

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., MARCH 1, 1934

Number Five

What is That to Thee ? Follow Thou Me

Many of us like Simon Peter of old have committed grievous sins when we followed our Master "afar off." It must ever be our first concern to keep close to the Master, obey his will for us and walk in his footsteps. Too often we concern ourselves with a fellow-disciple for whom the Lord may have mapped out a life's course so entirely different from our own. In loving sternness the Lord must remind us: "What is that to thee? Follow thou me." We can only prove our oft repeated pledge of love to our Master by following him. Only by unbroken fellowship with him can we have that shepherd-heart that will enable us to care for his lambs and his sheep entrusted to us. Should his will for us be that we are to glorify God in some great sacrificial service or in death itself, then if we follow him all the way, we can be sure of his presence with us, even in such an hour.

The Finance Committee,
P. O. Box 6,
Forest Park, Ill.

GIVE YOUR EASTER OFFERING TO THE RISEN CHRIST

What's Happening

Obituary Read at Rev. G. Fetzer's Funeral Service

Rev. Gottlob Fetzer, our beloved brother, was born on July 30, 1861, in Cleveland, O., as son of Andrew and Marie Fetzer. He received his elementary schooling in Cleveland and his theological training in the Rochester Theological Seminary both German and English Departments in the years 1881-1889, with two years in intermission, when he was engaged in missionary work in Cincinnati, O. He was ordained in the year 1889. He was pastor of the Erin Ave. Church in the years from 1889-1891, in Kitchener, Ont., from 1891-1897, in the Second Church of New York from 1897-1901. In September, 1901, he was elected editor of the "Sendbote" and served in this capacity till his death on Tuesday, January 30, 1934. He went to his reward at 1.15 A. M. that morning.

Our brother married Miss Bertha Haselhuhn, daughter of the former editor of the "Sendbote," in November, 1888. This marriage was blessed with three children, Agnes, Mrs. Ed. van Hoeck, Gertrude and Ruth, Mrs. Milton Staub, who with their mother are mourning his departure. Our brother's loss will be deeply felt by them as well as by the large circle of the German Baptist Denomination. He was a good man, a much beloved pastor in the different churches he had and as editor he unfolded an activity, the blessed influence of which has been felt during all the long years of his service, and which will leave his name in blessed memory in all our churches for many years.

Brother Fetzer was especially fitted for his task, having learned type setting while in Cleveland and having the practical experience in the service of the churches so necessary in the work of editing a denominational paper like "Der Sendbote."

Our brother filled a large place in his own church and will be greatly missed there. Every pastor who served the church could count on him as a friend. He was a man of fine personality and no one could come in touch with him without being impressed and captivated by his Christian spirit and sincere manhood. A man of deep convictions he made friends everywhere.

His family life was an exceptionally happy one as many of his friends had opportunity to find out when they enjoyed the hospitality of his happy home. Our brother was ailing for some time. His death came as the result of hardening of the arteries and heart failure. We have lost a fine man in him, a great servant of God and a worker whose life work is outstanding in the history of our beloved denomination.

The Order of the Funeral Service

for
Reverend Gottlob Fetzer
held at
White Avenue Baptist Church
February 1, 1934

The Pastor, Reverend W. L. Schoeffel,
Presiding

Organ. Miss Elizabeth Schroeder

WTAM Male Quartet

a. "Lead Kindly Light"

b. "Abide With Me"

Call to Worship. The Pastor

Reading of Scripture Portions, Rev. O. E. Krueger

Prayer. Reverend Samuel Blum, Secretary German Baptist Publication Society

Male Quartet. "Still, Still With Thee"

Reading of Obituary. Rev. E. Umbach

Memorial Address (German) Rev. William Kuhn, D. D., General Secretary, General Missionary Society

Soprano Solo, "No Night There." Mrs. Olive Ash Winkel

Brief Tributes from Denominational Leaders

a. Professor Herman von Berge
Moderator General Conference

b. Professor F. W. C. Meyer
Representing Board of Trustees,
German Baptist Publication Society

c. H. P. Donner
Business Manager German Baptist Publication Society

Soprano Solo, "Crossing the Bar," Mrs. Olive Ash Winkel

Closing Prayer—Benediction, Rev. P. Wengel

Interment Wade Memorial Chapel,
Lakeview Cemetery

The honorary Pall Bearers were: Rev. J. H. Ansberg, Rev. W. S. Argow, Rev. H. von Berge, Rev. S. Blum, Rev. C. A. Daniel, Mr. H. P. Donner, Mr. F. A. Grosser, Rev. E. G. Kliese, Rev. F. Kaiser, Rev. O. E. Krueger, Rev. W. Kuhn, Rev. J. Leyboldt, Prof. F. W. C. Meyer, Rev. H. Swyter, Rev. E. Umbach, Rev. O. Warga.

Rev. Ed. S. Fenske, pastor of the church at Eureka, S. Dak., has resigned to accept the call of the church at Herreid, S. Dak., to succeed the Rev. Albert Alf. Bro. Fenske begins his labors on his new field with March 1.

A report has come to us that the meeting house of our German Baptist Church at Aplington, Ia., has been destroyed by

fire and is almost a total loss. We sympathize with pastor Herman Lohr and his people and pray the Lord will lead them on to build in the near future.

Mrs. J. E. Ehrhorn, wife of the pastor of our Cottonwood church at Lorena, Tex., underwent a serious operation for gall stones on Feb. 14. According to last reports, she was suffering much. We commend her and Bro. Ehrhorn and family to the prayers of our entire fellowship for a full recovery of our sister in Christ.

The officers of the Baraca Class of the Fleischmann Memorial Baptist Church, Philadelphia, Pa., to serve during 1934 are Fred Schick, president; Walter Raid, vice-president; Roger Bate-man, secretary; Fred Fester, treasurer; Peter Hensel and Oscar Gaertner, librarians; Christian Pflaumer, pianist, and Emil Gruen, song leader. The monthly church paper, "The Friendly Neighbor," is issued by this Men's Baraca class in the interest of the church.

The Chancellor, S. Dak., church observed "Prayer Week" later than usual because Rev. William Kuhn, D. D., who had accepted the invitation of the church to deliver a series of addresses during the "Prayer Week" could not come until January 14. We were very glad to have Bro. Kuhn with us during that week, and the five devotional addresses which he delivered were very timely and helpful. Although there was much sickness among the children of the community at that time, the meetings were very well attended. We hope it will be possible to have Bro. Kuhn serve us again during a series of protracted meetings.—M. De Boer.

The Baptist Herald

Published semi-monthly by the
GERMAN BAPTIST PUBLICATION SOCIETY
3734 Payne Avenue Cleveland, Ohio

Rev. A. P. Mihm, Editor

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The Baptist Herald

† Gottlob Fetzer

THE news of the death of the editor of "Der Sendbote," Rev. Gottlob Fetzer, will come as a shock to many. While he had been ailing for some months, he bravely carried on in spite of his physical troubles until his body succumbed under the strain. He passed away on Jan. 30. A good and faithful worker has entered into his heavenly rest.

Brother Fetzer was one of our outstanding German Baptists. After successful pastorates in Cleveland, his birthplace, in Kitchener, Ontario, and in New York City, he was elected editor of "Der Sendbote" at the General Conference in Kitchener (then Berlin), Ont., in 1901. For 32 years he filled this important denominational assignment with all conscientiousness, with marked ability and success. It is no easy task to get out a denominational paper every week, year after year, and keep it interesting, fresh and readable. To this task our departed brother gave himself fully and faithfully. He knew how to enlist helpers. The table of our "Sendbote" was always richly decked and supplied with palatable spiritual food. Bro. Fetzer kept in touch with our churches and knew the spiritual needs of our people. He was always a welcome speaker at our conferences and denominational gatherings and his messages were always to edification. They ever rang true to the old gospel. His counsel was sought in our gatherings and his words were based on the wisdom of practical experience.

Bro. Fetzer was a man of sturdy and reliable character, a genial friend, a man of devout mind. To know him was to esteem and love him. We shall miss him greatly as a friend and co-worker. We extend our sincere sympathy to his wife and family in the loss which has come to the home circle. We regret that our duties kept us far afield in distant Saskatchewan, Canada, so that we were unable to look once more in our departed brother's face and pay the last tribute of love and respect at his funeral bier.

We pray that his mantle may fall on able and worthy shoulders. May our departed brother's fruitful and faithful life spur us on to work while it is day and to serve our day and generation with all our God-consecrated powers as he so nobly served and has left behind the memory of a blessed life.

A Savior Needed

A MOST solemn truth is expressed by Prof. Austin Phelps in the following words: "God save us from ourselves! We carry within us the elements of hell if we but choose to make them such. Ahaz,

Judas, Nero, Borgia, Herod—all were once prattling infants in happy mother's arms."

How contrary is this truth to the contention of those who reject the doctrine of sin and repudiate alike the need and the fact of Christ's atonement.

God's plan of salvation, revealed in inspired Scriptures and through his Son, the incarnate Word, responds exactly to the conscious needs of the human soul; and through the Christian centuries this fact has been graciously and fully demonstrated in millions of personal experiences, in the reclamation of whole races of sin-degraded peoples, and in the production of a civilization unique in human history..

Working for World Peace

EDNA GEISSLER

A NUMBER of the "Baptist Herald's" recent articles concerning peace have been of real interest. We tend to forget the wise counsel of these editorials soon after reading them, however. Aren't we, after all, covering much traversed territory when we plead with people to come out for peace? If all the articles on peace were laid end to end they would probably reach from here to Geneva and back again. But would it do any good—has it gotten us anywhere? The results remind one of the negro mammy who had treated her children to a merry-go-round ride. After they returned she said, "Now you all has paid your money, and you has had your ride, but where has you all been?" If we have not yet obeyed the command of nineteen hundred years ago, "Peace on earth, good will toward men," will we do it now?

One cannot help but feel that perhaps the efforts of the W. C. T. U., in writing into the textbooks 45 years ago, the fact that alcohol was a poison to the human body, has not had any very edifying results. What assurance have we that writing the need for peace into the textbooks of our school children will not have a similar fate? Many people cast aside as futile and absurd protocols between nations which forbid the use of poison gas and bacteria in time of war. They fear such treaties may become mere "scraps of paper" in the next conflict. Why then do we send people to international conferences year after year, if we ourselves have no faith in the results or do not plan to adhere to them should they not suit our designs? If we do not have faith in even these feeble strivings for international understanding, how do we ever hope to achieve any measure of universal accord? We have no assurance, beyond that of individuals, that any international

agreements made in time of peace will be observed during war. But if enough individuals determine to uphold such treaties it will be impossible to cast them aside.

In 1909, one of the first conferences on international peace was to meet in Stockholm. Count Leo Tolstoy was asked to attend, finding this impossible, he sent a message which was to be read when the conference convened in 1910. The address was, however, suppressed as being too radical, since it expressed the idea, among others, that "war is a vile and criminal business," and that "the most powerful weapon with which to combat it is Truth." How little we have advanced since that day in 1909; we have not yet accepted these obviously true statements.

What a challenge to the Christian Church! Can not an organized body of millions of people sway the world toward peace? We teach the children in our Sunday schools that we must "love our neighbors as ourselves" and that murder is a wicked deed. If we would only remember that murder is murder whether committed by an individual for personal revenge or by an army at the behest of a government. How may we reconcile our Christian teachings with the knowledge that throughout the world thousands of "Christians" would be ready at a few hours notice to kill other thousands of "Christians"? Is it not a task for the Church as a social institution to clarify the concepts of religion so that war will be incompatible with our religious beliefs?

Buffalo, N. Y.

To Read and Not to Read

JOHN E. GRYGO

WHY do you read? Have you ever rightly considered what the ability to read means?

Lowell tells us that, "reading is the key which admits us to the whole world of thought and fancy and imagination." Now then, if this be true, our minds should always be craving for written food. It is estimated that each of the 120,000,000 people in the United States spends forty cents for books. One should wonder as to

The Enormous Capacity of the Average Reader,

who, no doubt, first tastes, then swallows, and finally digests all he reads. A well-known German writer claims that it is easier nowadays to write books than to read them. And Bertrand Russell is in the habit of saying that he never reads the sort of books he writes. There are authors who would not have their own family members read their smart, sparkling, sophisticated stories, and yet expect that the American people should read them. They are habitual disease spreaders and enjoy a questionable popularity.

To date there are over four thousand journals

published in our country. We have seen them on street corners, in subway stations, and hotel lobbies.

Their Gaudy Covers

meet our eyes everywhere. Some are good, but others are decidedly bad. Every newspaper dealer will tell you that the latter ones go best. Do you wonder then why our moral standards are so shaky, why our numerous nervous cases are a little too numerous?

The newspapers often crowd unnecessarily our leisure time. Whether the news be true or false, it does not matter to the majority of readers. It is amazing how high the interest is for the social happenings. Every scandal, however, pollutes in some way or other the unbalanced mind of a youthful reader. We have in our churches people who are very well acquainted with Joe Palooka or Mutt and Jeff, but could not tell us whether Bro. A. Orthner or Bro. G. Geis is laboring in Burma. Some young people are more interested in Hollywood or the next boxing match than in a class study of the life of Christ. There are in our Protestant churches many members who have never read the Bible; all they know about the precious book is what they receive in a Sunday morning sermon, and that is not so much at times. A few men are busily engaged in re-writing the Bible, but it would be just as advantageous to Christendom if the Book of Books would be more re-read.

What Have You Money For?

People spend money for anything imaginable but refuse when they are asked to subscribe for a denominational paper or to buy a helpful religious book. Should we spend less for Christ's work than for Fun, Fudge, and Fashion?

One should only read books or magazines of good substance. Read them regularly, and you will become a habitual reader of worthy and constructive material.

Why is it that there is a steady decline in the subscriber's list of our religious periodicals? What does it tell us? Has the time come when we are unable to value the worth of a religious paper in our homes? We should not deplore the worldly spirit in our churches and homes, if we are negligent in those things which are of paramount importance to our spiritual development. Why don't you make the "Baptist Herald," or "Sendbote," if you please, your paper? But then, it is not enough to merely subscribe. Read them, and read them with diligence and attention. The same I would also say about our beloved Bible.

Lansing, Mich.

It Does Not Pay

TO "have a good time" at the expense of an uneasy conscience the next morning.

To lose our temper at the expense of losing a friend.

To cheat a corporation at the expense of robbing our own souls.

To go to church in the morning if we are planning to go to the devil in the evening.

To have an enemy if we can have a friend.

To sow wild oats if we have to buy our own crop.

To spend the last half of life in remorse or regret for the first half.

To be discourteous, irreverent, cynical, cruel, or vulgar.

To give God the husks instead of the heart.

To live at all unless we live for all.

—Charles M. Sheldon.

Editorial Jottings

WE REGRET it extremely that our editorial comment on Bro. G. Fetzer's passing as well as his obituary, published in this number, did not reach our Publication office in time to appear in the February 15 issue. News of his death reached us in far-off Saskatchewan after his burial. Leader, Sask., where we were engaged in Bible School work at the time, is more than four days distant from Cleveland, and mail and train service away from the main railroad lines is slow and infrequent. This will explain the delay to our readers.

WE KINDLY REQUEST all our contributors and others sending correspondence to our editorial and Young People's Union office to have their mail carefully weighed before forwarding. We have been receiving considerable mail lately bearing insufficient postage, and postage due payments should not be inflicted on us here at Forest Park. Letters in unsealed third class matter will cause the entire package to be charged full letter rates by an examining postmaster. We will appreciate it if our correspondents will kindly bear this in mind.

Don'ts for Public Speakers

1. Don't read your speech—tell it or keep your seat.
2. Don't mumble your words—speak distinctly.
3. Don't be afraid—the folks won't hurt you.
4. Don't be lazy—prepare your speech.
5. Don't think because you never have spoken in public you can't—try.
6. Don't say the same thing over and over—sit down.
7. Don't be afraid to fail—your failure may glorify God if you have done your best.
8. Don't forget that you are a witness for Jesus—be a good witness.
9. Don't forget that those who pray well in public, pray in private.
10. Don't forget Luther's three rules for speakers—Get up, Speak up, Shut up.
11. Don't forget that Christ is with you if you are speaking for him.

—Christian Observer.

The Baptist World Congress in Berlin, Germany

All who are planning to go to Berlin will do well to make their steamship reservations at once by making an initial payment of \$25. Those making this initial payment will be secured against any increase in price for steamship tickets. Initial payments will be refunded if requested three weeks before sailing date.

The frequent sailings of the North German Lloyd and Hamburg America Line Steamers offer service to fit in with every travel plan.

The price of the steamship ticket is determined by the Steamer chosen, the Class selected and the season of the year.

For your advantage we suggest that you write at once and if possible send the initial payment of \$25.

Rev. WILLIAM KUHN,
Box 6,
Forest Park, Ill.

WHAT'S HAPPENING

Rev. E. Wuerch, formerly pastor of the church at Ebenezer West, Sask., has become pastor of the church at Fenwood, Sask., and is already on his new field.

Rev. F. Balogh, pastor of our church at Grand Forks, N. Dak., assisted Rev. H. P. Kayser, pastor of the McDermott Ave. Church, Winnipeg, Man., Can., in evangelistic meetings during the first two weeks in February.

Rev. O. E. Krueger of the Temple Church, Pittsburgh, Pa., preached a course of Sunday morning sermons revolving around the problem of suffering and upholding the thesis: "Christianity is the only religion that has an answer for suffering." The topics were: "A World of Woe;" "Victorious Vitality;" "No Cross, No Crown;" "Character, not Comfort."

Deacon Albert J. Gaiser of the Third German Baptist Church, New York City, was baptized 50 years ago by his then pastor, Rev. Reinhard Hoefflin. The golden jubilee of this event was celebrated at the Sunday morning service of the church on January 28. We congratulate the church on the long and faithful service of Deacon Gaiser and rejoice with him in the grace of God which kept him through all the years.

Rev. Samuel Blum, pastor of the Erin Ave. Church, Cleveland, O., who is also secretary of the Publication Board, has been appointed by the Publication Board to act as editor pro tem. for "Der Sendbote" until a permanent editor is elected at the next session of the General Conference this summer. The Publication Board thought it wise to leave the election of the editor to the General Conference, seeing it is so close at hand. The action of the Board will be regarded as wise. We wish Bro. Blum much joy and blessing in his work in the meanwhile.

Illinois Baptist Young People Special Notice

The Youth's Congress of Illinois will meet in Peoria March 17-18. Any young people from our German Baptist Churches coming to this gathering may have lodging with members of our church, if, in writing for reservations to Mr. Loel Green, 1420 Smith St., they will state that they prefer lodging with members of the State Park Baptist Church, or write direct to the pastor, Rev. A. F. Runtz, 812 Goodwin St., Peoria, Ill.

* * *

Lord Chesterfield once said: "The manner of your speaking is full as important as the matter."

Training the tongue for gentle accents, soft and low, is worthwhile. It is possible to quote the Twenty-third Psalm so harshly that the words will fall like blows.

It is gratifying that the Australian figures for Sunday school as well as church membership appear to indicate steady if slow growth. A European drop of about 7,500 is fully explained by a fall of 11,000 in Britain, the gain in continental lands being insufficient to offset this.

Teacher Training at Avon

From January 15-19 a class of fifteen studied "The Principles of Teaching" Course Two in the standard leadership training curriculum of the International Council of Religious Education. Of this number, ten did the work for credit, and completed it in a creditable manner. The teacher was Rev. Benj. Schlipf, who is accredited with the Council for this course, and for Course Four, New Testament. Nine of those eligible for credit are from our Avon church, the other is a Mennonite brother.

The Avon B. Y. P. U. is doing fine work. Several years ago it adopted the Commission Plan, and this year is reaching peak level plus. They are planning even better things for the new society year which begins April first.

The Sunday school under the leadership of Bro. Arthur Voigt has an enrollment of 360, the largest number since the organization of the church, 43 years ago. The record attendance for a common Sunday session was 333. The pastor's class of men has an enrollment above 70, and the Philathea Class, of which Mrs. Schlipf is teacher, has an enrollment of over 50. A REP ORTER.

Plevna, Montana, Union Enjoys Revival

How happy we were a year ago when we succeeded in organizing our B. Y. P. U. of Plevna, Montana. But to work for a Master that you do not understand is difficult. Now thank God, due to a great revival we are unitedly working for Jesus Christ. Our membership has had a great increase. Most of our members are now enlisted in the "Army of the Lord."

Of course, we can't do anything big but we can help cheer and comfort our fellow travelers, thus glorifying our Lord and Savior. We are giving programs the first Sunday of every month. We sincerely hope they may be a blessing to each and every one.

Listen, friends, don't you think there is more joy in working for Jesus if you belong to him than there is if you are not his? Try and see!

ROSE SCHOPP, Sec.

Lessons Come High

Herbert: "She says she thinks she can learn to love me."

Albert: "Well, that seems encouraging, and still you don't look happy."

Herbert: "No, I took her out last night and the first lesson cost me my whole week's wages."—Pathfinder.

The Sunday School

Sure Cure for Sick Classes

A One-Act Play

WILLIAM H. LEACH

A very simple stage setting is required: A business desk at the back of the stage. At right of this desk, a stenographer's desk. A telephone, placed so that it can be used either by doctor or stenographer. Above the desk, on the wall, the following inscription:

SPIRITUAL CHEMICAL COMPANY

Tonics for Sick Classes

Dr. I. B. Surecure, Dispensing Chemist

A clothes tree and chairs for patients in the room. Several large bottles of colored liquids on the desk, other bottles on the shelves. It will be necessary for some one to ring the telephone bell as indicated. The characters will enter in the order named:

Miss First Aid—Doctor's assistant.

Doctor Surecure.

Miss Hope—President of the "Hopeful" class.

Mr. Pep—President of the "Pepper Ups."

Miss First Aid enters, hangs up her coat and hat and takes place at the stenographer's desk, facing the audience. Telephone rings.

Miss First Aid (answers)—Yes, this is the Spiritual Chemical Company. No, Doctor Surecure has not come in yet. You have a sick class? Yes, I am sure he can help you. Your class can never get started in time? You find that members will not come out to the business meetings? In the summer time the attendance is awful? Yes, those are quite customary indications of a bad liver. No, I don't mean your internal organ, I mean one who has not found the right way to live. No, I don't think I could tell you over the telephone. You had better come in and see Doctor Surecure. All right, good bye.

(Doctor Surecure enters.)

Doctor Surecure—Good morning, Miss First Aid. I am sorry to have been delayed.

Miss First Aid—Good morning, Doctor.

Doctor Surecure (as he hangs up his hat and coat)—Any calls?

Miss First Aid—Yes, Doctor, a Miss Hope called. She is president of the Hopeful class of Mount Zion Sunday school. Something is wrong with her class. She wants to do something as soon as possible, so I told her to come in to see you this morning.

Doctor Surecure (seating himself)—That's fine. We can probably fix her up all right.

(Door opens and in comes Miss Hope.)

Miss Hope—Good morning, Doctor, I am Miss Hope.

Doctor Surecure—I am glad to see you, Miss First Aid tells me you are having some difficulty with the Hopeful class.

Miss Hope—Yes, as sure as I am Miss Hope, the Hopefuls at times seem quite hopeless.

Doctor Surecure—Can things be as bad as that?

Miss Hope—They certainly are, Doctor.

Doctor Surecure—Tell me about the patient. What does he eat?

Miss Hope—That is just what I knew you would ask. The class has a good diet. We have a few songs, our teacher prays, and then she tells us about the lesson.

Doctor Surecure—Everybody listens?

Miss Hope—Why, of course, but it isn't very interesting. I am sure that our teacher does not give much time to the lesson. But, then, she has been with us a long time.

Doctor Surecure—Do you chew the food—I mean do you discuss it to give your minds exercise?

Miss Hope—O no, we can't do that. We are not that kind of people.

Doctor Surecure—People must chew food to prepare it for digestion.

Miss Hope—Oh, Doctor, you are so amusing.

Doctor Surecure—Now, how about exercise?

Miss Hope—What do you mean?

Doctor Surecure—A class is like a person—no individual can be healthy except he takes exercise. Certainly no class can be healthy unless it tries to put into practice the things it learns in the classroom. A listening, do-nothing class is sure to get a good attack of indigestion, and that is about all.

Miss Hope—But the girls don't want to—

Doctor Surecure—I will give them a tonic that will change their indifference into desire. (He holds up a bottle.) There are three things in this tonic. First I will put in Loyalty. (He pours from one of the bottles.) Next, I will add Desire-for-Knowledge. (Pours from second bottle.) Third, and last, I am going to put in some of this very valuable Desire-to-be-of-Service. (Pours from third bottle.) The trouble with your class, Miss Hope, is that you have a group of girls who don't know what Sunday school is all about. They go indifferently to the class, listen indifferently to an indifferent lesson, and go away with no thought or conception of Christian service.

Miss Hope—But won't this tonic be bitter?

Doctor Surecure—Possibly, but that is partly up to you. If it is administered with no reasonable amount of sympathy and tact, the bitterness will be lessened.

(The telephone rings. Miss First Aid answers.)

Miss First Aid—It's for you, Doctor. Doctor Surecure (taking telephone)—You say that three members of your class went to sleep during the lesson? What should you do? Well, I can fix a tonic. No, don't give it to the class members; take it yourself. When a class go to sleep during the lesson, we doctor the teacher. All right, good bye.

Miss Hope—Well, Doctor, if you have my medicine ready I think I shall go. But I don't know how I shall get the class to take the medicine.

Doctor Surecure—That is up to you, Miss Hope. I give the prescription but you must persuade the class to use it.

(She leaves. Again the telephone rings and Miss First Aid answers.)

Miss First Aid—Yes, this is Doctor Surecure's office. You have some one in your class who insists on asking questions of the teacher. Just a minute. Doctor, a person is on the line who wants to know what to do when a person keeps asking the teacher questions.

Doctor Surecure—Find out what the person is eating. I would like to recommend the same diet to some other class members. If there is anything we need in our Sunday school classes, it is the desire to really learn. A dozen people like that in a class would make it a real educational organization.

(The door opens and in comes Mr. Pep of the Pepper Ups.)

Mr. Pep (enthusiastically)—Good morning, Doctor.

Doctor Surecure—Good morning, Mr. Pep, can I help you in any way?

Mr. Pep—I don't know, Doctor. I am supposed to have the liveliest class in town. Boy, have we life! I had never thought we needed anything a doctor could give until this morning. I was out training my colt. How that colt did plunge and kick! All life. But I couldn't get him to pull. Then said I to myself, "That's just like my class. It is always doing something, but it is seldom doing the right thing."

Doctor Surecure—Would you suggest that I give the class a sedative?

Mr. Pep—What do you think, Doctor?

Doctor Surecure—No, a sedative is not the right dose. We need energy in Sunday school work. The more, the better. But it must be directed energy. There is not much virtue in activity which does not accomplish anything. What does your class like to do?

Mr. Pep—It likes to promote—parties, picnics, hikes and feeds. We have them all the time.

Doctor Surecure—Does it ever try to promote the class sessions?

(Continued on page 16)



THE PATCH OF BLUE

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

(Continuation)

"Look here, Dad!" he began again, "can't you get out of this place and go home? Does Mother know anything about what's happened?"

"I trust not," said the man hoarsely, his whole frame shaken by a convulsive sob. "Not yet."

"Well, there, what's the use in taking it so hard? There'll be some way out. Doesn't Mother own our house? Can't you keep that?"

The gray head was shaken solemnly.

"She owns it," he said wearily, "I put it in her name long ago. But only for her need in case of my death. We talked it all over then, about men who did that to protect themselves when they knew they were about to fail. Mother said then, and I know she'll stick by it, that she wouldn't think of keeping a house when others felt we were in debt to them. It wouldn't be honorable, son. We've got to do the straight thing even though we are penniless."

Chris was silent a moment, taking it all in. Then he answered bravely:

"Sure thing, Dad. Of course we have!" and somehow the father felt a little thrill of comfort from the way the boy said that "we" including himself in the wholesale sacrifice. The father put out his hand and grasped the hand of his boy.

"Thank you for that, son. You're going to stand by, and that'll help a lot. I feel that I'm awfully to blame not to have discovered sooner what was going on, but we'll work it out, somehow, together! You've helped me a lot already, boy! Now, I'm going out there and speak to the crowd."

"Oh, no, Dad!" cried Chris in quick alarm. "Listen! You mustn't. I've been out there. I know what it's like. The people are seeing red just now. It wouldn't be safe. Wait till tomorrow, Dad. Wait till you've made some kind of statement in the papers. Wait till the people have cooled off a little."

"No, son! I'm going now. I've got to face the thing or I couldn't live with myself over night. These are people out there in distress. Widows, and orphans, who trusted me with their all. They've been telephoning all day till I'm crazy. Mrs. Manders, the widow of my old friend. Mrs. Byers, that poor little old paralytic, and those two Johnson sisters sewing their fingers to the bone making clothes for people and putting it all in here for a rainy day. Oh! It's a burden

too great to be borne! But I must tell them, I'll do my best."

"Oh, but not yet, Dad! Not today!"

"Yes, today! Now! I couldn't go home and face my wife with it undone. She would expect it of me. She would want it. Don't worry, son, I've sent for a band of police to stand about in the crowd lest there might be some lawless ones. There are always those when there is any excitement."

"You don't understand, Dad. You mustn't go out now. It would be suicidal."

"Yes, I understand. And I must go. You stay here, Lad!"

"No, Dad, if you're going out I belong with you!" protested Chris.

"Listen, son, there isn't any danger of course, but if there should be, I'd rather you were safe in here, to take care of Mother."

"No, Dad, she'd want me to stand by you!" declared Chris, linking an arm in his father's.

So they stood when Mr. Chalmers, one of the directors, tapped at the door and entered.

"They've come, Mr. Walton," he said respectfully, almost deprecatingly, "but, I wish you'd be persuaded! The chief says he'll do his best but he wishes you wouldn't go today."

"Thank you," said the bank president, lifting his distinguished-looking head a trifle in a way that meant he could not be persuaded, "I am ready." Then he looked down at Chris whose young head was thrown back with that same look of determination, and smiled gravely, "We are ready."

Mr. Chalmers opened his lips with a glance at Chris to protest, and another director, Mr. Tryon, in the doorway said, half under his breath, "Oh, do you think that's wise?" Then they closed their lips and stood back with respect in their eyes for the father and son. There was that in the eye of each that made it necessary for them to go, and to stand together.

The wild-eyed crowd, milling together, battling for the first place next the great bronze grating of the doors, turning feverish glances toward the entrance, calling out threats now and then, pushing, selfish, almost crushing the few frightened, determined women who had joined themselves to the mob, were suddenly brought to amazement by the unexpected opening of the doors.

Those immediately in front were precipitated into the marble entrance way,

falling at the feet of the advancing two, the father and the son.

Two cashiers had opened the doors, swinging them back noiselessly behind the noisy unnoticing crowd, who had stood there for five hours beating upon that door and screaming out threats, and who were now so busy with their own madness that they did not even see the opening doors.

Just an instant the crowd blinked and wavered, as the four bullies who had occupied first place in the doorway rolled backwards upon the floor, then four others were quick to mount over them and clamber on, wild for their rights and their money.

But two officers with clubs quickly beat back the throng and brought them to their senses, and the crowd drew closer and cried out with many voices for a hearing and their money. The women were pleading now with clasped hands and tears rolling down their cheeks. It was a wild scene of confusion, and Chris' heart stood still with the horror and the sadness of it as he stood for that first instant in the doorway until the fallen men could be removed from their way. The pitifulness of life! For the first time in his few short years he realized a little sense of the sorrow and the helplessness of a great part of the world. He had never had a thought before for his fellow men who were not as fortunate as himself. Now he began to see and understand and his heart swelled painfully with the greatness of misery, and the thought that indirectly perhaps his beloved father, and therefore himself also, had been the cause of it. For the first time he realized the reason for that stone which had been flung through his beautiful new windshield a few short minutes before, and for the cry he had not recalled until now: "There he is, the son of the president, riding round in a five thousand dollar car!" He could see how they had felt and he was filled with a new kind of shame.

Then out they stepped, the president of the bank with his only son, and a wild cry burst from the mob in the street. One moment they stood there side by side, then the president of the bank raised his hand and the mob hushed for an instant, just one breathless moment, and while the silence hung in space, before it should break into chaos, Christopher Walton senior spoke:

"Friends," he said, and his voice was steady and clear so that it was heard to the utmost edge of the crowd.

Then from across the street there came a missile, swift and hard and sure, aimed straight for the brave man's face. It was Chris who saw what was coming and drew his father aside just a hair's breadth. The ball of slime and mud hit harmlessly the grill of the door before which he stood, and glanced off, only spattering his face. He merely took out his white handkerchief and wiped away the mud from his cheek and eyes, and then lifted his hand again for silence.

The sheer bravery of the act silenced

the crowd again for an instant and while it lasted he spoke.

"Friends, I am here to tell you that you shall get back every penny of your savings just as soon as it is possible. I personally pledge to give up all I have, my home and personal property, and I know the directors will do the same. This thing has come about through a circumstance which is just as surprising and heart-breaking to us as to you, and to the last cent we have we shall make good. We ask you to go quietly to your homes, and within a few days, just as soon as it is physically possible to find out the extent of our trouble, we shall communicate with every one of our depositors and let them know how soon they may expect the first instalment of what is coming to them. We ask your co-operation, and it is to our mutual benefit to work together."

He paused an instant and glanced down at his son standing so straight and tall beside him, almost reaching his father's height, then he added, with the first smile that had lightened his sorrowful features all that day:

"My son is here beside me to say that if anything happens to his father before this promise is made good, he stands ready to see that it is fulfilled. Isn't that so, Chris?"

"It sure is, Dad," answered the son with a clear ring in his voice.

Then the crowd, always ready to be swayed either way, broke into a cheer, and some of the women wept openly.

Only on the outer edge of the crowd where the policemen were quietly handcuffing a black-browed youth with slime on his hands, was there a low menacing undertone, like the growl of distant thunder.

Then a hand drew the father and son within the sheltering doors again, and most of the crowd turned and drifted slowly, hesitatingly, away.

Sometime later a closed car drove up around the corner of the alley, back of the bank, and took the Waltons and two of the bank directors to their homes; and the region about the bank, and the streets where they had to pass were well patrolled.

Mrs. Walton was in a high state of excitement when they finally arrived at home.

"Where have you both been?" she cried tearfully, "I've been so worried. I thought there had been a terrible accident and you were both killed. I even tried to telephone the bank, but got no answer except that the wire was busy. I thought I should go crazy."

"Oh," said the older Walton sympathetically, "that was because so many people were calling up constantly. I'm so sorry. I never dreamed that you would be worried yet, and I did not want to tell you until it was necessary, not until I could come home and explain it myself. My dear, we have been passing through terrible times this morning." He passed a frail hand over his fur-



"You think we ought to give this dinner to some creditor?" she asked with a twinkle.

rowed forehead and looked at her with weary eyes. Chris, watching him, seemed to see him suddenly grow old before his eyes. He saw his mother put her hand hastily over her heart in quick premonition and while his father explained about the run on the bank it all swept over him what it was going to mean to his mother to lose her home, and be poor. Gosh, that was tough on Mother! His little pretty mother! It suddenly came over him that he must somehow stand between her and this so great calamity.

Then amazingly he saw her face relax, her fears drop away, her face grow calm, and almost a smile came out upon her lips.

"Oh, is that all?" she said with great relief, "I thought you must have some awful sickness or a stroke, or you were going to have a terrible operation."

Suddenly Chris began to laugh.

"Oh, Mother," he cried, "excuse me, but—why!—you're only afraid of the things you imagine, things you get up yourself out of nothing! When it comes to real thing Muz, you've got the nerve. I'll say you're a real little old hero!"

"But Mary," said the father anxiously, "you don't understand. It will mean that we will have to give up our house and all the beautiful things you have

gathered through the years; rugs and jewels and pictures—"

"Of course!" said Mother nonchalantly. "Why speak about such trifles. We've been poor before. Besides, don't you remember what the minister said on Sunday, that we must thank God for the hard things that come into our lives as well as for the nice things? There's probably some wise reason in all this, and maybe by and by we'll see it. Come on, now, let's go to dinner. It's waited long enough. And it's a good dinner, beefsteak and mushrooms. If we're not going to be able to afford such things any more, we can at least enjoy this one; unless, Christopher, you think we ought to give this dinner to some creditor?" she asked with a twinkle.

Christopher senior took his wife in a tender embrace and smiled, his whole anxious face relaxing, and Chris Junior murmured as he turned away to brush aside a strange blurring that came into his eyes: "Gosh, Mother, you're a whiz! Who'd ever think you'd take it like that?"

"But I'm getting old, Mother, said the banker wistfully. "It's not as if I could begin all over again."

"So am I," said Mother cheerfully, "But Chris is young, and an old head and a young head together are more

than twice as good as just a young head making mistakes. Come, hurry and carve the steak!"

And surprisingly they sat down at that belated dinner laughing.

If the prowler in the shrubbery outside the dinner room window heard that laughter it perhaps only added fuel to the fire in his heart, his angry heart that wanted his money, wanted it to-night, and meant to get it somehow soon.

It was not until Chris got up to his room a couple of hours later, for they had lingered talking it out and clinging together for reassurance, that he suddenly realized what this change of circumstances was going to mean to him. On the bed lay a pennant in flaming colors bearing the name of his college. He had bought it today to give to Gilda to put on her wall, and now he was not going back to college!

He was filled with the consternation of this fact as he finally put out his light and opened his window, and he failed to see the lurking figure with the menacing white face that lurked in the hedge beyond the rhododendrons. He got into his bed and began to look his misfortunes in the face and it was not till those still deep dark hours toward morning that he fell into a light sleep.

And then, suddenly, a shot rang out, almost in the room and he sprang out of bed in alarm! (To be continued)

Calvary Baptist Family Night Is Great Success

A delightful supper and fellowship meeting was enjoyed in Pekin, Ill., by about 150 Calvary Baptist people Wednesday night, Feb. 7, at the annual church-family-night.

Over a hundred people sat down at the first table to a home cooked meal, served family style, and brought to the church ready for serving by the various families attending. Miss Sarah Ubben, president of the Ladies Auxiliary society, was the efficient chairman of the supper, with the aid of Mrs. Henry Zimmerman, president of the Ruthian society, who supervised the dishes and clean up.

A stirring song service opened the fellowship meeting with two pianos and the organ accompanying the familiar gospel songs at 7.30. The pastor, Rev. R. P. Blatt, conducted the meeting, calling upon the organizations and the officia's of the church to give reports and make comments on the church's work.

The "Live It Through" theme of the Northern Baptists was used as the note of the evening. Brief remarks were made by Mrs. John Shepperd, Miss Virginia Zimmerman, Mrs. Elsie Talbert, William Oltman, Harold Best, N. Zimmerman, Walter Link, J. D. Veerman, Henry Zimmerman, and T. H. Ubben. Irv. Zimmerman read the scripture lesson during the evening family altar period.

Music was furnished by a dozen little tots from the primary department of the church school, a boy's quartet of the junior brotherhood, and the intermediate girls in a beautiful candlelight service.

Special faith-building and revival services will be held at Calvary Baptist in late February and early March, preceded by a week of cottage prayer meetings. Visiting pastors and the minister, Mr. Blatt, will do the preaching.

Reception for New Associate Pastor, First Church, Portland, Oreg.

Wednesday night, January 31, 1934, shall always be an evening of pleasant memories to those of us who attended the reception for our new associate pastor, Rev. and Mrs. Fred Wm. Mueller and their two sons.

Rev. and Mrs. Mueller came to our church after serving their Lord and Master for six years in Vancouver, British Columbia.

We listened to the following program which was sponsored by the various departments of the church. The first department which we heard from was the Sunday school. Wm. Glaske, S. S. Supt., spoke on behalf of the Sunday school and presented Mr. and Mrs. Mueller with a book of gasoline tickets. We were then favored with a musical selection by the Harmonic Male Chorus.

Miss Naomi Pfaff, vice-president of the B. Y. P. U., greeted Mr. and Mrs. Mueller on behalf of the B. Y. P. U. She presented Mr. and Mrs. Mueller with a City Map of Portland. Next we heard from the Ladies Aid Society, which was represented by Mrs. J. Kratt. She presented Mr. and Mrs. Mueller with a pot of beautiful spring flowers.

Kurt Neuman, president of the mixed choir, spoke on behalf of the choir and presented Mr. Mueller with a book of Traffic Laws in the State of Oregon. Again we heard a musical selection, this time by the "Melodians" (Young Ladies Chorus). Bro. Daniel Frey, oldest deacon of the church, and Rev. J. Kratt welcomed Rev. and Mrs. Mueller and family on behalf of the church. The program was continued with a song by the mixed choir.

Last but not least we heard from Rev. and Mrs. Mueller, after which we served refreshments.

We of the First Church of Portland are praying to God to give Rev. and Mrs. Mueller courage and strength to carry on with their work in the great field in which they have entered.

LAURETTA BELTZ.

The Dust Was Incidental

Mistress: "Weren't you surprised to see that Bobby was able to write your name on the dust on the piano?"

Maid: "Yes, ma'am. I didn't think the little fellow could write!"

* * *

"Now, children," said the teacher, "I'm going to tell about the hippopotamus, but you will have no idea what it is like unless you pay strict attention and look at me!"

An Open Letter to Our Pastors "One Thing I Do"

O. E. KRUEGER

Chairman of the General Missionary Committee

My Dear Fellow-Pastors:—

As a real human being you desire success. As a real Christian you desire it for Christ's sake. Success demands unification of effort. It tolerates but one goal. You cannot strike an effective blow with a hand of sprawling fingers. Only the balled fist can do that.

"One thing I do." Do we not fail because of lack of concentration? Is not dissipation our unpardonable sin? Too many irons in the fire make for poor welding. O yes, we have specialists today "who know more and more about less and less." But we are not dealing with the field of knowledge but with the field of action. It is a fortunate thing that a baby can take his food before he knows anything about proteins and carbohydrates. We can enjoy the sunshine even before we know anything about the rate of speed at which the rays travel.

Do not our churches fail because of an affliction which we might call deflected activism? We are supposed to be first class preachers but in addition to that we must be A-No.-1 organizers and plant-managers. If our predecessor has been successful as an organizer we must assume the task of an oiler who keeps the wheels within wheels running without a squeak. But what kind of grist do all these whirling wheels grind out anyway?

Dear Brother, do you ever sit down with yourself and your Lord to ask him: "What is this church, you have entrusted to me, really for? Am I running a soup kitchen, a social club, a reform society, or a recruiting agency in war time?" Indeed every human need presents a challenge to the church and its pastor. The deepest needs should receive the greatest attention. That the causes of the depression lie in the spiritual sphere is generally admitted. If those spiritual maladjustments had been adjusted there would have been no depression. The church cannot very well set up the administration of an old age pension but it can so sharpen the cutting edge of the social conscience that the powers that be will take care of this need. But no reformed government can be expected from men who have not been transformed.

This is a great Baptist year. We are reminded, that it is just 100 years ago since the "Father of Modern Missions" passed to his reward. Wm. Carey changed the course of the empires. In his deep humility he said to Alexander Duff: "When I am gone say nothing about Dr. Carey, but speak about Dr. Carey's Savior." On June 19, ten days after the death of Carey, God gave to the Baptists and the world a new born babe whose parents called him Charles Haddon Spurgeon. He would be, in due time, a compensation for our great loss. Two months before that, to be exact on

April 22, Johann Gerhard Oncken accepted believer's baptism and thus became the pioneer of the Baptist cause in Germany. We are not quite a century old as German Baptists in America. But we may as well thank God now for the man sent from God, called Conrad Fleischmann.

No matter how varied the talents and activities of these stalwarts were, they had but one motive and one goal: To make Jesus Christ known to their fellowmen in the most effective way possible. They are a challenge to Baptists today to set themselves to accomplish the one task assigned by the living Christ to a living church: "Make disciples of all nations." The method by which this goal is to be reached is simple enough: "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature."

The great need of today is not more preaching. Possibly we are asked to preach too much or too often. No common man can preach effectively three or four times a week to the same congregation year after year. It is bound to become a weariness to both the congregation and the preacher. But, brethren, the time demands that we preach as we never preached before. We have more competition than ever. No doubt you have heard your fellow-pastors say and you have said it yourself: "I work harder and accomplish less than ever in all my ministry." "Brethren, you must spend six hours a day in your study, even if half your congregation is dying with scarlet fever."—Dr. Mackenzie. Thanks to the Board of Health we are not allowed to go into the scarlet fever houses. But there are a thousand and one things that tend to make our preaching mediocre. If preaching is not to be doomed it must be of the highest possible quality.

We worry too much about success and not enough about the road that leads to it. Let us try to forget about results for a while. We should absolutely refuse to weigh the worth of our ministry by the number of baptisms. I fear we have baptized too many! Paul thanked God that he had baptized so few. Zeal for God is so easily adulterated by personal ambition. An evangelist must "produce the goods" in one city if he hopes to be invited to another. If calls depend upon numerical success, some of us will simply have to become martyrs in a small way in the interest of pure religion.

Let us put all the power we can command into the ministry of the Word and forget about success. What if we do go on a year without baptisms? Carey worked seven years before he had the pleasure of seeing Hinduism give way in one soul. If God can wait why should not we? "Unripe fruit," "premature births," "dead wood" and the like have never been a blessing to the church. We possibly have all been guilty of passing such a heritage to our successors just as we have inherited from our predecessors. "To get pleasure you must forget it,"

said John Stuart Mill. And to get success you must forget it. Baptisms are not a product but a by-product. Seek the product. The by-product will come spontaneously.

Our Bible school superintendent prayed thus the other day: "Father, help our pastor to help us to help others." It has never been put in a better way. That is just what Paul thought the pastor was for. Will you study very carefully what he said to the Ephesians: "He gave some pastors and teachers for the perfecting of the saints for the work of the ministry for the edifying of the body of Christ." In our language that means that the pastor is to train the members of the church in the work of winning souls and building up the church. Instead of having one soul winner in the church there should be as many as there are names on the list. The most effective soul winners are not those who speak winning words but those who have winning ways.

In this great Baptist year, brethren, shall we not forget about baptisms and center our attention upon the ministry for the Word regardless of results and consequences. Let us by the grace of God be more Christlike than ever before, and by the power of the Holy Spirit let us determine to preach as we have never preached before. The best sermons, however, will do no good unless our people come out to hear them. The habit of forsaking the assembly, as some are accustomed to do, is nothing new. We must forever be devising ways and means to help some good people overcome this habit.

A Loyalty Campaign has been effective on some places. We can speak a good word for it. During the three months of the campaign our average morning attendance was brought from 212 to 239. That is not phenomenal but gratifying nevertheless. That does not include the 48 who attended the Junior Church. The members were simply asked to sign a pledge calling for one attendance a week. But why sign such a card when a person is attending two or three services a week? Simply to put the delinquent on the spot? No, rather to single him out as an object of prayer and visitation and encouragement. Space forbids a detailed description and report on the results of the campaign. The evening services did not benefit by the effort. In the whole Pittsburgh area the evening services are going into a distressing slump. We hope things are better in other places.

It is a wholesome thing to keep an actual count of the attendance. It is better to count the attendance than to count baptisms. Some pastors report a hundred or more baptisms every year but the attendance remains the same. Brethren, we should not try to fool others and kid ourselves by proverbial ministerial estimates. Count your attendance and compare it with the number on your roll and it will keep you humble.

In this great Baptist Year let us ac-

quaint our people with the things God wrought through these great leaders. Why not preach on: "Carey, the Carrier;" "Spurgeon, the Superior;" Oncken, the Outstanding"; "Fleischmann, the Faithful"!

May God bless your ministry!

Thirty-fifth Wedding Anniversary Celebrated at Sheboygan, Wis.

It was a great day for Mr. and Mrs. Nischick on Sunday, January 21, because it was their thirty-fifth wedding anniversary.

And what can be better than to commemorate the thirty-fifth year of that blessed event by having a celebration in the Church of God where the couple was originally made one? There is no better way, so Mr. and Mrs. Nischick planned a supper.

The good-hearted family resides on a farm, from which they obtained all of the food. Early in the afternoon members of the Ladies Aid Society started cooking. At six o'clock Mr. and Mrs. Nischick were each presented with a spray of flowers to pin on their clothes.

Then everyone was seated and the food was brought in; potatoes, cold slaw, pickles, meat, bread, butter, coffee, cream, cake, and finally home-made ice cream made entirely of pure cream. A solo and several speeches completed the dining room service.

After a short interval the people gathered in the main church hall. A hearty welcome was extended to the Nischick family and to all their relatives. The service was opened by the pastor, Rev. Berndt, with a song, "All the Way My Savior Leads Me," followed by, "If Jesus Goes With Me."

The Scripture reading was taken from 2 Chron. 15:1-7, especial stress being laid on the last verse, "Be ye strong therefore, and let not your hands be weak: for your work shall be rewarded."

Mrs. Nass and Mrs. Jahn next offered a duet. Mrs. Paul Friederichs followed with a fine piano solo. Rev. Wm. E. Schweitzer, who received a special invitation from the Nischick family to attend the anniversary, led the congregation in prayer. After the choir song, Rev. Schweitzer gave the address of the evening. He pointed out that marriage is an institution of the church and should therefore be restricted to the church and should not be carried into the courts of a justice of the peace. A wedding anniversary has no place on the dance hall but it does have a proper place in the church. Rev. Schweitzer extended his hearty congratulations.

Each part of the program was dedicated to the celebrating couple. When Mr. Nischick was called upon, words failed him, but his hearty thanks could be seen on his face. The service closed with the song, "Lead Kindly Light," but with the ending of the celebration the hearts of the jubilee pair were opened to still greater love and sacrifice.

FRANCIS GUENTHER.

"Which?"

SUSAN HUBBARD MARTIN

She purchased a diamond ring that year,
And a parrot on its perch;
She invested a sum in a rug, but she
Had nothing to give to the church.

She bought her a cushioned limousine,
And after a lengthy search
She found a grandfather's clock, but she
Had nothing to give to the church.

When she was appealed to for some help,
That the minister might be paid—
Refusing, she said "The depression is
on"—
But she hired another maid.

What a foolish woman, and oh, so poor,
Though the world might call her rich—
To lavishly spend on pleasures alone?
Or to give to the Kingdom? Which?
—Home Dept. Magazine.

Ebenezer—Detroit

"Ebenezer" (1 Sam. 7:12) we can truly say that. In common with many others of God's people we have our joys and sorrows in the service of the King. Many problems present themselves. We never were promised freedom from the cares of this world but we do have the precious promise that "My grace is sufficient for thee."

Recently we had with us the Vom Bruch Evangelistic party, consisting of Harry Vom Bruch, a genuinely sincere, soundly fundamental and courageous interpreter of the Word of God, with his assistants, Walter MacDonald, song leader extraordinary and a converted ex-comedian, who was one of the highest paid in his former profession before he changed sides, and James Davis, tenor soloist, trumpeter and an exceptional personality in young people's Christian work. Together these three formed a vical trio, singing at all services and also nightly 30 minutes radio broadcasts of sermon and song after the evening service.

Their combined efforts and the generous visitation of the Holy Spirit left indelible impression on both previously saved and newly converted Christians. An innovation in this vicinity were the Saturday evening meetings which were called "Surprise Nights." There was no preaching on Saturday nights. Instead a true living testimony or unusual worship in music comprised the feature of the programs. About 300 were present the first Saturday evening and about twice that many taxed the capacity of the church the last Saturday.

An instruction class conducted by the pastor, Rev. John Leypoldt, followed the close of the meetings for several weeks and we were happy that 25 followed Christ in baptism on several successive Sundays, joining in fellowship with the church on the first Sunday morning in January. The first Sunday morning in each month is now conducted entirely in the English language. On that Sunday

the Junior Church of about 75 children under the leadership of Irvin Draewell, son of Rev. J. G. Draewell, and his wife, join with the church in a family service concluding with the Communion Service. This is in addition to the regular English Sunday evening services which are usually well attended by young people.

Other items of interest are that on Thanksgiving night a very representative offering of \$600 in cash, mostly for missionary purposes was received. In view of the circumstances of all business activity in Detroit for the past few years, a city acknowledged by experts as having been exceptionally severely affected by the economic situation from which we are just emerging, we consider this, without boasting, a real sacrifice for the Lord by our people. Besides this there was a desire on the part of many to do more than was materially possible. Even after all possible economics have been made and graciously taken by those effected, our budget presents problems as serious as many of our other churches must feel. But we can again obtain comfort from "Ebenezer," and rejoice in happiness at the goodness of our Lord and look forward to the great future with Christ when all our earthly inconveniences, trials, sorrows, failures and shortcomings will seem trivial and insignificant compared to the joy of our reward if we faint not.

Our Watch Night Service began at 9 o'clock and presented a diversified program of worship, sermons, song, refreshments and testimony, interspersed with reports of our various organizations.

Our Sunday school, in spite of many people having left our city during the past few years, is again growing and our attendance now is again near the 500 mark. A remarkable condition in our school is that the adult attendance forms about 50% of the total. We try here to make the Sunday school so interestingly conducted that people cannot resist the urge to join us on Sunday morning for a vital force in the community. When you visit Detroit visit our Sunday school. We are proud of it and welcome you heartily whether you come once or join us permanently.

The Young People's Society under the direction of Ann Leypoldt (our first lady president) is making progress in diversified activities, among which is the conducting of the entire service once a month in the City Rescue Mission in the heart of Detroit's most cosmopolitan section. Membership now consists of approximately 125 young people.

The Ladies Missionary Society joins with organized classes, Senior and Junior Choirs, and other organizations in co-operating for the purpose of here serving God and being a small part in our great denominational work.

We as a Church rejoice with others of our churches, who are laboring for the Lord, in a common purpose and sympathize with those who need the fellowship that comes from kindred love to our one Lord.

N. J. B.

Vancouver Bids Farewell to Pastor Mueller

The church members and many friends gathered on Jan. 25 for a farewell social for our pastor, Bro. F. W. Mueller, who has accepted a call as assistant pastor of the First Church at Portland, Oreg.

Our deacon A. Hass was in charge of the program. Each organization expressed their deep regrets that Bro. Mueller was leaving and wished him and Sister Mueller every success in Portland. The various organizations were represented as follows: Mr. H. Hass as deacon of the church; Mr. Ph. Miller as member of the executive; Mrs. S. Semelret as Sunday school superintendent; Miss E. Sauer as young people's president; Mrs. J. Sauer as president of the Ladies Aid; Mr. F. Bonien as president of the church band; Mr. Leo Hepner as member of the young people's orchestra; Mr. E. Riemer as president of the male choir; and Mr. E. Kanwisher as president of the mixed choir. Several recitations were given and the orchestra as well as both choirs contributed musical numbers. The church and societies showed their appreciation to Bro. and Sister Mueller by presenting them several gifts.

Bro. and Sister Mueller expressed their thanks for the kindness shown them and for the co-operation during their service. Bro. Mueller gave a short sketch of his work, and encouraged us to carry on. We then adjourned to the lower rooms for a lunch, which the ladies had prepared.

On Sunday evening, Jan. 28, Bro. Mueller preached his farewell sermon. Because our church was too small we exchanged churches with our neighboring English brethren, where we could comfortably seat the 500 people that came to hear Bro. Mueller for the last time. All our choirs, male and young people's, as well as band and orchestra, rendered musical numbers and helped to make this farewell service one which will long be remembered by all who attended. Bro. Mueller in his address challenged us as Paul did the Corinthians, "Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong. Let all your things be done with charity" (1 Cor. 16:13, 14).

Bro. and Sister Mueller have done a great mission work here. They have during six years given their best efforts in organizing and building the church that today the membership is 244. There is yet a great future, but Bro. and Sister Mueller will always be remembered as the pioneer workers. We have a great many young people in our church. Bro. Mueller took much interest in them and helped many in their spiritual life.

We wish our departing pastor and wife God's blessing and much joy in the still larger mission field to which they are going.

E. SAUER.

A Drive for Souls

REV. H. C. MORRISON, D. D.

It should be kept in mind that the all-important thing in church work, life and objective, should be the salvation of souls. Jesus taught us that there is one thing needful, that is, eternal life.

What does it amount to to have a magnificent church building, a scholarly pastor, great congregations, large collections, and what people call a good time socially, if we are not bringing sinners to Christ? The thing of supreme importance is to find the prodigal far away from the Father's house and bring him back to the open arms of his mercy.

God so loved the world that he gave his Son,—for what? That the lost might be found, redeemed, brought into the kingdom of his grace, and eventually into the heavenly glory. This should be remembered as the supreme end and object of all phases of church work. If souls are not won to Christ, then we have failed, utterly failed, in the great work to which we are called.

No minister of the gospel, no church organization, no congregation claiming to be the disciples of Christ, can be satisfied with various and sundry programs, plans, efforts of one kind and another, that do not lead up to the attracting of the attention, fixing conviction, and drawing the unsaved by the cords of love and the power of the gospel to the Lord Jesus for salvation.

To the onlooker it seems that there are handsome church buildings, well educated pastors, large congregations, the collection of much money, many gatherings of a social character, much feasting, suppering, dining, speechifying, and yet the main object of the church—the salvation of sinners—lost sight of, entirely forgotten, the people going on cheerfully, seeming to have a good time! The pastor is popular, well paid, the people would not give him up and are eager to retain him, but where are the souls? Who is being led to Christ? Who is being born again, made new in Christ? What shall we have in the way of redeemed souls to our Master as the result of our faith, love and labor, when he appears?

We have had many church drives: drives for missions, drives for education, drives for the benefit of aged minister, drives for larger attendance at Sunday school. Certainly we cannot object to these drives, as they are important, and we need to be stirred up along these lines, to be urged forward in the discharge of Christian duty. How would it do to have a great drive for human souls? Not to see how many people we could persuade to unite with some church, but how many lost souls we could stir up to flee from the wrath to come, to seek and find the Lord Jesus as a personal Savior.

A drive for souls could be made interesting. People would respond. There could be a day for fasting and prayer, there could be a week of prayer, there could be days of hunting among the people, prayers in their homes, solicitation

of friends on the streets, on the farms, in the shops and woods and mines, and everywhere where there are lost sheep, with exhortations, entreaties, warnings and invitations to come to our revival. "Come and see what the Lord is doing! The whole church is praying for you! We are having great singing and earnest preaching. God is in our midst!"

Revivals of religion are most interesting. They draw, they instruct, entertain, fascinate, produce conviction, sorrow for sin and repentance, and lead to saving faith and rejoicing in the Lord. I have never seen anything finer than the church membership stirred, awakened, determined to win souls to Christ.

It seems to me that a great drive for souls, a gracious revival of religion where people forgive one another, love one another, and unite themselves to win their fellow-beings, is as near heaven on earth as we can hope to see this side of the millennium!—Pentecostal Herald.

When Joash Took a Collection

"When King Joash was minded to repair the House of the Lord, he sent forth a proclamation through Judah and Israel to bring in their gifts."

So runs the sacred record of an olden time. And what was the response? As noted by a writer in "Missions":

1. They gave unitedly! "All the princes and all the people brought in."
2. They gave generously. "There was much money."
3. They gave daily. "This they did day by day."
4. They gave hilariously. "They rejoiced and brought in."
5. They gave victoriously! "Thy gathered money in abundance."

He Knew That He Knew

"He answered and said, whether he be a sinner or no, I know not; but one thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see."

John 9:25.

An Arab proverb tells of four men: the man who knows not, and knows not that he knows not, he is a fool, shun him; the man who knows not, and knows that he knows not, he is simple, teach him; the man who knows, and knows not that he knows, he is asleep, wake him; and finally, the man who knows, and knows that he knows, he is wise, follow him. This man knew and knew that he knew. He could not argue as a theologian, or a philosopher, but he could appeal to a fact. He had had an experience. Like a certain Christian, always glad to testify of his experience, he could say, "I was there when it happened!" One says there is no such thing as miracles; another replies: "I experienced one—I know!" One might have said to Paul: "There was really no historical Jesus," and he would say, "I met him!" Christianity for such men is first of all an experience, a life, and, afterward if you please, a theology. As rocks precede geology, roses come before botany, stars

before astronomy, so God is before theology, and the new life before a system of doctrine. Something has happened. We may seek an "explanation" afterward. We begin with a fact. We have the witness in ourselves. He knew! Paul knew! We know, and know that we know. Let leprous Naamans go and dip themselves in the Jordan, and blind beggars go wash in the pool of Siloam, and find out for themselves.—Exchange.

The Oyster and the Grain of Sand (The Use of Difficulties)

The sermon this morning is about an oyster which lay on the bottom of the ocean with all its brothers and sisters. One day the little oyster was lying asleep with its mouth wide open. Now, it is never a good thing to lie with your mouth open and as this little fellow lay there a little grain of sand came bouncing along and, seeing the little oyster's mouth open, he decided to pop in and look around; so he did it. But just the minute he did so the oyster closed his mouth and the little grain of sand was captured and was a prisoner for life.

The little oyster tried every way possible to get the little grain of sand out, but he was not able to do it. In fact, the grain of sand gradually grew fast to the oyster's shell. Now, the grain of sand had sharp points and it was not comfortable for the oyster to have him in there, and the little grain of sand kept hurting the oyster, so much so that I think if he had been like a little boy he would have cried very hard.

Now when the little oyster found that he could not get the grain of sand out, he tried to see if he could not smooth off the sharp points, and he found that he had a liquid within himself which he could throw out over the grain of sand. This liquid gradually made the grain of sand smooth and changed the color of it entirely so that after a while the little oyster got used to the grain of sand and forgot that it was there.

One day some men were digging for oysters and they dug up this oyster with all his brothers and sisters. When they opened it, instead of the grain of sand attached to its shell, they found that the little grain of sand had become a beautiful pearl. This little intruder that had hurt the oyster so much at first had really become something very precious.

And so it is in our own lives, for often there are those things which irritate us and hurt us and sometimes break our hearts, but we find that God has so made us that we can often turn these hardest of experiences into pearls of great price.

Pusley Prolific

The scientists tell us that a single seed of pusley will in one summer produce 120,000 other seeds.

The theologians have not yet told us how many other sins a single sin will produce in a season or in a lifetime.

There is not the slightest doubt, however, that sin is far more prolific than pusley.

Our Devotional Meeting

August F. Runtz

March 11, 1934

What Did Religion Mean to Jesus?

Luke 10:25-28; Acts 10:38

Love to God. Our Lord commended the answer of the lawyer who said, that we should love God with all the heart, soul, strength, and mind, for this is evidently exactly what Jesus himself did. Ye do not hear him speaking much about his love of the Father, but once he did say, "That the world may know that I love the Father, and as the Father gave me commandment, even so I do." By doing the will of the Father gladly, and without complaint, he showed that love to God was a fundamental principle of his life. He did the will of the Father, not out of fear, but out of love. He knew God, therefore he loved him.

Fellowship with God. "Spiritual fellowship with the divine is the essence of religion." How often after a hard day's work Jesus would go by himself to pray, —not go and say a prayer—but go to be alone with the Father, "Face to face, as man speaketh to his friend." Here he found recreation from the arduous tasks of the day; here his soul was refreshed as the wilted flower is revived by the dew of the morning. Jesus was always "on speaking terms" with God, and without hearing distance of his voice.

A Life of Service. So far we have mentioned only the Godward aspect of the religion of Jesus, but it was also manward. He was no recluse spending his time in meditation. He soon came down from the mount of Transfiguration to heal the possessed boy. Peter sums up his life in one short sentence, "Who went about doing good." What a picture these words suggest. We see the crowds of needy folk about him from morning until evening day by day. They drag themselves to him, are carried and led to him. He is led to them. And he gives unstintingly of himself. "I am among you as one that serveth." He communed with God, but not for the ecstasy of his own soul, but for the strength to serve.

Righteousness. Our Lord never thought of religion as something that removed him from this work-a-day life, but an inward something that must express itself in the community where one lives. It must exceed that of the Pharisee, who in all his outward piety could still rob widows and orphans, and make a fat living on low wages and bad working conditions. Religion to him meant justice and righteousness. All that religion meant to him it must also mean to us.

March 18, 1934

What Has Jesus Done for Us?

John 3:16; 1 Peter 3:18

He Revealed God. Near the close of the earthly life of Jesus one of the Twelve said to him, "Show us the Father: that is all we need." And isn't it still the great need of mankind to know what God is like? Is he arbitrary? Is he hard and stern? Or, is he a sort of spineless daddy? What is he like anyway? No one has ever seen him. Philip asked a question, that has arisen from millions of hearts before and since that day. Jesus answered, "He that hath seen me, hath seen the Father." The words that he spoke, the deeds that he did, and the life that he lived revealed to mankind the very heart of the Eternal. The more we know of the spirit and character and work of Jesus, the more we know about God. "He is the exact representation of his being" (Heb. 1:3).

He died for our sins. No one can long read his New Testament without becoming convinced that Christ's death on the cross was not simply martyrdom, but that somehow he was there as the great sin-bearer, making atonement for sin. At that last supper with his disciples he said, "This is my body which is broken for you, . . . this is my blood which is shed for many for the remission of sins." Every time we partake of the Lord's Supper we are confessing that he died for us. Peter, who had been his companion, says, "that Christ suffered for sins, the just for the unjust." The sacrificial death of Christ as the sinless Lamb of God is one of the fundamental doctrines of the Christian religion. "Christ hath suffered, that he might bring us to God."

He brought life and immortality to light. What an influence Christ has had upon man's conception of death and the hereafter! How dark and drear it all is without Christ! Even the Old Testament saints had a horror of death, for it seemed to them that the hereafter was a dark and gloomy place, "where death herds the shades of men." It was a place without hope, or love, or the song of praise. But Jesus said, "Whosoever believeth on me hath everlasting life . . . I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am, there ye may be also." Life eternal is a present possession of the believer, and the sting of death has been removed by our Savior. We have the pledge of his Word, that our believing loved ones are "safe in the arms of Jesus," where there are no tears, neither sorrow nor pain.

March 25, 1934

What Does Jesus Require of Us?

Matt. 16:24-28

Faith. One day a large group of eager folks asked Jesus how they might do the works of God; and he said, "This is the work of God, that ye believe on him whom he (God) hath sent," i. e. on himself. Again and again he demanded faith in himself. The forgiveness of sins is secured through faith in him. Eternal life is the gift of God for those who believe on him. There is no dark valley for those who trust him. Faith in him means trusting him as a Guide and Friend through life and death, never wavering even though the way may not suit us, for faith gives absolute confidence that he knows the way and will lead aright. Fear is removed, sorrow is sweetened, burdens are lightened through faith in him.

Obedience. As soon as we recognize Christ as Lord we must make up our minds to obey him. The minute Paul recognized Christ he said, "What wouldst thou have me to do?" The tenor of his life ever after that memorable day was the same, Lord, what do you want me to do? Christ's will and way must ever be placed above our own desires and inclinations. In all things he must have the preeminence. The obedience he demands is grounded on love. He himself said, "If a man love me, he will keep my words." When the right love is there obedience will be easy.

Sacrifice. Peter had just uttered his great confession, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God," when Jesus realized that the time was ripe for him to reveal something of the future to the disciples, so he told them that he must go up to Jerusalem, and that there he would suffer many things, and at last be killed. Peter believed this to be absolutely incongruous with the life of the Messiah, and did not hesitate to say so. But Jesus soon showed Peter that not only was his viewpoint satanic, but that self-denial and willingly doing the hard things for others is a part of every Christian life. "Christian self-denial consists, not in self-inflicted suffering, nor in sacrificing particular interests, but in disavowing self-interest as the motive of life and substituting therefor the will of God and the welfare of men."

April 1, 1934

Does the Resurrection Make Any Difference in Our Lives?

Col. 3:1-4

The Resurrection of Christ. The physical resurrection of Jesus is one of the great facts of Christianity. It is God's seal upon his life and Messiahship. It is

to Christianity what the keystone is to the arch. Regardless of all that unbelief may say, it still remains that Jesus died on the cross, was buried, and that the grave was empty when his loved ones came that first morning of the week. Enemies did not steal the body; else they would have produced it. Friends did not hide it (even admitting that they could have gotten it), else we would not find consternation at the report of the empty tomb. There is but one conclusion: He is risen!

The Risen Life. Our topic asks: "Does the fact of his resurrection make any difference in our lives?" Paul evidently believed that it made a great difference, for he said that the believer had died with Christ to the old life, and been raised with him to a new life,—a life that is Christlike. He is not thinking of some future far-off event, but of the present. He means living the Christ-life here on earth, and this life consists in seeking the things that are above. The Christian having been raised from a death should seek the same things that Christ sought: God's kingdom, salvation of the world, the pure life, righteousness, and brotherhood. Our first concern must be for these things.

The Fear of Death Removed. "A little boy played in a garden of green lawns and flowers. At one end of the garden was a grove of trees, near which he never went, for a foolish nurse had told him that hobgoblins dwelt within its gloom. His elder brother heard of it, went into the garden played with the child and drew him near the grove. He left the boy terrified while he went singing through the grove. Returning unharmed, he took the boy by the hand, and together they went singing through the shaded pathways, and the child was afraid no more. His whole world had been chaged." Death had always been a grove to be feared until Jesus entered there and came back. He now says to us: "Child, there is nothing to fear."

April 8, 1934

The Place of Bible Study in Christian Living

Romans 15:1-4

"Search the Scriptures," said Jesus. There are two methods of Bible study we ought to pursue; one is extensive, the other intensive. They are like the use of the telescope and the microscope. With the one we may study the vast universe above us, but with the other we may study a grain of sand. So we need to have a general conception of the entire Bible, but some books and passages we need to know thoroughly, and study intensively. We need also to know what the Bible teaches about certain important doctrines such as conversion, baptism, church membership, the missionary obligation, etc.

"They Testify of Me."

"In the cross of Christ I glory,
Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time;

All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime."

From out the dim past the rays of light come, some dim, others clear and distinct, and fall upon him who hung on Calvary's cross. The rays of light of our New Testament point back to him. Jesus Christ is the heart of the New Testament, and if we want to know him we must know and study it.

"Written for Our Learning." One of the deplorable conditions of our modern church-life is that there is so much ignorance of the Bible. Invariably we find that whenever you have Bible-reading Christians you have a strong church—not necessarily numerically, but morally and spiritually. Altogether too many Christians never get beyond the baby stage in their religion; they never grow up, and if they do grow up, they are such cripples. These things "were written for our learning," says Paul. By careful Bible study we become intelligent Christians, knowing the wherefore of our faith, not spasmodic in our loyalty, nor easily tossed about by every fad and fancy in religion.

Appreciating the Bible. Did you ever see a kitten being taught to lap milk? Well, the kitten's nose is dipped into a pan of milk, and of course it will "wipe its own mouth," but in so doing it will taste how good the milk is, and will soon be lapping of its own accord. Oh, that there were some way of dipping young Christian's noses into the Bible so that they would learn how wholesome Bible study is for them!

Our Foundations

How shall I describe to you what I found in the New Testament? I had not read it for many years, and was prejudiced against it before I took it in hand. The light which struck Paul with blindness on his way to Damascus was not more strange, more surprising, to him than it was to me when I suddenly discovered the fulfillment of all hopes, the highest perfection of all philosophy, the explanation of all revelations, the key to all seeming contradictions of the physical and moral world. I saw religion appear at the moment most favorable to its appearance, and in a manner most adapted to its acceptance. The world seemed to be ordered for the sole purpose of furthering the religion of the Redeemer, and if this religion is not divine, I understand nothing at all. I have read no books on the subject, but in all my studies of the ancient times I have always felt the want of something, and it was not till I knew our Lord that all was clear to me. With him there is nothing I am not able to solve.—Prof. Max Muller.

Don't wait for some work to turn up, but go and turn up some work. You may work without praying, but you can't pray without working.—Moody.

OBITUARY

BELLER.—Lafe Beller was born April 16, 1900, in Osage County, Mo., and died in the hospital at Jefferson City, Mo., at the age of 33 years and 8 months. He was married to Bessie Poncot Dec. 24, 1919. To this union were born three children, Carl, Steele and Esther. He and his family lived on a farm near Mt. Sterling, Mo. During a revival in 1930 Bro. Beller accepted Christ as his Savior and was baptized by Rev. C. C. Barton in Pin Oak Creek and became a member of the Pin Oak Creek Baptist Church of Mt. Sterling, Mo. He remained in good fellowship with the church until death. He leaves to mourn his departure his wife, 3 children, 3 brothers and 4 sisters, a number of relatives, his church, his neighbors and a host of friends. His father and mother preceded him in death a few years ago. Rev. C. C. Barton conducted the funeral services and spoke words of comfort from Rev. 21:4. Burial took place in the cemetery at Useful, Mo., where the parents of the deceased also lie at rest. The funeral attendance was exceptionally large and was a tribute to the popularity of Mr. Beller.
Mt. Sterling, Mo. Church Clerk.

Reaching for the Gospel

"Teacher, please give me one of those little books," said tousle-haired Jimmy Johnson, with emphasis, as he reached out an eager hand for a copy of the red-covered Gospel of John.

Jimmy was voicing the urgent desire of his fellow pupils in the one-room prairie schoolhouse, away out in bleak Cherry County of Nebraska, where a teacher found, while preparing a Christmas program, that "the children did not even know of the birth of Christ, and had not the slightest conception of God."

Have you ever visualized the serious spiritual need of the boys and girls in the isolated sections of the western, northwestern and southwestern parts of the United States? These children are often deprived of the benefits of a Sunday school, or of a church service where the Word of God is preached. One teacher in Montana writes that their school is 38 miles away from any church, and that they have no Sunday school nor preaching in their community. Another teacher in New Mexico writes: "I am especially interested in getting these books for the children, as this is an isolated school away from church and Sunday school."

Pressed by the urgent need, the Bible Institute Colportage Association of Chicago, founded by D. L. Moody in 1894, is making an earnest effort to place wholesome, Christian literature and Scripture portions, such as the Moody Colportage books, Evangel booklets, Pocket Treasuries, Gospels of John, and gospel tracts, in the hands of the boys and girls in the pioneer homes of America, with the aid of the teachers of the one-room schoolhouses. These schools are scattered throughout North and South Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Wyoming, Colorado, Oklahoma, New Mexico and Arizona, and the number of scholars in each school ranges from 9 to 29, seldom more.

"My pupils are hungry for such material as yours," states one teacher; and another says: "I shall appreciate very much your generous offer. It is the first of the kind I have ever received." Surely the fields are "white for the harvest!"

Sure Cure for Sick Classes

(Concluded from page 7)

Mr. Pep—I don't think that we ever thought of that. We just let the Sunday morning sessions take care of themselves.

Doctor Surecure—Well, do you ever put forth concerted effort to have a large attendance at the preaching service? Do you work seriously toward reaching the Standard of Excellence? Do you try to promote interest in the denominational program and the local church budget? Do you encourage your members to take in your church's Every-Member Canvass? Do you ever consider seriously your responsibility to the unsaved in your class and department?

Mr. Pep (thoughtfully—No, we've never worked very hard at those things. We have always considered that part of the work to be the teacher's business. We've only looked after the socials.

Doctor Surecure—Perhaps I can help you. First, I must give you something to correct your vision. Your class does not see things rightly. (He turns and takes down a bottle.) This is Correct Perspective. Then, I want to add to that some of this Spiritual Idealism. If you can get your class to see things rightly and have a taste of spiritual idealism, you will indeed be a power for righteousness.

Mr. Pep—That's great, Doctor. I'll make them take it.

Doctor Surecure—All right, Mr. Pep. It will be quite all right for you, as leader, to take some of this same medicine.

Mr. Pep—So long, doctor, must leave now.

(He takes bottle which the doctor has given him and leaves. The doctor takes his seat back of the desk.)

Miss First Aid—You have done a good morning's work, Doctor.

Doctor Surecure—Yes, and it has been hard work, too. But it's interesting. If those folk will just follow those prescriptions, we'll see a difference in this town. But the trouble with too many classes is that they are "enjoying ill health." They are not interested in deepening their spiritual life or in reaching outsiders. If only I could make them take the prescriptions that I give them!

(Doctor stares off into space, with a thoughtful, serious look on his face as the curtain closes.)—S. S. Young People and Adults.

A Drastic Method

Daddy was confined to the house with Spanish influenza, and mother was busy sterilizing the dishes that came from the sickroom.

"Why do you do that?" asked five-year-old Donald.

"Because, dear, poor daddy has germs and germs get on the dishes, so I boil them, and that kills the horrid old germs."

Donald turned this over in his mind for several minutes.

"Mother, why don't you boil daddy?"

Bible Day
Sunday March 11, 1934
Be sure to observe!
N. B. If this day does not suit local conditions any other appropriate Sunday should be chosen.

Diner: "What's in my soup?"
Waiter: "Don't ask me, sir. I don't know one insect from another."

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To Wives

STELLA DOTY HARE

If Jane has the measles and Willie the mumps,
If Hal breaks his arm and his Pa's in the dumps,
Bad luck hits your family in loads and in lumps,
Somebody'd better keep his head—
Will that somebody be you?

If the car gets a puncture and you have no spare,
If father treks miles with the tire to get air,
And finds the old filling plant vacant and bare,
Somebody'd better keep his head—
I wonder, will that be you?

If depression has struck, business gone on the rock,
Your bonds lost their value and likewise your stock,
Joe's job is uncertain, your home's on the block,
Somebody'd better keep his head—
Oh, let that some one be you!

In short, wives, you married for better or worse,
Which includes disposition, and temper, and purse,
So if anyone mentions divorce,—just be terse,
Say: Some one seems to have lost his head.
Don't let that some one be you.

State Nicknames

Alabama, Cotton; Arizona, Sunset or Apache; Arkansas, Bear; California, Golden; Colorado, Silver, or Centennial; Connecticut, Nutmeg; Delaware, Diamond; Florida, Everglade, or Peninsula; Georgia, Cracker, or Empire; Idaho, Gem of the Mountains; Illinois, Prairie; Indiana, Hoosier; Iowa, Hawkeye; Kansas, Sunflower; Kentucky, Bluegrass; Louisiana, Pelican, or Creole; Maine, Pine Tree; Maryland, Old Line; Massachusetts, Old Bay; Michigan, Wolverine; Minnesota, Gopher, or North Star; Mississippi, Bayou; Missouri, Show-me, or Ozark; Montana, Treasure, or Stubble-toe; Nebraska, Tree-Planter; Nevada, Sagebrush; New Hampshire, Granite; New Mexico, Sunshine, or Spanish; New Jersey, Jersey Blue; New York, Empire; North Carolina, Old North; North Dakota, Flicker-tail; Ohio, Buckeye; Oklahoma, Boomer; Oregon, Beaver; Pennsylvania, Keystone; Rhode Island, Little Rhody; South Carolina, Palmetto; South Dakota, Sunshine; Tennessee, Big Bend, or Volunteer; Texas, Lone Star; Utah, Beehive, or Desert; Vermont, Green Mountain; Virginia, Old Dominion; Washington, Evergreen; West Virginia, Panhandle; Wisconsin, Badger; Wyoming, Equality.

The faults of a Christian often influence others against religion.