

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 15, 1934

Number Four



Rev. Gottlob Fetzer, late Editor "Der Sendbote"

What's Happening

Rev. A. E. Jaster, formerly pastor of our work at Toronto, Can., has become the new pastor of the church at Arnprior, Ontario, succeeding the Rev. David Zimmerman.

Rev. F. W. Buening, who supplied the church at Corona, S. Dak., for a number of months, has accepted the call of the church at Gatesville, Texas, and is already on the field.

A World Wide Guild chapter was recently organized in the White Avenue Baptist Church, Cleveland, Ohio, with fourteen charter members. The officers are: Dorothy Brown, president; Evelyn Rubly, vice-president; Rose Ponce, secretary, and Hazel Rowley, treasurer.

Rev. Theo. W. Dons, pastor of the Oak Park German Baptist Church, had the privilege of baptizing two young people at the Sunday evening service, Jan. 21. Prof. J. Heinrichs lectured at the church on "Zionism" on the evening of Feb. 1. The Sunday school attendance is growing, especially that of the Men's Baraca Class.

Rev. G. Eichler has resigned as pastor of the church at Linton, N. Dak., and will terminate his work on this field with March first. Bro. Eichler's pastorate extended over a period of five years and seven months. He has no other church in prospect at present. During February he is conducting evangelistic meetings with the church at New Leipzig, N. Dak.

The Clinton Hill Baptist Church, Newark, N. J., Rev. Chas. W. Koller, D. D., pastor, closed the year with a total of 101 additions, of whom 72 came by baptism without any special campaign aside from the normal ministry of the church. With the beginning of the new year the baptismal services continue with a group who were called out through special evangelistic meetings shortly before the closing of the old year, in which Dr. John W. Bradbury of New York City and Dr. Geo. McNeely of Newark and Rev. C. Gordon Brownville of Asbury Park, N. J., ministered.

A Faithful Teacher Honored

The teachers of our St. Louis Park Sunday school, St. Louis, Mo., were recently called together for what appeared on the surface to be the regular monthly meeting but which turned out to be an occasion of great gladness and unexpected honor particularly to one of our beloved teachers, Miss Anna Giedinghagen, or as she is affectionately known to us, "Miss Annie." The celebration was observed to commemorate the completion of her fiftieth year as a teacher in our Sunday school.

The heads of the departments of the Sunday school, together with friends, members of her family and former pupils joined together in giving to Miss Annie the honor and praise so justly hers and in affectionate terms voiced the depth of their love and loyalty to one who has so faithfully and unselfishly served her Master during so long a period.

More remarkable still is the versatility of her services, for Miss Annie not only teaches her class regularly each Sunday morning but is known to spend most of her Sundays in visiting the homes of her scholars, nor are her visits limited to them. In fact, it has been pointed out that in many homes where there are sick ones, or poverty or need of any sort, it is there that Miss Annie is most frequently found.

Another trait of hers for which we deeply respect and honor her is the way she has of making up parties to go and visit the hospitals and institutions for incurable folk where her presence alone goes a long way toward cheering up the sick ones. Many of our young Sunday school scholars can also testify to her skill with the needle, for many are the times that Miss Annie has sacrificed in order to provide a child with clothing that was much needed, even as Dorcas of old.

All in all, her example as a teacher and as a loving Christian has influenced us deeply; for as long as we can remember, Miss Annie has continually shown to those around her that patience, love and kindness which have endeared her to us. We hope we may keep her with us for many years, for her presence in our midst is likened to a beam of light that sheds its radiance far and wide. She is indeed an inspiration to all. We thank God for our "Miss Annie."

AN ADMIRER.

Portland First Appreciates the Old Hymns

Broadcasting from the First German Baptist Church in Portland, Oreg.

We want to tell our fellow readers of the "Baptist Herald" of an interesting evening service sponsored by the B. Y. P. U. Sunday evening, Jan. 7.

A service of appreciation for the old hymns, we all love so well, was opened by a rousing song service led by Ed. Neubauer.

A reading, a story of "Rock of Ages," was given by Ruth Zink. Henry Schroeder, president of the B. Y. P. U., had charge of the service and spoke about appreciating old hymns. Viola Kimmel read Psalm 90, one of Moses' songs of praise.

A German song, "Blest Be the Tie That Binds," was given by Melvin Becker, after which the audience sang

one verse. Then followed "The Lord is My Light," a special number by the choir.

The song in the night—"Abide With Me," a talk by Elsie Weisser. Offertory was played by Wesley Alpenalp—a trumpet solo.

Harry Johnson told about "The Glory Song." The congregation sang a verse and the chorus and then enjoyed a short testimonial meeting.

The service ended with a chalk talk by Henry Schroeder. His talk was centered around the topic, Where do you live? In the camp of the wicked or the congregation of the righteous? It ended with "Say a Good Word for Jesus."

A story of appreciation was given for the hymn, "Stand Up for Jesus." The benediction by Rev. J. Kratt closed the service.

We thank our Lord for these old hymns and for the privilege of being able to sing them.

GLADYS G. TESCHNER, Reporter.

Waiters' Code

First Customer: "Waiter, bring me a plate of hash."

Waiter (calling back to the kitchen): "Gentleman wants to take a chance!"

Second Customer: "Waiter, I'll take the same."

Waiter (calling back to the same kitchen): "Another sport!"—Mentor.

* * *

A church school teacher asked a small girl why Ananias was so severely punished.

The little one thought a minute, then answered, "Please, teacher, they weren't so used to lying in those days."—Border Cities Star.

The Baptist Herald

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Rev. A. P. Mihm, Editor

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The Baptist Herald

The Greatest Law

R. H. MULDER

(Extract from an address before the Iowa Association of German Baptist churches)

I HAVE, in the beginning, informed you of the thousands of laws on our Statute Books, of the many more laws made by the Supreme Courts, and obviously a person would propound the question, How is it possible to extract one law out of so many thousands and consider it supreme, paramount, or in other words, the "Greatest Law"?

It is my intention to single out one of the foregoing laws, which were enacted by political organized society, yet the law that I have in mind is the nucleus of all laws. It is paramount to any and all laws ever made and enacted. It was spoken by the mouth of one who spoke not as a legislator, not as a Scribe or Pharisee, but one who spake with authority, namely, Jesus. He was the greatest teacher that ever taught,

The Supreme Advocate of All Times,

indeed, the Royal Highpriest. He did not expound his teachings from the Halls of Learning, nor from the Royal Courts, but spake to whomsoever he came in contact, in such simple and humble language that all could comprehend its meaning. I have in my library ten volumes containing the world's greatest and most famous orations, and even though they have been considered great, none of them have ever been on a parity with the humble and just philosophy of our Lord and Master. Now, then,

What Is This Great Law

to which I have reference? Let me refer you to Matthew 22:34-40 and we read, "And when the Pharisees had heard that he had put the Sadducees to silence, they were gathered together. Then one of them, which was a lawyer, asked him a question, tempting him and saying, Master, which is the great commandment in the law? Jesus said unto them, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first commandment, and the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the laws and prophets." If the latter mentioned law is like unto the first, then we could merge the two and say the greatest law is, "Love the Lord with all you have and your neighbor as yourself." Or in other words, we could say that the definition to law is Love.

I fully realize that perhaps some one would say, "Of course, you lawyers can give any kind of definition to any word, you can make black look

white and white black, change the phraseology so as to suit yourself, and finally get us all so confused that we believe what you say." However, let me prove by Scripture, "Love is the fulfilling of the law" (Rom. 13:10). Did you ever stop to think what Paul means by that?

In those days men were working their passage to heaven by keeping the Ten Commandments, and the hundred and ten other commandments which they had manufactured out of them. Christ said, "I will show you a more simple way. If you do one thing, namely, Love, you will do these hundred and ten things without ever thinking about them. If you love, you will unconsciously fulfill the whole law."

And you can readily see for yourselves how that must be so. Take any of the commandments. "Thou shalt have no other God before me." If a man loves God, you will not be required to tell him that. Love is the fulfilling of the law. "Take not his name in vain." Would he ever dream of taking his name in vain if he loved God? "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." Would he not be glad to have one day in seven to dedicate more exclusively to the object of his affection? Love would fulfill all these laws regarding God. And so, if he loved man, you would never think of telling him to honor his father and mother. He could not do anything else. It would be preposterous to tell him not to kill. You could only insult him if you suggest that he should not steal. How could he steel from those he loved? It would be superfluous to beg him not to bear false witness against his neighbor. If he loved him, it would be the last thing he would do. And you would never dream of urging him not to covet what his neighbors had. He would rather they possessed it than himself. In this way, "Love is the fulfilling of the law." It is the rule for fulfilling all rules, the new commandment for keeping all the old commandments.

Christ's One Secret of the Christian Life

Love is the greatest thing known. Paul says, "If I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not love, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal." And we all know why. We have all felt the brazenness of words without emotion, the hollowness, the unaccountable, unpersuasiveness of eloquence behind which lies no love. Again, "and though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not love, it profiteth me nothing." And finally after reciting the elements or ingredients (if so I may term them) as follows: "Love suffereth long; it is kind; it envieth not; vaunteth not itself; is

not puffed up; doth not behave itself unseemly; seeketh not her own; is not provoked; thinketh no evil, rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in truth," he informs us that the greatest of faith, hope and love is love.

Now then, we find that the greatest law is divided into two parts. First, Love the Lord thy God, etc., and second, Love thy neighbor. It is interesting to note that that is all the Ten Commandments imputed, the first four—"Our duty toward God," and the other six—"Our duty toward men." How then, can we love the Lord our God, and to what extent?

If we love God and his Son, we must naturally love his work, and if we love his work, we must help to maintain it. Let me assure you that if we loved God as we should, the work of the church would not suffer. There would be no deficit in the church treasury and the work in foreign fields would prosper.

It is very apparent that in this day of depression when financial difficulties overtake us in either a large or small way, our first curtailment of expense is to decrease our contributions toward God's work.

We Like to Use the Depression as an Alibi

and thereby seek a vindication and forget that we have a challenge when we read, "Prove me." We still have money to operate our automobiles, we do not look shabbily dressed, we continue with the operation of radios, but we neglect our financial responsibility toward God's work.

If we love God, if we love his Word, we would spend more time in reading and studying the Bible. We would be anxious to spend our spare time in acquainting ourselves with God's way through his Word, instead of reading novels, etc. If we love God, we love his place of worship. We would seek the place where God is worshiped, church-going would not be a drudgery, church pews would not be empty, but, instead, church buildings would have to be built larger and all Christians would flock to be with God's people, to glorify his name, and bring good tidings to all mankind.

The Second Part of the Greatest Law Is

"Love thy neighbor as thyself." It is not so difficult, perhaps, to love God, because all who believe in him recognize that he is the Supreme Being. But to love our neighbor, yea, not only love him, but love him as much as we love ourselves, that is a different proposition. That is easier said than done. Why should we, or, rather I not come first? Is not the first law of nature "self-preservation"?

The last six of the Ten Commandments impose a duty toward men, and has it ever occurred to you that they are two more than our duty toward God? Perhaps God, in his infinite wisdom, realized that one would perform his duty toward God before he would toward men, and, therefore, the additional. But be that as it may, both duties are imposed, and

we cannot disregard either. In John 13:34, 35 we read, "A new commandment give I unto you: that ye love one another. By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if you have love one to another."

Again, Romans 13:9, 10, "And if there be any commandment, it is briefly comprehended in this saying, namely, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. Love worketh no ill toward his neighbor. Therefore, love is the fulfilling of the law." What then does love of this nature bring about? Read the 13th Chapter of 1st Corinthians and you will know.

In conclusion, permit me to reiterate the greatest law is to love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy soul and with all thy mind, and thy neighbor as thyself. If said law were obeyed by all mankind, what a wonderful world this would be. No more trouble among God's children, no more envy between his people, crime would be completely abolished, the moral code would be elevated to a higher plane, the penitentiaries and reformatories would release their inmates; jails would be empty; the doors of our homes would not need be locked and all valuables would not need be put in steel boxes; the locksmith would have to seek a different occupation and instead of crime and lawlessness, love would be exercised. Wars would be no more, the swords would be beat into plowshares and spears into pruning hooks, no more the thundering of the cannon, nor the flashing of the bayonets, but, instead, the peace that passeth all understanding would enter into the hearts of all mankind.

"The Baptist Herald"

"And Whatsoever He Doeth Shall Prosper"

A. D. SCHANTZ

I LOVE to think of the Baptist Herald as a forerunner of the Kingdom's cause and as a messenger of good news, an establisher of peace, a sender of light and a bearer of love to the world.

As preparing the way and making smooth the path for Christ to take possession of our lives, and as bringing the good news of hope and comfort to the soul.

As being a love bearer to those who feel forsaken and a comforter to them that are bereaved.

As having the Word for its authority and the Spirit of God for its Author.

As placing the soul on a higher plain of living and pointing the lost to the Lamb of God.

As having the wisdom of the Word about it and the power of God in it.

Of its messages to be inspirations out of heaven and its teaching to be out of the mind of God.

We should read it to inform us and support it to promote the kingdom's cause.

If we fail to subscribe for it we cannot prosper

spiritually, and if we fail to support it we miss a great blessing.

We should read it to make us wise and support it to lift us up.

The Baptist Herald points to the fountain of wealth and beauty, "and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper."

Who Is to Drink It?

A DIALOG took place between two American citizens not long ago, one of them a business man and the other a clergyman, to whom the business man spoke frankly, as one does to a friend.

"Well," said the layman, with an air of finality, "Prohibition is a failure, and we must get used to the idea of making America wet once again."

"But who is to drink the liquor?" queried his friend. "Will you?"

"Why, no," replied the layman. "You know that I am a teetotaler."

"Will your son drink it?"

"No; God forbid!"

"Would you want liquor back, for the sake of your clerks?"

"No, it is my practice to discharge any clerks who drink liquor."

"Do you want your customers to drink it?"

"No, I would much rather not; I am sure that those who use strong drink will not buy so much from me or pay their bills so promptly."

"Should you want the engineer on your train to use it?"

"No, I admit I don't want to ride on a drunkard's train."

"Ah, then you want the liquor for the men whom you meet driving cars on the public highway?"

"No, of course not; that is a danger to every body."

"Well, then, who is to drink this liquor in America?"

"I am not so sure that anybody should drink it. I guess we'd be much better off without it."—Reformed Church Messenger.

A Prayer for Children

WALTER RAUSCHENBUSCH

THOU, great Father of the weak, lay thy hand on all the little children on earth and bless them. Bless our own children, who are life of our life, and who have become the heart of our heart. Bless every little child-friend that has leaned against our knee and refreshed our soul by its smiling trustfulness. Be good to all children who long in vain for human love, or for flowers and water, and the sweet breast of Nature. But bless with a sevenfold blessing the young lives whose slender shoulders are already bowed beneath the yoke of toil, and whose glad growth is being stunted for-

ever. Suffer not their little bodies to be utterly sapped, and their minds to be given over to stupidity and the vices of an empty soul. We have all jointly deserved the millstone of thy wrath for making these little ones to stumble and fall. Grant all employers of labor stout hearts to refuse enrichment at such a price. Grant to all the citizens and officers of states which now permit this wrong the grace of holy anger. Help us to realize that every child of our nation is in very truth our child, a member of our great family. By the Holy Child that nestled in Mary's bosom; by the memories of our own childhood joys and sorrows; by the sacred possibilities that slumber in every child, we beseech thee to save us from killing the sweetness of young life by the greed of gain.

The Jew

Scattered by God's avenging hand,
Afflicted and forlorn,
Sad wanderers from their pleasant land,
Do Judah's children mourn;
And e'en in Christian countries, few
Breathe thoughts of pity for the Jew.

Yet listen, Gentile, do you love
The Bible's precious page?
Then let your hearts with kindness move
To Israel's heritage:
Who traced those lines of love for you?—
Each sacred writer was a Jew.

And then as years and ages passed,
And nations rose and fell,
Though clouds and darkness oft were cast
O'er captive Israel,
The oracles of God for you
Were kept in safety by the Jew.

And when the great Redeemer came
For guilty man to bleed,
He did not take an angel's name,
No—born of Abraham's seed,
Jesus, who gave his life for you,
The gentle Savior was a Jew.

And though his own received him not,
And turned in pride away,
Whence is the Gentile's happier lot?
Are they more just than they?
No; God in pity turned to you—
Have you no pity for the Jew?

Go, then, and bend your knee to pray
For Israel's ancient race;
Ask the dear Savior every day
To call them by his grace;
Go, for a debt of love is due
From Christian Gentiles to the Jew.

—Author Unknown.

The Sunday School

Some Dangers of Overcrowding a Class

Commotion is sometimes mistaken for enthusiasm. A crowd creates commotion; an orderly group generates enthusiasm; and there is a vast difference between the two!

Noise is produced by vibrations in the air: so is music. When the vibrations are irregular, noise is the result. Regular and orderly vibrations produce music. And there is a world of difference between noise and music!

The perils of overcrowding a class are real—too real—for any chance to be taken in this matter.

The Time Element

One may be thrilled because of the fact that it is necessary to designate one member of a class as "chair-man" whose duty it shall be to bring in extra chairs on Sunday morning when needed. The more often this member has to go out and drag in chairs, the greater the thrill; but what effect does this have on the time allotted for the teaching of God's Word? Even in a well-ordered group, there is too much time wasted by late-comers. A certain percentage of every class seems determined to waste none of their precious time by arriving on time. Even though "On Time" means the beginning of the department program, there are still some who arrive after the class has assembled. The larger the class, the more interruptions by late-comers. Every class, large or small, has the same number of seconds. Every teacher, whether he lectures to a crowd or teaches a class, is allotted the same number of minutes and can ill afford to lose even one single one.

The Consideration for the Individual

The individual is easily lost sight of in an overcrowded class. Jesus saw the one absent with ninety-nine present, but can you? If we have a class of 115 and have 62 present, we almost without exception say, "We are happy to see such a large number present today." Whereas, if our class had 30 enrolled, based on the same percentage, we would have 16 present; then we would say, "Where are all our members today?" What is the difference? If we have a class instead of a crowd, every one is an individual; every one knows every other one; the teacher knows every one, and when John is missing, everybody misses him and not just the group captain (John is an individual in a class; he is just one more nose in a crowd).

The Matter of Teaching

A class equipped with a teacher presupposes teaching. Teaching implies learning; learning necessitates response.

Is this possible in a crowd? Why cannot a high school be an accredited A-1 school with more than a certain limited number assigned to each teacher? I recently attended a Sunday school class where there was a "crowd." A question asked by a member completely frustrated the teacher, who answered, "Well, I don't know"—and continued: "As I was saying," and so forth. (I believe the member to herself added the hackneyed expression: "When I was so rudely interrupted," and determined never to be guilty of interrupting again.) Whenever any group that is supposed to be a teaching and learning group gets so large that a remark, question, or suggestion becomes an interruption, that group is overcrowded. One of the most hazardous dangers of overcrowding is that no teaching will be done.

Social Life of the Class

The church is the logical place for a department social, but a class social should be held in a home. Especially in city churches, there are many members who live exclusively in boarding houses; how much does a touch of home life mean to them! A class is overcrowded when at least some of the homes represented in it are not large enough to entertain the class. The usual result in an overcrowded class is that there is no social life.

The Teacher Visiting

In a recent study of the life of Miss Lottie Moon, I read: "With my heavy duties of teaching and my work at the mission added to that, I find it impossible to give more than three afternoons each week to visiting."

Should a Sunday school teacher be expected to visit every absentee during the week? It matters not what man expects of a teacher, wouldn't it be fine if each of us could say to the Father, what Jesus said, "Those that thou gavest me I have kept"? There is no better way to keep them than to make them know that when they are absent, the class is so incomplete that the teacher (who is, by the way, the leader of the class) cannot let a week pass without a sight of them!

Oh, yes, we are all busy, yet we all have the same number of hours each week. Some use it; some waste it; some abuse it. There are 168 hours in each week. If we sleep 56 (somebody has said that six hours per night are sufficient for a wise man; seven enough for the ordinary man, and eight plenty for the foolish), we still have 112 hours left. Suppose we work eight hours each day, there still remain 56. If we spend an hour each day going to and from work, 49 remain. Count out two hours each day for dressing, still there are 35 (can we ever dispose of so much time?);

take two hours each day for eating, and still 21 remain! And that is 3 hours each day. Unless a class is overcrowded, any teacher can find time to visit every absentee every week. The task in a large, large class looms so big that we are in danger of doing none of it!

A class is very much overcrowded when a girl who has lost her sight ninety days ago, has not been visited either by teacher or any class officer, and only two girls in the class, and those her personal friends!

The Main Object Overlooked

It was in a crowd that Mary lost Jesus, and what is more, she didn't even miss him for three days! Jesus comes to our class every Sunday; is he lost in the crowd? If one of his little ones is overlooked, he is overlooked. He identifies himself with every one of his children and would say, "Inasmuch as ye have overlooked this one of mine, ye have overlooked me." Dare we overlook a class!

The main purpose of a Sunday school class is to introduce its members to Jesus. How can we if he is "lost in the crowd"?—Sunday School Young People and Adults.

The Standard Groupings

The ordinary standard groupings are familiar: Nursery Class or Department, age 3 and under; Beginners or Kindergarten, ages 4 and 5; Primary, ages 6, 7, and 8, or public-school grades I, II, and III; Junior, ages 9, 10, and 11, or school grades IV, V, and VI; Intermediate or junior high, ages 12, 13, and 14, or school grades VII, VIII, and IX; Senior, ages 15, 16, and 17, or school grades X, XI, and XII; Young People's, ages 18 to 23; and Adult, age 24 and over. It is common to separate the boys and girls above the Beginners age, making at least six classes in each department from Primary to Senior.

Errors in the Apocrypha

To the Jewish Apocrypha, says Dr. W. W. Everts, are traceable four errors, viz: the worship of angels, the intercession of saints, prayers for the dead, and works of merit.

He also traces to the Gnostic Apocrypha seven errors, to wit: the doctrine of the descent into hell, the practice of extreme unctio, the movement toward celibacy and monasticism, the miracles that accounted for the canonization of saints, the mysteries that formed the disciplina arcana, the theory of the perpetual virginity of Mary which led to mariolatry, and the rise of the Roman Catholic hierarchy.



The Students and Faculty of the Bible School at Wetaskiwin, Alberta, Canada
January-March, 1934

News from White Avenue Church, Cleveland, O.

In spite of the hard depression year just past, the members of the White Avenue Church, Cleveland, O., Rev. Wm. L. Schoeffel, pastor, have great reason to be encouraged. They have responded sacrificially, so that the year closed not only without a deficit (as in many former years) but with a few hundred dollars in the treasury.

The work in the church is progressing splendidly. There were 135 present at the Watch Night service, held from 9 P. M. till midnight.

The attendance at the Sunday school varies from between 200 to 225. The goal is 300, but it has only been reached once so far, at the Home Coming Sunday last October. Yet the school is pressing on to attain to it regularly.

Mr. Fred Linsz, who served as Sunday school superintendent for 14 years, recently surrendered his leadership. Mr. Valentine Saurwein was elected to be his successor. The school conveyed its gratitude and good wishes to Bro. Linsz through Bro. H. P. Donner as spokesman and presented him with an envelope containing a good sized check.

A Young People's Class has been organized in the Sunday school with a membership of about forty. Bro. H. P. Donner was selected by the class as teacher. To serve them, he relinquished his leadership in the Young Men's Class, which he taught for 20 years.

The new teacher of the Young Men's Class is Mr. Elmore Berneike, a nephew of Rev. G. Fetzner.

The Young Men's Class surprised their former teacher on Jan. 15 and presented Mr. Donner with a gold watch chain.

The church is planning to celebrate its fiftieth anniversary this year. Pastor and people are pressing forward with courage and hope.

The Young People's Society, Station Newberry, Sask., Hilda Church, Alta.

This is our first appearance in the "Baptist Herald," and I hope there is still some room for us. Our Y. P. S. was organized with only 16 members to begin with on Feb. 2, 1932. It is always said the beginning of anything is difficult, but when we are all willing to work for Jesus, our Lord, then everything will turn out to be successful. This has been true so far.

Our membership has grown to 32 members since 1932-1933, but during this time 9 members moved away, and 3 were canceled, so the total for the beginning of this year went down to 23 members, but with God's help we will try our best to win more. On Nov. 12 the Y. P. S. sold a quilt, and two more prizes, and for this money we bought an organ for our church.

The Sunday school and Y. P. S. combined had their Christmas program on Dec. 26, which we hope cheered all the

sad ones. In our Music Club there are only five players, but their efforts are enjoyed by all. A program is rendered the second week of each month. We had our business meeting on Dec. 28. The officers for this year are as follows: President, Otto Semrau; vice-president, Adolph F. Frank; secretary, Frieda Frank; treasurer, Lenhardt Hager; organist, Frieda Frank. May God guide and help us in all our endeavors to up-build his kingdom!

FRIEDA FRANK, Sec.

Christ commands us not to judge others. He only is the loving judge of all souls.

Every Christian has a deep responsibility to witness for Christ by being loving and helpful.

The young person who talks continually of the faults of others usually neglects to correct his own.

The Minimum Christian

The minimum Christian has been described as the Christian who is going to be saved at the cheapest rate possible; the Christian who intends to get all the world he can and not to meet the world's doom; the Christian who aims to have as little religion as he may without lacking it altogether.

Are you a minimum Christian?



THE PATCH OF BLUE

By Grace Livingston Hill
Copyright, 1932
By J. B. Lippincott Co.

(Continuation)

There was Natalie Halsey. He would pick her up and take her for a spin. She had her arms full of bundles and would perhaps be glad of the lift. He had never had much to do with Natalie although they had been in the same class in High School. She was a quiet shy girl, always hurrying off home right after school, and never going to any of the parties or High School affairs, a bit shabby too, and with very few friends among the High School clique. Had he heard that her father died this summer? He wasn't quite sure. It would be better not to mention it. He hadn't seen Natalie for a year or two. He couldn't just remember when it was.

He drew up along side of the girl and called out pleasantly:

"Hello, Natalie, want to ride? I'm going your way."

Natalie turned with a delighted smile and surrendered her heavy bundles as he sprang out and took them from her.

"That will be wonderful!" she said, turning a tired smile upon him, and he wondered that he had never noticed before what blue eyes she had. "I was just wondering whether I could get these things home. I twisted my arm yesterday and it aches so I could hardly hold on to everything."

"You oughtn't to try to carry such loads," reproved Chris in a grown-up tone, "why didn't you have them sent?"

"Well, you see the chain stores don't deliver," said Natalie frankly, "and we can't afford to go to any other." She laughed gayly as if it were a joke and

he looked at her with a wondering pity. He had never realized before that people who were decent at all had to consider such trivial matters. It embarrassed him. He hastened to change the subject and took naturally the one uppermost in his mind which was college.

"You're going back to college this fall I suppose? I forget where you went."

Natalie laughed again, this time wistfully.

"No such luck for me," she said, "I went for two years to the University, but last year Mother was too sick to leave, and this year—well—I oughtn't to complain," she added brightly, "I've just got a job and I'm very fortunate in these hard times."

"A job!" said Chris in dismay, and looked at her wonderingly, why, she seemed just a kid out of High School! So slender and frail looking!

"You know my father died last spring," added Natalie sadly, "I needed a job badly."

"Oh, I'm sorry!" said Chris. He felt he was making a bungle of things. He recalled suddenly that Natalie had not been at the High School commencement exercises three years ago. Some one had been sick. Her essay which had received honorable mention had been read by some one else. Poor kid! She must have been having a rotten time.

"I just got the job," confided Natalie almost eagerly. "I'm to be cashier at the chain store on the corner of Park Avenue. I'm so pleased."

There was a ring to her voice that told of anxiety and need and Chris looked at her wonderingly, pityingly.

"Oh, I say," said Chris as they neared her home, "wouldn't you like to take a little spin? You don't have to go in yet, do you? I've just got this new car and I'm trying her out. Want to go?"

"Oh, I'd love to," said Natalie breathlessly, "but I've got to get right home. You see my mother's been very sick again and I've left her all alone this morning. It was only a bad case of flu but she's very weak and I don't like to leave her very long. My sister had to go on an errand. But the car is wonderful and I thank you for this much of a ride. I shall remember it a long time."

He helped her out and carried her bundles to the door of the plain little house for her, and suddenly thought of the contrast between this home and his own. There was something touching and lovely in the way Natalie thanked him. Her voice was sweet and womanly. He felt a deep discomfort at the thought that this pretty frail girl had to work in a grocery store and make change for all kinds of people.

The discomfort lasted as he spun away from the door into the bright September day again. He half wished he had not picked Natalie up and got to know the unhappiness in her life. He couldn't do anything about it of course.

He whirled into another street and there was Betty Zane coming around the corner.

"Hello, Betts!" called Chris. "Wantta ride in my new buggy?"

"O boy! Do I?" replied Betty eagerly climbing in without waiting for him to get out and help her, and they whirled away into the sunshine.

Betty was pretty and stylish and a great chatterbox. Betty admired the car and in the same breath told of one as wonderful that Bruce Carson had just bought. Betty had much gossip to tell of the different members of the old High School class, and threw out many hints as to parties to which she might be induced to go with the boy that got in the earliest request. Betty talked of college and what she expected to do there, decried the fact that Chris was not attending a co-educational college where they might continue their acquaintance, openly said she would like more rides in his wonderful new roadster, and left him reluctantly when it was time for him to go for his father.

Chris had not forgotten Natalie and her difficulties when he rode down town toward his father's bank. His mind was full of the things that Betty Zane had told him. When he closed his eyes he could see the bright red speck that had been Betty's little sharp painted lips, and the dancing sarcastic eyes. He still heard ringing in his ears some of the flattery she had handed him. He knew that some of the things Betty had said had been bold, things that his mother would not have liked. But of course Betty was a modern girl. Mother would have to learn that girls were not as when she was young. Then why should he suddenly think of Natalie? She was a girl more like the girls of his mother's day. But then that was probably because she had had no chance in life, no good times. She was old-fashioned, poor thing! But she was nice. Too bad she couldn't have a better chance!

Then he turned down town and made his way through increasing traffic toward his father's bank.

Within a half a block of the bank he came to a traffic light. As he waited for it to change he noticed an unusual jam in traffic and stretched his neck to discover the cause.

Then he saw that a long double line of people were blocking the sidewalk in front of the bank and surging out into the street, right in the way of traffic. What could it mean?

The light flashed green and Chris moved on a few paces nearer to the scene of confusion. There must have been an accident. There were so many people and cars and he could not see what was the matter. Then as he drew nearer he saw ugly menacing faces in the crowd, and he heard a rough voice call out:

"There he is, the son of the president, ridin' round in a five thousand dollar ridin' round in a five thousand dollar car, while we have to sweat fer our money!" Then a kind of growl passed over the crowd like a roll of muffled thunder, and suddenly a little thick-set man in the crowd picked up a brick from a



A kind of growl, like a roll of muffled thunder, passed over the crowd

pile along the curb where the road was being mended and hurled it straight at Chris. It crashed through the beautiful glass of the wind shield, barely escaped hitting him in the temple and glanced off through the open window at his left. Chris was too much astonished to even be frightened at first.

But the shattering glass had fallen among the crowd and cut hands and faces here and there, a bit got into some one's eye, and all was confusion. Fists were shaken in his face, angry threats were hurled at him, and Chris was put to it to know what to do, for the car was tight in traffic and he could not move it.

Then suddenly he heard the voice of his friend the policeman at his left.

"Better get out of here quick, Chris," he said in a guarded voice, "start your engine. I'll make a way fer ya," and the mounted officer of the law rode fearlessly into the crowd, hitting this way and that with his club, till the mob separated enough for Chris to go through, escorted by two or three burly policemen who appeared out the throng. They battled an opening through to the side street that led to the alley back of the bank, but as they turned the corner Chris heard the report of a shot and a bullet whistled by his ear straight through what was left of the wind-

shield. Then Chris knew that he had had a close call.

As he reached the alley back of the bank where he had meant to turn in, the mob surged from the other end of the block coming toward him.

"Get into that back doorway there quick and lock it after ya," said the friendly policeman, riding close, "I'll look after yer car. Be sly there."

Chris slid from the car and another officer slipped in behind him. Chris sprang to the doorway, but the door was locked. He began to beat upon the door, and the mob with yells of delight surged toward him. He put his shoulder to the heavy door, but he could not even shake it. The crowd were all but upon him, when suddenly without warning the door gave way and he fell across the threshold!

Chapter 2

Chris never knew exactly what happened for the next minute or two. Some one had kicked him as he lay there across the threshold, and a cruel blow from a heavy club hit his arm. Some one shouted "Kill him!" and then he heard a policeman's whistle and wild confusion. Some one had caught him from within the door and was pulling him inside the building. Some one else



"I thank you for this much of a ride. I shall remember it a long time"

caught his feet from without and pulled. His shoe came off in the struggle. Something hit him on the head with a dull thud. There were wild yells and a sudden blank.

The door was shut when he came to, and he was inside. Anxious faces were about him. He couldn't quite distinguish them but he tried to straighten up from the hard couch where he was lying, and he recognized that he was in the back of the bank building, a store room for old records and files.

"I'm all right," he said unsteadily as he tried to stand up, thinking of his father somewhere in the building. Then a memory of his mother came and quite brought him back to his senses. His mother must not hear about this. All her worst fears would be justified. She would never feel safe about him again.

Then came with a pang the thought of his beautiful car. Where was it? Was it ruined? Oh, what had happened anyway? Why was all that mob out there, and what was going on? Had there been an accident? And had they mistaken him for some one else? He was still dazed from the blow on his head.

Some one brought him a glass of water and he drank it slowly, trying to remember just what had happened. His blood was beginning to boil with indignation over the indignity done to himself and his car. He was beginning to be furious with himself for not having jumped into that crowd and seized the fellow who had thrown that brick. What was the matter with him anyway that he had weakly submitted to being led away by the police? He should have done some heavy tackling to show that crowd where to get off. What was the use of being a star football player if one couldn't act in a time of emergency? Of course it had taken him by surprise, but he should have done something even so. He turned toward the door with a thought of going out yet and getting somebody, but even as he turned things went black before his eyes, and he caught himself from falling by the hardest.

"Better lie down again," advised an anxious voice that he vaguely identified as one of the cashiers in the bank. Then another put out a kindly hand and tried to lead him to the couch, but the motion brought him back from the confusion of his mind again.

"No, I'm quite all right now, thank you," he said, blinking at them. "Where's Dad? I'd like to see Dad."

They looked at one another, whispered, and one of them stepped to the door and tapped. Another whispered conversation and he came back.

"Your father's in consultation but he'll see you in about ten minutes," he said gravely.

Chris sank down on the hard couch again and began to take account of stock. It was then he missed his shoe.

"Say, did that hyena get my shoe?" he asked with a shade of his old grin coming back to his face.

"He sure did!" responded one of the

cashiers gravely looking out of the grading above the door. "What's left of it is out there in the alley I guess, but you wouldn't want to wear it. I have an extra pair in the closet. I'll get them. Maybe they will serve you for the time till you can do better."

He brought the shoes and Chris had recovered sufficiently to laugh at the fit of them. He arose trying to get back some of his old assurance and poise. Then some one opened the door to his father's office and beckoned him and he had to throw his whole energy into the effort to walk steadily through that door. He must not frighten his father. He felt a good deal shaken up, but he was all right.

"You're lucky you came off as well as you did," murmured the cashier as he closed the door behind him.

Then Chris walked into his father's presence and stood in dismay. For the bank president was sitting at his beautiful mahogany desk with his head down upon his arms on the desk top and a look of utter despair about his whole drooping figure.

"Dad! What's the matter?" Chris cried in alarm, quickened out of his daze by the sight of the stricken look of his beloved father.

Slowly the father lifted his head, struggled upright in his chair and looked at him with such a ghastly haggard face his son was more alarmed than ever. Why, his hair seemed to have silvered more in the few hours since breakfast, and those deep lines in his face were terrible to see.

"What's the meaning of all this, Dad? Are you sick? Oh, Dad!"

His father passed a trembling hand over his forehead and eyes and struggled to make his voice steady.

"No, son, I'm not sick. I'll be all right. It's—just—been a shock of course."

"But—what is it, Dad?" And then with dawning comprehension, "What's the meaning of all that crowd outside in the street? Has something happened? There hasn't been a run on the bank? Dad—has there?"

He saw by the look in his father's face that it was true, and sought to find the right word of encouragement.

"But it can't be anything serious, can it, Dad? Our bank? Your bank?"

"It's serious, son," answered his father huskily. "It couldn't be more so. There's been a traitor at work inside our ranks."

"Oh, Dad! But don't look that way. It'll be righted some how."

"Yes, it'll be righted," agreed the utterly sad voice humiliated to the depths, "It'll be righted for the depositors I trust. At least they won't lose much, we hope, perhaps nothing in the end. But it means utter ruin for us! For your mother and you and me! For your uncle Ben, and Mr. Chalmers, and the Tryons."

Chris looked perplexed.

"But," he said, looking at his father

bewildered, "I don't understand why you—"

"No, you don't understand, son. It is too astounding. You couldn't understand. But son, it means that we as officers and directors will have to give up everything in order to satisfy our depositors. It means that even our house and furniture must go, everything that will bring in anything. It means that your mother and I will have no home and no income, and I will be too old to begin again, Chris. It couldn't be done!" He ended with a groan, and Chris staggered across the room and laid his hand upon his father's silvered head that was down upon his arms again.

"Never mind, Dad," he found himself saying bravely, over the terrible lump that had come in his throat, "You've got me. I can carry on."

The father's answer was another groan, and then he lifted his head and the boy saw that there were tears in his father's eyes.

"You don't understand yet, Chris. It means that I can't send you, my only son, back to college! It means that I can't buy you the car I promised, nor do any of the other things for you and your sister that I've meant to do. And how are you going to carry on without a college diploma in these days? I can't do a thing for you. I! To have failed!"

"There, Dad! Don't feel that way!" said the boy, patting his father's arm awkwardly, "what's the difference? I don't mind. I oughtn't to have had a car yet anyway. I—It—" and then suddenly he knew that he must not tell his father what had happened to him and the car as he was coming in. If he was going to be a man and help his father now, that was one thing he would have to take care of himself without his father's help. Whatever he was liable for that had been damaged he would pay himself. Perhaps it would be covered by insurance, he didn't know. But he closed his lips tight and resolved that he would tell nothing about it. His father had enough to bear.

(To be continued)

More Obituaries

Gone, oh, quite
Is X. L. Scott;
He was tight,
His brakes were not.
—New York Sun.

Weep a bit
For Z. B. Lott;
He was lit—
His lights were not.
—Macon Telegraph.

Shed some tears
For Y. K. Mott;
He had air—
His tires had not.
—Greensboro Herald-Journal.

Left on the road
Was Major Bott;
He was full—
His tank was not.
—Dalton Citizen.

Wait, My Soul, With Patience

Translation from the German of "Harre, meine Seele"

MRS. H. A. LANGER

Wait, my soul, with patience,
Wait on the Lord;
Leave all to his guidance,
Promised in his Word.
O, do not fear,
God is very near,
And a joyful Spring soon
Follows Winter's gloom.
In every sorrow,
In every storm
Will your heavenly Father
Keep you from harm.

Wait, my soul, with patience,
Wait on the Lord;
Leave all to his guidance,
Promised in his Word.
Should your strength fail,
God's pow'r will prevail,
And—since he's your Helper—
Let the foe assail.
O, heavenly Father,
Eternal Love,
Save my soul, I pray thee,
For Heaven above.
New Haven, Conn.

The Visionary Society

HILDA RICHMOND

Maybelle Anderson, young, and enthusiastic in church work, particularly with missions, was disappointed soon after her marriage to find that her husband had no sympathy with missions. He did not object to his wife's belonging to her missionary society, entertaining it as often as she wished, and giving to the cause, because he was a gentleman with well-defined ideas as to a wife's rights; but for himself he made fun of the whole enterprise.

"Visionary Society, my dear," he would say with a laugh when she spoke of her missionary society. "They have the most rose-hued dreams, but the trouble is they never realize their splendid visions. I know what you say, that they have made good beginnings in pagan lands; but really after years of effort comparatively nothing has been done. I believe in helping other phases of church work, but when it comes to missions count me out."

Poor little Mrs. Anderson did not know any better than to argue with him. She cut items from papers and placed them where he could see them, to convince him where he could see them, to convince him of the good work being done on mission fields. She tried to get him to attend meetings where returned missionaries were to tell of their experiences; but he good-naturedly sidestepped her every effort.

Then quite suddenly the young man's health demanded outdoor exercise and cessation from regular work.

"Come and go with me to Montana, Anderson," said a neighbor. "Your wife can stay at our house while we are away."

Ten Marks of An Educated Man

ALBERT E. WIGGAM

1. He keeps his mind on every question until all the evidence is in.
2. He always listens to the man who knows.
3. He never laughs at new ideas.
4. He cross-examines his day-dreams.
5. He knows his strong point, and plays it.
6. He knows the value of good habits and how to form them.
7. He knows when not to think and when to call in an expert to think for him.
8. You can't sell him magic.
9. He lives the forward-looking, outward-looking life.
10. He cultivates a love for the beautiful.

I am going to take out a carload of registered sheep, and while it doesn't sound very attractive to ride that distance in a sheep-car, I assure you it will be comfortable and pleasant. We'll come back on the regular Pullman, and take a vacation while there. I don't like to go alone."

Of course that sounded attractive to a young man who had been so occupied with getting up the ladder of success that he had had little time for travel and recreation. Accordingly, the two men set out with the animals for the western state, making the trip comfortably and quickly.

"Well! well! This is certainly a revelation to me," said Anderson, viewing with surprise the beautiful ranch-house and up-to-date farm-buildings. "Why, this looks like the East."

The host laughed. "Most of our guests expect to see us with pistols in our belts and in Indian garb, but really I should be ashamed to laugh at you, for the transition has been so speedy that we can hardly believe it ourselves."

"How is that?" asked Mr. Anderson.

"Well, it has been only a short while since some missionaries brought the gospel out here. They helped our folks, also, discover the possibilities of irrigating this land and turning it from a semi-desert into a garden-spot—the garden-spot that you see before you. Now we not only support our own church, but have a well-organized, well-financed missionary society, and are sending on the help to others who need it."

"You don't mean to tell me that the

missionaries concern themselves with anything outside preaching the Bible!" exclaimed Mr. Anderson.

"Why, to be sure they do! They concern themselves with everything that makes for the uplift of mankind. You, from the civilized East, and not knowing that! We'll have to send a missionary to your community," he said jokingly.

Before Mr. Anderson went home he found out that his businesslike young host, who was making money in the sheep business, and working with might and main in the flourishing church, had once been a neglected, forlorn boy, the son of a worthless ranger. A home missionary had persuaded the father to become a Christian, to educate his children, to give up drinking and gambling, and devote himself to progressive sheep-ranching. In token of his gratitude the son was giving his best efforts to the church and to all good works.

Some weeks later Mr. Anderson reached home with his farmer friend and was besieged with questions as to whether or not it had been a pleasant trip. "Pleasant, of course," was his instant reply, "but more than that, it was a profitable trip. I've always called the missionary society a 'visionary society,' and without meaning it I hit the truth. I saw out in Montana the vision that had come true, and from this very day I am going to do my bit toward helping send the gospel to those who need it. Why, in a few short years, largely through the efforts of one man, that region where I was not only was saved for righteousness, but was redeemed in an agricultural and business sense. Then that missionary moved on to another community and started in again. Nothing but a vision could induce a man in his senses to do it, and at such a salary. I've boasted a little about my success in business, but I've never had dividends like that man is still gathering in. I used to think seeing visions was the mark of a weak mind, but that trip out there turned all my ideas around and gave me a little vision myself."

"But you've heard these things all your life, John," said Mrs. Anderson with a bewildered look. "I don't know why just seeing the results in one place could so change your view-point."

"Heard, but did not hear, May," was his reply. "When that intelligent, successful, earnest, God-fearing young fellow out West told me about the transformation he had witnessed with his own eyes, and I saw the living, working vision, I could not disbelieve any longer. They say the clear air of the West enables one to see farther and more than anywhere else in our country; so it may be that along with physical long-sight there has come to me spiritual vision also. Hereafter I'm a booster for my wife's and all other 'visionary societies'."—Adult Class.

* * *

Religion opens to us the higher possibilities in our own natures.

Life Stories of Great Baptists

Life Stories of Great Baptists
Baptist World Alliance Series

Vasili Pavlov

J. H. RUSHBROOKE, M. A., D. D.
Chronicle:

Born in Vorontsofka, Transcaucasia	1854
Converted and baptized	1871
With Oncken at Hamburg	1875-6
Conference at St. Petersburg	1884
First banishment	1887
Second banishment	1891
Takes refuge abroad	1896
Returns to Russia	1901
At First Baptist World Congress	1905
At Second Baptist World Congress	1911
Settles at Moscow in Revolution year	1917
Ministrial Jubilee, April	1921
Death at Baku	1924

The first Russian Baptist to achieve fame outside his own country was Vasili Pavlov. He was baptized in 1871, and from that time onwards his influence was felt through the expanding Baptist community. For more than half a century he labored, and his activity ceased only with his death.

Baptized at Sixteen by Voronin, the Baptist Pioneer

No man sums up in his personal service and suffering the story of the Russian Baptist movement so adequately as Pavlov. He came into it almost at the beginning. The date accepted as the birthday of the denomination in Russia is September 1 (August 20), 1867, when Nikita Voronin was baptized. Voronin had belonged to the Molokans—a sect having some resemblance to the Quakers—but the study of the New Testament led him to adopt a point of view which he afterwards learned from a German settler in his district, Martin Kalweit, was identical with that of the Baptists. Kalweit baptized Voronin, and this earliest Russian convert at once displayed the evangelistic fervor that marks the great host of his successors. He gathered a small group of believers around him. In 1870 the sixteen-year-old, Vasili Pavlov came under Voronin's influence and early in the following year was won for the young church, which before he joined it numbered about ten members. Another notable convert was secured at the same time—V. V. Ivanov-Klishnikov, whose after-career is in many respects parallel to that of Pavlov, and whose son (now an exile for conscience' sake) is honored far beyond the limits of his own country.

A Natural Linguist

Pavlov's intense zeal led him at once to set about preaching in Tiflis and the neighboring villages. It is worth while to notice that his enthusiasm made full use of all cultural opportunities open to him. He shirked no rough work. In his youth we find him acting as shop assistant, coachman, ploughman, baker, or commercial agent; but his earnings are

devoted to the purchase of books, and his free hours to study. As a boy he had been happily encouraged. His father was a farmer; his mother belonged to a Russian officer-family. These pious and industrial people had been banished from Central Russia as Molokan dissenters from the Orthodox Church. To them Vasili came as a Samuel. They had long been childless; his birth was in answer to prayer, and before his birth they had dedicated him to their Lord. It is therefore not surprising that he was able to read the Slavonic New Testament when only five years old. He early displayed unusual aptitude for languages, acquiring German by self-study and Hebrew at a Jewish school in Tiflis. Greek, Latin, Arabic, Turkish, several languages and dialects used in the Russian Empire, especially in Transcaucasia, and even Chinese, attracted him. Some he mastered; and eventually he secured more or less knowledge of about twenty-five languages. Nothing can be further from the truth than the idea that the Russian pioneers were ignorant fanatics; a few among them were men of remarkable scholarship, and the average Baptist preacher stood in Biblical and religious knowledge far above the general level of the priests of the State Church. No Baptist group in the world cherishes a simpler faith than the Russian, but none has set a higher value upon the training of the mind as an instrument in the service of God.

Spends a Year With Oncken

As members of the small Baptist church which had gathered in Tiflis about the merchant Voronin, Pavlov and his friend Ivanov-Klishnikov evangelized among the Molokans of Transcaucasia, and soon gave evidence of their power as preachers and winners of souls. A few country churches came into existence. In 1875 the Tiflis church resolved to send Pavlov to Hamburg to receive definite instruction from Oncken. He stayed only a year, but he won the confidence of the German pioneer, by whom he was ordained to the ministry. In the course of his return journey he was able to render a very great service to the cause. There had begun in Southern Russia shortly after the time of Voronin's baptism the Baptist-Stundist awakening, and by his direct contact with such leaders as Rutshny and Riaboshapka, Pavlov secured the understanding and fraternal co-operation which prepared the way for the founding in due time of a Russian Baptist Union.

In Touch With the "Stundists"

A period of comparative quiet followed. It lasted in his case ten years, during which Pavlov was able to undertake preaching journeys of ever increasing range, founding churches even in the interior of Russia. Before the end of this period, however, the steady growth

of the Baptist and Stundist movements throughout the southern half of Russia had awakened the suspicion and hostility of the authorities. (It may here be remarked that the term "Stundist" covered a religious awakening of somewhat chaotic character. The Russian Baptists, owing in part to German influence, had come to cherish clear-cut ideas of doctrine and church organization, and were gradually giving form and clarity to the "Stundist" groups. They meanwhile repudiated the label "Stundist" when applied to themselves, on the ground that it covered not only healthy but also religious anarchic elements to which they could give no countenance.) While the leadership and organization of the evangelical movement throughout Southern Russia were gradually passing into the hands of the Baptists, they and the Stundists became known to an evangelical group of more recent origin having its center in St. Petersburg and including influential adherents belonging to the aristocracy. This group owed its existence largely to the English Lord Radstock; among its leaders were Colonel Pashkov and Count Korff, and it was popularly described by such names as "Radstockite" or "Pashkovite." Its general positions were at that time those of the Plymouth Brethren of the "open" section.* A conference of about a hundred representatives from south and north met in April 1884 at St. Petersburg in the house of Princess Lieven, and entered into brotherly fellowship, though they found that differences on the subject of baptism prevented complete co-operation. This conference provoked the authorities to action: several delegates were arrested and compelled to return home, and Pavlov's notes were seized. Pashkov and Korff were soon afterwards banished from Russia. It may be observed that although formal union with the "Pashkovites" was not attained, this same year (1884) witnessed the founding of the All-Russian Baptist Union to complete the unifying work initiated by Pavlov in 1876.

Banished Eight Years for the Gospel's Sake

The accession of Czar Alexander III had given the signal for the opening of a persecution which was gradually increasing in severity. On the ground of a personal report to the Czar by the Procurator of the Holy Synod, the notorious Pobiedonosteff, Pavlov with Voronin and others was sentenced in 1887 to four years' banishment in Orenburg. When

* In later years the name "Evangelical Christian" it became definitely Baptist, so that after the Revolution its leaders and the Baptist leaders signed a common declaration of faith and order, as a basis for an organic union which unhappily has not yet been achieved.

the four years had expired, he returned to Tiflis, but his liberty was brief. The Government demanded that he should sign an undertaking to abstain from preaching, and, like his English forerunner John Bunyan, he refused. Thereupon he was sentenced to a further four years' banishment; and on this occasion, in contrast to the first, he was transported as a dangerous criminal, under strong escort and in chains, from prison to prison, until after much suffering, he at last reached Orenburg.

In the Valley of the Shadow of Death

During the first year of this second banishment the devoted preacher was exposed to most severe trials. In a single week his wife and three children died of cholera; a fortnight earlier a daughter had been drowned in the river Ural, and only one boy survived. "I found myself in the valley of the shadow of death," wrote Pavlov, "but the Lord was with me. I asked myself, 'Why live, when thou hast lost almost all thy dear ones?' But an inner voice answered, 'Life has still purpose: thou must live for Jesus who has redeemed thee.' I recalled the words, 'Whether we live, we live unto the Lord: whether we die we die unto the Lord!'" During his banishment he carried on a small retail shop and bakery in Orenburg; and, strangely enough, he was permitted within a limited district to do the work forbidden at home. He preached and labored with zeal, and churches arose among the Russian and Ukrainian colonists of the region. The clergy strove to check the movement by challenging him to public debate; but the only result was to extend interest and multiply the number of Baptist adherents, so that the discussions were speedily broken off by those who sought them. Then offers of lucrative employment were next made to Pavlov if he would abandon his ministry—but they were made in vain.

The baffled clergy raged furiously against the unconquerable Baptist preacher; and as the close of his second banishment drew near, they threatened to secure for him a third, this time to the uttermost parts of Siberia. Pavlov saw that in the interest of his work he must for a while withdraw from Russia; and immediately after his release, before hostile plans could take shape, he left the country.

Withdraws to Rumania

He betook himself to Tulcea in Rumania, about 18 miles from the Russian border, and this place became a center for refugees from the savage persecution then reaching its height. Pavlov was tireless in evangelizing his fellow-Russians dwelling in the district, and in organizing help for the needy refugees. He remained in Tulcea until, in 1901, the flood of violence having somewhat abated, he was able to return to his own land.

Evangelistic Tours in Caucasus and Siberia

During the remaining years of the Czarism he labored chiefly in the Caucasus and in Odessa, the blessing was richly manifest throughout. He under-

took an evangelistic tour that extended through the whole length of Siberia as far as Vladivostok and occupied six months. Difficulties were many: Russia was no "land of liberty," and the hopes aroused by the Czar's edict of religious freedom (1905) were speedily dissipated. On several occasions Pavlov's work was interrupted by imprisonment for from one to four months. The charges against him were "propaganda" (i. e. preaching) and the translation and publication of a booklet by Spurgeon. The last sentence passed upon him—eight months' imprisonment for translating the Spurgeon booklet—was never put into effect, since he succeeded in evading the Odessa police until the outbreak of the Revolution in 1917.

A Prison Episode

One episode in connection with an imprisonment may here be described. Shortly after the issue of the Czar's edict of 1905, the Russian Baptist Union was holding a conference in Odessa, to the bitter chagrin of the Orthodox priests, who were supported by the Governor, Tolmatshev. The Governor arrested about two hundred members of the conference. Most of them were liberated after a brief detention, but he sentenced the leaders to periods of imprisonment varying from two weeks to four months. Pavlov naturally received the longest sentence. In prison he was treated as a dangerous criminal and allowed no visitors. Representations were made by his fellow-Baptists to the Czar, who sent a high official to Odessa. This man—whose name also chanced to be Pavlov—saw the prisoner and had a long talk with him. He reproached the Baptists with influencing their sons and daughters against the State, whereas the Government expected children to be educated in a spirit of loyalty. The Baptist preacher very frankly replied that if children of Baptists should be ill-disposed to the Government, the responsibility lay with the Government itself. "Do you realize," he asked, "what must happen when I come home after four months in prison? My son will want to know where I have been for so long. There is only one answer: I have been in prison. The child will ask why; and again there is only one answer: I must tell him that I have done nothing wrong, but have been locked up for preaching the gospel. The child will be astonished and want to know how the police can so treat his father for doing what God commands." He boldly pressed the question: "Are the Baptists to blame if their children grow up without sympathy for a Government that persecutes their fathers?" The Czarist official became very serious, and promised his influence for Pavlov's release; but nothing came of this. The prisoner had to serve the full term.

Visits to Baptist World Congress

Three dramatic appearances abroad during the early years of the present century made him known to fellow-Baptists from all parts of the world. He was at the First World Congress in Lon-

don in 1905, at the European Congress in Berlin in 1908, and at the Second World Congress in Philadelphia (1911). His address at Berlin, where his mastery of German brought him into closer touch with the assembly than the English-speaking conditions of London and Philadelphia permitted, was crowded with information regarding the history of the Russian evangelicals, and has been freely used in this biographical sketch.

Pastor in Moscow

The story of his experiences after the Revolution may be briefly told. When it broke out he was in the neighborhood of Moscow. For months he had avoided the neighborhood of Odessa, where the police were seeking him, and undertaken secret journeys in other parts of Russia—in the Volga region, Orenburg, Turkestan, and Transcaucasia. In 1916 the church at Moscow called him to its pastorate and he accepted the invitation, but under the condition that he should take up the work only when the danger of arrest and imprisonment had passed. The Revolution freed him from this particular menace. For four years, under new and most difficult conditions, including peril, poverty and hunger, he served the Moscow church and the All-Russian Baptist Union by voice and pen, displaying deep interest in Bible courses and the gathering of historic data concerning the Baptist movement in his country. On the occasion of his Jubilee in 1921 the Russian Baptists undertook to support him for the rest of his life. We find him soon afterward preaching for a time in Leningrad, and in August 1923 he moved to Transcaucasia with the intention of devoting his special knowledge to work among the Mohammedans. The plan was not fulfilled. His heart had been overstrained by exhausting labors, and an attack by bandits on a railway train in which he was traveling aggravated his condition. After acute suffering he died in Baku on April 15, 1924. At the earnest request of the church which he had joined as a youth of seventeen, his mortal remains were conveyed to Tiflis for burial.

Pavlov's Outstanding Characteristics

are zeal, thoroughness, courage, and all are rooted in an intense personal experience of salvation in Christ. His enthusiastic and far-reaching labors appear in the story was told. As to his courage, there is no sign in his life of any yielding to fear. His withdrawal to Rumania for a few years was not a shrinking from persecution; he withdrew because he was threatened with banishment under conditions that would have denied him all opportunity of actively preaching the Gospel. As a pioneer, preacher, theologian, writer and editor, as a consistent Christian man, and as one who in a truly martyr spirit endured suffering for Christ, Pavlov is worthy of high honor. He himself would have given the whole glory to the Lord who used him to influence more powerfully than any other Russian Baptist evangelist the men and women of his vast country.

All Power

PAUL GEBAUER

The Bekom people have a real chief. He is the last of his class as far as the Cameroons are concerned. With him will pass the mountain stronghold he occupies and the glories of his court, for a new time has come to stay.

In the sweat of our brows we toiled uphill to visit the old fox in his capital. From the crest of a steep cliff he watched our approach. A hearty welcome was ours, for he favors the Baptist mission. We saw his houses, his possessions, part of his wealth, many of his wives. We conversed and exchanged wishes and gifts. We spoke about here and hereafter.



The Watercarriers of the Bekom King

Around the big fire in the reception hall we gathered in the afternoon. Opposite the chief stood his servants. On his right sat his favorite lady. The entrance room was filled with the chief's maidens. Facing these representatives of a passing glory and facing the audience wrapped in smoke and gloom we witnessed for the King of Kings. Samuel, the interpreter, sang. He sang about the man who hears and rejects the Word of God: "he shall pass into judgment." And when Sam came to the chorus the maidens in the entrance joined in the singing. Again and again their voices floated back into the hall: "That man shall pass into judgment."

Leaving at sunset we met a line of eight girls in the yard. Tinkling bells attached to the skirts' seams announced

their approach. All people fled, even Sam. No one is allowed to see the water-carriers of the king. But one looked, for he was white, and took a picture of the procession.—

Can such a man be saved? Tied to earth and past, to traditions and ancient duties, burdened with about 200 wives, tormented by a body shot through with diseases,—so saw I the old man. Can he be saved? "All power has been given unto me" I heard him say who sent me.

Tubalcain & Co.

PAUL GEBAUER

Out of a distant past Genesis 4:22 saved the name of Tubalcain, "the forger of every cutting instrument of brass and iron." Out of that same dim history Africa preserved for us of today the primitive methods of this first blacksmith on record. Quite often I sat next to the man you see in the picture. I followed his movements and admired his skill. A stone served as anvil and another one as hammer for the heavy work. A bar of iron helped him to beat out the fine blades. How primitive his ways, from the smelting of the ore down to the polishing of the finished dagger. Time means little to him. For the joy of it he beats the crude brass into thin knives, sharp spears, sounding bells, beautiful ornaments. And whenever I saw his eyes resting with pride upon the children of his patient labor I thought of his fellow-craftsman before the flood.

Down on the coast our natives have forgotten how to turn a lump of clay into a pot, how to weave durable cloth, how to make tools. Fifty years of contact with western trade robbed them of it. But among the tribes of the grass-country ancient crafts still flourish. There exist communities of blacksmiths and of carvers in wood. Some are potters; others work in brass. Some weave wonderful patterns into grassmats; others manufacture colorful garments and leather products. I admire these primitive craftsmen. They know more than eating and sleeping. They appreciate symmetry and beauty. Freely do they express it in their works, their architecture and on the skins of their wives in lovely patterns. The porcupine quills stuck through their noses, the colorful waist-belts of their maidens and the various styles of plated head hair express sheer beauty.

Queer, indeed, that these very same people have also carried into this century crafts which dare not face the light. Yet I believe that even these corrupted fashions had a better background in the past. With the flow of the centuries powers from below led these seekers after God into that spiritual darkness they grope in today. It is ours to show them the way home. For this we proclaim Jesus, "the way, the truth, the life." And in his name I beg you to help us out here to continue.

Revival Meetings at North Freedom, Wis.

On November 22, we began a series of revival meetings at North Freedom. The Irish Evangelist, Dan Shannon, a former Roman Catholic, conducted these meetings. He is a striking personality, one who can make the Gospel of Christ interesting, attractive and clear to others.

During the four weeks in which these meetings were conducted many came to a saving knowledge of Christ as their personal Savior. The church building was usually filled and on many evenings it was crowded. Three of his most important sermons were delivered on consecutive Friday evenings. He spoke on the following topics: "The Second Coming of Christ,"—"The Coming of the



The African Blacksmith

Great Dictator,"—and "Will Red Russia Win?"

We had the privilege of having four baptismal services. Some of those who were baptized, united with the church at Ableman. On Sunday morning, January 7, we had a beautiful and touching celebration of the Lord's Supper. The hand of fellowship was given to 13 at this service. One brother was unable to be present but we know his thoughts were with us.

Our Christmas season was also enriched by the evangelistic meetings. We have come to a deeper understanding of its real meaning. On Christmas Eve an interesting program was given by the Sunday school, followed by a short cantata, "Noel," by our choir.

The beauty of our Watchnight service,

I am sure, left a deep impression on the minds and hearts of all who attended. At 9 o'clock the young people gave a program of songs, musical numbers and readings, also a short sermon on baptism was given by our pastor, Rev. H. Palfenier. After this we had a baptismal service. A light lunch was served in our dining room just before our devotional meeting, which began at 11 o'clock. Our pastor gave a very fitting sermon for the New Year. After the sermon he asked if there were others who had a testimony to give or a word to say. The response was wonderful. Many of the new converts expressed their new found joy. Others who had accepted their Lord years ago expressed an even greater joy.

Our meeting closed at 12:20 o'clock, January 1, 1934, with every one wishing every one else a Happy New Year. In this spirit we have entered another year of service for our Master.

E. JAHNKE, Reporter.

Senior B. Y. P. U. of Okeene

Dear Readers of the "Baptist Herald":

Perhaps some of you have forgotten that there is such a place as Okeene, Okla. This report is to remind you that the Senior B. Y. P. U. of the Zion Baptist Church is still active and doing some good work.

Besides our weekly meetings which are from 7 to 8 on Sunday evening, we try to have one social each quarter. The outstanding social during the past year was our Christmas Party, given by our sponsor, Mrs. Will Federman, who lives in the country. Although we had a heavy downpour of rain, the Union was well represented, and we all felt that we were well paid for our efforts.

We also try to raise money in order to help finance our church budget, as well as outside missions. Our pastor, Rev. Chas. Wagner, is always willing to co-operate with us in every way.

Our Union has a good representation of musicians as well as literary talent, which was displayed in the play, "Sallie's Adventures." All members of our society took active part in the play, and after weeks of hard labor, presented the play in our "Home Church." Receiving favorable comments and constructive criticism from the "home folks," we were inspired to give the playlet at Ingersoll with the intention of creating enthusiasm in their Young People's Society. Therefore, on Nov. 13, a beautiful sunshiny day, such as only Oklahoma can boast of, we boarded our cars and wended our way to Ingersoll.

Our program was well received by a large, appreciative audience. And the people at Ingersoll proved their hospitality by the bountiful plate lunch served to us after the program. This was the highlight of our 1933 literary activities.

Wishing you God's richest blessings throughout 1934.

Your Co-Workers,
LORENA WEBER, Sec.

Grand Forks B. Y. P. U.

It gives me great pleasure to send another report of the work of our young people and Sunday school. We had the pleasure to spend some very joyful evenings with Rev. H. C. Baum while he was here with us. It was very interesting to listen to the talks he gave to the young people every night and the peppy songs he taught us. May God's blessing rest on the work that Bro. Baum has done here!

We had a very good Christmas program, given by our Sunday school to a full church of listeners. We also had a short program on Watchnight by a group of young people. "The Ten Virgins" was the name of the play.

Our society is going ahead with new strength in the new year. On Jan. 7 we had our first meeting in the new year and election of officers. The newly elected officers are: Mary Kranzler, president; Ernest Klein, vice-president; John Stroh, secretary; Joe Werrie, treasurer; Group leaders, John Stroh, Group one; Mrs. Joe Werrie, Group two; Mrs. John Kranzler, Group three. On Jan. 14 the newly elected officers gave short talks of encouragement.

Our aim for 1934 is to work harder and serve the Lord better than before. May God bless the work of the young people everywhere and revive his children everywhere!

We had our last year's president, Geo. Balogh, with us over the holidays. It was good to see his face again. May God bless us all in 1934!

JOHN STROH, Sec.

Young People's Society of Pleasant Ridge

The Baptist Young People's Society of Pleasant Ridge, S. Dak., feel as though they closed a rather successful year. Throughout the year seven new members were added. Our total enrollment is now 35 members. Seven of these are active church members.

For the last six months we worked on a competition basis. The group was divided into two parts. Each group tried to maintain the highest attendance, best program and with a greater number taking part in the program. In addition to that the individual was given an opportunity to win a Bible. In order to receive this gift the individual was required to memorize certain scriptures, read and report on three Books of the Bible and also learn the names of all the Books of the Bible. Nine contestants were presented with a handy Bible.

The officers for the ensuing year are: Martha Beck, president; Ella Sittner, vice-president; Elsie Zimmerman, secretary; Emma Mattis, treasurer.

We pray that God may use us in his service and will appreciate the prayers of our various B. Y. P. S. Some of our people are as far as 40 miles from the meeting place.

A WORKER IN HIS KINGDOM.

News Flashes from Immanuel Church, Milwaukee

The Immanuel Baptist Church, Milwaukee, has had another joyous holiday season.

On December 17 the Primary and Intermediate departments of the Sunday school gave a program. On December 19 the Girls' Gym Class gave a Christmas entertainment. A Candle Light Service was presented by the members of the English choir on December 24, for which the church had been appropriately and beautifully decorated. The German choir presented a play on December 27.

The Watch Night services were well attended. A baptismal service was held at which nine candidates were baptized. Most of these accepted Christ as their personal Savior during the revival meetings conducted in October, at which time Rev. J. Wobig of Wausau brought new inspiration to the church through his evangelistic messages. May God help the church to fulfill the Master's words: "Teach them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you," so that these souls may grow and develop in their Christian life and find it a joy to follow the Master! H. W. WEDEL.

Attractive Goodness

The beauty of a good life is the highest kind of beauty. The Greeks joined two words meaning "beautiful" and "good" to form a third meaning "righteousness." But, as Ernest Dimmet says, Satan has worked to separate beauty from goodness; so that many today are shy of goodness that is attractive.

The urge that has brought into being beautiful churches is sound. Organs and choirs come into their own in the sanctuary and help to create the "beauty of holiness." Do not find fault with goodness that is attractive, for it is this very quality which gives people the desire to make more of themselves.

Big Jewish Cities in United States

As listed by the World Almanac for 1933, the following are the eleven cities having the largest Jewish population in the United States:

New York City	1,765,000
Chicago	325,000
Philadelphia	270,000
Boston	90,000
Cleveland	85,000
Detroit	75,000
Baltimore	68,000
Los Angeles	65,000
Newark	65,000
Pittsburg	53,000
St. Louis	50,000

Incidentally, it may be noted that there are more Jews in New York City than there are Roman Catholics—1,765,000 Jews as compared to 1,733,954 Roman Catholics.

The Prodigal Church—A Parable

And it came to pass in our day that there was a youth who had a vision, a vision of college with many happy days to follow, a vision of gaining much knowledge and some day becoming a great man, a great preacher. And so he went to his father and said, "Father, I have decided to go off to college, and I want you to help me." And the father did help him in those days of preparation by dividing with him his substance.

And not many months thereafter the youth gathered all together and took his journey into a distant city. How thrilled he was when he reached his destination and fell in with other students with similar dreams of hope and aspiration! Weeks passed by, weeks of comradeship and interesting classes, but, as weeks passed into months, something began to happen in the mind of this youth. What was it? Trust and confidence began to give way to doubt and fear, "Why," he said to himself, "the teachings I have had at home, in my church school, do not fit in with the teachings I find here at college. God is not the kind of God I thought he was!"

And so this youth began to lose himself in a maze of doubts and questionings. "And philosophy, what was it all about? So many conflicting ideas and theories: Where was he? Where would he come out in the end? Why did not the home folk realize some of these problems a youth must face in a college career? Had not some of them been away to college and met with these same problems? Why had they not told him what to expect?"

And then the youth began to reflect on the teacher in his home church, the teachers he had had throughout his church-school career, who had instilled into him ideas he was now having to unlearn. Why had they not helped him more? Then it dawned upon him that these teachers were not trained; that some of them were simply high-school pupils, and what did they know about the problems he was facing? "But why could not a special class have been functioning preparing teachers, or why could not more people trained in religion have taught in the church school? Must all young people face these problems when they go away to college?" And thus this youth began to take counsel with other students, and he found that many of them were having the same doubts and fears, that they, too, had been brought up in the church school but were now having to unlearn much of that which they had learned and had taken for granted.

Slaves of the Practical

ROY L. SMITH

No Martha has ever been able to understand a Mary.

Both were excellent women, but whereas Mary had the gift of imagination and an inquiring mind, Martha was enslaved to the practical. She had few interests outside her kitchen.

Bible Day

March 11, 1934

Our Sunday schools are urged to observe this annually recurring day, for which purpose complete programs have been mailed to them.

These programs include song pamphlets with a fine selection of singable songs and an ample selection of recitations inclusive of short and snappy dialogs or plays.

This material is furnished free by the Publication Society, German supplies going to those who requested such, English to others using that language only, and to those desiring bi-lingual literature we have sent the needed quantities of both.

By all means do not overlook the offering for the Bible Fund required to carry on our Bible distribution and colportage service.

May the forthcoming Bible Day bring to our schools much joy and a renewed spirit for service!

Martha could serve a marvelous meal to her guests, but she so exhausted herself in the kitchen that she had little companionship to give to her friends about the dining table. In fact, she rather resented the fact that Mary, with her brilliant and fascinating conversation, became the center of interest.

Martha fed her guests well, but she starved her own mind. While Mary spent time at the woman's club or with the reading circle, Martha was "cleaning up the house." Her library consisted of cook books. Her entire interest was centered in the home. She had a great reputation as a housekeeper, but if it had depended upon her there would have been no woman's missionary society or ladies' aid. She was too busy with her home work to spend time joining organizations. She kept the house in immaculate order, wasted no time on the daily papers, and asked Lazarus whom to vote for on election day.

Jesus, the brother of Mary, was probably a good carpenter who could not understand why Jesus wanted to go roaming over the country preaching when he

could have made a good living in the Nazareth carpenter shop. Martha was an excellent housekeeper who could not understand why anyone would sit and visit when there was cooking and baking to be done.

Martha did not lack in goodness, but in perspective. She had a bad case of spiritual myopia which prevented her from seeing very far ahead. Her calendar ended with the next meal.

The Swede Sandwich Man

Some years ago Dr. Nathan, a missionary in Morocco, was in this country on a brief furlough. In one of his addresses he told of a young Swede converted in one of D. L. Moody's meetings in Chicago. After his conversion the Swede came to Mr. Moody to know what he could do for Jesus. Mr. Moody looked over this awkward and illiterate young man, and said:

"How would you like to be a sandwich man?"

"Anything for Jesus," he replied, not knowing what it meant.

It was arranged that he should report the next day for duty. He came at the appointed hour, and they placed two boards strapped together across his shoulders. On one board was printed John 3:16 in full, and on the other a notice of the meetings then being held.

"Now," said Mr. Moody, "walk up and down the streets for Jesus, and advertise the meetings."

The Swede went off smiling, happy that he could do something for the One who had saved him.

As he walked down the street, the boys throwing stones and mud at the board, a traveling man stopped to read the sign and watch the man. The result was the traveling man attended the meeting that night, and was converted.

This traveling man had a splendid voice, and after his conversion he made it a rule to sing in the missions of the cities he visited. One night he was in the Bowery Mission in New York, when a young Jew came in and took a seat in the audience. When the Jew heard them singing about Jesus he started for the door, but the traveling man was there to meet him. He took him into an adjoining room, and spoke to him about his Messiah and Savior. The result was that the Jew accepted Christ and found salvation.

In closing his address, Dr. Nathan said:

"The young Swede lies in an unknown grave in Chicago; the traveling man too has gone to his reward; but I am that Jew, and am now a missionary in Africa, winning souls for Jesus. When we all stand before the Lord to receive our rewards according to our service, shall I receive all the reward for the souls won in Africa? How about the Swede who did what he could for Christ? Verily he shall receive a large share of the reward because of the apparently insignificant but blessed fruitful service which he rendered!"—Dr. O. L. Markman.