

THE BAPTIST HERALD

April 1,
1938

The Happy Beginning of Another Missionary Tour on Bicycles by Our Missionaries to the Bulgarian Gypsies, Sisters Emma Herrmann and Lydia Doellefeld.



What's Happening

✚ The Rev. Phil. Potzner of Elberta, Alabama has resigned his charge as pastor of the German Baptist Church in the Southland in order to accept the call extended to him by the Baptist Church of Marion, Kansas. He will begin his pastorate in Marion on April 1st, and will succeed the Rev. Otto Roth in the pulpit.

✚ On Sunday evening, March 13, Miss Alethea Kose, a member of the faculty of the Chicago Missionary Training School, addressed the Open Forum of the North Avenue Church of Milwaukee, Wis. The service was in charge of the Dorcas Society of young married women. A large group of the Intermediate, Senior and Adult societies was in attendance.

✚ Recently evangelistic meetings were held at the West Ebenezer Church of Saskatchewan, Canada with the Rev. E. P. Wahl, director of the Bible Schools in the Northern Conference, bringing the messages. "Mr. Wahl brought the word of God in a clear and forceful way," according to the reporter, Miss Ella L. Katzberg, "and as a result 12 persons confessed faith in Christ as their Savior." The Rev. J. Kuehn is the pastor of the church.

✚ The B. Y. P. U. of the Baptist Church at Temvik, No. Dak., recently elected the following young people as its officers: Anne Pepple Colquhoun, president; Mrs. Margaret Pfeiffer, vice-president; Bertha Pfeiffer, secretary; and Robert Albrecht, treasurer. The reporter wrote that "our society is not large in number but with the enthusiasm that is being shown we soon hope to be a very active society." The Rev. F. Alf of Linton is the pastor of the church.

✚ Mrs. F. W. Meyer of Racine, Wis., who is in the United States with her husband, Dr. F. W. Meyer, and her family on a furlough from missionary service in the Philippine Islands, addressed a Union service of the three German Baptist missionary societies of Milwaukee, Wis., on Wednesday, March 2, at the Immanuel Church. Mrs. Marie Berkemeyer is the president of the North Avenue society, Mrs. Anna Scholz of the Immanuel society and Mrs. Arthur Kehrein of the Bethany Church society.

✚ On Thursday evening, March 3, the B. Y. P. U. of the Bethany Baptist Church of Milwaukee, Wis., held its annual banquet in connection with the observance of the 6th anniversary of the church. The church room was filled to capacity for the occasion, at which the Rev. A. G. Schlesinger of

Kenosha, Wis., was the guest speaker. The officers of the B. Y. P. U. are Ruth Siefert, president; Bette Froeming, secretary; and Wallace Kehrein, treasurer. The Rev. Herbert Hiller is the pastor of the church.

✚ On Sunday, March 6, the Rev. Henry Pfeifer, pastor of the Central Baptist Church of Erie, Pa., received 15 new members into the fellowship of the church. Of these 13 had been baptized on the previous Sunday, Feb. 27. As a result of the evangelistic meetings conducted by the Rev. O. W. Stucky from Jan. 30 to Feb. 13 about 40 persons made their confession of faith in Christ. An aggressive spiritual program is being carried out by the church leading up to Easter Sunday. A goal of 75 persons has been set for each Wednesday evening service.

✚ On Sunday evening March 13, the choir of the Bethel Church of Sheboygan, Wis., rendered a musical program to an appreciative audience. The church choir, directed by Mrs. C. Kurtz, was assisted by Mrs. Frank Guenther with the vibraharp; Mr. Fred Guenther, cornet soloist; Mrs. Lester Heyne, soprano soloist; and a quartet composed of Francis Guenther, Clarence Kurtz, Norbert Nass and Arno Dechent. The Rev. C. D. Mayhew of Sheboygan Falls was the guest speaker. On Sunday, March 6 the Rev. M. L. Leuschner addressed the morning and evening congregations and the B. Y. P. U. service. The Bible Day program was rendered by the Sunday School on Sunday morning, March 20.

✚ A Lake Geneva Assembly Retreat was held by the Chicago Young People's Union on Saturday, March 12, at George Williams College in Chicago, Ill. About 50 young people were in attendance. In the afternoon service the following ministers took part, discussing the work of young people in their relationship to church problems; John Mueller, Herbert Koch, and L. Hahn. In the evening the Lake Geneva Assembly plans were presented by Victor L. Loewen. Dr. John E. Knechtel brought the closing inspirational address. The conference theme was "Commit Thy Way Unto the Lord." The chairman of the retreat committee was Gerhard Koch. Mr. Roy Anderson is the president of the Union.

✚ The annual conference of the Y. P. and S. S. W. Union of Oregon was held from March 11 to 13 in the First Church of Portland, Ore., with large crowds of young people in attendance. On Friday evening, March 11, the

play, "The House on the Sand," was given by young people from the Bethany, First and Second and Laurelhurst Churches. Dr. T. H. Hagen, director of religious education for the Oregon Baptist Convention, brought an address and led a "Worship Hour" on Saturday afternoon, March 12. At the Saturday evening banquet the Rev. John Leypoldt of Portland spoke on the theme, "Living for Jesus." At the closing mass meeting on Sunday afternoon, March 13, Dr. Wm. Kuhn of Chicago, Ill., was the guest speaker. Mr. Harold J. Petke has been serving for the past 2 years as the president of the Union.

✚ Mr. Ernst Klein, a first year student in the Colgate-Rochester Divinity School of Rochester, N. Y., is serving as assistant pastor of the Friends' Meeting House in Batavia, N. Y. On June 1 he will assume full charge of the church. On Palm Sunday he will preach the baptismal sermon in the Immanuel Baptist Church of Batavia. On March 6 he announced his resignation as president of the Dakota Y. P. and S. S. W. Union with the following statement of regret: "Due to the unforeseen facts that I will be unable to attend the 1938 Dakota Conference at Hebron and that because of my work at the Colgate-Rochester Divinity School I find it impossible to find time to do justice to my office, I hereby wish to resign as president of the Dakota Y. P. and S. S. W. Union." The Rev. William Sturhahn of Unityville, So. Dak., the Union's vice-president; will automatically assume office as the acting president.

✚ The Rev. William Kuhn, missionary secretary of the denomination, was the guest speaker at the German Baptist ministers' retreat of Oregon and Washington, held in the church at Salem, Ore., from Tuesday, March 8, (Continued on Page 139)

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The BAPTIST HERALD

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Number Seven

EDITORIAL

ONE of the most perilous pitfalls of life is the way in which most of us refuse to assume the full burden of responsibility for our actions.

The Convicting Power of the Cross

It is so easy to put the blame on someone else. "Passing the buck" is a popular pastime in life. Whenever the hammer of guilt makes a telling blow, we are like rabbits, scurrying for their burrows, each one of us unwilling to assume the share that, in God's divine judgment, belongs to him.

Adam was the first in the long line of the human race who portrayed this common trait of life. Facing the guilt of his own transgression of God's law, he sought to hide behind another. "The woman whom thou gavest to be with me, she gave me of the tree." Philosophers and scientists of the modern day have not changed much in this phase of human nature. They try to absolve the individual of much responsibility for his actions by speaking about the determining forces of heredity and environment, until the individual will becomes only a misnomer. How quick we are to rationalize our deeds to our own advantage! How prone we are to disclaim any responsibility for some wrong or evil in order to whitewash our own conscience!

But the Cross changes all that! As one views the crucified Savior, it seems as if "all the light of sacred story that gathers round his head sublime" lays bare one's own sins and transgressions. He speaks as the Judge of all of life through his words of truth and righteousness. The two-edged sword of the Spirit is "a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart." No one can kneel at the foot of the Cross with his eyes transfixed upon the Christ and not recognize his own spiritual helplessness. That is the convicting power of the Cross that leads men and women to a penitential acknowledg-

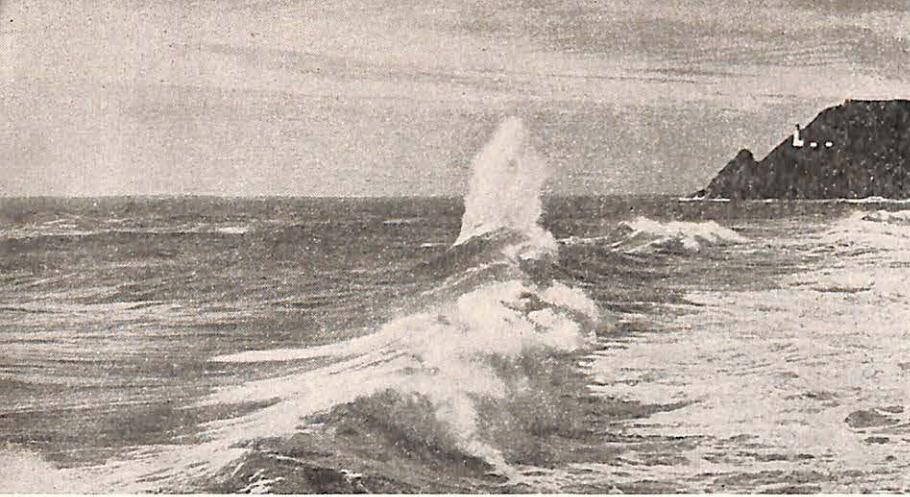
ment of their own sinful guilt before God and their need of God's grace for redemption.

How we need more of that emphasis in the personal and social phases of our modern life! For some the gospel is a soothing, comforting, stroking message that justifies them in their ways of life, in which they have snugly settled, rather than the startling bugle call arousing them from the sleep of complacency to more Christ-like living and undefiled deeds.

The business world is often such an impersonal Babel structure in which no human being seems to be responsible for "the mess" in which we find ourselves. Economists talk of "laws" and "natural forces." Financiers put the blame on "the corporations" or "the government," which in themselves are vague generalities. Labor leaders condemn "the system of capitalism," which does not mean anyone in particular. Not until the Cross of Christ casts its light upon the economic world and leads all classes of men to assume their full share for the evils of our day, which have made of God's garden a desert of suffering, will a new day of prosperity be ushered in.

The nations of the world present a pitiful picture today with each one pointing the finger of condemnation at the other. A flood of caustic literature about the Nazi regime in Germany has engulfed our continent with little being said about how England and the United States with the Allies are largely to blame for conditions which have made a Hitler possible in Central Europe. Even the nations need to become penitent over their own sins in the light of the Cross.

That convicting power of the Cross should lead each one of us to ask of Christ over and over again, whenever there are wrongs to be righted and sins to be cleansed: "Lord, is it I?" That sensitiveness to sin is always the gift of one who truly "glories in the Cross"!



The Surging Tide of the Sea Comes Rolling in to Shore.

The Rising Tide

By PROF. O. E. KRUEGER
of Rochester, New York

JONAH predicted ruin! What followed was a great revival. Forecasting is precarious. Even the weather prophets with all their carefully selected data do not always hit the right predictions for all the land.

In an article in "Der Sendbote" a few months ago I expressed the conviction that we are on the eve of a renewed interest in religion. A revival is coming. "There is a sound of abundance of rain." I have been asked to give specific reasons for such a prediction. It is not a prediction but merely a conviction, which I shall gladly amplify.

A Prophet's Predictions

We may arrive at these convictions by selecting only one line of facts, and thus deceive ourselves. Even Isaiah was compelled to revise a statement which he had made to King Hezekiah, whom he had told to set his house in order, since the undertaker was just around the corner. If the king's doctor had been there, he would have pitched the prophet out of the window for using bad psychology. The shock, however, did not kill the king. He turned his face to the wall, wept, and prayed.

God sent Isaiah back to revise his forecast and grant an additional fifteen years. With the sickness over and the 185,000 Assyrians buried, Hezekiah must have "kicked over the traces" in a sense of security. At least, the prophet feels that he has to shock him again. He does so by informing him that, after all, his wealth would be dragged off to Babylon and his sons would there be degraded to eunuchs. But the selfish king seems to have acquired a set of good "shock-absorbers," for he said: "Good is the word of Jehovah, for there shall be peace and truth in my days." "After us the deluge!" It was a long time in coming, but it came.

There is no intention on my part of setting dates or telling what kind of form the revival will assume. In teaching a course on evangelism, I naturally come into contact with the convictions of other men who are watching the horizon, like the servant of Elijah who saw nothing until he looked toward the sea the seventh time. Then he reported: "Behold, there ariseth

a cloud out of the sea as small as a man's hand."

"A Revival Is Coming"

A few years ago a small book came from the hand of Roger W. Babson under the title, "A Revival Is Coming." He had made a study of the spiritual cycles in our history of the past three hundred years. He is led to the conclusion that we are now in the upward movement of the sixth cycle. When people are thinking in terms of security and ease, when everybody wants a "ride" and nobody wants to "push the cart," then religious interest is at low ebb. It registers in decreasing church attendance, contributions and additions to membership by confession. His studies deal largely with evangelical churches which have their growth through confession. When the pioneer spirit again lays hold of the people and they again are willing to sacrifice, to put more into life than they get out of it, (Bernard Shaw's definition for "a gentleman"), then the cycle is in the up-turn. It registers in renewed interest, in increase of church attendance, increase of additions by confession, increase of contributions and payment of church debts.

The great fluctuation in additions by confession may surprise us. At a high peak in 1887 these totalled 1,300,000; at a low point in 1899 there were only 800,000; in 1921 the above mentioned churches added 1,710,000 as compared with 900,000 in 1935. In making comparisons over a large area in these six cycles, Babson declares the ebb is out and the tide must return. "The statistician is not discouraged; a revival is coming." Thus, Babson! I now go on with my own observations.

A Hunger for the Living God

Of course, God is not a cyclical God. He is not seasonal. He is always available. But when men forsake him he has a way of forsaking them for a while to their own devices and vices. "Ephraim is joined to his idols; let him alone." When they abandon faith in God, they seem to embrace tin gods, whose impotence they must first discover before they come back to the living God. Men grow weary of whirling around

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in a vacuum. Life must have a core, or it becomes unendurable. Such things as pleasure or possessions or success in business, in one's profession and politics may satisfy for a while. It may be that a man, who has seen the corelessness of a nation, has leaped into the center and has succeeded in centering the loyalty of that nation around an idea personified by himself. For a while he is the core of the totalitarian state. But every idol is a mere makeshift. The eternal in man cries out for the Eternal God. Are not men growing weary of tin idols? Is there not a hunger for the living God? If there is, then a revival must come!

Mr. William Corbin may tell us "Why I Don't Go to Church." The strength of his article lies in the weakness of his arguments. The "American" magazine offered fifty dollars for the best answer to Mr. Corbin. The prize went to a student of the University of Minnesota, who gets his understanding of life through the teachings of Jesus. In Christ he finds a stabilizing solution of the problems that lie beyond the realm of the psychiatrist. And so he goes to church. Even these psychiatrists are coming to see the need of a great objective outside themselves,—the need of worship. Man is not great enough to find an ultimate goal in himself. He must find God. Henry C. Link advises his patients to go to church. After all, the church seems to have that which will fill the vacuum and give a core to life. The tide is rising!

Heartening Signs of the Times

Again, we seem to feel a heartening note in the preaching of our day. The trumpet is giving a clear sound. Old orthodox ears may not be satisfied. They were not in the days of Jesus. By and large, there is much splendid preaching which does not major on old theological controversies but which does present the challenge of Christ, which does call for the surrender of the whole life to the whole program of Christ. By this time we all understand that there is only one gospel. If you still speak of the old or the new gospel, the social or the individual, you are still looking at only a part of it. The gospel is all of these combined. It calls for the surrender of the individual to Jesus Christ as Savior and Lord and a devotion to the seeking of his Kingdom and his righteousness above everything else.

Again, we seem to note the growth of the spirit of Christian unity. By that I do not mean Church Union. If the two hundred plus Protestant bodies were to form a union, it would be too cumbersome and fall apart of its own weight. The Protestant mood does not lend itself to the things possible in the Catholic Church.

The prayer of Jesus for spiritual unity seems to be answered to a limited degree. He prayed that they might all be one—that the world might

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believe him to be sent by the Father. The evangelistic campaigns of the past generation were generally a united effort. When the campaign ended, however, then began the tug-of-war for the "spoils." The signs seem to point to a more Christian spirit which says: "The Kingdom of God is greater than my church."

The better understanding between religion and science gives reason for hope. Religionists and scientists are becoming more humble. They are recognizing each other's fields and functions. Now and then you will still hear a scientist confess that he knows nothing about religion and immediately proceed to tell the religionist where to go. So, too, do some religionist reveal their ignorance by renouncing and denouncing the findings of science. But their number are decreasing. Without the unifying and evaluating influence of religion the scientist loses his way in the maze of mystifying facts. On the other hand, when the church can show its youth, puzzled by the apparent conflict of science and religion, that a spiritual commitment to Christ does not involve intellectual suicide, it will have gone a long way to integrate the young people in the church.

Youth and the Gospel of Christ

Evidently, the Oxford Group Movement is sweeping thousands of men and women out of the moorings of old habits and changing their lives and their direction, too. It is not doing it in the conventional way, and we may be inclined to call, "Halt! . . . By what authority?" The Group has recently put out an issue of a picture magazine called, "The Rising Tide." The middle double-page carries the photograph of several hundred happy faces of men,—young men,—not more than two or three bald heads among them! Look over our congregations! When you have counted all the women and grey heads and bald heads, there are not many left to count. The fact that the Oxford Group is getting young men and changing their lives, shows that it can be done. If they can do it, we can, too.

These are only a few observations that seem to indicate an upturn in religious interest. The pessimist will find much material in the background which is not used to make up the picture. Everybody can find what he is looking for. We will not disturb the musings of him who loves to see "black." As far as a revival in our own circle is concerned, it seems to be under way. The many reports of the past several months from the fields concerning large and small ingatherings should call forth rejoicing. Whether or not we are on the eve of a nationwide revival, one thing is sure. If 35,876 German Baptists unite in a great evangelistic effort, revival will come to us. I am wondering if our young people are not waiting for their leaders to say, "Let's go!"

A Gypsy Missionary Center

The Story of God's Wondrous Guidance in Our Danubian Enterprise

About a year ago "the angel of death" entered one of our German Baptist homes and cut short the life of a promising daughter. She was still very young, but she had already set her heart on serving as a full-time Christian worker in some land. She loved the stories about missionaries in Africa and India and China, and Christ as the Good Shepherd and the loving Savior was very dear to her heart. Her death seemed to be so untimely and unwarranted!

But the parents put their complete trust in God. They believed that even this darksome event in their family circle had some purpose in God's Kingdom. They knew that they would meet their daughter again in heaven. But they wanted the influence of her life to tell for Jesus here and now on earth. They wanted to establish some kind of a missionary memorial for her, so that she might still render a missionary service through others.



Several of Our Missionaries in Front of the Building in Lom Bulgaria, to be Used as the New Gypsy Missionary Center.

Some money had been put aside for her education and training. She herself had saved a small amount of money during her few years on this earth. All of this was put together, and the amount of this memorial was sent to the Rev. William Kuhn, the general missionary secretary of the denomination. The letter of these parents seemed to come like a call from God, because of another letter which had come to the missionary secretary just at the same time from another part of the world.

Among the Gypsies of Bulgaria we are carrying on a missionary service in bringing Christ to these people. Sister Lydia Doelle'eld has been our missionary there in the Gypsy village

of Golinzi for several years. On the third floor of a small apartment house in Lom, not far away, she had found a room for lodging purposs. Later, she was joined by Sister Emma Herrmann in this self-effacing work.

How these Gypsy children love these missionary teachers! They cannot wait for the next Sunday to come to hear more stories and to sing more songs about Jesus Christ! They have their troubles and needs about which they must tell their missionary friends. And so the Gypsy children, dressed raggedly and smelling terribly, came to the apartment room of the missionaries and asked for them. The repetition of these visits was too much for the landlord and other tenants. The sisters were ordered to move. Again and again they felt the imperative need of a missionary center in which an adequate work could be carried on through a spiritual and physical ministry to the Gypsy people.

lantic Young People's and Sunday School Workers' Union have pledged a missionary offering of a thousand dollars to be added to the memorial gift of \$2000 for this purpose. A building in Lom with splendid possibilities for such a missionary center was found and an option on its purchase secured. Brother Fuellbrandt has been authorized to buy it and to convert it into such a center. The picture of that building before its renovation, purchased reasonably, appears on this page of THE BAPTIST HERALD.

The hearts of the sisters and of the Rev. Georgi Stefanoff, besides those of the Gypsies in this only Gypsy Baptist church in the world, have rejoiced over this new missionary center. Work is rapidly going ahead in remodeling and redecorating if for this purpose.

The sisters, serving as our missionaries to the Gypsies, will make this missionary center their home. It will provide facilities for all kinds of religious work among the Gypsy children during the week. The Gypsy mothers and children will always find a warm welcome at this home. Visiting Baptists will enjoy the hospitality of the missionaries in this center. During the summer trip of the missionary secretary, Dr. Wm. Kuhn, accompanied by the young people's secretary, Mr. M. L. Leuschner, through the Danubian countries, a day or so will be spent here. In every sense of the word it will be a missionary center where the light of Jesus Christ can shine brightly as a testimony to his saving grace and loving compassion.

China "Eating Bitterness"

(Continued from Next Page)

Last week a friend of mine took me in her car to the places adjoining the foreign settlement. Homes, stores, factories, schools—everything—is simply a mass of ruins. What wasn't destroyed by bombs was destroyed by fire and what escaped the fire has been looted. We wondered as we drove along, just how many were buried under all the debris. If the ruins can be cleared away in a year (no building done), it will be a surprise to me.

We are still anxiously awaiting the time when we shall be able to return to Pingyang and work among our own folks once more. At present it means that we must possess our souls in patience. A thing not very easy for the likes of me to do!

Thank you very much, kind friends, for all your kindness to me throughout all the years I've been in China.

China "Eating Bitterness"

By BERTHA M. LANG
of Shanghai, China

Editor's Foreword

Miss Lang is regularly stationed in Pingyang in the interior of China under the auspices of the China Inland Mission. She is a daughter of the Rev. A. G. Lang of Parkersburg, Iowa. After harrowing experiences she had to leave Pingyang for Shanghai, where she soon found herself in the midst of the bombing and intense human suffering. She herself had to undergo an operation for appendicitis on Sept. 29 amidst the din and havoc of the Japanese bombing.

The following letter from her present address at 1531 Sinza Road, Shanghai, China was written on January 14, 1938.

Miss Lang's Letter

Such a lot has happened since my last letter from Pingyang. Instead of starting on another trip to the country, it meant a trip to Shanghai just when the war was at its worst.

Never shall I forget the days and nights when bombs were exploding, fires burning for miles around, the sirens from Red Cross ambulances making their terrible noise as they hastened to places here and there where people were injured or dying. Were it not for the fact that one realized that, when bombs were dropping, people were killed, one would stand in amazement at the achievements accomplished by aeroplanes as they swooped down, dropped their bombs and flew off again. When air raids were on, we were told to get under cover but I fear some of us weren't always obedient, for we were fascinated at watching the bombs drop and a few seconds later see the whole place go up in smoke. May America be spared the horrors of war!

As you know, thousands upon thousands of people are homeless, and to us is given the privilege of working among them. This time I want to tell you of the Sunday School work. A few of us—Chinese and foreigners—go to a large refugee camp every Sunday morning. We divide forces

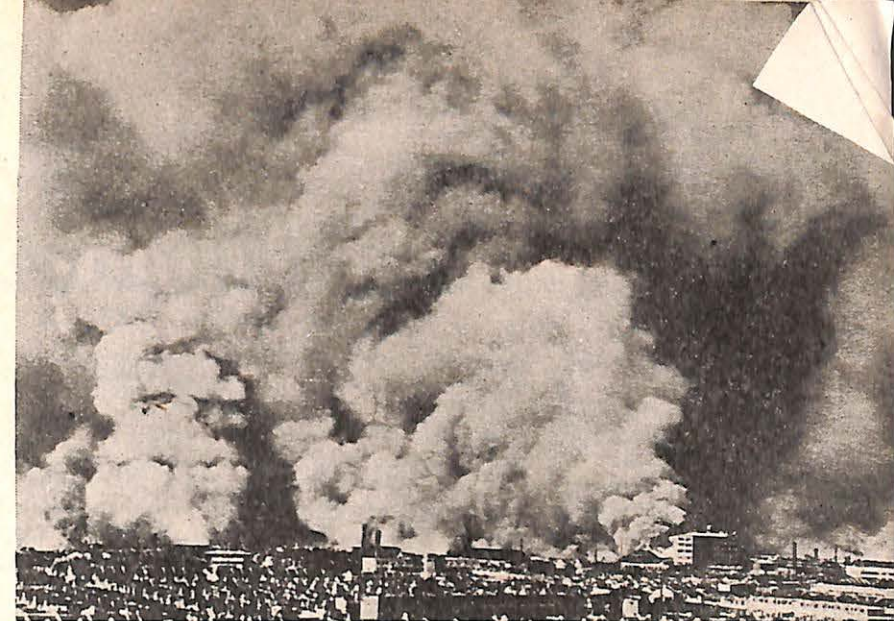
—half of our number take charge of three houses containing approximately 6,000 people and the other half goes in the other direction where there are also 3 houses and the same number of people. As we pass along the compound, (it's the university grounds where the camp is located), we invite children to come to a children's meeting. One little lad calls out to his pals, "Come and hear Jesus!" That's the literal translation. By taking a child at each hand and starting to run, one soon draws the crowd.



Three Sisters Who Have Come to Sunday School.

What a motley crowd they are! Little ones and big ones; clean-faced and dirty-faced, some with rice bowls and chop-sticks in hand, others who must take care of smaller sister or brother! One has such a torn pair of shoes on that it drops off as we run and so we must halt until he is ready. Along comes a dear little trio—big sister aged eight with smaller sister tied to her back and another one walking beside her. She's all smiles as she joins

The Burning of Chape; Adjoining the Foreign Settlement in Shanghai, China, Was Witnessed by Miss Lang.



the crowd and climbs the stairs to the school room prepared for Sunday School. (See their picture on this page. Editor)

What a time we have getting them settled in! Two in a seat—some standing in the aisles—some sitting on the floor in front of us. How many are there? Between 350 and 400! We teach them to sing, "Oh come to my heart Lord Jesus." They sing heartily, even if the tune isn't always as it should be. Then they are told we are going to pray and we must be quiet. A few lads have evidently been to a service before for all of a sudden some one calls out, "Cap off!" The Chinese teacher says a sentence and they repeat it after her. That's how they learn to pray.

While the Bible story is being told, a boy who has listened very attentively has trouble with the baby tied to his back, for, try as he will, it will cry. Finally, in desperation he gets up and starts joggling the baby up and down while at the same time his eyes are riveted on the speaker. After about an hour that Sunday School is over and off we go to get another lot of children from houses two and three. That Sunday School is carried on in the same way and practically the same number attending.

Just how long we shall be able to carry on this kind of work, we don't know. A few Sundays ago the people were told that they must leave the camp and return to their homes. Recently we have heard that they will be able to stay on for a few months yet. It has made one's heart bleed to see some old grannies and little children return to destroyed homes. One hunch-backed old lady with her grandchild were just starting for home. A little bundle of bedding, a sleeping mat and a few other little things is all they possess. What will they find of their home? Where will they get food? How long before they become ill or die? Such thoughts come to one's mind as one sees them leave.

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Contributor's Page

The Way

By ETHEL L. RENNISON
of Elgin, Iowa

I would that I might walk the way
That Enoch trod,
That some day it may be said of me:
She walked with God.

Faith

By FRED A. WAGNER
of Washburn, North Dakota

Dawn ushers in another day;
I lift my head, anew to pray;
I trust my soul unto the skies
With faith in this, my enterprise;
Then sorrows flee from me untold;
The Shepherd leads me to his fold;
All goodness I have now reviewed,
And worship God in solitude.

That Flower So Rare!

By MRS. HELEN FIESEL
of Trochu, Alberta, Canada

Thy words are like the flowers of
spring,
Which open their tender petals to their
King,
And sparkle with the drops of dew so
rare
To prove that our dear Savior still is
there.

Thy words are bound in covers ever
bold,
Which hold thy precious message still
to be told;
As flowers guard their life close in the
bud,
So shall our souls be saved through
Jesus' blood.

The Christ of Galilee

By NELDA BROWN
of Wolfeboro, New Hampshire
(A Friend of Miss Gertrude Niebuhr
of New York City)

Long ago our blessed Savior
Walked the shores of Galilee,
And revealed our heavenly Father's
Love for all humanity.

He was the divine Physician,
Healing all who to him came;
None of those who sought his mercy
Ever sought for it in vain.

Sinners saw divine compassion
When they looked upon his face,
And they went away forgiven
Saved by his redeeming grace.

And although our blessed Savior
Walks beside the sea no more,
Still he looks with deep compassion
On the people as of yore.

And, although we cannot see him,
We can go to him in prayer;
If we go in faith believing,
We will find a blessing there.

What I Live For

The Following Anonymous Poem
Was Contributed By

HILDA REISER
of Washburn, North Dakota

I live for those who love me,
For those I know are true,
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit, too;
For human ties that bind me,
For the task my God assigned me,
For the bright hopes yet to find me,
And the good which I can do.

I live to hold communion
With all that is divine,
To feel there is a union
'Twixt Nature's heart and mine,
To profit by affliction,
Reap truths from fields of fiction,
Grow wiser from conviction
And fulfill God's grand design.

I live to hail that season,
By gifted ones foretold,
When men shall live by reason,
And not alone for gold,
When, man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be lighted
As Eden was of old.

Dear Lord, I Pray

By RUBY BUENNING SANDERS,
Daughter of the Rev. and Mrs. W. H.
Buenning of Gatesville, Texas

I thought I could not pray tonight,
I had so little, Lord, to bring to You.
A morning song
Ended on some shrill, discordant note;
And wrong
Have been my day, my deeds, my
thoughts.

A friend who cried aloud in fear,
I would not hear.
I was afraid, ashamed
Because my heart was cold,
Unseemly, warped.
I wrote a thought and it was old,
And base,
Unjust.
Tonight I thought I could not pray
For I had nothing, Lord, to bring to
You.

Then came the rain
So like the flood of tears upon my
face!

A grateful heart I bring,
All humble for the trust
Of a tomorrow. A tomorrow
I may make
A truer, better day.
Dear Lord, I pray.

Just for Today

By MRS. WILLIAM SCHINDLER
of Detroit, Michigan

Dear Lord, I only pray
For strength and wisdom
For this day.
I know not if the morrow
Will bring me joy or sorrow;
I only know, dear Lord,
That I am weak, alone,
So help me, God, I pray,
To live for you, just for today.

Tomorrow is far off;
I pray for every day,
As it comes I bow and say,
Lord, let me live for thee today.
I find a comfort sweet
To know that at your feet
I'll find the peace I seek.
And as I bow each morn anew,
I pray, just for today,—
Lord, keep me true!

"Is It I, Lord?"

By TINA HOFFMAN
of Morris, Manitoba, Canada

It has been years and years ago
Since men crucified the Lord;
Just what am I doing today—
Regarding not his word?

It was for my own greediness,
It was for my own pride,
It was for my own sinful self,
That he was crucified.

My angry words place cruel thorns
All round his guiltless brow—
More thoughtless talk, without repent;
The thorns pierce deeper now.

And as among some worldly lot,
In careless mood I take my place,
Just laugh along and act their way,
I smite him in the face.

About some neighbor's faults I talk,
Or gained, where should be loss;
I see how I hand up the nails
To nail him on the cross.

As I go on, some wayward child
In sin and stress I meet,
And point not out his blessed way;
Again, I've pinned his feet.

Despite the cross, the thorny crown,
And nails that pierce his hands,
He gently calls, "Come back, dear child,
Build not your house on sands."

Grant me, dear Lord, to combat sin,
And Satan more defy,
In act, or word, or thought, that I
May less these crucify!

Daily Meditations

By PROFESSOR LEWIS KAISER of Rochester, N. Y.

Sunday, April 3

A Fresh Start

Psalm 118:24 — "This is the day
which the Lord hath made; we will re-
joice and be glad in it."

(Read Psalm 118)

The Lord's Day brings us, as it were,
to a new departure in our week of days.
When our spiritual powers have been
dulled by the worries and vexations of
week day toil, the Lord's Day may
freshen our vision and inspire us to
gird again our loins and to go back
to our daily tasks with renewed zeal.

Prayer: Holy Father, make this day
one of spiritual refreshment and rein-
vigorization, that we may face the com-
ing week with renewed strength and
endeavor.

Monday, April 4

His Will Supreme

"Nevertheless not my will, but thine,
be done."—Luke 22:42.

Read Matthew 26:36-46.

Every request we make in prayer is
underlaid by the attitude which says,
"Thy will be done." The highest sort
of answer to our prayers is oftentimes
the sense of having our wills brought
into harmony with the divine will. We
do not seek to persuade his unwilling-
ness. What God wills is our want. In
his will is all that humanity needs.

Prayer: "Gracious Father, help us to
place ourselves on the side of thy pur-
pose for us and for all mankind.

Tuesday, April 5

When is a Nation Strong?

"Righteousness exalteth a nation, but
sin is a reproach to any people."—
Proverbs 14:34.

Read Proverbs 14:27-35.

True greatness in an individual and
nation alike is a spiritual thing. It
does not depend upon size or material
resources, but upon character and atti-
tude. Honor, purity, integrity and un-
selfishness must be the four founda-
tion-stones upon which its life rests.
The Old Testament writer sums these
up in a single word, "righteousness."

Prayer: O thou Sovereign of the na-
tions, help us to make our land a good
land in which to dwell and upon which
thou canst look with approval.

Wednesday, April 6

Nothing for Nothing

"Freely ye received, freely give."—
Matthew 10:8.

Read Matthew 10:5-13.

One of the great laws of the inner
life is that in order to receive we must
give. We get nothing for nothing, little
for little, much for much, all for all.
Goodness cannot be had for the mere

asking any more than knowledge can.
Prayer is at once thought, feeling and
endeavor. As we sow, we shall reap.
Prayer: O Christ, we give ourselves
to thee without reserve, that we may
share in the fullness of thy grace.

Thursday, April 7

The Up-Look

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the
hills, from whence cometh my help."
(King James Version.)—Psalm 121:1.

Read Psalm 121

Said one who was in deep sorrow: "I
avoid looking forward or backward and
try to keep looking upward." We dis-
cover that there is a limit to human
resources. Even our closest friends
can, at best, give us their sympathy
and prayers. We must fix our vision
on the Eternal One,—the same yester-
day, today and forever."

Prayer: Dear heavenly Father, teach
us how to draw upon the spiritual re-
sources, bountiful to our bidding, if we
only will.

Friday, April 8

The Heart Aflame

"And they said, 'Was not our heart
burning within us, while he spake to
us?'—Luke 24:32.

Read Luke 24:28-32.

The failure to achieve anything in
the cause of Christ is due, oftentimes,
to coldness of heart and lack of enthus-
iasm. Our dignified, stately religion so
often becomes mere formality. We need
to get close to Christ and breathe in
his spirit as we commune with him.

Prayer: "As the hart panteth for
the water-brooks, so our souls long for
thee, O God."

Saturday, April 9

The Secret of It

"God anointed Jesus of Nazareth
with the Holy Spirit and with power;
who went about doing good."—Acts
10:38.

Read Acts 10:34-41.

It is not so much the task of which
God takes note but rather the spirit in
which the task is undertaken. The
wonderful thing about the ministry of
Jesus was the way in which he did the
humblest things. He did the little things
greatly. And the secret of it was the
power of the Holy Ghost.

Prayer: Dear Lord, help us to serve
thee by doing the little things faith-
fully, that like Jesus we might go about
doing good.

Sunday, April 10

The Triumphal Entry

"And they cried out, Hosanna,
Blessed is he that cometh in the name

of the Lord, even the King of Is-
rael."—John 12:13.

Read John 12:12-19.

Once, for a brief time, Jesus per-
mitted the multitude to hail him as
the King of Israel. To that honor
the people welcomed him, and the lit-
tle children in the temple poured out
their praises. We, too, greet him, not
with branches of palms, but with the
loyalty of true followers, doing hom-
age to him as our King.

Prayer: Our Father, we open with
joy the gates of our souls to let the
King come in and abide forever as our
Lord and Ruler.

Monday, April 10

A Better Age to Come

"And a man shall be as a hiding-
place from the wind, and a covert from
the tempest; as streams of water in a
dry place, as the shade of a great rock
in a weary land."—Isaiah 32:2.

Read Isaiah 32: 1-8.

In our depression over the seeming
futility of efforts to maintain the peace
of the world, we find consolation in
the hope of the prophets. "God's pur-
pose," they said, "cannot fail." Not-
withstanding the distracting turmoil
of the times, there is a better day
ahead. The Eternal One cannot be
thrust from his throne.

Prayer: O Lord of life, the times
are in thy hand. We look for a new
earth, in which righteousness will
dwell.

Tuesday, April 12

Why Borrow Trouble?

"Be not therefore anxious for the
morrow."—Matthew 6:34.

Read Matthew 6:25-34.

There is an attitude of proper fore-
thought which is to be commended. But
the apprehension, which breeds only
worry and weakness is not con-
sistent with the spirit of confidence
which should pervade the faith we pro-
fess. Let us not borrow trouble. Why
live in a constant state of fear?

Prayer: Father of mercy, save us,
we beseech thee, from the troubles that
our fears alone make real and from the
ills that never come.

Wednesday April 13

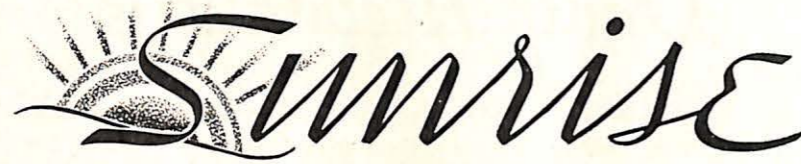
Dawn After Darkness

"Weeping may tarry for the night,
but joy cometh in the morning."—
Psalm 30:5.

Read Psalm 30.

As long as it is dark, it is hard to
meet our sorrows. But with dawn comes
a revival of courage. Morning brings
its comfort, as it did to the disciples of

(Continued on Page 138)



By Mrs. Grace Livingston Hill

SYNOPSIS

Jason Whitney arrived at the bank one morning and learned that he had been "fired." The books at the bank had been tampered with and suspicion had been cast on him. He left the town hurriedly, without having said a word to his father and stepmother and to his sister, Joyce, who had always helped him generously. About the same time, Rowan, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Parsons, and a close friend of Jason, left his home unexpectedly, telling his mother not to worry about his return. The next night the bank was robbed and the night watchman nearly killed. Jason's notebook was found on the floor in front of the safe. The rumors which implicated Jason in the crime reached the ears of Rose Allison, the minister's daughter, who had talked to Jason over the phone on the day before the bank robbery. She confided to her father what Jason had said that something had happened at the bank and that he was leaving town." In answer to the father's startled look, Rose continued.

CHAPTER NINE

"Yes, he said just that, and I said I was sorry. And then before I stopped to think I said, 'Oh, Jason, you haven't done anything to make them dismiss you, have you? And his voice got real bitter the way it used to do in school when the teacher found fault with him, and he said, 'No, Rose, I haven't, and that's the truth, but the poor fishes think I have and that's just as bad. And the worst of it is I can't tell what I know so they've pinned everything on me. They'll tell you to the contrary and I can't blame you if you believe them instead of me, but it's true!'"

The father was still, considering her for a moment.

"And what did you say to that, Rose?"

Rose hadn't expected to be asked that, and her face got white and embarrassed and then she lifted honest eyes and looked at her father with a sweet young dignity, lifting her chin a bit.

"I said I would believe him, I said I would *always* believe him!"

She looked straight into her father's eyes with a gentle kind of defiance ready to meet even his condemnation, as if she believed what she had done was right. He watched her in astonishment. The little girl was becoming a woman, and he admired the way she

spoke. He did not condemn her. After a minute he said:

"And was that all, dear?"

Her eyes became thoughtful, and lovely color suddenly flooded her face again.

"No, Father. He said 'Thanks a lot' sort of as if he was crying, and then after a second he said 'And I'll *always* tell you the truth!' and then he was still almost a whole minute and he added in a very low tone: 'If I ever see you again! I'm beating it, Kid, and I'm not sure I'm ever coming back. I can't get a square deal here, and nobody cares, nobody but my sister, and she can't do anything about it.'"

Rose stopped there. Somehow the rest was too sacred even for her father to know. She couldn't bring it out that she had said she cared too. Her father might take it in a different way from what she meant it. And anyway, it had nothing to do with the whole case.

"We said good-bye," she added simply and stood waiting a moment.

"And what has troubled you about this, Rose?" asked her father.

"Well it's what he said about being blamed for what somebody else had done, and not being able to tell. I just got to thinking that Corey Watkins is in the bank too, and how he used to do things and let Jason be the goat, and I wondered—"

Mr. Allison studied her thoughtfully.

"But Corey is a young man now, daughter, and he has the respect and confidence of everybody concerned. I asked about him only yesterday because of what you had told me about his tricks in school that Jason got blamed for, but I find that he has been most exemplary in the bank, in the church, everywhere. He is quite a church worker over at the Second Church."

"Yes," said Rose quite unmoved. "He always was. He's always been exemplary, and Jason has got the blame."

There was silence in the room for a long minute while the minister studied his young daughter's face again. Then she lifted her eyes and spoke once more.

"Then you don't think I ought to tell them that he talked to me, and said he was going away? I thought perhaps you would think I should go and tell Mr. Goodright."

"Oh, no!" said the minister quickly. "I don't want you to get mixed up in this thing. Anything you could possibly say would be utterly misunderstood and cause terrible gossip especially just now."

"I know," said Rose with a sigh,

partly troubled and partly relieved. Her tone showed that she fully understood what would be said.

"No, child! Don't breathe a word. If anything at all is to be said I would be the one to say it, but I can't see how it could possibly do any good. They would only say you were a romantic girl, and that girls always defended good-looking young men."

"I know!" said Rose again. "I didn't want to, but I thought maybe I should."

"Well, dear, I'm glad you told me, and if anything comes up that your bit of evidence can help I'll let it be known some way, but at present I can't see how it would help. And anyway, you can't just go and cast aspersions upon some other young man without a bit of evidence. And without that what point would there be to your testimony? Only a statement from the young man himself that he wasn't getting a square deal, which wouldn't mean a thing to them, nor change their opinion."

"I know," she said sadly as she left him and went her way.

Poor child! She had thought it all out, and yet she was willing to go and tell them, if it was the right thing to do. What a good little thing she was! And how sweet she looked when she was confessing that she had told Jason Whitney she would believe him!

He found himself profoundly thankful that Jason Whitney was gone away. No telling what complication might have arisen out of this so simple and sweet beginning if he had stayed. Suppose he had come to meeting. Suppose he had been converted and become a trustworthy person? Well, even such impossible things as that had happened through the years, and the grace of God was able to save even Jason Whitney. But he must watch his sweet little girl. She was growing into a woman, and she was certainly a winsome lass.

Then the minister went into retirement behind his newspaper and forgot the whole matter for the time being.

But out under the window in the hammock there was a motionless young person who was not forgetting what he had just heard, and he lay still and thought it over, lay so still that he was even afraid he might go to sleep. He didn't want anybody to know that he had heard what he had heard.

Bob Allison lay motionless for as much as five whole minutes, thinking. He was perhaps doing the most intensive thinking about one single thing of his whole lifetime.

He had always had trouble in concentrating, there were so many interesting topics to divert his mind, especially when he was trying to study.

But just now he was putting his whole eager young soul into concentrating, and it brought about a state of bodily quiescence that would have alarmed his mother if she had happened to be where she could watch him. Nothing save absolute oblivion in sleep had ever before made young Robert Allison lie so still.

For it happened that Jason Whitney had been Bob Allison's hero since kindergarten days.

It was Jason Whitney who had taken the trouble at odd moments before and after school to teach Bob how to pitch a ball better than any of the other boys in his grade. It was Jason who made snow men for him, and taken him sometimes on his bike to school, and once took him along when he went fishing. Bob adored the very ground Jason walked on.

And now Jason had been driven from his job, and his home, into a cold unsympathetic world, with a cloud of suspicions hanging over his past, and a dark uncertain future before him. Bob felt that he had to do something about it.

Bob had been quick to register another name mentioned by his sister in her confidential talk with their father. Corey Watkins had been for years as much hated by Bob as Jason had been adored. His aversion to Corey Watkins was much more deeply seated than even his love for Jason Whitney, and dated back to the time when he was only three years old and had gone to visit high school with his sister Rose. They were out in the yard at recess time, and Rose was talking to some of her friends with her back turned. Corey had come along and persuaded the infant Bobbie to pick up a nice soft yellow mumblebee in his chubby hand and stroke its yellow fur. When sudden disillusionment had come and he howled, bringing Rose and the teacher to instant rescue, Corey had told them that it was Jason who had perpetrated the trick. Bob had never forgotten that. He could feel the sting in his hand yet whenever he saw the smug look on Corey Watkins' face.

And Corey Watkins was a pain in the neck, even though he was grown up. Corey was slick, and of course it was he who had done anything in the bank that ought not to have been done. And he had let Jason be the goat. Bob knew very many other instances when this had been the case. He wondered why grown people were always so stupid, and petted the wrong people. Mr. Goodright was likely that way, too. He probably didn't know Corey was that kind of a guy, and he ought to be enlightened. Bob felt himself constituted to be the enlightener. There was nobody else who could very well do it, so he must.

He could see that it wouldn't do for Rose to go to Mr. Goodright and tell what she knew. Everybody might hear of it and think she had a case on Jason. Of course Rose couldn't do anything. His father had been right about that.

And his father was a minister, and a minister had to be careful about hurting people's feelings. Mrs. Watkins was a member of the church. No, his father couldn't warn the bank. He would have to do it himself. And even he mustn't let them know who he was. He was too young. They wouldn't pay any attention to just a kid's warning, not unless he had something definite to tell. Of course there was the time Rose had been sick and Father was away, and his mother had sent him to the drugstore for medicine at midnight. He had seen Corey Watkins come out of a side door in the bank and go around through the alley instead of going up Main Street which was the short way to the Watkins home. Still, of course, that didn't exactly prove anything. But somehow he had got to show up Corey Watkins to the world, or to the bank anyway, and bring back his idol, Jason, to his rightful place among his fellow townsmen where he would be no longer misjudged, but understood and admired as was right and proper. Having decided this much it did not take him long to decide what to do. Mr. Goodright, the president of the bank, should be informed of the injustice he had done in dismissing Jason from his place in the bank and retaining Corey Watkins. Another half second sufficed to decide Bob how to right this wrong. He would himself write a letter to Mr. Goodright informing him of the mistake he was making in retaining Corey and dismissing Jason, and he would sign it "a well-wisher of the bank" or something like that.

Having reached this conclusion and feeling that the whole matter was already on its way to being set right, Bob opened one eye and glanced briefly at the page where his forefinger was inserted in the much thumbed history he held. Softly his lips mumbled over the stale old phrases. "Christopher Columbus discovered America in 1492," on down through a long list that he had been droning over more or less all the afternoon with only half his mind upon it. Now he was wholly concentrated and he had the fourteen long lines perfectly in five minutes, so that he was sure he would not forget them.

Then softly he flung open the red fringes of the hammock which enveloped him, stealthily swung first one leg and then the other free, and slid down noiselessly to the porch floor, thence continuously to the grass in front. He stole around the house, issuing a moment later from the other side and mounting the front steps whistling, "My country 'tis of thee," a trifle off the key, but gaily.

He knocked at his father's study

door, and entering produced his history triumphantly

"I'm ready to recite," he announced, and glibly hurled the facts of history at his preoccupied father, who smiled his satisfaction, his eyes upon his evening paper, and signified that Bob was now free to attend the evening entertainment of the Boy Scouts.

Bob retired from the room silently, not with his usual grin when a penance was completed, and softly ascended the stairs to his room. He had intended chasing the cat, tying a worm to her tail, and then setting her free in the chicken yard among the hens, but that was before graver matters engrossed his mind.

Almost stealthily he entered his room and pushed the bolt on the door so that he would not be interrupted. Then the better to act the part he had now to play he removed his shoes and stocking footed went over to the bed and got a pillow, placing it in the desk chair to still a chronic creak that the chair sometimes emitted. He sat gravely down and got out his writing materials.

Sheet after sheet of his Christmas writing paper he rejected because of the emblems they bore, and they were numerous. There was the first kindergarten paper with a row of little children hand in hand going to school with their school bags and slates. That was the first paper he ever got, and he had once admired it. How silly it looked to him now. And there was the animal paper. Some had kittens, some puppies, some ponies, and some a group of cows, but all those were childish and would not do for grave matters like this. And there was the baseball paper with bat- ters and catchers and pitchers all in suitable costumes. He put them aside. There was nothing left but the last paper from his tenth birthday that displaced his initials in red and blue and gold letters! And that wouldn't do either!

So finally he ventured forth stealthily to his mother's desk in her room and filched a sheet of her note paper.

He went at his task vigorously, forming each letter with care, trying to keep the lines even and not let them run uphill. His clear round schoolboy hand was very characterful. Now and then he rubbed his smudgy hand across his eyes wearily and sighed. It was unwonted that he should apply himself so intensely to a task like this. Several times he almost gave it up, but he plodded on, and by the time the supper bell rang he had completed his letter. It was a bit smeary, but very plainly decipherable.

Mr. Goodright,

President of the Bank.

Dear Sir:

You had better watch your step. You've got a slick guy in your bank and you'd be surprised if you knew who it was. I can't name him because it wouldn't be honorable to tell tales.

Jason Whitney is a noble young man and took the blame for another, and you ought to try and get him back when you get rid of the other man. You won't have any trouble in spotting the crook if you just pick out the one you're sure he isn't, and then watch him hard. But remember he is slick. He had it in for Jason since he was a kid.

Very truly yours

A Well-Wisher.

Bob took some of his treasured money saved for marbles and went to the office for a stamp to mail his letter, thereby arriving late for supper with unwashed hands and uncombed hair, incurring a reprimand. But he felt that that was the penalty of being noble and trying to set wrongs right, so he suffered in silence.

Even at the Boy Scout entertainment that evening he was preoccupied, and felt like a noble elderly person set apart to higher things than laughing over childish tricks put up for amusement. His deep-set admiration for Jason Whitney, and his great longing to do something to set him right in the eyes of the world, stimulated him like an intoxicating drink. He kept wondering all the evening how long it would be before his letter began to take effect. He regretted deeply that he had to go to school in the morning and could not hover around and watch to see if anything was happening at the bank after that letter would have been received. It was a great bore this having to go to school after one reached the age of discretion and had been called to noble endeavors.

Still he enjoyed the entertainment fairly well in spite of his distraught mind, and managed to write down one or two tricks on a scrubby card he found in his pocket. He went home tired and happy, casting a knowing look toward the postoffice as he went by as to a fellow conspirator. That night he dreamed that Jason was restored to the fellowship of the town, and all saw what a wise and noble young man he was, and how utterly despicable was the one who had tried to cause his downfall.

The next morning when Mr. Goodright received the letter he read it with much amusement, slowly, and with a relish. Then he turned to the front page and read it again, carefully, deliberately, thoughtfully. Finally he folded it away in a second envelope and locked it into a secret drawer in his desk. Then he took a pencil and wrote a list of all the employees of the bank, from the least unto the greatest. Slowly, thoughtfully, he went down the list checking off the names, numbering them in the order he had checked them, and paused, noting with astonishment the first name he had checked off. Then he sat back and stared for fully five minutes at the blank wall ahead of him.

Was this a game or something serious? Was it some friend of Jason who was trying to get revenge? Was it—

no, it couldn't be Jason himself. He took out the letter again from its hiding and looked at the formation of each letter, each word. Surely that was a child, or at least a very young person. No grown person could have imitated a schoolboy's writing as well as that—or—could it be a school girl? No, there was something altogether boyish about it.

The bank president went to a cabinet and took out a drawer where were filed the specimens of handwriting of all the employees in the bank, and spent several minutes in absorbed contemplation of the formation of the letters. Finally he locked Bob's letter away again and got up and walked the length of the room several times, his hands behind him.

It was absurd, of course, to pay any attention to an anonymous letter, especially one that came so obviously from a boy, for there was "boy" written all over that missive, and yet there was something in the Bible about "out of the mouth of babes." There might be something in it well worth considering, perhaps even worth acting upon, especially if there should be any further signs of tampering with the books.

The president went back to the perplexities of the day, but every little while the schoolboy letter kept coming to mind, and as he chanced to see the different employees under him he kept applying the test the boy had given, and smiling, with albeit a grave look in his eyes.

And then, when Charles Parsons came in late in the afternoon, he unlocked his secret drawer and took the letter out and showed it to him.

"What do you think of that, Charlie?"

There was a twinkle in Charles Parsons' eyes as he handed the letter back but his voice was grave as he answered:

"There might be something in it, you know, Jamie. It is sometimes permitted to boys to see and know things that their elders cannot find out. Yes, Jamie, a boy gets around a lot, and learns to read character sometimes rather better than his elders. I wouldn't ignore the warning, if you can call it a warning that doesn't tell you what it warns against."

"Yes," said James Goodright. "That's it. I wish I had the little rascal here that wrote that letter and I'd choke it out of him who it is he means."

Charles Parsons grinned. "You wouldn't have let anybody choke a think like that out of you, Jamie, when you were that age. You know you wouldn't. Not if you choked for it."

"No, I suppose not," said the banker. "And after all, perhaps that's why it has worried me all day, the very fact that he didn't mention a name. There isn't anything that I can do about it."

"Except follow the advice of the letter," said Charles gravely.

"Well, I have!" said the banker. "I wrote a list and narrowed it down to two, and I've been worrying all day about which of the two it could be. And yet, of course, it isn't fair to either of them to pay any attention to it at all. I have perfect confidence in every man in the bank."

"Yes," said Charles, "and yet it must have been somebody. If it still goes on, if it wasn't Jason, then we can say it must be somebody here. Of course you didn't suspect any deliberate work when you dismissed Jason, you say. You thought the discrepancies were carelessness."

"Yes, that's it," said the banker passing a hand wearily over his eyes. "I certainly wish that this matter was cleared up. Of course it's a great weight off my mind that we got back most of our property and none of our trustees are going to have to be brought down to poverty, but I certainly wish I understood it all. There is something back of that I cannot understand, Charlie. It isn't just an ordinary bank robbery. There has been some inside work. I'm sure of that. I suppose I must have precipitated matters by dismissing Jason Whitney, but—I was out of patience."

"I wouldn't be so sure!" said Charles. "We haven't got this thing figured out yet, Jamie. It's a matter to pray over, I'm thinking."

The banker drew a deep sigh. "Yes, I suppose so, Charlie. You attend to the praying end, won't you? You were always better at that than I. Charlie, what's become of your boy, Rowan? And what's all this whispering about him that I hear?"

Charles Parsons turned his deep eyes on his friend.

"If you want to know what I think, Jamie," he said gravely, "I think he's gone after Jason to try and bring him back."

The banker studied his friend's face for a while and then he said, "Well, Charles, I sincerely hope he has! I'm glad you trust your boy. You know him better than I do."

"God bless you for that, Jamie," said Charles, grasping his friend's hand.

"Well, that goes without saying, of course," said the banker. "I know you, and I trust you better than my own soul."

"Better be careful, Jamie," said Charles with a wry smile, "you know what the letter warns, that you're to watch the one you trust most, or something like that."

"Well, that's not you, Charles Parsons, I'd stake my soul on that! But I certainly do wish they'd catch one of those Rowleys and put him through the third degree. Then I think we'd know a little something at least. But don't say anything about this letter to anyone."

"Of course not," said Charles. And after a few more words they parted.

(To be concluded)

B. Y. P. U. Topics and Programs

By the REV. MILTON R. SCHROEDER of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

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Sunday, May 1, 1938

JOB IN A CHANGING WORLD

Scripture Reference: 2 Peter 1:2-11

1. Introduction

The question of a livelihood is something like old age—one cannot avoid it! Sooner or later every young person must come to grips with the problem of earning a living. It is a matter that cannot be evaded. It is a problem that must be faced honestly and that must be solved satisfactorily if the purpose of life is to be discovered and if happiness is to be achieved. Truly, it has been said that "we live to work." And, certainly, the reverse is also true. For it is only as men and women work that they can expect to live. But as imminent as the question is and as important as work is, the problem has become increasingly complex over the years. Today the matter of employment is especially serious because both jobs and the world have changed.

2. In the Past

Centuries ago and even just a few generations ago, the world was vastly different from what it is now. Occupations and jobs were likewise different. With many areas of our present civilization still undeveloped, considerably fewer avenues were open for gainful employment. People worked, to be sure, but the opportunities from which they could choose were less numerous. There were farming, shepherding, fishing, the various crafts and trades, commerce, the professions, the arts, and a number of kindred types of work connected with those occupations. Industry, for the most part, was confined to the home. There were no huge factories and there was no extensive industrial system. It was in the simple crafts and occupations that men and women labored, and it was in those humble endeavors that they tried to eke out what livelihood was necessary to sustain life.

3. Jobs Today

Today, however, the situation is altogether different. A sweeping transformation has occurred. With the increasing complexity of life, the birth and growth of industrialism the multiplication of inventions, the greater interest in science, and the development of populous cities, jobs and the world have changed. Today there are more opportunities for employment than there have ever been. Young people today face many more avenues

of possibility than the young people of yesterday ever dreamed of. It has been estimated by vocational experts that there are in the United States 9236 different vocations with all but a few of them being open to both men and women. In one large city department store, it is said that there are 1291 different types of activity. Think of how many avenues of gainful employment the mere invention of the automobile has opened! The genius of modern employment is that it is diversified. There are limitless possibilities, numerous opportunities from which young people may choose.

4. Unemployment

With our extensive industrial development and with the resultant creation of so many new areas of active employment one would expect that in such a civilization as ours there would be jobs for all who need and want them. Such, however, is not the case. Despite the great advances that have been made, despite industrialism, invention and the opening of new avenues of activity, the truth is that there are not enough jobs to go around. Not everyone who needs work and wants it can secure it. At the present time in the United States there are approximately seven million people without employment. In many other countries figures are proportionately similar. Many factors have contributed to the situation, but foremost among them has probably been the invention and constant development of machinery. Today one machine performs the work that many men were required to do years ago. The result is that those who need work are deprived of the opportunity.

5. A Solution Needed

Jobs are not the most important things in life, but still they are important enough to influence life for good or ill. When people work their normal desires are satisfied, for no normal person likes to be idle. When people work they are happy, for there is joy in having a job and in helping to produce something the world needs. When people work they have an income which in turn enables them to provide for themselves, their homes, and their families. When people work the world is secure, for it is in idle minds that crime and violence of many kinds often originate. Jobs are closely related to the general welfare of individuals and nations. It should be our concern, then, to work and pray for an adequate solution of this important problem.

Sunday, May 8, 1938

HOW TO CHOOSE A VOCATION WISELY

Scripture Reference: Matt. 25:14-30

1. Introduction

"What are you going to be when you grow up?" How often that question is asked of children! And how varied the answers are that children give! In childhood, ambitions and desires are many. Every normal child passes successively through those stages in life when he wants to be a fireman, policeman, truck driver, or railroad engineer. It is not until later in youth that the problem is taken seriously and definite choices are made. In past generations there was little choice in the matter. Sons were expected to follow the trades of their fathers, daughters were expected to remain at home until they were eligible for marriage. Today, however, young people are free to choose and the best possible use should be made of the opportunity. Rather than drift into some life-work or occupation every young person should decide definitely what he wants to be and do. Yet it is not merely a matter of choosing. It is a question of choosing wisely. Unless a choice is well made, it can bring great disappointment to a person's life. Let us suggest, then, a few factors that should be considered.

2. Interest

Have you ever noticed a little boy raking leaves together or doing some other errand for his mother when his real desire was to be with his playmates on the baseball field? If you have, you have noticed that the work was not done as carefully and conscientiously as it might have been done. The first prerequisite for any occupation or vocation is an interest in it. A person cannot make a success of any calling unless it is something in which he is deeply interested, unless his heart and soul are bound up with it. When a boy's interest is in the field of mechanics, it would be a mistake to follow an art career. When a girl's interest is in nursing, it would be wrong to aspire to a secretarial position. Before choosing a vocation every young person should ask himself, "Is this the thing I really like and want to do?"

3. Ability

Not everyone has the same number or the same kind of talents and abilities. Not everyone has the same measure of intelligence. The Creator has endowed men in such a manner that

all are different. Some have five talents, other two, still others only one. Thus it is very important in selecting a vocation that young people take their abilities into consideration. Success is achieved only when talents and choices are adapted to each other. A boy who cannot master his chemistry lessons ought not to think of being a doctor. A girl who does not associate readily with other people ought not to think of being a teacher. Before choosing a vocation, every young person should ask himself, "Is this something that falls within the range of my abilities?"

4. Usefulness

Quite frequently in selecting a vocation young people give too much consideration to the monetary side of it. Their great concern is for how much it will pay, how quickly advancement will come, and how long it will take them to become prosperous. They look at their intended vocation from the point of view of what they can get out of it. Now, certainly, attention should be given to income, prospects for promotion, and the future of the vocation. But those things should not be considered first; they should be secondary. Especially ought that to be true in the lives of Christian young people. The great concern ought to be, not for what rewards the vocation will bring, but for what possibilities it affords for service and usefulness. Before choosing a vocation every young person should ask himself, "Is this something that will enable me to make a useful contribution to the world in which I live?"

5. Purpose

Very often it is assumed that ministers and missionaries are the only people called of God to do specific tasks. The assumption is utterly false. All work is sacred. A doctor, a lawyer, or a teacher should feel as much called to their respective tasks as a minister. The truth is that everyone must feel that way about his vocation if he is to make a success of it. Jesus felt his calling very keenly. Standing before Pilate he said, "To this end have I been born, and to this end am I come into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth." (John 18:37). God has a purpose for every life, and it is only as men and women find that purpose and give themselves to it that they can enjoy happy and successful lives. Before choosing a vocation every young person should ask himself, "Is this the thing that God wants me to do?"

6. Questions for Discussion

What should young people do when prevailing conditions prevent them from entering the vocation of their choice? Is there such a thing as an "overcrowded" vocation or profession? What can the Church do to assist young people in choosing a vocation?

Workshop for Church Leaders

INTERESTING S. S. CHILDREN IN MISSIONS

By ELLA L. KATZBERG of Orcadia, Saskatchewan, Canada

Since the Sunday School teachers cannot introduce God to the children unless they are thoroughly acquainted with him, even so we cannot introduce mission work to the children unless we are thoroughly acquainted with it. Next to evangelistic fervor, the teacher should be imbued with missionary zeal. In order that the pupil be filled with enthusiasm for missions, it is of the greatest importance that the teacher possess missionary fervor. We can in no way pass on to the pupil what we do not possess ourselves.

The supreme task of every Sunday School should be to reach its constituency. There are as many scholars without as within almost every Sunday School. Dr. Gage says, "The minute a church confesses that it cannot enlarge its school, that minute it has put itself where God cannot use it." The children should be encouraged to be little missionaries themselves by bringing their friends and playmates to Sunday School.

We must give the offering its proper importance in our Sunday Schools. Children should be taught to give in early childhood. Parents ought to provide opportunities for the child to earn its own money and then, when it gives of its own savings, the contribution is its real offering and not that of the parents. A good way is to have one Sunday a month designated as mission Sunday and the entire offering on that day to go to that purpose. How can the missionary enthusiasm for the work beyond the local church be aroused and nurtured?

1. Pictures.

Pictures speak louder than words. The picture, "Hope of the World" by Harold Copping, is one that should hang on the wall of every Sunday School. Children can tell the missionary story behind it simply by looking at it. (A smaller or larger copy of this picture can be secured from the editor of "The Baptist Herald.")

2. Stories.

The first priceless gift, especially in teaching tiny tots, is the ability to tell a living story in such a manner that the smaller person will drink it in, flourish and grow. How do you know to whom you are speaking? Perhaps, teacher, in your class you have a Robert Moffat, who first heard of foreign missions by the stories which his mother told. Perhaps, a Mary Slessor or a Livingstone is in your class! Ample stories of mission fields are to be had at every hand.

3. Along With Stories Go Songs and Choruses.

One good chorus for home missions is:

"Jesus loves the little children
All the children of the street,
English, Irish, Scotch and Jew,
German and Italian, too,
Jesus loves the little children of
the street."

4. Church Library.

Our boys and girls are growing up ignorant of the heroic characters of the mission fields. In later childhood when reading habits are formed and tastes cultivated the Sunday School should cooperate with the home in placing the very best books into the hands of the children. One good book has often changed the whole viewpoint of life for many a boy or girl. There seems to be no better way to begin building a Sunday School library than to request the church to have a book shower in which the cooperation of all departments may be secured.

5. Mission Days.

One day a year, preferably in November, should be set aside in which missionary activities dominate the entire program. If possible have a special missionary speaker, music, etc.

This program would have a two-fold effect. It would give the entire school a new vital interest in foreign work, and by their gifts the children would seek to help missionaries give the far off people a happy time at Christmas and to enable them to tell the Christmas story.

This celebration must be held sufficiently early so that the gifts would reach their designated fields in time for Christmas. The gifts could be toys, books, pictures, pencils, scribbles, dolls, crayons, ribbon, clothing, etc. The adults could contribute mostly money.

Another fitting time for a special missionary Sunday would be Palm Sunday or Easter Sunday at which the story of our Cameroon missionaries could be related and a missionary offering received.

Missionaries home from the foreign field leave an impression that can never fade from the minds of the children. If the missionary after his return to the field writes to the Sunday School, be sure the letter is read!

6. Prayers.

The superintendent, pastor and teachers should not forget to mention both the foreign and home work in their prayers and also encourage the boys and girls to do likewise.

Reports from the Field

Northern Conference

The 5th Anniversary of the Bethel B. Y. P. U. in Carbon, Alberta

It has been some time since a report of the B. Y. P. U. of the Bethel Church of Carbon, Alberta, Canada, has appeared in "The Baptist Herald." But we can say that we are still faithful and active in the service of the Lord.

On Sunday, Feb. 13, we gathered at the church to celebrate the 5th anniversary of our B. Y. P. U. At six o'clock we all enjoyed a delightful lunch together in the basement of our church. Then we gathered in the church auditorium where we as young people rendered a musical program. The program was ushered in by the orchestra under the direction of Mr. T. E. Neher. Our president, Mr. Ernest Bettcher, opened the program with the reading of Psalm 138 and leading in prayer.

We then had a song, "Der Herr ist mein Licht," by the choir. A reading, "What's Before Us," was given by William Bettcher, followed by a song, "Gathering Home," by the Ladies' choir. We then had a report, "Review of the Past Five Years," given by Mr. T. E. Neher. A trio by Ruth and Anita Ohlhauser and Irene Neher followed. A recitation by Gilbert Harsch rendered and a duet, "No Disappointment in Heaven," was sung by Anita and Rose Ohlhauer. Then Mr. J. J. Neher, deacon of the church, spoke a few inspiring words of encouragement to the young people. On this evening we had the privilege of welcoming 3 new members into our B. Y. P. U., so that we now have a membership of 50. Our aim in this work of the B. Y. P. U. is to worship God and to serve him, gaining a stronger spiritual understanding of his truths.

IDA NEHER, Secretary.

Southwestern Conference Encouraging Signs of Growth in the Ellinwood Church

The work of the Baptist Church at Ellinwood, Kansas has been one of great concern to all who are interested, due to the constant decline in the past number of years. However, the past number of years of his people and once again conditions have been changed and many victories have been gained during the last year. This is especially noticeable in the Sunday School, which is the main channel through which people are brought into the church and into closer relationship with God. The year 1937 was closed with the Sunday School having reached a new high mark in enrollment and

attendance. Efficient leadership in every department is responsible for this pleasant increase.

Since the New Year began we have been busy with various programs to attract the non-church-going element in the community, and such efforts have not been in vain. On Sunday evening, Feb. 6, the young people of the Stafford church presented the play, "In His Steps," before a full house. On Friday evening, Feb. 11, we had the joy of having the Norse Gospel Trio from Salina, Kansas with us, when again the church was over-filled.

The great event, since the New Year began, was Sunday morning, Feb. 13, when a double program was presented. Due to the constantly growing school we had a special promotion service when Sunday School classes had to be rearranged. All classes were arranged according to standard ages. A fine program was rendered by the school, which was followed by a fitting sermon during the regular worship hour. At the close of the morning worship all remained for a fellowship dinner as an expression of joy and thanksgiving to God for his divine guidance.

W. HELWIG, Pastor.

Eastern Conference

The Optimates Girls' Class of Rochester Hold a Fine "Hobby" Program

The Intermediate Girls' Class sponsored a gala Hobby Program at the Andrews Street Baptist Church in Rochester, New York on Saturday, Feb. 26. Exhibits ranging from cookery to carpentry included such blue-ribbon winners as a collection of antique boxes, hand-wrought metal lamps, and fine tatted handkerchief lace. We discovered that our church members are artists, craftsmen, coal-dealers, bug-collectors, athletes, travellers, and many other things besides being generous and cooperative people.

At 5 and at 8 P. M., as advertised on the posters made by Hilda Becker and Isabelle Badore, the class presented such a Fashion Parade as might have been presented three decades ago. To the limpid strains of piano and violin, played by Mrs. Harold Condon and Walter Marchand, Grace Bretschneider and Ruth Randtke described the costumes as Sarah Schade, Ruth Gietz, Dorothy Meyer, Hildegard Adam, Irmtraud Onnusseit, Virginia Reynolds, and Isabelle Badore displayed them in true mannequin style.

Refreshments were served constantly under the direction of Mrs. Fred

Wolff. Professor Otto Krueger, Mrs. Frank Woyke, and Miss Clara Hamel awarded the blue, red, and white ribbons for beauty, collections, variety, and skill displayed in the exhibits.

A bowl near the door was filled rapidly with the "good will offering" and testified to the fact that everybody had a fine time. As a result of this project we were able to contribute \$20 to the building fund, and we still have some money to save toward our camping trip next summer.

Organized in October, 1936, the Intermediate Girls' Class has grown from an intermittent group of eight members to a constant dozen. We hope to continue growing in numbers, service, and good times together so that we may justify our newly chosen name—"The Optimates"!

WILMA EHRLICH, Teacher.

Northwestern Conference

The Mission Band of Buffalo Center Celebrates Its 8th Anniversary

On Tuesday evening, Feb. 22, the Mission Band of the German Baptist church of Buffalo Center, Iowa celebrated its eighth anniversary with an inspirational program. The service was led by the president, Mrs. Harm Feldick. The scripture was read by the vice-president, Mrs. George Stein. Prayer was offered by the pastor, the Rev. P. Peters. The secretary, Mrs. Folkert Winter, and the treasurer, Mrs. Dick Beekman, gave their annual reports. A male quartet and a mixed quartet rendered several selections. The Rev. A. E. Belstrom of the Swedish Baptist Church of Forest City brought a very interesting missionary address, using for his theme "A Call to Service." The offering for missions was \$75.

The Mission Band at present has 31 members. We meet on the first Wednesday of the month. Each one present answers the roll call with a Bible verse. Our programs consists of missionary readings, musical numbers, and a special study on the life of a missionary.

We have had the privilege of making the orphan children happy by sending them some cookies. We sent one box to our Orphans' Home in St. Joseph, Mich., and one to the Bethany Orphanage in Kentucky. Last fall we sent a box of linens to the Old People's Home in Chicago, which had been donated by our members. Last summer the Band decided to start a church library, which we are pleased to say has proved to be successful.

MRS. FOLKERT WINTER, Secretary.

The Mid-Winter Institute of the Minnesota Y. P. and S. S. W. Union at Hutchinson

The ninth annual Mid-Winter Institute of the Minnesota German Baptist Young People's and Sunday School Worker's Union was held from Feb. 25 to 27 at the Baptist Church of Hutchinson, of which the Rev. A. Foll is pastor. The theme, "Crusade With Christ," was carried out in every service.

On Friday, Feb. 25, the service of "Christian Crusading" began with a prelude played by Elfrieda Reck. The song services were led by Melvin Zeimers. The welcome was given by Melvin Zeimers and the response by Miss Margaret Fratzke, presiding president. The Minneapolis society presented the devotional service with special music by the mixed quartet of Hutchinson and a vocal duet from Jeffers. The opening crusading message was given by the Rev. W. H. Schobert of Jeffers, speaking on "Crusade With Christ on February 25."

"On Saturday morning two class sessions were held. Devotions were led by the First Church of St. Paul. The Rev. E. Pennington of Hutchinson led the discussion on "Crusading In Christian Development" and "Crusading in Christian Living." The Rev. J. Wobig of St. Paul led the second class on "Crusading in Christian Investment" and "Crusading in Christian Enjoyment."

On Saturday afternoon a surprise debate was on the program, with Linda Beth Wedel and Vernon Heckman on the affirmative side and Marie Schriber and Jack Fratzke on the negative debating the question, "Resolved that the United States Should Boycott Japan."

On Saturday evening all the young people were taken on a "Crusade in Romance." The young people of the Twin Cities presented the play, "Romance of Ruth," directed by Miss Ida Glewwe of St. Paul.

On Sunday afternoon the "Crusade for Christ" continued. The worship service was led by the Jeffers society with musical selections by Randolph, and a cornet duet and a vocal duet from the First Church of St. Paul. The address was given by the Rev. E. L. Pearson on a "Crusade With Christ for An Ideal Christian Character."

The wonderful weekend came to a close far too soon for the young people of Minnesota who had gathered together for real Christian fellowship. The evening devotions were led by the Riverview society of St. Paul having special musical selections rendered by Riverview, Minneapolis, and St. Bonifacius. The resolutions of thanks were read by Vernon Heckman. The Rev. H. Hirsch of Minneapolis, dean, gave the closing address on "Crusade With Christ and Be Victorious."

HILDA GLEWWE, Secretary.

Atlantic Conference Young People's Evangelistic Meetings at the Evangel Church of Newark

For some time there has been laid upon the hearts of the officers of the B. Y. P. U. in the Evangel Church of Newark, N. J., the fact of the laxness on the part of many of our own young people and also the opportunity we have of reaching a great many other young people who seem to be drifting around. A group of young people, who had been meeting each Tuesday evening for a time of prayer, began to make this matter a subject of prayer. As a result, a series of meetings was planned to which interested individuals pledged themselves to the task of seeking to bring out those who were not so interested. The services of the Rev. John Linton, an outstanding young people's conference speaker, were sought and secured.

On Sunday afternoon, Feb. 13, a mass meeting especially for young people was conducted. Mr. Donald Robinson of the Brookdale Baptist Church of Bloomfield, N. J., was our song leader. Such singing one never heard except where young people are gathered! Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, Feb. 14, 15, 16 respectively, brought out larger groups. The three evening meetings were preceded by a supper, served free of charge. The fellowship around the supper tables was very inspiring and attractive to every young person. All were encouraged to bring their guests for supper so that they might have a taste of real Christian fellowship outside of a religious meeting.

Mr. Linton brought four very inspiring and heart-searching messages. The testimony of most of the Christians has been, "I have come to know Christ better because of these meetings." Beyond the upbuilding of the saints, we rejoice in the salvation of a number of young people for whom we have been definitely praying.

GRACE KETTENBURG, Reporter.

Five Hundred Bid the Kollers Farewell at the Clinton Hill Church

An unusual meeting took place in the Clinton Hill Baptist Church of Newark, N. J., on Feb. 28. The occasion was the official farewell to our beloved pastor, Dr. Charles W. Koller, or "Mr. Koller," as we, his church family, have called him, and to his family, who have been with us for just 11 years. This period was marked by great upward strides in every field of endeavor, and changed our church from one that was mediocre in effect to one that is now known throughout the state and nation.

The farewell meeting was held in the church auditorium and Sunday School room and was presided over by

Mr. H. T. Sorg. Dr. Booth of the New Jersey State Extension Society opened the meeting with prayer. Mr. W. A. Staub spoke briefly, after which Dr. W. H. Marson of the Mt. Pleasant Baptist Church spoke as the representative of Dr. Koller's fellow-pastors. The Rev. Vincent Brushwyler of the Evangel Church spoke on the part that Clinton Hill had in preparing Dr. Koller for his work in Chicago. There were two-minute addresses by the heads of the various church departments: Mr. John Ulrich of the Sunday School—"Pastor Koller was never too busy to talk about S. S. matters;" Mr. Chas. Klausmann, as church clerk, deacon, trustee and head of the ushers—"Of all the pastorates most of us have known, Dr. Koller's has meant the most;" Mrs. Wm. Schmidt, president of the Women's Missionary Society; Miss Erna Hoelzen, church secretary and president of the Mothers' and Teachers' Society; Mrs. Hilda Wilkens, president of the World Wide Guild; Mr. Milton Klausmann, for the B. Y. P. U.; and Mr. Wm. Schmidt, for the Adult Forum. After the showing of a reel of Clinton Hill "movies" to be later given to the pastor, Mr. W. A. Staub presented the "Kollers" with a 16 millimeter motion picture projector. This was a gift of all the organizations.

Dr. Koller then spoke briefly on "WHAT I HAVE TRIED TO DO FOR CHRIST THESE ELEVEN YEARS." He stated that since his coming our membership has more than doubled and that it was always on his heart to get his ever increasing pastoral visitation done. We, his members, know how wonderfully he accomplished this. One of his aims was an evangelistic and a church-going Sunday School. This was fully realized. Another accomplished aim was a big Sunday night service in a city that, at that time, had very few at all. Then, too, the midweek service had to be a big factor in our church, and under Dr. Koller this has become the bright spot of the week.

Throughout the program there were special numbers by the choir and its members. Later we all adjourned to the first floor for an hour of fellowship and refreshments. This was served by Mrs. Paul Chester and the women of the Women's Missionary Society. During this time the music was furnished by the Evangel Witnesses, a brass quartet from the Evangel Church.

In addition to missing Dr. and Mrs. Koller, we shall also very deeply feel the loss of "Pa" Steinhaus, who was an active Sunday School teacher and always on hand; the children, Caroline and Evelyn, were especially beloved; and then there is our own Elfrieda Steple, who elected to brave the dangers of wild Chicago in order to be with the Kollers. To all of them Clinton Hill wishes God's many favors!

WILLIAM SCHMIDT, Reporter.

Joy and Sorrow in the Rock Hill Church of Boston

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Grauman of Jamaica Plain, Boston, celebrated their golden wedding anniversary at the home of their son, Walter, and his wife, in West Roxbury, Mass., on Monday evening, Feb. 14. Their other children in the vicinity of Boston, Mrs. Marie MacNeill of Cohasset, William Graumann of Dedham, Mass., and Lydia Graumann of Jamaica Plain, along with other relatives and friends, celebrated the occasion with them.

Mr. and Mrs. Graumann have been members of the Rock Hill Baptist Church in Boston for 37 years, and have manifested an exceptionally rich Christian life during the years.

The Rock Hill Church had planned a special celebration for them on Wednesday evening, February 16, but their joy was turned to sorrow when it was learned that Walter Graumann had been killed in an automobile accident at noon on that same day.

Walter was the youngest son of the family, being just 31 years of age at the time of his death. He was baptized on the confession of his faith in our Lord Jesus on April 14, 1918. He became a member of the German Baptist Church of Boston, (which later changed its name to Rock Hill), and remained a member until his death.

A large group of friends filled the church to capacity at the funeral on Saturday afternoon, Feb. 19. The Rev. Mr. Weber of the Mattapan Baptist Church, Mrs. Walter Graumann's pastor, opened the service with the reading of various comforting Scriptures and led in prayer. "Beautiful Isle of Somewhere" was sung by Miss L. Samsel. The Rev. Earl S. Kalland of the Boston church gave a short message on Rev. 22:3-5. Rev. O. F. Bistor, a former pastor of the church, closed the service with prayer.

EARL S. KALLAND, Pastor.

The 45th Anniversary of the New York Young People's Union at the First Church of Brooklyn

On Washington's birthday, February 22, the Young People's Union (Jugendbund) of New York and vicinity celebrated its 45th anniversary in the spacious and newly decorated First German Baptist Church of Brooklyn, N. Y. With our popular president, Edwin H. Marklein, now president of the National Y. P. and S. S. W. Union presiding, the afternoon business and devotional session was ushered in with an excellent song service led by Mr. Emil Lepke of the entertaining church. The devotional period was led by the general secretary, the Rev. John Grygo, pastor of the Immanuel Church of New York.

Over the pulpit the inscription, "WELCOME JUGEND BUND," was a mute greeting, put president Ed.

Neithardt of the local society warmly welcomed us by word of mouth, which was responded to by president Marklein, who also presided over the business meeting. Mrs. Helen Neithardt presented the secretary's report, reviewing a year of the Union's activities. Mr. E. Earl Traver, treasurer, revealed a net income from operation of the Cottage at Bradley Beach, that was double that of the previous season. The Rev. John Grygo expressed his pleasure over the inter-society visitation meetings held during the winter months. Fred. J. Maeder, president of the board of trustees, enlarged upon the treasurer's report, prosaically giving facts in lieu of figures, and closing his report with an original poem by which he hoped to win more vacationists to the Young People's Cottage at Bradley Beach, N. J.

Election of officers closed the business session, resulting as follows: president, Mr. Alfred F. Orthner of Second Brooklyn; first vice president, Mr. Milton Frahme of Clinton Hill Church, Newark; second vice president, Miss Grace Kettenberg of Evangel Church, Newark; recording secretary, Miss Edna Schanzenbach of Evangel, Newark; corresponding secretary, Miss Ruth Parchman of First Brooklyn; general secretary, Rev. John Grygo of Immanuel Church, New York City; ministers in the executive committee: the Reverends Adolph Kanniswischer, First Brooklyn; John P. Kuehl, Walnut St. Newark; Victor Prendinger of Jersey City, N. J.; and John Schmidt of First Union City, N. J.; trustee, Frank Hickman of Jersey City.

In answer to the roll-call, 261 voices, representing 13 of the 16 societies, replied with original or standard hymns or Bible verses. The newly elected officers were presented to the audience, and Mr. Alfred F. Orthner made special reference to another placard on which was inscribed, "LIVING FOR JESUS."

A special feature was a farewell to the new missionaries to the Cameroons in Africa, the Rev. and Mrs. George A. Dunger, both members of the Immanuel Society, and the latter the recording secretary for 1936-37. Expressions of praise and goodwill were followed by the gift of a Bible to Mrs. Dunger. Both responded in words which deeply touched all present, revealing their sincerity, depth of feeling, and courage as they leave homes, kindred and friends in answer to the call of the Master for service in a distant land.

The Rev. John Schmidt of Union City introduced the principal speaker of the evening, the Rev. Enoch Moore, D. D., pastor of the Brookdale Baptist Church of Bloomfield, N. J., who was used of the Holy Spirit to bring an inspirational and very helpful message.

FRED. J. MAEDER, Reporter.



A Group of the Oak Park B. Y. P. U. Before a Recent Trip to Aiken Institute in Chicago.

Central Conference The Festive Anniversary Program of the Oak Park B. Y. P. U.

Celebrating its 47th anniversary, the young people's society of the Oak Park German Baptist Church of Forest Park, Ill., held its annual program on Thursday evening, March 3.

Announced by the melodious strains of the hymn "O, For a thousand Tongues," the program pointed toward a meeting of praise. Harold Johns, president of the society, brought a few words of friendly greeting to the guests. William Grupp, former vice-president of the society, read an appropriate Scripture passage, after which Walter Baumgart, newly elected vice-president, led in prayer. Marie and John Ziesemer then expressed their sentiments in song.

Elsie Dons, former secretary, reported that 21 new members have been added to the membership of the society, and also that the average Sunday evening attendance has rapidly risen from 48 to 55. Out of the 44 Sunday evening services held, 6 were conducted by the young people of our Cicero mission, and 4 were led by outside talent, among which were a group from Aiken Institute, Mrs. Geis of Burma, and Miss Keller of Russia. Unusual programs included an installation service, a young people's church night, and an all high school evening. Included in the report was a record of "Jugendbund" activities which the society has helped to promote.

A report was also made about the young people's choir which sang every Sunday evening during the months of July and August of last year and which now serves every Sunday morning at the Junior church service and once a month on Sunday evening. It is the secretary's report, Alwin Giegler, treasurer, reported the pecuniary

Stolen Gypsy Brides in Bulgaria

By SISTER LYDIA DOELLEFELD of Lom, Bulgaria

GYPSY children in Bulgaria have only an outside chance to develop normally into useful citizens. The chaotic and deplorable conditions, in which they live, are largely responsible for this. Most Gypsy children never go to school or attend school only for a few years. They live in little huts which are often terribly unsanitary and cramped in space. A single room is frequently the bedroom for all the members of a large family. The lack of moral standards on the part of their parents is bound to affect their children. Systematic Christian work among the youth of the Gypsies demands much patience and forbearance in the hope that God will bring our weak efforts to a happy fruition.

The most effective missionary work among the Gypsies which we can do is to influence others by the example of our Christian conduct. The commonplace tasks of every day have to be faced by us with joy and unselfish devotion, so that the eyes of the Gypsies, who are entrusted to us, may be opened to the truth of the gospel.

The Gypsies are still bound by pagan traditions concerning their marriage customs. A young man who is ready for marriage does not have to concern himself about the kind of a wife, which his parents would like to choose for him, or whether or not the girl loves him, but he merely goes out and looks for the girl he wants as his wife. Then he secretly lies in wait for her and finally forces

her to enter the home of his family. From that hour the girl is his wife and can never free herself from the relationship. If a priest has also had a part in the marriage ceremony, then even the parents of the girl cannot change the circumstances.

The stolen bride has to adapt herself to the new and strange family circle. Sometimes the outcome is happy, but more often the results are disastrous for all concerned and especially for the girl. If the marriage does not prove to be a happy one, then the young wife is either driven away from the house or she herself runs away. All this goes to show how disgracefully and despicably the women of this race are considered and treated.

After reading this tragic account of the marriage relationship among the Gypsies this burden of spiritual need may be placed upon the hearts of many readers. Such are

urged to intercede in their prayers for this people that these Gypsies of Bulgaria may come from the darkness of sin and the night of error into the day of light in Jesus Christ.

**Announcement by the Rev. Wm. Kuhn,
Missionary Secretary**

Towards the close of last year a large box of merchandise, consisting of bandages, all kinds of cloth, children's clothes and the like, weighing almost 200 pounds, was sent to our Gypsy missionaries, Sisters Lydia Doellefeld and Emma Hermann.



Sisters Lydia Doellefeld and Emma Herrmann,
Our Missionaries Among the Gypsies of Golinzi, Bulgaria

Remember Your Easter Offering
Palm Sunday, April 10, to Easter Sunday, April 17.