

# THE BAPTIST HERALD



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## MADONNA AND CHILD

By FERRUZZI

December 15, 1935



## What's Happening

The Rev. Herbert Hiller, pastor of the Bethany Church in Milwaukee, Wis., underwent an operation for appendicitis on Monday, Nov. 18. He has recovered sufficiently to resume his duties as minister of the church.

The Rev. Julius Kaaz, pastor of our church in New Haven, Conn., had the joy of baptizing six persons on confession of their faith on Sunday, Nov. 17. Two other persons have also joined the church recently by letter.

One of the Sunday School classes of our Bethany Church in Lincoln County, Kansas, has recently provided a tract case for the church and dedicated it to the service of the Lord. It is also being used as a means of exchanging or loaning Christian literature and books for interested persons. The Rev. John Heer is pastor of the church.

The Tabitha Society for young women was organized in October in our church in North Freedom, Wis., for the purpose of doing practical missionary work. The group is composed of about 15 women. The officers elected are Mrs. Myrtle Pawlisch, president; Mrs. Ann Seils, vice-president; Mrs. Augusta Black, secretary; and Mrs. Helen Black treasurer.

On Monday evening, Nov. 11, the young people of our church in Kyle, Texas, surprised their pastor, the Rev. C. H. Edinger, on his birthday. A delightful social program was enjoyed by the large group of young people present. The Rev. C. C. Gossen of Crawford, who was visiting in Kyle at the time as mission secretary, spoke brief words of congratulation.

The Rev. John Wobig of Wausau, Wis., conducted evangelistic services for two weeks recently in our church in North Freedom, Wis. Eight persons responded to the evangelistic appeal, and the pastor, the Rev. Herman Palfenier, states that the baptismal service for these professing faith in Christ will probably be held at the Watchnight Service.

Miss Hannah Seils of North Freedom, Wis., celebrated her 80th birthday on Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 28. She is widely known and beloved throughout our denomination, having rendered an unique ministry as the missionary of the Fleischmann Memorial Church in Philadelphia, Pa., from 1885 to 1916. Her many friends wish her many more years of health and happiness.

The new pews in the Carroll Avenue Church in Dallas, Texas, were dedicated on Sunday morning, Nov. 3, in a service conducted by the Rev. Philip Potzner.

The lovely oak pews, costing more than \$500, were secured by the church partly as the result of the example set by Mrs. Lena Neutzler, who left a small residue of her estate at her death a year ago for this purpose.

Mrs. J. F. Niebuhr of New York City wants to express her appreciation to her many friends who remembered her in their prayers and with greetings during her recent convalescence in a hospital after a serious illness. She writes that "God so wonderfully heard the prayers and thereby also made short the period of my stay in the hospital, for which I do thank him."

The Rev. Thorwald Bender of Sioux Falls, South Dakota, was in charge of the visitation program of a personal evangelistic campaign held for two weeks preceding Nov. 14 in the Baptist City Temple of Sioux Falls. This evangelistic program met with considerable success not only in the community but also among the students of Sioux Falls College as well.

On Monday, Dec. 2, the German Baptist Ministers' Conference and the "Persisbund" composed of the ministers' wives met in the Second Church of New York for their December meeting. The address was brought by Mr. F. A. Wurzbach, president of the Bronx Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children, whose knowledge of juvenile problems in the metropolitan center of New York distinguishes Mr. Wurzbach as a most interesting and provocative speaker.

A men's group, called "the Anchor Brotherhood," was organized in our church in North Freedom, Wis., in October of this year with twenty charter members. The officers are Reuben Black, president; William Stangohr, vice-president; Ben Pawlisch, secretary, and Irwin Gaetzke, treasurer. The Rev. Herman Palfenier is advisor. On Monday evening, Nov. 18, the Rev. M. L. Leuschner addressed the group at their second meeting, speaking on "Every Man a King!"

The Burns Avenue Baptist Church of Detroit, Mich., held a "Get-Acquainted" program for parents and teachers of the Sunday School children on Friday evening, Oct. 25. A large attendance and a splendid program in charge of the newly inducted superintendent, Mr. Walter Pieschke, made the evening a great success. The retiring superintendent, Mr. Richard Ernst, who had served the Sunday School faithfully for 33 years, was presented with several gifts and signally honored.

The South Texas Young People's rally was held on Sunday, Nov. 10, when the Young People of the Greenville and Kyle churches met at Elgin and rendered a program. A warm welcome was extended to the visiting friends by Mr. Schiller of Elgin, and the Rev. C. H. Edinger of our Kyle Church introduced the numbers on the program. The Rev. C. C. Gossen of Crawford also brought a brief address. Afterwards the visiting young people enjoyed a dinner at the homes of the Schiller families.

Ten days of special inspirational meetings were held in the Humboldt Park Baptist Church of Chicago, Ill., preceding Thanksgiving Day. The pastor of the church, the Rev. F. L. Hahn, spoke on such subjects as "Cross Roads," "The Tragedy of Neglect," and "The Great Transformer." On Thanksgiving Eve Mr. Ross W. Owens, the new assistant pastor, spoke on "God's Unspeakable Gift." Mr. Ross is now conducting an English service on Sunday mornings which is held simultaneously with the German service of the church.

On Sunday evening, Nov. 10, the Mixed, Male, Junior and Ladies' Choirs of the Burns Avenue Baptist Church of Detroit, Mich., combined into a great mass chorus and rendered an unusually fine musical program. Recently the Male Choir of the church, which had been active during the past few summers by giving special programs in Gladwin, treated their home church to a similar program. At both musical services the enthusiastic response of the large audiences was very gratifying.

A new Girls' Club of high school girls has been organized in our church of New Haven, Conn., under the leadership of Miss Alice Kaaz. Two short Christmas plays will be presented before Christmas. There are eight members at present, but several additions to the club are expected. Miss Kaaz is encouraging the reading of "The Baptist Herald" by these young women. The officers of the club are Anita Young, president; Rose Behler, secretary, and Ethel Delaca treasurer.

The 80th anniversary of the Immanuel Church in Milwaukee, Wis., was observed on Sunday evening, Nov. 17, with a well attended Union service of our Milwaukee German Baptist churches. The Rev. William Kuhn was the anniversary speaker on the festive occasion. At the close of the service refreshments were served in the basement of the church and a brief program was held with informal messages by visiting pastors and mem-

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# The Baptist Herald

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## A MOST JOYOUS CHRISTMAS TO ALL!

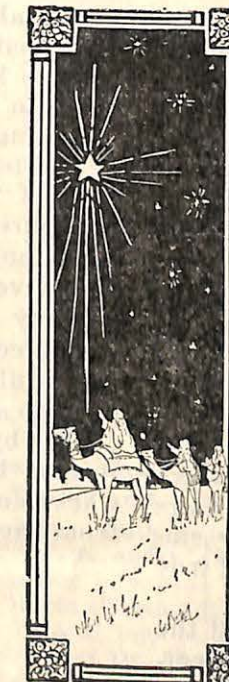
WILLIAM KUHN

Christmas has become the happiest family festival of the year. At that time the widely scattered members of families give expression of their mutual love in gifts and greetings. Especially our Christian homes should be filled with this beautiful Christmas spirit.

We, as German Baptists of North America, are a widely scattered family of more than 36,000 members. We are not as yet too numerous to have intimate fellowship with each other. Although we, as German Baptists, differ from each other in many respects, nevertheless, in Christ we are united, having been sprinkled with his blood and sealed with his Spirit.

Being members of God's family we would at this Christmas time rejoice because of "GOD'S UNSPEAKABLE GIFT" to us, as his children. In order to escape the vain merry-making of the world we will do well to "REMEMBER JESUS CHRIST."

As German Baptists we are engaged in invaluable Kingdom work through each of our local churches. We can, however, only accomplish our biggest work as we cooperate in our denominational enter-



prise. The simple enumeration of all our denominational departments thrills every heart with a joyful pride.

To every denominational department has been assigned a peculiar ministry. If only one of these departments would cease to function, the effect would very soon be noticed in our denominational household. Our denominational family is composed of men and women with the most divergent types of personality; nevertheless, our denominational enterprise with its varied type of ministries makes a strong appeal to every German Baptist, whatever his personal preferences or prejudices may be.

The first Christmas message, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men," was sung by angelic choirs over the plains of Bethlehem. This Christmas message has been wafted through the intervening centuries even to the present day. As German Baptists we have only the holy passion that through the contribution of our denominational ministry we may help to make real the song of the angels on that first Christmas eve. In this spirit the undersigned wish you all a most joyous Christmas.

The General Conference: O. E. Krueger, Moderator.

The General Council: O. E. Krueger, Chairman.

The General Missionary Society: William Kuhn, General Secretary.

E. Elmer Staub, General Treasurer.

The Seminary at Rochester: Prof. A. Bretschneider, Dean.

Publication Society: H. P. Donner, Manager. Samuel Blum, Editor.

Children's Home in St. Joseph: H. Steiger, Superintendent.

Young People's and Sunday School Workers' Union: Martin L. Leuschner, Secretary.

Old People's Home in Chicago: W. F. Grosser, President.

Old People's Home in Philadelphia: Reuben Windisch, President.

Old People's Home in Portland: Jacob Kratt, President.

Girls Home in New York: Mrs. Emma Hoefflin, Secretary.

Girls Home in Chicago: Miss Anna Brinkman, Superintendent.



# The Christ-Child

A CHRISTMAS SERMON BY REV. PAUL WENGEL OF DETROIT, MICH.

WHAT a striking announcement it must have been to the shepherds on the hills outside the city of Bethlehem: "For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Savior." Saviors are not usually recognized when they are born. In fact, quite usually they are only recognized after they have died. So here is an unusual announcement. It must have seemed quite impossible that the little bit of pink, kicking, crying humanity could justly be called "the Savior." The name "Savior" is so large and inclusive and the baby, in contrast, must have seemed so small; and yet, there you have it that the baby in the manger is proclaimed as the Savior.

The trouble with the world is that it does not generally give sufficient credit to the baby. Even in our day it fails to recognize his possibilities. Someone has said that "a new universe is created every time a child is born." In the social correspondence of the world wedding announcements always create a stir. The black-rimmed announcement of the departure of some friend or relative also brings forth its emotional responses. But the one announcement that should forever have the center of attention and interest is the little pink or blue announcement that tells to the world that a child has been born, a little baby boy or girl, upon whom may hinge the destinies of hundreds or thousands or entire generations. Some people never fail to read the death notices, but it might be much more to the point never to miss the birth column and its message of hope.

To all intents and purposes this is even today an adult world, governed by adults for adults. The modern psychologist calls attention to the fact that all the accoutrements of life into which the baby is cast are made by adults and for adults. Our houses are generally large, roomy because they are made to harbor adults. Our tables and our chairs are all too big for little folk. With all our emphasis on child training and education it is still true that we forget the baby.

Someone has called attention to the fact that the people back in the little village of Blantyre, Scotland, must have been mainly interested in the news about Napoleon, Wellington and Waterloo. No one paid much attention to the fact that in the Livingstone home a baby boy was born who held the key to an entire continent. How often the old people may say that "nothing ever happens around here," just as they must have said in the little community of Hodgenville, Kentucky, where a baby was born in Tom Lincoln's cottage on February 12, 1809. That was a glad day for Nancy Hanks Lincoln. But what a solemn and amazing day it would have been if she could have known that a hundred years later thousands of mothers looking at new-born sons would pray that they might grow up to be such a man as had been Abraham Lincoln.

Tomorrow's history is written only in the names of today's children. What a flood of thoughts crowd in upon the meditative Bible reader as he reconstructs the scene of Bethlehem, when the angels made their momentous announcement. Only a child, and yet, a Savior!

The genial English philosopher, G. K. Chesterton, once said: "The best way in which a man can test his readiness to encounter the common variety of mankind is to climb down a chimney into any house and get on as well as possible with the people inside. That is essentially what each one of us did the day he was born." But when that baby has come into the home, rather than being simply the victim of his environment, he more generally becomes the chief factor in other human beings' destiny. It is still true that "a little child shall lead them."

Dr. Mitchell Bronk in his book, "Pillars of Gold," relates an interesting incident, how he witnessed a little baby girl on a street of New York City who had barely learned to walk. She was toddling along ahead of her mother when suddenly she stumbled and fell. Before the mother had time to rush to her aid, a rough, dirty, sin-disfigured man came to her rescue and picked her up. The striking thing was the transformation which the touch of the pure, innocent baby wrought upon the ugly face of the street bum. Whatever was innocent and pure and beautiful in the life of that man had been long obscured, but in an instant it seemed to be revived by the baby's touch.

Many a hard and coldly calculating sinner has remained untouched by adult religion proclaiming the adult and mature Jesus, who died upon the cross to save that sinner, but has been stirred to the depths by the Christmas story of a Savior who was just a baby—"the Christ-Child." It is the old Christmas story in the following words translated from the original German:

As each happy Christmas  
Dawns on earth again,  
Comes the holy Christ-Child  
To the hearts of men.

Enters with his blessing  
Into every home,  
Guides and guards our footsteps  
As we go and come.

All unknown, beside me  
He will ever stand,  
And will safely lead me  
With his own right hand.

## The Front Cover

The exquisitely beautiful picture of the "Madonna and Child" by Ferruzzi, an Italian artist, which graces the front cover of this issue, is used by the courtesy of the "International Journal of Religious Education" and the Perry Pictures Company.

# My Christmas Faith

## EVERYWHERE. EVERY- WHERE, CHRISTMAS TONIGHT

By Miss Dorothy Grosser  
Los Angeles, California

From childhood we are accustomed to looking forward to Christmas as one of the happiest times of the year. As we grow older the Fourth of July and birthdays wane in importance, but Christmas remains, for me at least, the occasion most anticipated of all the year. It is the season when people are busiest without ever losing their temper; the season when people are most generous with their time and talents; the season when there is least complaining. This Christmas spirit is so inspiring because it is so universal. It is the time when we come closest to the message which the angels sang: "Peace on earth, good will to men." I have arisen at five o'clock on dark cold mornings to sing carols with college friends; I have celebrated the "Christmette" in the Alps among devout Bavarian peasants; I have helped to sing "The Messiah" in an exclusive girls' school. Everywhere, whether among college students, simple German peasants or sophisticated debutantes, the spirit has always been the same—that of joyful reverence and good will.

What is it that makes this spirit so universal? It is the fact that for once in the year all the world is caught by the story and message of Jesus. Even unbelievers forget their prejudice and allow themselves to be caught in the general spirit of rejoicing and good will. That this spirit is so universal is living proof, for all to see, that the power of Christ is a reality and that we may have his spirit with us always if we only seek to have it. Thus I look forward to Christmas, both as a time when my Christian faith cannot help but be strengthened and refreshed and as a challenge to keep the Christmas spirit alive in me throughout the year.

## THE MIRACLE OF CHRISTMAS

By Mr. Walter S. Schaible  
Waco, Texas

Five weeks before Christmas the business world is all astir to advertise the coming of this great day—show-windows being decorated, colored lights and trees on store fronts—and interiors transformed over-night into a wonderland of gifts! How beautiful—and yet how sad! They are beautiful in acknowledging God's supreme love for the world. They are sad because thousands who are in business never think of returning any of that love.

But God's love is a love that burns through the hardest heart. Slowly, if we count hours, and swiftly, if we count

days, the whole nation behaves as if it were permeated with a magical power. Employers become more interested in their employees' happiness; buyers and sellers more mutual in their transactions; political enemies forget bygones; nationalities their racial prejudices; the vagrant is given a bed, the petty thief released with admonitions, the criminal given a turkey-dinner; yes, the whole world has changed through the influence of God's love. Tell me, Christian reader, does that mean anything to you? It has meant much to my Christian faith as I have seen souls in darkness moved by this power. It has this meaning for me: "Tell them that Jesus, the Savior, is saying, 'If ye love me, you will act this way from now on—you will keep my commandments.'"

## THE GLOWING JOYS OF CHRISTMAS

By Miss Alice Kaaz  
New Haven, Connecticut

M—My faith  
Y—Your faith  
is  
C—Caroling  
H—Heralding  
R—Remembering  
I—Illustrating  
S—Singing  
T—Telling  
M—Mentioning  
A—Acclaiming  
S—Sending  
to  
F—Friends  
A—Acquaintances  
I—Ill ones  
T—True ones  
H—Happy ones

## The Message That Christ Is Our Savior and King!

My Christmas faith finds expression in doing the above, and it is strengthened by participating in various activities of our New Haven Church. It has become a custom to send toys to the Hospital Sunday School of Dr. Fred Meyer, who is our church member representing us in the Philippine Islands. How willingly the five and ten cent articles are brought and how the faces of children and adults beam when they see the huge variety! We derive our happiness in sending these gifts which cannot be bought in the Islands, and upon arrival there, Dr. Meyer with his family and friends have the joy of opening the variety package and spreading smiles among his Sunday School group.

Our Christmas faith not only portrays itself in sending gifts and greetings to those in foreign fields, but our home mission work is also remembered. Our small red stockings act as a bank during December. This offering is then sent to St. Joseph besides other personal remem-

brances for the children and "Pa" and "Ma."

True Christmas faith is that which brings abundant happiness to the heart. My prayer is that I may be instrumental in leading others to experience the true Christian faith in the One, who gave us Christmas.

## MY CHRISTMAS STAR OF HOPE

By Mr. Harold W. Gieseke  
Trenton, Illinois

Christmas, for me, is the happiest day in the year's long calendar. The gay gifts, the joyous music and the friendliness do not alone make it so but its deeper significance, namely, all that Christ's coming can and does mean for us. For Christmas is more than a glad holiday. It is a faith inspired by a Gift!

My Christmas star of hope has three rays which brighten every day. I am sure, first, that life can never be altogether discouraging or hopeless since the Lord of life lay in a manger. What unlikely places are often the scenes of our Father's sublimest gifts! And the Love which gave him can make our lowly task or seeming defeat radiant with surprise and victory. I am confident, too, that the angels' message is true. Though our world is war-torn even now, the Prince of Peace is here, and he "will not be denied." Helping him, we shall see the day of brotherhood and love, of "peace on earth, good will to men." Finally, I know that the miracle of Christmas is happening still. The Manger King knocks at the door of our hearts today, and only our answer, "No room," can turn him away. But

"Where meek souls will receive him, still  
The dear Christ enters in"

to redeem and to sanctify. May our gift to him at this Christmas season be ourselves and all that there is of us. Then his gift to us will be that most glorious gift of all—himself!

## "WHAT DOES CHRISTMAS REALLY MEAN?"

By Miss Frieda Remboldt  
Gackle, North Dakota

Christmas! What a wonderful feeling and thrill are associated with that word, and yet how often is its true meaning lost in the bustle, the babble and the hurry of lesser significant excitement!

I am happy and thankful as a follower of the Master to be able to get a deeper glimpse of this happy occasion. How much Christ's coming means to mankind! How different it would all be if he had not chosen to come as he did! How

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# CHRISTMAS GEMS

## THESE BE THE GIFTS

By Grace Noll Crowell

For the sake of the little Child of Bethlehem  
Who came to show compassion, and to bring

The Bread of Life to every hungry heart,  
The Living Water to each thirsty thing,  
Let us be kind today, as He is kind,  
Let us be thoughtful of the hurt and sad;  
Let us live simply as He lived, and Oh,  
Let us walk humbly now, and let us be glad!

For the sake of one small Child we must  
be strong

And brave to follow where His footsteps  
lead:

Across a darkened land, along strange  
roads,

Through briars and storms to meet a  
hurt world's need.

These be the gifts to bring the gentle  
Christ:

This be the gold and incense we should  
take:

Our adoration, reverence and love;  
Our lives—and freely spend them for  
His sake.

## KEEPING CHRISTMAS

By Henry Van Dyke

It is a good thing to observe Christmas Day. The mere marking of times and seasons when men agree to stop work and make merry together is a wise and wholesome custom. It helps us to feel the supremacy of the common life over the individual life. It reminds a man to set his own little watch, now and then, by humanity's great clock.

But there is a better thing than the observance of Christmas Day; and that is, keeping Christmas.

Are you willing to forget what you have done for others, and remember what others have done for you; to ignore what the world owes you, and think what you owe the world; to put your rights in the background, your duties in the middle distance, and your chances to do a little more than your duty in the foreground; to see that your fellow-men are just as real as you are, and try to look behind their faces to their hearts, hungry for joy; to own that probably the only good reason for your existence is, not what you are going to get out of life, but what you are going to give to life; to close your book of complaints as to the management of the universe, and look around you for a place where you can sow a few seeds of happiness—are you willing to do these things even for a day? Then you can keep Christmas.

Are you willing to stoop down and consider the needs and the desires of little children; to remember the weakness and loneliness of people who are growing old; to stop asking how much

your friends love you, and ask yourself whether you love them enough; to bear in mind the things that other people have to bear on their hearts; to try to understand what those who live in the same house with you really want, without waiting for them to tell you; to trim your lamp so that it will give more light and less smoke, and to carry it in front, so that your shadow will fall behind you; to make a grave for your ugly thoughts, and a garden for your kindly feelings, and keep the gate open—are you willing to do these things even for a day? Then you can keep Christmas.

Are you willing to believe that love is the strongest thing in the world—stronger than hate, stronger than evil, stronger than death—and that the blessed life which began in Bethlehem nineteen hundred years ago is the image and brightness of the eternal love? Then you can keep Christmas.

If you can keep it for a day, why not always? But you can never keep it alone.

## THE LEGEND OF THE CHRISTMAS TREE

The legend of the origin of the Christmas tree comes from Germany. St. Winfred, it is told, was cutting down an ancient oak which had been used by the Druids in their sacrificial rites. Beneath it he found a young fir-tree, and he then addressed the Christian converts who were standing around him in this manner: "This little tree, a young child of the forest, shall be your holy tree tonight. It is the wood of peace, for your houses are built of the fir. It is the sign of an endless life, for its leaves are ever green. See how it points upward toward heaven. Let this be called the tree of the Christ-child. Gather about it, not in the wildwood but in your own homes. There it will shelter no deeds of blood, but living rites of kindness."—Homiletic Review.

## A CHRISTMAS PRAYER

By Rev. Stephen Gill Spottswood

Our hearts are strangely still. Within us it is moonlight and quiet. Softly, from the hills, sounds the music of angel voices. Comforting within the soul dwells the spirit—"Fear not." Peace is in the atmosphere. Joy is in the heart. Hope reverberates, mounting on the wings of faith. God is near. Christ is coming. Unto men is born a Savior who is Christ, the Lord.

The centuries center in the miracle of Bethlehem. Thanksgiving and praise are hushed as we silently, adoringly, worship the new born king of our lives. The hopes of little children, the faith of strong men, the destiny of empires and nations, are all wrapped in the swaddling clothes of the new-born babe.

We bless thee, O God, for the gift of

Jesus. In faith we await his coming so that the nations shall be at peace and famine and disease shall vanish and superstition and fear shall be destroyed. He comes with power to transform a warring, suffering humanity into a redeemed race of unfolding manhood, crowned by altruism and beauty.

Enter our hearts, Lord Jesus. Translate in us the Christ'an story. Shepherd and wisemen, toilers and teachers, transform us all by thy coming. Thou art always coming. Darkness is gone. Light is here. Christ is born! Amen.—Homiletic Review.

## A CHRISTMAS RECIPE

By Seth Parker

Perhaps you have your favorite recipe for your Christmas plum pudding, but let me give you the recipe of Christ. Take one afternoon at a hospital—one at the orphan asylum, mix and stir constantly. Take five hungry young ones and measure out a full cup of love and sympathy. Pour two lonesome old folks over the top, put in the oven and brown thoroughly. Open while hot—place the love of Christ in center—serve before it cools, and eat heartily of Christ's Christmas Plum Pudding.—Christian Herald.

## MARY TO HER CHILD

By Juanita Bitter

(Miss Bitter is a member of the North Avenue Baptist Church of Milwaukee, Wis., whose literary work at the University of Wisconsin attracted widespread attention. We are very happy to publish this lovely Christmas poem. Editor.)

You are so helpless on my arm  
That my heart longs to always keep  
You here, secured from harm.

Your baby eyes look up to me,  
Now filled with tears, and now with  
smiles.

But ever trustingly.

My little one, you are a king,  
But yet I weep, because somehow,  
I know the years will bring

You sorrow, hurt, and yet you must  
Not falter—shall you then still have  
This look of child-like trust?

You will transform the world and be  
The end of human hope, a king  
Throughout eternity.

That's what the angel said, in part,  
And I can see it in your eyes,  
And read it in my heart.

I burn this kiss upon your brow;  
Carry it through the years and feel  
That I pray then, as now.

I could not, would not try to keep  
You here, my dearest one, but give  
You to all time—and weep!

## WHAT'S HAPPENING

(Continued from Page 370)

bers of the church. The Rev. H. W. Wedel is pastor of the Milwaukee church.

A memorial service for the Rev. C. J. Bender, our beloved missionary in the Cameroons, who passed away in Soppo, Africa, on Friday, Nov. 8, was held in the Oak Park German Baptist Church on Sunday evening, Dec. 1. The several Chicago churches were in attendance and their pastors spoke briefly at the service. The Rev. William Kuhn, D.D., our general missionary secretary, was in charge of the service and read the tribute to Brother Bender, which has since appeared in our publications.

The Rev. Ludwig Rabe of Clifton, N. J., a retired minister of our denomination, who was 78 years of age, was hit by an automobile and fatally injured in New York City on Sunday morning, Nov. 17, while he was on his way to preach in the Immanuel Church. He was pastor of the Second German Baptist Church in Union City, N. J., for 10 years and of our Passaic Church for 25 years. He was widely known and beloved, not only in the Atlantic Conference, but throughout the denomination as well.

The Rev. Walter Biberich, pastor of our church in New Castle, Pa., and instructor in German in Westminster College, Wilmington, Pa., has recently been quoted by the college newspaper to the effect that "Hitler would have been the greatest man this world has ever seen, if he had left his fingers off religion, and that purging Germany of Communism and Bolshevism alone would have made him the savior of Germany." Mr. Biberich also stated in the interview: "I wish this country would find an American Hitler who would rid the land of these hoodlums."

Dr. Walter H. Meyer, silviculturist at the Northwestern Forestry Experiment station in Portland, Ore., has accepted the call to a professorship on the forestry faculty of the University of Washington and will change his residence and assume his duties at Seattle with the beginning of the new year. The government has published quite a number of his mathematical researches on the timber regions of the Northwest and also of the New England states, where he was previously occupied. He is the youngest son of Professor and Mrs. F. W. C. Meyer of Rochester, N. Y., who may justly be proud of the accomplishments of their children.

On Sunday morning, Nov. 10, three new members were received into our church in Victor, Iowa, by the pastor, the Rev. William Schobert. On the same Sunday evening the annual Harvest Festival program was creditably presented by the Sunday School and an offering of

\$20 was realized for our Children's Home in St. Joseph, Mich. The Women's Missionary Society at its monthly meeting on Thursday, Nov. 7, elected the following officers for the coming year: Mrs. Louise Bohstedt, president; Mrs. Belinda Nace, vice president; Mrs. Emma Muller, secretary, and Mrs. Edna Blome, treasurer. Mrs. Anna Chaffin, missionary from Korea, spoke at the meeting.

The Rev. J. E. Ehrhorn preached his farewell message at the Cottonwood Church in Texas on Sunday evening, Nov. 24, on the theme "Christ Crucified." The service was in charge of the B. Y. P. U. Union of the church with the Adult, Senior, Intermediate and Junior groups participating. Miss Viola Hansen, B. Y. P. U. director, led this part of the program. The Rev. and Mrs. J. E. Ehrhorn and family spent almost five years in the church, during which the young people's work and Sunday School were especially well re-organized and strengthened.

Mr. Sheldon Beise, a member of our Minnetrista Church in St. Bonifacius, Minn., has basked in the glory of fame on the sports pages of our newspapers during the fall months. He has been the fullback on Minnesota's championship football team for the past two years, having gone with the team through an undefeated season for the second year in succession. He has been selected as fullback on "the All-Big Ten Team" of the Big Ten Conference and has been named on many mythical All-America football teams. He will graduate from the University of Minnesota next spring.

The anniversary of the Young People's Union of the Bethel Church in Gatesville, Texas, was held on Tuesday evening, Nov. 26, by the two Senior groups and the Intermediate and the Junior departments of the B. Y. P. U. Union. The newly elected officers are Curt Lengegeld, director; Sineda Gebert, secretary, and Emma Koch, treasurer. Three brief dramatizations were presented besides musical numbers by the mixed choir, male chorus and male quartet of the church. Mr. Otto Barsch, the "Baptist Herald" booster, has been very active in securing new subscriptions. The Rev. W. H. Buenning is minister of the church.

The Rev. M. L. Leuschner visited the German Baptist churches in Cottonwood, Gatesville, Crawford, Dallas and Kyle and the Greenvine church near Burton before and after the Texas and Louisiana Young People's and Sunday School Workers' Institute held from Nov. 28 to Dec. 1 in Waco. The institute was attended by 170 registered delegates besides many other visiting friends. The well attended evening services addressed by Mr. Leuschner were held in our Central Baptist Church, the spacious First Baptist Church and the South Junior High School Auditorium. The assembly theme was "Youth Facing the Future With Christ."

## MY CHRISTMAS FAITH

(Continued from Page 373)

much of the richness of living would be lost without his coming!

One of my deepest Christian experiences occurred during the Christmas season in 1933 when I had the pleasure of attending the Baptist Missionary Training School in Chicago. I felt closer to God at our Christmas service there than I had ever done before.

Around the room in a semi-circle we were seated—a group of girls eager to live the abundant life promised us by the Master. We were facing a small creche depicting the manger scene, which had been constructed by some of the girls. This was beautifully lighted with soft yellow and blue lights. A chorus of girls in costumes of white, holding lighted candles, sang carols proclaiming "the Tidings of Joy." A feeling of awe swept through my being and I was brought face to face with the reality of the question, "What does Christmas really mean?" During the moment of silence in which we bowed in prayer, I could not help but know that we were all talking to our heavenly Father, bidding him to impart to us more of the spirit of Christ, whose coming to earth we were thus celebrating.

## ABOUT THE CONTRIBUTORS

Miss Dorothy Grosser is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Grosser of River Forest, Illinois, and she and her parents are members of the Oak Park German Baptist Church. After a year of study in Europe, she returned to the United States a few years ago and since then has been instructor in German in the fashionable private school for girls, Marlborough School, Los Angeles, Calif.

Miss Alice Kaaz is widely known among the young people of our churches. She is the daughter of the Rev. and Mrs. Julius Kaaz of New Haven, Conn. For the past several years she has been exceedingly active in the Young People's and Sunday School Workers' Union of the Atlantic Conference.

Miss Frieda Remboldt is the president of the Young People's Assembly of the Central Dakota Association. She is a member of our church in Gackle, North Dakota, although she is now teaching and residing in Kulm, North Dakota. She is one of our most gifted and active young women in the Dakota Conference.

Mr. Walter S. Schaible, a son of the late Rev. Theodore Schaible, is a native of Texas, making his present home in Waco. He is the vice-president of the National Young People's and Sunday School Workers' Union of our churches. His life is the constant expression of activity in the interests of Christ's Church.

Mr. Harold W. Gieseke of Trenton, Illinois, is the vice-president of the Young People's and Sunday School Workers' Union of the Central Conference. He is a recent graduate of McKendree College. Wherever he goes, he makes friends with remarkable care.



# BEAUTY for ASHES

by Grace Livingston Hill

## SYNOPSIS

Gloria Sutherland awakes one spring morning to find all which she thought was love swept away in one night. The week before her wedding to Stanley Asher he had been killed with a chorus girl in a New York speakeasy, both having been shot by the jealous lover of the chorus girl. In spite of objections by her mother, who is always concerned about observing the proper formalities of the social set in which she and her family are members, Gloria's father prevails on her to motor with him into the country and to spend a few days away from the city and the scene of the recent tragic event. He surprises Gloria by taking her to the little country village, which was the scene of his birthplace, and telling her about the background of his life with its poverty, simplicity and religious associations. Gloria is eager to hear more about the story, for she feels that she and the others in the family have missed a great deal by not having come to the village before. In the meantime the car has stopped in front of the house in which her father spent his boyhood days.

## CHAPTER FIVE

It was a lovely old house, spacious and comfortable, white like all the other houses about, the whitest white, Gloria thought, that she had ever seen. It was set about with tall pines, whose dark tassels whispered to each other in the evening breeze. There was a lovely old fanlight over the door and a wide veranda. The road rambled near to the house in a friendly way giving no idea of publicity as the highways at home did, but as if it were only a beaten path from neighbor to neighbor. The house was lighted both upstairs and down, and a welcoming path of light streamed out into the road from the wide open front door. Through one window Gloria caught a glimpse of flames flickering in a spacious fireplace. It seemed like arriving in a new world as they drew up to the front door and stopped. And then almost instantly a sweet old lady came out the door, as if she had been watching for them to come, and a younger man came around one end of the long veranda and down the path toward the car.

"Well, you got here on time!" was his greeting in a pleased tone. "Emily said we mustn't count on it. She said you'd probably be late, driving up for the first time. But I said you'd make it I was sure!"

"Yes, we made it!" said Gloria's father with satisfaction flinging open the

car door. "This is my daughter Gloria, John. Glory, this is Mr. John Hastings."

Gloria found her hand being shaken by a strong rough hearty one, and found her heart warming to this stranger. Keen eyes, a pleasant smile, a genial welcome and nondescript clothes, scrupulously clean and neat, but not at all the right thing for a gentleman to wear at this hour of day, style, material, cut, all wrong, quite out of date, according to the standards she knew, yet strangely she did not think of this at the time.

"And here comes my wife!" he said with a nice ring to his voice as if he were proud of her.

Gloria saw a trim youngish woman in a plain dark blue dress with a ruffled white apron tied around her waist as if she had just come from the kitchen. She had handsome hair, a good deal of it, with a natural wave away from her face, and done in a heavy knot at the back of her head, a bit carelessly as if she had not spent much time or thought upon it, and yet there was something lovely and becoming about the effect. Here was another person Gloria couldn't quite place in her scheme of things. She wouldn't fit into a fashionable picture at all, and yet she had both beauty and dignity. Gloria liked her at once.

But it was the little old lady, Mrs. Weatherby, standing at the top step of the veranda, who took her heart by storm, the one her father had called a friend of his mother's. She was small and frail, her soft gray hair smoothly parted in the middle, but with a natural wilful wave here and there that made it a little like a halo of silver. She wore a simple gray cotton dress without form or comeliness after the manner of long ago a long white apron, and a little shou'der shawl of gray plaid over her shoulders. She put her hands on Gloria's shoulders, looked for an instant into her beautiful face, then drew her into her arms.

"Oh, my dear!" she said softly. "You look as your grandmother used to look when we were girls together!"

And then Gloria felt somehow that she had got home.

There was stewed chicken for supper on little biscuits, with plenty of gravy. There were mashed potatoes and little white onions smothered in cream dressing, and succotash the like of which Gloria had never tasted before, even though it was made from canned corn and beans, but it was a triumph of home canning. There was quivering currant jelly, home grown celery and pickles,

and for dessert a baked Indian pudding, crisp and brown and full of fat raisins.

Up in the big square front room assigned to her, Gloria looked about her. Her father had the other front room across the hall. The bed in her room was a four poster of beautiful mahogany, rarely kept, and polished by loving hands through the years.

"This was your grandmother's room," said the sweet old lady who had come up to show her about, "and that was her canopy bed. It used to have chintz curtains. It was considered a very fine piece of workmanship. That was her chair by the window, that big rocker. The cushion-covers are the same she had when she was living. Many's the time I've run in and found her sitting there by the window darning stockings, or turning the collar on a shirt, or putting in new risbands. She was a wonderful one with her needle, little fine stitches, the same on an old shirt as on a cambric handkerchief. She did beautiful embroidery too, when she had time, but there were five children, and this was a big house, and what with the washing and churning there wasn't much time for embroidery."

"Oh! Did she do it all? Didn't she have any servants?" asked Gloria, wide-eyed.

"Servants?" said the old lady. "Where would she get servants? Sometimes at threshing time or harvest when there were a lot of extra farm hands to feed she would have in a neighbor farmer's daughter to help for a few days, but mostly she was proud and thrifty and did it all herself!"

"Oh!" said Gloria in a small voice, trying to conceive of such circumstances, and failing.

Lying between the sheets that smelled of lavender she tried to visualize that grandmother that she had never known, her father's mother, young and proud and thrifty, doing all that work and living away from the world! She felt a faint vague wish that she might somehow begin over again with things clean and fine and real, things worthwhile doing, and make her life something that could be remembered.

The soft footsteps about the house ceased the glimmer of the hall light beneath the brack of the door went out. There were only the quiet stars like tall tapers turned low to make the big room luminous, and they were half veiled by the dark pine plumes.

The pines were whispering softly at intervals when a little breeze stirred them, but there were great silences be-

tween. Gloria thought she had never heard it so still before anywhere. It seemed as if one might hear even the tread of a passing cloud, it was so very quiet, and there seemed to be so much space everywhere, and such a nearness to the sky.

She stole out of her bed to kneel by the casement and look out. There were only a few dim shapes that might be houses around, somewhat scattered. There were lights in one or two windows. Could that be a mountain off there against the sky, like a soft gray smudge blotting out the starry part, and darkening down into the stretch of what must be meadow across the road? She knelt there a long time looking up into the night and listening to the silence. It fascinated her. The world seemed so wide, and home so far away. She drew a deep breath and was glad she did not have to think about what she had left behind in the last few days. She was too tired and it was all too dreadful. She shuddered, and felt a chill in the spring night air. This north country was colder than the one she had left behind, but it was quiet, oh so quiet! One didn't have to think here. If one dared to think perhaps one's thoughts would be heard in this stillness as if they were a voice shouting.

She slipped back gratefully into the linen sheets, laid her head on the fragrant pillow, and sank into the sweetest sleep she had known for months.

In the morning when she awoke there were roosters crowing, hens clucking of the eggs they had laid, a lamb b'eating and now and then a cow's low moo. And yet that great silence was all around like a background for these sweet strange queer sounds. She opened her eyes and could not tell for a moment where she was nor what had happened until she heard her father talking to John Hastings outside below her window about the spring planting and the possibilities of the south meadow yield of hay.

There were appetizing odors coming up from downstairs, and cheery voices. It must be late. She sprang up and dressed hastily, her thoughts eager for the day. She glanced eagerly from the window and identified her mountain all hazy pink and purple in the morning sun, lying like a painting on the sky beyond the treetops, and felt a thrill that she had recognized it even in the dark. Then she hurried down to breakfast, trying to imagine herself back in the days when her father was a boy.

After breakfast her father took her over the farm, showing her everything, explaining the ways of farm people, telling her stories of the past, until everywhere she went the way was peopled with the kith and kin she had never known.

She asked her father about those five children of Grandmother's of whom she had never heard until last night, and learned that one was dead in childhood, one had married a European and gone

to live abroad, one was in California living on a ranch, and the last lived on another farm only thirty miles away with his wife and family, cousins she had never known.

"And why haven't we known them, Dad?" she asked, wide-eyed. "Why haven't we come up here, and why haven't they visited us?"

A slow dull red came up in her father's cheeks and a cloud came over his happy face.

"Well, Gloria, perhaps I was wrong, but your mother sort of took a dislike to this part of the country when we were first married and didn't seem to want to come up here, and I was too proud to urge her. I figured that some day she would get over it and we'd get together yet, but she never has, and now they are mostly scattered. I don't know how many of George's children are at home now. It's been my fault I guess. I was too busy to write many letters, and when they found we didn't come up here they got rather offended I'm afraid, and I had to let it go at that!" He ended sadly.

"Well, can't we hunt them up?" asked Gloria earnestly. "I'd like to know my cousins."

"Yes," said her father brightening. "We'll do that very thing. It'll make up for a great deal, you wanting to go with me."

It suddenly came to Gloria how much her father would have enjoyed having his children more with him. Why, he was like a boy going around here in his old haunts and telling her all about it. Her heart thrilled to think how pleased he was to share it with her. And how much she and Vanna had missed in not being more with their father! She reflected that it had been all wrong, going selfishly about their own life, going wildly from one thrill to another, and having such a little to do with their own father. Why, he was interesting and worth cultivating! He could show her a better time than any of the young men with whom she had whiled away her days and evenings sometimes far into the mornings. But somehow she didn't even want to think of those days. She just wanted to enjoy this quiet place and these still beautiful days with her father.

They went fishing in the old trout brook the next day and caught a string of trout. Gloria even caught a couple herself, and went back to the house and stood over her father while he cleaned them, and then stood by while Emily Hastings cooked them. They came on the table a delicious crisp brown, and nothing ever tasted so good as they did, eaten with the white home-made bread and the delicious fresh butter.

There were photograph albums for the evenings, when Gloria got acquainted with a lot of relatives she had never heard of before, albums that she pored over again and again, until she felt she knew each one, Aunt Abby, Uncle Abner's wife, and Cousin Joab and his

daughter Kate, little Anne who died just as she was growing into sweet womanhood, and young pretty Aunt Isabella who married the foreigner and went to live abroad in a castle, almost breaking her mother's heart going so far away, that mother who had been her grandmother, who had washed and mended and cooked and lived in this sweet old home. Oh, how could pretty Isabella go away from this home and marry any man? How could any girl? How had she been going to trust herself to Stan and go out of her father's care? Stan who had died with another girl!

She shivered as she turned the pages of the album, and went up to bed to listen to the silence and try to forget.

She learned a number of things in her father's old home. She learned to make her bed, and make it well. Ever since she had come up to her room and found Emily Hastings with deft fingers turning down the sheets smoothly over the candlewick spread, and plumping the pillows into shape, she had made it herself. At first with clumsy fingers that could not get the blankets to spread smooth, nor make the counterpane hang evenly. And finally she had humbly asked to be shown how. Hitherto she had never thought about beds being made. They might spread themselves up as soon as one went out of the room for all the notice she had ever taken of them. Her bed was always made at home and her room in order when she came back after ever so brief an absence. But she discovered that it made a difference to have no servants. It seemed funny to her that she had never thought about it before.

Sunday morning they went to the church with the white spire, the old church which the Sutherlands had attended for years. There was even a tablet up by the pulpit in memory of Great-Grandfather Sutherland, the one who had been taken away from his old wife only a few months before she went herself. The old red cushions on the family pew had faded from red to a deep mulberry, and the ingrain carpet was threadbare in places, and drearily dull in its old black and red pattern. Gloria sat with her toes on the wooden footstool that was covered with ingrain of a later vintage and didn't quite match. She watched the red and purple and green lights from the old stained glass windows fade and travel from the minister's nose, across his forehead, and twinkle on the wall in prisms and patterns, under the solemn sentence done in blue and dead gold. "THE LORD IS IN HIS HOLY TEMPLE. LET ALL THE EARTH KEEP SILENCE BEFORE HIM." It did not seem a happy thought to her. It seemed to her like a challenge from a grim and angry person. She looked about on the shabby little church that so sorely needed refurbishing, and couldn't make it seem a holy temple for a great God to enter. Yet when she looked at her father she real-

(Continued on Page 382)



of BROOKLYN, N. Y.

It wasn't easily understood, and so Christ used the word "Lo" even with those who were most intimate with him. He knew it would be difficult to understand. Jesus promised his own presence and power, for he clearly stated, "I will be with you." Jesus would not have us doubt or question the time of his nearness for he said "am with you." Jesus didn't promise to do it alone or have us do it alone, but he did state that co-operation would be given for he said "with you." Jesus included all his believers when he said "you," for he is with us in all that we do. Who can be against us if he is with us?



## PLEDGED-PARTNERS AND PRAYER-HELPERS

"Take it to the Lord in Prayer"

Pledged Partners,  
Forest Park, Ill.,  
Dear Friends:—

My first adventure after signing the pledge of renewed consecration to Jesus was one of self-denial. Oh, what peace and gladness he gave me in the disappointment!

Last Saturday the joy in my heart overflowed into a poem, which I enclose. I hope that the other "Pledged Partners" are also enjoying rich blessings and that many others will join the movement.

### PLEDGED PARTNERS

Partnership with Jesus! Oh, what joy To be redeemed and used in his employ! Such precious fellowship with God to know,  
And with his children hand in hand to go!  
How strengthening the Word by which we live;  
Inspiring, too, the help that others give! How marvelous the way God answers prayer,  
As for the world his pitying love we share!  
And oh, how sweet to lead some sin-sick soul  
To him whose blood alone can make us whole!  
How glad our consecration as we bring Our offerings for the service of our King!  
What peace of heart is ours as we decide  
That in our choice of labor he shall guide!  
What happiness increased as we prove real  
Our faith by earnest work and eager zeal!  
How thrilling are adventures that we meet!  
Oh, partnership with Christ is life complete!

Yours in Christ's fellowship,  
ETHEL L. RENNISON.

Communications like the above in which we can feel the heart-throb of the spiritual life of our "Pledged Partners" will always be welcomed by the readers of this column. Even though the heart does not overflow into a fine poem, as in the case of Miss Rennison, such spiritual experiences are always indisputable and conclusive proof that the Holy Spirit is perfecting the work of grace in the hearts of his own. We have no greater joy than seeing other "Pledged Partners" growing in the knowledge and grace of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ. Let us publish your experiences for the edification of others.

Prayer Helpers, P. O. Box 6,  
Forest Park, Ill.

Elgin, Iowa.

## Dakota Conference

### NORTHERN NORTH DAKOTA S. S. CONVENTION AT MARTIN

A large number of delegates and visitors attended the Northern North Dakota Sunday School Convention which was held at Martin on Oct. 16 and 17, filling the spacious high school auditorium, which was used for the occasion, to capacity.

The Rev. G. G. Rauser, pastor of our church at Martin, and Mr. F. Mantz, superintendent of the Sunday School, extended a hearty welcome to all present. After a selection by the Martin quartet, we had the privilege of hearing an inspiring message by the Rev. M. L. Leuschner. On Thursday morning after a short devotional period the reports of the various Sunday Schools were read and the following officers were elected: Rev. E. Bibelheimer of Cathay, president, and Rev. G. G. Rauser of Martin, secretary-treasurer. The Rev. Daniel Klein read a paper on "Training the Child in the Home," pointing out a number of interesting and helpful ways for such instruction. "How Can I be a Blessing to my Sunday School and Church" was the topic discussed by the Rev. R. Sigmund. The Rev. M. L. Leuschner then spoke on "The Spirit of Devotion and Worship in the Sunday School."

In the afternoon service after a short devotion led by Mr. Sam Rust we were again privileged to hear from Mr. Leuschner in a message on "The Sins of Hypocrisy." The Rev. H. P. Kayser spoke earnestly on "Giving," stressing the fact that we must give systematically and must train the children in the art of giving. The Rev. N. E. McCoy followed with a very fine talk on "The Challenge of Christ to Youth." The Rev. O. Lohse, who was visiting our convention, discussed the topic: "How to Begin and to Close the Sunday School Period." An open discussion followed which was conducted by Mr. Leuschner. Another interesting and educational feature was a demonstration by Mrs. H. P. Kayser and a group of girls on "How to Conduct a Primary Class."

On Thursday evening two splendid messages were brought to us by the Rev. E. Becker and the Rev. N. E. McCoy in the German and English languages, respectively.

Many new ideas were received at this Sunday School Convention which inspired us to go home to our churches and to work more for our Lord and Master.

ALBERT KURZWEG, Reporter.

## Northwestern Conference

### MINNESOTA FALL CONVENTION

The members of the German Baptist Young People's and Sunday School Workers' Union of Minnesota had a very enjoyable Sunday afternoon, Oct. 20, in attendance at their fall convention held at Jeffers. The president of our state

## THE BAPTIST HERALD

Union, "Ted" Hirsch, presided at this program.

The theme chosen for this occasion was "Building." It was very well expressed in the songs rendered by our soloist and quartet and also by the inspiring poem, "The Builders."

Our vice-president, Vernon Heckmann, was the speaker. He had chosen as his text the two greatest commandments that God has given us. They were interpreted in such a beautiful and unique way, that everyone present found new joys and deeper thoughts in these verses. The hospitality accorded us at Jeffers will be a lasting memory to the young people's delegations at this conference.

MARGARET FRATZKE, Reporter.

### VICTORY FOR OUR CHURCH IN VICTOR

A reception held on the evening of Nov. 8 in honor of the Rev. and Mrs. William Schobert and family was an occasion for much rejoicing by the members of our church in Victor, Iowa, in that it marked the beginning of a new chronicle in the history of the church. A parsonage has now been purchased, and for the first time in about 60 years the church has a resident pastor, with the exception of the year 1934 when the Rev. Elmer Hutchinson, former missionary to Africa and now pastor of the Muscatine church served here. The Rev. and Mrs. Schobert and two sons, Hugo and William, have recently moved here from Des Moines. Mr. Schobert received his education at Wheaton College, Wheaton, Ill., Moody Bible Institute, Chicago, and the Evangelical Theological Seminary at Dallas, Texas. He was a student pastor at Lancaster, Texas, and last year he preached at the CCC camps in Northern Minnesota. For a few months since the first of this year he was temporary pastor at the University Federated Church in Des Moines. Mrs. Schobert was also a student at Moody Bible Institute.

The evening's activities on Nov. 8 were in charge of Mr. Jacob Langhein. A brief history of the church was given, calling to mind the names of former pastors who served here while the Victor church was associated with the Muscatine church. A piano solo was given by Miss Helen Muller and greetings of fellowship were extended to the new pastor and his family by representatives of the different organizations of the church. Mrs. Louise Bohstedt spoke in behalf of the Women's Missionary Society; Mrs. Margaret Daniels, represented the B. Y. P. U.; Miss Dorothy Muller spoke for the Junior B. Y. P. U., and Arthur Lang extended the hand of fellowship to the family in the name of the Sunday School. Mr. Schobert responded, presenting a fitting climax to the feeling of fellowship being manifested and stating that the work of the church was a dynamic thing. A male

December 15, 1935

quartet, composed of David Hartz, Arthur Lang, Paul Mueller and Karl Bohstedt favored us with a number.

MRS. MERWYN, BETZ, Reporter.

## Atlantic Conference

### FIRST ANNUAL REPORT OF THE S. O. CLUB IN MERIDEN, CONN.

The S. O. Club, an organization of young ladies of the Liberty Street Baptist Church of Meriden, Conn., was started in October, 1934. Our meetings were held monthly at individual homes.

For the past year we have tried to live up to the standard of our name, "Serve Others," and we hope we have been successful in doing so.

Some of the more important things we have done have been as follows. We have sent flowers to the sick, supplied a needy child of the Sunday School with shoes and furnished a poor family with a Christmas dinner. We held a supper which was very successful, the proceeds of which helped in the buying of chairs for the Primary department of the Sunday School and bought kitchen accessories for the church. Our summer meetings were in the form of outings and socials.

As we now begin a new year, we pray that we may go on and do more to "Serve Others."

DORIS MCCARTHY, Secretary.

## Northern Conference

### "SAENGERFEST" IN EDMONTON, ALBERTA

Once again both young and old of Northern Alberta, Canada, had the privilege of attending another "Saengerfest" which was held in November in the German Baptist Church of Edmonton, Alberta. The morning and afternoon sessions were well attended, and the day was spent in joy and gladness.

The Sunday School was addressed by several speakers from different churches. The Edmonton orchestra furnished special music. The morning service was conducted by the Rev. A. Kraemer, pastor of the Edmonton church, and the sermon was brought by the Rev. G. W. Rutsch of Glory Hill on Exodus 15:1-2 in consideration of "Moses' Song." The Edmonton male chorus and the Camrose mixed chorus rendered musical selections during the morning worship.

Our Tri-Union president, the Rev. P. Daum, led the afternoon session. The groups which participated in the musical numbers were the mixed choirs from Rabbit Hill, First and Second churches in Leduc and Edmonton as well as a male quartet from Onondaga and a double mixed quartet from Onondaga. The mass choir under the direction of our Tri-Union director, the Rev. H. Schatz, composed of about a hundred singers, rendered three selections. The speakers for the afternoon service were

the Rev. F. W. Benke on "Spiritual Growth Through Song" and the Rev. B. Jacksteit on "Congregational Singing."

We all realized that it was a day well spent with God's children, and we hope and pray that we may meet often on similar occasions.

MARTHA L. LINK, Reporter.

## Pacific Conference

### PACIFIC NORTHWEST CONFERENCE

The Ninth Annual Convention of the Pacific Northwest Young People's and Sunday School Workers Union was held at Spokane, Wash., on Oct. 26 and 27, with a large delegation of the various churches in our union represented.

The Rev. George Lang of Tacoma led us in singing at the opening service on Saturday evening, which was followed by a few words of welcome by Miss Sophie Klundt of Spokane. Mrs. Ben Schmidt of Spokane, favored us with a violin solo. Miss Harriet Schiewe of Odessa, gave a reading entitled, "Jonah and the Whale," and the Girls' Chorus of Colfax, sang "Great is Thy Love." The new elected president for the next two years is Eric Tobert of Spokane, and the new treasurer is Peter Yost of Tacoma.

The three main addresses of the evening were: "Call to Service" by Bert Klingbeil of Colfax; "The Great Need of Christian Service" by Eric Tobert of Spokane, and "The Reward for Christian Service" by the Rev. George Lang. The close connection of these talks illustrated the call and need of our services in Christian work and the reward that may be gained therefrom.

On Sunday morning we gathered together for Sunday School. Mr. Marx, superintendent of the Spokane Sunday School, was in charge of the song service and responsive reading. Short talks were given by delegates of the various schools represented. The Rev. C. A. Gruhn of Missoula, Montana, delivered the morning message in German. A men's quartette composed of R. E. Reschke, Spokane; Peter Yost and George Lang, Tacoma, and O. Ratschkowsky of American Falls sang "Dies ist der Tag des Herrn."

On Sunday afternoon Mr. Eugene Mohr of Colfax led us in a very uplifting song service. The Junior B. Y. P. U. of Colfax sang "Prayer Perfect;" Miss Judith Krueger of Colfax read the scripture passage, and the Men's Chorus of Spokane sang "Glorious Things of Thee." The Rev. John Schweitzer of Vancouver spoke on "Youth and Religion." The Girls' Chorus of Colfax sang "I Will Exalt Thee."

The last meeting of the convention opened with an enthusiastic song service led by the Rev. O. Ratschkowsky. Sophie Klundt read the scripture passage, and the Spokane choir sang "Komm und Singt." The Rev. R. M. Klingbeil of Colfax, delivered the eve-

## PREPARE

for

### CHRISTIAN SERVICE

#### The Winter Term

Beginning Jan. 9, 1936, at

The Moody Bible Institute of Chicago offers students, in addition to the entire curriculum of the Institute, presented by its regular capable Faculty, the added advantage of an outstanding series of lectures by well-known teachers during the term—January to April.

### SPECIAL LECTURERS

Rev. William A. Dean, Alden, Pa.  
Dr. A. C. Gaebelein, New York City.  
Dr. William L. Pettingill, Wilmington, Del.  
Mr. Max I. Reich, Member of Extension Staff of Moody Bible Institute.  
Dr. Walter L. Wilson, Kansas City, Mo.

The 30th Annual Founder's Week Conference is scheduled for Feb. 2 to 9. A great program of Bible exposition and inspirational messages has been arranged.

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ning message on "Our Youth in Christ's Likeness." The consecration meeting closed by prayerfully singing "I'll Live For Him." The Rev. O. Ratschkowsky sang "Nearer, Still Nearer," which was very impressive, and the Spokane choir rendered a German anthem.

Thus ended our young people's convention, and everyone left thanking God that he or she had had the opportunity of attending and receiving the blessings that were derived from the various sessions. May we all strive to do more for his Kingdom!

M. KRUEGER, Secretary.

## Texas and Louisiana Conference

### ANNUAL REPORT FROM THE COTTONWOOD B. Y. P. U.

The Cottonwood B. Y. P. U. looks back on an interesting year of activity under the splendid leadership of our general director, Miss Viola Hansen. We have an enrollment of 94 members in our four unions. The Juniors, Intermediates and Seniors use the B. Y. P. U. quarterlies and the adults have been studying "the Life of Christ" under the direction of the Rev. J. E. Ehrhorn. Our "Baptist Herald" review is still making progress and is helping our library to increase.

We had our study course in June and 47 of our members passed the examinations. The Seniors and Adults studied "Talks on Soul-Winning;" the Intermediates, "Training in Bible Study," and the Juniors, "Studying for Service." The cost of the study course books was taken care of by the B. Y. P. U. treasury and the books were loaned to the members.



Each member paid ten cents for the use of the book during the course. After the study course the books were placed in the B. Y. P. U. library.

It is our aim to have a social for each union at least once in each quarter. The Seniors had "a candy pulling party" recently under the direction of the president, C. W. Hansen, who is also doing excellent work in the Union. The Intermediates had a wiener roast recently under the direction of the leader, Mrs. C. F. Kincannon, and the president, Marvin Lampert, who are faithfully and efficiently carrying on their work in the Intermediate B. Y. P. U. Mr. W. B. Marsteller has been the faithful president of the adults. The Junior B. Y. P. U. is progressing under the capable leadership of the leader, Mrs. D. E. Guderian, and the president, Edna Frederick.

We held a program at Kyle last spring. We also had the pleasure of hearing an interesting program which the Waco B. Y. P. U. brought us.

We regret that our pastor, the Rev. J. E. Ehrhorn, has left us. He and his family have been very faithful in their work here and have done much toward the improvement of our Sunday School and B. Y. P. U.

May the Lord give us the needed strength, love and courage in his work in order that we might continue to be of service to him!

EMMA WILL, Reporter.

#### B. Y. P. U. ANNIVERSARY IN KYLE, TEXAS

On Wednesday evening, Oct. 30, the B. Y. P. U. of Kyle, Texas, celebrated its anniversary. For the occasion the church was beautifully decorated with ferns and flowers. Our choister, Norman Lengefeld, opened the song service and Adolph Hill, president, took charge. We were very glad to welcome so many of our friends and visitors from Crawford, Gatesville, Austin, New Braunfels, Seguin and other neighboring towns.

A mass male choir, a vocal duet, a song by the Juniors and a mixed choir song were on the program besides two plays. Rev. Whitner of the First Baptist Church of New Braunfels brought the evening address with encouraging words to the Young People. We were also glad to have our council member, Chester Buening, with us. Our pastor, the Rev. C. H. Edinger introduced the new officers for the coming year who are: general director, Charlie Schmellekopf; second general director, Norman Lengefeld; recording secretary, LaVelle Hill; corresponding secretary, Esther Schmellekopf; treasurer, Fred Lengefeld; chorister, O. J. Hoffmann; "Baptist Herald" Booster, Marvin Hill; Intermediate leaders, Adolph and Ernest Hill; Junior leaders, Mrs. John and Mrs. George Lengefeld. An offering was taken for the Mexican Mission which has started in our community.

We do not know what the new year has in store for us, but as young people

we pray that God may help us to do "our best."

ESTHER SCHMELTEKOPF, Cor. Sec'y.

#### ANNUAL REPORT OF THE B. Y. P. U. IN GATESVILLE, TEXAS

With the help of our Lord and Master we as a B. Y. P. U. in Gatesville, Texas, again come to the close of a successful year.

The B. Y. P. U. had 44 meetings during the year. The meetings consisted of 22 Senior quarterly programs, 7 prayer meetings, 3 song services, 7 Junior programs, one Bible quiz and three literary programs. The B. Y. P. U. gained 12 members which raises the membership total to 82.

We had a study course during the past year on "The Book We Teach." The course was taught by our pastor, the Rev. W. H. Buening. The number of young people who took the course was small, but these received a blessing which convinced others to enroll in next year's course. We hope that we will be able to arrange for several study courses in the coming year.

One B. Y. P. U. social was given during the past year. It was enjoyed by a large crowd that was present.

An anniversary was held on Tuesday evening, Nov. 26, with a program of three dramatizations, entitled "What Am I Going to Be?," "The Pastor's Call" and "The Fifty Dollar Bill," and of several musical selections.

SINEDA GEBERT, Secretary.

#### BEAUTY FOR ASHES

(Continued from Page 377)

ibed that there was something sacred here, some memory perhaps, that brought a softened light to his worldly-wise face, and a tenderness to his eyes, and she looked about again less critically.

There was a cabinet organ played by an elderly woman who touched the keys tenderly and dragged the hymns, and the singers were mostly older people with voices whose best days were over, yet she recognized that there was something in it all that held these people to a thought, a standard perhaps, and bound them together in a common aim. Else why should they come here? Why should they keep on coming here Sunday after Sunday, year after year?

She looked about on their faces, old and tired and hardworked; yet they were in a way enjoying this dull service. Gloria puzzled over it and could not understand. There must be something unseen behind it all.

The old minister who preached was closely confined to his notes, and did not get her attention at all. He was to her merely a part of the whole, like the organ and the carpet and the old bell that rang so hard after they were seated in the pew that it shook the floor and the seats, and seemed threatening momentarily to descend and bring the bell

tower with it. Gloria had no feeling of God being there or of anything holy about the place, except when she looked at her father's face and then she wished she knew what it was that reached down so deep into her father's life and was connected with this old building? She decided that it must be the memory of his mother. Such a mother! Her grandmother! She thought she would like to be like that grandmother if she only could.

That afternoon they drove over to call on the uncle's family, and Gloria had a sudden set-back in her enthusiasm for searching out relatives. Uncle George came out to the car to meet them and seemed exceedingly reserved. He didn't smile at all at first until Gloria was introduced, her father stating that she had wanted to come and get acquainted with her relatives.

The uncle turned a quick searching glance on her face, took in all its loveliness, and finally warmed under its brightness into something like geniality.

"She looks like Mother, doesn't she?" he said unexpectedly, and the pleased color came into the girl's face.

"Oh, that's nice!" said Gloria, "I'd like to be like her! I've been hearing such wonderful things about her, only I'm afraid I never could come up to her standards!"

"She was a great little woman!" said Uncle George with growing approval in his eyes. "You'd be going some to be like her! But I thought all city girls these days were high-flyers." His eyes searched his new niece with surprise.

Gloria laughed. "What are high-flyers?" she asked with a twinkle in her eyes.

Her uncle twinkled back and said with a half grin:

"Well, if you don't know I won't tell you. I wouldn't want to spoil you, you're too much like mother! But come on, get out and come in the house. Come see how you like your aunt and cousin."

"Cousin?" said Gloria's father, "aren't they all at home? I hoped we'd catch the whole family, coming on Sunday."

"No," said Uncle George, "the boys are both away out west for good I'm afraid. Only Joan is home, and she goes back to Portland to her school tomorrow. She teaches there now."

"It sounds as if she were probably more like Grandmother Sutherland than I am," said Gloria wistfully as she got out of the car and looked about her at the well kept house and yard.

Uncle George gave a grim grin.

"No," he said with a half sigh, "Joan's more like her mother's side. She never looked like mother. The youngest boy is the only Sutherland in my flock. Barney. He's out in Chicago now, got a good job. He's not likely to come back unless he gets transferred east. Albert is out in Wisconsin farming. He married a western girl and I guess he's anchored for life. But he's like his mother too. Well, come on in."

(To be continued)

## A CHAT ABOUT BOOKS BY THE EDITOR

Christmas is a time of children's laughter around a fragrant evergreen tree glittering with tinsel and brightly colored lights. Those who at this time become children again and listen with wonder and rapture to the stories associated with the Christmas festival are the ones for whom this season will ever have new delight. In this "Book Chat" we want to converse with informal warmth about those Christmas stories which have secured for themselves an abiding place in people's hearts and are therefore worthy of being called "Christmas Classics."

Henry van Dyke's "The Story of the Other Wise Man" is rightly considered to be the greatest Christmas story written in modern times. Van Dyke is the author of several other Christmas stories, such as "The Lost Word" and "The Spirit of Christmas," but his name will be chiseled in the history of mankind because of his immortal story of kind because of his immortal story of Artaban, the fourth of the Persian Magi, who with his sapphire stone, bright red ruby and perfect pearl went in search of the new-born King. Certainly, this story deserves to be read dramatically at Christmas-time in every young people's society or quietly and reflectively by every individual on Christmas Eve. The close of this story is one of the most deeply touching scenes in all of literature, as the tragedy of failure after thirty years becomes the ecstasy of spiritual attainment. "His journey was ended. His treasures were accepted. The Other Wise Man had found the King."

Another story which should be read as regularly with every Christmas season as decorating the tree is Charles Dickens' "A Christmas Carol." Here is Scrooge, the employer, "a squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous old sinner!", whose only reply to the Christmas greetings by his nephew and the people on the street is "Bah! Humbug!" until Marley's Ghost appears to haunt him feverishly with the pictures of "Christmas Past," "Christmas Present" and "Christmas Yet to Come." The story of Scrooge's transformation from a tight-fisted, grouchy old man to a loving, kind, child-like Christmas celebrant is a marvelously catching account.

Another Christmas story which is far lovelier than the prettiest Christmas decorations is Selma Lagerlof's "The Legend of the Christmas Rose." It is a short story of only a few pages but its beauty is bewitching and its warmth of love is quickening. It tells the story of "a Robber Mother" who with her ragged children went to the Ovid Cloister asking for alms. There she amazed the abbot by telling him about a more beautiful garden than his within the cloister walls. "But you monks certainly must know," she said, "that on every Christmas Eve the great Goinga forest is transformed into a beautiful garden

to commemorate the hour of our Lord's birth." The story of how the abbot saw this Christmas miracle of the wintry forest transformed into a glorious springtime and of how all was suddenly changed back into snow and ice by a brother monk's curse and of how the abbot saved two pairs of white root bulbs from the snow, even though he himself was frozen to death, which grew to be beautiful, white Christmas flowers, hardly finds its equal for picturesqueness among the many Christmas stories. Selma Lagerlof, now 77 years of age, a former Nobel prize winner in literature, is still living in her native country of Scandinavia.

This "Book Chat" was being written on the Santa Fe train en route to Texas when Edwin Markham, the world-renowned poet, came on board with eight or ten handbags and boxes and sat down next to me. For over three hours he held us spellbound on the train with his stories and dramatic readings of his poems. I asked him about his poem, "How the Great Guest Came," the story of Conrad, the cobbler, who learned in a vision that Christ would visit him but who found instead only a beggar, an old woman, and a little, lost child pass by his shop to whom he ministered in love. It is a Christmas poem and one of his best, as the author told me, based on Tolstoi's "Where Love Is, There God Is Also." Markham's poem is only five pages in length but it is one of the most emotionally moving Christmas stories of which I know.

One of the most popular Christmas stories is Raymond MacDonald Alden's "Why the Chimes Rang." The prose or dramatized version of this story can well be used as a Christmas program by a young people's group. The chimes of the great cathedral had not rung for many years, because no one at the Christmas celebration had brought a present worthy to be offered to the Christ child. Little Pedro and his brother start out for the cathedral and find a poor woman unconscious in the snow. Pedro unselfishly stays to keep the woman alive, while Little Brother goes on to lay his little piece of silver on the altar while none is looking. This gift of self-sacrifice and unselfish love makes the beautiful chimes ring.

An equally famous Christmas story is "The Birds' Christmas Carol," by Kate Douglas Wiggin. The pathos of the frailty of little Carol Bird who is a helpless invalid at the age of ten is delicately offset by the antics of the humorous Ruggles family who are invited to Christmas dinner at the Bird home.

Another story of a quite different type but which is widely read and used at Christmas time is a small gift book by James Black, one of Scotland's greatest preachers, called "The Boys Play Soldiers." It is the story of the return of Mary and Joseph and the little boy,

Jesus, to Nazareth where Mary visits the mothers of Simon and Andrew and of James and John and is startled by the noise of the boys outside as she and the other mothers find them playing soldiers after the Roman style and putting the smallest of them, Jesus, on a playful cross. The end of the book is a plaintive cry by Mary: "Not yet! Not yet! Dear God, not yet!" The spiritual power of this story is overwhelming.

A recent Christmas story, which I believe will grow in popular acclaim, is one which appeared in the "Christian Herald" last December for the first time. It is called "Christ's Tree" by Maud Ballington Booth, one of the daughters of the founder of the Salvation Army. It is the mystical story of a tree on the Judean hillside, "young but strong and graceful, carrying its head proudly and standing a little apart from the forest, independent and alone." It is this tree beneath whose branches the Shepherds heard the angels' song, at which Joseph and Mary and the babe rested on their way to Egypt, into which the twelve year old lad, Jesus, cut his distinctive marks and which was hewn down by the Roman soldiers for the cross on which Jesus was crucified. Of all the Christmas stories I have read, this one has thrilled and moved me more deeply than any other.

One of the finest Christmas stories which is true to the gospel record of Jesus' birth in Bethlehem but which adds imaginative coloring for narrative effect is Minor-Bryant's "When the Prince Came," published in a beautifully bound but inexpensive gift brochure. The coming of "the Prince" is viewed through the eyes of three little children who remained in Nazareth while their parents went with Joseph and Mary to Bethlehem and who discerned aright the strange and wondrous happenings on that first Christmas day as the story was related to them by their returning parents.

Have you ever read the complete story of the humble and casual manner in which the sweetest Christmas song, "Silent Night," was written? One of the best Christmas sermons is by Dr. Albert W. Beaven on the theme, "The Luminous Christ," which can be secured in a small gift brochure. If you haven't read O. Henry's "Gift of the Magi," a Christmas story of seven pages, you have a real treat in store for you. The last word is always the best. If you want to secure five dollars' worth of Christmas joy and inspiration for ten cents, buy a copy of the Christmas number of the Salvation Army's "War Cry," a magazine of 32 illustrated pages, or send the ten cents to the editor who will be glad to see that a copy is sent to you. A Merry Christmas to all! And in the words of Tiny Tim, "God Bless Us, Every One!"



# This Issue the Last Issue for 1935

"The Baptist Herald" has now completed its thirteenth year and the first year under the direction of its new and second editor the Reverend Martin L. Leuschner.

The past year has been marked by continual progress: the editorial achievement has reflected a new personality who has worthily succeeded his predecessor, the circle of readers has constantly increased resulting in a steadily growing list of subscribers. The "Herald" is on the way to success. It is the ardent desire of the publishers that the paper very soon become self-supporting. That means that physical improvements can be introduced which will add materially to its attractiveness. The "Herald" is ambitious to rank first as it takes its place at the side of other publications of the same class.

To all who have contributed in some measure to the present hopeful outlook we say a hearty "THANK YOU."

## Good Things Planned for 1936

### Two Articles on Germany

"Germany Under the Swastika," by Frank H. Woyke recently returned from post graduate work.  
"Germany Embraces Hitlerism," by William Maxant reflecting personal observations.

### The Centenary of Baptist Missions in South China, Bengal-Orisa and Assam

will come in for recognition by two articles from the pen of Missionary E. H. Giedt, home on furlough.

### Provocative Articles

On Karl Barth by William A. Mueller.  
On "Are You Intelligent?" by Thorwald W. Bender.  
On his Forty Year Pastorate by Jacob Kratt.  
On "Kagawa—Christian Saint," by the editor.

### An Excursion Into the Field of Religious Art

Covered by a series of articles on world renowned masterpieces such as "Christ in Gethsemane" by Hofmann. "Christ Before Pilate" by Munkacsy. "Jesus and the Fishermen" by Zimmerman. "The Angelus" by Millet, and others equally well known.

### Sunday School and Young People's Workshop

Will be one of several special departments under which head "Contributors' Page," "Book Chat," "What's Happening" and "Editorials" covering the realm of vital religion will be continued.

### A New Serial Story

Will be secured with all rights, to follow promptly the completion of the one now running entitled "Beauty for Ashes," back numbers of which we are still able to furnish to new subscribers on request.

These are a few of the things in the making with others envisioned, to place in the hands of the "Baptist Herald" readers a journal for every issue of which one will eagerly wait.

The Editor.

## Subscription Matters

With this issue of the "Herald" many subscriptions will expire. They should be renewed very promptly to avoid interruption in the service. The subscription blank accompanying this number may be used for renewal purposes.

During the past few months many subscriptions for 1936 were entered of record and service became immediately effective. These, of course, will not expire before the end of the coming year.

Now is a logical time to become a permanent reader of the "Herald." No time just like the beginning of the year to subscribe and so we urgently invite those in our churches who are yet without this semi-monthly to join the "Baptist Herald" family. The cost is \$1.25.

Remittances can be sent direct to the publication office at Cleveland, Ohio, but there are representatives in nearly all of our churches who stand ready to serve. It may be the regular church agent or it may be some one sponsored by the Young People's Society.

Of our representatives who are busily engaged in compiling lists for 1936 the request is made to get them in before the end of December if at all possible. This greatly facilitates service. Otherwise as early in January as may be possible.

"The Baptist Herald" booster is an important personage. Much depends on that co-worker so far as circulation is concerned. That service is likewise one rendered to a Kingdom enterprise. If the paper is to build character it must get out among the people. The booster is the medium and while we encourage to unrelenting effort we here and now give expression to genuine appreciation.

The Management.