

The Baptist Herald

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

Volume Twelve

CLEVELAND, O., FEBRUARY 1, 1934

Number Three

A Prayer

O God, bless the teachers of the young,
Endow them with thy grace, that they may
Be what they should teach. Make them firm
As law and gentle as love. Give them
Shining faces and singing lips
Stir them every morning with the wonder
Of their task. In his name, Amen.

Eva B. McCallum

What's Happening

Rev. Gottlob Fetzter, editor of the "Sendbote," passed away on January 30, after an illness of several weeks.

Our new story, "The Patch of Blue," by Mrs. Grace Livingston Hill starts in this number. It is a thrilling story, full of action and full of Christian influence. Don't miss the start!

The congregation of the Wausau, Wis., Baptist Church presented the pastor, Rev. John Wobig, with a fine radio set on Christmas eve. The pastor and family certainly appreciated this fine gift and thank all givers for the kindness shown to them.

Rev. A. Felberg, pastor of the church at Nokomis, Sask., has accepted the call extended to him by the German Baptist Church of Vancouver, B. C. He succeeds Rev. Fred Wm. Mueller who goes to Portland, Ore., as associate of Dr. J. Kratt. Bro. Felberg expects to enter on his new pastorate in Vancouver the early part of May.

The recent Loyalty Campaign to promote attendance at the Temple Baptist Church, Pittsburgh, Pa., Rev. O. E. Krueger, pastor, showed good results. The average attendance for 1933 at the morning service was 212. During the three months of the campaign it was 239. This figure does not include the Junior Church which averaged 48.

Rev. F. W. Bartel, the pastor of the Baptist churches in Fredericksburg and Boerne, Tex., conducted a successful B. Y. P. U. study course in the Boerne church, January 8-12. A total of 62 were enrolled for the various classes. The Juniors, coming direct from the public school and meeting from 4 to 5:30 P. M., were led in a study of "Bible Heroes," while the young people studied "Training in the Baptist Spirit," from 7 to 8:30 P. M. The pastor was ably assisted by Miss La Dola Harper, a student of Simmons University in Abilene, Tex. The definite results of the study course were 40 taking the examination and making an excellent grade, and 16 publicly confessing Christ as their personal Savior.

At the time of writing, the middle of January, the editor is at Wetaskiwin, Alta., in far-off northwestern Canada at the Bible School of the Alberta Tri-Union. He has 36 eager young people, 21 young men and 15 young women before him in three study periods every forenoon during four weeks. During the week in the evening and on Sundays he preaches in the various churches. With editing the paper and taking care of correspondence it keeps him active and busy. The Bible school at Wetaskiwin has been fortunate in renting two fine buildings at a very reasonable sum. One building houses the "house-father and house-mother," Rev. and Mrs. Ch. B. Thole, the girl students, the class-room

and the dining rooms. The other building domiciles the young men under the care of the dean, Rev. F. W. Benke. Both Bros. Benke and Thole assist in the teaching of the school. We ask our readers to pray for this Bible school which will be in session for two months this winter.

Rev. Wm. Kuhn, D. D., our general missionary secretary conducted a series of meetings in the Oak Park German Baptist Church, Chicago, Rev. Theo W. Dons, pastor, every evening from Jan. 2-11 in which he spoke on "Life Questions." The topics were as follows:

Jan. 2—Who will be caught up when Jesus comes again?

Jan. 3—Will saved ones in heaven have any regrets?

Jan. 4—Can a truly saved one eventually be lost?

Jan. 5—Will there be another chance in future life for being saved?

Sunday, Jan. 7—What must I do to win the Christian crown?

Jan. 8—How to get the most out of life?

Jan. 9—Why does being a worldly Christian never pay?

Jan. 10—Who is the biggest fool?

Jan. 11—Who will participate in Christ's coronation?

These meetings were very well attended and the interest well sustained throughout. Bro. Kuhn conducted a series of meetings in the church at Chancellor, S. D., Rev. M. De Boer, pastor, from Jan. 14-19. Sunday, Jan. 21, was spent with the church at Madison, S. D., Rev. J. F. Olthoff, D. D., pastor.

Work at Watertown Progressing

The depression is still here. Apart from that our work at Watertown, Wis., is progressing nicely. The attendance at the services is comparatively good. From October 18th to November 20th special meetings were conducted every evening including Saturday. Dan Shannon was the evangelist. His sermons were good and a number of times he drew a capacity crowd. These meetings resulted in ten conversions.

On November 14th I had the pleasure of baptizing them.

On Dec. 5th, the ladies of the church surprised Mrs. Wetter with a pantry shower which included many good things to eat. Our watchnight service was well attended. Three more young people were baptized in connection with this service. The ordinance of the Lord's supper was also observed in connection and the new converts received the hand of fellowship. We are pressing forward with new hope.

G. WETTER.

Baptismal Service at Wausau, Wis.

It was our pleasure to have with us from November 20 to December 1 the Rev. H. W. Wedel of the Immanuel Baptist Church of Milwaukee for two weeks of evangelistic services. From December 7-10 we also had the Rev. W. J. Appel with us for a course on evangelism with our young people. Both messengers brought inspiring and heart stirring messages. As a result of these services not only the church was inspired with a new ardor for service, but eight young people, one young married man and one middle-aged lady came out to take their stand for Christ.

It was a great joy for the writer to go with these new converts into the baptismal waters after the evening service on the last Sunday evening of the old year where they were buried with Christ by baptism into death and raised to walk with him in newness of life. Following the baptismal service the church celebrated the Lord's supper at which time the hand of fellowship was extended to the new converts.

May the Lord bless them in their Christian life and help the older members to be living examples to them as sons and daughters of the living God.

JOHN WOBIG.

Mother: "I suppose my little boy has been as good as gold all day?"

Nurse: "No'm; he went off the gold standard about noon, ma'am."—Boy's Life.

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These Days

HERBERT L. KOCH

We live in days of social sin,
When the poor still poorer grow;
And the idle rich with haughty grin
Make of their wealth vain show.

We live in days of social sin,
When the greedy profits see;
And the youthful drinking wine and gin
End in debauchery.

We live in days of social sin,
When the jobless masses drift;
And the selfish in their craze to win
Destroy all chance for thrift.

We live in days of social sin,
When many breadless go;
And though there's scarce a grainless bin,
Yet thousands hunger know.

We live in days of social sin,
When the masses Christless live;
And spreading envy and chagrin
They live to take—not give.

We live in days of social sin,
When will they cease to be?
When we with Christ-like lives begin
To serve humanity.

Chicago, Ill.

Three Questions, Three Answers and Three Commands

ONE of the most instructive passages in the Gospel is the story of how Jesus dealt with his erring disciple Peter, who had denied him. The Good Shepherd demonstrates his wise pastoral method; the great physician knows how to probe the wound in order to heal; the loving Savior tenderly lifts up and draws toward himself the fallen one. Note the various steps.

The Three Questions

Jesus asked Peter a very simple question, thrice repeated: "Simon, son of John, lovest thou me?" The first time the question was asked there was a suggestion of criticism in it. Jesus said, "Lovest thou me more than these?" Jesus was recalling to Peter that he had boasted that he would abide faithful though all the other disciples failed, and Peter had himself signally failed. There is a further suggestion in the use of the name "Simon" instead of the name "Peter." Simon was his old

name and there may have been in it a very subtle suggestion that Peter's old nature had asserted itself. The second question laid aside the insinuation of Peter's boastfulness and merely asked the simple question, "Lovest thou me?" as did the third question also. This is Jesus' interpretation of religion. Everything depends upon love. It transcends everything. As a devotional writer puts it, "No other religion presents anything which resembles this invitation to give God the heart."

The Three Answers

Peter responded to Jesus in the same words, changing the emphasis. The first answer was, "Yea, Lord; thou knowest that I love thee," with the emphasis upon the words "thou knowest." It was as if Peter said, "It would not appear from my past denials that I love thee, but thou knowest that I do love thee." The second answer followed the exact words of the first. The third answer was more emphatic. Peter had been touched by the insistency of Jesus and the repetition of his question, and his reply was, "Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee." Three times Peter had denied Jesus and three times he confessed his love. The repetition of the question did not express any doubt on Jesus' part, but it did demand from Peter a three-fold confession that would obliterate his threefold denial. Every black word he had spoken against Jesus was wiped out by the whole-hearted devotion which he now expressed.

The Three Commands

Jesus followed each confession of Peter by a new call to service, for that, after all, is the confirmation of confidence. "Feed my lambs;" "Tend my sheep;" "Feed my sheep." We can almost see progress in the thought of Jesus as the command became more and more definite. It is the missionary commission made definite and personal. Peter, who had been called to be a fisher of men, was now called to become a shepherd of the souls of men.

The Unfailing Sign

A MINISTER called upon one of his parishioners who had grown lax in his church duties and asked him for a subscription toward a new Sunday school building that was in progress of erection. Before he had finished his request he was impatiently interrupted: "It seems to me," said the member, "that this church is always asking for money." "It is," answered the minister, and then continued: "I had a little boy once. When he began to grow he was always costing me something. He was ever needing shoes, stockings, or clothing

of some sort; but one day he died, and he does not cost me a dollar now."

Every need is a sign of life, of growth. The growing tree continually needs sunshine and shower and nutriment from the soil. Body, mind, and soul have their needs, and they must be met continually. No more convincing evidence that a church is alive and growing could be given than the fact that it is constantly wanting something.

The Indispensable Man

"HOW are you feeling?" asked the angel of the prominent man.

"Oh, I am in a dreadful condition," said the man. "I slipped on a piece of ice this morning and broke my leg."

"Yes," said the angel, "I saw you fall."

"But," said the man, "my pain, which by the way, is very severe (for he did not think that the angel looked sympathetic enough), is the smallest part of it. I should by now be at a committee meeting, where they can do nothing without me. This afternoon there is a director's meeting, where I was to be chairman; and this evening I was engaged to lecture on a subject of vital interest. This means disaster to the state, and it may be to the whole country." And he groaned aloud.

"Oh, well," said the angel, "I would not worry about all that, if I were you."

"Not worry!" said the prominent man.

"No," said the angel. "The truth is, I put that piece of ice there myself. I wanted to get rid of you."

"Get rid of —" said the prominent man; and the rest was gasps.

"Yes," said the angel. "You see, I didn't want you at the committee meeting. There is a new man ready to come forward who knows much more than you, and if you had been there he would have been too modest to speak. Then the directors are going to take action this afternoon on that important case, and if you were there they would vote the wrong way. As to the lecture, it would do more harm than good just now, but, when the crisis is past, you may deliver it without doing any serious damage. So you see!"

"Good heavens!" cried the prominent man. "Am I awake or is this a dream?"

"More or less," said the angel. "It is what you call life."—From Parish Visitor.

Editorial Jottings

"THE BAPTIST HERALD," writes a Texas pastor serving an English Baptist church, "is always a welcome and inspiring visitor in our home."

WE WANT ALL of our young Baptists to read the fine article in this number about one of our "German Baptist Homes for the Aged," our home in Philadelphia. Brother Kruse, the chaplain, is heart and soul in this work. What he writes of the Philadelphia home is in a great measure true

of our homes for the aged in Chicago and Portland. They are all the fine outflow of the spirit of benevolence which the Master brought into the world. Young people if they live long enough will some day be numbered among the aged. Let us sympathize with and help and care for those who need such homes. The Master delights in such service.

"Modern Youth"—And Jesus

REALLY youth ought to be highly flattered by the attention thrust upon it. Probably it would be but for the saving grace of its humour. To listen to or read some of the appeals made to the youth of today, one would imagine that there never was any youth quite like it. The fact is, it is not so different from the youth of other days except in the fact that it is much more in the limelight. It is not so very different; it is only much more talked about. The picture of youth spending most of its time groping anxiously in the dark after the true light is a picture of the adult imagination; it doesn't. It spends most of the time working to earn its daily bread, and the rest of the time is spent in recreations, amusements or such mental improvements as will leave a monetary margin when the daily bread has been duly paid for.

The average youth is not groping after anything, but going all out to have as pleasant a time as he can under the circumstances in which he finds himself. That is to say, the one big problem that he faces every day that dawns is how to get the best out of life. And he is absolutely right, only he does not always know—perhaps it would be truer to say he very seldom does know—what "the best" in life always is. That is where we can help him most. We can show him what is truly the best in life and tell him how to get it.

Despite all that has been said to the contrary, the problems of the average youth of today are not primarily mental; on the contrary, they are physical. Lionel Fletcher is right when he declares

The Difficulty of Youth Today Is To Be Moral

What he primarily needs is not more light but a personal dynamic strong enough to enable him to live up to the light he already has; he is not so much in mental doubt as in ethical difficulty. It is his failure to be what he already knows he ought to be that often lies behind his apparent flippancy, and sometimes his talk of intellectual difficulty is simply camouflage for his ethical and moral failure, which means, of course, that when you get to the root of this business the problem of the modern youth is precisely the problem of his father or his grandfather before him. It is simply the problem that faces men of all ages today and that faced men of all past ages: the problem of how to make the very best of life; how to live up to the best we know in a world that would hold us back and thrust us down if it could. What has changed here is simply the angle at which the modern youth see the problem, the arguments he is prepared to listen to

with regard to it, the terms in which he states it, and above all the ideal he is prepared to accept for the kind of life he seeks: all that is changed, but the problem is still essentially and primarily one of how to live rather than one of what to think.

And the Solution of His Problem

lies in precisely the same place as the solution of his grandfathers. He wants to know how to make the best of life, and the answer to his quest lies with Him who is the one great Expert in life. What he needs is not the solution of any mysteries but, himself, to come face to face with the Son of man. The one thing to do with him, in spite of all his difficulties and doubts, is to do exactly as Philip did for the dreamy, abstract, questioning Nathaniel—inviting him to come, doubts and all, to Jesus and see for himself.

You can afford to do this with some real hope of success. Whatever he may appear on the surface, there is in the youth of today a substratum of hard common sense. He is miles away from being so foolish as to imagine that, because you cannot answer his questions, he can afford to turn his back upon your Lord. He knows that for enlightenment in many directions he may have to wait; he knows, too, the fact that you have no answer ready is no proof that there is no answer; he knows, also, that whether or not there is any answer forthcoming to his intellectual questionings, as certainly as the day dawns he himself has got to live, and how to live is a problem that will not wait.

To that problem, in my judgment, there is only one answer, and our Discipleship Campaign, unless it wastes its energies on side issues, ought to be able to provide it; for to bring modern youth face to face with Jesus is to solve its problems.

—From "The Baptist Times."

What I Crave for My Children

FOR my children I should like religious education to do something like this: I do want them to know the practical codes of Christian conduct; I want them to live lives that are ethically correct. But I want them also to know and understand the uninterpreted, unanalyzed glory of the Lord.

Therefore I should like to have my children hear and sing only the best Christian music—the kingly kind, the great music, the great poetry. I do not want to expose them to the syncopated hymns—they weave and wave too much like jungle grass.

I should like to have them hear God's word read as **God's** word—without flippancy, without stuttering, stammering mispronunciation, rather with dignity and beauty as something precious that we handle with loving care though not with fear.

I should like to have them **study** God's word, even to memorization, that it may not only make them wise unto salvation but rich in that salvation.

I should like to have them hear a sermon at least once a week, a sermon without any funny stories, without wisecracks, without cheap, sensational showiness; a sermon intelligent, challenging, lifting.

I should like to have them receive the opportunity to grow in the silences. Rufus Jones in "Finding the Trails of Life" tells his boyhood experiences. Sitting in the old meeting house where men and women gathered with his parents in the quiet of their service there came to him the mystic revelation of the divine. In the hush of that Sabbath silence the boy-soul of Rufus Jones found the soul of God and in those silences it grew. And when at last someone arose to speak or pray, it was to him a Voice from the shining halls of heaven.

I should like to have my children enter into the Communion Service of the church, not for the sake of its form but for its content. Human as we are, symbolism becomes a splendid guide who ushers us into the audience chamber of the King. And when we share in such close fellowship with him, so close that it would seem we sit at table together, there will linger in the heart a glint of the goodness and splendor of it. It will be a touch of the royal in the soul, and the camels will slink away, for camels hold no audience with kings.

I should like to have my children hear and offer prayer, prayer which gives and which receives. But prayer when uttered should be beautiful, well ordered, loving, much as one would talk with a friend—but without slang. Frankly, I do not care to have my children hear the prayer that gets too familiar with God. It is perilously close to clowning.

I ask of religious education that it will take my children and make of them a "royal priesthood."—Church Journal.

The Fight Against Liquor

DO you think that the men who are in the business of selling alcoholic drink are going to be content to permit drinking to be moderate? Not if they know their business! They will advertise so cleverly that they will make many reach for a stein instead of a sweet. They are not missionaries! They are out for profit and are selling that which increases the appetite for itself.

Another question. Once the sellers of liquor get back into politics (and the license business will put them there), not even a school election can be held without their being consulted. They will want to know what the candidates for the Board of Education are going to do about teaching the harmfulness of alcohol in the schools! Do you see? We are in for it. Men who are willing to make money by selling a narcotic to others for profit are not usually too scrupulous about their political methods either.

What shall we do? In every church and church school we must get the facts about the effect of alcohol upon the human body; the effect of even small amount of it. Every boy and girl who can be enlisted should be signed up to let alcohol completely alone. Once more the old, old fight must be fought over again. First a town, then a county, then a state, then the nation must eliminate alcohol within its boundaries.

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Tune: "O Happy Day."

We hope you'll read the Baptist Herald
For it is published just for you.
Continued stories, my, they're fine
We hope you'll take the Herald this time.

CHORUS

Baptist Herald, Baptist Herald,
We know you'll like the Baptist Herald.
'Twill spur you on to high ideals
For with our Master's love it deals.
Baptist Herald, Baptist Herald,
We know you'll like the Baptist Herald.

It comes each month to see you twice,
Of Baptist news it brings the spice.
It brings you news from o'er the sea
Good pictures and good poetry.

Chorus:

(Can be used in Young Peoples meetings where the Baptist Herald is being "boosted" and subscription campaign work carried on)

The Year at the First Baptist Church, St. Joseph, Mich.

When we started the year 1933 our spirits were very much depressed. Owing to the loss of our German speaking members who joined the German Baptist church in Benton Harbor our membership was greatly reduced, and a heavy burden was placed upon those remaining. As we look back now, after a full year's time, upon those trying days, we feel that what seemed to be at that period a great misfortune, was in reality a blessing in disguise.

It certainly has put a new spirit into the church and roused it to a work of personal effort in a very pleasing and greatly helpful way and has brought about a determination to do greater things for God and expect greater things from God than in all its past history.

As a consequence of this our Sunday school today is almost as large as before we have had a gain in the membership of the church, and our meetings, both weekly and on Sundays have been better attended by members and friends than for years.

Financially—notwithstanding the trying times and the increased burdens put on the membership—we have held our own and are satisfied will do so in the future.

All our services since New Year, 1933, have been conducted exclusively in the language of the country. During the year a new charter was applied for and issued to the church, and it has now officially been named "The First Baptist Church of St. Joseph" leaving its bilingual character behind. What its contribution has been in the Americanization of the German immigrants during all the long years of its history only eternity will reveal. As a consequence of the new status of the church a new constitution was worked out and adopted

and new officers were elected in the annual business meeting in July.

Turning to the different organizations in the church, the most remarkable progress aside from the Sunday school, which has been mentioned already, has been that of the Service guild and the choir. The former has had such an increase in membership that the different homes where it has held its meetings have become almost too small to accommodate them. And the choir under the able direction of Eric Sounart has not only grown in members and efficiency but has rendered a most valuable and much appreciated contribution to the attraction and success of our services.

The Young People's Union

meetings during the year have been better attended than ever, and its programs have been exceptionally helpful and interesting. The Ladies Missionary society has been reorganized and has in its quiet and unassuming way unfolded a very blessed activity.

Thus the past year has been a period of success and growth, and we cannot help but look back upon it with deep satisfaction and feelings of gratitude to God who has guided us, held His blessing hand over us in a year which we may well designate as the most challenging and trying period of the church's history. We have emerged from the gloom and disappointment of a trying experience, and the future looks more bright and promising than ever.

E. UMBACH.

Chicago Sunday School Workers

The fall meeting of the Sunday School Workers Union of Chicago and vicinity was held at the Oak Park church Tuesday evening November 21, 1933.

Mr. Walter Grosser, superintendent of the Oak Park Sunday school led the devotional service after which the president, Mr. Herman Siemund, took charge of the meeting.

After the corresponding secretary's report and roll call the topic for the evening was discussed.

"How can we create a more worshipful atmosphere in our Sunday school?"

"During the lesson period," was brought by Mrs. Ella Kornetzka, teacher in the junior department of the Immanuel Sunday school.

"During the general session of the Sunday school," Mr. Walter Grosser, superintendent of the Oak Park Sunday school.

Many good suggestions were given and during the open discussion quite a number took part.

The musical program consisted of a orchestra selection from the Oak Park Sunday school, a male quartette and Immanuel Sunday school and an anthem by the mixed choir of the Second church.

The meeting was closed with song and prayer after which refreshments were served in the Sunday school room. Here the posters were also on display announcing the meeting.

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nouncing the meeting. There were eight posters and the prize was given to Mr. Herbert Hecht of the Immanuel church for bringing out the best idea. The others received honorable mention.

OLGA M. JUSTIN, Cor. Sec'y.

Revival Meetings at the Gnadenfeld Baptist Church, Alberta, Canada

A very successful series of revival meetings were held at the Gnadenfeld Alberta Church, a station of the Burstall, Sask., Baptist Church, from November 29 to December 20. The meetings were conducted by our beloved pastor Rev. J. Weinbender.

Our pastor brought the messages in such a wonderful way, that old and young sat and listened in reverence, absorbing every word. One Sunday evening we had the pleasure of having the choir from Hilda church in our midst. We surely appreciated their kindness in coming about 18 miles on a cold night, such as it was that night. They gave quite a few numbers in songs, and a number of the members spoke to the audience.

The last evening was a very happy one for all. Four men from the ages of 20 to 45 years, gave their hearts to the Lord. Many a prayer was sent up to the throne of God for these men, in the last few years. Four others who were seeking the Lord, did not have faith enough to accept the Lord, who also wants to save them. It is our earnest prayer that the Lord will give these souls his peace and faith.

Two others who were still members in the church but had strayed away, came back again and rejoiced with us. One Wednesday afternoon the Lord's supper was observed by the members, whereby the membership was granted to three other persons who joined the church again.

These happy days will not be so easily forgotten, as we received many a blessing from the Lord.

We pray for God's blessing on our efforts. May the divine spirit direct our work for his kingdom in the future.

JOHN SCHMIDT, Reporter.

The Effect of a Sermon

is not a question of its length. Some discourses of ten minutes are nine minutes too long. Others are too short when they occupy an hour. It is the hearer who makes a sermon long or short, quite as much as the preacher. There may be a happy or useful medium in this respect, but the modern heartless and mindless demand for shorter sermons, and even shorter services, for mere brevity's sake, is but a device of godless superficiality against which every preacher who is loyal to his message will stand firm—Dr. Frank Ballard.

* * *

There is no sense in always telegraphing to heaven for God to send a cargo of blessing, unless we are at the wharf to unload the vessel when it comes.—F. B. Meyer.

February 1, 1934

The Sunday School

On Sunday Afternoons

ELDER R. HERRING

On Sunday afternoon, you know,
We have the best of fun,
When mother gets the Bible out
And dishes are all done.

She reads us stories that are true
Of heroes long ago—
Like Moses, David, Samuel, too,
And many more you know.

She reads of Noah and his ark;
The life of Jesus, pure.
And we all thrill as on she reads,
Of that you can be sure.

Our one regret of Sunday is
It cannot come too soon,
When mother gets the Bible out
On Sunday afternoon.

The Boy Who Lost His Holler

(Told by a Teacher)

A noted educator, after picturing the magnitude of our school system, including the grade schools, high schools, colleges, and universities, concluded with this story:

"After all, our colleges and universities are preparatory schools; the larger education we receive in our daily experiences and contacts. Everyone is a pupil in the school of life, and there is no end to his education as long as he lives.

"Not long ago I was fighting my way through a storm in the streets of Chicago's loop district when I came upon a little newsboy who was crying vigorously. I stopped to console him. To my inquiries as to the reason for his grief he replied:

"I have lost my holler."

"Holler?" I asked. "What do you mean?"

"The little boy explained: 'You see, mister, I can't read yet, and I forgot my holler.'

"Believing that I understood, I took a paper from his arms and read the scare-head on the first page. It was about a revolting crime that had been committed.

"That's it, cried the boy eagerly, 'that's my holler!'

"He at once began crying his papers. The thought surged over me that I was really in a great schoolroom of life, and that I was helping the little waif learn his lesson. What a lesson it was! Here was the child learning crime before he had learned to read, a teacher while still a child. And we wonder at the power of evil!

"Too often, we who would teach good have 'lost our holler.'"

The Transformation of a Discouraging Boy

Some years ago, in a manufacturing town in England, a young lady applied to the superintendent of a Sunday school for a class. He told her he had no vacant classes, but that if she liked to go out and hunt up a class of boys for herself, he would be glad to have her help. She did so, and gathered a class of poor ragged boys. Among these, the worst and most unpromising boy was one named Bob. The superintendent told these boys to come to his house during the week, and he would get them each a new suit of clothes. They came and got their clothes. After two or three Sundays Bob was missing. The teacher went after him. She found that his new clothes were torn and dirty. She invited him back to school. He came. The superintendent gave him a second new suit. After attending once or twice, Bob's place was again vacant. Once more the teacher sought him out. She found that the second suit had gone the same way as the first. She reported the case to the superintendent, saying she was utterly discouraged about Bob, and must give him up. "Please don't do that," said the superintendent; "I can't but hope that there is something good in Bob. Try him once more. I'll give him a third suit of clothes if he'll promise to attend regularly." Bob did promise. He received his third suit of clothes. He did attend regularly after that. He got interested in the school. He became an earnest and persevering seeker after Jesus. He found him. He joined the Church. He was made a teacher. He studied for the ministry, and the end of the story is, that that discouraging boy—that dirty, ragged, runaway Bob—became the Rev. Dr. Robert Morrison, the great missionary to China, who translated the Bible into the Chinese language.—Rev. Richard Newton.

* * *

"The New Testament is a biography. Make it a mere book of dogmas, and its vitality is gone. Make it a book of laws, and it grows hard and untimely. Make it a book of biography, and it is a true book of life. Make it the history of Jesus of Nazareth, and the world holds it in heart forever."—Bishop Phillips Brooks.

The Little Pig in Chinese

The Chinese jingle for counting the baby's toes is about a little cow instead of a little pig. It runs:

This little cow eats grass;
This little cow eats hay;
This little cow drinks water;
This little cow runs away;
This little cow does nothing
Except lie down all day.

The Teacher Shuts Up the Class

Miss Jones, we will call her, had a class of intermediate boys. It was a good many years, the exact number need not be given, since Miss Jones was in her teens.

When, therefore, on Sunday morning, the boys began to talk about baseball as soon as they got together in class. Miss Jones had no sympathy with what the boys were doing. She felt much as a hen does who has hatched out a brood of ducklings, and they just naturally take to the water.

What Miss Jones did in the perplexing situation in which she found herself, she reported to her pastor, "I told those boys," she said, "that they didn't come to Sunday school to talk about baseball, that Sunday school was far more important and serious matters. And," she added, "I shut them up."

There was a virtuous feeling evident in Miss Jones' words. In shutting up the boys, she thought she had done something worthy of praise. If she could have heard some of the remarks of the boys after class about their "old crab-tree" teacher, she would have been greatly surprised and deeply wounded in spirit.

Ordinarily, of course, a person like Miss Jones should not be in charge of a class of boys. The teacher of a boys' class should be one who can be interested in many of the things in which boys are interested. Many a woman has such an interest in boys and often makes a good boys' teacher, although generally a young man is to be preferred for boys.

Neither is a difference in years between class and teacher a necessary barrier. An older person can, if she will, keep young in heart and mind and in interests.

Miss Jones made her great mistake in scolding the boys and in shutting them up. They were in no mood for getting anything out of the remainder of the lesson-hour.

What Miss Jones should have done was to enter into the mood of the boys and have talked baseball for a few minutes. Then she should have led the discussion to the lesson.

How to do this, Miss Jones should have decided before coming to class. As a teacher of boys, she should have known what they were likely to be talking about and to have had a bridge ready from where they were to where she wanted them to go. Of course she should have made sure that before the lesson-hour proceeded very far, they would be talking about something besides baseball.—The Intermediate Teacher.



THE PATCH OF BLUE

By Grace Livingston Hill
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Chapter I

Christopher Walton closed the hymn book, put it in the rack, carefully adjusted his mother's wrap on her shoulders as she sat down, arranged the footstool at her feet comfortably, and then sat back and prepared to get himself through the boredom of the sermon time.

Chris had no idea of trying to listen to the sermon. He never even pretended to himself that he was listening. He carried his tall, good-looking self to church regularly because it was a thing required by both Father and Mother that the household should attend church, but his soul was as far away as possible from the dim religious light of the sanctuary. Nobody suspected of course that behind his handsome polite exterior the world was rushing gayly on in his thoughts. It would have been a most astonishing thing if the world in which his thoughts were revelling could have suddenly appeared in church. It would have created quite an uproar. Sometimes it was a football game with the grand stand rooting wildly and he himself making a glorious touchdown. Sometimes it was a party he had attended the night before, with jazzy music stealing all through his thoughts. Sometimes it was a medley of his own plans for life, when he saw himself alternately writing a book that should set the world on fire; or becoming a central figure on the floor of the stock exchange; or again a wealthy stock broker who would finally get to the place where he could give great sums to charity and education.

But none of these things figured in his thoughts this morning. His mind was full of college. Three weeks more and he expected to be gone from this pew, gone back to college life. He drew a breath of secret satisfaction as he remembered that a college student could do as he pleased about attending divine service. If he had important lessons to study, or wasn't feeling up to the mark, he could just stay away. There would be no compulsion. Oh, of course, there was no real compulsion at home. Nobody would have forced him to go if he had taken a stand against it perhaps; yet his father's expection, and the grieved look in his mother's eyes, were as good as a law to him, and he would have felt most uncomfortable and out of harmony with his family if he had attempted to cut church here. And Chris loved his family. He enjoyed pleasing his father and mother even though it was sometimes a bore.

His father was getting old, he re-

flected with a pang. His hair was deeply silvered. There were heavier lines coming into his kindly face. Chris was still a little anxious over the look that had come into his face at the breakfast table as he finally yielded to their pleas that he stay at home this morning and nurse up the blinding headache that had made it impossible for him to eat his breakfast.

Chris settled back comfortably in his father's place at the head of the cushioned pew and reflected briefly on what a pleasant family he had. Nothing must ever be allowed to happen to his family! He paid them each brief tribute. Such a sweet mother, natural pink in her cheeks, and a delicate look of refinement and peace about her. His sister Elsie, pretty and stylish and smart. She was off at a week-end house party today and he missed her from her corner of the pew. They had always been good comrades. He was going to miss her when he went back to college.

College! Ah, now he was off! College! It would be his senior year. It was going to be great! Dad had been just wonderful about it. He had arranged to have him take one of the very best rooms in the whole dorm. And it was practically settled that Walt Gillespie was to be his room mate in place of that dub, Chad Harmon. They were to have a suite, two bedrooms and a spacious sitting room between. Of course there were many students who couldn't afford an outfit like that. And Mother had given up one of her very finest oriental rugs, the one he had always admired the most, for his floor. Of course she would have a new one in its place but he knew she loved this blue one, yet wanted him to have it. She said they wanted his last year to be the best of all. Then Dad was making a generous donation to their new fraternity building; and there had been a hint dropped that he would be suggested for president of their chapter next semester. Dad had been awfully generous in the way of money, too, said he wanted him to have everything during his college life because one went to college only once. Dad had been pleased that he had been popular in his father's old fraternity. Of course it was Dad's influence that had gotten him in there at all right at the first. They were a terribly exclusive bunch. It was wonderful having a father who was well off and able to put one into the front ranks of things.

And then, the crowning joy of all, Dad was going to let him have a car, one of

the very best, to take with him. He had picked it out and it was coming tomorrow morning. He was to take it out on a trial trip alone, and try it out thoroughly before the final deal was made. But it was practically bought already, for he was sure he would find nothing wrong with it. It was a great car.

The shining new car in all its glory of flashing chromium and deep blue body rolled slowly down the aisle past his pew and let him study it as the minister rose in the pulpit to announce and introduce a visiting preacher that morning. Chris was so interested in his car that he hardly heard what was going on, scarcely noticed the stranger on the platform.

Chris was thinking how he would take Gilda Carson out for a ride tomorrow after he had had a good long tour by himself. Gilda was rather high-hat and always boasting about Bob Tyson's car and how he had taken her here and there. But Bob Tyson's car wasn't worth mentioning in the same breath with his new one. Gilda would boast about his now, he was sure.

Not that he cared so much what Gilda thought or did. She wasn't especially his girl, but it had been a bit irksome having her always talking about Bob's wonderful car. Well there wasn't going to be anything wrong with his new car. It was a wonder. Such a purring engine, free-wheeling, adjustable seats, marvelous shock absorbers, and above all, speed! The car was doing eighty and even ninety now, up and down the stately aisles of the church, and Chris sat with a saint-like expression on his face and watched it. He almost wondered that the people about him did not turn and look after it in admiration.

Suddenly a new voice broke into his meditations. The minister had introduced the stranger.

He was announcing his text now—two texts. "Oh give thanks unto the Lord for He is good!" and "How can we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?"

Chris recognized the first text as a part of the responsive reading they had just had, but the second seemed a little bit out of the ordinary, and he wondered idly what it could possibly have to do with the first. The opening words of the preacher's sermon arrested his attention for an instant:

"It is easy enough to thank God when everything is going well and we have all that we want in our lives. The true test of a thankful heart is to be able to sing praise when things are going all wrong. When we have lost our money or our friends or are disappointed in our dearest ambitions, or when we are in a strange unhappy environment, then we cry out 'How can we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?'"

That was about all Chris heard of that sermon, and he only wondered idly a moment about it before he drifted back into his own thoughts. He averred to himself that of course it was ridiculous

to expect anybody to be thankful for sorrow and disaster, for poverty and sickness and loss. The minister seemed to be giving an instance of some one who had said he was grateful for every trouble that had ever come to him, and through his disappointments had learned to raise the Lord for every one. Well, that was absurd. No one could thank the Lord for unhappiness. He was thankful that his life was laid in pleasant surroundings, and he paused long enough in his reflections to give a quick thanksgiving for his home, his parents, his pleasant environment, the happy college days that still lay before him, his new car—and then he was off again into the anticipations of his senior year at college and what he had to do before he went back. He tabulated different items mentally on his fingers, things he must not forget. Not the least among them was the trial of the new car tomorrow, and presently the car was rolling up and down the aisle again before his happy vision, and the minister with his absurd message about being glad for unhappiness was utterly forgotten.

He had arranged a full program for the next few days when at last the closing hymn was announced, and he found the place for his mother and arose with relief to join in the hymn of praise. He noticed with vague annoyance that there was a line in the hymn that conveyed that same illogical suggestion about giving thanks for trouble that the minister had suggested in the beginning of his sermon. But he raised his voice a little louder when it came to the refrain of praise, and steadily thought of all the thrilling joys of his own life with a true thanksgiving. He certainly was grateful that the lines had fallen to him in such pleasant places, and just now he was more than all grateful that the service was over and he would soon be free to go back to the delightful details of every day living.

Out in the lovely summer day at last he drew a breath of relief and began to talk eagerly to his mother about the new curtains she was going to select the next day for his college room. He had decided ideas of just what he wanted, built upon a college room of a famous athlete he had seen last spring.

Chris was glad that his father's headache seemed to be better, and that the dinner table was a cheerful place, with all the things he liked best to eat. His father seemed a bit grave and silent but he attributed that to the headache, for he responded smiling to anything that was said. Chris tried to persuade himself that he had only imagined those lines of care on his father's face. He talked eagerly of his new car, and his father seemed pleased and promised to take a drive with him if he would come down to the bank between eleven and twelve o'clock next day.

Monday morning Chris came whistling down the stairs with a glad light in his eyes. His mother stood in the hall just below him and he paused at the foot of



the stairs to stoop and touch a light kiss on her forehead. Such a pretty little mother! But he knew just what she was going to say and he wished to forestall it. She was a little peach of a mother of course, but she always had been afraid of things, and he was so full of his own joy this morning that he felt a little impatient toward her fears.

"Oh, Chris, you will be careful, won't you?" she implored, just as he had known she would do.

"Sure, Muzzie. I'm always careful. Why, what's the idea? You act as though I had never driven before."

"But, a new car, Chris, that's different. You don't know how it will act. And a new kind that you have never driven before. That free-wheeling. I'm afraid of it. You don't know how to work it. They tell me it's quite different from other driving. I wish you'd take a service man along with you the first day or two."

Chris laughed gayly. "Well, I like hat! A service man! I think I see myself! Why, Mud, you know Uncle Eben's car was just like this one and I drove it for him all the time he was here, every day for two weeks. But, Mother, seriously, you must stop worrying about me. I'm not a kid any more. I'm a man. This is my last year at college, remember. And besides, there isn't a car made that I can't drive. Why do you suppose I've hung around Ross Barton's garage all these years if not for that? I'm considered a good driver. Why don't you go along with me and prove it? I'll give you a good ride, and leave you wherever you say, then you will have more confidence in me."

"Oh, I can't Chris, I have a committee meeting here at the house this morning. But you won't be late for lunch, will you? You know I'll be worried."

The boy stooped and silenced her with a real kiss on her soft anxious lips now. "Now, look here, Mother," he said earnestly, "you've just got to stop worrying. You're just making trouble for yourself. Besides, I'm stopping at the bank at eleven for father and you know he'll come back on time. You've got him well trained. Sure you don't want to go along just for a little spin? Well, come on out and look at the car anyway. Did you see it yet from the window? Look!"

He flung the front door open.

"There! Isn't that a winner! Isn't

it the niftiest car you ever saw? Long clean sporty lines. Dad was great to do all this for me. It's going to make all the difference in the world in my college life having this car."

His mother smiled indulgently with a wistful look in her eyes, and patted his arm.

"Your father feels that you deserve it, Chris," she said lovingly. "We want you to get the greatest enjoyment possible out of your last year in college."

She stood in the open doorway and watched him drive away, thinking what a happy lot was hers with such a son. Then she turned with a bit of a sigh of anxiety, and yet a smile, and went back to her pleasant sheltered life thinking how good God had been to her.

Chris drove out into the clear September morning, his face alight with satisfaction. Down through the pleasant village street of the pretty suburb where he had been born. He wanted first of all to ride around the old familiar streets and get used to the idea that this wonderful car was his.

As he thrilled to the touch of the new wheel he remembered that first old Ford he had bought for ten dollars. He had had to tinker with it for three weeks before it would run. He had been so happy with it then, till the kindly policeman who had known him all his young life stopped him because he was too young to drive and had no license. But he never dreamed that day that only a few short years more and he would be driving one of the best cars that was made, and thrilling to the thought that it was all his own.

It was practically his own now. Dad would see to the red tape of the purchase tomorrow morning. He had promised. And then he would drive it back to the home garage and it would be his. It made him feel a man to think of it. He had a sudden memory of his first express wagon and how serious life had looked to him as he had taken it out that first morning after Christmas, on the street, and showed it to his playmates. And his first bicycle! Dad had always been so good to him, getting him everything he wanted. How he had loved that wheel!

But boy! It had been nothing like this first car! This was great!

Skimming along with the top down,

and the wind in his hair! There was nothing like it!

He was skirting the edge of the little grove just outside of town now where they used to have the high school picnics. The trees were golden, with here and there a vivid coral one. They were early in turning. The yellow leaves against the blue of the autumn sky filled him with an ecstasy. He wished he had some one to talk to who would understand, yet he felt that it would be impossible to put into words what he was feeling. College and the car, and the glory of the day all mixed up in his soul. Boy! It was great!

He whirled back into town again and traversed the streets, going slowly by his own house and waving to his mother whose face he could see at the window, just to give her confidence in his driving. His mother waved back to him. She was a great little mother! She was a pretty good sport after all, fearful as she was. Some mothers would have made a terrible kick at having their sons go off to college with a high powered car. Mothers were always so afraid of accidents. (To be continued)

The End of Another Semester In Our Seminary

Christmas and New Year's vacations are usually very happy ones for us students, even if the majority of us are not so fortunate as to spend the holidays with their friends and loved ones at home. One reason for our care-free holidays is the fact that we have our examinations before Christmas and not after. Therefore we know how it feels to be relieved when the Christmas trees remind us that our vacation has started.

Our chief duty in school is, of course, to study. Our professors, accordingly, provide us with classwork rather generously, as they ought to. However, we students also engage ourselves in other activities of a more practical nature. In this school year we are again conducting services in the Andrews St. Baptist Church as well as in a down-town mission. Invariably our student chorus under the able leadership of Bro. B. Jacksteit makes its "joyful noise before the Lord" in these meetings.

Still more active than the chorus is our Student's Quartet which is well known in many of our churches since their trip through the country last summer. A large number of our students also serve as Sunday school teachers in different churches of our city. That may evidence sufficiently that we are not idlers. Yet we could do still more practical work if there were more opportunities open to us.

Neither should our literary societies "Germania" and "Philomathia" be forgotten. The aim of these student societies is to produce able speakers. Many a good speech was heard last semester in their meetings conducted once a week in the seminary chapel. But criticism also never failed to find mistakes and to correct them.

A Creed From a Book

God is a Spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth.

God is light, and if we walk in the light, as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another.

God is love, and every one that loveth is born of God and knoweth God.

Jesus is the Son of God, and God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in his Son.

We are children of God, and he hath given us of his Spirit.

If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins.

The world passeth away and the lust thereof, but he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever.

How capable the Germanians are was evidenced by their 81st annual festival December 14, 1933. Our whole dining hall was embellished on this occasion by their characteristic colors, black, white and red. The room was filled to capacity with eager listeners who enjoyed such numbers of the program as a humorous German dialog; a very fitting speech by our worthy Prof. H. Dymmel, a short Biblical drama, "The Kingmaker's Choice," harmonies by our Student's Quartet and other worthwhile numbers. Refreshments followed and a social hour brought the successful program to a happy close. Hats off to the Germanians! Next semester it will be the turn of the Philomathians to hold their anniversary.

Again we are beginning a new semester. For some of us it will be the last one in school. We are grateful to the Lord that in spite of severe difficulties, our school could continue its work without interruption. We hope that this school year too, will find a happy ending in May. We close with hearty greetings to all our good Baptist and Young people from the students.

ERICH E. BONIKOWSKY, Reporter.

"What About My Amusements?"

A great many young people are anxious to do the right thing in regard to their amusements and diversions. They sometimes ask ministers how far they can go without going wrong. Dr. George W. Truett is in the habit of giving a wise answer to inquiries on this subject. He says there are three things to settle in the matter of amusements: First, be sure it does not hurt you; second, be sure that it does not hurt someone else; and, be sure that it glorifies Christ. If these things are settled right, the amusement problem will be no longer a problem.

The German Baptist Home for the Aged in Philadelphia, Pa.

"The last place I would go to," remarked a man to whom the writer was introduced at a filling station in Pittsburgh as the chaplain of the German Baptist Home for the Aged in Philadelphia.

We would like to interpret these words as meaning, "when I go to an old people's home I'm going there to stay and it will be the last place I'm going to on this earth;" but we fear that grammar will not permit this interpretation.

We have a suspicion that he meant that only in the very last extremity would he go to a place like that, preferable only to the penitentiary, insane asylum or poor house.

Well now if that is the way many of you readers of the Baptist Herald feel about our home

It Is High Time That You Were Enlightened

Some of you may look on us, who live in the home, in a sort of patronizing, pitying way and if you do "you don't have anything on us," as the little boy would say, because that is the way we look on all of you unfortunates, who have to live out in the cold, cold world, where you have lost your job and can't find another; and where if you have a job your wages have been cut time and again. You have put your money in the bank and the bank has closed, or gone bankrupt. You sit up nights and wonder where you are going to raise money for the taxes, interest, or rent besides all of the regular living expenses. The butcher, the baker and the candlestick-maker are constantly at your heels demanding their due. Your house, your farm and your business is in danger of being lost or is already lost. Why pity us? We pity you.

After a guest has pooled his belongings with this Christian communistic society he (or she) may say good-by to anxious cares concerning food, raiment, roof, and fuel, and medical attention.

Why Worry About Food?

Come with me into our spacious dining room recently enlarged and supplied with beautiful modern electric fixtures, please sit down at one of the dozen family-like tables and partake of the well cooked food, plain to be sure, but tasty and plenty of it.

Then look around and see how your fellow guests are enjoying themselves and note the avoidance of some of them. I'm sure a few will tip the scales between 200 and 300, and then there is nobody going around shouting "tickets" or tip toeing with a slip to turn face downward at their plates.

Keeping Warm

When the thermometer dips down to zero and below as it has done several times this winter, even in Philadelphia, we pity the poor people whose coal bins are empty and whose pocket books, on account of unemployment, are still emptier. How do we keep warm in the home,

you ask; let us show you, walk down the corridor, in the basement with us, let us turn on the light in the room with the open door protected by a chain. But where is the coal? The bin is empty and it looks like a comfortable lounging room for men with its white walls, congoeum floor covering and comfortable furniture. No coal, no dusty ashes to handle, nothing of the old time discomforts and labors. A large clean oilburning furnace in a whitewashed room is our heating plant and the solution of our fuel trouble.

In the great world outside there may be teeming millions, and yet among them are many lonely souls hungry for fellowship and companionship. Those who come into our home are received as if it were

Into a Large Family

and a guest must be very singular, cold, and distant indeed if he cannot find here a congenial social life; our beautiful sun parlor with its comfortable chairs and settees, growing plants and beautiful pictures, bookcases filled with all kinds of wholesome literature, affords opportunity for reading and congenial conversation, while the piano ministers to the musically inclined and the radio ever ready to preach, to sing, to play, to lecture or to crack a joke according to the varied tastes and moods of the listeners. Besides all this

The Social Life Is Quickened

by many organizations such as the Ladies Board of Managers, the Ladies Auxiliary, as well as organized classes and societies of all kinds from the churches. Especially is this the case during the holiday season, not only do they render acceptable programs, but also bring gifts of love to embrace the Christmas cheer. In St. Paul there is a home for the aged called "The Home of the Friendless"—What an awful name! Without becoming Quakers we might call our home The Home of the Friends and the Befriended.

If during the winter months our privileges and opportunities for social contacts and enjoyments are great, they are greatly increased during the warm seasons of the year. Our home is situated in a veritable paradise and since the word Paradise comes from the Greek word *paradeisos*, meaning "garden," we may literally say that we live in paradise. Our grounds comprise about three acres. One acre is covered with buildings, walks and driveways; one is used for vegetable gardening, and the rest consists of lawns studded with some 20 flower gardens and beautifully shaded with more than 60 fruit and ornamental trees. That part of the home property which borders on Oxford avenue we have named Beulah Park, taken from Bunyan's Pilgrims Progress, where the borderland of heaven is so called. Here are benches, rockers and swings for those who seek rest and a sanded croquet court for those, who enjoy moderate exercise, and in the midst of the garden is not the

Tree of Life, but a beautiful rose and vine covered pergola.

This Beautiful Little Park

is also shared with others. Organized classes and ladies aid societies held picnics there last summer and for the past two summers the Bethel Christian Hebrew Mission held an afternoon open air meeting in the shade of the trees. Our visitors are not confined to Philadelphia. A large bus carried the ladies aid societies of the First and Second Churches of Union City, N. J., to our doors, where they partook of dinner with us, wandered about the place inside and outside and finally arranged an impromptu program in the chapel, where Mr. R. Windisch, our president, and a number of ladies from our Ladies Board of Managers kindly welcomed the visitors. Later in the season the ladies from the Wilmington, Del., church held their monthly meeting followed by a picnic in our park.

Much credit for the pleasing appearance of our lawns and gardens and the state of repair of the interior of our home is due to a number of men who have given their services faithfully during this time of depression for their board and keep.

Caring for the Sick

Another privilege we enjoy in the home is the attention given in times of sickness and infirmity. Doctor and hospital services with their corresponding high cost has always been a heavy burden on private families, especially during such times as we are passing through now and oftentimes very necessary operations, or medical attention are postponed on that account until it is too late. Our home takes care of all that. Our nurse, ably assisted by our matron and some of the guests, who have nursing experience and training, has charge of this department. Two years ago two roomy dispensary rooms with bath and diet kitchen were added to our equipment so that regular hospital attention may be given to the patients, and our house physician, Dr. Webb, calls regularly twice a week and oftener when needed.

Last but not least, let us tell you about the spiritual benefits we enjoy.

Our Home Is a Christian Home

The atmosphere is intensely religious and those not spiritually inclined will never feel happy with us regardless of the many other privileges they may have; but for those who love the Lord and want to spend their declining years with such as are like minded, our home offers a congenial atmosphere.

Regular morning and evening devotions are held in the dining room of which the singing of hymns from Selected Gospel Songs and Hymns of Praise No. 2 is an important part. The Thursday evening devotional meeting gives our guests opportunity for expression of their religious feelings and experiences, and the response is most gratifying. The most important service of the week is

the one held on Sunday afternoon in our beautiful chapel which was dedicated two years ago. Besides the chaplain there is a guest speaker every Sunday and our music committee sees to it that we have special singing at almost all of the services. All of our devotions and services are bi-lingual. If there ever was a language problem, we think it is solved as far as the home is concerned. A number of our guests, who came into the home without ever having experienced personal religion, have felt this need and found the assurance that brings peace and some have followed the Lord in baptism.

Special programs are sometimes arranged like on Easter Sunday, Mother's Day and at other times, when larger groups participate in the Sunday services.

A Marriage and a Honeymoon Trip

About a year ago the matron of the home, Miss Ethel Hendricks, added the name of the chaplain to her own and changed the Miss into Mrs. It was gratifying to the contracting parties that the boards that have the management of the home and the denomination in general seemed to look with favor on the arrangement, and hence it was without embarrassment that they in the latter part of September set out on a 4,000 mile motor trip together. Space will not permit to give a detailed report of that most enjoyable journey. To our friends and relatives, who so cordially received us and entertained us, we wish to say again, "Thank you, and God bless you!"

Our journey took us over Pittsburgh, Pa., Cleveland, O., Kankakee and Chicago, Ill., Steamboat Rock and George, Iowa, Sioux Falls, Madison, Brookings and De Smet, S. D., Mankato and St. Paul, Minn., Appleton, Wis., and Millersburg, Pa., arriving back home just in time to take part in the festivities of Donation Day. God's protecting hand was over us so that no mishap befell us. All had gone well at the home during our absence under the guidance of our nurse, Miss Elizabeth Heide, and her efficient helpers, but one face among all of the guests in our family was missing. Our "Fritz" had suddenly and unexpectedly been called to his reward.

Everywhere we went, when opportunity was given, we tried to speak a good word for the home and dispel in the hearts of the members of our churches, any such feeling as was expressed by our Pittsburgh friend, who gave us the text for this article. F. P. KRUSE.

A business man who had an important telephone call to put through finally interrupted a feminine conversation which seemed likely to continue indefinitely, preventing the transaction of his business.

"Say," snapped one of the women indignantly, "what line do you think you're on, anyway?"

"Well," replied the business man, "I've come to the conclusion that I must be on the clothesline."—Atlanta Journal.

Life Stories of Great Baptists

Life Stories of Great Baptists
Baptist World Alliance Series

Anders Wiberg

A Baptist Pioneer in Sweden

By PRINCIPAL N. J. NORDSTROM, B. A.,
D. D.

One of the most important reasons for the significant success of Baptist work in Sweden is unquestionably that fact that during its earliest and most trying time it was led by men of considerable education and of noble Christian character. One of these men who more than any other contributed to the sound and successful development of the Swedish Baptist work, was the Rev. Anders Wiberg.

Wiberg was born near the city of Hudiksvall in the province of Halsingland, Sweden, on the 17th of July, 1816. He was of peasant lineage, but showed an early desire and aptitude for study, and therefore his mother, who had early been left a widow, decided that he should receive a training which would prepare him to become a clergyman in the State Church.

After preparatory courses in the schools of his native district, he proceeded in the year 1833 to the high school (gymnasium) at Gavle, whence he graduated two years later and matriculated as a student of the University of Uppsala. But being poor, and unable to obtain the necessary financial assistance from home, he was compelled to suspend his studies for longer or shorter periods during which he acted as a private tutor in order to secure the means for continuing his University course.

His Awakening and Conversion

It was during this time Wiberg came under the influence of the religious revival which was then spreading over Sweden. This revival was largely influenced by an English Methodist missionary, George Scott, who had been sent to Sweden by the Wesleyan Missionary Society. Wiberg came into contact with Scott and was awakened to a concern for his soul's salvation, although he did not immediately reach a definite decision for Christ.

After working with Scott for some time, and after the latter had been compelled to leave Sweden in 1842 on account of the prevalent religious intolerance, Wiberg returned to Uppsala to complete his preparation for the church. A short time after resuming his studies at the University he came to a full assurance of sins forgiven, mainly through reading Johann Arndt's "True Christianity." He experienced the peace of God, and a new period of his life began.

He received his diploma in the following year and was ordained in the Cathedral of Uppsala on the 11th of June, 1843.

After his ordination Wiberg held sev-

eral charges in his home province. His work was crowned with large success, and those who had experienced a religious awakening gathered about him and looked upon him as their leader.

In Conflict With the State Church

But it was not long before the ecclesiastical powers found reasons to interfere with his work. He refused to admit to the Holy Communion such persons as he knew had no experience of God's saving grace and were living in open sin. But according to the policy of the Swedish State Church and the opinion of its authorities, he had no right to impose such restrictions. The conflict brought him great distress of conscience. He discontinued his ministerial duties for a time, and returned to Uppsala in order to obtain the additional degree necessary to qualify for holding the higher offices in the church. He passed his examination in March, 1847, and went back to his work in his home province, but soon again found himself in difficulties on account of his persistent refusal to admit ungodly persons to Holy Communion. He then decided to apply for leave of absence from his duties. In the meantime, however, he continued his work among the believers until he finally arrived at the conviction that it was impossible for him to remain a clergyman in the State Church. He therefore sent in his resignation, and was discharged from his office in the spring of 1851.

At this time Baptist thoughts and ideas had begun to gain ground in Sweden. The earliest church of the denomination organized in 1848, had been subjected to such severe persecution that it had been rendered incapable of doing any work whatsoever. Its founder was the Baptist pioneer, J. O. Nilsson, who, because of his Baptist convictions, was exiled from Sweden in 1851. The Baptist thoughts had nevertheless found acceptance, and the seed which had been sown was soon to produce a rich harvest. When at this time Wiberg first heard of the Baptist faith, he considered it a dangerous heresy, and contemplated writing a book for its refutation.

Meets Oncken and Koebner and Changes His Views on Baptism

It then came about that he in company with a friend made a journey to Hamburg. While there he came into association with the Rev. J. G. Oncken and the Rev. Julius Koebner. He argued with them regarding the Baptist doctrines, which he naturally considered contrary to the teaching of the Scripture, and he considered himself victorious in the discussion. On his departure from Hamburg, however, he received from Mr. Oncken some tracts and pamphlets dealing with the question of baptism. Through the reading of these his faith in infant baptism was disturbed, and he came back to Sweden with another view

than that which he had formerly held. He now began to study Baptist literature in earnest, and after some months published a noteworthy book on the doctrine of baptism. This treatise, which he had originally intended to prepare in defense of infant baptism, is now one of the standard works in Baptist literature.

His Baptism at Copenhagen

After having completed his great work on baptism and before publishing it, he decided to visit America and to receive believers' baptism there or on the journey. In the summer of 1852 he started on his journey. The ship stopped for a few days at Copenhagen, Denmark, where the exiled Baptist preacher F. O. Nilsson was pastor, and Wiberg visited him and asked to be baptized. His request was granted by the Baptist Church in Copenhagen, and on the 23rd of July, 1852, he was baptized by Nilsson in the waters of the Baltic Sea. This marked the beginning of another new period in his life.

Colporteur and Missionary in New York

Having been baptized and accepted into membership with the Baptist denomination, Wiberg continued his journey to America. Nilsson supplied him with a letter of recommendation to the pastor of the Baptist Mariners' Church in New York, the Rev. I. R. Steward, and thus began his connection with this church, which later came to mean so much to the Swedish Baptists. Since Wiberg had become a member of this church, Mr. Steward secured employment for him as a colporteur and missionary among the immigrants in New York, under the auspices of the American Baptist Publication Society.

After three years of service in this capacity, during which time he also busied himself with literary work, the society appointed him a missionary to work in Sweden, preaching the Gospel and distributing Christian literature.

Returns to Sweden and Becomes a Leader

In the autumn of 1855 he returned to his native country to enter upon the evangelical work which has meant so much to the Baptist cause in Sweden.

While Wiberg was living in America, Baptist views had made some advance in Sweden and a few small churches had been formed. These lacked real leadership, and their need was met by Wiberg's return. He at once took charge of the Baptist church in Stockholm, and became the true leader of the work throughout the whole country. He was untiring in his zeal as a preacher and in his care of the churches; he wrote books in defense of the Baptist faith; and was active in every enterprise for the advancement of the cause of Christ. Shortly after his return to Sweden he started a paper which became an effective

instrument in the furtherance of the interests to which he was devoted. The work continued to grow from year to year; new churches were organized; and the Baptist movement soon became so important a factor in the religious life of the nation that the authorities had to take it into account and put a stop to the persecution which had heretofore been carried on in the land.

Union of Swedish Baptist Churches Formed

In the year 1857 Wiberg called together a general conference of delegates from the different churches in the country, and a Union of the Baptist Churches was constituted. In the following year he issued invitations on behalf of the denomination to the English and German Baptists to send representatives to the second annual conference of the Swedish Baptist denomination. In response to this invitation the Baptist Union of England sent Dr. Edward Steane and the Rev. Howard Hinton to the conference, and the German Baptists sent the Rev. J. G. Oncken and the Rev. Julius Koebner. These visits came to mean much for the further development of Baptist work in the land and for the cause of religious liberty.

In 1860 Wiberg made a journey to England in order to gather funds for a church building in Stockholm. Through his persevering efforts assisted by recommendations from Dr. Steane and others, he was successful in this enterprise. The money which he collected made possible the erection of the first Baptist church building in Stockholm.

Establishes Bethel Seminary

Wiberg had scarcely returned from his journey to England when he began to make plans for a voyage to the United States of America. On his initiative, the Baptist conference of 1861 had accepted a proposal to establish a training school for ministers, but in order to achieve this purpose money and teachers were necessary, and neither could be found in the land. But Wiberg rested his hope on the American Baptists. He started for the United States in 1863 in order to raise funds and find teachers for the proposed training school and in other respects to promote the Baptist cause in Sweden. Though times were then very hard in America owing to the Civil War, he succeeded in his endeavors. The American Baptist Missionary Union decided to accept financial responsibility for the Swedish Baptist Mission, which the American Baptist Publication Society had hitherto carried. The funds for the new training school and for sustaining a number of evangelists were guaranteed by the Union.

Wiberg found also in the U. S. A. a Swedish man, who was destined by God to be the leader of the new Seminary and a "chosen vessel" to promote the cause of God in his native land. His name was K. O. Broady. Having served as an officer in the Swedish navy, he had

emigrated to America, and had studied at Madison University, whence he graduated in 1861. Thereafter he served with great distinction as an officer in the Union Army during the Civil War and attained the rank of colonel. After the war he became the pastor of a small Baptist church. Wiberg recognized in Broady a man with the qualities needed in the leader of the new seminary, and Broady accepted the call to be its principal. In 1866 the two men returned to Sweden, and the Baptist conference of that year decided to establish the "Bethel Seminary" with Broady as its head. This decision was one of the most momentous which the Swedish Baptists ever reached.

Receives Aid in England for Church in Stockholm

With unflagging zeal and energy Wiberg now gave himself to missionary work in his native land. The churches grew in number, and the Baptist faith gained respect in an increasing degree from year to year. The Bethel Seminary produced trained church leaders and missionary workers, and Wiberg continued to exercise wide influence both within and without the denomination, not least through his literary activities. In 1874 he made another journey to England and remained there about two years, during which time he collected a considerable sum of money for another church building in Stockholm. His success was chiefly due to the wholehearted support and recommendation of C. H. Spurgeon.

The Later Years of His Life

were passed by Wiberg in the southern part of Stockholm, where a second Baptist church had been organized, whose pastor he became and remained until his death. In 1887 his earthly life came to an end. It had been a career of inestimable blessing. He had labored beyond most men, and had lived to see far-reaching results of his work. When he came to Sweden in 1855 as a missionary worker for the American Publication Society, there were but a few hundred Baptists in the land. When he died, Sweden had 473 Baptist churches with 31,849 members. In the Sunday schools were enrolled 31,273 scholars and the ministers numbered 506. In this development no one had played a more important part than Anders Wiberg. He was "God's chosen vessel" for his time.

Wiberg was a well balanced Christian, a man of sterling qualities, a trained theologian, and a fervent and gifted missionary worker. He will always be remembered as one of apostolic stature by those who have learned to know the great work which under God he was permitted to perform.

The People Like a Pin

Some people are said to be like a pin—"sharp at the point and small at the head."

Is Sin Obsolete?

The Dean of St. Paul's, the Very Rev. W. R. Inge, has recently published a striking article in which he calls attention to the waning of the sense of sin among those who account themselves as Christians. It is not only the disappearance of any fear of future punishment for sin that he means—though that is sufficiently noticeable—but the growing tendency of church people to think little of sin or of themselves as sinners. How many of us are ready with the apostle Paul to condemn ourselves as the "chief of sinners"? Surely, not nearly so many as think themselves as pretty decent fellows, whose imperfections of thought and conduct are merely the regrettable results of heredity or of social environment for which they should not be held too strictly to account.

It is not uncommon to hear persons speak of the "moral evolution" of the race, as if what our forefathers knew as sin were only the heritage of a bestial past, from which each succeeding generation is freer than the last. That easy faith, that complacent attitude toward sin, is certainly contemporaneous with the great advance in the knowledge of the natural sciences, and may be owing to a misunderstanding of what science teaches. For science deals only with those materials of life which the senses can discern; and no reputable man of science has ever maintained that animal nature is necessarily and automatically proceeding even toward physical perfection, far less toward a state of moral innocence.

Sin, as Dr. Inge defines it, is alienation from God; a diseased and defiled condition of nature that has divine possibilities; a definite transgression of the law on which creation hangs; a kind of bondage to appetites and desires that we know to be degrading. Of course no one can be conscious of sin unless he believes that God exists, that there is such a thing as right and wrong, that human nature easily degenerates and yet is capable of some approach to perfection. Yet many people who do believe, or who think they do, speak and behave as if sin were none of those things, but only an excusable weakness, inevitable for the present and not to be taken too seriously. Of repentance those persons are equally negligent. They have the Pharisee's confidence in their own virtue without his scorn for other men's sinfulness. We do not think that since the Christian church was founded it has ever had just such a spirit to face among its members. It is a spirit appropriate enough to an age in which the race pursues material ends; but it can continue to flourish only in the soil of a decaying religion.

* * *

Jack: "What is the noblest kind of dog?"

Jill: "I give up."

Jack: "The hot dog. It not only doesn't bite the hand that feeds it; it feeds the hand that bites it."

Our Devotional Meeting

August F. Runtz

February 11, 1934

Does God Always Punish Wrong? How?

Gal. 6:6-8

A Moral Law in the Universe. One of the profoundest discoveries ever made by man is that this universe is governed by unchanging, and absolutely dependable laws. The astronomer knows that he can depend upon the movements of the stars to the one-millionth part of a second, and that through thousands of years the stars have never varied in their movements. This can also be said of the law of gravitation.

The moral laws of the universe are just as inflexible and unchanging as the physical laws. The apostle Paul states this law very exactly when he says: "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Always certain conditions bring their own logical results. If one puts his hand into the fire, he must be burned. If one lives in sin, it is the very nature of the case, that sooner or later he must take the consequences. Punishment for sin is absolutely inevitable. This is a terrible thought, but it is true.

The Universe is Always On the Side of Right and Against Wrong. How does God punish sin? Somehow sin always brings its own punishment. "He that soweth to the flesh shall . . . reap corruption." Like breeds its own like. Hell is just sin ripe—rotten ripe. But even here on earth you will find the entire universe on the side of right, and against wrong. In Deborah's song, she says (Judges 5:20): "The stars in their courses fought against Sisera." And the Egyptians said (Exod. 14:25): "Let us flee . . . for the Lord fighteth for them against the Egyptians."

God and nature are eternally against wrong. In all of our insane asylums there are raving maniacs, who are there simply because they violated the laws of God and of nature, and now all the laws of the universe have combined to stamp them out. No one can hoodwink God. "Sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death." Nothing is more encouraging to the good life, than that God and the universe are on its side.

Can Punishment Ever Be Remitted? How hopeless our condition would be were it not for the great message of salvation: "There is forgiveness with thee." God acquits those who believe on Christ, and removes the punishment of sin from them. Here the great doctrine of the atonement finds its place. "He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities . . . the Lord hath laid on him the in-

quity of us all." Here is the glory of our Gospel, that a man's sins may be wiped out, and he may become a new creature. Receiving him, who died for us, the eternal punishment of sin is removed from us.

February 18, 1934

How To Master Temptation

Matt. 4:1-11; 1 Cor. 10:13

Temptation and Discipline. In recounting all the temptations and vicissitudes of the wilderness journey Moses stated that the reason for them was: "That he (God) might humble thee, and that he might prove thee, to do thee good at thy latter end." So temptation, when rightly resisted, becomes a means of strong and rich character. The human spirit never thrives well in constant wormth and sunshine. Cold and storm have a part to play in developing strong souls. "The world is thickest with difficulties and dangers, disease and disaster, and it is the mastering of these that makes men. A world all upholstered with safety and luxurious comfort and ease would not make vertebrate souls. Temptation tries and develops men in courage and might and enables them to mount on the steps of victorious deeds to the crown of mastery. Jesus came out of the temptation in the wilderness a stronger man and Savior than he was when he went in."

The Threefold Temptation of Jesus. The first appeals to a natural and sinless appetite-hunger. It suggests an act seemingly innocent. Why should he not avail himself of his divine power to satisfy his bodily needs? The second appeals to love of fame. Captivate the imagination of the people! Let them see what a wonder-worker is in their midst, and they will follow thee! The third is an appeal to ambition. Become the nation's expected leader. Look in silence on their sins! Compromise a little with conscience. See the glory; a ruler of the world! All can be yours; only worship me.

How Jesus Mastered Temptation. To all these temptations Jesus gave an answer from the Old Testament. "It is written," he said each time. But simply quoting a Bible verse will not drive the Tempter away. Jesus did more than that. He was so determined to do the will of God that he recognized the temptation when it appeared, and when he saw it, he did not fondle it, as Eve had done, until he was entangled in the meshes of sin, and felt its hurt. He resisted it immediately. One way of doing this was to crowd out the evil thought with the noble thoughts of an unselfish life. His heart was so filled with the thoughts of his life's mission, that

temptation to evil had little room there. God has placed in our souls great forces, like standing armies, that will come to our assistance, and drive out the temptation the moment we call upon them.

How May We Master Temptation? First of all, by not exposing ourselves to it. But if temptation comes, let us follow the example of Jesus. In 1 Cor. 10:13 a wonderful promise is given, that God can be relied upon to help us; yes, even to temper the temptation. He may permit it, but if we will it, he will not permit it overmuch, and he will also make a way of escape. So we must trust God for help! We must pray! But we must also do our part, in that we resist every temptation with a stern determination.

February 25, 1934

Great Religious Leaders of Today

Gal. 1:11-24

Leadership and Service. Many people have an entirely wrong conception of leadership. They have the idea that it means to be up in front and telling other folks what to do. Then when you have a group of such so-called leaders, each one wants his own way; a clash of opinions is inevitable, and no real work is done. To Jesus leadership means the privilege to follow and to serve, "Who-soever of you will be chiefest, shall be servant of all." "For whether is greater, he that sitteth at meat, or he that serveth? is not he that sitteth at meat? but I am among you as he that serveth." Jesus became the great leader of men because he was willing to serve in the most lowly places. The same is true of the apostle Paul. What made him a leader was the fact that "he thought not his life dear unto himself," but went everywhere, at whatever cost, to bring the good news of salvation. He had no thought of making a religious leader of himself, but longed only for the privilege of serving his Master. Such leadership is open to every believer.

Leadership and Conviction. The outstanding religious leaders of every age have been men and women of great convictions. They believed something without question and proclaimed it in no uncertain terms. The great apostle certifies that the gospel he preached was not after men, neither was it taught him by men, but he had received it by the revelation of Jesus Christ. He knows whom he has believed, and is persuaded that he is able to keep that which he has committed to him. He is sure that Jesus only is the hope of the world. Luther said: "Here I stand, God help me, I cannot do otherwise." Dr. E. Stanley Jones is willing to meet the

February 1, 1934

learned men of every race and creed, because he is sure that Christ is the living Savior of the world.

Leadership and Training. If anyone would do service for the Master he must get the very best training possible. Two-thirds of Moses's years were spent in training for his life's work. Forty years he spent at the court of Pharaoh and was trained in all the sciences of the Egyptians. Another forty years were spent in a quiet desert place as a shepherd with the priest of Midian. This made him the only man who could deliver his people from slavery. The apostle Paul had been trained in a Greek university and a Jewish seminary. Is it any wonder that he was a chosen vessel unto God to bear Christ's name to the Gentiles, and to make of Christianity a world religion? A well-trained mind, and a consecrated life can still do wonders for God.

March 4, 1934

Jesus In Poetry

Rev. 5:11-14

"Poetry is the blossom and the fragrance of all human knowledge, human thoughts, human passions, emotions, language." Here the heart is at its best, and has expressed some of the most beautiful and profound thoughts about our Lord.

Jesus In the Poetry of His Redeeming Love. Consider the place given Christ in Charles Wesley's great poem, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul."

"Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me!
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of thy wing."

In "The Hound of Heaven" the writer, Francis Thompson, who had been saved from the gutter, tells of the love that would not let him go. In all the years of his prodigal wanderings he had been pursued, hunted—hunted by Love.

"I fled Him, down the nights and down the days;
I fled Him, down the arches of the years."

At last he gives up, and he hears a Voice saying:

"Lo, all things fly thee, for thou fliest Me!
Alack, thou knowest not
How little worthy of any love thou art!
Whom wilt thou find to love ignoble thee,
Save Me, save only Me?"

Jesus In the Poetry of Worship. In the book of Revelation John sees the glorified Jesus as the supreme object of worship. He sees the thousands and

thousands of heavenly worshippers saying with loud voices, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing." Most of the great hymns of the Christian Church are poems of adoration of Christ. Think of such hymns as "All hail the power of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fall!" Or to mention another; "Crown him with many crowns, The Lamb upon his throne."

Jesus in the Poetry of Immortality. Jesus said: I am the resurrection and the life, and the Christian world has always looked to him as its hope of immortality. In that great poem of trust, "Crossing the Bar," Alfred Tennyson clearly shows that he had put his trust in Christ when it came his turn to cross to yonder shore.

"I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar."

Toplady expresses that same faith when he says:

"While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
See thee on the judgment throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee."

A Report From Veteran Missionaries in the Congo

Detroit, Mich.

My dear Bro. Mihm:

Am enclosing a Congo letter from my classmate (1890) English Department, Rochester, N. Y., which I believe the readers of the "Baptist Herald" will be glad to read. This may be the last report from him, since he is about to retire. Many will remember his deputation work and his "lightning" addresses, which stirred the Baptist meetings throughout the country greatly. He was a rapid speaker.

I have kept in touch with him for many years, have had him in my home and during his very last furlough, he and his wife were visitors at our home in Burling street, Chicago. He is one of our most successful and devoted missionaries in Africa.

After preparing this report in November, his dear wife died on November 17th and was laid to rest in the Congo land among the people she loved and who loved her.
C. A. DANIEL.

Congo Letter

Sona Bata, November, 1933.

Dear friends and fellow-workers in the Gospel:

We have begun our 44th year of service for the people in Congo, and have passed the age of retirement. In these few words we will try and give some idea of the work in Sona Bata field.

At the station there is carried on a boarding school for 100 boys and 50 girls, a preparatory school for 30 teachers, and a day school for 100 boys and girls. The medical department, in addition to their regular hospital and dispensary work, have begun a school for nurses and medical assistants.

In our district of 10,000 square miles we have an estimated population of 100,000. We have 9,668 members gathered in 32 churches. We have 289 village schools and 32 church boarding schools where the children are fitted to come to the station boarding school. And from the station boarding school they are chosen to go to our training school at Kimpese for teachers and preachers. This school is conducted jointly by our society and the English Baptists.

The work is carried on with 32 assistant pastors and 10 pastors who act as superintendents. The pastors have the right to baptize and give communion. These churches are visited by the missionary once or twice a year.

It is wonderful how these people have developed in the past fifty years from semi-barbarous to semi-civilized, having received the Gospel, been taught to read and study, the principal text-book the New Testament. From among them God has raised up some reliant leaders in church and educational work.

The people are taught to give weekly, with special gifts at Christmas, Easter and at Thanksgiving time. In this way the work is taken care of with some help from the Mission which amounts to about one dollar a year per school for materials, and half of the salaries of the superintendents. In this way we are trying to develop a self-supporting, a self-propagating, and a self-sustaining indigenous church. The station school work is supported by the mission.

As we look back to the years that are past and the condition of the country and people at that time, and have seen the great changes that have taken place, we thank God and take courage. The old caravan road from Matadi to Leopoldville, a journey of two or three weeks and which generally ended in a fever, now is taken in comfort in one day with a special white train and dining-car.

This year wife and I have been out in the district 58 days, visiting the people in homes, villages, churches and Matondos. This work wife and I will soon be leaving. It will be left with our colleague Rev. Henry Erickson, and we trust that, as you have given to the work in the past, you will still pray and give in the days to come that the Church of God may be fully established in Congo Belge.

We can but rejoice and thank God for the privilege He has given us to live and work for Him in giving the people of Congo Belge the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

Your co-workers in Christ,

MR. AND MRS. THOMAS MOODY.

Right Toys

ELSIE F. KARTACK

National Kindergarten Association
 "Out of my way or I'll shoot you!"
 "Bang! you're dead."

"No, I'm not. Just wait until I load my gun again and I'll pop your head off."

I heard this conversation between two small boys as I was passing down a street. Their parents were evidently unaware of the danger of allowing them to play with toy guns in the manner their words suggested.

If children were taught never to point a gun—either make-believe or real—at anyone, we should not have so many accidental shootings with the age-old remark, "I didn't know it was loaded." When one talks over the situation with children who like to play with toy weapons the conversation generally runs something like this:

"I like guns."

"Why?"

"To shoot people."

"And why do you want to shoot people?"

"Oh, I don't know!"

The child really does not want to shoot anyone but the suggestion comes with the gun. He feels its purpose is to shoot something or someone.

"Then why do you like your gun?"

"Oh, to shoot rabbits."

"Is it because you don't like furry little bunnies that you want to shoot them?"

"I like them."

"Then why do you want to shoot them?"

"I don't believe I do."

Talks of this kind would soon show a child how unsatisfactory guns are. Far better would it be, however, to give the child the right idea of weapons at the very start rather than to have to correct wrong impressions afterward.

Then, too, in this age of "gunmen" should not parents be doubly cautious about placing toy weapons in their children's hands and allowing them to play shooting and killing? As we have said, the toy suggests shooting and killing, and of course it should be the aim of every parent to keep the child's thought free from all suggestions that may lead in the future to serious wrong-doing.

We read daily in the newspapers about someone who picked up a gun in a fit of temper and shot and killed. Would this have been possible if the weapon had not been handy? People with no idea of killing anything have no weapons around.

Fathers and mothers sometimes think that the practice of shooting birds and other animals is not harmful to their children, but this may lead to something worse. Children's interests should be aroused in all living creatures to the extent that they want to protect rather than to kill them. Worth-while animal books will help with this problem.

Parents should understand that the gun appeals usually because it gives its pos-

Make Sure That Your Baptist Herald

For 1934 is renewed
before the close of
This Month

Subscriptions holding over from last year that have not, until now, been renewed, nor even requested to be continued until arrangements for payment can be made, must be dropped from the list during the month of February.

This fair notice is given so that no disappointments ensue and because we are very anxious to retain every subscriber now receiving the "Herald."

The New Story

by that charming writer Grace Livingston Hill commences in this issue and is expected to run throughout the year. It has the fetching title of "The Patch of Blue."

You must not miss a single number therefore, be sure to get your renewal in to the publication office.

The Publishers.

3734 Payne Ave.,

Cleveland, O.

essor a feeling of power and it suggests activities that try the child's skill. Substitution is the most effective method of counteracting the desire to shoot. Patience is needed. A boy eager for a rifle should not be expected to show enthusiasm when told that our greatest hunters are those who hunt with a camera and not with a gun. But he may agree in time if his wish is denied sympathetically as well as firmly and if he is supplied with a good camera and taught how to use it and given opportunity for plenty of exercise in competitive games.

Good News From Canton

Folks, Canton, Ohio, is still on the map and our work here is progressing nicely.

At our watch-night service on New Year's Eve, our pastor, Rev. Hilko Swyter, had the privilege of baptizing three new converts, fruits of our recent revival. We had a blessed service consisting of prayer, testimonies, music by our choir and newly-organized young men's quartet. God certainly was in our midst.

On January 7, our pastor gave the hand of fellowship to two married couples and another young man who had reconsecrated his life to God.

On January 10, the church surprised the pastor with a special service in honor of his birthday. Music and words of congratulations made up the program. The pastor was presented with a gift by the church. After our short program, a lunch was served by the ladies in the church basement. All who were there had a good time and it was a day not soon to be forgotten.

We pray that throughout the year of 1934 we may do more for our Lord and Master.

MARGARET HASCH.

* * *

Like Lightning

Carpenter: "You hammer nails like lightning!"

Apprentice: "Thanks—you mean I'm fast?"

Carpenter: "I mean you seldom strike twice in the same place."

An Excuse

A woman's college is making much of the fact that recently compiled statistics show that men get mad an average of six times a week, and women only three. Yes, but who makes the men mad?—Onward.

* * *

Accept every disappointment as a signpost to show you to another path which is better, and you will always find the other path is there. Gradually this practicing the presence of God, or living in the Kingdom of Heaven, will become a habit. Then you will wonder why for so many years you had not been living there before....

* * *

Censoriousness and self-righteousness are sins which no Christian can afford to harbor.