

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., MAY 1, 1934

Number Nine

A Mother's Love

A MOTHER'S love is the quietest and the deepest influence of life. It is exerted in secret and unheralded, but from the earliest years, in season and out, it is shaping, fashioning, molding life. The service of the mother would be called drudgery by the world, but to her this service is the most sacred of privileges. We can never measure what the mother love does. An Oriental proverb says, "God could not be everywhere, so he made mothers." A Christian writer expresses the thought better by saying, "God shows that he is everywhere by the triumph and power of a mother's love."

What's Happening

The choir of the Liberty St. Baptist Church, Meriden, Conn., rendered the Cantata "Matthias - Ben - Ezra" at a largely attended service on Easter Sunday.

Rev. G. Eichler, formerly pastor of the church at Linton, N. Dak., has accepted the pastorate of the churches at Streeter and Medina, N. Dak. He began work with his new charges on Sunday, April 8.

Rev. Thomas Stoeri of the St. Louis Park Ch., St. Louis, Mo., baptized three and took up several others on confession of faith on Easter Sunday. The work in the church is moving forward in encouraging fashion.

Rev. Ed. R. Lengefeld, pastor of the Englewood German Baptist Church, Chicago, was privileged to baptize 7 young people on Easter Sunday evening. There are 4 or 5 others who are inquiring about the way of life and of whom it is hoped they will also soon follow their Lord in baptism.

The Hoboken, N. J., Young People's Society visited Harlem, New York, society on March 20, according to the plan of inter-society visitation. Pastor H. F. Hoops brought a group of 16 people, which rendered a fine program of religious and entertaining nature and was much appreciated.

The Church at Watertown, Wis., had a great day on Easter. The pastor, Rev. G. Wetter, baptized two young men in the morning service. In the evening the choir presented a Cantata, entitled, "The First Easter." By request the choir is giving the cantata in a number of other churches.

Mr. Wm. Maxant of the Oak Park German Church, Chicago, who is finishing his fellowship at Yale Law School has been awarded a European fellowship to continue his law studies abroad. There are three of the young people of this church who have won European scholarships of late years.

The Colorado-West Nebraska Association of German Baptist Churches will meet with the church at La Salle, Colo., from May 10-13. The Nebraska Association (Eastern Nebraska) will meet with the Shell Creek church, near Columbus, from May 17-20. The editor has been invited and will visit (d. v.) both of these gatherings.

The Live Wire Men's Club of the Liberty St. Baptist Church, Meriden, Conn., was host to the men of the New England churches on Monday evening, April 2. A musical program was rendered, and both Rev. R. P. Jeschke of New Britain and Rev. J. Kaaz of New Haven spoke briefly. This was followed by refreshments and a social hour.

A Young People's and Sunday School Workers' Convention will be held with

our church at Erie, Pa., from May 4-6. Among the speakers are Prof. A. A. Schade and Prof. A. Bretschneider of Rochester, N. Y., Rev. P. Geissler of Buffalo and Rev. E. J. Baumgartner of Dayton, O. The Quartet from the German Department of Colgate-Rochester Divinity School will also participate.

Rev. G. C. Schwandt has accepted the call of the German Baptist Church at Mowata, La. Bro. Schwandt spent the month of January at the Bible Institute at New Orleans and in connection therewith visited the Mowata church, who asked him to remain. Bro. Schwandt was formerly at the Miller Memorial Church, Baltimore, and for the last three years supplied an American church at Indian Head, Md.

The Liberty St. Baptist Church, Meriden, Conn., Frank H. Woyke, pastor, is the recipient of an outright gift of three thousand dollars (\$3000.00) according to the will of the late Clarence P. Bradley, Meriden manufacturer. A number of the Liberty St. Church members have been faithful employees of the Bradley Manufacturing Company for many years. The gift will help reduce the indebtedness of the church.

The Bethel Baptist Church, Indianapolis, Ind., Rev. A. Bredy, pastor, has been placing emphasis on soul-winning since the beginning of the year. A man was baptized in January and his wife received on confession. After two weeks of protracted meetings, eight were baptized on Easter Sunday and five others taken up on confession, making 15 additions this year. A goal of at least 25 additions for the year has been set up.

Rev. A. Husmann, pastor of the church at Tacoma, Wash., had the joy of baptizing 21 young people on Easter Sunday evening and also receiving a young married couple on confession of faith at the morning service. The meetings of the day were largely attended. Several others are waiting for baptism. The Easter offering amounted to \$96. A choir of 39 voices rendered an Easter program of music at the evening service. The pastor preached on: "What Hinders Baptism?"

Rev. Alfred Bibelheimer and Miss Linda Tiede of Rochester, N. Y., were married on April 15 in the German Baptist Church at Southey, Sask., of which the groom is pastor. The ceremony was performed by Rev. John Kepl of Regina, Sask. After the wedding ceremony a dinner was given in the lower rooms of the church, followed by a program of song, recitations and speeches. The Ladies Aid and the Young People's Society as well as individual church members brought many useful and valuable gifts to the newly wedded pair. We add our hearty congratulations.

The Church school of the Ebenezer Baptist Church of West New York, N. J., Rev. Martin Heringer, D. D., pastor, had a Church school banquet on Saturday, April 7. This banquet was made possible through the courtesy of a friend of our school, who paid the expenses. The Sunshine Society prepared the food and served at table. Approximately 75 children and 50 adults enjoyed the bountiful food and the program. The object of the banquet was to get the children from the neighborhood and their parents and friends in touch with the Church school and church. "Through this banquet we have come into contact with some children, who do not attend any Church school. The follow-up work will bring, as we believe, definite results from the banquet."

Rev. S. A. Kose, who has been an invalid since 1927, passed away in Detroit, Mich., on Monday morning, April 23, 1934. Funeral services were held in the Bethel church on Tuesday evening, April 24, and interment followed in Hanover, Ontario. Bro. Kose held pastorates at La Crosse, Wis., North Ave., Milwaukee, and Second Church Philadelphia, Pa. His father, Rev. Henry Kose, was one of our pioneer pastors in Ontario. Bro. Kose was one of our gifted, devoted ministers, a clear thinker, a wise counselor and highly esteemed throughout the denomination. He is survived by his wife and three daughters, Alethea, Cecilia and Mamie, two sisters, Mrs. H. Kaaz and Mrs. Geo. Kampf, and a brother, Edward Kose. Many have lost in the departed a good friend and colleague. Our sincere sympathy is extended to all the bereaved ones.

(Continued on page 12)

The Baptist Herald

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The Baptist Herald

Easter—Occasion or Experience?

Paper read before the Erie Ministerial Association April 2, 1934, by DR. WALTER SCOTT COOK, Pastor of the Church of Christ. Received through the courtesy of
REV. W. S. ARGOW

YESTERDAY was Easter. There was an Easter a year ago, we remember. Our history is made up largely of Easters. There will be an Easter a year from now. We look forward with expectation. If Easter were not to be—then where are our immortal hopes? We would be of all men, most to be pitied.

Yesterday was Easter. The multitudes went to church. There were Easter lilies in the sanctuary and beautiful music. The preacher preached a sermon on immortality. It was one of his best. It was eloquent. Many new members were received into the church. Scores, half a hundred, hundreds. Easter is a time when people join the church.

Yesterday Was Easter

We had anticipated its coming. All through Lent we had anticipated it. There was Holy Week, Noon-day services in a down-town church, evening services in many local churches. There was Good Friday—a three-hour service, Communion at night. Easter morning and a great Sunrise Devotional gathering on the Peninsula Lake front, great crowds, up early, arrangements carefully made—most impressive. We will remember how many people were there, the number of automobiles, the weather. Not many the message—too cold, the sunrise too impressive. We come home, go to church.

Yesterday was Easter. I am glad we will have Easter again a year from now.

I have been asked to address the Ministerial Association the Monday after Easter. We may be down from the Mount of Transfiguration, but we are too near to forget the experiences of yesterday. I shall not ask you to come down to the valley of practical living too suddenly. However, I find myself not too assured concerning our Easter. There is a truth Easter stands for—it is the heart of our religion. May Ricard Conrad points it out well in her poem which runs—

What does Easter mean to you?
Stately church with cushioned pew,
Where Lenten season gone at last
And days of self-denial past,
Richly clad, devoted throngs
Of worshipers unite in songs
Of praise in lily scented air?
Is that what makes Easter fair?

Does it mean the end of winter's reign,
Bright skies and welcome warmth again,
Singing of birds, budding of trees,
Sweet spring and odor of breeze
From daffodil and crocus bud,
And balsam branches overhead?
Sad is the world and cold and grey
If this is all of Easter day!

But if this blessed season brings
A firmer faith in holy things;
Assurance of the living Lord;
A strengthening of the tender cord
Of love that binds us to the life to come
Where loved ones wait in the heavenly home,
No pain or loss can efface the bliss,
Dear friend, of Easter, when it means all this.

Did our Easter mean all this or something less?
The question I am raising in my own mind today—
the day after Easter—is this—

Was Easter an Occasion or an Experience?

There was much mechanism back of Easter. Easters such as yesterday do not just happen. Perhaps nothing that is worth while just happens. There were committees, announcements, plans, the psychological approach to a great event was not forgotten. Easter has come to be a real occasion in the church. The annual revival was such years ago. It might be a revival in a local church, it might be a city wide one. Then people put the church first. We enjoyed it, it was an exhilarating experience while it lasted and "many were added to the saved." But somehow it came to be too much of an occasion. The machinery too obtrusive, too expensive. We now have Easter.

An occasion may be an experience. Pentecost was an occasion. It was more—it was an experience. The mechanics of Pentecost is not easy to discover. The greater the experience the less easy it is to discover the wherefore. It was an occasion when Paul and his little party entered Europe and attended that prayer meeting by the riverside. But it was more, although the beginning of the conquest of a new continent by Christianity was not evident. Our own conversion may be a great occasion and afford us great delight as we recount it to others or it may be an experience that comes to us like our education. When I hear a great musician I knew readily whether music is an occasion or an experience to him. Art may be an occasion or an experience. When it is the latter you have a Michael Angelo or a Christopher Wren. Easter may be a day when we submit the conclusive proofs of immortality, or it may be a day when the soul trav-

els out further into the unexplored expanses of its eternal home.

Occasions May Become Experiences

if they are great enough and come frequently enough. A visit to Europe may be an occasion when everything new impresses us. The language, dress, customs, architecture and atmosphere, all is new and different. He remembers when he comes home only that it was all new and different. He goes again and sees through those externals to the life within. Other visits follow and now he begins to feel a part of that country from which his forefathers came. The occasional fades out, reality has taken its place. So for many years we have been passing through Easters. There is still the set date, the approach through Lenten weeks, the machinery of preparation, Holy Week, Good Friday, the prayerful anticipation and then the Great Day. How much of it all, I am asking myself, has come to be an experience of the life that is endless and how much has merely concerned the things that have to do with the occasion?

Have we permitted the Easter Hope to die out? Will a new generation keep it vital? Many are questioning it. What do you make of such a letter as this printed recently in the "Congregationalist"? It was written to one of the Editors, Dr. Gammon of Chicago, by a young girl friend of his who was injured at birth through the negligence of a physician and is not always able to command hands and feet—

Dear Uncle Bob:

This year has certainly slipped by fast, almost without knowing it. It will be June soon and I will be home again. This time it will be for good. In a way I will be sorry, because what will one do when one gets out of college. There are certainly no great prospects for any one, not even that for me. Isn't life a problem at least for most young people?

It seems to be a jumble of ideas and ideals. At home one is taught that certain things are facts, not to be questioned. Yet one later learns that everything is questionable and most of these ideas are just the theories of mere man. So why not live for the present and let the future, if there is a future, take care of itself? As far as I am concerned the present life is all there is. I well remember what grandpa said when grandma died. He said, "she would be in the cold, cold ground all alone, he for the time being, at least, didn't think of her as in another world." After all, why should one think of another world?

No doubt this letter sounds naive to you. It does to me. But it was a great relief to get it on paper.

As ever,
R.

Now what has Easter to answer to such as her? Was there anything yesterday that happened in our churches that suggests an answer? If the Hope is to be immortal her generation must have an an-

swer—and grandpa too must not leave grandma in "the cold, cold ground."

Yes, Yesterday Was Easter

It was a glorious day. The multitudes went to church. It was a great occasion, many will not be there again for another twelve months. The preacher understood when he looked his great Easter audience over and said, inasmuch as he would not have the opportunity again, he wished now to express the hope that they all would have a Merry Christmas! It may be that if life is long enough there may come a sufficient number of Easters that they may enter into our habit of thinking sufficiently to become a part of our experience.

Edward Fisk in his book, "Studies in Spiritual Energy," tells of the beautiful reason for the long continued custom in Carr's Lane Chapel in Birmingham, England, of singing an Easter Hymn every Sunday. It is because years ago when their great pastor, Dr. D. W. Dale, was writing an Easter sermon, the thought of the risen Christ broke in on his mind as it had never done before. "Christ is alive!" he said to himself. "Alive! Living as really as I am myself." He got up and walked about the room, repeating, "Christ is living, Living!" "At first it seemed strange and hardly true," said he, "Then it came on me a sudden burst of glory. I thought all along I had believed it; but not until this moment was I sure of it. I then said, 'My people shall know it. I shall preach about it again and again until they believe it as I do now.'" So for many months it was his one great theme; and that Congregational church has been singing it ever since.

So, thus the "power of the resurrection" becomes translated into experience. We say then with Susan Coolidge—

"When the sun sets, let me say,
Each day is an Easter day,
When the Lord may rise in me,
Bringing life and victory;
Every eve'n an Easter eve,
When my heart, a glorious guest,
Must make ready to receive,
Swept and cleansed and duly dressed."

The Meaning of Easter

(Read at the Easter program of the Humboldt Park Sunday School, Chicago)

TO many people, Easter means merely a day to wear new clothes, but I am glad there are countless numbers who know the true meaning of the day. To a real Christian, Easter means new life; life after darkness and death.

It is the day that our Savior, who died for the sins of the world, and was buried, arose from the grave to new and eternal life.

The fact of new life is also seen in nature. The trees and flowers, that have seemed so dead and lifeless during the winter months, burst out with new leaves and blossoms. Even the grass puts on a new coat of green. Everywhere as we look around us

we see newness of life and our hearts are made glad.

There is a big question that comes before us at Eastertime. It is this: What will we do with Jesus, this living Savior? What will we do with the Christ who died to save us from our sins? We must either let him come into our hearts or say "no" when he knocks at the door. We cannot be neutral, for Jesus said, "Ye that are not for me are against me." He wants to make everyone happy and this is only possible when we take him as our Savior. Each day he wants to be our Guide and Helper. We cannot go only part of the way with him and be happy, but we must go all of the way.

"Although the pathway to glory
May sometimes be drear,
We'll be happy each step
Of the way."

Sometimes we hear people say, "I'd give my heart to Jesus, but I cannot give up the pleasures of this world which I love so much. These same people would be surprised how much greater the joys of being a Christian are, than the worldly pleasures.

Jesus not only promises a happier life here in the world to his followers, but he tells them they shall be with him after death. In the 14th chapter of John he says, "In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you, I go to prepare a place for you and if I go to prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself that where I am there ye may be also."

Perhaps some people will say that they have no proof that what the Bible says is true, yet these same people will believe almost anything their friends tell them and accept anything they read without proof of the statements. Why do they hesitate believing God's Word, the Bible, which shows the only way to eternal life and happiness? We who know Jesus as our personal Savior also know that what he says is true.

Perhaps to some of us this Easter story is so old, it has lost its meaning, but this is one of the things we must guard against. We should not let it get old. It should have a greater meaning to us each year. If to some of us it has become old and meaningless, I would say, let us come out of the shadows of the past into the sunshine, into new faith and hope in our living Savior.

May we all forget our troubles and heartaches and let the Easter bells of joy ring in our hearts!

Helen Srigley, Intermediate Dept. of the Humboldt Park Sunday school, Chicago.

Mother

INA LONG PERRY

Dear mother with your willing hands
And furrowed lines of care,
I'm thankful for the many things
You do and give, and share;
You scatter sunshine day by day,
You smooth the way along,
And make the world rejoice to hear
The beauty of your song.

Some Recent Cheering Words

Culled from Correspondence

The "Baptist Herald" is always greatly appreciated in our home and also in our church.

A Minnesota Pastor.

The "Baptist Herald" has become a vital organ in the lives of the majority of our people. Your cooperation has been all that we could ask.

A New York Pastor.

I enjoy the "Baptist Herald" very much.

An Oregon Subscriber.

The "Herald" becomes dearer to us with each number. Each number is filled with such good articles. We do not part with a single copy, for we refer to the old copies time and again. Our prayer is that all our people would read the "Baptist Herald" from cover to cover.

A Kansas Reader.

I need not tell you that I have been reading the "Baptist Herald" through regularly with interest and profit all these years. We owe you a debt of gratitude for your successful editing of this helpful paper.

A Chicago Doctor.

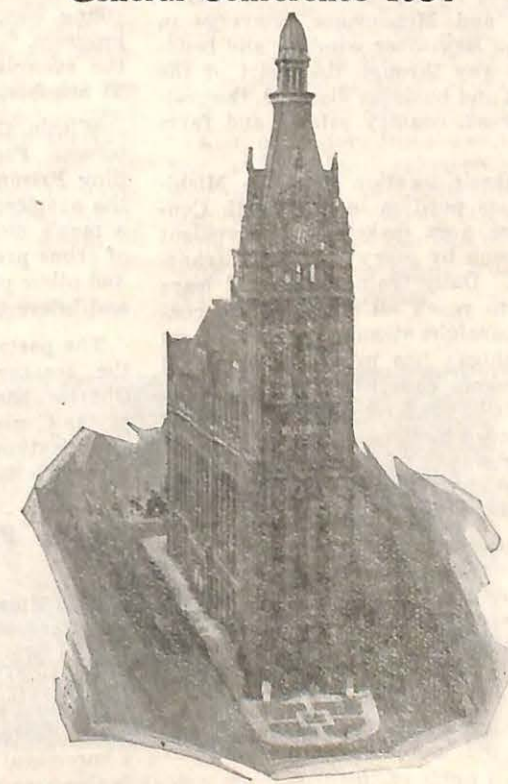
I wish to congratulate you on the fine work in the "Baptist Herald"—it is a publication which can fill an important place in the lives of our young people.

A College Graduate in Buffalo, N. Y.

We greatly appreciate the "Baptist Herald" as it seems a paper which interests and benefits the whole family. We as a Union like the dialogs which are published sometimes and hope you continue printing same.

An Ontario Correspondent.

General Conference 1934



Milwaukee—City Hall



General Conferene 1934. Milwaukee Skyline from the Lake

Milwaukee, Wisconsin—Your 1934 Convention City The General Conference

Milwaukee, Wis., is preparing to welcome the General Conference of the German Baptist Churches of North America in the traditional Milwaukee style. To one unaccustomed to the friendly attitude of the citizens of this great city, this announcement may sound vague and meaningless, but to those who know Milwaukee and her people, this fact is only a reminder that to attend a convention in Milwaukee means to be assured of a truly enjoyable time.

Here are several important things to remember: The dates of the General Conference have been set for August 27 to September 2. Milwaukee's German Baptist churches and their members are working hard to prepare a conference that will long be remembered by every one attending. The headquarters will be at the Milwaukee Auditorium and the Randolph Hotel.

Milwaukee is located on the west coast of Lake Michigan, which itself furnishes a delightful Summer attraction to visitors. Three rivers, the Milwaukee, Kinnickinnic and Menomonee, converge in Milwaukee Bay after winding and bending their way through the heart of the industrial and business districts, the residential areas, country estates and farm lands.

Milwaukee's location on Lake Michigan and its position in the North Central States area makes it a convenient city to reach by every method of transportation. Daily trains enter and leave the city to reach all parts of the continent; overnight steamship service from Lake Michigan has proven a delightful trip for many convention visitors; and, for those who prefer to drive, Milwaukee is surrounded by a network of hard surfaced highways. So perfect are these roads, that one might well say,—all roads lead to Milwaukee.

The Randolph Hotel as well as all of Milwaukee's leading hostelrys is located in the center of the shopping and downtown area. The Milwaukee Auditorium, too, is within walking distance to this area. The hotels and Auditorium are easily accessible to the railway stations, bus terminals and street car lines which provide rapid and economical transportation to all parts of the city.

It has become a tradition that Mil-

waukee's homes are open to the convention visitor; that Milwaukee's hotels are anxious to make your visit in the city pleasant; and, that the eating houses are always ready and willing to serve graciously. When you come to Milwaukee, we hope you will be as well pleased as thousands of other convention visitors have been.

In coming issues before the convention we will tell you more of Milwaukee, its attractions and history, and also some interesting information about the German Baptist Churches in Wisconsin.

Make your plan now to attend the General Conference in Milwaukee on August 27 to September 2!

In behalf of the Publicity Committee
A. W. H. GIESECKE, Chairman.

Crusader Bible Class of Second German, Brooklyn, Active in Church Work

One of the strongest church organizations at the Second German Church, Brooklyn, is the Men's Bible Class, known as the Crusaders. With an enrolled membership of forty or more young men, they carry on an extensive program. Recently the class attended the evening church service in a body, 35 members were present.

Within the next month, Rev. Mr. Petersen, Protestant Chaplain of Sing Sing Prison, will be brought here under the auspices of the Crusaders to address a men's meeting on the general subject of crime prevention. Visitation meetings and other projects keep these men active and interested in the Kingdom work.

The pastor, Rev. Alfred R. Bernadt, is the teacher of this group, and Mr. Charles Eisenhardt, a charter member of the Crusaders, is the president of the organization. May God richly bless future undertakings of this splendid class!

Young People's Conference at Trenton, Ill.

The Midwestern Baptist Young People's Conference will be held in Trenton, Ill., on May 5 and 6, 1934. The theme of the Conference is, "Building the Temple Beautiful." Dr. Wm. Kuhn is to be one of the speakers. We are hoping for a successful conference, and we're counting on you to come and help make it so.

TRENTON B. Y. P. U.

Awakening in Strassburg German Baptist Church, Marion, Kans.

It may be of interest to some of our readers to hear of our church.

We are grateful for the divine guidance and blessing in the past.

We have been without a pastor for nearly three years now.

Our Sunday school and all branches of the church are active.

Bro. A. W. Urquhart of Marion conducted a series of meetings, in which we were richly blessed.

Twenty-five members of our Sunday school were received into the church through baptism.

Bro. O. Roth of the German Baptist church of Marion assisted us in baptizing, communion and receiving new members into the fellowship of the church. Two members were received by letter.

We are grateful to our heavenly Father for the share that we have had in carrying on the work of our Lord. May all that we do be to the honor and glory of our Redeemer.

We hope and pray that the Lord will soon supply his flock with a shepherd.

JOHN M. VOGEL, Church Clerk.

St. Louis Park Baptist Church

The Lord has richly blessed us during the past few months. All the meetings are well attended and people are showing an interest in the work of the church.

Our Sunday school attendance on Easter broke all previous records—277. The average attendance during the month of March was 221. We are now in the midst of a Training School which is conducted every Friday night. "A Study of the New Testament" is being taught by our pastor, Rev. Thomas Stoeri, and "The Sunday School Manual" is being taught by our Sunday school superintendent, Mr. F. H. Wittneben. The interest in these classes has been very encouraging.

The congregation at the Sunday morning service has been steadily increasing. We have felt God's Spirit at work and souls have been won for the Kingdom. Truly God has blessed us and we would strive to show our gratitude by giving our best in his service. REPORTER.

* * *

Don't have it said that you did not do your best.

Mothers

ETHEL LEE GROSSMAN

Of all the things God ever made

I think these are the best:

Dear arms in which we first were laid,

That held us first in rest;

Dear feet that tire not day or night

While walking duty's way;

Dear eyes with dauntless love alight

For us through every day;

Dear lips that are so quick to droop

When we are hurt or sad,

And just as quick with smiles to troop

Whenever we are glad;

Dear hearts and souls which gave us

birth,

Our mothers, God's best gift to earth.

North Texas Association of German Baptists

The North Texas Association of German Baptists gathered near Lorena with the Cottonwood church, Rev. J. E. Ehrhorn, pastor, beginning March 22 and the close came sooner than had been anticipated. Each of the churches comprising the Association were represented by one or more delegates. All of the pastors were present. Young and old enjoyed the blessings the Heavenly Father handed down. And God so graciously gave while the weather was favorable, that the gathering promised to be an epoch-making event, but some times even that is best, which seems worst.

The first service of the Association was on Thursday evening. W. H. Buening of Gatesville preached the opening sermon. "Christ Enjoining the Redeemed with a Challenge" was his subject. The redeemed must be a missionary people, carrying the good news to all nations. They must begin the missionary activities at home, therewith laying the foundation for extensive missionary activities abroad. They must heed not the voice of their own convictions nor that of others who deem themselves an authority but alone the voice of God as we have it in the Word.

On Friday morning Bro. F. Sievers opened the services of the day with a devotion and spoke on: "Crossbearers" or "Denying Self in Following Christ." Christ wants his followers to be crossbearers; they must forget self and follow the Master. Rev. Paul Hintze spoke on: "Things Threatening the Welfare of the Churches." There are influences from without, but the evil influences within often are of more consequence than these. Among them are: indifference, procrastination, greed, envyings and losing the true ideals of the church, etc. Rev. A. Becker gave a discourse on: "What Do We Owe Our Young People?" The answers given were in part: We owe them Bible training. We owe them our prayerful attention. We owe

them an exemplary life. We owe them practical equipment for them to carry on the work. Rev. Phil. Potzner preached on "The Midnight Cry." The Lord's coming is assured although he may tarry for a season. We must get ready for his coming as indifference is very dangerous. Great joy possesses those who are ready to enter in when he comes.

Student Edwin Kraemer of Baylor University led the devotion on Saturday morning and spoke on: "Suffering with Christ." He or she who is not willing to do this is not a true follower of Christ. Rev. Phil. Potzner spoke on: "What Does the New Testament Teach on Missionary Activities?" It is the churches duty to labor and to send laborers. Christ himself was a missionary and Christ endues with power, gives understanding and also gives the church a passion for souls.

In the afternoon the Sunday school and the B. Y. P. U. was given attention—and did it rain! As a consequence not many attended the session, but the interest of those present was very good. Two Sunday school workers from the Crawford church spoke on: "How Can We Improve Our Sunday School?" By giving more attention to the literature used. Train our teachers more thoroughly. Provide better buildings. Make the Sunday school a Bible school. Chester A. Buening spoke on: "B. Y. P. U. Work, Barriers and What Improvements Can Be Made?" The B. Y. P. U. is nothing less than the young people of the church. It is the young people of the church in training for better service in the church. Barriers are: Inadequate buildings, improper organizations, the fittest taking it upon themselves to do all of the work, etc. To overcome the obstacles much knee-work is very necessary and much time must be spent in the right kind of training and each must willingly learn.

We were and are very grateful for the privilege of having been able to attend the Association gathering with the Cottonwood church. We thank them for their hospitality and may they, in working together with their very able pastor, continue to grow and be the means of saving many souls!

W. H. BUENING, Reporter.



Milwaukee—Skyscrapers and the River



Boys of the Bible

Have you searched through the picture gallery of the Bible and picked out the famous boys whose portraits are hung up there for your consideration? We have no time to mention them all or to speak in detail for each one, but we can pass down the corridor with pleasure and profit.

Joseph was his father's boy, for he wore the coat of many colors and dreamed immortal dreams which came true.

Moses was his mother's boy, for she hid the lovely babe in the flags by the riverside, and through clever providence became his nurse until he became the adopted son of Pharaoh's daughter.

Samuel was the sanctuary boy dedicated by his mother to God and serving from childhood in the Tabernacle at Shiloh.

David was the shepherd boy who watched his father's flock in the fields around the city of Bethlehem.

Daniel was the captive boy who would not defile himself with the king's dainties and with royal wine as he pursued his studies in the palace school at Babylon.

John the Baptist was the desert boy, born and brought up in the wilderness of Judea.

Timothy was the studious boy who, under the tuition of his mother and grandmother, knew the Holy Scriptures from his childhood.

The lad with a meal by the Sea of Galilee was the generous boy, for he gave his lunch to Jesus who took it and fed five thousand hungry men.

The lunatic son was the demoniac boy dominated by the evil spirit which, in accordance with the faith of his father and the power of Jesus, was cast out so that the bad boy became good.

And, of course, Jesus was the perfect boy, studious and submissive, aspiring and industrious, attractive and developing, and withal deeply spiritual, the child of Mary and the Son of God.

The boys of the Bible—what a splendid group!—Challenge.



THE PATCH OF BLUE

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

(Continuation)

Chapter 6

It was not until the week after Thanksgiving that the buyer came to look at the house. Chris had almost begun to hope that he was a myth and no one would come.

He was a big pompous man who murdered the King's English and wore an enormous diamond on his fat finger as if it were a headlight.

He had a large family of untamed children who swarmed gaily, boldly through the house, fingering Mrs. Walton's delicate embroideries, staring into private rooms rudely, yelling at one another, and even attempting to be what Chris called "fresh" with him, the son of the house.

They freely discussed the furnishings, laughed at some things as funny and old-fashioned, were frankly curious about some of the rich tapestries which the Walton's had counted among their finer treasures, asked questions without stint, gaining new viewpoints one could see with every icy answer that Chris made as he showed them over the rooms at his mother's request. As he progressed from cellar to attic, his rage and indignation increased. Why did they have to stand this sort of thing from these low-down, common people? It was bad enough to have them buy the house without this torture. If they wanted it let them take it and keep still. If they didn't, let them go away! He had no patience with his mother's smiling sweetness, her gentle courtesy. He knew it was as hard for her as it was for him. Yet she kept her strength and sweetness. How could she? These insufferable people! They were fairly insulting and acted as if the house belonged to them already. One berouged daughter with too much lipstick said she hoped he would call on her often. It would be nice and cozy having some one come who knew the house well, and he'd likely be homesick and would enjoy coming back. He looked at her coldly and said nothing. He waded deep into the waters of humiliation that day.

It was rumored that the father was a bootlegger and had made an enormous sum of money which he didn't know how to spend. He was voluble in his delight in the house, offered to buy the pictures and hangings and furniture, even the precious works of art that Dad and Mother had picked up abroad. They wanted the house just as quick as the Walton's could possibly get out. They

made no question about the price that was asked. They even offered a bonus if they could have possession in two weeks.

Chris, with a curl of disgust on his lip, looked to his father for a quick refusal, but when he saw the relief on that pale, beloved face, and realized that what his father wanted more than anything in life was a speedy relief from indebtedness, a quick relief for his depositors, he closed his lips hard on the protest he was about to make. After all of course it was a good price the man was paying, and a bonus would help too. He must remember that they were paupers and had no right to pick and choose.

Oh, those were bitter days for Chris, tramping the streets all day, sometimes far into the evening, sometimes walking miles into the country to reach a man who had influence.

Then came the question of where they would go. Chris faced it bitterly, thinking of lodging in boarding houses, or a hotel apartment. But the next night when he came home and heard the plan his mother and father had agreed upon, he thought his cup of humiliation was full.

There was a little old run-down house on a back street whose kitchen windows looked out upon the railroad, a street where the washerwoman lived. It had recently come into Mr. Walton's hands through the death of a man without family who owed him a debt of long standing and had given him a judgment note against the house. Chris' family were actually planning to move into it the next week and vacate their noble family mansion for the bootlegger's family. Chris sat down in the nearest chair aghast.

Elise was there, having been summoned home from her aunt's where she had been while her father was ill. Elise in her pretty blue dress, with her fair curling hair and her lovely big blue eyes. Somehow she had never looked so lovely before to her brother's eyes as when he thought of her in Sullivan Street living next their washerwoman.

Before he could shut his lips, so carefully guarded during all the weeks when his father lay ill, one awful sentence about Elise and Mother living next the washerwoman slipped out, and Chris saw the dart of pain in his father's eyes at once.

"But," said Elise gayly, "she won't be our washerwoman any more you know, Chrissy, because, as I understand it, we can't afford any washerwoman. We have to do the wash ourselves. I think it'll

be fun," she ended with a grin of good sportsmanship.

"I know," sighed the father with a piteous look around upon them all.

"Nothing of the kind!" said Elise, "Mother and I are going to enjoy it, aren't we, Mother? It'll be the chance of a lifetime for me to learn to be a good cook and housekeeper. Forget it, Daddy! This is only a game. Get into position and smile!"

And her father, in spite of his heavy heart, smiled at the pretty girl.

"Maybe it'll only be for a little while," he murmured, trying to make his voice sound hopeful.

That night Chris bought a paper and spent two hours studying the want advertisements, and marking them. As he finally got into his bed he thought of the fellow who had preached that fool sermon the last time he went to church, and wished he could wring his neck. A lot he could be thankful for the things that were handed out to him now, couldn't he? Mother and Elise in a place like Sullivan Street! Good night! He'd got to get a job. Even if it wasn't so high up, he'd got to get a job!

He didn't call it a position any more, it was just a plain job. He felt he might even be a little thankful if he could just have a few dollars coming in to help out. No creditor was going to get his money, not till he was making enough to put Mother in a comfortable position anyway.

The next morning he started out early and answered three advertisements, but found a long line of discouraged applicants waiting for each. While he was waiting for a fourth place which had named a time for applicants to arrive, he stepped around to Sullivan Street, and found it even worse than he had feared.

The house was whitewashed, or had been once, but there was scarcely enough of the original to identify it. It looked through the dirty window to have but five rooms and a lean-to kitchen. There were four dirty limp cords fastened from stakes in the hard ground to the top of the front window sash, and twined about them were four dead dried ghosts of morning glory vines waving disconsolately in the chill November breeze. They typified to Chris their family of four Waltons, come down to Sullivan Street from the glory of the ancestral home which had been theirs.

The dead leaves waved and rasped empty, back and forth, against the broken window pane making a sad little minor refrain of weird music that sent a lump into the boy's throat. He dashed around the narrow path to the back yard, a mere patch, mostly paved with ashes, and saw a tattered clothes line stretched from the corner of the house to the fence and back, fancied his beautiful young sister hanging up the family wash there on in a chilly wind like this. The tears stung into his eyes. He hurried off and tried to forget it all, wishing for a genie and a magic lamp wherewith to bring an immediate fortune to the family. He



What was going to happen next, he asked desperately

went on to the next place on his list, was told they wanted only college graduates, and turned with more bitterness in his heart.

Thankful for a thing like this? Not he? Where was his father's God anyway? Hadn't there really been any God at all, he wondered, and pulled his hat over his smarting eyes. He had a feeling at the pit of his stomach like to his memory of the day he first discovered there wasn't any Santa Claus.

What was going to happen next, he wondered desperately, and pulled his hat further down over his eyes.

The next few days were soul-trying ones for Chris beyond anything he had ever experienced before. He was appalled to find that his mother and father were both determined to move to the Sullivan Street house. Even the first desolate glimpse of the house had not discouraged them.

He had watched them as they came in sight, walking, the first time they had been out since the car was sold, walking down the plebian street like common folks. Chris raged inwardly and followed behind them, dropping his eyes, hoping they would not meet any one who knew them.

"I'm afraid it looks pretty hopeless," sighed the father. "If I just didn't re-

member what wonders you can work with very simple things I would give up in despair. But we could be happy there for a little while, couldn't we, Mary? Perhaps something will change, and we can get into a better neighborhood soon."

"We can be very happy!" said Mary with a toss of her head and that bright smile she had worn ever since her elderly lover had begun to get well.

"A little paint will work wonders," she said. "We can save on butter and things and buy the paint and Chris and I can put it on. I'll do the inside and Chris will do the outside. There's a pair of nice overalls that I bought for the chauffeur and never gave to him. They will do for Chris, and we have a ladder, haven't we?"

Whether it was the vision of himself in overalls on a ladder painting that Sullivan Street house, or the rainbow cheerfulness of his mother's voice, one or the other or both brought sudden tears to Chris' eyes and he had to duck his head quickly and pretend to be trying to pick up a round bit of tin that looked like a dime from the sidewalk, lest his father should see him crying. Tears! In a fellow old enough to be in college! Why, he hadn't felt like crying since he was a baby and licked all the boys in the street,

and then found his nose was bleeding and one eye wouldn't open.

Mother hadn't been discouraged with the inside of the house either. She had said how it was good they had never sold that coal range in the cellar at home. Nobody would want to buy that. They were out of date now. But it would practically heat the house in mild weather, and a coal range was wonderful to cook with. You could broil a beefsteak to a perfection over hot coals that would make a gas-broiled steak blush with shame. Cheerily like that she talked along, suggesting that the old red sofa from the attic, the one that had been her mother's and she had never been willing to part with, even though it was shabby and old-fashioned, would fit in between the side windows that looked out on the alley. She recalled also a little stand, and a queer pine desk that had been her father's, and a few over stuffed chairs. It had been mere tender memories that had kept them in the attic instead of sending them to the dump. But now, why! she looked almost glad with that tender touch in her eyes as if she were actually pleased that they were to come into their own again. Her son stood by the dusty window and looked out marveling.

And the very next morning he came home and found his mother washing that dirty window out of which he had looked! He had come home for lunch, and the one maid who was staying with them till they were moved said lunch was ready but his mother had gone down to "the other house." The words gave his heart a wrench. As if that little dump down there could be called a house! "The other house!" He had followed hot foot after her, and found her washing windows, her sleeves rolled up, an old sweater pinned around her closely, and a stray lock of the wavy gray hair fallen into her eyes, her face as eager as a child's. The wife of the president of the Fidelity Bank washing windows in late November in a cold house!

He took her home summarily, walking so fast she was almost out of breath, and scolding her all the way, but she only smiled. After that he went back after lunch and finished the rest of the windows himself. He didn't do them very well. They had streaks all over them, but at least the dust was off. Then he looked around in dismay at the work still to be done. Walls, and floors to be swept and washed! Dirty paper, dirty paint! Ugh! How could his mother bear it? It was harder work to wash a window than to play an afternoon's game of football. He was trembling from head to foot. After serious consideration he went home and collected some of his treasures, his camera, several tennis rackets, and a set of golf clubs and took them to a second-hand place and sold them. Then he hunted up a man who did white washing and got him to promise to scrub the whole house early the next morning.

It wasn't very well done. Even Chris' inexperienced eyes could see that, as he

looked it over the next afternoon, but at least his mother wouldn't have to come into a filthy den, with the grime of no knowing what kind of people on it.

After that Chris abandoned his vain search of a job until the moving should be over. Chris and Elise went to work, Chris with a frown on his handsome face, and Elise with laughter and gay song, jokes, and an indefatigable ability to sit down on the stairs anywhere and giggle at his efforts. Often he got furiously angry at her. He found it impossible to treat this whole catastrophe of the family like a joke. It was serious business, the wreck of their whole lives, and here were Mother and Elise laughing as if they enjoyed it. They were just alike.

Then he would glance at his father, sitting back relaxed, smiling in his invalid chair, not being allowed to lift his finger, and looking very peaceful. What did Dad have that kept him so serene? He was satisfied that Dad was deeply hurt that all these things had to be, cut to the heart that his wife and daughter must work so hard, that his son could not go to college, yet the lines of care were not nearly so deep on his forehead as they had been some weeks before the bank closed its doors. Was it just that he was relieved to be doing his best toward paying his depositors? No it must be something more than that. And in spite of himself he felt a respect for his father's faith. It might have no foundation, but whether it did or not it was beautiful to see such faith. He found a hungry feeling in his own heart to have something like that to stay his furious young heart upon, yet he told himself he never could believe in a God who would do such things to trusting people, and he steadily hardened his heart when he heard his father pray, always beginning his petition with thanksgiving. He simply could not understand it. Elise was only a child of course. She enjoyed every new thing that came along, even moving into a little seven by nine dinky house on a back street, like a child playing doll house. His mother was merely glad that his father was up and around again. Neither Mother nor Elise had any sense of what it was going to mean, this terrible change in the family fortunes! But his father understood, and yet he bore up. It was inexplicable.

Yet somehow in spite of all predictions, when the paint and the paper were in place, and the few old sticks of furniture disposed about, that had been saved from the wholesaler's carnage, even the old golden oak sideboard and dining table and chairs from the servant's dining room took on an air of comfort. Chris couldn't explain it.

There were draperies too, that Chris remembered when he was a kid, gay cretonnes with tie backs, long since packed in an old chest in the attic and only pulled out for home charades when they needed costumes. But now they seemed to make out of the little shanty on Sullivan Street a cozy nest were comfort might be found in the midst of a desolated world.

It was the first night that they had supper in the new home.

Elise and her mother in plain cotton dresses were in the speck of a kitchen getting supper and a savory smell was already beginning to pervade the house. The rooms were too near neighbors to have any secrets from the parlor of what was going on in the kitchen. Chris knew there was one of those savory stews that he always liked so much, and he was hungry for it already. Anna, the departing maid, had cooked it that morning in the old house before the last load of things they were allowing themselves to call their own from the attic came over. Chris knew that Anna had also made doughnuts and a couple of mince pies on the sly between other duties. He had brought over the stone jar containing the doughnuts and the basket with the mince pies early that morning that Anna's surprise for his mother might be complete. Oh, there would be a good supper.

Elise was setting the table, humming a gay little tune, that never gave hint of the tears that were so near the surface. His father was sitting beside the old attic table in the faded old Morris chair with his feet on the extension, reading the evening paper and resting as happily as he had been in his geor-

geous leather chair in his own library with the carved desk beside him and an alabaster lamp of old world design to light him. Didn't his father know the difference? Didn't he care at all?

And now came a call for Chris to go after a loaf of bread.

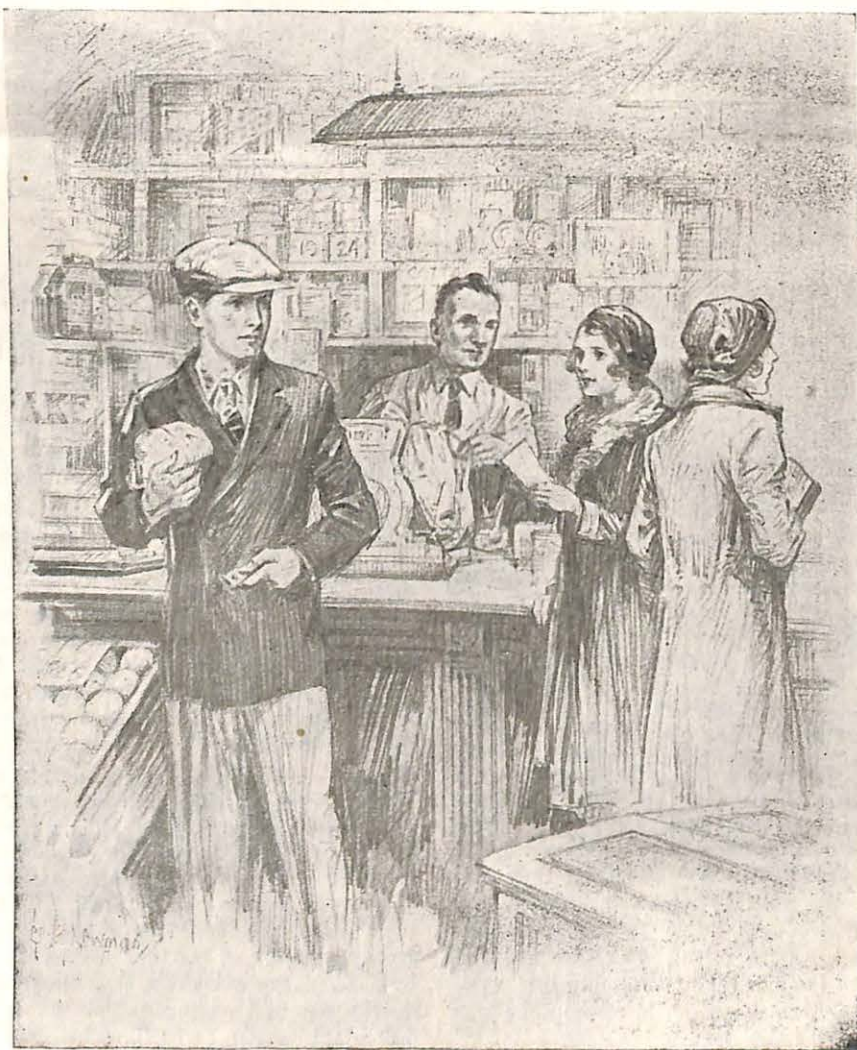
"It's only a couple of blocks or so up the avenue, Chris," said Elise cheerfully, as she saw a frown gather on her brother's brow, "I'd go but Mother needs me. Dinner'll be quite ready when you come back. It's one of those chain stores, the second block on the right. I bought a cake of soap there yesterday. You can't miss it."

"Why? Will I see the rest of the box of soap out watching for me?" asked the brother ill-naturedly as he rose and slung his cap on the back of his head, "I thought you got A in English. Why would the fact that you bought a cake of soap there yesterday keep me from missing the store?"

"Quit your kidding and hurry, please. I'm making popovers and they need to be eaten at once when they're done."

Chris sauntered out into the chilly evening air, perversely refusing to wear his overcoat, and feeling as if he had been exiled into an evil world again. The

(Continued on page 12)



He went hastily to the cash window

A Tribute to His Parents

Seldom has there been a finer tribute to a father and mother than that uttered by Vice-President Marshall when he said:

"I have met nearly all of the great men and women of America who have been prominent in the last forty years; I have seen and conversed with a great many of the illustrious ones from across the sea, and I do not hesitate to place this wreath upon the tomb where rest the ashes of my father and my mother: Among all the sons and daughters of men that I have known there have been many of longer vision, many of finer education, many of more potent influence in the affairs of men, but there have been none with finer spirits, if consecration to duty, love of humanity, and veneration of God are to be the marks of the perfect man and the perfect woman."

Events in Andrews Street, Rochester

With the first Sunday in March past and people have entered the 12th year of a most happy ministry.

During the past winter months special emphasis was put on missions and evangelism in our Wednesday evening services. Some of these meetings were in full charge of the B. Y. P. U. and the Sunday school. As a result of these meetings several young people were led to surrender their lives to the Savior.

An impressive presentation of the religious drama: "Whither Goest Thou?" was given by Prof. A. Bretschneider's Training Class. The Easter concert, rendered by the church choir of about 50 voices under the masterly direction of Edmund Mittelstedt, brought the day dedicated to our Living Christ to a most glorious climax. The Easter message of music with its notes of comfort, joy, hope and victory caused our hearts to burn within us and to silently pray that the Easter spirit might abide in our midst all the year round. The Easter joy also found tangible expression in the special offering for our Mission and Benevolent Budget.

The Amity Class rendered a fine piece of service in visiting the sick and shut-ins on a recent Sunday afternoon, bringing, with a brief service of song and prayer, comfort and cheer into the hearts and homes of the suffering and the lonely: A commendable way to put the automobile into the Lord's service on Sunday afternoon.

Outstanding events for Rochester next month are the Commencement Exercises of the Colgate-Rochester Divinity School with our own special program of the German Department and the Meetings of the Northern Baptist Convention in our city May 23-28. We shall be ready to "do our part."

* * *

Concentrating your mind upon your work and humbling yourself before God brings success.

Easter at Sheboygan Church

The German-English Baptist Church of Sheboygan, Wis., enjoyed large attendances on Easter Sunday, both morning and evening. An inspiring musical program was given in the evening by the choir, under the able direction of Mrs. P. W. Frederick. Among the many who attended the Sunday evening service were the Reverends Dan. Stahmer and Blasdahl from the Erie Avenue Methodist Church, who read the Scripture and led in prayer, respectively. The choir made a distinct contribution to the enrichment of spiritual life of those who attended.

The splendidly diversified program was especially interpreted by the choir, reflecting credit upon its members and its able director. Each of the renditions was given in finished style, showing great care given to detail. The choir as an ensemble merits special praise, as it sang with precision and snap seldom heard in a group of singers laying no claim to professional skill. Although the personnel of the choir was composed entirely of our own church members, that mastery was remarkable and elicited much praise from the audience.

When the pastor first came to the church November last, the members without exception pledged ardent support in any and all efforts consonant with a proper consideration in the interest of the church and the kingdom of God. With the support of the church, and in so righteous a cause we may surely hope to succeed. With the splendid co-operation between the choir and the church we shall perhaps soon again look forward to another musical program. Music speaks the universal language of human experience and is the expression of the soul's moods, purposes, and prayer. People gather in great numbers to listen to music when no attraction of an ordinary kind will bring them to the sanctuary.

May God's blessing rest upon our work here in Sheboygan!

LEWIS B. BERNDT.

Ordination of Rev. John Heer

Monday, March 26, 1934, was a great day for the people of Vesper, Kans., for it was the day when their new pastor, Bro. John Heer, was ordained for the Christian ministry.

Fifteen delegates were present, representing our various German Baptist churches in Kansas. Our general evangelist, Rev. H. C. Baum, was also with us and was invited to sit with the council.

The council expressed itself as favorably impressed with Bro. Heer's account of his Christian experience, call to the ministry and doctrinal views.

The ordination services took place in the evening, and a goodly number turned out to be present at the occasion.

The Rev. John Borchers of the Ellinwood church preached the ordination ser-

mon, using as his text: "Therefore go and I shall be with thy mouth and will teach thee what thou shalt say."

The charge to the church was given by the Rev. H. C. Baum. The Rev. R. Vassel of the Bison church delivered the charge to the candidate. Bro. Heer was welcomed into the ministry by the Rev. A. Weisser of the Stafford church.

The former pastor of the church, the Rev. G. O. Heide, and the Rev. A. G. Lang of Lorraine also participated in the services.

The joyful meeting was brought to a close with the benediction, pronounced by the Rev. John Heer.

Bro. John Heer is a member of the class of '33 of our seminary in Rochester, having taken up his duties as pastor of the Vesper church last February.

We extend to the Rev. and Mrs. John Heer our sincere wishes for much success and joy in ministering to the flock of the Great Shepherd. REPORTER.

Report from Salt Creek

Another year of work for the Salt Creek Young People's Society of Dallas, Oregon, has come to a close, and we thank God for his nearness and loving kindness in all that has been done. Both the Senior as well as the Junior societies have been working actively and have been holding two meetings every month on the second and fourth Sunday evenings.

We have had 25 well attended meetings during the past year: 5 of these were business and social evenings, 2 devotional evenings, 12 group programs, 1 question box, 2 Bible study evenings and 3 special meetings, consisting of a Mother's Day program, New Year's Watch Night program and a musical program.

The young people have found a new and willing helper in our minister, Bro. G. Neumann. The first Winter Institute in Salt Creek was held from Feb. 19 to March 2. Bro. Neumann was the teacher. Twenty-seven young people enrolled to study the Book of Acts. Everyone who attended received a blessing and desired to have more institutes of this kind in the future.

During the year 13 new members were added to the Union and 5 members were taken from the list, making the present enrollment of 83 members. These are divided into 3 groups.

On March 23, the 38th anniversary was celebrated. The program consisted of musical numbers, readings and an inspiring play called, "Missionary Arithmetic." After this refreshments were served.

May we grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ, in this coming year, is our earnest prayer. E. A.

* * *

Prayer brings you power from God and keeps you on the right track.

* * *

If you have learned to control yourself you are building character.

WHAT'S HAPPENING

(Continued from page 2)

The Humboldt Park Church of Chicago, Rev. F. L. Hahn, pastor, held two weeks of pre-Easter meetings which were very well attended. During the first week, Rev. A. P. Mihm was the preacher and the second week, Rev. Wm. Kuhn, D. D., brought the message. On Good Friday evening the choir sang the Cantata by Stainer: "The Crucifixion."

Five young people were baptized by Rev. John E. Grygo, pastor of the church at Lansing, Mich., on Easter Sunday. Both the German and English services of the church are growing in attendance. The sum of \$200 was recently raised for church indebtedness. On Easter the church, Sunday school and young people's society contributed toward the denominational Easter offering.

Mr. Charlie Zoschke of Junction City, Kans., and his wife and family have recently passed through deep waters of sorrow. On March 9 Bro. Zoschke's father passed away and on March 20 their baby 2 years and 7 months old died from the results of being kicked by a horse. Bro. Zoschke is a former vice-president of our National Young People's and Sunday School Workers' Union. We extend to them our sincere condolence in their losses.

It was the Editor's privilege to spend Sunday, April 8, with two of our Buffalo churches. In the morning, we preached at the Spruce St. Church, Rev. C. E. Cramer, pastor, and addressed the Sunday school. In the evening we spoke to a combined young people's group of the Bethel and High St. churches at a supper gathering from 6-7 and later preached at the Bethel church, Rev. P. Geissler, pastor. The Rochester Student's quartet also sang at these churches at the other services on that day.

The First German Baptist Church, St. Paul, Minn., held meetings during Passion Week, the pastor, Rev. A. G. Schlessinger, doing the preaching. The attendance was unusually good. The pastor conducted a convert's instruction class for six weeks before Easter. On Palm Sunday seven of the converts were baptized before a large audience. They received the hand of fellowship Easter Sunday morning. In the evening the church choir rendered a Cantata before a large and appreciative audience.

On Easter Sunday the Sunday school of the Clay Street Baptist Church, Benton Harbor, Mich., Rev. Leo F. Gassner, pastor, reached the record attendance of 333. The attendance is very good and the average for 1933 was 259. In the evening the choir presented the Cantata, "The Thorn-Crowned King," depicting the Easter story in beautiful solo, duet, trio, quartet and choral numbers. Walter Virkus directed the chorus and Viola Behlen accompanied at the organ. The last seat of the auditorium was taken in the morning and evening service and additional room had to be made by opening the Sunday school auditorium. The

morning offering was set aside by the church as a special Easter offering for missions.

The Patch of Blue

(Continued from page 10)

cheeriness of the little house that had ha'f angered him only made the outside world seem the more unfriendly. How dark Sullivan Street was. The city ought to put in more lights. It seemed to him as if he had scarcely been anything but angry since the bank closed.

He found the chain store, bright and full of brisk business. Everybody was there inspecting trays of vegetables, buying great creamy slices of cheese, prunes, crackers, coffee, flour and potatoes. One woman had a long list and a pi'e of groceries on the counter before her, and now she turned toward the meat side of the store and began to select pork chops.

Chris looked around curiously. It was almost the first time since he was a little boy that he had been in such a store. There hadn't been any need. Those things were always well ordered by a capable maid over the telephone. Not even his mother had had to ming'e with the common herd this way. The store was bright and cheery. Everything looked clean and appetizing. There were delightful smells of oranges, celery, coffee, on the air. But no one was paying the slightest attention to him. That gave him a curious sensation. He was used to deference everywhere. Well, of course no one knew him in this section of the city and there was a relief in that. How interested these people were, as if they were selecting a new car or a Christmas present. What did they care which bunch of carrots they bought? Cranberries! How pretty they were in the bulk.

But he must get waited on quickly. He didn't want to stay here all night. He approached a salesman with a lady who was accumulating a great pile of things on the counter. She had come to a pause and was trying to think up something else, gazing up at the top shelves of cereals. He would just cut in on her and get his bread and get out.

But the salesman looked up with a courteous smile.

"Sorry, I'm busy just now. You'll have to wait your turn. Somebody'll be free in a minute I guess."

Chris stepped back haughtily and felt as if he had been slapped in the face. So, there were rules to this chain store game. Every one was just as good as every one else. The dark color flung up in his face, and he was about to leave, when he suddenly remembered his recent low'y estate and retreated into the back-ground.

Pinned in a corner by a bunch of brooms and a stack of bargain cans of peaches, watching sullenly for a free salesman, he suddenly heard low spoken words behind him, not meant for his ear he was sure.

"That's him," said an uncultured voice. "He's the old man's only son,

Some baby! Yep, right behind ya. Nope, he dunno me. I was in Grammar when he was in High. He wouldn't know me from a bag a beans. And anyhow he wouldn't. He always was an awful snob! My goodness, no, I wouldn't speak to him. I wouldn't wantta be high-hatted. I hate snobs!"

Cold angry prickles went down Chris' back, and he felt the very back of his neck grow red. He could hardly come out of his fury when his courteous salesman wheeled upon him at last with a free and easy: "Now, sir, what can I do for you?"

His voice sounded unnatural as he asked for the bread. He didn't remember ever to have bought a loaf of bread before. He wondered if there was a certain way of asking for it. He glowered after the two whispering flappers who had been behind him. They were over at the meat counter now giggling and chewing gum. The one with the red hair and freckles was vaguely familiar as a kid who had once tried to run through a football game in the school yard and made all his fellows furious. She wasn't any account of course, but was that the way all of the school had regarded him, as a snob?

Then his humiliation would be but the greater. They would gloat over his loss of caste. He had never regarded himself as anything but a self-respecting son of his father. A snob was one who looked down on most other people. Well, perhaps he had, but he had always supposed they didn't know it. He had rather regarded it as a breach of etiquette to let other know that they were despised. He must have failed sadly.

He had his loaf of bread at last, and went with the check and his money to the cash window, hastily, to get out before he might meet those two disagreeable flappers, and have to recognize them as fellow buyers.

He handed in his check at the little glass window, and was suddenly aware of a pair of friendly eyes looking up at him and a shyly hesitant smile.

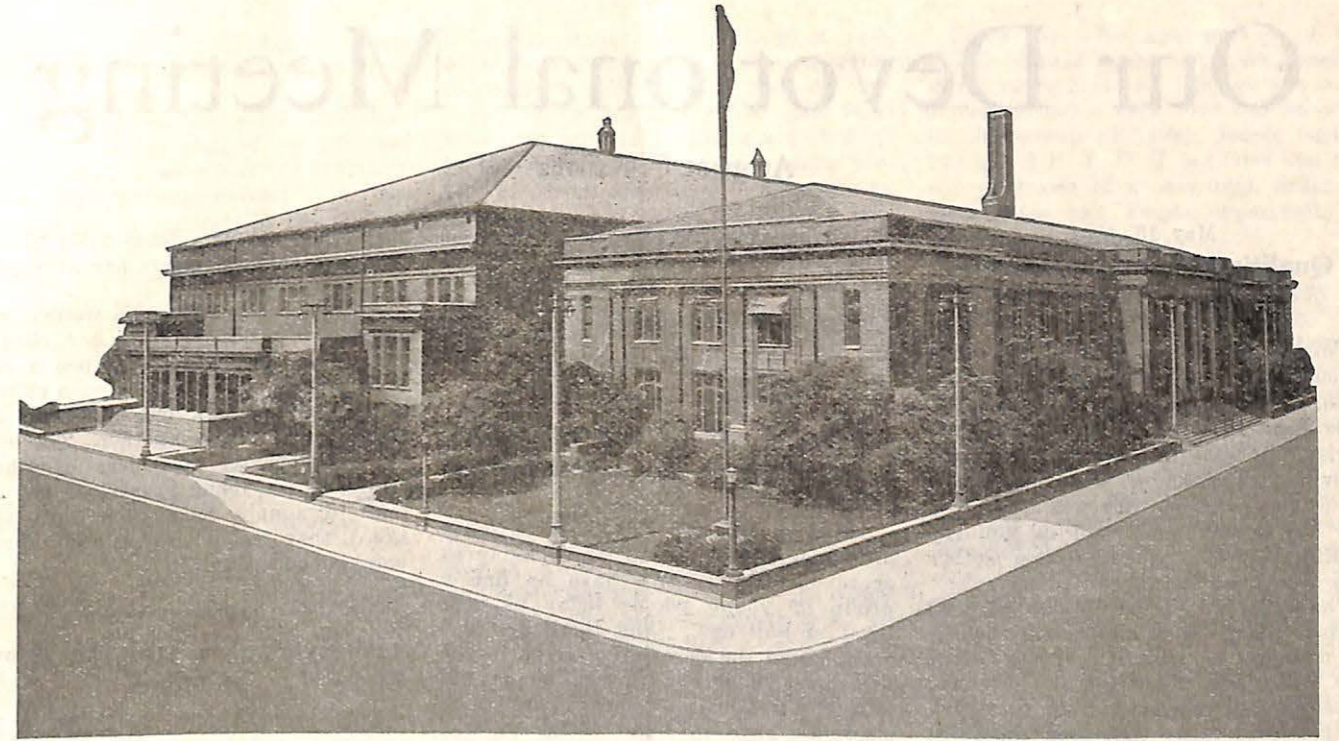
(To be continued)

"Have Ye Never Read?"

Jesus Asked this Question Six Times

A Hint for Prayer Meetings

1. In Defense of his Disciples. Mark 2:25. See 1 Samuel 21:6; Leviticus 24:6-9.
2. In Interpretation of Sabbath Service. Matthew 12:5. See Numbers 28:9, 10.
3. In Answering the Question About Divorce. Matthew 19:4. See Genesis 1:27.
4. In Defense of the Praising Children. Matthew 21:16. See Psalm 8:2.
5. In Fulfilling Messianic Prophecy. Mark 12:10. See Psalm 118:22.
6. In proof of the Resurrection. Mark 12:26. See Exodus 3:6.



General Conference, Milwaukee 1934. Auditorium, Where We Meet

Oak Park Y. P. Society Anniversary

The forty-third anniversary of the Oak Park B. Y. P. U. was celebrated on Thursday evening, March 22, 1934. The theme of the program was "The Successful Life."

We were especially grateful for the services which our Sunday school orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Carl Granzow, so successfully rendered. A fitting song, sung by a Girls' Sextet, two appropriate readings, and a duet, "Living for Jesus," sung by two of our members, added to the pleasure of the evening.

Rev. A. P. Mihm spoke to us and inspired us in this Baptist Centennial Year "to attempt great things for God, and to expect great things from God."

The presentation of the new officers followed Rev. Mr. Mihm's inspiring address.

In order to give the reader an idea of what the O. P. Society is doing, the report of the secretary for the past year follows:

"The Young People's Commission Plan, which divided the society into four groups—Devotional Life, Stewardship, Service, and Fellowship—was used for the second year in this society as a basis for its activities. Each commission is responsible for one Sunday evening meeting every month, the first Sunday being in German, led by the 'Helping Hand' Society; the third Sunday evening is under the leadership of the group from Morton Park, our mission. Whenever a fifth Sunday occurs in a month, the Cabinet, composed of the officers and commission leaders, is responsible for the program.

"The Young People's Institute, held at the First German Baptist Church each Monday of March, 1933, was well attended by several of our members. Also, during March and April of 1933, in conjunction with the work of the Young People's Division of the Century of Progress Evangelistic Council, a group of young folks worked earnestly in the taking of a census of those in the neighborhood not attending church.

"Easter morning dawned to find about 65 young folks joyfully scrambling for seats in the bus that took them down to the Easter Sunrise Prayer Meeting, sponsored by the Century of Progress Evangelistic Council and held in the court of the Hall of Science in the World's Fair Grounds.

"On June 3 and 4 the society was host to the German Baptist Young People who met here for their annual conference.

"The evening's entertainment at the Sunday school picnic last summer, a Hallowe'en party, a Christmas party at the home of our president, and the Valentine get-together were among the social events planned by the Fellowship commission.

"Fall activities included a Seth Parker program presented by members of the Service Commission of the young people in the Second Church and our Bellwood Mission.

"Those elected to serve as officers for the coming year are: Harold Johns, pres.; Roy Anderson, v. pres.; Irma Grieger, sec'y; Frederick Dons, treas.; pianists, John Baumgart and E'la Franz.

"The chapter is finished. As we are about to begin the living of the new one, may we gratefully thank God for his

wisdom and love bestowed upon us in the past 43 years of the life of this society and ask that his guiding hand be ever with us to direct our activities where they will be of the best service."

IRMA GRIEGER, Sec'y.

Famous Fiction

"This is the real stuff—imported. I know the guy that brought it over."

"It ain't the money I care for—it's the principle of the thing."

"Oh, I know how to handle it; I can drink it or leave it alone."

"I can not live without you."

"Pleased to meetcha."

"Painless Dentistry."

"I'd be the last one to say anything against her but—"

"I'm offa that stuff from now on. It's no good. Never again—that's me."

"The police have the situation well in hand. Important arrests may be expected at any moment."

"I'm as fit as a fiddle—just as good a man as I was twenty years ago. I can't notice a bitta difference."

"We are prosperous and don't know it. Prosperity is just around the corner. Anyhow, it's just a state of mind."

"Why, no, my dear, I can't remember a single thing about the Spanish-American War. I was just a tiny girlie then."

"If I am elected Mayor, all the crooks will be driven out of our fair city within thirty days. No gamb'ing, no vice of any kind. The crooks must go!"

"This is our golden wedding anniversary—married just fifty years ago today

—and in all that time, my little wife has never spoken a cross word to me!" —Tampa Morning Tribune.

Our Devotional Meeting

August F. Runtz

May 13, 1934

Qualities That Make Good Mothers

Matt. 15:21-28

Faith in God. Jesus said to the woman of our lesson, "O woman, great is thy faith." Here was a woman who knew little about Israel's God, and little about Christ. But she did know that he was a divine Healer, and so she would not be denied her petition. She was something like the woman who lived in Shunem. (2 Kings 4:8-37.) She too was a mother who was great in her faith.

The world is in desperate need of good mothers today. Good mothers are believing mothers; mothers of a strong Christian faith and character. There are forces of evil and skepticism so strong in the world today that even the faith of those young people who have a good foundation is swept away. If it takes these, what will it do to those who have never had a faith implanted into their hearts by good mothers? It is a lifelong inspiration for good to a man to be able to say, "I had a good, church-going, praying, believing mother."

Devotion to Children. There are mothers and mothers. There are some mothers of whom it might be justly said, "God couldn't be everywhere, so he made mothers." But there are others who bring shame and disgrace upon the very name "mother." This half-heaven mother of our lesson was devoted to her child and thought of its welfare. What a mother that ancient woman was, who, when asked about her jewels, gathered her children to her and said, "These are my jewels."

As the home goes, so goes the nation, but usually as the mother goes, so goes the home. What kind of a nation would a generation of beer-guzzling, swearing, irreverent, unbelieving, cigaret-smoking mothers produce? A nation's greatness or a nation's decay begin in the home, the institution in which the mother is supreme. If we expect to have great men and women tomorrow, we must have great mothers today.

Praying Mothers. Kipling says:

"If I were damned by body and soul,
I know whose prayers would make me whole,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine."

A praying mother! Who would want any other? A scene that has always been an inspiration to poet and artist is that of a young mother teaching her child to lisp its earliest prayer. If mothers do not teach their children to pray, who will? If mothers do not know how to pray, how can they teach it? What must surge through the heart of a mother when she can say, like Hanna

of old as she presented Samuel to the Lord, "For this child I prayed." Mothers ought to pray for their children. They ought also to pray with their children. Let them hear you pray, it will mean more to you realize.

May 20, 1934

What Is Right and What Is Wrong With Modern Youth?

2 Tim. 3:1-5, 14-17

What Is Wrong? There is as much difference in youth and youth today as there ever was. We have as fine a group of young people today as ever lived in any age. And there are also some whom the description given in the first part of our Scripture lesson fits perfectly. It all depends upon which class we have in mind when we say, "modern youth."

However, even thinking of our better young people, there are many things which are far from being what they ought to be. Our day is saturated with a materialistic conception of life which is absolutely contrary to Jesus' way of life. Success is measured in terms of dollars and cents. Only he is counted successful in life who has amassed a fortune, or scaled the ladder of fame. Even education is often sought, not with the idea of making life broader, nobler, and more useful, but with the idea of larger earning power.

Many seem to think, that because a thing is old, it is therefore useless, and to be discarded. Because they have discarded the oxcart, they are too much inclined to discard honesty and virtue. Because the walls of the universe have been pushed back immeasurably, they seem to think that God is no longer near. Yes, and we do have members in our churches, God pity us, who are lovers of pleasures, more than lovers of God, who like Demas of old, have left the road of sacrificial living, having loved this present world.

What Is Right? However there is another side. The same man who warned against these low ideals of life also commended this fine young man, Timothy, for his loyalty, service, and faithfulness. In writing to the Philippian church (2:19-23), to whom he is sending Timothy, Paul says of him, that he has the mind of Christ, that is unselfish, that he will cherish a genuine care for them, and that his concern will be the things of Christ, not his own affairs.

There is many a Timothy among our youth today, with ideals like his. Many may not hold the same doctrinal views as did their parents, but they are just as loyal to Jesus Christ. And it is loyalty to Jesus Christ and his way of life rather than loyalty to some beliefs

that really counts. Jesus said: "Follow me," and large numbers are attempting to do just that.

An old picture showed a woman, with angry waves beating upon her, clinging to a cross that was built upon a rock. A newer picture shows a woman clinging to the same cross, but with one arm outstretched to save another. The latter is surely nearer the ideas of Christ. Many of our young people are not content to simply have their own souls saved, they feel a responsibility toward mankind as a whole.

May 27, 1934

The Every-Day Use and Abuse of Money

Luke 19:12, 13, 16, 17; 1 Tim. 6:10

When Money Is a Blessing. In his parable of the ten pounds Jesus does not say whether money is good or evil in itself, but he does show that money is a sacred trust, and that we are but trustees over all we claim to possess. Money is merely a medium of exchange; we cannot eat it nor wear it. But with it we can buy things to eat and to wear. A shipload of gold would be of little value on a desert island. However, in our civilization we cannot very well get along without money, for with it we buy the necessities and conveniences of our homes, and the comforts of life. We may also use it for educational purposes, and to buy good literature. But over and above all of this, what a blessing money may be!

There is our church. How was it built? Why, a group of people who believed in it, sacrificed and gave of their money, so they and others might have a place of worship and to proclaim the good news of salvation. How did the gospel message come to you anyway? Well, somebody gave money in order to send somebody with the message to you. And that is exactly what we may do with our money today. We may, and do, send missionaries to foreign lands to bring light into the dark places of the earth, and we send doctors and nurses, and build hospitals for the healing of the wounds of men. It is the lack of money that is crippling our missionary enterprise on every side.

When Money Is a Curse. As we have seen, money is of value only as it is converted into something else. The chief question is: What is your money converted into? Here is a man who has five dollars to spend, so he decides to spend it in a night of sin and debauchery. A flame of passion is let loose in his life that eventually leads to a body rotten with disease, and a soul suffering the remorse of hell, bringing ruin, sorrow, and

woe, not only on himself, but on others as well. Far better for that man if he had been penniless.

A man may also make the accumulation of money the goal of his life, and when he does, he soon becomes heartless, and greedy, and even covetous. All the finer and nobler instincts of his soul die out. Not money itself, but the love of money is the root of evil. It is back of all slavery and underpaid labor. It bends widow's backs, and sucks the life-blood from little children.

The love of money and the love of God cannot live in the same heart at the same time. Jesus shows the rich man sent to hell, not because he had money, but because he was heartless, selfish, and avaricious. Our attitude toward money is the acid test of our Christianity.

June 3, 1934

The Christian Use of Sunday

Exod. 20:8; Mark 2:27, 28

A Day of Rest and Worship. The Sabbath law is one of those fundamental and eternal laws which a wise and gracious God has ordained for his toiling children. Moses wrote it into the "Commandments" because there was a dire need for such a law which would cause the people to lay aside their tasks, and stop to rest and worship. We observe, not the last, but the first day of the week, for on it Christ rose from the dead, on it he appeared to his disciples, on it he sent the Holy Spirit, on it the apostolic church met for the communion service and other religious services. As with it we begin the week, so Christ and his cause must be given first place, not last place, in our lives.

The Object of Sunday. Jesus cleared this all up when he said that the Sabbath was made for man, that is, for his benefit. It is not a law which an arbitrary God has made, but God has given it because its need is written in man's physical and spiritual nature. "It is man's day as well as the Lord's day; hence, whatever is for man's highest and truest welfare, whatever, generally adopted, will tend to the physical, intellectual and spiritual development of man . . . is appropriate for the day which was made for man, and whose observance is tested by its usefulness to man."

What May We Do on Sunday? This question is often asked by young people. Sometimes the further question is asked, "Is it wrong to do this or that on Sunday?" Let us seek ways of doing good on Sunday, rather than living in fear of transgressing some law. The worship of God in the church service ought to suggest itself to our thoughts the very first thing on Sunday morning. Gladstone said: "I find that there is in a corner of my heart a little plant called Reverence which wants to be watered about once a week."

Then Sunday is also a day of rest and recreation, in order to make us good as new, body and soul. How foolish some folks are to play themselves out with

worthless things on this day of rest. Jesus said that it was a day on which to do good. We may do good on that day. There are lonely and sick folks whom we can visit. There are shut-ins in home and hospitals whom young people can cheer with songs and readings. Try doing good deeds on Sunday and you will have no temptation to do the harmful.

Days of Refreshing at Cincinnati, Ohio

The place of our birth and early childhood has a peculiar charm and fascination for one. In my childhood days Cincinnati was known as the Queen City of the West and as the Porkopolis of America. Chicago, however, soon outdid her in the pork and packing business. But few cities ever surpassed her in the hills and dales, her music and art, her educational and philanthropic enterprises. Today she is one of the best governed cities in the country, having had a city manager for some years and closing the past year with lower taxes and no municipal deficits to menace her progress.

It was a privilege to spend two weeks with the Walnut St. Baptist Church, of which the Rev. P. C. A. Menard is the faithful pastor for the past fifteen years.

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Since the 75th anniversary of this church in 1932 it has had a very encouraging upward slant. Though the membership is but a little over one hundred, its fine group of young people sustain two active B. Y. P. U. societies and render programs of a very high order, as the writer had ample opportunity to ascertain and witness.

The protracted meetings began on March 19 and found a very happy climax on Easter Sunday evening. The young people had over forty persons present at the sunrise prayer meeting at 6:30; the Sunday school had a larger attendance than for many years and rendered an excellent Easter program. The services both morning and evening were well attended, also every night during the whole series, increasing continually. The church as a whole was much encouraged and inspired; many members were present at every meeting, though they live miles away. Our aim was to stimulate the convictions, stir the oldtime passion for soul-winning and quicken the spiritual life. This the pastor and people gratefully acknowledged was accomplished. Not a few young people were deeply moved and ready to yield their lives to the Lord Jesus. We may expect to hear of baptisms in the near future.

What a thrill came to the writer and his sister, Mrs. Sophie Bell, when on one evening they were greeted by some childhood friends of sixty years ago in the meeting. This was a visible evidence of the influence of their devout parents, who had left an indelible impress upon their neighbors and the community. The Cincinnati church, which sent out so many ministers and missionaries in the past, still has possibilities of growth. It can be truthfully said of her as of Philadelphia of old: "I know thy works, behold I have set before thee a door opened, which none can shut, that thou hast a little power, and didst keep my word and didst not deny my name, etc." May this church again witness such seasons of revival as in the days of Bickel, Albert, Ritter, Donner and others! God grant it for all our churches, is our prayer.
C. A. DANIEL.

The Telephone

I am a telephone. When I am not broke, I am in the hands of a receiver. I have a mouthpiece, but unlike women, I never use it. Fellows use me to make dates with girls, and girls use me to break said dates. Husbands call up their wives over me, and wives call their husbands down over me.

I never go anywhere, but sometimes the company comes in and takes me out. It all depends on whether you pay your bills or not. I am not a bee, but I have oftentimes buzzed in your ear. I am the bell of the town, and while I wear no jewelry, I often get rings. Whether I do things or not a lot of people nail me to the wall. I like music, but the only music I ever hear is chin music. I get all the popular airs, but the most popular one is hot air. —Exchange.

Instillation as Well as Installation

Some little time ago there came to me a notice concerning a certain organization with which I am associated to the effect that "the instillation of the officers" would be held on a certain specified date. As I read the announcement about the "instillation" of the officers I found myself laughing. I too have a typewriter which at times seems prone to the making of queer mistakes. Once it missed the letter "r" out of the word "friend." But I saw the omission ere the letter was mailed. And now here was somebody else's typewriter substituting "i" for "a." I was about to make the correction in my own reading, on the ground that it is not usualy good to accept substitutes. Then, I paused. I began to wonder if, after all, this mistake was not a good one. Instillation! Installation! There is a difference, and the difference is more than the difference of one letter.

I have attended many installation services of one sort and another. Now that I come to think about it, the best of them were instillation services; services in which the officers came to a new sense of service. It gave them a renewed vision. I have had cause to remember some installation services where, as one observer said to me, "The officers have been installed, but will they now officiate? There are they who took office because they were asked, and afterwards it was found that they had neither energy to refuse the office nor energy to fill it." Installed but not instilled!

It is a splendid thing for a class to have periodically, after the election of the class officials, an installation service, provided it be also an instillation service. To have an installation service gives a new sense of dignity to the office; to make it an instillation service gives to the officer a new dynamic. In other words, the installation service should be more than a formal ceremony; it should be a force-awakening service.—S. S., Y. P. & Adults.

Prophecy Fulfilled

The evening lesson was from the book of Job, and the minister had just read, "Yea, the light of the wicked shall be put out," when immediately the church was in total darkness.

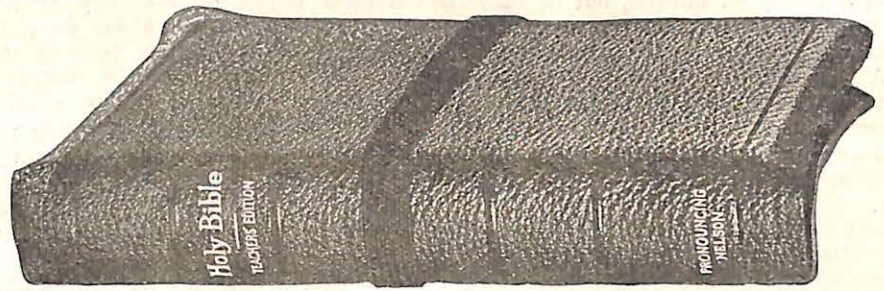
"Brethren," said the minister, with scarcely a moment's pause, "in view of the sudden and startling fulfillment of this prophecy, we will spend a few minutes in silent prayer for the electric-light company."—Boston Transcript.

* * *

She (on diet, to her husband): "Here I sit gorging myself, and you haven't the will-power to make me stop."—Everybody's.

* * *

In Arkansas they had to call out troops during a revival. That's what you call the old-time religion.—Greensboro (Ga.) Herald-Journal.



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<p>BUT a certain man named An- nās, with Sāp-phi-rā his wife, sold a possession, 2 And kept back part of the price, his wife also being privy to it, and</p>	<p>JOHN 11: 12</p>	<p>unclean spirits: and they healed every one. 17 ¶ Then the high priest up, and all they that were him, (which is the sect of the</p>
	<p>ch. 4. 1, 2, 6.</p>	
	<p>ch. 4. 57.</p>	

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A man may call himself free when he fails to conform to God's laws, but he is a slave.

* * *

God throws out the good things to all who will obey his will. It's up to you to get your share.

* * *

There are said to be twenty-six million automobiles in the United States. That makes twenty-six million reasons against free liquor.

* * *

"The rarest stamp known," writes a collector, "is the early American Colonial." Another one seldom seen is the stamp which a writer says he is enclosing for reply.—Life.

Unusual Accident

Automobile accidents are quite common, but who ever heard of a clock figuring in an accident? Yet only the other day we read where an apparently harmless old grandfather's clock that some workmen were hoisting up to a third story window suddenly fell and struck eleven.

* * *

The visitor was examining the class. "Can any little boy tell me what a fish-net is made of?" he inquired.

"A lot of little holes tied together with strings," smiled the never-failing bright boy.—Western Advocate.