

The Baptist Herald

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

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Number Eight

A Prayer for Baptists

WE praise thee, O God, for the denominational heritage that is ours. For the undaunted faith of thy servants who laid a firm foundation on which to build the work that we call ours. We thank thee, that while they came here to seek political freedom, and freedom of conscience, and freedom to worship, they with hosts of others also found that the Son of God could make them free indeed.

We thank thee, that from these humble beginnings, as a result of their sacrifice and faith, there has grown this mighty cause which we are proud to call our own. To thee we render all the honor for the victories that seemed to be ours. May we be worthy of the heritage we have received.

We dedicate ourselves anew to the task that is ours. May we realize that the best way to build the Kingdom of God is to strengthen our own local church and our own denomination by a faithful devotion to its interests, and through a wider practice of the Christ life on the part of each and every one of us. May we not only rejoice in thy substitutionary sacrifice for us, but may the lives of all Baptists reveal the scars of Christlikeness. Grant that each may be faithful in rendering such service as may be required of us, not seeking our own glory, but only the honor of him whose we are, and whom we serve. Amen.

—Oak St. Messenger, Burlington, Ia.

What's Happening

Rev. F. Dobrovolny, one of our retired ministers, living at Lodi, Calif., was seriously injured on March 25 in an automobile collision on his way to church. Bro. Dobrovolny suffered broken ribs and other internal injuries. Mrs. Dobrovolny received a broken collarbone, and their son, Herbert, injuries to the head.

The Rev. S. J. Belland of the Jefferson Park Bible School, Chicago, was the speaker at evangelistic pre-Easter services at the First German Church, Chicago, Rev. J. A. Pankratz, pastor. The Rev. Paul Friederichsen assisted his father, Rev. P. A. Friederichsen, in pre-Easter meetings at the Gross Park Immanuel Church, Chicago.

The Christian Fellowship Club of the First German Church, Chicago, with their wives and friends visited the Methodist Church at Grays Lake, Ill., about 40 miles from Chicago, on Sunday, March 25. The young men conducted an evening evangelistic service, which was very successful. They were invited to return with the promise to secure the largest hall in town for their next visit.

Easter Sunday at the Temple Church, Pittsburgh, Pa., Rev. O. E. Krueger, pastor, was a great day. There were 327 present in the Sunday school and 318 in the morning church service. The Editor of the "Baptist Herald" had the joy of spending the Easter week-end at his former church and to preach at the various services of the day, besides addressing the Sunday school and the B. Y. P. U. On Good Friday evening a Union Communion service with the Knoxville Baptist Church was held at Temple Church at which the Editor brought the message.

The Bible school officers and teachers of the Fleischmann Memorial Church, Philadelphia, Pa., met at the church on Thursday evening, March 1, for supper at their annual meeting. About 40 were present for the supper. The election of officers resulted in the reelection of those who had served so faithfully and efficiently during the past year: Mr. Gustav Straub, superintendent; Mr. Reuben Blessing, vice-superintendent; Mr. Wesley Mercener, recording secretary; Mr. Herbert Peter, treasurer; Miss Elsie Strohecker and Mr. Alfred Zabel, attendance secretaries; Mrs. Lydia Straub and Mrs. Hilda Schumann, pianists.

The German Baptist Young People's Union of Chicago and Vicinity (Jugendbund) is holding an Institute on the second, third, fourth and fifth Monday evenings in April at the First Church, Paulina and Superior Sts. There will be two instructors and two classes each evening of 45-minute periods, beginning at

7.30 o'clock. Prof. Manty of the Northern Baptist Seminary will treat the subject: "The Meaning of Faith" and General Secretary A. P. Mihm will have as his assigned topic: "Four Outstanding Denominations." The evening will start off with a fifteen-minute introduction devotional service and close with a fifteen-minute after-service. Mr. Paul W. Wolff is president of the Union.

German Baptist Bible School of Alberta

This has been the sixth year of Bible School work. It was also our second year of a ten-week course. 53 students registered during this session, some only part time, but the majority for the full ten weeks. Rev. Fred W. Benke occupied the responsible position of Dean of the School as well as instructor in the "Life of Christ." Rev. and Mrs. C. B. Thole had charge of the household affairs. Bro. Thole also instructed in the German and English language.

We were fortunate this year to have Rev. A. P. Mihm, our Young People's Secretary, with us for the first four weeks of the School. In his usual clear, concise and forcible way he instructed in the Major Prophets, Church History and in some of the letters of Paul. Revs. Philip Daum, A. Kujath, A. Kraemer, John Broeder and A. Ittermann each spent two weeks instructing in the following subjects: Letters of Paul continued, Bible Geography, Christian Fundamentals, Personal Work and a second period in Church History, and Music. The last two weeks were devoted to a larger extent to music under Rev. Ittermann's direction.

Four class periods, besides language instruction, were given each day. The students devoted themselves very earnestly to their studies and in most cases achieved high marks. Teachers and students participated in the Sunday and week day meetings. We surely had some blessed times and spiritual refreshing from the throne of God. We greatly desired to promote the spiritual interests of the students. Two young men attending confessed conversion during the meetings, and others were strengthened in their spiritual life. On some occasions teachers and students went to neighboring churches to assist in the Gospel work and some also went to the Mental Hospital, Indians and mission stations, there to sing and speak of the Christ who loved us and gave himself as a ransom for all people.

Commencement exercises were held for three days. Wednesday evening, March 14, inspirational meeting in the Baptist church. After the message of the evening, delivered by Rev. A. Ittermann, the

students from the 13 different churches of the Province testified what the Lord had done for them and expressed their gratitude for the privilege of the Bible School. With fervent prayers and new devotion this blessed time, long to be remembered, came to close.

On Thursday evening a successful Sacred Concert was given under the musical director's capable leadership. The Dean had charge of the meeting and Rev. Philip Daum and Rev. A. Ittermann spoke on the value of Christian music in the service of God. On Friday afternoon Rev. Philip Daum was chairman of the meeting. The Dean and house director reported on the work of the School. Appropriate recitations and songs were rendered by the students. Rev. John Broeder, Rev. C. Martens and Rev. F. A. Mueller each brought an inspiring message of hope.

The evening and closing service was of a very impressive nature. The student's orchestra and massed choir again brought uplifting messages in song and music. Miss Martha Krause on behalf of the young women and Mrs. Ernst Janke on behalf of the young men spoke appreciatively of the fine qualities of the teachers and the good work of the Bible School. Rev. A. Kraemer delivered the Convocation address. Then the Dean, Rev. Fred W. Benke, presented the credit cards to the students. Rev. Ph. Daum lead in the consecration prayer. It was a never to be forgotten moment when such a splendid number of young Christian people devoted to the study of the Bible stood before the large audience. May God continue to bless the Bible Schools here and everywhere!

The Baptist Herald

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Rev. A. P. Mihm, Editor

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The Baptist Herald

The Master's Bethany

OTTO E. SCHULTZ

Thou friendly home of Bethany,
To thee has come a worthy Guest
Who seeks within thy friendly walls
An understanding heart—and rest.

O Martha, Martha, hurry not
To set your board and cook your meal!
You make your home a banquet hall,
He has a feast for spirit's weal.

Sufficient for your Master's need
Is just one simple dish of food,
But in his heart are feasts untold
For those in a receptive mood.

Your sister is not indolent,
For she has found the menu's best!
The part which Mary he bequeaths
No claimant ever dare contest!

Lord, make our home thy Bethany,
Come thou as Host, as well as Guest,
Teach us to live the simple life,
But grant our souls thy very best!

O, may we linger at thy side
In meditation's hushed retreat,
Befriend thee as our spirit's Guide,
And learn, like Mary, at thy feet.

Bring healing to our feverish life,
Calm every jazzy noise of care,
Quench fires of lust, of greed, and strife
That we thy wealth of heart may share.

Help us amidst life's turbulence
Each day that better part to win—
We welcome thee to latch and key
And pray, "Abide, abide within!"

Detroit, Mich.

Real Christians

LET us ponder this disquieting comment from "Whither Bound in Missions?" an Association Press book. "A keen Librarian graduate from one of our universities had inquired why so few of American students are Christians. 'Not Christians? What do you mean?' he was asked. 'Over eighty-five per cent of the students of this college are members of Christian churches.' 'But I mean real Christians. After four years among them—and they are

the finest fellows ever—I find so many who do not wholly earn their credits; so many who have the wrong attitude toward girls; so many who have no spirit of love or of service in their hearts, that I am forced to believe that there are not many actual Christians.' " Is such a comment on American student and youth life justified? What is your own observation? What are the first steps toward a Christian life that is genuine and creditable? Does our B. Y. P. U. help us at this point?

Remember Lot's Wife

Luke 17:32

BECAUSE of their great and grievous sins, God had resolved to destroy the cities of the plain, chief of which was the wicked city of Sodom. Here Lot, the nephew of Abraham, had settled, lured on by the attractive worldly prospects and thinking less of the detrimental influence of his godless surroundings for his family and household.

God had revealed his purpose to destroy this city to Abraham. Abraham interceded for Sodom and Gomorrah, but the ten righteous people for whose sake they would have been spared were not to be found. Not even this small number of godly people were existent to save them from destruction. But when God was about to destroy those cities of the Plain, he remembered Abraham and for his sake purposed to save Lot out of the midst of the overthrow.

God Warned Lot By Two Angels

who besought him to take all his family out of the place before God would rain down fire on this iniquitous place. The prospective sons-in-law of Lot mocked at the warning. Even Lot and his wife lingered on but were impelled to haste by the angels. The command was given to them: "Escape for thy life, look not behind thee, neither stay thou in all the plain; escape to the mountain, lest thou be consumed." The direct divine command given through the angel was disregarded by Lot's wife. "But his wife looked back from behind him and she became a pillar of salt."

Our Lord and Savior is speaking to his disciples of his return and of the condition of the world in the last days. It will be as in the days of Noah and Lot. Engrossed in earthly things, they will not be mindful of the signs of the times, will not seek the things above and will be overtaken and surprised by the judgment. In that day, says Jesus (Luke 17:31) to his own: Be ready to join your Lord when he cometh. For whosoever is not already loosened from earthly things so as to hasten away without

hesitation, taking flight toward him freely and joyously, remains behind. "Remember Lot's wife!"

Jesus desires to impress the lesson concerning the folly of unreadiness; the deteriorating and perilous longing for things left behind; the folly of desiring to retain a transient little in the face of impending judgment and at the cost of a greater loss. Remember Lot's wife! It is a word for saints and sinners, for those who have already begun the Christian race and for those whom the call to begin the Christian life is being laid to heart.

Remember Lot's wife would warn to

Beware of Worldly Entanglements and Divided Interest

if we have turned our back to Sodom, i. e., the world.

Is it possible, we say, a look, a mere look and because of that, destruction? But how much can be put into a look! All of desire, the entire soul, the whole of personality. The Scriptures speak of "eyes full of adultery." The Apostle John numbers the "lust of the eyes" among the things which characterize the spirit and mind of the world as opposed to the indwelling love of God.

The eyes are the windows of the soul. "Where thy treasure is, there will thy heart be also." Lot's wife had her eyes with her heart and her heart was with the treasures of Sodom from which she was reluctantly and sorrowfully parting.

Natural and supernatural means were made use of to make her flee. The command of God and the entreaties of her husband led her to depart from Sodom. But while her feet carried her away, her heart remained behind. Her looking behind bespoke the overmastering inclination to go back. Backward looks betray backward longings and beget backward steps. Some believe from the words of Jesus in Luke 17:31 she began to go back.

But Sodom's judgment falls upon those who bear Sodom's ways and nature secretly within them. Destruction fell upon her. Suffocated in all probability from the fire damp of the fire and brimstone from heaven, her body soon became encrusted with salt and became a warning memorial of unbelief, a monument of disobedience and the danger of conformity to the world.

The Sin and Peril of Looking Back

"If any man draw back, my soul shall have no pleasure in him." "No man having put his hand to the plow and looking back is fit for the kingdom of God," says Jesus. Paul wrote to the Galatians: "Now that ye have come to know God, or rather to be known by God, how turn ye back to the weak and beggarly rudiments, whereunto ye desire to be in bondage over again? Ye were running well, who hindered you that ye should not obey the truth?" (Gal. 4:9-5:7.)

The question is not, what have you been doing to secure your salvation in the past, but what are you doing now? Are you keeping on toward the things of God or are you going back to old sins and old

habits? Are you become careless and neglectful of your Bible, the prayermeeting, the assembly of God's people? Up to a certain point, Lot's wife had her eyes on the place of refuge and kept step with the angel of God, but she looked back and her defection was her destruction.

The story emphasizes the truth, that

A Mere Outward Accompanying With the Saved is not sufficient to save. A mere outward association will not benefit or last if the lusts have not been eradicated from the heart. Our Christianity must proceed from a higher motive than mere outward propriety and respectability to keep our feet on the path toward the Holy City. We are not to follow Christ in piecemeal fashion. A complete break with the world is necessary to a full and unconditional surrender and to a faithful and victorious life.

There must be no divided interest, no halting between two opinions. He that intends to make most of two worlds, will lose both. If you flee from Sodom in obedience to God's command, don't pause halfway, don't look behind. Forget the things which are behind and stretch forward to the things which are before. Press on toward the goal unto the prize of the high calling in Christ Jesus. "Let us lay aside every weight and the sin which doth so easily beset us and let us run with steadfastness the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus." "For if we sin wilfully after that we have received the knowledge of truth, there remaineth no more a sacrifice for sins but a certain fearful expectation of judgment and a fierceness of fire which shall devour the adversaries. It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God."

Remember Lot's wife! The terrible fate that overtook her was not due to a lack of faithful warning on God's part but due to a lack of faithful watching on her part. Watch and pray that ye fall not into temptation. Lot's wife, although long dead, yet speaketh and tells us: great opportunities and privileges will not preserve from judgment unless we carefully and faithfully make use of them. "Remember Lot's wife" again warns us

Not to Yield to the Spirit of Delay,

for thereby peril is aggravated and destruction brought nigh. The command of the angel of the Lord was urgent and brooked of no delay. Lot's wife did not mock God's warning, nor treat it with a frivolous spirit of doubt or derision, but she did not take it serious enough. She lingered, she loitered, she looked back and suddenly the onrushing storm of judgment seized her and destroyed her. "Today if ye hear his voice, harden not your hearts." Whether God may grant you 365 days of grace as were granted to the fruitless fig tree or yet 40 days as he did to Niniveh or whether he shall say, "Thou foolish one, this night is thy soul required of thee." I know not, but if you are not shut up in the heavenly Zoar, in Christ Jesus, I say to you as an Ambassador of Christ: Haste thee and escape for thy life,

flee from the wrath to come. Don't plan to do everything else before you take up the great and important work of saving your soul and preparing to meet your God.

Procrastination, putting off the admitted need of repentance and conversion for some more convenient season which never materializes, is the devil's worst deceit and most successful delusion for poor deceived souls. Don't be caught in this snare of the evil one but bruise this diabolical delusion under your feet. Say like the prodigal: "I will arise and go to my father." Say, "I have sinned against heaven and thy sight." And he arose and came to his father. There was no looking back in that case. There was a safe return and a joyous arrival home.

God has no pleasure in the death of the wicked. He has given his only begotten Son for the redemption of our souls. He has planted the cross upon the earth that every heavy laden and sin-endangered soul may flee to it and be saved. Be ye reconciled to God. Now is the accepted time.

My Church and I

FRANCES M. MORTON

I wouldn't choose a place to live
That had no churches there,
Because men gave so little thought
To God's good love and care.

But if I only criticize,
And never do my share,
To help the church with its good work,
I'm hardly playing fair.

I wouldn't wish to be the sort
To talk instead of work;
So when I'm asked to lift a load
I'll try and never shirk.

I need my church to make my life
More useful, strong, and true;
So then to do its own good work
My church must need me, too.

Our Baptist Problem

DR. E. Y. MULLINS, that far-sighted Christian statesman, once summed up our Baptist problem in the following questions:

1. Can we match our spiritual message with a corresponding intelligence?
2. Can we assimilate the truth in modern culture without losing the gospel message?
3. Can we maintain the polity and ordinances on a spiritual basis, that is, without becoming merely ecclesiastical in aim and spirit?
4. Can we match our freedom and democracy with the necessary unity and co-operation?
5. Can we maintain our efficiency as a denomination and at the same time co-operate at needed points with kingdom forces outside the denomination?

6. Can we successfully unite the ideal of social service with that of evangelism?

7. Can we maintain a spiritual life which shall conquer the temptation of an increasing material prosperity?

Baptism an Act of Loyalty

BAPTISM is not the only doctrine nor even the main doctrine held by Baptists. As Dr. Thomas Phillips of London has said:

"We are not Baptists because we baptize believers, but we baptize believers because we are Baptists. Our all-determining principle is unhesitating loyalty to our Lord Jesus Christ, and believers' baptism is only one, and not the most important, aspect of that loyalty. But because it is that, we dare not tamper with it; for if our Master were only man, his teaching might be for a particular age and a particular country, but as he is also God his teaching is universal and absolute, imperative in every age, and practicable in every country."

How to Become a Good Leader

1. Follow Christ.
2. Train in his school of service.
3. Be willing to pay the price. The price is:
 - (1) Conscientious study in your special line.
 - (2) Willingness to give up things that interfere with a leader's usefulness.
 - (3) Readiness to give up the good for the best.
 - (4) Patience in criticism.
 - (5) Steadfastness in purpose.
 - (6) Willingness to be second if necessary.
 - (7) A spirit of "I can," remembering Phil. 4:13.
 - (8) Time for daily prayer.

—Christian Observer.

Laugh

Laugh a little now and then
It brightens life a lot;
You can see the brighter side
Just as well as not.
Don't go mournfully around,
Gloomy and forlorn;
Try to make your fellowmen,
Glad that you were born.

Editorial Jottings

"BAPTISTS AND BERLIN" on page 6 is a very timely communication from the officials of the Baptist World Alliance which you must not fail to read. For the Oncken Centenary there are two good articles in this number. Don't overlook "Forty Wrestlers, Victors" on page 11; it will give you a thrill and you will feel like singing: "Faith of Our Fathers." These are only a few of the good things in this issue. If you enjoy the "Baptist Herald" recommend it to your friends.

Baptists and Berlin A Statement on Behalf of the Baptist World Alliance

We are not surprised that adverse criticism has been directed upon the decision of the Executive Committee of the Baptist World Alliance to hold the approaching World Congress in Berlin. Differences of judgment are in the nature of the case inevitable. In view of the form which the discussion has taken, we are asking Baptist editors to extend to us the hospitality of their columns for a statement of the considerations that influenced the Committee's decision.

Our people may rest assured that the resolution was not lightly adopted. Several hours were devoted to the candid and careful exploration of the entire situation. We do not exaggerate when we assert that no adverse consideration was left unstated or unconsidered.

At the very outset of its discussion, the members of the Committee were definitely informed, and clearly recognized, that a decision in favor of going to Berlin would not be immediately welcomed in any country except Germany itself; and that it would tend to reduce in some measure—perhaps quite substantially—attendance at the Congress. They also faced the certainties that decision for Berlin would expose themselves, and what to them was even more important, the Baptist World Alliance or the Baptist people as a whole, to the risk of misunderstanding and perhaps misrepresentation; that it would need to be expounded and defended in their own constituencies; and that its full justification must await the actual issue. They found, however, something else confronting them; a challenge to Christian courage and faith. One clear consideration governed their outlook: *If a Congress can be held in Berlin, it offers a literally unparalleled opportunity for witness to distinctive Baptist principles.*

The central question was therefore whether the Congress can be held. By this the Committee did not merely mean: "Can a meeting of Baptists take place in Berlin?" The Committee meant in all seriousness: "Can a Congress be held in Berlin at which definite and unmistakable testimony can be borne to our distinctive conviction?" With the deepest sense of its responsibility, and of the serious consequences of a mistake in so important a matter, the Committee decided that such a Congress can and therefore should be held. Not one person who actively supported or acquiesced in that decision did so without feeling that there were forceful arguments against it. But in view of all the circumstances, the call to a venture of faith and courage was irresistible.

The adverse criticism, which as we have said was not unexpected, appears to rest mainly on two assumptions, on each of which we would offer a brief comment.

(1) It is assumed that a Congress in Berlin must needs take refuge in a cow-

ardly silence on issues that are vital to Baptists—the nature of the Gospel itself, the relations of Church and State, nationalism, racialism, world-peace, and so forth. Every one of these subjects is included in the program which was prepared and printed more than a year before the present government of Germany came into being. Not one item of the program has been omitted or modified; and with full knowledge of it the present Government has given assurance of the widest liberty ("volle Verhandlungsfreiheit"). Nothing has been concealed from the Government—not even the fact that the free expression of our religious and ethical standpoint carries implications in the political realm. If liberty of utterance is not exercised, it will be the fault of the Baptist delegates themselves; if it were denied, the German Government would stand convicted before the world of a simply incredible manifestation of bad faith. The Executive Committee has neither bound Baptist delegates to "soft-pedalling" in the expression of their convictions, nor carelessly accepted a place of meeting without reasonable guarantee of a really free Congress.

(2) We have more respect for the assumption: that a Congress in Berlin would imperil the German Baptists. But it is precisely our German brethren who most strongly urge us to accept their invitation. They tell us that their position as a free church, refusing support from the State or the public purse, standing definitely for the simplicities of the Gospel, has already won a measure of respect; and that the demonstration that they are part of a great Christian body found in over sixty countries of the world, would just at this time be of enormous value. The German Baptists—who ought to understand their own conditions—repudiate the idea that our coming would imperil them. They insist that it is our refusal that would bring real danger, leaving them in the eyes of their countrymen not as members of a worldwide fellowship, but as a small, isolated, unimportant "sect." They ask, with much force, why, having once accepted their invitation to Berlin, we should deny the claims of brotherhood by refusing to come now that they need us more than ever, and why we should slight their firm statement that, if they had not been certain that our Congress could be freely held, they would not, after the postponement from 1933, have renewed and pressed their invitation.

The decision to meet in Berlin has been made known to all the world. We are expected; and, unless our going is made impossible by some unforeseeable turn of events, we must go. The one essential of success is that the delegation from overseas, and especially from the U. S. A., shall be adequate in numbers and possess the representative character needed to give weight to the pronouncements of the Congress. We would therefore urge every Baptist who can to come to Berlin, and thus help to ensure that, in the providence of God, the Fifth Bap-

tist World Congress shall take its place in our history as the greatest and most useful world-assembly our people have yet held.

JOHN MACNEILL,
President, Baptist World Alliance.

J. H. RUSHBROOKE,
General Secretary.

CLIFTON D. GRAY,
Hon. Assoc. Secretary.

Office of the President,
Hamilton, Ont.

March 27, 1934.

The Dakota-Montana Sunday School Convention at Plevna

The 13th Sunday School Convention was a great spiritual blessing to the church at Plevna, Mont., as well as to all the visitors who came from far and near. The weather was ideal so that the meeting house was filled from the very beginning. Bro. Stelter, the pastor, prepared a warm welcome, especially with the new choir composed of the numerous young people of the church. Bro. Koschel, the president, replied to the welcome, after which Bro. Fred Trautner from the Bison, S. Dak., church gave the opening message on "A Kindly Exhortation from the Aged Apostle John," 1 John 2:12-17.

On Thursday morning, Bro. Renz from McIntosh led the prayermeeting. The spirit of grace and supplication was upon the people to earnestly beseech the heavenly Father to bless the efforts put forth during the day.

Bro. Lohse, the treasurer and secretary, presented some interesting figures. We have in our association 5 churches with 12 Sunday schools and 599 scholars; 46 classes with 69 teachers. The collections amounted to \$345.53. There were 132 conversions, baptisms 3.

The papers were all well prepared and proved to be just what we needed. Bro. Trautner spoke on "How Can We Help the Scholar to Memorize the Golden Texts and Read the Word of God During the Week?" Bro. Stelter spoke in a wonderful way on, "How to Enrich the Young With the Knowledge of the Bible." Bro. Lohse pointed out "The Waymarks in the Christian Life," and Bro. Koschel showed us, "Jesus as the Great Teacher of His Own Word." Surely was this a day of learning for the purpose of living a better Christian life and knowing how to do better work.

The evening service with a crowded church started at 7 P. M. The great choir of young people under the able leadership of the pastor sang several selections. Bro. and Sister Koschel sang several duets to the glory of God and the whole congregation was lifted heavenward through the closing message which Bro. Lohse delivered. The hospitality of the people of God in Plevna was bountiful and will long remain in our hearts.

We will meet at New Leipzig in the full session.
FRED TRAUTNER.

The Sunday School

Can You Awaken Interest?

Interest Makes the Church-School Work Interesting

Back of the theme is a daring assumption; that interest, not specialized skill, is the first thing. And it is true. Interest is also the last, and the greatest; for the moment it drops out of the equation, the fruit of your labor becomes a vain show. Interest gone, you may as well put up the shutters. The customers are gone, too.

Interest is always primary. It makes political issues. It justifies newspapers and magazines and books. It is back of every successful advertisement, every salesman's full order book, every candidate's election, every lover's acceptance. If you doubt it, consider how none of these could have come to blossom and fruition in the cold air of a persistent attitude of the party of the second part which said, "Not interested."

The actor is first of all bound to be interesting. So likewise the canvasser, the preacher, the reformer, the peddler of toys and trifles, and, above all, the teacher. The interest may be in his person, his wares, his circumstances, his methods, or his proposals. But, somewhere, there it is. Without it, he has nothing.

Intelligibility Makes for Interest

You, like the surgeon, must make all allowances for your patients; none for yourself. Because, despite all that you have done heretofore, and all your predecessors have done, you are attacking a mountain of ignorance. Last fall I was asked for an article by an editor friend, on a not too abstruse denominational topic, and he said, "You will not forget, of course, that our readers know nothing whatever of the theme assigned you."

Consider the physiologist who tells his generation of students that the human body is 59 per cent water. It took an imaginative teacher, Sir Arthur Shipley, to make the fact unforgettable. Said he: "Even the Archbishop of Canterbury comprises 59 per cent of water." Instantly there was interest, though in fact one might comment that this was surprisingly little water for so great a sea.

Provocative Questions Make for Interest

One of the points in church-school teachings where interest is oft in danger, oft in woe, is the question. How arduous is the art of the skilled questioner! My old Sunday school superintendent, with his "What did Peter do then, hah?" has been succeeded by questioners who hope for thoughtful answers. How much improvement is in such a question as this: "To what degree may a Christian look for serenity of spirit in a constantly changing environment?" My superintendent could now and then get a correct

answer; but try to answer this modern question!

Verbal Sincerity Makes for Interest

A vast potential interest lies in the refusal of the writer to use worn-out expressions, specimens of a smooth and imageless verbal coinage, which has been too long in circulation. It is an aspect of the crime against good usage which we call jargon. Jargon has no interest value. It is born of the loveless union of indolence and timidity. Its constant effort is to avoid being asked for an accounting. Jargon delights in periphrasis—which is not paraphrase—dodging directness as if a verbal straight line were the steep descent to the teacher's Avernus. It loves a negative vagueness—"not without significance;" synonymitis—for example, speaking once of Roosevelt, then shifting to "Rough-rider," "cowboy President," "wielder of the big stick," "hero of San Juan."

And there is even a jargon of religious education, of which here are samples chanced on in a rapid glance through a handful of periodicals. "Reactions," "integrated," "attitudes," "correlation," "fundamental aims," "functioning," and most of the suddenly-current terms of the new psychology.

Simplicity Makes for Interest

Edward Everett Hale, in his fantastic story, "The Brick Moon," tells one way by which the snare of a specialized vocabulary may be avoided: "He did it as if he had been talking to a bright boy of ten years old. He made those people think that he respected them as his equals. But, in fact, he chose every word as if none of them knew anything. He explained as if, were they talking, they might be explaining to him. He led them from point to point, oh! so much more clearly than I have been leading you—till, as their mouths dropped a little open in their eager interest, and their lids forgot to wink in their gaze upon his face, and so their eyebrows seemed a little lifted in curiosity—till, I say, each man felt as if the whole thing were too simple to be called difficult or complicated. Not a syllable that you would have thought rhetoric; not a word that you would have thought prepared."

Variety Makes for Interest

Wide reading is to the teacher an asset of measureless value. His material deals with people—with all people—the common instincts, habits, powers, frailties, beauties, uglinesses—in the reporters' jargon "human interest."

But his present pupils are not the only ones who have hoped, feared, rejoiced, suffered, loved, hated. From Homer to now, every emotion and every idea, great and small, every experience, every aspect of life and its circumstances which

might interest your constituency has been put into written and printed words—many of them great and unforgettable words.

"It is like," said Jesus; and thereby set an example to the teacher, not only to make use of parable, story, comparison, but first to furnish his own mind. "Every scribe which is instructed unto the kingdom of heaven is like unto a man that is a householder, which bringeth forth out of his treasure things new and old." Merciless self-criticism makes for interest. It seems a thankless exercise, for only a rare pupil now and then will suspect to what sedulous and repeated test you have subjected your material. But if you omit this labor, many will come listless to your work and its unflavored dullness; they will not often complain, feeling perhaps that the fault is in themselves, or in the theme, or necessarily in all that has to do with religion. Which last is a state of mind that leads to the final heresy of Gallio, who cared for none of these things. He who induces it has a grievous indictment to answer, both now and hereafter.

And Interest Is Mutuality

All that has been said is only a ringing of the changes on the fact that interest is a meeting of things—a sharing. It begins with you, but it is not really produced until it touches off something in somebody else. So it comes by association, not by authority. It is a response—no doubt you have the psychological jargon for it—which happens because what you say find in your students some bit of self-interest and sets it vibrating in unison with the note you have struck. The book agents and stereoscope canvassers of a former generation knew this well. Their first commandment was, "Let the prospect hold the book, or the picture device."

And, therefore, interest is more than cleverness, more than many-sided resourcefulness. To the salesman calling on a merchant it leads to the dotted line; the candidate hopes for the voter's cross in the proper square; the lover longs and listens for the maiden's "Yes." Each of these is prepared to meet objections, reluctance real and feigned, difficulties of many sorts; but so long as interest does not flag, the good salesman, the shrewd politician, the ardent suitor, the faithful teacher, all know that hope still lifts her shining crest, and sees her triumph from afar.—Ch. School Journal.

Force of Habit

"Why was Doctor Kutter so severely reprimanded by the club librarian?"

"They caught him absent-mindedly removing the appendix from the book he was reading."



THE PATCH OF BLUE

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

(Continuation)

Chapter 5

There came a morning when the doctor came out of the sick room with a look of triumph on his face.

"Well, sir," he said to Chris as he got himself into his fall overcoat and took up his hat, "your father's going to get well. I didn't tell you before because I wasn't sure but there might be a set back, but he's come through his worst danger now. The lung is cleared up, and he's on the way to health again. From now on you won't need to keep quite so still when you walk through the hall, and in a few days he'll be up and around. But don't worry him about business, hear? Not till he's strong. Positively not a word. I've told him I won't have it."

But the sick man seemed strangely apathetic about the affairs of the world. Somehow in the dimness of that darkened chamber he had caught a vision of something bigger than earthly things, and he lay back and rested.

One night shortly before Thanksgiving when Chris, just in from the crisp outside air, came as usual to the invalid chair to which the father had been promoted, he looked up and smiled wistfully at his son.

"Sorry, boy, about the college, but—maybe there'll be a way yet," he said sorrowfully.

"Oh, Dad," cried the boy, summoning a simulated brightness which he did not feel. "Don't you worry about college! I'm all right. Just so you get well, that's all we care."

"Well, you're a good boy!" said the father tenderly, "and please God, I'm going to get well. The doctor promises me that by the fifteenth of December if I'm good I may go down to the bank. So you see I'm really progressing. And son, Mother and I have been talking about this house. We think the sale ought to be put through as soon as possible for the sake of our creditors."

"The doctor said you mustn't talk about business yet," said the boy, feeling as if his father had struck him.

"No, I'm not going to, Chris, only I didn't want you to be utterly unprepared if somebody comes to look at the house. The doctor said it wouldn't do me any harm. In fact it is a great relief to me to feel that I am doing all in my power to make up to my creditors. You won't mind, Chris?"

"Of course not!" said Chris shortly, swallowing the lump that had begun to

rise in his throat, and the utter rebellion in his heart. He thought bitterly of the deputation that had come from college to say that they had arranged a way in which his last college year could be financed, but he had not even told his mother about it. He knew that he was needed at home for a long time yet, and that even if his father regained his usual health and was not actually physically dependent upon him, that he should stay at home and get a job; stick by and make it as easy for the family as he could. He knew that this was right. But he was feeling just a little proud of himself, and set up too, that he had taken the stand, refusing the offer courteously but definitely, and had kept his mouth entirely shut about it. He felt quite a little bitter at the world, and unconfessedly at God too, for "handing him out such a raw deal," as he phrased it.

But the next day Chris began to look for a job in good earnest. Up to that time he had not felt that he should be away from the house more than a few minutes at a time lest he should be needed.

It is true that Chris had from the beginning felt easy in his mind about job hunting. Of course he knew all about the unemployed situation, and that older men than himself with families dependent upon them were looking vainly for jobs. He knew this in a general way, but still it never entered his head that he would have a hard time hunting something to do, a real paying job. He felt that his father's son would be welcomed as an employee in any one of a dozen concerns in town. He wasn't expecting to be a bank president right at the first of course, but he did expect that several places would be open to him at a good salary just because he was Christopher Walton, junior.

He had carefully looked the situation over, weighing the wisdom of undertaking a position as a bond salesman, as a cashier in a bank, as an assistant in a real estate office looking toward a partnership, or something in insurance. They all appealed to him in various ways. A managership in one of those big oil corporations might be good too. Of course he expected a six month's training in anything before he would be put in a responsible position with a worth while salary.

No, Chris was not conceited as we usually count the meaning of that word. He was simply judging probabilities by his old standards, as his father's son,

the son of the leading bank president in town. He had as yet no conception of what it meant to be a bank president whose bank had closed its doors and put hundreds of people in destitute situations. A bank president, it is true, who had promised to give up everything and stand by his creditors, but after all a failure. And Chris was yet to find out that nobility sometimes begets contempt. He even came to the place where he wondered if some people would not have respected his father more if he had kept his own millions and lived on in his big house, with servants and cars galore. He came to the place where he found that some men respected money more than even honesty, bowed to it, deferred to it, honored those who had it. His young, furious, indignant soul had many things to learn and many experiences to pass through before he found peace.

So Chris started early out the next morning to find his "position" as he called it, expecting to be able to announce his success to his father on his return.

Chris went first to the three best known bond houses in the city, the heads of which were supposed to be personal friends of his father. The head of the first was in conference and declined to see him that day. The head of the second was in a hurry and told him so at once, but informed him coolly that there was no opening with their house at present. They were thinking of dismissing a couple of men, rather than taking on any. Perhaps in the spring. How was his father? He glanced at his watch and Chris knew the interview was over.

The third one frankly told him that there was no business at present to warrant taking on new men, and that even if there were, he, Chris, should finish college before he thought of applying for such a job. He suggested that money could be borrowed for his last college year, and when Chris indignantly told him he was needed at home and informed him of his invitation to go to college under scholarships, the man shook his head and told him that it was simply crazy to decline that offer, that his father would never allow him to be so foolish when he was well and around again.

There might of course be truth in some of the things the man said, but Chris closed his lips and left. He could not tell this friend of his father's how utterly destitute they were going to be, and how he must work to help his father and mother. He simply closed his lips and left.

And that day he went from place to place, marking each one off his list as he left it, his heart growing heavier and heavier, and more bewildered, as he plodded on. The bright prospects which he had held as many, and to be had for the asking, were receding fast.

His sore heart was not made lighter by meeting Gilda Carson just getting into Bob Tyson's car. She was home from college for the Thanksgiving holi-



The man shook his head and told him that it was simply crazy to decline

day, and she tossed him the most casual smile, hardly as if she knew him at all. Never an eager lighting of the face, nor a joyous calling out to him to be sure and come over that evening. Just a cool bow, and she was off, smiling up at Bob as they drove away together.

He frowned and walked half a block beyond his destination, telling his bitter heart that he didn't care in the least what Gilda did, nor what Bob Tyson thought nor anything. He didn't care! He didn't care! He didn't care! But yet he knew in his sore heart that he did care. He cared that his pride had been hurt. Gilda herself wasn't worth caring about of course. In a sense he had always known that, but he had enjoyed taking the prettiest girl in school about and getting her away from others whenever he chose. And to have her freeze him out this way just because his father had lost his money! Well, he was off her for life, anyway, and he'd show her, he said fiercely to himself.

He thought with a pang of the fellows off in college, the boys he had played baseball with and football. If the fellows were only back home about town it would be different. He wouldn't feel so alone. Boys never high-hatted like girls. If Walt Gillespie were only home

now he would show them all a thing or two. Walt was his best friend. Of course Walt had been a bit lofty when he first began to tell about his being president of the fraternity, and that about Dick Bradford, and come to think about it, Walt hadn't written since he went back. Of course college life took a lot of time and fellows weren't keen on writing letters. But—well—if it had been Walt who had to stay at home he wouldn't have left him cold without a word that way. He might have found time for a post card. Just some word about the winning of a game or how the frat was going or something.

A new pang shot through him and his bitterness continued to grow. He came home at night dog-weary, his young face almost haggard, with gray lines about his eyes and mouth. His mother watched him anxiously across the table but asked no questions. She knew, as mothers know, without asking, that he had been out to hunt a job and had not succeeded!

The next morning when he started on his rounds among a less aristocratic group of firms, he had his jaw set firmly. Before night he would have something. He would force himself in somewhere. It was ridiculous that nobody wanted

him. There was a place for him somewhere. He hadn't tried but one day yet. Of course he would find something before night.

About ten o'clock as he was passing the station he spied Betty Zane descending from the train with her suit case, home for Thanksgiving from her co-educational college.

"Hello, Chris!" she waved to him. "Can't you take me home in your lovely new car?"

There seemed to Chris' sensitive ear, a mocking tone in Betty's voice. Betty Zane knew of course that he had no new car now. She must have been thoroughly informed of all that happened since she went away. If no one else would tell her, her sharp eyed kid sister Gwendolen would have done so. Betty was just trying to make him confess that he had no car. Betty was like that. She used to pin a butterfly to her desk top in school and enjoy watching the poor fluttering wings. Chris hardened his heart, remembering Gilda's freezing bow of yesterday and he gave Betty a very good male imitation of it, and answered quite rudely for a boy who had been brought up to be courteous:

"Nothing doing. I'm out on business. There's the taxi."

Betty stared at him and tossed her head, then turned her back upon him, and Chris moved on out of her sight, all the more out of sorts with the world because he knew he ought to be ashamed of himself.

So he tramped on, bitter and pessimistic. Grand day this for the day before Thanksgiving!

Oh, of course he was glad and thankful that Dad was getting better and Mother wasn't breaking under the strain. But even that had a sting in it, for what prospect had Dad but bitterness and disappointment? It would be better perhaps if they had all died together rather than to live on and see such a difference between their former life and now. How could they ever be happy again? Dad would probably find that men in the business world could be just as offish as the young folks. Dad wouldn't keep that cheery exalted look long after he got back into business life again. He would find he was up against it. It was all well enough to be so relieved that his good name was to be cleared and no one have to suffer for the bank's troubles, but just wait till the excitement blew over. Dad would suffer. Just suffer! And so would Mother, and it was up to him to do something about it. He'd simply got to get a real paying job.

Then he let himself into the house to find that his father and mother were rejoicing, yes, actually rejoicing that the beautiful family car, the car they had had only about four months, and which had been the delight of their hearts, had been sold at a good price. What did they care how much the old thing brought since they had to give it up?

Father had family prayers as usual, reading a chapter about the goodness of

the Lord, and actually thanking God that the car had been so well sold! Well, it was just inexplicable, that was all. For his own part he felt so rebellious at the going of the car that he could hardly make his knees bend to kneel down with them. Thank God for that? There wasn't a chance!

As they rose from their knees after prayer Mr. Walton said with a ring to his voice that his son could not understand:

"I heard today of a possible customer for the house. If that be so we may soon be on an honest basis."

"Honest?" burst forth Chris.

"Yes, son," said the father turning wise kind eyes toward him, "I shrink every day from coming out of a house like this when many depositors in the bank that was under my care, people who trusted me to take care of their all, are almost without food or shelter."

And Chris perceived that his father and mother were bent on but one thing, the paying of their debts, and that possession meant nothing to them so long as a single creditor had aught against them.

He opened his lips to ask, "But where shall we go, Dad, if the house is sold?" and then was ashamed in the face of such nobility as both parents were displaying, and closed them again.

So, the house was going too! That was another thing to dread! It was like standing on a tiny speck of land in the midst of a wild whirling ocean, and seeing the land crumble under one's feet bit by bit. The car had gone today, college yesterday, the house where he was born would perhaps go tomorrow. And where were all the friends of the years? Would any of them stick, or would they melt away, one by one till they stood alone in an alien world?

(To be continued)

Dorcas Club of Grand Forks

The young ladies of the German Baptist Dorcas Club of Grand Forks, N. Dak., started in the early part of October. Our officers for the coming year are as follows: President, Miss Alvera Krommingan; vice-president, Mrs. Jake Bintz; secretary, Mrs. Ed. Hanson; and treasurer, Miss Lillian Kraenzler. We meet every two weeks on Friday evening at 7.30 o'clock.

The meeting is opened with a song and a Scripture reading. We now have 23 members in our club.

The sewing and fancy work which we are doing is for our auction sale which is to be held June 1.

We are glad that we can do something for our Lord and Master.

MRS. ED. HANSON, Sec.

A man took his wife to a doctor, who put a thermometer into her mouth and told her to keep her mouth shut for two or three minutes. On leaving, the man tapped the doctor on the shoulder and said: "Doctor, what will you take for that thing?"

Seminary Happenings Rochester, N. Y.

Several months have passed since we students raised our voices in the "Baptist Herald." May we have your attention once more?

Only recently the reporter listened to a discussion on the subject, "Are We Alive?" This reminded him of the student body and he thought, we are quite alive. At least, we believe to be so in body and spirit. We have suffered remarkably little from physical illness this year; only that two of our brothers had to practice the art of walking on crutches for a week or so. We are active, too, and the freshness and fragrance of young Spring only adds to our vivacity and zeal.

During the last weeks the Philomathian Literary Society was earnestly endeavoring to prepare a worthwhile program, as it is their custom every Spring. The festivities of our literary societies usually are high-spots of the students' life each year. Hence the last festival created some measure of suspense and expectancy again, adding a touch of poetry to prosaic every-day life.

The Annual Festival of the "Philomathia" took place in the evening of March 15 in our dining hall which had been transformed again with colorful decorations into an auditorium. The song, "Auf Philomathen, auf und singt" brought the spirit of the "Philomathia" into the whole group of visitors and students, after which Prof. A. A. Schade's prayer gave a spirit of reverence to the program. A word of welcome followed by the president of the society, Mr. A. Reeh, after which the popular quartet of the "Germania" delighted us with a number. The main numbers of the program, however, were intended to be two plays in regard to which the old usage of reproducing ready plays was for once discarded by performing a German play, namely "Von der Farm zur Kanzel" (From the Farm to the Pulpit), written by a member of the society. In it he attempted to give dramatic expression to some phases of seminary life as experienced in five years.

The second play, "A Hero of Long Ago," was an account of the activity of the great English missionary William Carey. Finally refreshments and a pleasant social hour, aptly conducted by Prof. H. Dymmel, brought the program to a perfect end. Thus, at least for a few hours, even some of our gravest students had forgotten their philosophical and theological problems by substituting the social problem.

Lovely Spring is again smiling alluringly through the windows of our study rooms, so that we have to make strenuous efforts not to divert our eyes too long and too often from our text books and to study in the book of nature instead. Spring brings us also Easter and on that day our student chorus begins the day devotionally with a sunrise service by singing hymns to our risen Lord on the loftiest hill in our city.

This Spring may also be that last one in Rochester for the six members of our Senior class. We are already looking forward to graduation and to our future fields of labor. The future is hopeful, since a considerable number of churches have given us calls. For a time it seemed as though the Lord had more workers than vineyards. Now the vineyards are opening again, for which we thank God. ERICH BONIKOWSKY, Reporter.

Revival

EARLE V. PIERCE, D. D.

Revival means restored life. In a Christian sense it means returning to the normal power and grace of the day of Pentecost.

It is attended by contrition for sin and repentance, by faith, victory and joy on the part of Christians.

It is attended by conviction of sin, repentance, faith and salvation on the part of sinners.

It comes from the Holy Spirit of God when his people "with one accord" seek him in prayer.

When Revival Is Needed

When Christians are disobedient, unloving, critical, negligent, carnal, unhappy and unfruitful.

When sinners are not feeling the power of God and are not repenting.

When offerings are not being made to the Lord sufficient for the needs of his church.

When members of the church are not faithful in worship or in keeping their covenant with the church.

When children are not feeling that they need to be saved.

When the unconverted are not coming to church.

When but few family altars are kept up.

When personal reading of the Bible and prayer are neglected.

When Christians are not personally "seeking the salvation of their kindred and acquaintances" or are living such inconsistent lives that they dare not speak to others of Christ.

When testimony meetings of the church are tongue-tied.

When "the love of God is" not being "shed abroad in our hearts through the Holy Spirit whom he has given to us."

Do We Need a Revival? Do You?

—Watchman-Exam.

* * *

It was during the grammar lesson. Said the teacher: "Always remember, boys, that the word 'with' is a very bad word to end a sentence with. I—ah—that is to say—ah, unless you have nothing else to end it with."

* * *

Customer: "I'd like to buy a lawn-mower."

Clerk: "Sorry, but we don't handle lawn-mowers."

Customer: "Well, this is a fine drug-store."—Christian Science Monitor.

I Like to Go to School With God

WILLIAM L. STIDGER

I like to go to school with God!

I hear such strange revealing things;
He talks to me where rivers run
And where the skylark soars and sings.

He teaches me his love and care
Through every tree and blade of grass
Here on the hill, where I may sit
And listen while the wild winds pass.

He writes with glaciers on the rocks
And with the stars that blaze on high;
With fossil shells and ferns that fall
And leave their imprint as they die.

His books are beds of slate and coal;
His manuscripts sequoia trees;
While earthquakes punctuate the tale
And turn the pages of the seas.

His blackboard is a canyon wall
Whereon he writes of ages past,
In even lines the strata tell
Of things that shall forever last.

He writes with rivers, and they carve
The crevices he leaves, to tell
The story of his living love
In temple, tower, and pinnacle.

I like to go to school with God
Because it always seems to me
He talks in every breeze that blows:
Through every bud, and bird and bee.

Forty Wrestlers, Victors

BERTA KING

The brave witnessing of the early Christians brought results even among the Roman soldiers sent to carry out the Emperor's cruel commands of torture. The calm joyful deaths won new converts among those ordered to kill. Among the Roman soldiers stationed in the town of Sebaste, in Asia Minor, there came to be forty who confessed allegiance to Christ Jesus. Even when they were threatened with punishment, the forty kept on in their Christian way of worship. The governor of Sebaste finding that a mere decree did not change these forty felt he must stamp out their belief even if he must stamp out their lives. The forty might yet win other forty and the spread of Christianity must be stopped. Threats and persuasion not making the forty change, the governor's anger was so aroused that he determined to think up the cruelest death he could possible imagine for the brave group.

The month of March brings bitterest weather in that section of Asia Minor. Snow is deep, ice is thick on the rivers, fierce winds howl down from the mountains. A dastardly plan grew in his mind. He had a great statue of the Emperor carried to the windswept beach beside the frozen water and ordered the entire regiment to march by and offer incense. If any soldier should fail to offer incense, woe befall him. Through the snow the

regiment marched; the commander watched; one by one the soldiers took the pinch of incense and dropped it in the bowl whence its fragrance rose into the air and was whisked away by the wind. Presently, came one of the forty. His hands at his side, his eyes front, he marched straight by the statue; he burned no incense. Again came another and yet another, until all forty had passed and none had offered incense.

The commander's plan for the death of the forty was so cruel that even he felt they should have a second chance. Accordingly he gave command again. "Let the soldiers pass again before the Emperor's statue. He that offers no incense will be stripped of his armor, sent naked out across the ice to die. Let every man offer worship to the Emperor."

So once more the procession of soldiers moved across the snow in single file past the statue. Once more each soldier stopped at the incense bowl, once more the commander watched, and once more he saw the forty, hands unmoved, eyes front, they worshipped no statue, they worshipped no Emperor, they worshipped God through Christ Jesus.

Then indeed did the commander's anger triumph. The forty soldiers surrendered their arms, their armor, were stripped naked. Then as the sun sank they were ordered to march out on the ice of the river, there to let wind and cold do their worst. Up and down they tramped in the bitter cold with the whistling wind battering against their bodies. But one after another they lifted their voices in a glorious chant:

"Forty wrestlers wrestling for thee, O God,
Looking to thee for victory,
Claiming for thee the crown."

The song snapped through the wintry air. The wind carried it even to the governor's ears though in the growing darkness he could scarcely see the shivering freezing bodies. He had one more detail of cruelty left to test them. They would yield yet! He ordered a glowing fire kindled in a shelter at the edge of the ice. There hot food should be ready, savory dishes that would send tempting fragrance to the numbed men. Sure'y the warmth of the fire and the comfort of food would lure at least some, would tempt the entire forty back to safety. The commander even began to hope they would escape this dreadful death he had ordered. But still over the frozen water came the song:

"Forty wrestlers wrestling for thee, O Christ,
Looking to thee for victory,
Claiming for thee the crown."

Then it was night. They grew fainter. Strength was waning. Some had already fallen dead on the ice; they had finished their course and gained the crown. Still the fire burned and the food waited. The soldier on guard in the shelter looked out across the ice and marvelled. For

there where the Christians were a light shone. Everywhere else was black winter darkness, but there a radiance wonderful. Puzzled at this the soldier stirred the fire and stretched in comfort, slept.

He dreamed. In his dream he saw an angel bringing crowns of glittering gold from Heaven. From the words of the chant he heard, he knew these were crowns for the Christians, the crowns the forty had claimed. To and fro went the angel bearing the crowns to the faithful. The pagan soldier counted them as they wreathed the brow of this one and that. There were 39. Thirty-nine? There were forty men sent out to death for their belief. Why only thirty-nine crowns? He turned to ask the angel but a noise awakened him.

A figure frozen past shivering stumbled into the hut, fell before the fire. One of the forty had given up; he could not wrestle to the end. One was a craven. The soldier looked in pity at the poor man and wondered why he felt so unhappy that one of the Forty had proved faithless. The fortieth crown was not needed. But it would be. For the soldier knew he was willing to believe, he would make up the Forty Wrestlers, Victors to the end; he would wear that fortieth crown.

He flung off his armor; he stripped off his clothes, he ran out into the icy cold. "I come," he called, and even in the wind there was victory in his voice, "I come. Sing again."

Thin and wavering, broken with the sighing breath of the dying, but still triumphant rose the chant once more,

"Forty wrestlers wrestling for thee, O Christ,
Looking to thee for victory,
Claiming for thee the crown."

And when the morning came the bodies of the Forty were found but the commander could not see the forty crowns.—The Baptist Evangel.

Life Confession

Some degree of confession with the mouth is necessary to salvation (Rom. 10:10); but confession with the life is of all confession the best. A prominent fruit merchant, a very profane and godless man, was converted in New England, but determined to keep his conversion secret. So fearful was his temper and his profanity that his employees, when poor or bad fruit was landed, dreaded his coming. The day after his secret conversion a cargo of oranges, exasperatingly poor, was being sorted. He arrived. To the men's utter amazement, he looked up quietly and said: "Well, boys, this is rather a bad lot; just sort them over, and make the best of them." At once the men guessed he had been converted; and one of them told Dr. Pentecost so next day. Dr. Pentecost told it to the meeting that night; and the first man to spring up and confess was the merchant.

Life Stories of Great Baptists

Life Stories of Great Baptists
Baptist World Alliance Series

A. V. Timpany: Missionary Pioneer from Canada

REV. H. F. STILWELL, B. A., D. D.

Although the Rev. A. V. Timpany was the pioneer foreign missionary of the Baptists of Ontario and Quebec, he was not the first Baptist representative to go from Canada to a foreign land. That honor belongs to the Rev. R. E. Burpee, of Fredericton, New Brunswick, who, supported by his brethren in the Maritime Provinces and under the auspices of the American Baptist Board in Boston, went to Burma in 1845. Mr. Burpee has indeed a further distinction in that he was the first missionary to a foreign country from any denomination in Canada.

Mr. Timpany, who set out for India in 1867, is the pioneer of Canadian Baptists to the people to whom they are still ministering, namely, the Telugus.

It was not until 1875 that Maritime Baptist missionaries came by invitation across the Bay of Bengal to share with their brethren from Ontario and Quebec in evangelizing a territory 400 miles long and 40 miles wide, functioning for the first 37 years as a separate adjoining mission, but since 1911 in a union of the two bodies under the Canadian Baptist Foreign Mission Board which represents the Baptist forces throughout the Dominion.

The Call

Americus Vespuccius Timpany was born 1840 of loyal Baptist stock on a farm in Western Ontario. Interested even as a lad and before his definite conversion in the Cause to which he was to devote his life, he planted an apple-tree the proceeds from which he gave to foreign missions. Later came the call to give himself not only to Christ but also to service abroad. Seated on a log in his father's woods and with the broad acres of the well-beloved farm before him, he fought the final round of that inner battle and surrendered to the call of duty in fields afar. His training as a teacher in a rural public school fitted him for entrance a year later into the College at Woodstock, Ont., which was then under the guidance of a most influential Baptist leader, Dr. Fyfe, and was the educational Mecca of Ontario's Baptist sons and daughters.

By the time of his graduation in 1866 he had, through the visit to the College of the Vintons—distinguished American Baptist missionaries from Burma—and the encouragement of Dr. Fyfe, been led to offer himself for India. The Baptists of Ontario and Quebec, without any foreign mission board of their own, had previously been sending their contributions for foreign missions largely to the American Baptist Board. Timpany's

offer led to the formation in 1866 of an Auxiliary Society through which his Ontario and Quebec brethren provided the support of himself and his bride when in October, 1867, they went forth to serve as appointees of American Baptists among the Telugus of South India.

A Creative Meeting

The farewell meeting in Ingersoll, Ontario, stands out as one of the most inspiring and formative of the Baptists of the two Provinces (Ontario and Quebec), who numbered then only about 15,000. It was the closing night session of their Annual Convention with 81 delegates present from the comparatively few, far-scattered churches of that day. As the young missionary and his bride were set apart to their pioneer task the sense of the presence of God so filled all hearts that sacrificial giving was unprecedented, estranged brethren were reconciled, and the glorious fellowship service lasted with unabated fervor until after midnight. Those who were present, and who are all fallen asleep, talked of it reverently as long as life lasted. And, in the years immediately succeeding, a series of revivals wonderfully quickened and deepened the spiritual life of the churches. God's seal rested unmistakably upon this venture of faith.

With American Baptists

The field allotted to the pioneers from Ontario and Quebec was Ramapatam, where they served nine years before coming on furlough. Beginning in the midst of utter heathenism they left at the end of their long term nearly 800 converts with ten chapel-schoolhouses, and a staff of workers whom they had trained to meet the simple requirements of that time. In addition, Mr. Timpany had built and for two years had been Principal of the Theological Seminary at Ramapatam which though greatly enlarged still remains after 60 years as the Bible Training Institution of the American Baptist Telugu community, numbering nearly 100,000.

Driven by the need of it, he further found time to prepare a 300-page Compendium of Theology in the Telugu language. He also rendered important service as a member of a widely-representative Inter-Mission Bible Revision Committee. Thus when this Canadian missionary and his family turned homeward in 1876, he made an abiding impression upon the American Baptist Telugu Mission in which he had served so faithfully and ably his missionary apprenticeship.

Home Again

The Secretary of the Board reports a year later, in 1877, that "the arrival on furlough of the Rev. A. V. Timpany marked a period of awakened interest" in the churches through which he went "like a flame with a passionate zeal that everywhere kindled others into action."

His message being so new and so stirring, the people everywhere thronged to hear him. During his furlough under his inspiration were organized the two auxiliary societies through which the mission activities of the women of the two Provinces are still conducted. It was due to him also that the "Missionary Link"—still well-edited medium of publicity—was started as the organ of the societies. Realizing that he had been able in his first term in India to follow only two of Christ's methods of evangelism, preaching and teaching, he attended lectures in the Toronto School of Medicine in order that he might in his second term follow him also in the third method of healing. He had an all-round vision of his task, and his furlough did much to weld into unity of purpose the Baptists of his home Provinces.

The New Mission

In 1869, the second missionary family sent to India by Ontario and Quebec Baptists, the Rev. John McLaurin and his wife, who was Mrs. Timpany's sister, arrived to serve under American Baptists. They were destined to be the pioneers of an independent Canadian mission, as the story will now make clear.

About 200 miles northward of Ramapatam is Cocanada, a sea-port with at that time 20,000 people, and with an Anglican church under a chaplain and a large Catholic church as the only means of Grace. Some years before, a telegraph operator from that city, while ill in a Madras hospital, had been visited by a Telugu Baptist pastor and led to believe in Jesus as his Savior. After his return to Cocanada he by his witness influenced a number of his fellow-Telugus, both in that city and among his relatives 100 miles away, to become Christians. Two years after the McLaurins' arrival, and while they were with the Timpanys at Ramapatam, this converted telegraph operator, who had assumed the name of Gabriel, visited Madras in an unfruitful effort to persuade the strict Baptists there to assume the care of his flock.

On his way home he fell in with the two Canadian families, and besought them to establish an independent mission at Cocanada with his group of converts as a nucleus. It was not until the latter part of 1873, however, that, in the conviction it was God's will to respond to Gabriel's repeated entreaties, Timpany and McLaurin advised the home constituency of their desire and of the McLaurins' offer to initiate the project if approved.

That Autumn at the Convention of Ontario and Quebec Baptists at Brantford the appeal was considered and a unanimous decision reached to undertake the mission. Later, after having consulted with and received the hearty approval of the American Baptist Board,

Dr. Fyfe sent a cablegram to Mr. McLaurin, reading: "Go to Cocanada on basis of your letter. Send resignation. Fyfe." Then also had been inaugurated "The Foreign Missionary Society of Ontario and Quebec." The decision was enthusiastically welcomed by the churches and, as in the first venture of faith, was marked by a great wave of revival which spread throughout the denomination, adding numbers to the churches.

Six months later, in March, 1874, the McLaurins arrived in Cocanada by boat from Madras and took up their pioneer task. Thus it was that when the Timpanys returned to India in January, 1879, they joined the McLaurins in the newly-purchased, commodious bungalow in the beautiful 15-acre compound that is still the headquarters for Canadian Baptists in India. Later in that year, when Mr. McLaurin's failing health made furlough imperative, the Timpanys took charge.

Six Brimming Years

While Mr. McLaurin was on furlough, Mr. Timpany threw himself into the work with characteristic energy and zeal, touring through a district that today calls for the full service of four missionaries in as many stations. With the training received at Ramapatam, he undertook the erection of necessary buildings. First, a substantial new chapel was built just inside the compound wall which ran along the main city thoroughfare—a chapel which with its terraced roof, wide verandahs and tower still serves the Telugu Christian community, though somewhat enlarged. The Women's Society of Ontario and Quebec now came forward with money for a long row of dormitories for a Girls' Boarding School, the classes for which were held in the chapel. Thus early and well did these auxiliaries organized during his furlough render assistance.

For some time the missionaries had felt that, as Mr. Timpany said, "the great need of India was an earnest, devoted, divinely-called trained ministry." The Ramapatam experience was behind all this. So, when in 1882 Mr. McLaurin returned from furlough he was appointed to that work and sent to open a Theological Seminary at Samalkot, where the Rajah had given some land for educational purposes. After the dilapidated house on it had been rebuilt the school was begun, this being the inauguration of the advanced educational policy of the Mission.

The Swift Passing

Then, between the rising and the setting of the sun of February 19, 1885, Mr. Timpany was cut off at the early age of 45. Just six hours of Asiatic cholera, and he was gone, leaving his stricken wife and daughter in India and the now fatherless son and daughter in Canada. The necessarily swift burial followed. Through the dark streets they carried him with torches held high to reveal the way to the quiet cemetery

where in one corner, which has received since the Mission's other dead, they laid him sadly and softly down to his well-earned rest. The pioneer of Ontario and Quebec Baptists was also their pioneer in his home-going.

A True Leader

Mr. Timpany's name, Americus Vespuccius, was not inappropriate, for he had the inquiring, adventurous, brave spirit of all true leaders. There was insight to perceive and courage to achieve. As has been pointed out, he was a good linguist, a passionate preacher, an able teacher and something of a physician as well. He ever followed hot'y on the trail of persecutors of the flock until justice was done, so that he was known then and still is remembered as "The Shepherd of the Sheep." In that he was like unto his Master, the Great Pioneer of faith and life.

Meet Andrew

REV. BERNARD CLAUSEN, D. D.

Young people, I want you to meet Andrew. He had one specialty. He was an expert in the gentle art of bringing other people to Jesus.

Every glimpse we have of him shows him in the act of leading somebody else to Jesus. He it was who brought Peter, in the first radiant flush of the gospel's morning. Peter, besides being the most stupendous personality in the Master's company, was Andrew's brother. And it is this which makes Andrew's conquest stand out. It is no mean thing to bring a genius to Jesus. It is even more to the point to bring one's own brother to Jesus. The diffidence about religious things which silences you in the circle of your own family is a tragically crippling thing.

Be it said to the glory of Andrew that when first he found the Lord, his mind immediately turned not toward far slums, not toward great audiences, not toward foreign lands, but toward Peter, his own brother. And he won and claimed him for the Christ.

It was this same Andrew who found in the vast, hungry crowd by the lake-shore a boy who had a packet of lunch. There were other unmentioned miracles that day, but I think that one of the finest was performed by Andrew, when he found that boy and made him sense the consecration which forgets its own hunger in the hunger of the crowd, and then brought the lad with his food to Jesus. Andrew was not the sort to bring only loaves and fishes. He brought the boy as well. Christ took that proffered life and blest and brake it, and used it to feed a multitude far greater than dotted the green lake-shore of Galilee like lovely flowers that glorious day.

How many young people are waiting, near you, to be brought to him? They have heard his voice. Their hearts have been challenged by his message. But have you done your part in bringing them to him? Is there some one as near as your own home, who would come if

you said the word? It requires no eloquence, no genius. Just a willingness to be frank about the Master of life.

The scene changes. We are in a crowded city. Feast days are on. The streets throng with strangers. A little band of Greeks are seeking Jesus. They have heard of him and are eager for his secret. They come upon Philip. They ask him to take them to Jesus. Philip hesitates, considers, blushes, stammers. A precious opportunity is fleeting. Then Philip thinks of Andrew,—Andrew who knows how to lead others to Christ! He finds Andrew, and Andrew conducts them to the Lord.

Those who looked back over the gospel years and sought to record them remembered Andrew as among the first four, not because he could sweep men with torrential eloquence, not because he could organize men into effective squadrons, but because he could lead other people to Jesus. Simple, unpretentious, neglected, needed gift!

Have we not enough floods of tremendous energy in public speech? Are we not possessed of more than enough genius in executive management? Do we not need, more than anything else just now, the development of Andrew's quiet genius for telling other men, man to man, about Jesus?

Beecher used to say: "I preach 451 sermons every Sunday morning. One from the pulpit, and 450 from the lives of my dear people, who carry the story all over the city." Jesus has suffered from the inexplicable and inexcusable silence of his convinced disciples. We have persuaded ourselves that we were vicariously preaching in hidden nooks and corners of foreign lands, by means of our missionary enterprises. But we have neglected the obvious opportunities of our homes and our neighborhoods.

Rome conquered when she substituted the short sword for the lance and the spear. Something in the fierce grapple of man-to-man conflict made heroes out of hired men who were hitherto conscientious warriors. Let our Young People add to the lance of preaching and the spear of organization the short sword of personal witness, that keen blade which made an outstanding achiever out of simple Andrew, and new eras of conquest await us.—Chr. End. World.

The medical student said to the well-known doctor, "And is it true, sir, that fish stimulates the brain?"

"Probably," replied the doctor. "But one thing is certain. Going fishing stimulates the imagination."

Mr. Newlywed: "This blueberry pie tastes queer, dear."

Mrs. N. W.: "Perhaps I put too much bluing in it."

Griggs: "I've never met your wife. She's a blond, isn't she?"

Briggs: "I'm not sure. She's visiting a beautician this afternoon."—Answers.



JOHANN GERHARD ONCKEN

Oncken Centenary: Personal Reminiscences of the Pioneer

REV. F. HORACE NEWTON

"Tell it to the generation following" is a divinely inspired injunction. Possibly few of the present and younger generation are familiar with the romantic history and persecution of the dauntless and heroic man who was honored of God to establish the first Baptist church in Germany in modern times. It was a small beginning in Hamburg in 1834. But in spite of the severity of the laws—all the early meetings were held behind closely locked doors for fear of interruption by the police, and the place of meeting frequently changed to elude their vigilance—meetings for the proclamation of the Gospel were found possible. Many were conducted for secrecy in a little cobbler's shop—and even these were never safe. As was at one time the case even in England, the most bitter persecution was applied to hinder and if possible destroy the work.

Only a few brief incidents can be given here but their number might be greatly multiplied.

Johann Gerhard Oncken—the founder of the Mission—was born at Varel in Oldenburg in 1800, and was called to his well-earned rest in 1884. C. H. Spurgeon, who visited Hamburg for the opening of the new and substantial chapel there in 1867, speaks of him as "the Apostle Paul of Germany" and adds "That country has lost in Oncken a much greater man than she will today believe," while the late Dr. Angus bore this remarkable testimony: "He has done more for Evangelical truth on the Continent than any number of men in this century."

Oncken was led to Christ in England. From the time he commenced mission work in Hamburg as a member of an Independent Church and later also as an agent of the Scottish Bible Society his success was very remarkable. At his first meeting, out of ten persons present from curiosity to hear about this new

English religion, one was brought to the Savior. Wherever Oncken went conversions took place, and this aroused against him the anger and jealousy of the clergy. Every means was tried to stop his mouth; fines were inflicted, his goods seized; he was cited before the magistrates and his very life endangered. But all was in vain: he *persisted!* Oncken tells that at last—completely tired out by this troublesome and determined young missionary—the Senate of the city offered him and his converts a free passage to America if he would only leave! Oncken's reply was: "Gentlemen, I thank you for your very generous offer. But," he added (like another Luther), "I feel God has given me my work in this great city, and whatever the consequences, here I must remain!" "Very well," replied one of the leading Senators, "as long as I can lift my little finger, it shall be uplifted to crush you!" "Mr. Senator," calmly answered the threatened missionary, "all your labors will be in vain. I see, Sir, not your little finger but the Lord's all-powerful Arm, and in that Arm I put my trust!"

The enormous development of Baptist work—throughout not only Germany but into Russia, Sweden, Denmark, Poland and other countries—shows that Oncken's faith was not in vain. Another time feeling ran so high against the Baptist pastor that an article appeared in the public newspaper closing thus: "Somewhere that pestilent fellow Oncken has been thrust out of the city gates! May all cities do the like—wherever he comes!"

"I cannot travel" (says Oncken in one of his letters) "as an honest man by daylight but am compelled to hold services, form churches, etc., in the dead of night, and must take care to be over the frontiers before break of day—for fear of my pursuers."

He recounts a ludicrous incident: One memorable night he had a singular dream that whilst he was preaching in his own house, an officer entered and very unceremoniously arrested him! Next day he mentioned this to a friend, who strongly urged him to take this as a warning against preaching on a particular night, as he had fully intended. Oncken very reluctantly consented to omit the usual meeting. Thinking no more of the matter he and his friend were sitting down to a cup of tea in the very room where—under ordinary circumstances—the preaching would have been in progress. Suddenly the door burst open, and in rushed a police officer with warrants of arrest! The sergeant was not a little crest-fallen on discovering that everything was quiet, and much to his chagrin Oncken pointing to the empty tea-cups said: "Well, Mr. Sergeant, has it really come to this, that now I must not even drink tea with a friend in my own house?"

He did not always come off scot-free, however. Like the Apostle Paul he was "in prisons frequent and in deaths oft."

His prison-house at one time was at the old Wandrahms Bridge in Hamburg. The window of his room looked out on to the bridge. Upon this bridge, he tells us, the members of his church would often assemble wafting to him their salutations, and in many ways seeking to cheer their beloved pastor.

Whilst in this prison he used to scratch passages of Scripture on the wall—so that others coming after him might have their attention arrested by the strange legend uncouthly carved into the plaster: "Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners." In this way the missionary, though silenced from publicly preaching the Gospel, was busily engaged in writing it upon his prison walls for the benefit of his successors!

Many columns might be filled with thrilling details of those early days—but space forbids. The present writer not only traveled with J. G. Oncken over large portions of the mission field, but for some twenty years was permitted to advocate the claims of the work in nearly all parts of his own country (England) and to receive generous support.

Other pens will no doubt enlarge upon the stupendous growth of the work from the small beginning when in 1834 seven humble followers of Christ were rowed across the Elbe in the dead of night—and there baptized by Prof. Barnas Sears of the U. S. A. Other pens can tell what amazing numbers that little Baptist company has grown into—and how in accordance with the blessing pronounced of old upon Joseph it has become a "fruitful vine" with branches spreading over the wall. At the twenty-fifth Anniversary in 1859 the original seven had grown to 7000. At the Jubilee in 1894 they numbered no fewer than 30,000—with 1600 preaching stations, 200 colporteurs and missionaries, 1098 Sunday school teachers and over 16,000 Sunday scholars. According to the statistics Dr. Rushbrooke printed at the beginning of 1934, there were over 66,500 members and over 35,000 Sunday scholars in Germany itself, quite apart from the strong groups in other European and overseas lands which owe their origin to the influence of the movement that originated with Oncken.

It cannot be too often repeated that Oncken in receiving converts into the church always insisted on definite evidence of regeneration, and prior to their reception into the fellowship each one had to pledge himself definitely to undertake some specific work among his fellowmen. Every member was a missionary! "So the word of the Lord grew and was multiplied."

What were these harvesters to do? The directions are very specific. They were to GO. Bishop Marvin said "the Methodist Church is the word 'go' organized." This is true of every living church or denomination. (Emphasis on living.) And "the church that won't 'go' can't stay." Christianity is on the move.

"Forget Me Not"

MRS. E. W. BLISS

Some people say that miracles
Just happened long ago;
But I'm inclined to think that this
Can't possibly be so.

They say the world's so wicked
That God has fled away,
But I have every right to think
He's very near today.

I took a tiny, tiny seed
And put it in the ground;
I watered it and watched it,
And kept it safe and sound.

A wondrous little flower came
From out that tiny seed;
God sent it with his blessed Word
That for him it might plead.

Though on the face of all the earth
That flower is but a dot,
He trusts it with a message great,
"Oh, please, 'Forget-me-not.'"

The Oncken Centenary April 22, 23, 1934

DR. J. H. RUSHBROOKE. M. A.

British Baptists are organizing centenary celebrations this year, and naturally two names are prominent, since they belong to countrymen of their own. Spurgeon was born in 1834, and Carey died in that year. All recognize the fitness of recalling the birth of Spurgeon, the unique preacher whose power is felt beyond the bounds of his own country and race. Carey is worthy of commemoration at any time, and the British Baptist Missionary Society could not pass over the opportunity of summoning us to renew our interest in the gifted and zealous pioneer who saved the Baptists as a missionary body by his efforts and other Christian bodies by his example.

Nevertheless, it appears to me that viewed in the sober light of history the most important centenary of this year is that which falls due on April 22 and 23. On April 22, 1834, Johann Gerhard Oncken and six others were baptized; on the following day these seven united to form the first Baptist Church at Hamburg with Oncken as pastor. Those were days of definite beginnings, and the movement then made visible to the world has through a century vindicated itself as the strongest and most widely pervasive evangelical force on the continent of Europe. Its effects are not restricted to Europe; no continent had not felt them. Millions of converts, lives radically changed, the New Testament message carried overseas by thousands of emigrants, foreign mission enterprises initiated and sustained in Asia, Africa, and South America—these are among the fruits of the European Baptist movement which may fairly be dated from the baptism of Oncken.

Not all the European Continental work is connected with Oncken and the Ger-

man Baptists. There are a few groups, chiefly in the Latin-speaking countries of the south and west of Europe, which have no direct link with the historic event of April 1834, but they are numerically small. In some other cases where the German influence has been important and exceedingly helpful, the movement commenced independently. The first Russian Baptist (Voronin) reached his position through the study of the New Testament before he came into contact with Kalweit, a German Baptist and a product of Oncken's work, by whom he was baptized. Yet it was to this contact with Germans that the later association of Vasilii Pavlov with Oncken that the Russian movement largely owed its organization and its avoidance of the perils of fanaticism and religious anarchy. In respect of priority in time, and of range and depth of influence, the German movement is supremely important; immediately or mediately it affected and largely shaped over 90 per cent of the Baptist churches and members in Europe.

Oncken himself is a great figure in Christian history, and the significance of his work will be more widely recognized as the years pass. The City of Hamburg counts him among its famous citizens, with an assured place in world history, and has accepted the charge of his grave as a public responsibility for all time. The man's extraordinary charm, his eloquence, his power of organization, his courage and wisdom under persecution, his extended travels at home and in foreign lands, above all his zeal and success in winning men for his Lord and setting them to win others, are parts of a story that should be more widely known than it is. He was truly a gift of God to the Continent of Europe and to the world, and no modern Baptist save Carey may compare with him as the founder of a mighty and far-reaching movement. His baptism marks the opening of an epoch in the history of our communion.

The Absent Christ

A writer in the "Western Recorder" refers to a recent experience of President McCartney, of Princeton Theological Seminary. He states that he attended preaching services recently in three New York Protestant churches, in each of which he heard an interesting discourse dealing with social and political problems, but without a word about Christ, or a sentence recognizing man's sinfulness and need of a Savior. Depressed in spirit, he entered a Roman Catholic chapel. We quote his words: "Though no believer in Roman images, I felt that I had heard more of the gospel of Jesus Christ there than in all the three Protestant churches, because along the walls of the chapel were beautiful paintings, representing one who was wounded for my transgressions and bruised for my iniquities, one who loved me and gave himself for me."

OBITUARY

† MYRTLE WILZEWSKE

Myrtle Wilzevske, daughter of John and Fredericka Seils, was born on the 9th day of May in the year 1888. Her place of birth was in the town of Freedom, state of Wisconsin.

On June 21, 1903, she was baptized upon her confession of faith in Christ as her Savior by the Rev. Julius Kaaz.

She was united in marriage to Edwin Wilzevske December 25, 1912. To this happy couple were born three children to brighten their home, namely Clifford, Bernadine and Roger. However the dear Lord soon saw fit to bring sorrow to this happy home by taking from them their beloved husband and father on December 13, 1918.

After 31 years she was still proclaiming to her fellow-men her never-ending faith in the Lord by being present at a Bible study in the home of Mr. Herman Yahnke in Ableman, Wisconsin. It was in this setting January 23, 1934, that the Lord called her to him and her husband in that land where no sickness and sorrow are known.

At the termination of her life she had reached the age of 45 years, 8 months and 14 days.

She leaves to mourn her loss, 3 children, Clifford, Bernadine and Roger; her father, John Seils; two sisters, Mrs. John Gaetzke and Mrs. Carl Borck; three brothers, Victor, Harvey and Obert Seils.

Striking Sentences

JOHN COMPTON BALL

One cannot stand with sinners without staining the soul.
One cannot walk with the world and walk in white.
One cannot tarry at the wine cup and talk with the King.
One cannot paste the portrait of Christ on the back of the ace of clubs and call it a Christian game. Christ and cards are not partners.
One cannot dovetail a prayer meeting and a low-down play house.
Christianity smothers in the atmosphere of the modern ball room.
He who carries the cross must stand for what the cross carries.

Not First-Rate

The proud owner of a piece of jewelry which was estimated at a fabulous price submitted to an expert valuer who applied every test at his disposal and wrote down the valuation which astounded the owner, being so small a fraction of the expected figure. The valuer explained that they were not first-rate stones.

"How can that be?" the owner cried. "They were a royal gift."

"Ah," answered the connoisseur, "I have handled many royal gifts, and long ago learned that kings keep their best for themselves."

Gifts which are not first-rate in themselves are never made first-rate by the position of those who give them.

* * *

The mill will not grind with the water that has passed, nor will the new generation do its work in the old way and depending upon old methods. When one age has gathered to itself all the knowledge and all the truth that ever can be revealed to men, progress will have come to an end. Meanwhile why mourn that the old streams will not turn backward while the heights are still sending down new streams?

About "Starting Things"

A farmer's boy was playing in a spring wagon that had been left on a grade with the wheels locked. He released the lock and the wagon went down the grade, upset and crashed through a fence. The farmer made some appropriate remarks to his meddlesome son, and then added: "My boy, never start anything you can't stop."

The trouble with most moral lessons is that they fade out. But this one had the good fortune to be linked to an impressive action, and it stayed with the boy as long as he lived, and proved invaluable in many critical hours. That father was a psychologist, whether he knew it or not. His was a word fitly spoken. It is a good thing to recognize an opportune time for our moral teaching.

There are many crimes committed in this country, though I am not at all certain, that crime is as rampant as some good people imagine. But there is no doubt that crime receives more publicity now than heretofore. It is a rare daily whose first page it not loaded with the sordid stories of vulgar or cruel misdeeds. One thing is striking: through nearly all of these accounts runs the undercurrent of startling capture. It seems that few criminals plan the worst at the outset: they indulge in wickedness to a degree, and are drawn into worse things by evil forces that are almost irresistible. If they are fortunate they break away before a fatal issue; but if not, they are swept into the fatal whirlpool. The little sin that one fancies that he can easily control swells up into the giant that tears him to pieces. The Master tells us that he who sins becomes the slave of sin. Most sinners begin lightly, but they start something that they cannot stop. This kind of temptation is the devil's own.

Take the habit-forming drugs; there is no hint of the terrible thrall of appetite in the first cigarettes, or the first dose of opium, or the first drinks of beer. This is insidious, but it is there; and the cold fact is that most of those who dally with appetite in any of its grosser forms find themselves its slaves before they have realized it. Ask any poor "dope fiend" about this. As you look in horror and loathing upon delirium tremens, reflect upon how this started, and how nearly hopeless the victim's case must be. If it is true that he who sins becomes the slave of sin, it would seem as if self-control should be a major in every home and school course in the land.

The snares that catch unsuspecting youth are as old as the world; and yet they continue to operate with deadly effect. Young people often see what lies before them, but they do not take the trouble to look ahead for what is likely to come. The wine smiles and allures in the glass, but at the last it bites like an adder. A young girl trifles with temptation, and then sin overwhelms her.

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Sin is known only by its finished work—and this is death.—Classmate.

Comparative Values

In Philadelphia, a short time ago, a man stole an automobile, and, in his haste to escape with it, ran over and killed an eight-year-old boy. When brought to trial, it transpired that the law rendered an auto thief liable to nine years' imprisonment, whereas for involuntary manslaughter he could be imprisoned for only two years. Commenting on these facts, Judge Bartlett said: "Apparently the law considers an automobile more valuable than a life." The accused got off with a sentence of three year's imprisonment for both crimes.

This instance is one of many in which it appears that in practical economics there is nothing much cheaper than human life. Thus it is that a manufacturer who requires for his machinery the most scrupulous care, may allow his employees to work under conditions that are almost fatal to health and life. When they break down, they can easily be replaced without cost or risk to the employer.

Gifts That Sting

There is a curious verse in the Old Testament, Psalm 106:15, which says of the old Hebrews that, "God gave them their request but sent leanness to their souls." They got what they wanted but it did not do them any good. There are many gifts and desires of that sort. Not all the things we want are best for us. Our parents often do us the richest service when they refuse to give us things for which we ask. So, too, God gave the Hebrews what they wanted in order to prove to them that it was not what they expected or desired. Crying for things does not prove that they are best for us, nor that people are unkind who do not give them to us. It proves that we are still children and lacking in confidence in father or mother—or God.

I found a very amusing illustration of this text the other day. It was about something which happened on the Saint Louis Express. The story was told in the following fashion:

It was a very warm day and the passengers were feeling hot and exhausted. At one of the stations three new travelers entered the train—a very spoiled small boy of three, a foolish, indulgent mother, and a bright-faced nurse. The small boy was quite unmanageable. He screamed on the slightest provocation; he kicked and scratched his nurse; he even tore her bonnet. And when the girl showed any firmness with him the mother chided her for interfering.

Presently the mother settled down to sleep, and just then a wasp flew into the carriage and buzzed on the window close to the nurse's seat. The small boy immediately made a grab for it, but the nurse seized his hand and said "Harry mustn't touch. Wasp bite Harry."

Of course Harry immediately began to kick and scream with renewed vigor, and the mother, aroused from her slumbers, said, without lifting her head or opening her eyes, "Why will you tease the child so, Mary? Let him have what he wants at once!"

"But, ma'am, it's a—" explained Mary. The mother cut her short: "Never mind what it is. Let him have it."

Thus encouraged, the boy made a fresh grab at the wasp, and this time there was a scream which brought tears of joy to the other passengers.

The mother woke again. "Let him have it, I say!" she exclaimed in an annoyed tone. And Mary replied, "He's got it, ma'am!"

One on the Students

The boys of some of Dr. Stryker's classes in Hamilton College got a goose, and tied it securely in his chair, and pushed the chair under his desk just before his expected arrival. He entered, pulled out his chair and saw the goose occupying it. "I beg your pardon, gentleman," said he. "I didn't know you were having a class meeting."—Christian Register.