had entered somewhere around the lungs; bandages; subtle pungent odors filling the house; the swift arrival of a trained nurse from the hospital; a bed brought downstairs and his father moved to it. It all seemed like one awful nightmare that could not be true. His father! And yesterday everything had been so wonderful and

he had been so thankful that there was nothing dreadful in his life!

Strange that that queer unnatural sermon of Sunday should come back to him now; that one sentence, rather, from the sermon, that he had heard above the joyful reverberation of his thoughts; that suggestion that men ought to be thankful for the hard things that came to them. Bosh! How could they? That was ridiculous! What possible good could come from an experience like this one? How could one believe that terrible experiences were sent in love to any one?

Things settled down into quiet at last. That fearful probing for the bullet was over. It had been found in a gravely serious spot close to the lung. His father lay sleeping under opiates with the white capped nurse in charge, and silence reigning. The mother was going about with white face and bright brave eyes, getting ready in the kitchen something that the doctor had ordered.

It's a very serious situation," the doctor told Chris plainly, "but if all goes well he has an even chance of pulling through. You'll have to be a man and take the burden from your mother, son."

Chris with heavy heart straightened his strong young shoulders and bowed gravely. He felt as if the burdens of the universe had suddenly settled down upon him. He felt as if the ground under him was sinking away and everything that he had ever known and trusted in was swimming, toppling about him. But he bowed the doctor out, took all directions, went and helped the nurse arrange a curtain to keep a light from her patient's eyes, helped his mother in the kitchen, and then persuaded her to lie down and save her strength for later when she might be needed. And at last he was free to go to his own room and change his bathrobe and slippers for more suitable clothing.

He stood in the middle of his room and looked about him dazed. Looked at his watch and stared about again. Was it only three short hours since he had heard that shot? Why, ordinarily at this hour he would still be in his bed sleeping. It was only six o'clock in the morning, yet that house had seeming'y passed through a whole day's work.

Was it only yesterday morning he had been so happy getting his things in shape for packing? There on his desk lay a pile of letters he had sorted out to burn. And there were the piles of undergarments his mother had marked yesterday and laid on the window seat for him to

put in his trunk. College! He couldn't go now, of course. And that car? Where was it? He ought to hunt up the police and find out what they did with it. He hadn't thought of it since.

Softly he tiptoed down to the telephone booth in the back hall, and finally got in touch with the police station. They assured him the car was safe, what was left of it, and his heart sank. His next duty would be to communicate with the owner. Would he be liable for the damage or would the insurance cover it? He knew very little about insurance rules. A five thousand dollar car, its beautiful g'itter defaced! Another five thousand dollars to add to the hundreds of thousands, perhaps, that his father owed. Well, he would look after that anyway. Somehow he must find a job. He must! He must be a man now and take cares upon himself. Maybe his father would never recover. Even if he lived he might always be an invalid after this. There was that possibility to face.

Yesterday he was facing another happy year of college life, football, basked ball, baseball, fraternities, honors, all that college life meant. Today he might as well be an old man and be done with it. He had debts and a family dependent on him. He dropped his head down wearily on the telephone stand and sighed. If he had not been ashamed he would have cried. He could feel the tears in his eyes and down his throat. He swallowed hard, and fought them back. He was a man. He had to be! And Dad, his perfectly wonderful dad, was lying in there in the living room between life and death. Dad might not get well. What did it matter whether he went to college or not? If Dad ever got well he wouldn't care whether he owned a sport car or not.

Presently he roused himself enough to telephone the agency of the car, ask anxious questions about insurance, and disclose the whereabouts of the car. He was gratefully relieved when they said they would take care of it and let him know later about the insurance. He left the telephone with a sigh, tiptoed to the door of the living room and looked wistfully in. The nurse came and spoke to him in a noiseless voice, telling him to go to bed and snatch some sleep. Chris dragged himself upstairs and threw himself across his bed. The sun was high and bright, flinging its rays half across the room but he did not notice it. He was too utterly weary in soul and body, and dropped asleep as soon as his head touched the pillow.

There followed long days and anxious nights when the affairs of the world were practically forgotten in the more vital question of whether the husband and father was going to live or die, and Chris felt that he was ageing a year an hour. College was a thing of the past, and he stuffed away all the pennants and athletic articles in a dark closet and tried to forget there was such a thing as being a boy with a care-free life. Yet there wasn't much to actually do. Hang around the halls, listen to the slightest sound

from the sick room, go on the trivial errands for nurse or doctor, sometimes in a wild hurry with the helpless feeling that the beloved father's life was slipping away, no matter what they did. Once he had to go to the train to meet a famous specialist who was coming in consultation. That was a terrible day that seemed ages long.

As Christ looked back to the afternoon when he and his father had stepped out of the bank door and stood together before that angry mob it seemed years past. Yet he was sometimes conscious of a thrill of pride in his father. If Dad had to go out of life he was glad he had that last brave act to remember. Sometimes when he closed his eyes to try and sleep, he could see the noble unafraid look on his father's face as he opened his lips to speak, and stood there so controlled and quiet when the mud was thrown in his face. At such times his blood would boil till it seemed he just must get up and go out and hunt for the criminal who did it and throttle him. Then he would get up and begin to pace back and forth in his room like a caged lion, till remembering his father downstairs who might hear, he would force himself to lie down again.

Affairs at the bank seemed a distant and vague interest. Every day some one would call up and ask after the president, and give some hint of how matters were going. Chris knew that a bulletin had been sent out to depositors, giving them hope of an instalment in the near future. He knew that his mother had signed over all properties in her name, or in a joint account. He knew vaguely that other directors had done the same, and that there was hope of putting the bank back some day on some kind of working foundation. But he seemed to have drifted so far away from it all that it did not interest him. His heart seemed frozen, deadened. His universe had turned to stone. He wondered sometimes idly why God could let a catastrophe like this come to his father and mother, such wonderful Christians. And himself! He had never done anything so very bad that he should have to be treated like this. It almost looked as if his father and mother had put their trust vainly in a God.

One day on the street Chris was hurrying along with medicine for which the nurse had sent him, and a man, passing, looked keenly into his eyes with a pleasant glance. The lean, kindly face was vaguely familiar. Somehow battling in his mind against that kindly glance was a former impression of startled antagonism. He glanced back after the man and suddenly it came to him that this was the man who had preached that sermon about being thankful for the hard things as well as the pleasant things that came into one's life. Chris stabbed him in the back with a black scowl and passed on.

"Good guy that is! Knows a lot about it, he does!" he meditated. "Like ta have all he's got, wouldn't he? Like ta have

his father dishonored and shot and lying between live and death for weeks. Like ta give up his chance of getting anywhere in the world because he couldn't finish his college education. You bet he'd be thankful for all that handed out ta him in one day, wouldn't he?"

Chris swung belligerently into his own door and shut it behind him, yet he could not shut out the memory of that kindly glance.

There remained with him an impression of deeply graven lines of sorrow, though the man did not look old.

Gradually as the days passed the tension in the sick room let up a little. The burden on their hearts was not quite so heavy. The father seemed to be improving just a little and hope sprang up fearfully.

Then, one morning, there came a telephone call from Walter Gillespie's sister. Walter was coming home for a few hours and wanted to see him very much. Could he take lunch with him? He wanted to consult him about something.

Chris was whistling softly under his breath as he got ready. It was good to have the cloud lifted, even briefly, to feel that things were not quite so hopeless in the sick room as they had been, and that he might go out for a few hours without that dread feeling clutching at his heart that death might have entered during his absence. It was good to see Walt again, even though he had been gone from home but a short time. It gave him a warm, pleasant feeling to know that Walt wanted to see him, a thrill to think of hearing how things were going at college. It was a salve for his hurt pride that even though he was not coming back to college they valued his opinion enough to want to consult him about something.

As he walked down the street he began to wonder what is could be that Walt wanted. Probably to discuss some questionable men who were up for consideration by the fraternity. It might be Dick Bradford. If so, he was absolutely against him. He was yellow. You couldn't depend on him.

As he approached the Gillespie home he suddenly realized that he was on foot instead of driving the handsome new car that he had talked with Walt so much about when he was thinking of getting it. It may have been this thought which obsessed him as he went up the steps, or was it possible that Walt as he came down the stairs and met him in the hall had just the slightest shade of kindly condescension about him as he greeted him? He must be mistaken of course. Walt was never that way with him. With anybody. Walt and he had been buddies since they were kids. No, of course, he was just sensitive.

Yet he felt it again up in Walt's room, when they were going over the history of the last four weeks in college, Walt telling about the new boys, the prospects of the fraternity, the changes in the faculty. Especially what was being done in the fraternity. Walt had been made

president! A sudden pang shot through Chris. There had been strong hints that he himself was to be made president this semester. Then he generously arose to the occasion and put out a cordial hand for the old time grasp!

"Congratulations, Pard!" he said eagerly, his ready smile beaming forth. "That's great!"

Walt accepted his eagerness a bit languidly as befitted one in a higher position and went on to tell of the men that had been pledged.

With studied casualness Walt announced.

"And oh, yes, we're taking in Dick Bradford. That'll be a help."

Chris froze at once. Dick Bradford! Walt knew what he thought of Dick Bradford. Then Walt hadn't come to consult him about that. It was all settled. Chris felt strongly the condescension in his former comrade's manner and closed his lips quickly and then opened them to say with decision:

"You'll be making a great mistake, Walt. He's yellow. I thought I told you what happened last spring—"

But Walt waved him aside.

"He's got personality, Chris. There isn't a man in the new bunch that can match him for that, and we need men with personality, outstanding men, that can represent us anywhere and make a good impression. We feel that we have done a good thing in securing him. In fact we almost lost him to the Deltas. They had him all but pledged."

"He's a typical Delta," said Chris with his old haughty manner that used to bring Walt to terms in the old days. But Walt simply lifted his chin a shade higher and smiled superciliously.

"You always did have it in for Dick," he said condescendingly, "but your advice is a bit late. Dick was pledged last night, and we feel that he's the right man. He has charm, you know. And now, Kid—"

Chris frowned with a sudden quick chill at his heart. This wasn't the old kindly "Kid" of his childhood, it was a condescending tone, a term of diminutive. It was as if they had suddenly changed places and the admiring deference which Walt had always paid him, had suddenly been demanded of him. Did it do this to Walt to become president of the fraternity for a semester? Would it have done that to himself?

But Walt was talking fluently now. "We had a get-together last night, some of us who are in at the heart of things, and decided that it wasn't fair to your college to have a man like you drop out just at the end this way."

He spoke as if Chris had dropped out through sheer wantonness. Chris looked up at him in astonishment.

"We feel that it is due to college and our class that you should finish. You had a fine record all the way through, both athletics and studies, and neither the class nor the team can afford to lose you at this stage of things. We feel you should come back and finish."

Chris lifted his chin and looked at his old comrade coldly. This was not even the old tone of sympathy and love that he felt he had a right to expect from Walt. He was talking as if he were an officer who had a right to rebuke him.

"In short," went on Walt, putting on a grown-up official manner, "We felt that something should be done for you. So we have looked around and found several ways of helping out. With an athletic scholarship we can fix things so that you will have practically nothing to pay. Of course, you wouldn't be able to occupy the suite that we had expected to take together," Walt's eyes were on the floor now, fitting the toe of his well polished shoe into the pattern of the oriental rug. "You wouldn't expect that. And anyhow, Dick has taken over your share in the apartment so that would be impossible even if you could afford it, but there is a room vacant on the fourth floor and I think you could be fairly comfortable there. Of course, it's among the freshies, but that would be a part of the concession I believe from the college, some duties up there—"

He paused suddenly and looked up, worried by the stony silence with which Chris was receiving his offer.

Chris was sitting there with his haughtiest manner, his head thrown up, his eyes angry, looking at his friend as if he had suddenly become an alien enemy.

Walt began to fidget around uneasily. He knew that look on Chris' face but had never happened to have it turned on him before. He hastened to speak in quite a different tone.

"Why, what's the matter, old man? You don't understand. I'm offering you a chance to finish your college course. I've come down on purpose. The Frat sent me. They're back of me, and they'll be back of you. And the college wants you."

"Sorry," said Chris stiffly. "It's quite impossible."

"But look here, Chris," said Walt, getting nervous. He had thought this thing was going to be put through so easily. "You don't understand. It won't cost you a cent. It's a free gift! The college feels you're worth it to them! They haven't a man who can come up to you in athletics, and they really need you."

"That's gratifying, I'm sure," said Chris assuming his most grown-up manner, and shutting his lips with that kind of finality that made his former playmate remember other occasions, and understand that it was going to be a real hand-to-hand battle.

He settled down to argue. He still had several good reasons to give why Chris should come back with him today to college.

"Why, I've had this ready to propose for a week, but I wouldn't do it until your father was out of danger," he said in a conciliatory tone that helped a lot toward soothing Chris' wounded pride.

"My father isn't entirely out of danger yet," said Chris in a serious voice. "He's

better, but we have to take very great care of him."

"Oh, certainly! Of course!" said the other young man a trifle impatiently. "But a nurse can do that! He would get well twice as quick if he knew you were back in college getting all that's coming to you. Why, I've had my sister on the qui vive watching the bulletins from the doctor and she wired me the minute he said your father was better."

"That wouldn't make any difference," said Chris, and suddenly he knew he was right. "It will be a long time before my father is well, and I'm needed right here. I have responsibilities. And you're mistaken about Dad. I'm sure just now under the existing circumstances that Dad would expect me to stand by."

But Walter Gillespie did not give up. He argued it this way and that. It presently appeared that another member of the fraternity had come down with him, an alumnus, was to be there to lunch, and Chris had it all to go over again.

But Chris did not weaken. As the argument went on he only grew stronger in the knowledge of what he had to do. A vision of that angry mob in front of the bank the day as he stood by his father and promised to see that his covenant with the people was made good, came vividly to his mind, and convinced him that unquestionably his place was here at home, helping his father to make good, cheering and helping his mother.

Later, when he was by himself, all the tempting things they offered would come back to him and stab him to the heart with longing to go. For before they were done with him the jobs they had secured for him, the fourth story dormitory, and the condescension were scrapped, and the beautiful suite of rooms with Walt for room mate was even offered free, with the promise to put Dick Bradford elsewhere. There was a satisfaction of course in the thought that they wanted him so badly. It healed his wounded pride when the dignified alumnus even descended from his patronage, and humbled himself to tell Chris that he was the only man they knew who could come in at this time and tide the fraternity over a certain crisis through which it was passing.

But when it was all over, Chris could only say it was impossible, that he had other obligations which came first.

Of course on the way home that afternoon, having seen Walt and the alumnus off on the two-fifty train, he suffered a reaction, and began to think perhaps he had been a fool to refuse such an offer. Perhaps his father would blame him for taking things in his own hands this way. Yet there remained, like a wall of adamant, back in his mind, the knowledge that he should stay and work, and help to pay back his father's debt if possible. At least he'd him in his present need.

A deep gloom settled down upon him as he turned his steps toward home. Here was he with the way open to go back and get his college year, which any fool would tell him he needed before he

would be worth much in the business world; and yet the way so effectually blocked by honor that the offer might as well have never come save for the satisfaction of knowing how the college people felt toward him.

But when he entered the house and found that his father's condition had not been quite so good that day, he forgot all about college again as the mantle of anxiety returned upon his weary young shoulders.

(To be continued)

A Bible Fruit Cake

Randolph, Minn.

"The Baptist Herald."
Dear Editor:

My family and I enjoy the "Baptist Herald" very much. Here lately I often wonder if you could use an Old Testament fruit cake recipe, worked out by myself. I would suggest that you print only the Bible references, not the item itself.

1 cup Jeremiah 6:20.
½ cup Genesis 18:8.
2 cups Jeremiah 17:11.
1 cup sour Joshua 5:6b.
½ cup Joshua 5:6b.
1 cup of each 1 Samuel 25:18b.
1 cup Genesis 43:11.
3½ cups Exodus 29:2.
2 teaspoons Exodus 12:15.
1 teaspoon Exodus 30:23.
¼ teaspoon Genesis 19:26.

I have baked this cake a number of times; it tastes good; it is quite moist, therefore a good keeper.

Sincerely,
MRS. EDWIN MILLER.

(Editorial note: We suggest that after our readers have worked out this recipe before baking they send a post-card to Mrs. Miller with their findings to see if they have discovered the right component parts.)

* * *

Abraham Lincoln was noted for his pungent and appropriate wit. The Great Emancipator was resting with his campaign manager in a hotel lobby. As usual, the village cut-ups congregated there, and one, bolder than the rest, remarked, "Mr. Lincoln, your speech was good, but there were some points beyond my reach."

The simple Lincoln looked up and chuckled: "Then I am sorry for you. I once had a dog that had the same trouble with fleas."—Associate Men.

* * *

Mike was going to London for the first time in his life, and his friend Pat was giving him a few hints on what to do and where to go in the great city. "What do I do when I go to the Zoo?" asked Mike. "You be careful about the Zoo," advised Pat. "You'll see some foine animals if you follow the words 'To the lions' or 'To the elephants,' but take no notice of the one 'To the exit,' for, Mike, it's a fraud, and it's outside I found myself when I went to look at it."—Onward.

He Bore the Cross of Jesus

Simon of Cyrene bore
The cross of Jesus—nothing more,
His name is never heard again.
Nor honored by historic pen;
Nor on the pedestal of fame
His image courts the loud acclaim;
Simon of Cyrene bore
The cross of Jesus—nothing more.

And yet when all our work is done,
And golden beams the western sun
Upon a life of wealth and fame,
A thousand echoes ring the name,
Perhaps our hearts will humbly pray,
"Good Master, let the record say,
Upon the page divine, 'he bore
The cross of Jesus—nothing more.'"

—Selected.

† Sarah E. Schaefer

The Lord has called another of his most devoted followers home in the person of Mrs. Sarah E. Schaefer, widow of the Reverend T. J. Schaefer, whose untimely death in Yankton, S. Dak., back in February, 1895, a victim of pioneer ministry on the frontier of those days, was the occasion of much widespread sorrow. Though the period of their active ministry was very brief, only about two and a half years, they endeared themselves to very many Baptists of Dakota and elsewhere, many of whom are still living and will be interested to learn of Sister Schaefer's death from the pages of the "Baptist Herald."

After the death of her husband mother Schaefer returned to Hepburn, Pa., with her five little girls. Here her ancestry had settled way back in 1804, clearing the land of the virgin forests, and tilling the mountain sides, earning their bread and building their home under the sweat of their brow for four generations onward. She acquired a mountainside farm and managed it, thereby supporting her family and providing for the education of her children, and by utmost frugality saving enough to make generous contributions toward the Lord's work.

Here it was also where Konrad Fleischmann preached to the Dunkard settlement before he entered upon his noteworthy ministry in Philadelphia, a large number having been led to the formation of the Warrensville Baptist Church, which vies with Fleischmann Memorial for its claim to being "First" in America, and which became the mother of the Hepburn Church with which the Ulmer and Schaefer family has been so actively identified for three-quarters of a century or more.

Mother Schaefer had been confined to her room for several months, and to the house for several years owing to illness. These declining days she spent in the home of her daughter, Margaret Schaefer, at Hepburn where she received devoted care, and where she responded to the summons in her 76th year. Hers was a life to which nothing need or can be added by words of tribute. Its sterling worth, and unostentatious devotion was

everywhere taken for granted. Her pastor, the Reverend Mr. Foulk, aptly applied the words of Paul in 2 Timothy 4:7 to her. Her five daughters, Mrs. Mary Marvin, Mrs. Emma L. Schade (wife of Professor Arthur A. Schade), Mrs. Ellen Raker, Mrs. Margaret Shafer and Mrs. Ruth Sager, with their husbands and their children accompanied the remains to their last resting place at the now historic Blooming Grove Cemetery in connection with the Dunkard Church where Fleischmann conducted his meetings nearly a century ago. Her memory will remain an inspiration and a call to faithfulness with all her acquaintances.

Should any of the old friends desire to communicate with the family, they may address the daughter, Mrs. H. A. Shafer, Hepburnville, Pa., or Mrs. Arthur A. Schade, 11 Richard St., Rochester, N. Y. ARTHUR A. SCHADE.

Our Victor

MRS. W. S. JAEGER

Jesus in poetry! Why shouldn't poets sing
Of the exalted Name and an exclusive King?

Low in a manger he was laid at his birth,
But few understood its far-reaching worth.

God's only begotten Son was born that day,
Came to a sin-cursed world, its great debt to pay.

Through childhood and youth and to manhood at last,
God led his Son on to his pre-ordained task.

Gently he labored among needy and poor,
Rebuked the selfrighteous when they felt secure.

At last to the cross by cruel hands he was nailed,
Precious blood was shed for a world that had failed.

The enemy triumphed at sight of his death,
The world lay in darkness, of all hope bereft.

Then came the victory of that glorious morn,
When the grave was opened and resurrection born.

O Christian, just trust him, you can well afford;
Here is your victory in your risen Lord.

Believe all his word, be faithful and sing,
For soon he will come, our Heavenly King.



Young Converts baptized at Salt Creek Church, Oregon, by Rev. G. Neumann, pastor (at right)

Baptisms at Salt Creek, Oregon

"Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine." Twelve of the young people of our church at Salt Creek, Oregon, recently accepted Christ as their Savior during the B. Y. P. U. meetings which are in the form of evangelistic services and held every second and fourth Sunday of each month. These young people were able to say, "Jesus is mine," and to follow him in baptism.

The baptismal services were held the evening of January 7 with our pastor, Rev. Gerhard Neumann, in charge. The topic of the evening was "The Reward for Faithfulness." The special songs rendered by the choir helped to make the evening very impressive.

The church extended the hand of fellowship to the new converts the following Sunday morning at which time the Lord's Supper was celebrated.

May the Lord bless our young people and the members of our church in their Christian life!

BOOSTER, Dallas, Oreg.

The Modern Minimizer

That minister is not fulfilling his ministry who gives the gospel to his people in weakened solutions or palatable pleasantries.

Said a speaker at the Presbyterian General Assembly some time since: "The modern minimizer of the gospel takes a few tablets of doctrine, dissolves them in a gallon or two of the rosewater of sentimentality, puts a little in an atomizer, and sprays the congregation to an accompaniment of the sweetness of Christianity and the fragrance of a benevolent life. The New Testament tells us but one story—that a man is a sinner, that he has been redeemed, and that the only way of salvation is through faith in Jesus Christ."

**Just Around the Corner,
B. Y. P. U.**

A One-Act Conversation

Scene (invisible). Time (present).

Cast: Two young men. Meet on street.

By ALBERT REDDIG, Cathay, N. Dak.

Oscar: Hi, Fred, wait a minute and I'll go a ways with you. You sneak along as if you were afraid someone will see you. Where ya going all dressed up?

Fred: Oh, I'm going to one of our B. Y. P. U. meetings, and I'm not sneaking along either.—Say, you better come along.

Oscar: You're going where?

Fred: To a B. Y. P. U. meeting, are you hard of hearing?

Oscar: No, I heard you alright, but the conglomeration of letters P. Y. Q. U. or what ever they were sounded like one of those government relief agencies one hears of nowadays. Like the CWA, the NRA, the CCC and what not. But this must be a new one. What are they offering now?

Fred: O, we're offering something, alright, but it's quite different from what you think.—And say, are you just playing dumb or don't you really know what B. Y. P. U. stands for?

Oscar: Oh—I put on a little, I did hear of it before, but I couldn't say what they stand for, much less what you do there.

Fred: Well, it stands for Bringing Young People Up.

Oscar: Now I'm serious. What does it mean?

Fred: Alright, listen close, B stands for Baptist, Y for—

Oscar: Say, wait a minute, are you a Baptist?

Fred: Sure, but you don't necessarily have to be, to be a member. And Y stands for Young; P for People's, U for Union, and when put together reads "Baptist Young People's Union." Is that clear?

Oscar: Yes, but I'd never taken you for a church member. No, sir, I'd never believed it.

Fred: Well, what did you expect me to do, yell it from the house top?

Oscar: No, not exactly, but I always thought that a feller could recognize a Christian by some distinct characteristic.

Fred: You can, if you will take close notice.

Oscar: Maybe so, but I never noticed very close, in fact. I am always kind of shy of religious people. I figure, they think they're better than the non-Christians.

Fred: No, you're all wrong there. But say, you better come along to our meeting. You may like it. Have you ever been there?

Oscar: Never. You're the first one to ever give me an invitation. Have a cigaret?

Fred: No, thank you.

Oscar: Church rules?

Fred: Oh no. Just a matter of opinion, and taste, of course. But say, if you're

not doing anything tonight, why not come along?

Oscar: Not doing anything? Say, I'm off for a swell time; I'm going down to that cozy little road house called "We-Ask-U Inn." Ever hear of it?

Fred: Oh yes, I heard of it, but it looks like an awful dull and quiet place to me.

Oscar: Well, that's because you see it in the daytime, but you should see it after lamp-lighting time. By the way, what have you to offer me at your meetings that would take the place of my sort of amusement?

Fred: Well, we have,—we have good music, and have talks that are educational, programs now and then, and contests of various types. It's really interesting.

Oscar: Yes, it must be. Very, for if I remember right, one or two of your members are in our gang. It evidently becomes too interesting for them.

Fred: Well, here's the thing. One gets out of life just what he puts into it, and it's no different with our society. Say, I'll bet, you're the life of all your parties.

Oscar: Modesty forbids me to say.

Fred: I thought so. Say, let me ask you a question?

Oscar: Sure, fire away.

Fred: Do you ever leave your amusement Inn satisfied? Isn't it just a place to shoo away the blues for a while?

Oscar: Say, have you ever been there?

Fred: Yes. But you haven't answered my question yet. Do you receive some lasting enjoyment from your sort of entertainment?

Oscar: Why, I guess so.

Fred: Do you feel that it will develop your mind, improve your character, and lead you to a nobler way of living? And does it teach you the joy that comes from serving others?

Oscar: Say, what's this your giving me, a sermon? Are you looking for an argument as to who is about to spend the most enjoyable evening? Why I've got one point that will hold off a dozen of yours. Where I go I meet a lot of young people, and this includes the fair fascinating?

Fred: Surely you can't say that's not fascinating?

Oscar: Well, I guess you win.

Fred: No, I can't. You're quite right there. But I hope you don't think you would find our society without them.

Why, let me tell you something, we have the most beautiful bunch of girls you ever saw, and interesting, too. Say, you couldn't pick 'em better, for there's where you'll find them! And another thing, of the girls you meet, chances are ten to one that they have a good moral character.

Oscar: Well, you've got me that time. I can't deny it for I've never been there.

Fred: You know, Oscar, we could use a feller like you in our Union. I mean one with a little pep, to kind of keep things interesting.

Oscar: Then you claim a visit to one of your meetings will leave one satisfied? Is that it?

Fred: Yes, indeed, unless it's a long-

ing for more, or unless one of those pretty girls sets your heart aflutter.

Oscar: What do you accomplish at those meetings? What is your goal?

Fred: So I've got you interested, eh? Well, we're a branch of the church, striving to create a warm Christian fellowship among young people, thereby bringing them nearer to Christ. We try to improve our character, and live our lives more fully by learning how to forget some things, learn how to keep to the right, to say the little word spelled "n-o," and try to wear a rubber disposition if possible.

Oscar: Explain that last one, about the rubber disposition.

Fred: Well, a lot of people are always looking for trouble, or fights and are easily insulted. Their rights are always stepped on; their dignity is always being offended. They turn a hard face toward the world, and of course they get what they are looking for, for many will peck at them and chip away some of their hard front. Now if they had a rubber disposition those insults and knocks would bounce off, and not hurt them in the least.

Oscar: Well, don't you ever have any discord or quarrels in your Union?

Fred: Oh yes, that's to be expected, but we say,

A little forgotten

A little endured

A little forgiven

And the quarrel is cured.

At least that's the way we try to do it.

Oscar: Say, you're not such a bad sort of a guy. In fact, I'm beginning to like you as I'm beginning to know you more.

Fred: Thanks for the compliment. But you're not such a bad heathen either if it comes right down to it.

Oscar: Well, so long Fred. I enjoyed that little chat, and some day I'm going to take in one of your meetings.

Fred: Some day nothing, you're coming tonight. You can't back out now, for you see that little lady on the steps? Well, I'm going to have you meet her first thing.

Oscar: Well, I guess you win.

(End)

(This was given in a side-room with doors open. In that way those presenting this sketch, did not need to memorize it. This is one way of giving it. Perhaps still better, is to memorize it. Editor.)

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The gifted daughter of General Booth, laboring in the most repulsive slums of Paris, was urged by a French baron to brighten up her meeting hall with saints' pictures and other aesthetic garb.

She answered him by bringing from officers, men and women redeemed from sin and desperate misery, to see him the following Sunday. The baron's comment was, "Marechale, you need no picture other than those faces." Dr. Renture other than those faces." Dr. Harris has said of Biblical critics, "They may tear the volume to shreds, but they can never rub the light of God off the faces of his people."—S. S. Times.

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The Spiritual Training of the Child

WILLIBALD S. ARGOW

One of the most hopeful features of the present is for better training in religious education. The young people of today are no worse than those of the past, 100 years ago. They may even be better, for all that. Their badness is not of the same sort their father's or grandfather's was. Their goodness is likewise of a different brand. Some believe that it is of a more wholesome and broader sort. Of course they do things you have never done, but so did you do things they never do. They are more up-to-date in their goodness as well as badness and somehow age never learns to look with tolerance on things that are different than when "you and I were young, Maggie." Is their conduct the result of their past religious training or is it just another sign of the time in which we live? If our characters are the results of past thinking then their Christian life must be the result of past training.

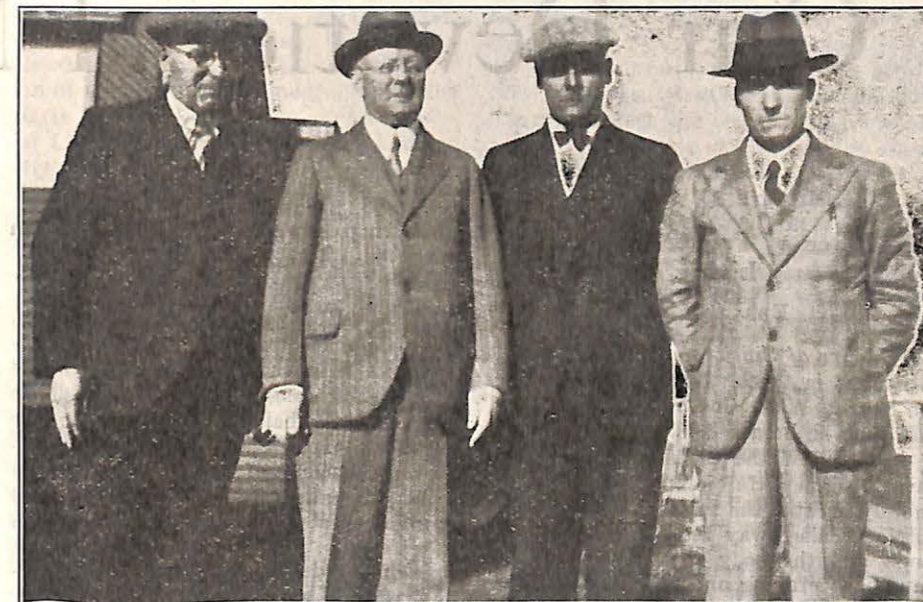
Just What Do We Mean by Spiritual Training of the Child?

Does it consist in going to Sunday school, memorizing scripture? True, Paul spoke highly of this when he said to Timothy: "But continue thou in the things which thou hast learned and hast been assured of, knowing of whom thou hast learned them. And from a child thou hast known the holy scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus." Evidently he did not put much emphasis on creed, but mostly on life. Youth of today has little use for religion that is all creed. If a thing does not affect the everyday life, if it has nothing to do with their practical religious feeling, they want nothing of it. They have so much to invite their attention that is interesting. Religion for youth today must have much of service, of practical usefulness. Lipservice is good only as far as it is vitally helpful. When it relapses into platitudes or controversies, it ceases to be religion to them.

If you look back on your own youth, you will remember little or nothing of what you were taught, but you do recall the lives of your teachers and parents as the one outstanding thing. Perhaps the youth of yesteryear did not express their resentment as the youth of today does, but it left them cold nevertheless.

It is not enough that children be taught about God, or even trained to do his will. We must help them to know him, to approach him in love and trust. I cannot love God unless I know him and cannot experience his presence except by meeting him in worship. What is the object of the Sunday school? To lead the girls and boys to become Christians? Yet we failed to provide that very thing in the training that could possibly bring them into the intimate knowledge of God.

Our Opening and Closing Exercises often consume so much time that little



Faculty of Bible School, Leader, Sask.
Left to right: Rev. J. Weinbender, Dean, Gen'l. Sec'y. A. P. Mihm, Rev. H. Schatz and Mr. E. A. Mantz, vice-pres. of Central Sask. Tri-Union

is left for instruction. The up-to-date Sunday school makes much of worship. Do our long, noisy—"make a joyful noise unto the Lord"—services achieve this? Of course we all wish that the child might learn to know its heavenly Father best in its own home and meet him there in family devotion and worship. But this is the exception rather than the rule. I am afraid, family devotion is a thing of the past in most homes. Wherever it was properly conducted it meant much to the child. It felt God's presence and experienced an intimate fellowship with him which became an impelling force in their lives. The aim should always be to bring the members of a group into a realization of God's presence and a sense of being in touch with him.

Too often the mistaken idea has prevailed that youth should be a time of suppression, oppression and depression instead of expression. Someone said: "Success comes in cans, failures in cant's." There was too much of "You can't do this, that or the other thing." Perhaps the old family Bible on the parlor table was more of a drawback than was realized. We were not to touch it, perhaps on'y on a Sunday. The impression was created that it was not for everyday use, and so many managed to get along without it. Magazines, and the newspaper took its place. But to own a Bible and to feed the soul on the newspaper is one way in which to become a lean, dyspeptic Christian.

A lady asked a great teacher one day: "Just when should I begin the religious training of my child?" The answer was: "Four years before its birth." The mother is reproduced in her child. The stream cannot rise higher than its source. The child will seldom have more religious training than is expressed in the home. Much truth is found in the following poem:

The School of Mother's Knee

"The oldest university
Was not on India's strand,
Nor in the valley of the Nile,
Nor on Arabia's sand.

From time's beginning it has taught,
And still it teaches free,
Its learning mild to every child—
The school of Mother's Knee.

The oldest, and the newest too,
It still maintains its place,
And from its classes, ever full,
It graduates the race.

Without its teaching where would all
The best of living be?
'Twas planned by heaven this earth to
leaven,

The school of Mother's Knee."

—Author unknown.

It Costs Something to be Religious

but it costs a great deal more not to be. A minister was invited to a home for dinner and was asked to say grace. The mother said to her offspring: "Now, dear, be quiet while Dr. S. says grace." After he was through the boy asked: "What was that you said?" and he answered: "I said—thank you, dear Lord, for this food." The boy replied: "My dad does not pray like that." "And what does he say?" quizzed the minister. "Oh, he sits down, says, ye gods, what a meal?" Do you suppose there was much religious training in that home? And you would hardly want to call such a home pagan, perhaps just the average American home. At best it was only a spasmodic effort.

A man bought a little country home and worked in the garden week-ends, returning to the city on Monday mornings. The cottage with its flowers was forgot-

(Continued on page 15)

Our Devotional Meeting

August F. Runtz

April 15, 1934

The Place of Prayer in Christian Living

Eph. 1:15-23

A Means of Spiritual Growth. What breathing is to the lungs, prayer is to the heart. When God created man it is said that he breathed in him the breath of life, and if the Christian would not have the inner life die out he must continually breathe the atmosphere of God's Spirit. Take away fresh air from the lungs and the body soon dies. Let a man cease praying and his spiritual life will soon be dead. How invigorating a whiff of fresh air feels in the morning after a night spent in a stuffy room! How healthy for our souls and refreshing for our spiritual lives it is to come to God in prayer and meditation every morning. We grow strong spiritually when prayer becomes as constant and as natural as breathing.

Intercessory Prayer.

"More things are wrought by prayer Than this world dreams of. Wherefore let thy voice

Rise like a fountain for me night and day.

For what are men better than sheep or goats

That nourish a blind life within the brain

If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer

Both for themselves and those who call them friends?

For the whole earth is every way

Bound by gold chains about the feet of God."

A Means of Worship. In every prayer adoration and thanksgiving have a part; and these are essentially attitudes of worship. A humble soul instinctively feels a sense of awe as it comes before God, and feels that here is a Supreme Being worthy of adoration and praise. The more we know about God, the more we sense that our souls ought to be on their knees before him continually. A very ungrateful person he would be indeed who never gave an expression of, or at least showed a spirit of gratitude toward God for all his manifold blessings. Our Lord said: "Father, I thank thee." Paul said: "I cease not to give thanks.... I bow my knees unto the Father." John, in his vision, saw the great hosts in prayer as they worshipped. Prayer must have a very definite place in the life of every Christian.

April 22, 1934

The Importance of Worship in Christian Living

Heb. 10:19-25

The Drama of a Worship Service. Few people realize what is actually taking place in such service. If we would but use our imagination we would see such a drama being enacted before our eyes that henceforth every worship service would become of supreme importance to us. Because we lack this spiritual imagination a service often becomes drab and lifeless. Let us endeavor to get a sense of the dramatic in a worship service.

In the Doxology. "Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost." God, the Father, is present in the service, he, who created the earth, and the great universe, who is also our Maker. This perishable clay of ours pauses for a moment to worship him. Jesus Christ is there, the One whose arms were outstretched on Calvary's cross for our sins, and who rose again for our justification. The Holy Spirit, the great Comforter, the One who walks beside us all the way, is there. Can you not see yourself in the Holy of Holies standing in the presence of the Triune God?

In the Prayer. In the Roman Catholic church the year just passed was a Holy Year. In the vestibule of St. Peter's at Rome there is a doorway which is walled up and marked with a cross. This door is opened only four times in a century. On Christmas Eve every 25 years the Pope, approaching in princely state with a retinue of Cardinals, strikes it three times with a hammer. The door is then opened and the Pope enters and marches to the altar. Devout worshippers crowd the chapel, most of whom have never entered there before and never will again.

What if the throne of grace were like that? What if it had been 10 years since you last prayed, and would be again? Now try and see what pray place when you are led to the throne of grace every Sunday morning.

In the Scripture Reading. Supposing you had waited all your life to know how to be saved, and you knew that life unsaved. Then you got the news: On Sunday morning the minister will read a message direct from God telling people how they might be saved. I venture to say that your church would be crowded that Sunday, and that you would hear a pin drop as the message was being read. But isn't the Bible-reading always that, only we are too unimaginative to see it?

In the Sermon. As you sit in your pew

could you but see that the man before you has been on his knees often before God during the past week and has received a message for a dying world. He is God's messenger, God's ambassador.

If we would but use our imagination every worship service of the church would soon become a great drama of spiritual experience with God.

April 29, 1934

Qualities That Make for Success

1 Chron. 22:11-13

What Is Success? If someone were to say to us that so-and-so is a successful farmer we would think of fertile, good crops, sleek cattle and horses, good buildings, etc. Or, if someone were to tell us of a successful business man, we would think of a man, who through his ingenuity and shrewdness had accumulated a large fortune. But is that all there is to success? Isn't much of our trouble today largely due to the fact that that has been our only ideal of success? It wasn't the gorgeous clothing, the golden throne, the beautiful palace, the many servants, the stables and horses, nor all the earthly pomp and glory that made Solomon a successful king. And he realized as he ascended the throne that success did not lie in that direction, for when the choice was presented to him he did not ask for riches, and wealth, and honor, but for wisdom and knowledge to rule the people aright. (2 Chron. 1:10-12.)

So we would say that success is measured by the contribution one makes toward the welfare and happiness of his fellowmen. Success may be purely spiritual and not temporal at all. Many a materially successful man has been a curse to humanity.

How Become Successful? To make a success of life, in the highest sense of the term, many qualifications are necessary. Solomon asked for "wisdom and knowledge" so he might be fitted for his great task. God may call unlearned men into his service, but he trains them before sending them out. Righteousness before God is essential to success, for how can an immoral man be successful in the highest things of life

But above all religion is necessary. Solomon began his reign by humbly submitting himself to God. The later years of his life were clouded because he neglected the worship of Jehovah. The men and women who have done most for the welfare of humanity, and we would therefore say, were most successful, were motivated mostly by religion. They were men and women who understood Christ better than their fellowmen, and who wanted to share him with them.

April 1, 1934

In recent years we have been hearing a great deal about Kagawa, that great Japanese, who has shaken Japan from center to circumference, not only religiously, but also socially, inaugurating the Kingdom of God Movement, and has set his goal of one million souls for Christ in five years. The whole secret of this remarkable life is to be found in the fact that he has caught the spirit of his Master. Without the religion of Jesus Christ such a life as his simply would not exist.

May 6, 1934

How Should a Christian Choose His Life Work?

Eph. 2:10; Heb. 10:7

Remember That Every Calling Is Sacred. We are so prone to divide life into two parts, the secular and the sacred. We believe that God calls a man into the Christian ministry or to become a missionary, but seem to think that God doesn't care a rap about any other occupation. And so many of those who are not ministers or missionaries seem to think that their work is not sacred at all, and consequently they have no responsibility toward God. This, however, is not the case. God called David to be a king, Samuel to be a judge and prophet, Moses to be an emancipator. We must remember, whatever our calling, that it is a sacred work, and we are to honor God with it, who created us all unto good works.

Endeavor to Discover God's Will. When Paul met Christ on the Damascus road he said, "What wouldst thou have me to do?" Our Lord said, "I seek the will of the Father." A Christian young person ought to pray long and earnestly, looking at life from every angle, in order to discover the particular work that God has assigned him. As in a great temple every stone and every piece of wood has its particular place, so in the great temple of Christ's kingdom every one has his or her particular niche to fill. We have only one life to live, only one try, and Oh, how concerned we ought to be not to make a failure of it.

Choose a Worth While Task. Some years ago a young man had an ambition to become a great doctor. After finishing his studies he thought of practicing in London. However, just at that time someone asked for a doctor to go to lonely and bleak Labrador. All these years Dr. Wilfred Grenfell has been doing a most remarkable piece of work as a medical missionary there, and is probably the best known doctor in the world today.

The Standard Oil Company was looking for a suitable man to manage its affairs in China. It was hard to secure exactly the right type of man. However, at last a young Baptist minister living in China was suggested. One of the board members was authorized to go to China and offer him the position. When he found the missionary, he was receiving a salary of \$600 per year, he offered him first \$10,000, then \$12,000 and then

\$15,000 per year to take the position. All offers were rejected. Then he said, "Well, what will you take?" to which the missionary answered, "It is not a question of salary. That is magnificent. The job is too little. I get a small salary, but I have a big job; and I would rather have a big job with a small salary than a small job with a big salary.... I feel that I should be a fool to quit winning souls to sell oil."

The Spiritual Training of the Child

(Continued from page 13)

ten in the rush of business. And strange to say, the plants and flowers did not flourish, but grew weak and wan. One day he complained to his neighbor: "It is wonderful how everything grows so fine for you, while my plantings seem to grow smaller, though I deluge them faithfully every Sunday. I can't understand it." The neighbor replied: "Nothing wonderful about that. I am with my plants, watching them, helping them all the time. A cloudburst of attention does little or no good, unless the hardpressed soil can be loosened a little, and the weeds constantly taken out." So the successful parent and teacher knows she cannot feed the pupils upon spiritual truths just upon the Sabbath, and then forget them and all their struggles and temptations.

What wonder is it that Sunday schools that depend upon any one, young or old—whoever will listen to the despairing Sunday school superintendent's pleadings to "help out"—soon pass into little or nothing; while the school that sees the same teachers at the head of the classes, month in and month out, enthusiastic, devoted, growing better and better acquainted with the members, soon becomes a power for good whose lasting and growing power cannot be measured?

All Growth Must Not be Expected to be Outward and Visible

Unless it is downward, invisible, the outward will be of little avail. The roots must go deep, then when the storms of life come, the faith shall not be shaken. It must be rooted and grounded in the truths of the Bible. For it is true:

"We search the world for truth,
We cull the good, the true, the beautiful
From graven rocks and hidden scroll,
From all old flower fields of the soul,
And weary seekers of the best,
We come back laden from our quest,
To find that all the sages said—
Is in the Book our mothers read."

A mother's life is like so many other lives, cluttered about with a multitude of things which appear necessary and useful, so that often little time is left for the really big things of life. More mothers should be like this mother of five children. She was a talented woman and many demands were made upon her time, but she resolutely refused to do the things that would take her away from her children. She said: "I had to

forego many pleasures, but now that my children are grown, I have plenty of time for the things I could formerly not do. I find a great reward for the sacrifices, if it can be called so, in the rich life my children are living. They are all active in Christian work, besides occupying prominent places in life."

It was simply a matter of choice. All of us are making daily choices in much less important things. Dear reader, do you remember when last your mother prayed with you? Do you have similar recollections as Sophie Bronson Titterton in her poem

When Mother Prayed"

"When mother prayed, then all the air
Grew tremulous with music rare;
Love's earnest pleading for its own
Was wafted heavenward to the Throne.
'God bless my children—' thus the prayer.

'Keep them unspotted everywhere,
O Father, God!' In softest tone
Echoed the whisper upward blown
When mother prayed.

O dread the day when mother's prayer
Breathed out no more her heart's fond
care;

For blessings rich from heavenly zone
Came angel-like, from heights far-kown
When mother prayed."

It may have been "old-fashioned." Perhaps we need more such old-fashioned mothers. It is a mother's great privilege to influence the child in those formative years, when the mind is plastic like a soft piece of clay.

The story is told of a great artist who worked painstakingly on a statue of Christ. When he thought it finished his little four-year-old daughter, who was playing near, looked up at it and said, "Daddy, that is a very great man." Disappointed and dissatisfied the sculptor went to work again. He softened lines here and gave touches there. Long and thoughtful he worked and then his little daughter looked up at his statue and said: "Why, that is Jesus who said, 'Suffer the little children to come unto me.'" Tears of joy filled the sculptor's eyes. He knew that he had at last succeeded.

As we present Christ to others do we emphasize the "Suffer little children to come unto me" side of him? When Christ is brought before others in this light the appeal is instant and unmistakable. To present Christ as the great man he undoubtedly was will never win those who do not know him; to show him as the tender loving Savior who loved little children at all ages, accomplishes far more.

As Christian leaders let us challenge youth with the thought expressed by Catharine Miller:

Thy voice, O Christ, sounds ever sweet
and clear,

"I, too, was young. Oh, if ye will not
give

Your youth to me, then have I come again
Unto my own, and they received me not."

Erie, Pa.

Report From Gypsy Missionary G. Stefanoff in Bulgaria

“For If You Forgive Men Their Trespases...”

About three miles distant from our village lived an old Gypsy widow. When I heard that she was sick, I went to see her. She was very poor and sick and I found her lying on the cold floor of her room. She was so poor that she could not even buy medicine or milk. My heart grew heavy when I could not help her. I visited her frequently and tried to comfort her through the Word of God.

Formerly she had been living near our own home and I had often urged her to give her heart to Christ, but she was proud and immovable and said that she was not a sinner, and she thought herself better than any of our Christian brethren. In her present condition I found her more approachable, and I urged her again to ask God's forgiveness. It was remarkable that just at that moment a Gypsy boy of about 14 years entered the room and said to the sick woman: “I have often harmed you and hurt you on purpose. Will you forgive me before you die?” There was a long silence in the room and the boy began to sob. He stammered again: “Do forgive me,” took her hand and kissed it. I said to the woman: “For if you forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you.” Then she said: “Yes, you have often hurt me, but I forgive you.”

The example of the boy gave me a wonderful opportunity to explain to the woman her own spiritual condition. Then, when I had ended, to my great astonishment she got up, knelt, and began to pray: “Lord, I am a poor sinner. Be merciful and forgive me. A poor sinner I am, a poor sinner! Forgive me. Amen.” When I had also prayed she said to me: “Whether I die or live, I am now your sister. Your God is my God.” A few days later I heard that she had died. Before she passed away she said to her son: “When I am dead you need not light a candle, or distribute bread. Call Brother Stefanoff and the brethren. They will come and conduct my funeral.” This gave me a fine opportunity to speak of the eternal life before many Gypsies who listened with tears in their eyes.

“Wilt Thou Be Made Whole?”

In one of the meetings which we held on several afternoons in our chapel, I had as text John 5:1-16, which tells about the man who had been sick 38 years. In verse 6 Jesus asks the man: “Wilt thou be made whole?” and at the end of my sermon I asked: “Who of you would like to be loosed from the bondage of sin?” There were three in my audience who arose and said that they wished not on'y to be freed from sin but also wanted to follow Jesus. It was a great joy for our Gypsy church that three souls had accepted Christ.

Often I am being called into homes where there are sick people, and they ask me to pray for them. I am always

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glad to do that. Just a few weeks ago I was invited to the home of one of our brethren to tell the Word of God to his family and also pray with a sick woman in the house. When I arrived there quite a company of Gypsies had gathered and the sick woman was lying on a bed. I spoke with great joy about the love of Christ for sinners and how he healed the sick. Then we also prayed for the sick woman. In a short time she recovered and is now attending our meetings. Last night we went to see another aged Gypsy woman who is sick. When I and the other brother, who was with me, prayed with her, she seemed to understand that she was wrong by believing that she was no sinner, and now she started to pray: “Forgive me, Lord, forgive me.” She said it at least ten times. We hope that the Spirit of God will continue his work in her.

A Brief Retrospect

During the last year we met with many difficulties, but at the same time

we had much reason for joy and gratitude. At times God made his presence known among us, especially when we stayed in our chapel praying for a whole day. This was not without fruit, for God gave us 19 converts during those days. He also opened a new door for us at Aktschar where we now have a meeting place and the brethren hold their regular services. During the night of December 30 eight of our brethren did not sleep. They carried water in buckets to the baptistry in our chapel. Although the night was very cold they sang hymns and worked with great zeal. On Sunday, December 31, the last day in 1933, I could baptize the first three converts—a young Gypsy and two Gypsy women who were very joyful in the Lord. After celebrating the Lord's Supper we all stayed together in the chapel, in prayer, to await the beginning of the New Year. We believe that he who gave his life for us will bless us and guide us. During the last year we could take up 22 new members in our church. On the other hand we had to exclude eight, which grieved us very much.

A New Door Opened

On January 3 and 4 a brother and I went to a place about 65 miles distant. Walking in deep snow in windy and cold weather, it took us considerable time to reach our goal, but when we entered the village of Belopole we had forgotten the hard road. The Gypsies treated us very kindly, offering us their simple food which we enjoyed very much because it was an expression of their love to us.

In the evening we had a fine meeting which was full of Gypsies to overflowing. I read to them Luke 5:1-16, and they listened attentively when I explained the word to them. At the close of the meeting many of them remained for further conversation. On the following morning many Gypsies came to our house uninvited. They wanted to hear more of the Word of God. I told them about the wonderful faith of Abraham and again they listened with great joy. When I bade them farewell they asked me to come again. My prayer is that the Lord may bless his Word and give me sufficient strength so that I may remain in his grace, be steadfast, and keep on working.

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An Edinburgh cabman was driving an American around to view the sights of the Northern city. In High Street he stopped, and, with a wave of his whip, announced:

“That is John Knox's house.” “John Knox!” exclaimed the American “Who is he?”

That was too much for the cabby. “Good heavens, man!” he exclaimed. “Did you never read your Bible?”—Ladies' Home Journal.

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Hobbs: “I've half a mind to get married.”

Dobbs: “Watch out! Reno's full of people who used only half their minds in getting married.”