

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., JANUARY 15, 1934

Number Two

Speak That They Go Forward

The gospel is the only remedy for sin. Men are working overtime to deify man, humanize God, and minimize sin. The gospel is the only power that can keep hope alive. If religion were wiped out the world would become a raving mad house. Christ's gospel substitutes the Golden Rule for the Rule of Gold. Let there be a new birth of enthusiasm for service. The Church does not need to "fire out" members. It needs to "fire up" members. Youth must "train for the religious life." (Mof-fat.) Christ's cause has not collapsed. No one can believe in the Lordship of Christ and the over-ruling sovereignty of God and not believe in the ultimate and inevitable triumph of righteousness. The Church needs Dan Crawford's exhortation, "Hats off to the past; coats off for the future." Therefore, "Speak that they go forward."

Dr. Gordon Palmer.

What's Happening

The Anchor Class of the Fourth St. Church, Dayton, O., held a Father and Son Banquet and celebrated its 23rd anniversary as a class at the same time. Prof. H. von Berge and Rev. C. Carson were the speakers. Mr. H. J. Martin acted as toastmaster. Over 80 present. Mr. C. Hughes is president of the class.

Twenty-eight of our "Baptist Herald" Boosters won a prize, consisting of a fine box of Christmas greeting cards. They were much appreciated from reports that came to us. We regret that more did not take advantage of the offer. But prize or no, the work must and will go on. We are counting on our faithful helpers.

A new serial story, "THE PATCH OF BLUE," by Mrs. Grace Livingston Hill will soon begin in the "Baptist Herald." Mrs. Hill's stories, "The Enchanted Barn,"—"The Girl from Montana"—"The White Lady"—have been very popular. The new story will please our young people. It deals with present-day conditions and its principal characters are young people.

Rev. A. E. Priestly, who is associated with the Rev. Leopold Cohn of Brooklyn in Jewish mission work and is a field secretary of the American Board of Missions to the Jews, was a recent caller at our editorial office. Bro. Priestly is a member of our Oak Park German Baptist Church, where he was ordained. We have an article on Jewish mission work from him in this number.

The Bethany Baptist Church of Lincoln Co., Kans., has called Mr. John Herr, a recent graduate student of our seminary at Rochester, to the pastorate. Bro. Herr will begin his charge on Feb. 1. Bro. G. O. Heide, former pastor of Bethany Church, has purchased a home in Gaylord, Kans., and will move there in April. There are a number of German Baptist families of the old extinct Gaylord church in the vicinity to whom Bro. Heide hopes to be a blessing.

A drive of 42 miles from one of his church stations to his home with the thermometer at 23 below zero and then getting a flat tire and gas trouble, so that wife and children almost froze to death on the prairie,—that was an experience of one of our missionary pastors in Western South Dakota at Christmas time. But the Lord helped and in spite of hardships Bro. F. Trautner feels encouraged in his work. Over 40 young people were present at a B. Y. P. U. meeting at White Butte.

The Fourth St. Baptist Church, Dayton, O., Rev. E. J. Baumgartner, pastor, started a new experiment on Sunday, Jan. 7, in their morning services. They have introduced a Unified Service, dividing the morning program into two parts.

The first is the study period, beginning at 9.15, the second the worship period, beginning at 10.30. The entire program will close at 11.20 A. M. By this plan, thirty minutes will be given the teacher in the Sunday school for class instruction and there will be but one worship service during the Sunday morning program, thus bringing about more unity between the church school and church worship service.

The World Congress in Berlin: Full Speed Ahead!

DR. J. H. RUSHBROOKE

The Executive Committee meeting in New York on November 14 reached a unanimous decision that the Fifth World Congress shall be held in Berlin next August. The political changes in Germany are no obstacles. The German Baptists wish and urge us to come. Their new Government, after seeing our draft program, assures us of full freedom of discussion ("volle Verhandlungsfreiheit") on all subjects. For five years the plan of going to Berlin has been in the mind of Baptists, and since the plan can be carried through all will agree that it should be. The decision is now definitely taken, and it becomes the task of our people in every country to make the Fifth Congress a success. It will be a great occasion and a demonstration to the whole earth of the spiritual and fraternal fellowship which animates the members of our worldwide communion.

Information for Attending the Baptist World Congress in Berlin

The Executive Committee of the Baptist World Alliance voted to have the next Baptist Congress meet in Berlin, Germany, from August 4-10, 1934. Our own Transportation Committee has decided to use the North German Lloyd as our official Steamship Line. The service offered by the North German Lloyd is unexcelled. Through the amalgamation of the North German Lloyd with the Hamburg-America Line we have a choice of many steamers, among which are also the fast palatial steamers "Bremen," "Europa" and "Columbus." The American Express Company will act as our official tour company. In the very near future we will announce a number of special tours.

It would be most desirable if those who are planning to go to Europe immediately preceding the Congress would decide to go as one large party on the same ship. The Transportation Committee suggests using the Lloyd Steamer "Europa" which leaves New York Wednesday, July 25, arriving at Bremen on July 31. However, there are other steamers that can be used. The Lloyd Steamer

"Berlin" leaves New York Saturday, July 21, arriving in Bremen on July 31. The Hamburg-America Steamer "Albert Balin" leaves New York Thursday, July 26, arriving in Hamburg on August 3.

Very likely most of our people will travel either Tourist Class or Third Class. Going to Germany on the Steamer "Europa" and returning on the Steamer "Bremen," the round trip ticket in Tourist Class will cost \$205. Traveling Third Class on these same steamers the round trip will cost \$160.50. All steamship prices are absolutely fixed and no one can get a discount. Reservations can be made through any of our pastors or by writing to the Transportation Committee direct at Forst Park.

It is to be expected that many who attend the Baptist Congress at Berlin will also plan to attend our own General Conference at Milwaukee, beginning August 27. The Lloyd Steamer "Bremen" leaves Bremen on August 17, seven days after the closing of the Berlin Congress, arriving in New York on August 23. There will be ample time to get to Milwaukee in time for the opening of the General Conference even though one spend a day or two visiting "A Century of Progress" in Chicago. Those of us living west of Chicago can stop over at Milwaukee on their homeward trip without any extra expense.

THE TRANSPORTATION COMMITTEE,

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The Baptist Herald

The Present Hour

OTTO E. SCHULTZ

If ever there appeared an hour, sir,
Within the checkered history of the world,
We needed men and women of character,
That hour now on our nation's soul is hurled.

Our greeds and follies helped to undermine
The country's structure till it swoons and sways,
And on its walls the fiery hand divine
Has written "Doom"—if we mend not our ways.

No, not alone our neighbor let us brand
With scorn, but guilty for our sentence turn
While our red jungle laws indicted stand
Before the bar of this great Crisis stern.

If we provoke the wrath of God anew
By hiding new-hatched forms of money-thirst
Behind the symbol of the Eagle Blue,
Our last state will be sadder than our first.

O, that to our chaotic wilderness
A fearless, rugged prophet may be sent
To stress God's reign on Earth and righteousness,
And cry aloud to all, "Repent! Repent!"

The hour demands clear eyes, and noble hearts,
Proud consciences, too dear for gold to buy,
In commerce, industries, and money marts—
Great souls who fear no one but God on high.

My brother, sister, in this winnowing hour,
While selfish men still frustrate Heaven's plan,
Will you enlist, imbued with spiritual power,
To serve the good of the "forgotten man"?

The Tree of Heaven

CHAS. F. ZUMMACH

In a recent Sunday morning sermon the writer made reference to a tree, which happens to be planted in a corner of our church building, just outside the window of the pastor's study. Shut off from the light on one side, on account of its proximity to the building, it is bravely struggling upward, and reaching out to the light on the open side, developing a one-sided tree. After the service a good brother informed me that this particular tree was called: "The Tree of Heaven," that it was an ornamental shrub, intended to be planted on the side of a building, because it was a "one-sided tree." He suggested a book on horticulture, to enable me to read up on said tree. Now, while this piece of advice was tendered in a friendly spirit, and not at all

intended to be taken seriously, it aroused within me a train of thought which I could not rid myself of, and which we would like to share with the readers of the "Baptist Herald." If, as Shakespeare suggests, it is possible to see "sermons in stones, books in the running brooks, and good in everything," we should be able to learn from the "Tree of Heaven."

In Rev. 22:2 we read about a tree of heaven as follows: "In the midst of the street, on either side of the river, there was

A Tree of Life,

which bare twelve manners of fruit, and yielded its fruit every month; and the leaves were for the healing of the nations." Decidedly not a one-sided tree. Nor an ornamental shrub. But the tree of heaven, planted on earth, becomes a one-sided tree and a mere ornamental shrub.

How like we human beings! We are all of us more or less one-sided, some more, some less. It is easy to become that way. Everything in life tends to make us that way. Our circumstances in life, our environment, our education, our reading, the radio, etc. Daily we hear that you must use only one kind of face-cream if you want to be beautiful; must brush your teeth with only one kind of toothpaste, if you wish to preserve your teeth; must smoke only one kind of cigaret, unless you want to risk ruining your throat; must drink only one kind of beer, if you want to be healthy and happy, and now lately we are informed, that only one brand of whiskey is fully safe,—what a world! If it were not so tragic, it would be to laugh. Now, it is one of

The Truisms of Life,

that if you set yourself against one tendency, you push yourself into the other extreme. This is true in religion, politics and in every sphere of human thought. The conservative man sees the danger of radicalism, and so sets himself against all forms of liberal thought, against any new idea, and so becomes a reactionary. The liberal, on the other hand, sees the utter stagnation of such conservatism, sets himself against it, and becomes a radical. Thus men come to be divided into groups, the chasm widens, and soon a root of bitterness springs up, misunderstandings and suspicions develop, creating hatreds, strife, and warfare, resulting in broken hearts and broken lives. And all because we were so terribly one-sided. My good brother taught me a lesson, which I hope I shall never forget, and for which I shall ever be grateful.

Like the tree of heaven, our development depends a good deal upon

Where We Are Planted.

The "tree of heaven" in front of my study window, if it had been planted in the open, would have de-

Beginning with next number — The New Story, "The Patch of Blue," —

veloped like any other normal tree, as a matter of fact it is trying its best to do that now, which is more than can be said of many human beings. A person may be born and raised in very limited surroundings. That is not his fault. But if later larger opportunities present themselves, and he closes his mind to all new ideas, then he alone is to blame. Paul said: "When I was a child I thought as a child, . . . but when I became a man, I put away childish things." "Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul, While the swift seasons roll, Leave thy low vaulted past."

What a Many-sided Book the Bible Is!

In it we find a Moses, who thunders the law from Mt. Sinai: "The soul that sinneth shall die." It is the old Puritan spirit, which honored the law, but knew no mercy. Then we have the prophets, the great preachers of righteousness. The spirit of a Walter Rauschenbusch and other kindred souls. The Bible and the world would be poor without them. Then we have the fine mystic soul of John, that has left its trail across the pages of church history. Finally the systematic and trained theological mind of Paul, the pioneers of a great faith, and the builders of a great system of theology, men like Luther, Dr. Augustus Strong and others. All have made their contribution to our spiritual life. Now we cannot all be prophets, nor mystics, nor theologians, but we can all be Christians. And this is the calling to which Jesus calls us.

E. Stanley Jones in a recent address said: "Some people would like to label me a 'Modernist,' others a 'Fundamentalist,' I do not want either label, for Christianity is greater than either one of them. But if some one would say: 'E. Stanley Jones is a Christian,' I would appreciate that."

The Christian Life Is the Full-rounded Life

And so, each day, as I look out of my window upon the "tree of heaven" I pray: "O God, keep me from being like that tree. Let me have an open mind to all sides of the Truth, for all Truth comes from thee, no matter how imperfect the vehicle through which it must pass. Help me, no matter how straitened in life my circumstances may be, no matter where I have been planted, to develop all sides of my nature, to a well rounded out, normal spiritual life. Keep me from living in a temperature below normal, which means weakness, lassitude, prostration, and in the end death. Guard my spirit from developing a temperature above normal, which means fever, restlessness, and irrationalism. Help me to see the beauty of the sunset without complaining of the clouds that produce it. Help me to look at a beautiful picture, and see the marvel which the artist has wrought, without looking for

the defects. Let me see the beauty of the landscape, without dwelling on the ugly spots. Help me to evaluate my brethren at their best and not at their worst. Make me charitable toward those with whom I may differ, always resolving, that if differ we must, never to hate or be uncharitable. Help me to realize that none of us has a monopoly on the Truth, and that my brother in his difference with me, may only be developing another side. That each of us, in our own way, must make his contribution to the grand total, as it is found in Christ Jesus. Above all, let me be, not like the 'tree of heaven,' but rather like the tree of life, that bears twelve manners of fruit, yields its fruits in due season, and even its leaves may be for the healing of the nations."

World War Will Be Suicide for Baptists

ALFRED R. BERNADT

ANOTHER major world conflict would prove suicidal for Baptists of the world. The disillusionments that accompanied all wars in the past have been most detrimental to the Christian cause, but Baptists will suffer more from war hatreds in the future than any other religious group or denomination, because we have become a truly world-wide family.

Converts are counted as members of our denominational family in more than 70 different countries, or in more nations than are represented in the League of Nations. War between any two nationalities would mean that members of our great denominational group would be called upon to face each other on the field of battle. Everyone knows that modern methods of warfare would mean tremendous physical losses sustained by both sides, but the moral effect of having Baptist fight Baptist would be even far more devastating.

We German Baptists testify to the fact that after 16 years our work is still suffering because such a situation existed during the World War. Thousands left the church at that time completely disillusioned. A second disappointment within the same generation would demoralize our religious organization to such an extent that we would never again regain in numbers or in faith what we now treasure and enjoy.

Skeptics point out that in European countries opposition by governments and parties only tends to strengthen the Baptist cause. They feel that perhaps the difficulties presented by another war would tend to strengthen rather than weaken our cause. It must be remembered, however, that the present hindrances in Europe come from without our own Baptist ranks, but another war would mean we

A Story for Young People by Grace Livingston Hill.

would be obliged to combat national enemies who are within the brotherhood of religious affiliations.

All Christians are being called upon to take a definite stand for peace and world brotherhood, a theory which was not put into practice during the last war. A second failure of the part of the Church to practice what she preaches will mean a further loss of Christian ground that has been gained during these past years at great price. Other denominations claiming no converts in enemy territory may hide behind the cloak of "Holy War," a misnomer that was also used in 1917, but the day has come when Baptists will not be able to make such a misapplication. There is no such thing as a "Holy War" for a group that has become world-wide.

The causes of war today are exactly the same as they were during all ages, namely, greed, hate, covetousness, and nationalism. The only way of preventing religious suicide will be to cast aside all the causes enumerated in the previous lines and replace them with the spirit of love, unselfishness, peace, and devotion as exemplified in the life of Jesus. May his spirit rule without qualification or reservation in the heart of everyone, certainly beyond a shadow of doubt in the hearts of Christians.

From Here and There

Why the Church? The church is the greatest institution on earth. It does the greatest business on earth. Its influence is steadily growing. The church should point men to Jesus Christ who is Savior and King.

It is equally true that the church is no true church of Christ that does not fight moral battles, train moral leaders, and set forth the highest moral ideals. The church should contend to the death against immorality in city, state and nation, in home and in society.

There is no contradiction between a church that points men to heaven and at the same time teaches them how to live on earth. It is an unspeakable pity that some churches give all their attention to heaven, while other churches give all their attention to this world. Both churches of that kind are wrong. The contemplation of heaven should daily fill our hearts with joy. Our work in this sinful world should daily make us more worthy of the sinless world hereafter.

It is funny how, in church affairs especially, the men assume that women contribute the piety and the prayerfulness and the men contribute the managing ability, the practical hard-headedness and all that. Nobody can deny the hard-headedness, but in general the managing ability in these days is not

the sole property of men. The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of our denomination and the Woman's Home Missionary Society are two of the most successful agencies now at work in the task of bringing the kingdom of God to the earth. I do not know any group of men that could take over the work of either society and run it without a fair chance of wrecking it.

If the Church desires righteousness to dwell in the world, then righteousness must be the possession of the Church. A world based on love, light, and justice, can only be realized in the measure that these become regnant in the lives of men and women. This is the challenge of the present to youth. The Church needs the adventurous, courageous, buoyant, loyal spirit of youth. In the midst of the clash of world forces Christ stands today calling the Church to the enthronement of Christian values in the lives of its individual members. "Ye must be born again," is the message of today. Changed lives will change the world.

A New Year's Prayer

HELEN TATE D'ABOY

Dear Lord,
Can it be true
That New Year once again is here,
And I
On bended knee before thee
Asking one year more?
Twelve months seemed
An endless chain of days
A year ago!
I praised, confessed,
Asked forgiveness for
My weaknesses;
Promised thee
That in thy fresh, clean year
I would be stainless, too.
And now the time is up.
I pray thee
Grant me one year more
In which to right the wrongs
I did thee
This past one;
To heal the wounds
I made
With careless words;
To pay the debts
Of love, of service, and of faith,
I owe thee.
Once more on bended knee
I pray,
Grant me another year
In which to grow,
Dear Lord.

"Love, Only Love"

MRS. WILLIAM H. SCHINDLER

Only Love for us made Jesus
Bear the scorn and shame of sin.
Only Love for us gave strength
To pray for erring men.
No friends had he to love him,
No neighbors kind and true;
The cross to bear was his alone,
All pain and sorrow too.

Long ere that awful night
When Jesus was betrayed,
Did Christ go through Gethsemane,
'Twas when for you and me he prayed.
To think that people dared
To nail him to the cross;
To sneer and scoff and laugh,
When he came to save the lost.

That the holy, lowly Savior,
Pure, undefiled and clean,
Should die a hateful death
For a world of sinful men.
Oh, teach me to grasp that Love,
So high, so deep, so wide,
That brought Christ Jesus down to Earth
As a little child.

Teach me to understand
How God could become man;
So that lost and weary sinners
Might clasp his nail-pierced hand.
My heart is full to bursting,
When of this love I read.
It's higher than the heavens,
And wider than earth's reach.

As endless as the ages,
As boundless as the sea,
Is the love that he brought down,
To unworthy ones like me.
Dear Lord, let some of thy great love
Fill me, that I might see
A way to love and help, as on I go,
That others, too, thy love may know.
Detroit, Mich.

Texas-La. Fall Assembly

Many happy memories fill our minds when we think of the Fall Assembly of the Texas-La. B. Y. P. U. & S. S. W. U., which met at Mowata, La., Nov. 29-Dec. 3. It was one of the most successful assemblies ever held.

On Wednesday evening Rev. A. P. Mihm gave the keynote address on "Mediators of the Word," showing us the necessity of having our inner eyes opened to behold the wonders of God's Word.

Thanksgiving morning at six o'clock 72 young people started out for a lovely time in the form of a Treasure Hunt and Sunrise Breakfast. When we reached our destiny out in the woods we were asked to hunt our breakfast, and to our surprise we found eggs growing in those Louisiana trees and also a box of oranges in a tree-top. When breakfast had been served, a short devotional service was held out in the woods, led by Walter Bremer.

The meetings during the day for Thursday, Friday and Saturday were the

same each day. Each day was started with a short devotional service, led by Bro. H. Steindam and Bro. Willie Heine-mann. Two class periods and one conference period followed. In the afternoon another conference period was held and several hours were spent in outdoor recreation.

All classes were interesting and well attended. The Adult course, "The Letter to the Galatians," was taught by Rev. C. H. Edinger. The Senior course, "The Plan of Salvation," was taught by Rev. C. C. Laborn. The Intermediate course, "Training in Bible Study," was taught by Miss Heusi. The Junior course, "Studying for Service," was taught by Miss Esther Schmeltekopf.

The conference periods were enjoyed by all. Mr. Mihm led the Adult and Senior conference and Miss Heusi led the Junior and Intermediate conference. In the forenoon Bro. Mihm spoke on Sunday school work and in the afternoon on B. Y. P. U. work.

Each afternoon the recreation committee, Misses Esther Schmeltekopf and Norma Ehrhorn, entertained the large crowds by leading in the playing of old and new games. Saturday afternoon the young people were taken to the lovely home of Mr. and Mrs. Goebel. They live about 35 miles from the church but have a record of attending regularly—a very unusual record. They certainly showed us a nice time while at their home.

The evening services were of special interest and well attended. The opening service has been mentioned. Thursday evening Bro. A. Becker spoke on Col. 12:1, encouraging us to be thankful for spiritual and material blessings. Friday evening the Rev. Mr. Miller of the Acadia Baptist Academy spoke on "Building Lives." He encouraged the young people to place only the very best material in the foundation and structure of their lives. Saturday evening the local B. Y. P. U. rendered a splendid program.

Sunday morning Rev. P. Hintze, Rev. H. Ekrut and Miss Alma Ehrhorn spoke to the Sunday school. Rev. F. Mindrup brought the morning sermon on, "Be of One Heart and One Soul." Sunday afternoon a short program was given by the various B. Y. P. U.'s, which was followed by a message by our beloved Secretary, Bro. Mihm, on "The Impelling Vision." Sunday evening Bro. Ekrut brought the closing message on "Beholding the Face of Jesus," and Rev. Hintze led a short devotional service which followed the sermon.

During the meetings special numbers were rendered in the form of solos, duets, quartets, male choruses, songs by the local choir and readings.

On Sunday afternoon Bro. Edinger and a special quartet held a meeting at a Negro Baptist Church in the community. Two souls were converted.

When the days of the assembly were over, the La. folks insisted that all who could, stay several days longer and they would plan fishing trips for all who stayed. About 30 young people accepted

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the invitation and stayed till Wednesday—a fishing trip wasn't all we got either. Monday morning a group of pastors and young people went to the Acadia Baptist Academy where Rev. H. Ekrut spoke in chapel. Monday evening Nellie Loewer gave a social in honor of the visitors. Tuesday the Mowata folks took all visitors on a fishing trip to the Lacassine River, where fishing, boating and good eats were enjoyed by all. Tuesday evening another service was held in the church. Rev. C. H. Edinger spoke on "The Shipwreck of Souls." After the service a "fish-fry" was given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Loewer and a "peanut-roast" was given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Bieber.

Never will the days of this assembly be forgotten by all who attended. The La. young people certainly know how to entertain and make folks feel at home. Although the church at Mowata has a comparatively small membership they took care of the 67 visitors with perfect ease.

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

ELEANORE BREMER, Reporter.

Pacific Northwest Y. P. & S. S. Workers' Union

The eighth annual meeting convened at Colfax, Wash., October 21, 1933. Under the leadership of the outgoing president, Palmer Graf, the meeting was beautifully and inspirationally opened at a banquet given Saturday night. The theme of the evening was NRA, applying it spiritually to our Christian duties. Three speeches were given by members of the various societies, namely Oscar Luchs, Tacoma, speaking on "National Enthusiasm;" Palmer Graf, Spokane, challenging the "Revival of Our Work;" Judith Krueger, Colfax, emphasizing the "Activity in Our Lives." The last two speeches were given Sunday afternoon due to the lack of time on Saturday.

Rev. A. Husmann, Tacoma, gave a surprise toast to Rev. R. M. Klingbeil of Colfax, in honor of his birthday.

At the business meeting, which was held Saturday evening, two new officers were elected, namely president and treasurer.

The musical numbers rendered by the Spokane orchestra and incidental numbers by the various societies were greatly enjoyed.

The closing feature of the banquet was a musical drawing of the song by Carrie Jacobs Bond, "The End of a Perfect Day," Mrs. A. O. Krueger, soloist, Max Klingbeil, saxophone; Esther Klingbeil, accompanist; and Violet Kenedy, artist.

The main speaker of the Sunday afternoon session was Rev. Mr. Keeling of the English Baptist Church, Colfax, who delivered a challenging message taken from Heb. 12, emphasizing the fact that we should purify our churches by putting away things that we see are wrong.

January 15, 1934

Rev. C. E. Schoenleber, Odessa, installed the following officers for the year: President, Henry Schmunk, Tacoma, Wash.; vice-president, Emil Reimer, Vancouver, B. C.; secretary, Dorothy Mohr, Colfax; treasurer, Sophie Klundt, Spokane, Wash.

Rev. N. Christensen, speaking on "Heavenly Vision," and Bro. Schoenleber on "Power of Sin and Satan," Rom. 12, gave the closing sermons at the evening meeting.

A blessed time was felt by all who attended the meetings. D. M., Sec.

Reception for New Pastor at Salt Creek Church

Friday evening, November 3, will not soon be forgotten by the members and friends of the Baptist church at Salt Creek, Oregon, for on that night they gathered to welcome Rev. and Mrs. Gerhard Neumann and their children as minister and workers here.

Although late in the season the church was gaily decorated with large masses of autumn flowers and the special musical selections given during the evening all helped to express the feeling of welcome to our new minister and his family.

Rev. Gustav Schunke presided and greeted them when they were ushered into the church by the two deacons, Bro. Emil Aebi and Bro. Henry Voth. A representative of each organization of church gave them a hearty welcome. Rev. G. Rutsch of the Salem Baptist church welcomed Rev. Neumann as his neighboring minister. Then Rev. and Mrs. Neumann answered with appropriate messages. After this, all adjourned to the lower rooms of the church to enjoy the refreshments and fellowship together.

Mr. Neumann was the former assistant pastor of the First German Baptist Church in Portland, Oreg., closing his work there the last of October.

The following Sunday evening another special meeting was again held, this time for our beloved Rev. Gustav Schunke, to thank him in a small measure for all he had done for us in the past months while we were without a minister. Bro. Schunke may well be called the father and guardian of this church, having organized the same about 37 years ago. He has been its called minister twice and has taken over the leadership twice in the absence of a regular minister. Bro. Schunke was given a Bible as a token of love and appreciation for his interest in the church here. Although Bro. Schunke has passed his 84th birthday, he is still active and willing to serve his Savior. At the present he is making his home with his son Edward Schunke in Salem. We say to Mr. Schunke: "The Lord bless thee and keep thee! The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee and give thee peace."

BOOSTER.

Your reward must be according to your accomplishment. You will not get something for nothing.

"... And to All a Happy New Year"

Christmas at our Children's Home in St. Joseph was, contrary to all our expectations, a most happy one. Although the postman had been delivering large and mysterious looking packages, and Christmas goodies sent by our friends were being distributed (and heartily enjoyed by the children), yet the Christmas spirit was a little slow circulating among us. You ask why? Well, only a few days before Christmas "Pa" Steiger was seriously ill with no apparent hope of immediate recovery. "Mom" Steiger herself was just recuperating from a similar illness, but the Christmas activities had to go on just the same. Letters had to be answered, presents had to be hidden, and questions had to be satisfied. However, on Christmas Eve "Pa's" condition took a decided turn for the better, and he was able to be present at our Christmas celebration. Of course, he was still too ill to officiate, but just the same his presence made Christmas so much more complete.

Our program (which always precedes Santa's visit) was quite short—to the evident pleasure of the expectant boys and girls. One of us read the Christmas story—thus reminding us that just as our Heavenly Friend sent us his Son as a token of his love, so our earthly friends sent us gifts in the same spirit. All joined lustily in singing carols until the long awaited time came, and each one received his gifts.

Santa Claus did not visit our Home in person this year, but judging from the laughter and happy exclamations, I should say he did his work very, very well. I do wish that all our kind friends could have witnessed this happy scene, for it is quite impossible to describe it with words.

The remainder of the day was spent in playing with the newly received games and toys, and when evening came it found a group of tired but happy children. Thus ended another Christmas.

AN EX-MEMBER OF THE HOME.

A New Year's Message From the President of the Baptist World Alliance

To the members and friends of the Baptist World Alliance:
Greeting:

On your behalf I wish to express our profound gratitude to God for the signal blessing attending the efforts of world Baptists during the past year. Our people have faced the distressing world conditions with noble courage and sacrificial devotion. We enter the New Year with a deepening faith in the power of God and a renewed confidence in our Baptist message and mission.

The year 1934 will mark two anniversaries of unusual interest in Baptist history. The first is the one hundredth anniversary of the death of William Carey, the pioneer of modern mission; the second the one hundredth anniversary of the

birth of Charles Haddon Spurgeon, that prince of gospel preachers. It is to be hoped that Baptists in all lands will make suitable recognition of these two significant events. By them let us be again assured that the succession of God's great servants never fails. The death of Carey sees the birth of Spurgeon. God does not leave himself without witness and his chosen ones are ready in the day of his appointing. Let these names recall also at least two distinctive lines of our mission. To proclaim the good news of salvation in the spirit of Spurgeon and to prosecute the missionary crusade in the spirit of Carey is still a great part of the task to which Baptists are summoned.

I trust that the Fifth World Congress to be held in Berlin next August will prove an occasion on which Baptists from all countries will assemble in force. Amid all political difficulties and national distinctions, the fact of our fellowship in Jesus Christ abides. The Congress will furnish a unique opportunity to express this living, spiritual unity in which our people of all lands stand together, and take counsel for the extension in all lands of our service and witness for God.

Never was our message more needed by a distracted world than it is today. True to Him Who is our Lord, trustful of those who are our brethren, mindful of those who are without God and without hope, ours may be no small contribution to the bringing in of a new day among men.

JOHN MACNEILL,
President, Baptist World Alliance.
Hamilton, Canada.

"Sell Your Coat and Buy a Book"

The title of this article is the word that a truly wise man gave to a struggling student. The young man did not have an extra coat to sell, but he did make the old suit do another year that he might add to his slender library. That was during the depression of 1893 that lasted 25 months.

Since then there have been four depressions, and this is the fifth. These periods reveal what we value most. In one community we are told that the stores are empty but the movies are crowded. While great magazines and the religious press are losing subscribers, a new magazine that is smuttier than smart has in seven months gone to 1,900,000 copies, bringing an estimated profit of \$82,500 for a single issue. The next issue will go beyond the two million mark.

That is the kind of world we are living in just now, the kind of a world in which we are trying to get the attention of our growing youth that they may be wise to discern between what is good and what is bad, and think on the things that are true, beautiful, and of good report.

To help us in this task we call parents, pastors, teachers, and others who believe that the hope of a better world rests on the youth of our day. Perhaps some adult ought to sell his coat, that good reading may be within the reach of some young friend.—Epworth Herald.

Our Story

Why the Parson Didn't "Make the Pace"

"Tell me you're goin' to swap parsons up to the White Church," remarked Simeon Barton's visitor casually.

"Y-e-s, I believe so; that is, Mr. Crane has sent in his resignation. Church hasn't acted on it yet."

"What's the trouble?"

"Why," replied his host hesitatingly, "I don't really know. To tell the truth, nobody seems to know. All there is about it, things don't seem to be getting ahead, and he thinks he'd better go."

"Been here quite a spell, ain't he?"

"Let's see, just about fifteen years. Yes, quite a long while for these times."

"Gettin' a leetle old for ye?"

"Old? Why, no; he's only a little rising forty, a young man yet."

"Mebbe he don't keep up his trainin'? Tips u his sermon-bar'l too often, eh?"

"Not a bit of it! He's a hard student, and the best preacher in town. Everybody grants that. Strangers wonder how we can keep him in such a place as Ryeboro."

"Leetle off color outside? Shies now an' then? Don't pay his bills, or somethin'?"

Barton laughed.

"Why, man, you're way off! There isn't a better or squarer man in town than Elder Crane, nor one more respected. No, sir! he's all right!"

"What's bitin' you, then? What you lettin' him go for? If I could get a-hold of a hoss as near perfect for a hoss as you say he is as a man, I wouldn't part with him for love or money."

"W-e-l-l," responded the other, "that's the puzzle of it. The church doesn't seem to be getting anywhere. Good congregations Sunday morning, but that's about all. Sunday school running down, and prayer meetings running out. O I don't know what to make of it. Seems strange."

"How many did you have at prayer meetin' last Wednesday?"

"O perhaps twenty or twenty-five. I don't know; I wasn't there."

"Why not?"

"Well, let me see." A dull flush came into the speaker's cheek. "I don't quite remember; I guess I was tired, or busy, or something."

"Why, I thought you allus went to prayer meetin' when I was about these parts."

"Y-e-e, I did. But somehow I've got out of the way of it; don't just know why, either. Ought to go oftener than I do, I suppose."

Joe Dooley kept silence for a while.

"By the way," he broke out suddenly, "what's come of that class of boys you used to have in Sunday school—the Grimes boy, an' young Jim Berry, an' Tom Jackson's kid, an' the rest? I re-

member you was telling me a lot about 'em when I was here once; seemed 's if you thought you had a string of presidents an' governors an' such like in th' bunch. How they turnin' out?"

Barton laughed, a trifle embarrassedly. "Why, to tell the truth, I haven't that class any longer. Gave it up when I was sick with typhoid, you know."

"But that was as much as three year ago."

"Yes, but somehow I never went back to Sunday school after I got well. Had got into the habit of staying at home, you see; and such habits grow on a man, particularly when he gets along to the middle of life."

"What's become of the boys? Do they go still?"

"Why, n-o-o, I believe not. I know Elder Crane was quite anxious to get some of them back, but I think he didn't make out much at it. Too bad!"

Joe brought down square upon its four legs the chair in which he had been tipped back, picked up his hat, and settled it on his head as if for immediate departure.

"Look a-here, Sim," he said slowly, "I've got a leetle somethin' I'd like to say to you an' to that bloomin' lot of people up to th' White Church. You know I don't go much on religion, an' I don't pretend to know much about it. Hosses is my line, an' I claim to know somethin' 'bout them. But hosses an' folks ain't so drefful fur apart, after all. Didn't Shakespeare say, 'All th' world 's a hoss-trot'?"

"Not just that, I believe," smiled his host. "What he said is, 'All the world 's a stage.'"

"Near 'nough. I knowed it was somethin' you church people make b'lieve you're awfully shocked over. Now th' thing is jest here: Your parson ain't say. T'other parsons are givin' him their dust. T'other parsons are givin' him their dust. When th' tally-sheets are reckoned up, he's likely to be an 'also ran,' a 'has been.' Now there's a reason for that somewhere, an' its good hoss-sense to find out what it is. When a hoss gets stale on me, I c'nside that it's up to me to bore into th' thing until I see daylight. Don't ketch me putterin' round an' sayin' it's a 'puzzle,' an' 'I notice it! I'm goin' to understand' it, or carefully. Mebbe it's a case of not bein' needs more oats. Mebbe he's strained it on me. Mebbe he's jest playin' stop until I find out. Until I find out, you understand! Then, if I can't find th'

trouble in the hoss, I go for th' sulky an' harness. Mebbe th' coon that oils ain't onto his job. Mebbe th' sulky don't balance right, or needs a new pair of wheels. Mebbe th' harness chafes somewhere. O, they's lots of things that c'n keep your hoss from comin' under th' wire in th' lead, even if he's as fit as a fiddle. Now what I'm comin' at is, whether you wouldn't better stop wonderin' 'bout that hoss, an' take a little squint at th' sulky and harness. From what you tell me I should think that what you need up yander ain't so much a new parson as a new kind of people. I guess this parson 'd do all right if you only give him a fair chance. 'Pears to me it's the sulky that's holdin' him back an' makin' th' trouble. Course 'tain't none of my business, an' I ain't no call to butt in. Only —only—well, Simmy, you know that was my mother's old church, an' sometimes— Well, so-long, old man! Come over to th' city an' see me soon. Tra la!"

Mr. Simeon Barton, prosperous merchant, prominent citizen, member of the board of trustees of the Central (otherwise known as the "White") Church, looked after the receding form of his visitor with an amused smile. "Isn't that just like Joe?" he murmured. "Everything is 'hosses' to him. But what a ridiculous notion to compare a minister to a horse!"

But as he still stood on the piazza, watching the pudgy little figure make its way down the village street, slowly the smile died away, and a graver and questioning look took its place. Was the notion so ridiculous, after all? Was the parable so far-fetched as at first it had seemed? Might not Joe Dooley also be among the prophets? There came back to him a sentence or two from the horse-man's little homily: "There's a reason somewhere, an' it's good hoss-sense to find out what it is. When a hoss goes stale on me, I c'nside that it's up to me to bore into th' thing until I see daylight. Don't ketch me putterin' round an' sayin' it's a 'puzzle,' and 'I don't understand' it." Possibly there was a hint just there that was worth following up. It might be that a little "boring" into his disturbing matter of the minister's loss of grip and power would let in a bit of "daylight."

The meeting of the members of the Central Church duly called to "consider and take action upon the resignation of the pastor" was largely attended. Such a gathering at a midweek prayer meeting would have made the pastor's heart sing with joy, even while it would doubtless have stirred his mind to great wonderment as to its cause.

Nor was it a perfunctory or hypocritical gathering. The people of the Central Church loved their minister, and were sincerely grieved at thought of losing him. No one had hinted to him that his usefulness was waning and that it would be better for him to leave; probably no one would ever have made that suggestion. It was Mr. Crane himself who had sensed the situation and had

taken the initiative; the people were only accepting what seemed inevitable and acquiescing in an apparent necessity.

There could be no denying the fact that the church was running down. Congregations were falling off; prayer meetings were approaching the vanishing-point in attendance; the Sunday school was diminishing in numbers and interest; and all this was showing itself on the treasurer's books. Yes, the tide was certainly ebbing at the Central Church, and there seemed but one thing to do. Much as they loved the old, they must have a new minister.

It was understood, as a matter of course, that the resignation was to be accepted, and Lawyer Kennedy had in his pocket the usual series of resolutions with which such matters are smoothed over. But, when the motion to accept had been made and seconded and was before the house for discussion, Mr. Barton arose.

"Mr. Chairman," he began, "had this meeting been held a week ago, I should probably have voted in the affirmative on this question, in the sincere conviction that it was the only way out of a real and distressing situation. But now I am not so sure about that. I want to tell you a story."

"The chair would remind Brother Barton," interrupted the chairman, "that serious business is before us, and that we have neither time nor inclination for stories unless they bear directly upon the matter in hand."

Mr. Barton smiled. "I think you will grant that the relation is very immediate and direct when you have heard my story," he rejoined.

Then very simply he told of Joe Dooley's visit and advice, keeping as close as possible to the horse-man's phraseology. As he proceeded, and the application of the parable began to be apparent, a strained and tense hush fell on the assembly. It seemed almost as though some stopped breathing. More than one head was dropped; more than one cheek flushed with the consciousness of guilt under the implied indictment.

"Now," continued the speaker, "I've been trying to follow old Joe's advice, I have been looking the horse over, and I can find no fault in him. Are any of us dissatisfied with Mr. Crane personally? Do we not respect and love him as a fine preacher, an excellent pastor, a true Christian gentleman, and a firm friend? Isn't he just the kind of man that we'd like to have for our next pastor? Yes, I see you all agree with me. And yet, in spite of all this, as Joe says, he isn't 'making the pace.' If the trouble isn't with the horse, it must be with the sulky. I've been looking that over, too. Is Central Church letting or helping its pastor 'make the pace,' or is it acting as a drag upon him?"

"Last Friday night I dropped into the prayer meeting," Mr. Barton laughed a little constrainedly, and his face flushed. "Yes, I know some of you are thinking that that was a strange place for me to

be, and it was. I don't know when I've been to prayer meeting before. And yet I used to attend regularly, as did a good many of the rest of you whom I didn't see the other night. Let me make a confession just here. Not often in my life has anything cut me so deeply as the pastor's look of surprise when I entered the door. Glad, of course he was glad to see me, but surprised; that's the point. Think of it, a pastor surprised to see a member of his church at a regular prayer meeting of the church! Let that sink into our minds a little. How many were there? Twenty-seven; about the usual number, I was told. And Central Church has a membership of about four hundred.

"On Sunday I stepped into the Sunday school. I was a stranger there. My old class was gone. So was yours, Deacon Deane, and yours, Mrs. Thaxter, and yours, Jim Bradley, and—well, what's the use? Look in for yourselves, and see the situation. And there was Pastor Crane after a strenuous morning in the pulpit obliged to take a class of men, and thus to forego the privilege and the possibilities of a school-wide supervision, just because there isn't a man of us who is willing to put himself into the work!"

"I didn't go to Sunday-evening service, but I peeped in at the door to see who were there. Just a handful of Central Church people—and not many others, for that matter. Why should the outside world be expected to come if we stay away? Then I left the church, and began a round of calls. Yes," as a broadening smile went over the meeting, "you understand now why I dropped in to see some of you for a minute Sunday night. I wanted to see where you were and what you were doing. I was looking over the sulky, to find out what was the matter with it. Most of you were at home, enjoying the calm and quiet with your families. All right and proper enough; only, down there on the corner the Central Church was trying to do business with the greater part of its members absent from their post; down there the pastor was trying to 'make the pace' with the sulky dragging back all the time.

"Pardon the long speech; I'm about through. I haven't a word of blame for the church; I'm taking this whole thing to myself. And this is the way I size it up: So far as I am concerned, there is little room why the pastor or the church should succeed in their work. I am putting so little into that work that my influence is largely, if not entirely, negative. It isn't that I have anything against either church or pastor. I don't think it is because I have lost my love for the Lord and my interest in his cause. It is simply because I haven't really stopped to think of my relation and duty. I have taken it for granted that everything would go on all right no matter what I did or did not do. It was pure thoughtlessness, but perhaps thoughtlessness is a crime against God and his church.

"And I wonder whether this isn't about the state of affairs with most of us. Without intending it we have been get-

ting out from under the load and letting it come on the pastor, and then have wondered why he can't 'make the pace.' Would it be any different if we had a new pastor? Surely not, unless we changed our course. But why not change that course with the man we know and love, instead of with and for a stranger? How would it do for Central Church to keep the horse, and righten up the sulky a little just now?"

When Mr. Barton sat down, silence reigned. There were deep searchings of heart in that assembly, and no one cared to speak. The parable had done what preaching could never have done. Good men and women were brought face to face with their own responsibility for conditions that they sincerely mourned. Good Deacon Carter, the chairman, rightly interpreted the signs of the hour, and forbore to ask for remarks or to call for action. The spirit was present; let him control. And he did.

Finally young Jim Bradley—although a man of forty or more, he was always called "young Jim" to distinguish him from his father, who was also "Jim"—arose. He was one of the ablest men in the church and community, a college graduate and a lawyer of more than local fame. But for once his usual ready command of language failed him, and he halted and stammered like a schoolboy.

"Mr. Chairman," he began, "somebody ought to say something, but—I—I hardly know what to say or how to say it. We have had a wonderful revelation this evening. It has not been pleasant. It will not give us sweet dreams tonight. But it is true! Joe Dooley is, I verily believe, a prophet of the most high to Central Church of Ryeboro. The trouble is not with our pastor, but with us. Let's confess it, and face our duty like the Christian men and women that we believe we are in spite of our carelessness and indifference. There is a motion before the house to accept the resignation of Mr. Crane. So confident am I that we are all now of the same way of thinking that I venture to call for the question."

"All those in favor of accepting the resignation of our pastor say, 'Ay,'" called the chairman.

Silence unbroken!

"Those opposed say, 'No.'"

A mighty shout arose! There could be no questioning of the verdict.

"Now, Mr. Chairman," said Mr. Bradley, "I move that the following motion be adopted and entered upon the records of this church: 'Resolved, That the Central Church of Ryeboro declines to swap horses, and pledges itself herewith to the task of keeping the sulky in repair, so that the proper pace may be made.'"

"You don't mean just that—"

"Why, that would sound like a jockey's—"

"Of course that won't do—"

Wholly regardless of parliamentary consideration a hubbub of protest and expostulation arose. The speaker re-

(Continued on page 16)

O That My Voice

A translation of the hymn: "O dass ich tausend Zungen hätte"

CARL A. DANIEL

- Oh, for a thousand tongues and voices,
A thousand lips to sing his praise.
My heart o'erflows, my soul rejoices,
To vie with angels all my days.
One grateful song I would recall
To God who blesses me with all.
- Oh that my voice with its vibration
Could reach the sun in grateful strain;
Oh could my blood with its pulsation
Keep coursing free through heart and vein.
Then were each breath a thankful song
And every pulse would thanks prolong.
- Impel my soul with mental forces
To waken and my powers renew.
Be sure my life also endorses
The praise to God I carry through.
My soul and body join and bring
Thy psalm of praise with joy to sing.
- I will recall God's grace so tender,
And while my tongue can move and speak;
With cheerful heart thanksgiving render.
And should my speech grow dumb and weak,
I'll whisper with a fainting breath
My Savior's grace mid life and death.
- My God, this poorest praise of mortal
Accept from humble heart and grace.
'Twill better be in heaven's portal
When I behold thee face to face.
With heavenly chorus then I'll sing,
Eternal hallelujahs bring.

That Forgotten, Neglected Remnant

REV. A. E. PRIESTLY

The teaching of the Word of God regarding those who compose the Church of Christ is given to us by James in Acts the fifteenth chapter and by Paul in Romans the eleventh chapter, wherein we are taught that God is taking from amongst Israel a remnant according to the election of grace and from among the Gentiles a people for his name. The church consisting of believing Jews and Gentiles being the body of which Christ is the head.

In the Calling Out of the Church

God uses at least two instruments. First, the Word of God; second, the believer in Christ. Bible-believing Christians, such as David Livingstone, William Carey and Hudson Taylor, were used of God to minister among the Gentiles. In Israel we see God's hand upon Leopold Cohn, a converted rabbi, founder of the American Board of Missions to the Jews, whom God saved and equipped to carry the Gospel to the lost sheep of the House of Israel.

Since the Inception of the Mission in 1894, there has been gradual development under God's leading and blessing, and today we minister to Jews in Russia, Latvia, Poland, Jerusalem, Chicago, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia and Brooklyn by means of our workers. Then our Yiddish-English gospel paper, of which we issue some 30,000 copies each month, is sent monthly to some seventeen foreign centers and also to about 65 missionaries in the homeland. The blessing of the Lord has been abundant and in one of our stations alone, that is at our headquarters in Brooklyn, we have a regularly organized Jewish-Christian Church with over 200 enrolled members, a feature unique, perhaps, in the annals of the Church since the time of the Apostles of our Lord Jesus Christ.

The Total Population of Jews

in the world today is approximately 16,000,000; of this number there are 4,500,000 in America and in New York City the number of Jews is 2,000,000. Every third man one meets in that great city is a Jew. Yet out of this number official figures show that one out of every forty—(1 out of 40)—is really interested in the synagogue. This includes the Reformed as well as the Orthodox synagogues. Apparently, the other thirty-nine out of every forty are swinging away from the faith of their fathers, being bitten by every snake bite from anarchy to atheism, spiritually sick with plenty of so-called doctors to diagnose their case, but very few to apply any remedy. The Gospel Bells peal out the glad tidings of salvation around the world, but their joyful sound is not heard by many Jews. Christian literature is given out to the different nationalities as they disembark at our ports, but there are few to give Gospel portions to the wandering, foot-sore, acheing-hearted Jewish men and women, boys and girls, as they first put their foot in Christian America.

One who is an authority on missions and missionaries working for the salvation of Israel, tells us that there are hundreds of cities in America, in each of which there are over 10,000 Jews—yet there is not in any of these cities one who is definitely working amongst the neglected thousands of Jews, and this condition exists 1900 years after our Lord gave the command to take the Gospel to all nations, to preach it to every creature. Israel fallen on evil days has not even a Samaritan to lend a hand.

Why, We Never Even Pray for Them

How long is it, since you prayed or heard a prayer offered for the salvation of Israel? Not only is there the negative side of the attitude, but we find that as a Church we take their Christ, their Bible, their blessings and leave poor Israel to perish by the roadside. We have drifted far from the mind of God when it comes to the question of Jewish missions, if the following poem from the pen of Mrs. H. S. Lehman is any criterion:

"Israel's sheep scattered far and wide,
Wandering on with no shepherd to guide,
Far from the Savior who for them has died;

What are you doing for them?

'First to the Jew' was the order he gave;
First to the Jew came Jesus to save;
First to the Jew when sins he forgave:
What are you doing for them?

How Jesus loved them! but we have despised,
Forgotten, neglected, in scorn undis-

guised,
Think you to face him and hear his 'Well done,'

With Israel, his Chosen, left dying alone?"

In the midst of such neglect by professing Christians and realizing the need of Israel, we, as a mission, have kept the lamp of testimony burning for the last forty years, and under God's good hand we have seen his blessing in the hearts and lives of many of his own Chosen People. Into one of our missions There Came One Day a Communistic Jew

Having seen the Gospel sign outside, he had come in to speak against Christ and his followers. Full of wrath, he stepped inside and was there met by one of our missionaries. After he had exploded a little, he cooled off—as is natural—and then the missionary began to tell him about the Hope of Israel, the Lord Jesus Christ. That was the beginning of his interest in Christ, and shortly afterwards he was brought to see in Christ his Messiah and Savior. He was baptized in the Chelsea Baptist Church of Atlantic City and today is in one of the best Bible Institutes of the land and hopes soon to go out to minister to his own people.

Redeemed Israel Is a Blessing

and we covet your prayers and your sympathy in our work and trust that your attitude in the future, if it has been so in the past, will not be one of apathy and indifference but of love and mercy even as that Hebrew of the Hebrews, the apostle Paul, teaches us in Romans 11:30, 31, where in speaking to the Gentiles regarding Israel says, "for as ye in times past have not believed God, yet have now obtained mercy through their unbelief; even so have these also now not believed that through your mercy they also may obtain mercy." Why not resolve in your heart today to be the friend of the Jews? Evidence your interest and experience God's promise concerning those who do good to Israel, "I will bless them that bless thee."

We welcome you to our fellowship. Your help and your prayers are always needed. "The Chosen People," beloved by many Bible students for its helpful articles on Prophecy and the Jews, is sent to all contributors. May we hear from you?

Address all correspondence to The American Board of Missions to the Jews. Station A, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Bible School at Freudental Church

The Bible School at Freudental church, Carbon, Alta., Can., from November 4 to December 1, 1933, was a happy time for the young people at Freudental church and Zion station. Three were present from Craigmyle church.

The enrollment was 49 in all. We hope that during our second semester from Jan. 8 to Feb. 2, 1934, we will have a still larger enrollment.

The weather was quite cold during the first week of school but turned milder during the rest of the term.

The students were very ambitious and came to the church by all kinds of conveyances on account of the snow.

The classes were conducted in the church basement: two subjects in the forenoon and two in the afternoon. The subjects were: 1. "The Life of Christ;" 2. "Christian Teaching in the Sunday School;" 3. Astronomy; 4. "The Main Doctrines of the Christian Faith." Rev. A. Ittermann, our pastor, was the teacher. Every day we had two 15-minute devotional meetings, led by appointed students. We are very grateful to our pastor for the extra work and responsibility which he carried in conducting the school.

On the last day, Dec. 1, in the evening the school rendered a musical and literary program. A number of brief talks were given by various students. After the program a lunch was enjoyed by all those attending. The Lord richly provided food for both body and soul.

We all received many blessings during the school and again thank our pastor for his teaching.

May we grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ and follow him more closely every day!

MOLLIE KLEIN.

A Peck of Good News From the Philippines

Capiz, Capiz, P. I., Nov. 22, 1933.

Our dear friends in the homeland:—

A look at the calendar tells us that this letter will reach you sometime between Christmas and New Year. So first of all, though it is still a month before Christmas, let us wish you all a very Merry Christmas and a most Happy and Prosperous New Year. May all the abundant joys of Christian fellowship and service be yours, and as we journey on through the year may we all have the joy of the living Savior's companionship!

In Reviewing the Work of the Year,

we see much that gives cause for rejoicing. The Lord has blessed many of the efforts put forth in his name, and though appropriations have been reduced, his abiding presence has continued. We have felt again and again the power of your prayers, and our one request is that they may continue with us.

During the year we have seen built and dedicated the first chapel among the non-Christian hill people in our district.



Bible School at Freudental Church, Carbon, Alta. Rev. A. Ittermann in front middle

With the exception of one small loan, which will be repaid next month, the entire project was financed and carried out by this group of newly converted Christians. It has given them great joy. During part of the time that the chapel was under construction, food was so scarce that they lived on one meal a day. Yet out of their meagerness they gave with joy and unstintedly, and it was verily a time of rejoicing when last April the dedication services were held. At that time 32 were added to the group by baptism.

Throughout the whole of our field there have been an increased number of additions to the Lord's people.

Evangelistic Campaigns Were Held

in a number of places for the first time in their history. In one exceedingly fanatical town, where it was my privilege to preach the opening sermon in a two-weeks series of meetings, the priest celebrated our coming with a long parade of women and children bearing candles. The procession was headed by the "Tres Apostolos (three apostles) and followed by an image of "The Holy Virgin." This to offset the evils of the "Protestante devils."

When the people refused to listen to his warning and attended our meetings anyway, the priest solicited the help of a wealthy Spanish mestiza woman and installed a radio in the town plaza to attract the people from the meetings. But the attractive power of the Gospel was again demonstrated and the people continued to come to find out for themselves the truth of the matter. Before the meetings began the priest had given us special advertisement by having a gang of the town rowdies destroy the temporary chapel erected as a meeting place. This act, however, insulted the dignity of the town officials, who after that gave us their fullest co-operation. Two weeks of special meetings here in Capiz brought 26 decisions, and meetings in other towns brought equally fine response.

Good Pastor's Conferences

Among the most satisfying efforts of the year have been the pastors' conferences. Once every three months the pastors have come in for a three-day period

of instruction and fellowship. At each meeting a fellowship dinner has been served in our home and there have developed between them and us bonds which we feel will never be broken. The last conference was closed with a retreat at our cottage at the Capiz Beach. A half day spent in prayer and testimony and consecration and intimate fellowship with God and one another was most helpful. That these efforts are bearing fruit in our churches is plainly evident, and the experiences give us real joy and lasting satisfaction.

In our home life we have been exceedingly happy and well-blessed. Our two little girls, Marian nearly four, and Virginia just past two, keep life from all monotony. Marian is the songbird in the family. While having a meeting of the Capiz Chapter of the Central College Alumnae at our home sometime ago, Marian, though in bed and supposedly asleep, managed to learn one of the College songs which ends "Sissss-Boom." For several days thereafter she entertained her sister with that song. Then one day at noon, when it was Virginia's turn to say grace at table, she solemnly bowed her head and said, "Sissss-Boom, Amen." Recently, at the morning devotion just after breakfast, we were reading the story of the Annunciation in Luke from Goodspeed's Translation. I had just read the sentence, "And the angel said to Mary, Do not be afraid." Before I could continue with the next sentence, Virginia piped up, "I afraid of dogs." At any rate she was listening. They are a pair that will keep the wolf of loneliness and monotony from any door and we feel the Lord has richly blessed us in giving them to us.

We close by wishing you all again the very richest blessings that the Lord can grant during this holiday season.

Your representatives in the Philippines,
THE FELDMANN FAMILY.

* * *

Christ never looks greater than when you put a man by his side. He never suffers by attempted comparison. All faiths pale in his divine light.—W. L. Watkinson.

Life Stories of Great Baptists

Life Stories of Great Baptists
Baptist World Alliance Series

George Grenfell

H. L. HEMMENS

George Grenfell was born on August 21, 1849, with the roar of the Atlantic gales and the boom of the Atlantic breakers in his ears. For his cottage birthplace at Sancreed is on the Cornish coast of England not far from Land's End. The blood of adventurers and rovers coursed through his veins. He could trace his ancestry through a long line of Grenfells whose names adorn the pages of British history, and, although he belonged to an obscure branch of the family, the call of the sea was in his blood.

His Conversion

At the age of four, his parents removed to the metropolis of the English midlands, Birmingham, and in the environment of this progressive and commercial city, he received his education and grew to manhood. He transferred himself as a lad from the Anglican Sunday school to which he was sent by his parents, to a neighboring Baptist Sunday school. Here, in his teens, he made the great decision, was baptized and immediately drawn into the service of the church. Teaching in the Sunday school, open-air preaching and cottage visitation were among the Christian exercises which formed his training ground. Pastors and teachers were alert to discern rare gifts in this young man and they took pains to develop them and to prepare him for a wider ministry.

Called to Missionary Service

The reading of Livingstone's "Travels" opened his mind to the claims of the heathen world, and when the Baptist young men of Birmingham formed a Missionary Auxiliary, Grenfell found his place in its ranks as editor of its magazine. The call to missionary service grew until it became irresistible; and in 1873, at age of twenty-four, he entered the historic Baptist Theological College at Bristol. Within twelve months he was accepted by the Baptist Missionary Society for work in West Africa.

At that time, Baptist Missionary Society work in Africa was confined to the Cameroons. Alfred Saker, one of the most noted African missionaries of the earliest days, was in the evening of his notable career.

Grenfell Was Regarded as Saker's Natural Successor

He was able to throw himself into the work without delay, as English was understood by the natives. He taught in the school, preached in the chapels, supervised the mission helpers and dispensed medicines. The mission was so well organized that it almost ran itself. After a short term, he took furlough, married and returned with his bride, in

anticipation of Saker's retirement. His married life was brief, however, for Mrs. Grenfell fell a victim to fever shortly after her arrival.

The Cameroon mission was confined to a comparatively narrow strip of coast. The pioneering spirit in Grenfell urged him to scale the surrounding mountains and negotiate the riverways in order that he might discover what lay hidden behind them. As opportunity offered, he made journeys into the unknown and secured valuable information with a view to opening up work in the hinterland. In all this, he was serving an unconscious apprenticeship for a larger and more hazardous adventure which was preparing for him.

The Lure of the Congo

Eight hundred miles to the south, the waters of one of Africa's mighty mystery rivers swirled into the Atlantic. Nothing was known of its course above 200 miles from the south, for impassable barriers of cataracts, fever-infested swamps and hostile tribes proved insurmountable obstacles. The attention of Europe was, however, becoming increasingly focused upon this part of the Dark Continent. Robert Arthington of Leeds, a man of wealth who had chosen to live a rigidly simple life in order that his estate might be devoted to the extension of Christ's kingdom, was urging the Committee of the Baptist Missionary Society to send an expedition to the King of Congo with a view to the establishment of a mission. He implemented this with the offer of one thousand pounds to meet its cost. While the Committee was considering this, news reached Europe that Henry M. Stanley, the explorer, had arrived at the mouth of the Congo after a thrilling journey of 999 days across Africa. In the course of this journey he had followed the track of the Congo from its source for over 2000 miles along its horse-shoe curve westwards, until after almost innumerable adventures, he reached the west coast. He was the first white man to accomplish this feat. He sent home news of a vast country, well populated by tribes, many of which were accessible and ready for the gospel.

In the Cameroons, Grenfell and his colleague, Thomas Comber, were waiting for a signal from home that should allow of their going to Congo. The offer of Robert Arthington and the discovery of Stanley were felt by the Baptist Missionary Society to be providential and so the word was sent to the expectant Cameroons missionaries.

Expedition to San Salvador

In the summer of 1878, Grenfell and Comber set out from the Congo River, at the head of a long train of porters, for San Salvador, the capital of Lower Congo. Their narrow bush track fol-

lowed the trail laid by many European military, trading, and Roman Catholic expeditions. For twelve days they pressed through the long grass, forded or swam rivers, waded through swamps, climbed mountains and slithered down their slopes, until they saw before them, as they breasted the final plateau, a town of huts, containing about a thousand inhabitants. Ruins of a substantial, stone-built Roman Catholic cathedral faced them and relics of crucifixes decorated many of the huts. But the ancient faith had long since fled. The ground was clear for the new.

The King received them in barbarous state and readily granted permission for a mission to be established. San Salvador, however, was regarded by the missionaries as only a stage, and not as a goal. They were anxious to push on to Stanley Pool, which marked the entrance of the Upper River, with its stretch of a thousand miles of clear navigable waterway into the heart of the continent. Their passage overland was barred by hostile tribes and they were compelled to return to San Salvador. But with the consent of its king to found a mission there, their expedition had been successful. So Comber returned to England to report to the Committee, and Grenfell went back for a time to Cameroons.

A Great Missionary Explorer

The first party of missionaries sailed for the Congo in 1879 and Grenfell joined them in the following year. The first task was to open a way to Stanley Pool and to establish a line of bases along the route. Grenfell took a leading part in this strenuous toil, in organizing an overland transport, in conciliating turbulent natives and in securing permanent footholds. Grenfell was without a peer in winning and retaining the confidence of Africans. Stanley Pool was reached in 1881, and the way opened for the development of a chain of stations along the river. For this a steamer was essential, and Grenfell now returned to England with plans and specifications. He advised the contractors, supervised the building of the boat, saw her thoroughly tested on the Thames and undertook her dismantling prior to her shipment to Congo. He then went back to Congo to await her arrival. Henceforth the steamer, the "Peace," and Grenfell were inseparable. With her as his instrument he earned undying fame as, to use the phrase of the London "Times," "one of the greatest African explorers."

On reaching the Congo, Grenfell organized the transport of the 800 loads into which the steamer had been packed. These had to be carried by native porters, in the teeth of opposition from unfriendly chiefs, over 200 miles of terrible country. The task was completed in three distinct stages without the loss of a single part.

While waiting at Stanley Pool for the arrival of British engineers to reassemble the parts, Grenfell took a perilous trip of 800 miles up-river in a small whale-boat. This introduced him to the hazards of river navigation and the difficulties to be encountered from tribesmen. On his return to Stanley Pool he was met with the disastrous news that the entire party of engineers had died of fever on the way up-river. In this hour of distress, he resolved to attack the task of steamer-building with the assistance of Africans, though he feared that his amateur efforts might end in failure. But he triumphed; and in 1884, the "Peace" entered the waters of the Congo for the first time amid the amazement of the watching natives.

"In Perils Often"

In the next two years, Grenfell made six voyages up and down the main river. He visited most of the tributaries and was the first man to explore the Mobangi. He covered at least 150,000 miles with the object of obtaining a knowledge of the country and its peoples, and of the available lines of advance for the oncoming missionaries. On most of his voyages he was among tribes which had never seen a white man, and to whom the appearance of a boat differing so radically from their own canoes was the signal for terror or tumult. Times without number his life was in danger. On more than one occasion progress was barred by fleets of canoes which circled like wasps around the "Peace" while their occupants poured showers of stinging, poisoned arrows at its occupants. On other occasions they formed a barrage across its path, once proving so formidable that the boat had to turn and escape under cover of darkness. Wire guards, to protect captain and African crew from the poison-tipped arrows, were in frequent use above and around the vessel.

Adventures were as many and varied as the people he discovered. More than once the steamer suffered from the violence of nature. She was caught in tornadoes, became entangled in huge floating islands of vegetation and suffered from attacks from hippopotami. Grenfell came face to face with the ravages of Arab slave-raiders; the horrors of these experiences never left him, and made him a passionate advocate of the removal or restriction of Arab influence. For his discovery of the Mobangi and his other explorations, his extensive observations of the country; its minerals and vegetation; its flora and fauna; its peoples and their habits, customs and religions, he was awarded the high honor of the Founder's Gold Medal of the Royal Geographical Society of England. His achievements in these directions form the theme of two large biographical volumes by Sir Harry Johnstone, himself a famous African explorer and administrator.

Founding of the Bolobo Station

Grenfell's hope was that the completion of the exploration would release

him for the ordered life of a mission station, but in this he was disappointed. For with the establishment of mission centers at intervals of a few hundred miles along the river bank, the "Peace" and Grenfell were required as a means of communication between them and the base. He did enjoy intervals of evangelistic work, however, and the founding of Bolobo was among them.

Bolobo, a few hundred miles above Stanley Pool, revealed heathenism at its worst. But in this hard soil the gospel took root. After a while a chapel was constructed of simple materials and the opening services were timed for Easter Sunday, 1888, and Grenfell, as the preacher, sounded out the triumphant message of victory over sin and death. Today, Bolobo is among the largest and most flourishing of Baptist stations in Congo.

The 'nineties were strenuous years. Six main stations were now in being and, with a staff that was never adequate to the needs and with frequent losses through illness and death, the strain was often too great. It fell heaviest upon Grenfell, who was the recognized and beloved leader of the mission. Difficulties with the authorities added to the burden which was shouldered with characteristic cheerfulness by this man who was among the most selfless of Christ's servants.

The crown of his career came in 1905, when the long-delayed official permission was granted for

A Mission Site at Yalamba,

near the Equator. In the absence of younger men, Grenfell assumed the responsibility of founding the station. He superintended the clearing of the site and the erection of the buildings, which task was made more irksome by the truculent nature of the people. He was already old as life in Africa goes and was in enfeebled health, but he pressed on uncomplainingly until his final illness. He was hurried to a Belgian post at Basoko where, notwithstanding skilled attention, he passed to his reward on Sunday, July 1, 1906, only 55 years old.

He Had Lived to See Marvellous

Changes

On one of his later journeys, he came to a point in the river where, in the early days, he had first stumbled across the slave-raiders. Now he heard there a batch of mission boys on a fishing expedition singing in full-throated chorus, "All hail the power of Jesus' Name," and this was typical of the new day that he had lived to see dawn in the heart of Africa. We have seen far greater triumphs there. These could not have been without the sacrificing devotion of Grenfell and other early pioneers. For they labored and we have entered into their labors.

God's Way

A well-known writer on Christian stewardship says, "Giving is not just a way of raising money. It is God's way of raising men."—Christian Herald.

SPIRIT of Christ, fit me for the earth on which I dwell. I used to ask that thou wouldst prepare me for death; thy main province is to prepare me for life. I am growing more impressed with the solemnity of living than of dying. I am growing more impressed with the need of thee in things common than in things transcendental. I need thee both for the seven years of plenty and for the seven years of famine. Without thee I cannot bear either the one or the other.—George Matheson.

For His Sake

At the close of a battle in the days of the war, a young man was found dying on the battlefield. A soldier stopped to render him assistance, and as he moistened his lips and made his head rest easier, the dying man said: "My father is a man of large wealth in Detroit, and if I have strength I will write him a note, and he will repay you for this kindness." And this was the letter he wrote: "Dear father, the bearer of this letter made my last moments easier, and helped me to die. Receive him and help him for Charlie's sake."

The war ended, and the soldier in tattered garments sought out the father in Detroit. He refused to see him at first on account of his wretched appearance. "But," said the stranger, "I have a note for you in which you will be interested." He handed him the little soiled piece of paper, and when the great man's eyes fell upon the name of his son, all was instantly changed. He threw his arms about the soldier, and drew him close to his heart, and put at his disposal everything that wealth could make possible for him to possess. It was the name that made the difference. And thus we stand on redemption ground, and as Onesimus bore the letter to Philemon, so we stand before God in the name of Jesus Christ, and he speaks for us as did Paul for the Roman slave.—J. Wilbur Chapman, D. D.

An Australian Baptist as Government Advisor

The Rev. J. Robertson, M. A., secretary of the Baptist Union of Australia, has been invited by the Government of New South Wales to become a member of the Advisory Council to the Department of Labor and Industry. Mr. Robertson holds a diploma of Social Science in addition to his M. A. of the University of New Zealand, and his studies will be of exceptional value in dealing with the problems of youth which specially concern the Advisory Council.

* * * * *

Intellectual lady: "What do you think of Shelley? My opinion is that he employs too many metaphors."

Self-made man: "Decidedly, madame. He ought to give decent American workmen a chance first."

The Voice of God Is Calling

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

The voice of God is calling
It summons unto men;
As once he spoke in Zion,
So now he speaks again.
Whom shall I send to succor
My people in their need?
Whom shall I send to loosen
The bonds of lust and greed?

I hear my people crying
In cot and mine and slum;
No field or mart is silent,
No city street is dumb.
I see my people falling
In darkness and despair,
Whom shall I send to shatter
The fetters which they bear?

We heed, O Lord, thy summons,
And answer, "Here are we!
Send us upon thine errand,
Let us thy servants be.
Our strength is dust and ashes,
Our years a passing hour—
But thou canst use our weakness,
To magnify thy power."

From ease and pleasure save us,
From pride of place absolve;
Purge us of low desire,
Lift us to high resolve.
Take us, and make us holy,
Teach us thy will and way,
Speak, and behold! we answer,
Command and we obey!

Miss Lang Writes from China

China Inland Mission,
Pingyanhsien, Che., China,
November 9, 1933.

My dear friends:

For months we had prayed, and some of you prayed with us, that if it could please the Lord, he might make it possible for us to visit our T'a-jung district this autumn. In July we were told it was safe; in August rumors came of bandits on the river, in September (the month we hoped to travel) everyone said, "Go ahead." We were to leave on the 26th. Everything was in readiness to leave. If all went well we should reach our destination in three days; if rain fell or a heavy wind blew, it might take a week, so we had to provide enough food for the longest period of time it would take to get there. And then! Just as we were rejoicing in the fact that everything was ready for that five weeks' trip, our pastor came in and said, "I think it unwise for you to go now as there are to be thousands of soldiers travel by the same river and you may have trouble."

Our feelings can better be imagined than described. We weren't satisfied to have just the pastor's report, so we sent a man to another city where we were to hire our larger boat and asked there if it were safe to travel. The messenger's report was practically the same as the pastor's—it might be safe to go, but what about the returning? We had asked for guidance and prayed that if it

were unsafe to travel we might know of it before we left. We hadn't expected to have such an answer the 11th hour. Then came the verse to my mind, "All things work together for good to those who love the Lord, etc." Even this disappointment was to work out for our good though in a different way to what we had expected.

The pastor realizing our disappointment said, "I'm going off on a three weeks' trip to visit some of our weaker churches, suppose you come with me and we'll have joint meetings." We were glad of the opportunity so went with him two days later than we had originally planned to leave for T'a-jung.

The district to which we went spoke a different dialect than ours—the pastor spoke both. There was little in the way of active work we could do—once in a while we met someone who spoke our dialect and then we had a chance to witness or exhort just as the case might be. To me was given the "privilege" of trying to teach new hymns. Never in all my life have I heard such singing. Of course they knew the tunes without practicing any length of time and therefore there seemed to be a race on as to who could sing the loudest. I told them to sing less loudly but of no avail—a few didn't do too badly. After two weeks, my voice was gone as far as singing was concerned. But then, they seemed to enjoy it and I didn't dare dampen their joy of singing!

During the daytime meetings were held for Christians. At night we had evangelistic meetings. What crowds there were! Our pastor who hadn't traveled with foreign ladies before didn't realize what an attraction we were. Some of our evangelists have said to me: "You come with us, for you draw the crowds." Shall I tell you "why"? It's because I'm taller than any Chinese woman—seldom am I taken for a woman. Always the same questions are asked: "Is it a man or a woman?" "How old is she?" "How white her skin is!" "Why is her hair so white?" Oh the crowds! the endless crowds and babble! At one place where we held an evangelistic meeting, the village seemed to have an overproduction of boys aged 8 to 10. Of course they had to have a "look see" no matter what happened. We had just finished our supper that night and the pastor became weary of having all the ruffians crowd in, so he took a bowl off the table and said, "Anyone who comes in this room must pay a copper and those who are half naked must pay two!" That raised a roar of laughter but it had the desired effect—we weren't over-crowded again that night.

Some folks are inclined to think that people by the hundreds are just waiting to hear and immediately believe. Alas! it isn't so. Several hundred may stand and listen for a time but at the close of the meeting a mere handful is often left. At other times an unusual silence falls over the meeting. Such was the case several times on this trip. The church

on the compound, as the case might be, was packed with people and for at least one-half hour no one stirred or coughed as the pastor told the story of the sufferings of Christ. We felt at such times that there must be results.

One day we went to visit some members. On the way we stopped to look at a rice field which seemed as though it would yield a bumper crop. Someone walking behind us heard our remark and said, "That field of grain is like your preaching—some bring forth grain and some mere chaff. The wind has badly beaten that field. It looks like a good crop but a lot of it is merely chaff." We looked to see who the speaker was. Our pastor said to him, "Are you a Christian?" "No," was the reply, and yet he knew what was expected of a Christian.

And so we seek to labor on—sowing beside all waters. Sometimes it's active service. Sometimes it means sitting in an audience merely to draw the crowds so they may hear. Sometimes it means being a fool for Christ's sake. At all such times we may silently pray for the speaker and thus share in the work. We are praying that the seed sown may bear fruit; the fruit that remains. Pray that we, his servants, may be patient when the crowds gather and often make rude remarks. We do want to "adorn the Gospel of Jesus Christ in all things." Pray too for our Chinese workers. We were thankful for the chance of working with our pastor those weeks. He has a very special gift in patiently listening to knotty church problems and being able to solve them. His tactful way of dealing with backsliders as well as rank outsiders was a lesson to me.

With very hearty greetings to you all for Christmas and the New Year,

Believe me to be,
Yours in His service,
BERTHA M. LANG.

An Unexpected Invitation

Deacon and Mrs. Black were members of the church, in good standing, and their daughter Mabel, aged seven, had dutifully attended the Sunday school for several years and had learned to know and love the One of whom her teachers there so reverently and lovingly spoke every Sunday, Jesus.

One evening, after dinner, deacon Black was comfortably seated before the fireplace, smoking, and reading the sport pages of the daily paper. Mrs. Black was busy writing invitations to a whist party and dance to be held at her home the following week, while little Mabel was playing with her newest doll and some cut-out pictures on a lounge at the corner of the room. Suddenly Mabel tired of her play and, laying aside her doll and pictures, ran to her mother's side and said, "Please, may I have some paper and a pencil, and an envelope too, so I can write an invitation." The mother knew from experience that the easiest way out was to humor the child and handed her the required articles without answering. The little girl retired to her own desk

and was busily engaged in writing for several minutes. At last she finished her letter, folded and inserted it in the envelope, which she thereupon sealed and addressed. Then she placed it on top of the pile that had already accumulated on the table at which her mother was writing.

After a while her mother laid aside her pen and took her daughter to her room and prepared her for bed. After saying her usual prayers and being tucked in the girl gave her mother her good-night kiss. Then, as the mother switched off the light, turned to go, and called out the customary "Sleep tight, dear," the girl called back, "Now don't forget to mail my letter."

With some curiosity the mother looked for Mabel's letter and found it. She was astonished when she read the address on the envelope, for there it was in large crooked capitals, just one name, but that name was JESUS. She took the letter to her husband, he opened it, and together they read:

dear JESUS, my mother is going to have a wist party and dans next frida nite will you pleas come i will be very glad to see you Your little friend Mabel Black.

The deacon's hand shook and an unwonted pallor overspread his face as he laid aside his pipe and said in a husky voice, "Martha, do you suppose he would come, or that he even would be welcome if he did?" Mrs. Black was visibly moved and sat down beside her husband for several minutes. There were tears in her eyes as she said at length, "I guess we will call off this whist and dance." She got up and very deliberately collected all the invitations she had written, carried them to the fireplace and dumped them in. As the flames leaped high she took her husband's hand and looking smilingly into his face she said, "John, I prefer to have only one invitation sent out for next Friday night, and every other night as well, and this shall go to One whose name is Jesus." In answer deacon Black said only one word, but he said it very reverently, and the word was "Amen!"—Arthur W. Weeden in "The Baptist Evangel."

Answering a Fool

"Answer a fool according to his folly, lest he should be wise in his own conceit." Prov. 26:5.

A man who called himself an unbeliever went to a celebrated minister and said: "I know you are a man full of common sense, and that there is no trickery about you. I have read your sermons and I like them, and I know you will give a man a straightforward answer. Now, do you believe I have a soul?" And the minister answered, "Yes, I do."

"Well," said the man, "that is a most extraordinary thing for a man of your ability to think. If you go to Kensington Museum, you can see exactly what the component parts of man are. There

is so much water, so much starch, so much lime, so much sugar, so much phosphorus and so much carbon." He went on to enumerate sixteen ingredients included in the make-up of the human body. Then he added: "You can see these in bottles in the museum. Now tell me where the soul comes in."

The minister looked at him and said: "Excuse me, but I must decline to continue the argument any further." "That is just the way with you believers," said the man, "when you can not meet an argument fair and square you will not confess you are beaten; you back out and 'decline to continue.'"

"No, that is not the reason. You see I believe as a minister of Christ that I am a reasonable man, and as a reasonable man, holding my own senses, and thinking as a reasonable man, I must decline altogether to hold any argument with so many quarts of water, so much phosphorus, so much lime, so much carbon, so much of those other ingredients you say you are made of."

The High Cost of Appetite and Greed

Esau had a great appetite and a fine feast, but the cashier's check took the good taste out of his mouth. He sold the priceless for temporary satisfaction, spiritual values for physical satisfaction. Many men have partaken of pleasing feasts only to be greatly surprised and deeply pained by the size of the bill. Saul acquired some fine live stock but lost his kingdom. David secured temporary satisfaction but later discovered the permanent pain of sin. Judas secured thirty pieces of bright silver but secured a permanent tarnish on his soul. The Prodigal Son sold his home privileges for a pass to the breadline. We live in a world in which feasts can be secured but prices must be paid. The man who eats too much gets too fat, and the flapper who eats too little gets nervous prostration. God still puts marks on a man's face, lines in his soul, and makes it clear in a thousand ways that the high cost of appetite constitutes an insurmountable barrier to the seeing, sensitive, and sensible soul.

Automobiles need brakes, railroad crossings need gates, gardens need fences, and the human heart needs the guardian angels of mind and will. There were never so many attractive inducements to buy as there are today. The advertising pages of our magazines are fascinating. The appetite is artistically, scientifically, and successfully stimulated. The pathways of the world are filled with expert salesmen, and after them come the collectors. The happiness of many homes is destroyed by the utterly futile attempt to carry on a Cadillac establishment on a Ford income.

If appetite is to be controlled and greed banished from the world, the beginnings must be made in the individual and in the Church of Jesus Christ. Are we looking upon this as if it were a moral and spiritual impossibility?—Selected.

Origin of the Handshake

Shaking hands is so very, very common that most of us never stop to wonder where this interesting custom originated.

In ancient times, when every man carried a dagger in his belt and each man distrusted his neighbor, it was the custom to offer some token of peaceful intention when two persons met. As the right hand was the "weapon hand," it was natural that this should be extended to show that no weapon was carried therein. As a result, when a man wished to show a peaceable intent and be regarded as a friend, he would grasp the hand of his neighbor when the two met.

From that custom grew the habit of always shaking or at least touching the hand, on meeting; any man who refused to do so being considered an enemy, before whom his opponent had a right to draw his weapon and defend himself.

People often wonder how fads in social customs occur. Frequently these are accidental, as, for example, the fad some years ago of shaking hands high, the elbow being held almost on a level with the shoulder. Is it said that this began with a certain prince, who really set the fashion through having a boil under his arm. The pain obliged him to hold his arm and hand in an elevated position, in self-defense, so to speak, and people believed it to be a new way of shaking hands.

The Chinese have their own interesting salutation on meeting an acquaintance. Instead of grasping each the other's hand, each clasps his own left hand in his right and gravely shakes it. The ancient purpose of the rite, modern convention, and the friendly requirements of the immediate occasion are thus satisfied as completely as in our more familiar Western handclasp.

Tainted Fiction

In some of the popular fiction of the present time there is a taint which does not add to the plot or the personalities or presentation of the story, and could well be omitted. For instance, the frequent appearance of profanity is offensive to good taste. The apology that it is true to life is lame, for such a segment of life does not deserve to be preserved and glorified in literature.

Besides, there are plenty of picturesque personalities who do not swear, and the fiction writers can find them if they choose.

Another character who is given too much prominence in current stories is the cigaret fiend. Why do not the story makers award their heroes or heroines a cigar, or, if that be too expensive, a pipe? We protest against the attractive presentation in literature of the baser characters with their sins and follies applause and imitation.

It is a pity that in fiction, as often elsewhere the devil appears as an angel of light.

Why the Parson Didn't

(Continued from page 9)

mained standing; and, when the uproar had lessened, he continued: "I should like to have that motion adopted and recorded in just that phraseology. It is unusual, unecclesiastical, undignified, what you please. But, brethren and sisters, we are standing in a solemn place tonight. We have narrowly escaped doing our church and pastor a serious injury. The means of our deliverance was a striking parable. There isn't one of us who could ever see or hear that record upon our books without recalling this hour. And to those who are not present that singular entry, as it is explained, may become the means of enlightenment and stimulation. I press my motion for the resolution."

And in the end the motion prevailed, and that unique entry may today be read in the full round handwriting of the clerk on the records of the Central Church of Ryeboro.

"What's all this I hear about the White Church an' Elder Crane?" asked Joe Dooley at his next visit to Mr. Barton a few months later. "Last time I was here you were goin' to fire him, or let him fire himself, for not makin' th' pace. Seems you didn't, an' that he's runnin' in great form now. Hain't heard much sence I struck town but th' great doin's up to th' church. An', O, yes, what 'd young Jim Bradley mean by sayin' that you'd made up your minds to 'tend to th' sulky a leetle more, an' that I was responsible for the hull bizness?"

And, as Mr. Barton told him the story, the old man listened with intent interest. When the recital was finished, he sat a few moments in silence. Then his only comment was:

"Wall, I swanny to gum! They's lots of hoss-sense in folks if you c'n only get at it."—Joseph Kenanrd Wilson, in the "Christian Endeavor World."

Southern Baptists a Big Family

Few people understand just how large is the Southern Baptist family at this time (1932 figures). Here is the lineup at home and abroad:

In Cuba and Panama, 38 ministers, 51 churches, and 4,701 church members.

In 13 foreign countries, 1,025 ministers, 2,698 churches, and 192,078 church members.

In 18 Southern and Southwestern states, 22,801 ministers, 24,035 churches, and 4,066,140 church members.

Total for Southern Baptists, at home and abroad, 23,864 ministers, 26,784 churches, and 4,262,919 church members.

* * *

A girl who had just returned from Egypt was telling her mother about the pyramids and other wonders.

Some of the stones, she said, were covered with hieroglyphics.

"I hope, dear," said her mother, anxiously, "you were careful not to get any of them on you."

A New Serial Story

by the well-known and popular Grace Livingston Hill will commence in the next issue of the "Herald," entitled:



"The Patch of Blue"

Nothing more need be said than to make sure that the February first number of the "Herald" reach you by having subscribed for the paper for the year 1934.

The prospect of reading this thrilling story should win for our Young People's paper many new subscribers.

The publishers are not unaware of the scarcity of funds in the hands of the people and it is in view of this circumstance that easy terms, usually called installment terms, are announced.

The subscription price is \$1.25 and it is a rule that payment be in advance, but we are willing to accept 50 cts down, 50 cts. the first part of February and the balance of 25 cts in March. In the meantime the subscriber can be receiving and reading the "Herald."

Boosters and pastors will please make these terms known.

German Baptist Publication Society

What the Church Needs Today

CLAY P. MORGAN

- More tithes and fewer drives.
- More action and less faction.
- More workers and fewer shirkers.
- More backers and fewer slackers.
- More of God's plan and less of man's.
- More praying and less straying.
- More divine power and less human "pow-wow."
- More "Good News" and fewer "Book Reviews."
- More burden-bearers and fewer tale-bearers.
- More fighting squads and fewer tight-wads.
- More liberal males and fewer food sales.
- More "tongues of fire" and fewer fiery tongues.
- More zealous effort and less jealous thought.
- More soul service if not less social service.
- More love for the Word and less love for the world.
- More seeking for grace and less seeking for place.
- More "moving" and fewer moving pictures.
- More holiness of life and less bickering and strife.
- More fasting and praying and less feasting and playing.
- More time spent in "upper rooms" and less in supper rooms.
- More religion in politics and less politics in religion.—Watchman-Examiner.

Suggestions to Ushers

1. Be quiet in all your work.
2. Keep the air pure. Good ventilation is necessary.
3. There should be one usher at the rear of the church at all times.
4. Be at your post at least twenty minutes before time of service.
5. Give strangers the best seats, and always see that they have a hymn-book or program.
6. Realize the importance of your office. The first impression which strangers receive on coming into the church is usually from the ushers.
7. Never seat anyone during the reading of Scripture, special music, or prayer. This applies to members as well as strangers.
8. It is of extreme importance, if you are unable to serve, that you arrange for a substitute or communicate with the chairman of the ushers in ample time for him to do so.
9. Always give a friendly greeting and a smile to everyone, visitors and members alike, for remember you are representing the friendly church, and the stranger may base his opinions of the whole church upon the welcome that is extended by the ushers.—Forward.

Vegetarian

"You say Mr. Jones is a strict vegetarian?"

"Yes, he won't even let his children eat animal crackers."—Bee-Hive.