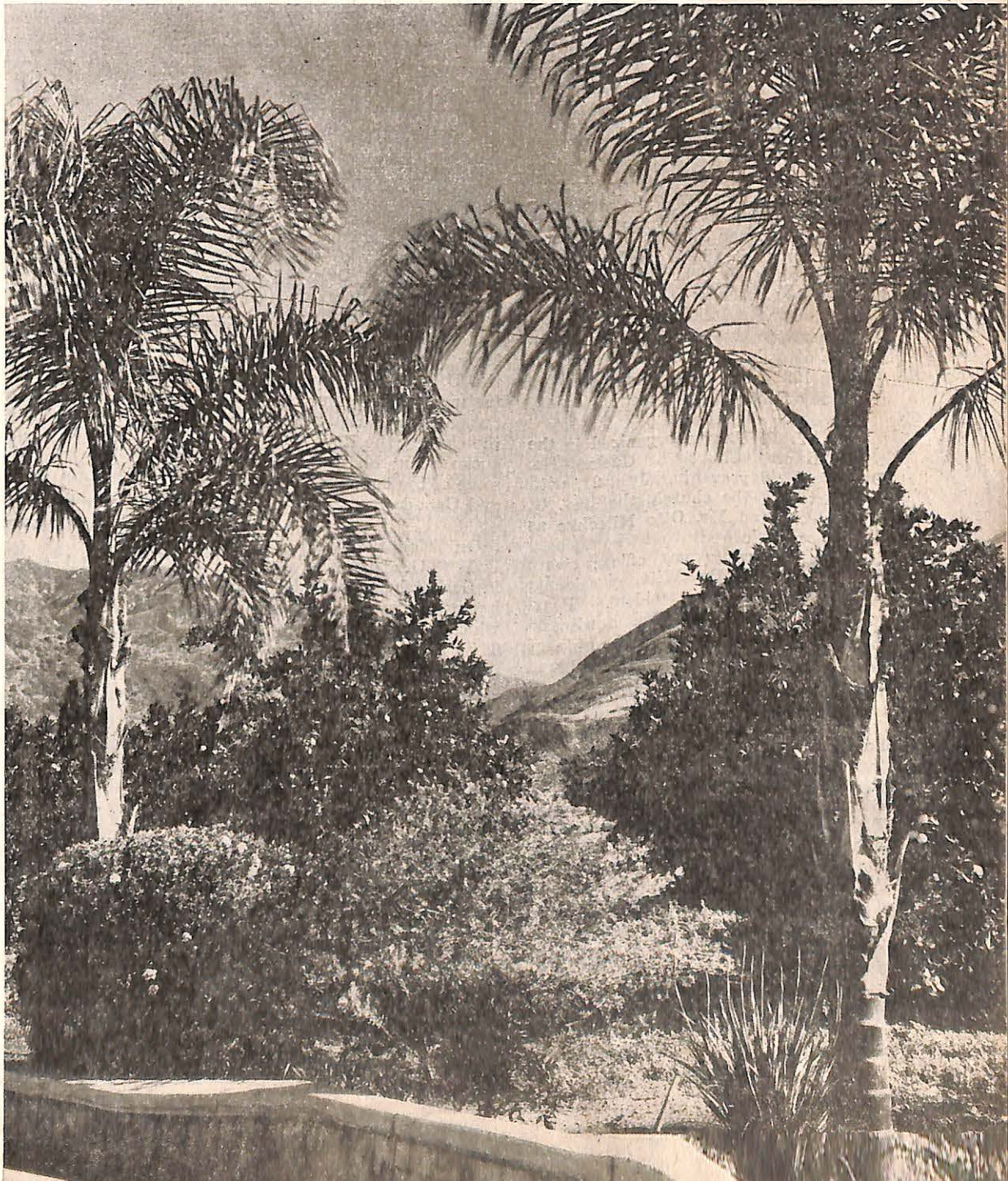


THE BAPTIST HERALD

February 15,
1938



**Tropical Palm Trees,
Luscious Oranges and
Snow-crowned
Mountains in
Southern California
Form an Alluring
Winter Scene for the
Rest of America!**

Courtesy of the Southern
Pacific Railway Lines

What's Happening

The newly elected officers of the B. Y. P. U. of the Jeffers Baptist Church of Minnesota are Dean Hagerman, president; Grace Van Gerpen, vice-president; Margaret Courts, secretary; and Gertrude Smith, treasurer. The pastor of the church, the Rev. Wm. H. Schobert, is giving a Bible study in connection with the regular program of the B. Y. P. U.

❖

The young people's society of the First German Baptist Church of St. Paul, Minn., presented the play, "Fine Gold," at the Watchnight service on New Year's Eve. On Sunday evening, Jan. 23, it was given again in the church before an appreciative audience. The young people taking part in the play were Lena Bartel, LaVerne Benner, Milton Jahn, Harvey Heckmann, Ruth Heckmann, Richard Kampfer, Doris Patet and Irene Pepple.

❖

The German Baptist Church of Ashley, No. Dak., recently held its annual business meeting at which the following officers for the Sunday School were elected: superintendent, A. W. Meidinger; vice-supt., J. Albrecht; secretary, Magdalena Luebeck; treasurer, Fred Spitzer. It was decided to award New Testaments to those pupils who have a perfect attendance record for the year. During 1937 the record attendance for a Sunday School service was 115.

❖

A B. Y. P. U. was organized in the Grace Baptist Church of Gackle, No. Dak., on Friday evening, Jan. 21, with the pastor of the church, the Rev. G. W. Rutsch, and Mr. Otto Nitschke as counsellors. A constitution was adopted and the following new officers were elected: Henry De Witt, president; Arthur Lehr, vice-president; Pearl Lehr, secretary; and Mrs. Ferdinand Mogck, treasurer. The membership of the society at its beginning numbered 23 young people.

❖

Evangelistic meetings were recently held for two weeks in the German Baptist Church of Scottsbluff, Neb., with the Rev. Frederick Alf of Linton, No. Dak., conducting the meetings. On Thursday evening, Jan. 20, a baptismal service was held attended by more than 400 people, in which the Rev. F. Alf baptized 11 persons. These and another person were received into the fellowship of the church. The Scottsbluff Church is without the services of a regular pastor at present.

❖

The Rev. F. H. Heinemann recently presented his resignation to the Minnetrista Church near St. Bonifacius,

Minn., and has already retired from the active pastorate. He began his ministry in Ontario in June, 1888, and has been in full-time Christian service for almost 50 years. For 36 years he was pastor of the Minnetrista Church of Minnesota, beloved by all who knew him and his beneficent ministry. May God richly bless the fruitful service of such devoted ambassadors of his as Brother Heinemann!

❖

The choir of the Calvary Baptist Church of Killaloe, Ontario, Canada, was organized last September by the pastor of the church, the Rev. Edgar Klatt, who is also the director of the choir. Its ministry of music has been a great inspiration to the entire church. Recently the church choir rendered a musical program before a large audience of 300 people. The orchestra under the direction of Miss Adelaide Klatt also rendered several selections. Miss Phyllis Ristow is the secretary of the choir.

❖

On Sunday evening, Jan. 9, the young people's society of the Baptist church in Cathay, No. Dak., gave a program on "God's Beauty of Nature in the United States." Mr. and Mrs. Albert Reddig spoke of their experiences in their recent trip of 9,000 miles through the U. S. (See the articles by them featured in this issue of the "The Baptist Herald." Editor.) The pastor of the church, the Rev. A. Ittermann, also spoke about an earlier trip of his to some of the beautiful parks of the U. S. and Canada.

❖

On Monday evening, Jan. 10, the B. Y. P. U. of the East Ebenezer Church in Saskatchewan, Canada, held its first business meeting of the new year, at which the new officers were installed. They are as follows: Sylvia Katzberg, president; Mrs. M. Pachal, vice-president; Gertrude Hoffman, secretary; Andy Dreger, ass't secretary; Reinhold Bohn, treasurer; Alice Zimmer, first pianist; Gertrude Hoffman, second pianist; Irene Bohn, third pianist. The Rev. A. Rosner is the pastor of the church.

❖

The North Avenue Church of Milwaukee, Wis., has appointed Miss Hazel Kilinski as "Missionary Reporter" for the Church School. She will visit each department of the Sunday School at least every two months and report about the progress made on our various mission fields. She will use our publications and "Missions" as source material for her talks. This unusual plan deserves earnest consideration by

other churches of the denomination. The Rev. E. J. Baumgartner is the pastor of the church.

❖

On Sunday evening, Jan. 2, the Laurelhurst Church of Portland, Oregon, began a series of weekly radio broadcasts over station KXL from 9:30 to 9:45 A. M. A brief but very impressive religious program is presented by the church at that time. The Rev. F. W. Mueller, pastor of the church, brings a brief message assisted by the following choirs consecutively: the church choir, directed by William Freitag; the young men's chorus, directed by Alvin Arndt; the young ladies' chorus, directed by Olga Arndt.

❖

A B. Y. P. U. was recently organized by the young people of the Connors Avenue Baptist Church of Detroit, Mich., with the counsel of their pastor, the Rev. Wm. Hoover. The following young people were elected to office: Miss Margaret Yackle, president; Mr. G. Wahl, vice-president; Miss Elfrieda Yackle, secretary; Mr. Wm. Faust, treasurer; and Miss Lillie Hoover, reporter. The society has a total of 30 members at present. May the first year of service of this B. Y. P. U. prove to be abundantly fruitful!

❖

The Rev. A. Stelter, pastor of the German Baptist Church of Plevna, Mont., for the past 4 years, presented his resignation to the church on Sunday, Jan. 16, and accepted the call extended to him by the church in American Falls, Idaho. Mr. Stelter will begin his ministry on the new field on April 1. Following an impressive Watchnight service a week of revival meetings was held early in January, in which 7 persons confessed their faith in Christ, their Savior. The Rev.

(Continued on Page 73)

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Number Four

EDITORIAL

CRITICISM plays a significant role in the story of mankind. Its constructive use is to be welcomed in the affairs of men. It is often the initiator of progress. It checks the haughty and humbles the proud. It is frequently a standard for self-improvement. Criticism of such a wise and helpful kind is one of God's blessings for human life.

But so little criticism is of this type. It is too often the painful sting of someone's malicious words of spiteful gossip. Frequently it would never have been expressed if all the facts of the story or background had been known. Certain selfish or envious motives often mark such criticism as destructive. This kind of petty, harmful criticism, like weeds in a flower garden, should be rooted out of every Christian circle.

"The Baptist Herald" dares to call a moratorium on that latter kind of criticism! For the duration of the next few years, at least, let us call a halt on any kind of criticism, in which we may be inclined to take part, which may injure another or the prosperity of the group. Such a moratorium on criticism should apply to the local church just as much as to the denomination as a whole.

Moratoriums are usually instituted in times of crisis and emergency. Such a critical period is facing our beloved denomination. Profound changes are occurring all around us. Some of the leadership, upon which we have relied so gloriously in the past, is passing into new hands. The heritage of bygone days is often neglected and sometimes cast aside. It is a time of stress and strain when the best of man's intelligence and the utmost of God's grace need to be the full measure of every German Baptist.

Our words shall be more pointed regarding such a moratorium on criticism. It should be a sacrilege for any member to speak ill of the person of his or her minister. If you have something

upon your heart which will benefit the church and its ministry, go in a loving spirit and talk it over with your pastor. In such a time when the gospel of Christ ought to be preached with great joy and power, no minister's efforts ought to be weakened by the critical barbs of the members of his own household of faith.

We shall go a step farther. It ought to be regarded as treason for one minister of the denomination to malign another minister. "United we stand, divided we fall" is an old proverb. Its application to our denominational life is essential for our future existence. To be sure, our ministers do not all think alike in many matters, but in the essentials of faith there is a great common bond in Christ, the Savior. Above everything else, the fellowship of love, hallowed by the spirit of Christ, should sweeten the relationships of servants of God with one another. Criticism should be pushed into the background as esteem and recognition became foremost.

In emergencies dictatorships are usually established. That means the forcible closing of every door to all criticism. In Christian circles such action should never be necessary. The dictum of life for the Christian should be: "I resolve to let love dictate!" In understanding of all the circumstances, in sympathetic fellowship with others, in recognition of one's own weaknesses, let each one of us resolve to see only the best in the other and to "esteem the other better than himself."

One of the finest tributes accorded the early Christians was spoken by an avowed enemy of the Church when he said: "How the Christians love each other!" That spirit should so characterize our lives that others will be led to say similar things about our Christianity. Negatively expressed, we shall have to call a moratorium on all criticism of harmful intent. Positively expressed, we shall have to love one another sincerely and so fulfill the law of Christ!

On Top of the World

This uplifting and inspiring sermon was originally delivered by the minister of the Fleischmann Memorial Church of Philadelphia, Pa., at one of the sunrise services in Portland. Upon numerous requests of young people, it is herewith published for the larger circle of "Baptist Herald" readers.

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



Photo by Norman J. Boehm of Detroit, Mich.

Pinnacle Peak in Glacier National Park—"On Top of the World" in the Rockies!

"This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith." 1. John 5:4.

DEEP within the heart of everyone there is the desire to be a conqueror. Everyone of us wants to be a victor. There is no normal human being who would love defeat more than victory. We all like to be on the winning side. I remember that as a little boy when the boys of the neighborhood got together for a game of ball and when the sides were chosen, we all wanted to be on the winning side. If we happened to be selected by the side that was most likely to lose, we were very disappointed. The taste of triumph is delightful in our lives. We love the laurels of victory. If we could have our choice, we would choose every time to be a winner and a conqueror.

The Will to Win

There are numerous things in life that we would like to conquer. There are a number of victories that we would like to win. But the thing that we would like to conquer most of all is life itself. If we could have the victory over life, our deepest desires would be satisfied. Life presents itself to us as a kind of struggle. In the words of the apostle Paul it is a "fight," and all of us want to fight such a good fight that, when it is over, we will be the winner. None of us wants to go down in defeat. We want to live victoriously and triumphantly. Putting it into the language of a secular song of some years ago, we want to live so victoriously that we can actually "sit on top of the world."

Most of us have been on a high summit where we are truly above the world, where the world in which we ordinarily live is far below. But this matter of being on top of the world can be more than a purely physical experience. It can likewise be a spiritual experience. The secret of that spiritual conquest is to be found in the familiar words of John, "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith." Do we want to be victors and conquerors? Do we want to

live triumphantly, on top of the world? We can do that very thing through faith, through faith in Jesus Christ, our Lord and Master.

The Victorious Christ

Jesus himself was a conqueror. His entire life was a conquering life. Even as a babe he was a conqueror. Lying in a crude manger, wrapped in swaddling clothes, he conquered the mighty and bloodthirsty Herod. In his youth and young manhood he conquered the deadly thrusts of his tempter. Whenever temptation presented itself, there was always the power to say, "Get thee behind me, Satan." During his public ministry Jesus conquered his enemies. There were many who tried to trap him and bring him to judgment, but every time he turned the tables and recorded a victory for himself. At the end of his ministry he achieved the greatest victory of all. His enemies nailed him to a cruel cross, but, surely enough, just as he had predicted, he used the cross to demonstrate his real power to the world. He survived the crucifixion to the utter amazement of those who had boasted of their malicious success. Breaking forth triumphantly from the tomb on the resurrection morn he gained the victory for all time over death and the grave.

The same Christ is still conquering today. Even now he goes from victory to victory. In all parts of the world his triumphs are being registered. All of these present conquests point toward the time when the victory will be complete, when he will truly be the King of kings and Lord of lords. Jesus Christ was and still is a conquering Christ. And when his followers have an absolute faith in him, when they are fully imbued with his conquering spirit, they, too, can become conquerors and literally live on top of the world.

If that is true, then, what are some of the things in the world that we can conquer? In what manner can we live above the world?

Rising Above Sorrow

Through faith, first of all, we can overcome

our sorrows and live above our disappointments. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow in writing of the rainy day said that "into each life some rain must fall, some days must be dark and dreary." How true that is! There is rain in every life, and often it is not only rain that comes but veritable storms and cloudbursts. Frequently the rain comes, not in little showers, but in surging floods. No life is exempt. All of us have our sorrows and griefs, our heartaches and disappointments, our pains and misfortunes.

But how differently human beings react to those things. There are those who will allow their experiences to overwhelm and defeat them. As soon as misfortune of any kind rears its head, they fall before its onslaught. To make matters worse for themselves they become cynical and scornful of the higher things in life. They even go so far as to reject God, accusing him of sending misfortune upon them.

That is never the attitude of the Christian, of the one who has a genuine faith in Jesus Christ. The Christian takes his misfortune and conquers it through the strength that has been given to him by his faith. Robert Louis Stevenson at one time said, "For fourteen years I have never had a real day's health. I have written in bed, and written out of it. I have written in sickness, written in hemorrhages, written when torn by coughing, written when my head swam from weakness." That was the lot of the great literary genius. Yet his weak physical condition never caused him to despair. His real faith was revealed later when he wrote, "No man can call his life a success until he can write at the top of it, 'God'."

The apostle Paul likewise knew what it meant to suffer hardship and misfortune. But in spite of it all he could say, "I have learned in whatever state I am to be content. . . I can do all things through Christ who strengthens me . . . all things work together for good to them that love God." We can be conquerors and victors, too, through that same faith. Through faith in Jesus Christ we can live above the disappointments and misfortunes of the world.

Conquering Sin

Again, through faith in Jesus Christ we can overcome our lower selves. All of us have two natures within us. We all know both a Dr. Jekyll and a Mr. Hyde. The tragedy is, however, that so often it is the lower of the two natures that dominates our lives. So frequently it is the sinful self rather than the righteous self that rules and controls our actions. Because that lower self has so much power and control, we have our shortcomings and failures, our errors and mistakes. It is because of that lower self that we must include ourselves in the pronouncement of the apostle when he says, "all have sinned and come short of the glory of God."

But mere desire will never eliminate that sinful, lower self. There is only one way to blot it out of our lives, and that is through faith in Jesus Christ. It can only be conquered and overcome through faith in the cleansing, forgiving, and purifying power of the Lord and Master. The miracle cannot be performed by ourselves. Through him alone who has the power to redeem can we become conquerors and victors. Through faith in the redeeming Christ, we can overcome our sinful selves and live on top of the world.

Overcoming the World

Once more, through faith in Jesus Christ we can overcome the unrighteousness of the world. An Old Testament prophet once said, "It is not by might, nor by power, but by the spirit of the Lord." What a measure of truth he uttered! Unrighteousness is in the world. But how often we try to overcome it in the wrong manner. Our usual method is by might and power; we resort to force and coercion. Yet the only way in which unrighteousness will ever be overcome is through the spirit of the Lord. Through faith in Jesus Christ, and through the application of his spirit, we can overcome the world.

Do we want a world in which love rules instead of hate, in which there will be brotherhood instead of malice and bitterness? Do we want a world in which selfishness will give place to generosity, in which men will think of others as well as of themselves? Do we want a world where injustice will be replaced by fairness and equality? Do we want a world in which peace will reign instead of war, in which men will live together as brothers and not as animals? We can have such a world. "This is the victory that overcomes the world, even our faith." Through faith in him, and through diligent application of his spirit, we can conquer every form of unrighteousness to be found in the world. With men it is impossible, but with him it is possible. If God is for us, who can be against us?

The Secret of This Faith

We can become conquerors. That deepest desire within us for victory and triumph can be fully satisfied. If we have faith in the conquering Christ, we can truly live on top of the world. And how do we receive that conquering faith? Simply by yielding ourselves fully and completely to the mastery of the Master. He must have a conquest in our hearts first before we in turn can live victoriously.

We have the desire to be conquerors, yet that desire cannot be satisfied until we are first conquered by Christ. Unless he has mastered us, we cannot become the masters of life. If we yield ourselves wholeheartedly, completely, entirely, thoroughly, unreservedly to him, he will become our Master. Then we through faith in him can have the triumph of conquest, and, in the truest sense of the word, live on top of the world.

Honeymooning Across the Continent

Between Nov. 6 and Dec. 23 of last year these two young people of Cathay, No. Dak., made a honeymoon trip of 9000 miles touching almost every state in the Union. Their thrilling experiences are described in the following articles with youthful zest, interpreting America for the reader with keen understanding and sympathy. Mrs. Reddig is secretary of the National Young People's and Sunday School Workers' Union.

By MR. ALBERT E. REDDIG of Cathay, North Dakota

Travel, as a means of broadening one's horizon and giving one a new point of view, has no substitute. More than that, it does away with misunderstandings and prejudices, and helps one better to appreciate the problems of the other person. I had experienced all this before, but on this new venture when my time was only half mine, the experience took on a new aspect.

Leaving the North Central States almost in cold storage, we headed toward the rising sun and the industrial East. As we crossed quickly from state to state, scarcely knowing when the transition had occurred, I could not help thinking how fortunate we are to be able to travel so freely. Never a passport to show—no baggage to inspect—(even the Canadian officer at Niagara Falls waved us by with a mere "Honeymooners?")—no questions asked! On

millions of people, who cannot afford the luxury of country homes where they can enjoy fresh air and sunshine, must live in such restricted quarters. We plainsmen feel rich in comparison. The Easterners are very eccentric in their work and thinking. Many do not seem to realize that their very livelihood is dependent upon raw material from the middle west and south. But I like the East. I like New York City. It's mighty! It almost made me search my cuffs for hayseeds! For a genuine thrill I suggest taking a drive down Broadway toward the lower end of Manhattan Island about nine o'clock in the morning when all the transportation facilities, subways, buses, autos, pour forth masses of people on their way to work. Old Me-
thusalem would never have reached a ripe old age in New York, I'll wager!

boys play hooky in order to go fishing. But then, possibly our Congressmen were busy on Wall Street.

Just a few hours' drive south of Washington, D. C., brought us into the "land of corn and cotton" with a few tobacco fields here and there and later pines and more pines. I learned that the "Sunny South" has a two-fold meaning. It is warm and bright compared with the cold gray of the smoky industrial centers. But more than that, it is southern hospitality that makes the South "sunny." I like the South. The Southerners have more time than we restless Northerners, which is apparent from their very drawls in many instances. Even southern rivers seem to be in no hurry to get anywhere. The get-rich-quick fever never seems to afflict Southerners as is evidenced in the content of many to live in what we term "shacks." But who has not yet longed to live in a cabin in the South? It would be a fine lesson in relaxation for us.

As we drove along we heard news flashes on our radio from time to time telling us of the happenings in Congress—we had been there only a few hours before—and I thought what a small world it is! What progress man has made!

From the swamps in northern Florida we coursed west through land that had yielded rich rice crops, and where the harvest of sugar cane was in full swing. We were soon in what is now known as the dust bowl of the southwest. Here gravity seems to lose its grip on the redish soil occasionally, and everything seems "gone with the wind." We found it most interesting gradually to drive toward a higher and higher elevation after crawling along the very rim of the Gulf of Mexico. Once in Central Texas we breathed in the high dry air with the genuine pleasure of breathing North Dakota air. Ah! here were wide open spaces!

Each state has something different to offer tourists. Even a huge cactus in mid-desert added something to my store of memories which can never be erased. The Grand Canyon in Arizona because of its vastness is breathtaking. It will be many a year before man can make such excavations of beauty—even with W. P. A. labor.

California is the state where "un-

usual weather" always seems to be let loose. It abounds in scenic spots, many of which were there long before man. But all that glistens is not gold—and that goes for the other forty-seven states as well. I like the West. California may well boast of her redwoods, the world's largest bridges, Hollywood and her weather. But with all her weather, she has nothing that compares with springtime in the North when all the earth blossoms forth into life after its white silence and frigid temperatures. Our spicy changes are so invigorating and are certainly not monotonous. Now before I leave California, I have a complaint to register against the Pacific ocean. It may be called "the peaceful" and have a repu-

tation for being placid, but it, too, chose to be the "unusual" on the day I chose to go deep-sea fishing. Such luck! I didn't even get a good fish story that day!

Oregon and Washington proved interesting because of their variety of industries and unequalled natural beauty. Along with the famous California, these states possess scenery that cannot be described. It must be seen to be appreciated. The Columbia River road is incomparable! The mountains of the west are magnificent—even more captivating in winter than in summer.

As we turned east once more and were on the home stretch, time passed so slowly. Although we found North Dakota well covered with snow, we re-

turned with the satisfaction that other pastures are not always greener. Ours is now a deeper appreciation of our vast country. The East which supplies most of our manufactured goods—including laws—means more to me now. My cotton overalls will always remind me of the South. Sugar has a new significance now that I've seen the cane being harvested and sugar beets transformed into crystals of sweetness. Most fruit will taste better to me, for I've seen how it grows. The oil fields from Pennsylvania to California have impressed on me the size of our oil industry. The network of rivers, the mountains, the deserts, of which my geography books told me, have come to life for me. I repeat again, "Travel has no substitute."

The Religious Pulse of the Nation

By MRS. FREDA KLEIN REDDIG of Cathay, North Dakota

If in maidenly fancy I had dreams of being carried away to Bermuda, Hawaii, or gay Paris by some fair Prince Charming, I forgot them all when my husband tossed me into a Chevrolet car along with the rest of the luggage, and took to the wheel, bent on showing me America first. And America proved to be very interesting and exciting! He took me East, then took me South. He showed me the West and the North. Not content with constant travel in the faithful Chevrolet he took me to sea, and up in the air. And when traveling days were done, I had learned one thing—"Travel East or travel West, but after all, home's the best."

To the hero of our venture, I have left the task of relating specific details, while I elaborate on one single phase of our journeys.

Among other things, I observed that America is essentially religious-minded, if the number of churches and church-goers throughout the land is indicative of the nation's religious pulse. The length and breadth of the land is full of churches, small and large. In every New England town a gleaming white church with stately spire greets the tourist's eye. The larger cities of our country—New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Detroit—as well as smaller cities can well be proud of their numerous churches, some world-renowned. They stand as great monuments of the Christian cause. By their very structure they are awe-inspiring. No one can escape some measure of reverence by merely crossing the threshold of such a cathedral as the Riverside Church in New York, Salt Lake's unique Temple of Latter Day Saints, or the First Baptist Church of Dallas, Texas, made famous by the preaching of Dr. George W. Truett.

To see people from every walk of life flocking to church on a Sunday—be it in cosmopolitan New York or



Mr. Reddig and a Giant Cactus of Arizona

the Sunny South—be they aristocrats or a band of boisterous Negro children with shiny black faces—is in itself a profound inspiration. America still needs and wants religion. And that is significant. To feel a part of that great throng of worshippers is a vital incentive.

The South seems bodily religious. In certain sections, notably Georgia, the tourist is impressed with the native religious sentiment by the numerous signs along the highways such as, "Tomorrow may find you in heaven or hell," or "Jesus is coming, are you ready?" Significant, too, are signs on churches, as for instance, "The House of Prayer for all People" and "The man who is too busy to serve God, is too busy." From that one gathers that many a Southerner, who may be poor

in earthly goods, is rich in spiritual possessions.

Another type of American worship that is particularly interesting because of its bearing on the early religious life of the Indians of our country is found in the scattered group of old Spanish Missions, notably in southern California. Their very structure bespeaks tradition and history. To view the crumbling walls of such a mission makes one think of Christianity as "towering o'er the wrecks of time" though walls may fall in ruin.

If the handiwork of man induces worship and reverence, how much more does the mighty handiwork of God in nature exalt the souls of mortals—if they have eyes that see, and ears that hear! God HAS made America beautiful! Perhaps no country in the world surpasses our own in its variety of scenery. To me, viewing a mountain whose snow-laden peak reaches far into the blue of the heavens, glorified by the setting sun, is more awe-inspiring than anything within the power of man to produce. It does one good to gaze up at a mountain, to look over the precipice of a seemingly bottomless canyon, to stand beside a mighty redwood tree or a rushing waterfall. It is then that one realizes the true worth of the Psalmist's immortal words: "What is man that thou art mindful of him?" How great is God! How small are we!

Such have been some of the impressions which have come to me on this trips of ours through the United States.

May the religious principles and the spirit of worship upon which America was founded ever live in the hearts of her people! May the sacred edifices throughout our land be more than just churches! In them may we ever worship God "in spirit and in truth" to the end that we do our share to make this a better world in which to live.



Mr. and Mrs. Albert E. Reddig on Their Extended Trip Through the United States.

such wonderful roads, with so much information available just for the asking, travel is made so easy. Nowhere in the world can people travel more comfortably than on the American continent.

I like the East, for it speaks distinctly and loudly of man's accomplishments. Its mechanical pulsation, the din of the cities, the gigantic erection of buildings, the speed of it all, make one marvel at man's power. Where Nature was kind with scenic spots, man has improved on them leaving his mechanical imprint. City traffic demands that one either be quick or be dead. To me it seems a pity that the

The nation's capitol, Washington, D. C., impressed me with its beauty and carefully planned construction and location of buildings. I dare say, judging from outward appearances, that it is a model capitol city. It has a multitude of interests, and tourists are made to feel that each government building is essentially theirs. The stately capitol building itself, symbolic of prestige and distinction, loses much of those attributes when one sees the apparent negligence with which the people's representatives treat vital issues of government. Viewing Congress from the galleries above reminded me of a school-room in spring when most

Children's Page

Edited by MRS. JOSEPHINE M. RAUSCHER of Newark, New Jersey

The March of the Letter Carriers

Over hill, over dale, we will hit the dusty trail,
While our satchels we carry along,
Though our load is far from light,
And the sun is hot and bright,
We will go on our way with a song.

So it's Hi Hi He, in the free delivery,
Keep on the job good and strong.
For through rain and snow,
The mail will always go,
So we travel our route with a song.

Let it freeze, let it blow, we are always on the go;
For the mail must be always on time.
While our load is getting light,
And the dogs will often bite,
You will still find us singing this rhyme.

So it's Hi Hi He, in the free delivery,
We keep in time with this song.
And so every day,
Go the men in gray,
While our satchels we carry along.
BASIL R. JORDAN.

The Violin

Little Franz loved music better than anything else in the world. Never was he happier than when he was listening to the racing, tumbling, joyous notes of the piano next door, or to the soft, melodious tones of the violin, gently creeping into his heart, and making him stretch out his hands longingly. Oh, if he could only have a violin of his own! That lovely, shiny one he had seen in the pawnshop window would be just fine. And it was marked only four dollars!

But there—what was the use of thinking about it? It might just as well be forty dollars as four. Mother was so poor, she could hardly manage to buy food to eat and clothes to wear, much less buy a violin.

Little Franz walked disconsolately down the street, thinking of that other Franz—Franz Schubert, about whom his teacher had been telling them. He had been poor, too; so poor that he could not even buy music paper to write down the lovely melodies he was always composing. But he did not become discouraged. He kept right on thinking about his music and planning new songs. Then, one day, a good friend heard of his trouble, gave him some music paper, and started him writing some of those wonderful melodies we love to hear and sing.

"Perhaps," thought little Franz, "I'll get a chance someday, too."

So he lifted his head, smiled happily,



It's a Big Event When the Postman Brings Some Mail for the Kiddies!
The Letter Carrier is Mr. Charles Remus of Forest Park, Illinois.

and stepped along the road more vigorously.

Suddenly his foot struck something. He looked down; why someone had dropped a wallet! He quickly picked it up and examined it. Inside he found a ten dollar bill and a card with the address, Mr. George Swan, 14 Dewey St.

"Why, that isn't far from here," thought Franz. "I'll take it right over there now." And off he started.

"Hold on there," whispered a squeaky little voice, "don't go so fast. Pretty nice to have a ten dollar bill, isn't it?"

"Who are you?" asked little Franz. "Oh I'm Mr. Tempter," answered the voice. "I live right around the corner." "Well, go away. I don't like you," said little Franz.

"So you're going to take the ten dollars back to Mr. Swan. Ha, ha, what a silly boy! He doesn't need it. He's rich!" sneered Mr. Tempter.

"But it belongs to him," said little Franz.

"Just think what you could do with it," slyly coaxed Mr. Tempter. "That nice shiny violin only costs four dollars."

"Yes, but it isn't my money. I've got to take it back," insisted Franz. "Nobody knows you have it. Mr. Swan will probably never even miss it."

"No, I suppose not. I could buy the violin and have enough left to buy something for mother."

"Sure, you could. Come on, let's get the violin right now."

And Mr. Tempter turned little Franz right around and walked him quickly to the pawnshop.

Yes, there it was in the window. How beautiful it was! How he wanted that violin!

But the money wasn't his!

Suddenly he turned about and said, "I won't do it. You can't make me do it. Go on home, Mr. Tempter. You want me to take something which isn't mine. But I won't do it, I tell you!" And little Franz ran down the road, away from the sly old fellow, as fast as he could. Right to the door of 14 Dewey St. he went, and rang the bell. The maid admitted him, and asked him to wait in the living room.

Little Franz looked timidly around the beautiful room. Suddenly his eyes stopped short. He felt himself begin to tremble. There, just a few feet away, on top of a piano, lay a violin—a beautiful violin.

Slowly Franz walked over, gently picked it up, tenderly held it in his arms a moment, then tucked it under his chin. So absorbed was he that he did not realize Mr. Swan had entered until he heard someone say, "Do you like the violin?"

"Oh," said Franz, "it's just—just— And he could say nothing more.

Now Mr. Swan was a very understanding person, and he soon persuaded little Franz to tell him the whole story.

When it was finished, Mr. Swan drew the boy to him and said, "Little Franz you have proven yourself very trustworthy and honest today. I have another violin which I do not play at present. I am going to let you use it. If you will come here tomorrow morning, I'll give you your first lesson. Would you like that?"

Would he like it? Little Franz could not control his joy. He threw his arms about Mr. Swan, and cried out, "Oh, Mr. Swan, how can I ever thank you?"

"Just by working hard at your music and always remembering to be trustworthy," answered Mr. Swan.

"I will," promised Franz. "Oh, I will!"

February 15, 1938

Daily Meditations

By PROFESSOR LEWIS KAISER of Rochester, N. Y.

Wednesday, February 16

A Fixed Heart

Psalm 57:7—"My heart is fixed, O God, my heart is fixed."

(Read Psalm 57)

If we would be strong to meet life's temptations and its ever changing experiences, our soul must have rootage. Its anchor must grip the rocks in the depths of God's grace. We may still be tossed about on the angry waves, but the anchor will hold. We shall then be unafraid and unmoved.

Prayer: We thank thee, our Father, that by thy strength we can make our lives triumphant over time and place and evil fortune.

Thursday, February 17

Winning the Offender

Matthew 18:15—"If thy brother shall trespass against thee, go and tell him his fault between thee and him alone." (Read Matthew 18:12-18)

Our first reaction to one who offends us is to resent him and resentment that is cherished leads to ill will. Do not accuse before others the one who has wronged you. Do not wait for him to come to you and ask forgiveness. Yours is the initiative. It is your responsibility to win him. Do all you can to that end.

Prayer: Our gracious Master, may we share thy heart of compassion for offenders and may we seek to win them to thee and to Christian fellowship.

Friday, February 18

Hand in Hand with God

Isaiah 41:13—"For I the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, Fear not; I will help thee." (Read Isaiah 41:8-17)

Can you do without God? Are you so certainly the master of your fate, that you can afford to ignore his guidance? Can you face, without it, all that life brings? No, a thousand times, no! Being what you are—human and far from flawless perfection—it is folly to spurn his outstretched hand.

Prayer: Eternal Father, I need thee every hour. Take my hand into thine and keep me close to thee.

Saturday, February 19

Are You on the Job?

Matthew 20:6, 7—"Why stand ye all the day idle? . . . Go ye also into the vineyard."

(Read Matthew 20:1-16)

Dear Christian, why do you stand idle? Is it because of self-depreciation? That may be false humility. Or is it because of indifference? Go, work

in the Lord's vineyard. The Christian life is not passive, static, but dynamic, ever active. The Lord has need of you. And you have need of the stimulus, not only of his fellowship, but of his service, too.

Prayer: I will obey thy call, dear Master. Use me in whatever way I can serve thee best.

Sunday, February 20

The Vision of the King

Isaiah 6:5—"For mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of hosts." (Read Isaiah 6:1-8)

That vision had a marvelous effect upon the prophet; it humbled him: "I am a man of unclean lips." It brought cleansing: "the live coal from the altar." It attuned his open ear to God's call: "I heard the voice of the Lord." It resulted in wholehearted surrender: "Here am I, send me." Thus, the vision became the task.

Prayer: Lord of my life, open my eyes that I may see thee. Touch my heart that I may feel thee. Command my will that I may obey thee.

Monday February 21

Honor to Whom Honor is Due

Philippians 2:29—"Receive him therefore in the Lord with all gladness; and hold such in reputation (honor)."

(Read Philippians 2:25-30)

Paul knew how to recognize the personal worth and the devoted self-sacrificing service of such co-workers as Epaphroditus, who had staked his life, not on personal gain—as the prospector for gold or oil—but on the name of the Lord Jesus. We, too, honor such and all the more, because they do not seek honor.

Prayer: May we appreciate, dear Lord, those who take great risks for the sake of serving thee. Make us, too, more venturesome for thee and thy gospel.

Tuesday, February 22

The Nation's Heritage

Genesis 12:2—"I will bless thee, and make thy name great; and thou shalt be a blessing."

(Read Genesis 12:1-7)

A nation's great heritage is its great men. Washington and Lincoln are the embodiment of the highest ideals of our people. They had the qualities of great leadership such as dignity, wisdom, sympathy, courage and reverence. God called them for a mighty purpose and made them a blessing to all the world.

Prayer: God of our fathers, we thank

thee for the noble men to whom we owe this wise founding of the state. Bless our country, its rulers and its people!

Wednesday, February 23

Repent Ye!

Matthew 3:2—"Repent ye; for the Kingdom of heaven is at hand." (Read Matthew 3:1-9)

To repent is not simply to be sorry for our wrongdoing, although there is no true repentance without sorrow and regret. Repentance implies a changed mind, a right-about-face for our soul, a new outlook. Nor is it an act accomplished once for all at the beginning of the Christian life. It is rather a spiritual attitude that we carry continually with us as a habit of the soul.

Prayer: Lord, thou desirest truth in our inward parts. Our failures lie in ourselves, not in our surroundings and our circumstances. Change our character!

Thursday, February 24

The World for Christ

Psalm 72:2—"He shall have dominion also from the sea and from river to river unto the ends of the earth."

(Read Psalm 72:7-15)

The hope and outlook of Christianity are as wide as the world. Our God is not a tribal deity, but the Father of mankind. This is the fundamental postulate of Christian missions. We are to work with God in extending his sway in human life out to the last man and to the last nation and to the last social institution.

Prayer: Father of mankind, give us the vision of the world's need and let us share with thee the spread of the world's salvation.

Friday, February 25

True Freedom

John 8:31, 32—"Jesus said, If ye continue in my word, then are ye my disciples, indeed, and ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free."

(Read John 8:28-36)

The Christian is not free when he is under the smothering restrictions of law and rule. When he so loves Christ, however, that his own heart prompts him to do things that conform to the will of Christ, then love and grace rule his life; he is free from the tyranny of mere rules.

Prayer: O Lord, lead us into the freedom with which Christ doth make us free.

(Continued on Page 79)



Sunrise

By Mrs. Grace Lionigston 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. With suspicion cast upon the Whitney household, the father tried desperately to prevent a bridge party at the house on the following afternoon. But his wife was determined to go through with her plans. Joyce wondered about her distracted father.

CHAPTER SIX

Was her father really worrying about Jason at last, or was he just angry? Or—were things really worse than she had heard? Was it possible that they had some proof that would incriminate Jason? Oh, God! How mixed life was! What was the meaning of it all? Jason gone and Rowan gone, and no word from either! Father in Heaven give grace! Give strength! Strength not to sink down. Murder and robbery and perplexity, and only a dim memory of strong arms about her, like a dream, and tender lips on hers.

And with her brother under scorn, and distrust, she had to go on fixing silly bridge tables and prizes!

Her head ached in wild throbs, and she felt a great weakness upon her, but she must march on through the hours. She must dress up and smile when the guests came, for so her stepmother ordered, and it was the way to meet the criticism of course. She could recognize that herself, even though she was dazed with sorrow and apprehension.

Excitement and hurry brought the color to her white cheeks at the crucial moment when the members began to arrive, and though they stared at her unmercifully, she met their gaze with a smile, behind which her tortured eyes tried to look out gaily. But she was not doing it because her stepmother had ordered her to take off that woebegone look and act as if noth-

ing was the matter. She was doing it for her brother's sake. People must not think such awful things of Jason. Jason never would have been a party to robbery. He never would have helped to shoot anybody, or beat or gag poor old Sam Paisley whom everybody honored.

What she really feared was that poor foolish Jason had compromised himself by going to Rowley's road house to play pool, and perhaps to dance with a lot of wild young girls. She didn't know that she just feared it. And she feared that because of that they would be unable to clear him from other suspicion.

"Oh, Father!" she prayed, constantly, in her heart, "take Jason's cause and plead it for him. For our dear mother's sake who loved you, don't let my brother be thought guilty! Clear his name, and make him want to do right. For the Lord Jesus' sake who died for him, meet him now wherever he is and make him do the right thing!"

And between times she was showing the ladies up to the guest rooms to lay off their hats and wraps, listening to their exclamations over the new curtains her stepmother was so proud of, escorting them downstairs again, watching their prying glances backward into other rooms whose doors stood open.

"And is that your brother's room?" one bolder than the rest asked. Oh, they were not all cats, just curious, but Joyce was stabbed with every breath and look that showed they were thinking about Jason. She saw it as each one entered the house, that quick, searching look around, and then into her face, as if they would read more than was written behind her heart-breaking smile.

The afternoon dragged its interminable length along, and Joyce watched the intent faces over the game, glad at last for release from merciless inspection. And then came the refreshments, with endless cups of tea and coffee, passing of sandwiches and cake and bonbons. Would they never get enough? What were they waiting for anyway? It was getting dusk. She couldn't remember that they ever stayed so late before.

Her father came in while the last ones were lingering. He did not enter by the front door. She heard him stumbling unaccustomedly up the back stairs to his room. She heard a dull jar as if he flung himself upon his bed. Poor Father! If she only dared go up and

try to comfort him! But that would make her stepmother very angry. She never allowed them to be alone together any more without suffering for it.

If she only dared tell her father that Rowan had gone to find Jason. But that wouldn't do any good, for her father had no use for Rowan. He chose to say that Rowan had led Jason astray. Although he knew absolutely nothing against Rowan. Rowan had been away at college for the past four years, and had been at home now for only a few months. It was just because Rowan had graduated, and Jason had been sent home from college in disgrace at the end of his sophomore year that her father resented Rowan. He had been bitter about it ever since Jason came home and was put to work in the bank.

When the last guest had gone, Mrs. Whitney turned to Joyce complacently. She wanted to drain the last drop of satisfaction out of Joyce in a bit of reminiscing.

"Well, I thought it went off very well, didn't you, Joyce?" she said eyeing the weary girl.

"I thought it was ghastly!" said Joyce with a tremble in her voice, too tired and disheartened to dissemble any longer.

"You thought it was *what*?" said her stepmother instantly infuriated. "Just what about it was so ghastly? I ask you? I demand to know!"

Mrs. Whitney's voice was rising and her face showed excited red blotches on her cheeks. She too was tired, and Joyce was instantly sorry she had spoken. Why did she have to make more trouble? Hadn't they enough?

"Oh, all of it!" she answered wearily, just on the verge of tears. "All their prying eyes, their catty questions, and the way they asked when Jason was coming back!"

"Well, of course I expected that, after the way Jason acted. But Mrs. Bartlett told me she thought I was a very brave woman to go right on and do my duty." Mrs. Whitney's voice was regaining its complacency. "I thought we carried it off very well indeed. If you could just have roused yourself a little more from that lackadaisical attitude."

"Mother, did you know Father was upstairs?" said Joyce suddenly. "Do you think we'd better talk it over now?"

Mrs. Whitney was startled. "What makes you think he is?" she asked sharply. "When did he come in?" "He came in about five minutes ago."

I heard him. He went up the back stairs as if he was very tired. I think from the sound that he lay down on his bed. I shouldn't wonder if he had one of his headaches!"

"Oh, you shouldn't wonder if he had a headache? Strange how your imagination always works for some of your own. You never wonder whether I have a headache, do you? Well, I have a violent one! But no one thinks of me. I must go right on making allowances for everybody else! I must stop talking and—!"

But Joyce could bear no more and she had fled to her own room. A few minutes later when she heard her stepmother come upstairs to her father, she slipped downstairs again and out through the kitchen.

"Aunt Libby," she said as she paused in the doorway, "I'm going out for a little while to get some air. I can't stand it in the house any longer. You tell them if they ask about me that I don't want any more to eat tonight, please, and I'll be in pretty soon."

So she stole way into the darkness, and sat awhile as before, looking at the dying colors in the sky, and watching the light in Hannah Parsons' window, letting her eyes linger wistfully on the dark place where Rowan's window would be, watching the road for a possible car that might come. This was about the time that Rowan came home last night. Oh, that he would come now and bring Jason with him! How all her cares would roll away, and her heart would grow light!

And if he should come, would he ever put his arms about her and kiss her lips again, or was that only to comfort her in her trouble? It wasn't like Rowan to kiss her unmeaningly, but probably it was just to comfort her! She must not let herself get to cherishing that kiss, that thrill that swept over her with such ineffable joy when she thought of his arms about her. He was just being nice and comforting and it was out of all proportion for her to feel so happy about it. "God help me to be right about it!" she breathed softly.

But the night grew dark about her. It was eight o'clock. She could hear the absurd little cuckoo clock that Mrs. Whitney had insisted upon buying, coo out the hour from the parlor mantel. In a short time now they would begin to cry after her, and she would have to go in and account for herself. But she could not spend another night like last night without a word of comfort somewhere. Besides, she was worrying about Hannah! Had Hannah been hearing the rumors, and did she know that they included Rowan too in their ruthless hints? If she did Joyce knew how she would suffer. She had known and loved Hannah for years, ever since she was left a little motherless girl, with no other woman to go to for help and comfort and guidance. Hannah had been as much of a mother to her as

any but an own mother could ever be. And since the advent of the second Mrs. Whitney, she had been a tower of strength to help and advise when things got unbearable. Always she gave sweet gentle advice, urging to patience, to forgiveness, to bearing all things!

Joyce could not bear to think that perhaps this dear woman was enduring the same torture as herself. She must slip over there and look into her face at least, discover whether Rowan had told her where he was going, ask advice what to do in this trying situation.

So, like a shadow she flitted across the meadows again and came to stand where she stood last night waiting for Rowan. But though she waited for almost an hour no Rowan came. There was the bleating of a young lamb, the bawling of a troubled cow, the stirring of the hens in the chicken house. Perhaps they dreamed of rats. She could hear the dogs howling over across the valley, and the neighing of the farmer's horse over at their own barn. The light gleamed sharply from the Widow Lamb's cottage and let out a flood of light, the widow herself sharply defined against it as she stood looking up the hill. Joyce was glad that it was dark and she could not be seen. She withdrew hastily behind the garage, lest the eyes of Widow Lamb's prying little soul should search her out even in the darkness. Then over from behind the hill beyond the Widow's cottage a little piece of a ragged silver moon left over from the month came tottering up agedly and climbed the heaven. Joyce knew that her seclusion would soon be interrupted and that it was time for her to do something. So she crept stealthily to Hannah's door, tapped softly, lifted the latch and stole in.

"Dear child!" said Hannah, softly looking with keen eyes at the white-faced girl. "I wondered where you were and what was happening to you."

"We had a bridge party!" said Joyce making a wry face and venturing a tiny laugh that ended in a choking sob.

Instantly Hannah Parsons' arms were folded about her, and Joyce laid her tired head on the motherly shoulder and thought how like her son's arms, were the mother's. She wondered, too, what Hannah would say if she knew that Rowan had held her close and kissed her before he left.

A long moment they stood in close embrace and then Joyce lifted her face showing wet lashes.

"Do you think my brother did that awful thing?" she asked softly, looking into the kindly old eyes that were yearning over her.

"Why, of course not, child!" said Hannah. "Not any more than you think my boy did it!" She watched the dear young face in her arms and was satisfied as she saw the sweet color flood the whiteness of her cheeks.

Then they both laughed and kissed each other tenderly.

"Of course!" lilted Joyce happily.

"Now sit down child, and let me get you something to eat. I don't believe you've eaten a thing all day."

"I don't remember," gurgled Joyce between laughing and tears.

"Well, what have you been doing with yourself all day? Don't you know when you go through hard things you have to eat to keep up your strength? Come, now, what have you been doing?"

"Having bridge party, I tell you!" and now Joyce was laughing indeed. It was such a relief to be with somebody who understood, and who believed in Rowan and Jason.

"Land-a-massy!" said Hannah reverting to an ancient expletive that her grandmother had used. "Now you don't mean to tell me!"

Hannah Parsons stood back amazed. "Yes!" Joyce assured her solemnly. "Wasn't it awful?"

Hannah looked at the girl thoughtfully.

"I'm not sure but it was a good thing!" she said. "It certainly was a courageous thing for your stepmother to do. But then, of course, she wouldn't feel it the way you and I do. They weren't her sons or brothers. But I admire her courage. I certainly do. All I could think of to do was to make yellow tomato preserve, and I've been giving it all around the neighborhood all day. I think everyone in the immediate neighborhood has been here on some pretext or other, and gone way with a bottle. I'll have to buy a new supply of jars. Everyone except Miss Perkins. I'm expecting her in every minute if she can get her nephew to drive her over. If she comes you creep into the ironing board cupboard and hide."

"Oh, she was at our party!" said Joyce. "She'll be too tired to come to-night."

"All right then, eat your supper in peace. I'll expect her the first thing in the morning. I suppose she thought a bridge party was the best chance to find out things and she knew I wouldn't disappear in the night. Now, draw up to the table, child, and eat. Father hasn't come home yet. He's been down there all day at the bank, working. It seems they've discovered some crooked work, too, in the books. But you needn't start and look white. Jason wasn't a bookkeeper."

"No, he wasn't a bookkeeper," said Joyce with relief, "but you can't tell what they'll try to hang unto him. Everybody always had it in for my poor naughty little brother, and he seemed to think he had to live up to their idea of him. It made him so mad to be suspected of things, that he just went and did other things to make them think he was awful! I don't understand it in him, but I guess maybe that's like Father. Father always says he doesn't care what people think, but I think he does."

"Yes, everybody cares," said Han-

nah wisely. "How is your father feeling about it?"

"Awful!" said Joyce. "He blames everybody, and blames Jason most of all for being what he is, and then if anybody blames Jason he turns right around and defends him."

"Of course he would," brooded Hannah. "He's his own son! It must be awfully hard for him."

"Thank you for saying that," said Joyce. "Everybody else is so hard on Father! Of course Father is hard on everybody, but then, I can't help feeling sorry for him."

"Yes," said Hannah, and then they were both still, knowing that they were both thinking of reasons why they were sorry for him, but reasons that they would never mention to one another.

Suddenly the girl looked up.

"You haven't—heard—from Rowan yet?"

"No," said Hannah with a confident sigh, "but it's going to be all right! I'm sure. I've been praying all day, and I'm quite satisfied about it."

"Yes," said Joyce wistfully, as if she wished she had such an assurance. "But—there's something I must tell you. I've been worrying all day whether I ought to let you know or not."

Hannah looked up with quick apprehension.

"Certainly tell, dear! You know there must be nothing between us two. Anything you say to me will be perfectly safe, you know."

"Of course," said Joyce with a flash of trust in her eyes. "It's not that. It's that—I am to blame—for Rowan being in this at all, I guess. Oh, I shouldn't have done it, but I didn't know what to do or whom to ask, and nobody was caring, not even Father! He was only angry at Jason."

A flicker of understanding came into the woman's eyes.

"Tell me everything, Joyce. I'll understand," she said quietly.

The girl drew a deep breath and looked up.

"Rowan didn't know Jason had gone off till I told him," she said. "I slipped over here last night just at dusk and waited by the fence for Rowan to drive in, and then I called to him, and asked him if he had seen Jason. That's all I meant to do. I had hoped that Jason went with him."

"Yes, that's what I thought it was," said Hannah with a sigh of relief. "I knew it was something good and right."

"Of course it would be!" said Joyce loyally. "But you act as if you knew all the time. Did Rowan tell you when he went into the house?"

"No, he didn't have time. He tried to get up to his room and down again without me seeing him. I expect he was afraid he'd have to take too much time to explain, but of course I heard him. I haven't been listening for his step for twenty-one years without recognizing it, even when he takes his shoes off and goes upstairs in his stock-

ing feet. But there I stood. So he just smiled and said he had to go out in a hurry and he couldn't tell me about it but I might trust him. So I've trusted him. I gave him a couple of thrown-together sandwiches in a bag and he went. Just told me to explain to his father that it was something he would do if he were in his place, and went. I'm glad it was for you he went, Joyce. I'm glad he has gone after Jason. But—where do you suppose he has gone? How would he know where to find him?"

"He said he had an idea—" said Joyce. "I haven't been able to think where it would be. Something Jason had once said, I gathered. But I haven't dared to think it through with so many rumors going around. I just wouldn't let such thoughts even pass through my mind. I am sure they didn't go to Rowleys. Everybody seems to think—! But what's the use? Rowan told me not to worry. that he would bring him back, and I'm not going to worry. Only, now and then I can't help thinking—what if those Rowleys have somehow got it in for the boys and will do them some harm?"

"There, now, child, just you put them into the Father's care as I have. 'Casting all your cares upon him, for he careth for you.' That's what he's told us to do. You and I are both his children, his saved ones, and we have a right to rest on his promises and not be afraid."

"But—does that count when we're trusting for the boys? I don't know about Rowan. He never talks much about such things, but I'm quite sure Jason isn't saved yet."

"I'm afraid Rowan isn't walking as close to the Lord as he should be," said his mother sadly. "When he was a little boy I used to be sure he was saved, but since he's grown up and been away to college he seems quite different, and I can't seem to get beneath his reserve. He joined the church, you know, when he was about fifteen, but I am not sure how much it meant to him."

Joyce was still while she ate the tempting supper that Hannah had spread before her. At last she said hesitantly:

"It isn't that I can't trust God. It's just that I feel I was the cause of you suffering too. If I hadn't spoken to Rowan he never would have known about Jason, and he would have been safe at home with you now, and never have gone under that awful suspicion. Oh—people are so cruel!"

She shuddered and closed her eyes from the thought of all the unspoken suspicions that had been flung at her that day.

"I know, dear! But that's something again that you didn't intend to do. You didn't know it would work out this way when you asked Rowan if he had seen your brother. But likely God meant to send Rowan all

the time and he just used you as the instrument to give the message. I'm so glad you told me that you had talked with Rowan. Do you mind if I tell Father? I think it will ease his burden to know there was a real reason and it was not just a bit of his own impetuosity that took him away so suddenly."

"Of course, tell him," said Joyce. "I know he'll keep it to himself. I wouldn't like the town to know it. They would say—oh, they would say horrible things if they thought I went to a young man for help."

"I know, dear, and Father knows. We'll guard you as our own. And I'm sure my boy will keep his promise to you and bring back Jason if it is in his power. Now, you're not to worry any more. You must get some sleep and be ready to meet tomorrow calmly. I suppose you wouldn't want to stay here tonight? I'd love to keep you, and it's getting late."

"Oh, no, I must go!" said Joyce rising with sudden startled remembrance and glancing at the clock. "There would be an awful hue and cry if I didn't get back. They think I am walking about the meadow. I'll go quickly. Thank you for your dear comfort and the supper and—the—assurance. It's so good to know you understand."

"I know, dear. And now go quickly. Suppose I go a ways with you. It's pretty dark in the meadow."

"I'm not afraid of the meadow," laughed Joyce sadly.

"And I daren't offer you the flashlight. Widow Lamb watches every light within sight. She would have you a burglar by morning surely if she saw a flashlight moving across lots. But I'll tell you what, you turn on the light in your room as soon as you get home and then I'll know you are all right!"

She stooped and kissed the girl and Joyce disappeared into the darkness, speeding across the meadow in the pale moonlight like a thing of the mist, and presently a light flashed on in the window of the room where Hannah knew Joyce slept. Then Hannah went in and shut the door, and stepping into the dark dining room slipped down on her knees beside a chair and breathed a prayer:

"I thank thee, O my Father, that thou hast sent me this added assurance, I trusted thee, and I trusted Rowan, but it is nice to see the proofs, and I thank thee, my Lord and my God."

Then she arose to get ready another nice little supper for her Charles in place of the one she had given to Joyce.

Two hours later she was rewarded at last by hearing the sound of the staid old family car coming up the hill, and she drew a breath of relief. Father was come at last.

(To Be Continued)

What's Happening News

(Continued from Page 62)

A. Stelter wrote that "the Lord has answered our prayers with the Holy Spirit reviving the whole church."

The Rev. Charles W. Koller, Th. D., spent a week from Jan. 24 to 28 at the Northern Baptist Seminary in Chicago, Ill., to make promotional plans for his future ministry as president of the seminary. He will begin his residence in Chicago on March 1. His installation as president of the seminary will be held with special exercises on Tuesday, May 24, during the commencement week. At the same time the seminary will observe its 25th anniversary, the Rev. Harry O. Anderson will be installed as vice-president, and Dr. Taft, the retiring president, will be honored.

The recent activities in the German Baptist Church of Max, No. Dak., have been many. The church is served by the Rev. G. Schroeder, who is the evangelist among the Russians and the Germans of that section of North Dakota. A B. Y. P. U. rally was held in Max in December with the Rev. A. Bibler of the Rosenfeld Church as the guest speaker. A Junior B. Y. P. U. has been organized with Edna Lakaduk as leader. The church choir is under the direction of Prof. Albert Wagner. On Jan. 6 at the meeting of the Ladies' Aid about 60 persons were present.

On two consecutive Sunday evenings, Jan. 23 and 30, the Rev. J. F. Niebuhr preached the sermon-lecture, "The Old Church Fence," in the Third German Baptist Church of New York City before very attentive audiences. Many years ago Mr. Niebuhr preached that sermon in the Calvary Church of Williamsport, Pa., and by request in about 30 churches in the vicinity. In South Africa, while serving as pastor of a German Baptist Church, he was asked to preach the sermon in 20 nearby churches. As Mr. Niebuhr preaches the sermon a number of boys and girls build a fence on the platform which has its own special significance and message.

On Sunday evening, Dec. 26, the B. Y. P. U. of the Immanuel Baptist Church of Kenosha, Wis., held its business meeting and election of officers. The meeting was in charge of Bruno Frese, the former president, and the former secretary, Hilda Lange, brought a report. The following new officers were elected: Robert Konitz, president; Violet Klein, vice-president; Augusta Eckert, recording secretary; Herbert Frese, treasurer; Gertrude Klein, pianist and reporter; Helmut Kaiser, chairman of the social committee. The young people who are serving as group captains during this

year are Erna Konitz, Benjamin Weiss, Ruth Kaiser and Edith Obermiller. The Rev. A. G. Schlesinger is the pastor of the church.

Reports from Varna, Bulgaria, in the Danubian Gospel Mission field concerning our German Baptist work are most encouraging in spite of intense persecution by subversive elements in the city. The mission was begun only a few years ago, but it has grown rapidly in the meantime. Recently the Rev. N. Michailoff began his service as pastor in this community located on the Black Sea. Shortly before Christmas the church building was bought at a total cost of 150,000 Lewa or \$1300 in U. S. currency, of which \$700 was paid by the congregation and the remainder by our missionary society. If this action had not been taken, the church might have been refused any meeting-place by the political and ecclesiastical authorities.

At its last business meeting the German Baptist Church of Alpena, Mich., changed its name to the Fourth Avenue Baptist Church. On Sunday evening, Jan. 23, an impressive candlelight service was held in the church, installing the new officers of the B. Y. P. U. The are as follows: Arthur Thom, president; Harold Voss, vice-president; Wallace Behnke, secretary; Milly Paad, treasurer; Lillian Voss, chairman of the Devotional-Stewardship Commission; and Esther Huggler, chairman of the Service-Fellowship Commission. The Rev. M. L. Leuschner, editor of "The Baptist Herald," was the guest of the church for the week-end of Jan. 23, showing denominational pictures on Friday evening, Jan. 21, and speaking at the Sunday services. The Rev. Walter C. Damrau has been minister of the church for 3½ years, intensely at work in an aggressive, evangelistic ministry.

The Rev. William Kuhn, D. D., the general missionary secretary, was the guest preacher at the services of the Baptist Church of Elgin, Iowa, on Sunday, Jan. 16. Towards the close of January he made an extended visitation trip into Canada. On Sunday, Jan. 23, he preached in the German Baptist churches of Morris and Winnipeg, Manitoba. Accompanied by the Rev. Phil. Daum of Winnipeg he went to Alberta, preaching in the Glory Hill Church on Tuesday evening, Jan. 25. On Thursday evening, Jan. 27, he was the guest speaker at the closing exercises of the Bible School which had been held for 3 weeks in Leduc. From Friday, Jan. 28, to Sunday Jan. 30, he participated in the program of the Alberta Association which convened in the German Baptist Church of Edmonton.

The executive committee of the National Young People's and Sunday School Workers' Union met in Forest Park, Ill., on Saturday, Jan. 15. Those present were Mr. Edwin H. Marklein, president; Mr. Harold J. Petke, vice-president; Mrs. Freda Reddig, secretary; Mr. Ted Hirsch, representative of the Council, and Mr. M. L. Leuschner, young people's secretary. The Rev. Wm. Kuhn, missionary secretary, and Mr. Norman J. Boehm, the former president, were also present at the session along with several other guests. Important matters affecting the policies and ministry of the Union during the coming year were discussed. It was especially gratifying to hear about the active interest taken in the Union's activities by the council members. Several recommendations for the young people's societies and Sunday Schools will be announced in later issues of "The Baptist Herald."

On Wednesday evening, Jan. 12, the First Church of Portland, Ore., held a reception program for the Rev. and Mrs. John Leyboldt, their twin-daughters, Mary and Martha, and their son, John, Jr. The welcome address was given by Dr. J. Kratt, pastor emeritus of the church following the remarks of Mr. Harry G. Johnson, chairman of the reception committee. The representatives of the church organizations brought their greetings as follows: H. W. Neubert for the church deacons, Walter Schmitke for the Sunday School, Mrs. J. Kratt for the Ladies' Aid, Ed May for the B. Y. P. U., Harry Quade for the trustees and Gertrude Beltz for the choir. Brief messages of greeting were also brought by the Reverends F. W. Starring, Otto Roth, J. C. Schweitzer, J. F. Olthoff and Carsten Seecamp. A period of social fellowship followed.

Master Richard Lee Brushwyler, the 4½ year old son of the Rev. and Mrs. Vincent Brushwyler of Newark, N. J., died on Sunday evening, Jan. 23, after a very brief illness. Before an audience that taxed the capacity of the Evangel Church of Newark the first of several memorial services was held on Tuesday evening, Jan. 25. Participating in the services were the Reverends J. W. Marsten, George E. Dawkins, Lawrence Sutherland Raymond Lindquist of the city and Mr. Henry Lauterwasser, representing the church. Mrs. Dorothy Journey of the church sang the hymn, "When He Cometh to Make Up His Jewels." On Wednesday evening, Jan. 26, another service was held in a large funeral parlor of Chicago, Ill., with the following ministers taking part: Reverends Torrey Johnson, C. B. Meeker, Charles W. Koller and M. L. Leuschner. Dr. Koller, as a friend and co-pastor of Mr. Brushwyler in Newark, brought the main message of consolation.

B. Y. P. U. Topics and Programs

Edited by the REV. JOHN MUELLER of Chicago, Illinois

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Sunday, March 20, 1938

GREAT TASKS TO BE ACCOMPLISHED IN OUR WORLD

Bible References: Luke 4:18, 19; Mark 2:17; Ephesians 2:9-11.

1. Our Task

Living in a country, which is spoken of as Christian we are able to enjoy the comforts and privileges that invariably accompany our faith. We take delight in our schools and colleges; in our Sunday Schools and churches. We rejoice in our splendid orphanages, offering little children a home just when it is most needed. We delight in our hospitals, caring so nobly for the sick and injured, just as we do in our Homes for the Aged.

Notwithstanding, however, we realize that there is much about our country, as well as the world at large, that is unanimously acknowledged to be unchristian. Jesus once said that the Holy Spirit whom he would send into the world would convince men of sin and righteousness and judgment. The spirit has carried the conviction to our minds that many things are sinful. The spirit has shown us the way to righteousness. Can we honestly say that we have followed? Our great task is courageously to follow the convictions of the Spirit and to pass judgment upon all present-day sinful institutions and ideas, and, without fear, leave the consequences of our declaration in the hands of God and our Lord and Savior.

2. A Crusade Against War

Two decades ago our world staggered out from under the most cruel war in all history. In that tragic schoolroom of battle and bloodshed we were taught some lessons we vowed never to allow humanity to forget. Yet today nations are at war. War is absurd; it is without reason. Victory leaves nations as bankrupt as defeat. To kill and sack and burn; to bankrupt nations and mortgage the assets of the future to pay for the waste and pillage of the past are absurd. War is inhuman. This is manifested not only in the killing and maiming of the fighting men, but in the numerous other atrocities which are always the by-products of war. The inhumanity of war is in the fact it cannot exist without hatred. You cannot run a bayonet through a friend. So an important part of waging war is always the propagation of hate, race-prejudice and antagonisms. When fighting days are over this hate is kept alive, smoldering in the hearts of generations to follow. An institution that thrives only on hate is inhuman. Our task is to stand courageously against it!

3. Other Tasks for the Christian

While the case against war is, at the present time, vivid in our minds, it is well to remember that there are many other conditions flourishing that have been commonly admitted to be unchristian. No hatred, be it born of religious intolerance, racial traditions, or industrial misunderstanding, can be Christian. Here again we must follow Jesus in the observance of the law of love and so conquer hate in all its forms.

It is not Christian to permit conditions to exist that send twenty-three per cent of our children to their classrooms undernourished, when God has given us a land of prosperity and abundance. A sweat-shop, where a man labors until he is physically disabled, and that for a mere pittance, is decidedly not a Christian institution. John's vision of the new earth carried no description of a slum with all its horrors. Our task is to rid the world of these. Christ help us! Any custom or practice that produces an environment in which it is difficult for a man to develop his spiritual nature because of his physical needs; that hinders a seeker in his search of salvation—such a custom or practice is unchristian. The Holy Spirit has convinced the Christian of our day of the sinfulness of such things.

4. The Greatest of All Tasks

Christ came, not only to "preach good tidings to the poor" and "to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord," but he also "came, not to call the righteous, but sinners." Our task is to stand shoulder to shoulder with Christ in the saving of lost and sinful souls. Everywhere, in Christian countries as well as in heathen lands, there are persons who will miss salvation if we fail. "I cannot preach," you say, or, "It is difficult for me to testify in public." But, if you will, you can be a "Living Epistle" (2 Cor. 3:2)

Many people are quite unaware of their lost condition. They do not mean to be lost, but they are. The Son of Man came to seek them; they are everywhere to be found. God only knows how many there are. They do not feel lost, but feelings have nothing to do with it when the feelings contradict the fact. An Indian was asked if he were lost and he said: "Indian not lost. Indian here. Wigwam lost." We, who work at the tasks of our Lord Jesus, must call to the lost. Only then are we in the paths which "God afore prepared that we should walk in them."

Further material about the social tasks of the Christian and the need for and means of evangelism in our day can be secured from the editor.

Sunday, March 27, 1938

CHRIST MEETING THE WORLD'S NEEDS

Bible References: Acts 8:9-13; 1 John 4:7-21.

Introduction

Wise men the world over are conferring together in the hope of finding a way to meet the world's needs. The need is exceedingly great, and the many cures and remedies that have been offered, have not only failed, but have left us bewildered and confused. That the need is great and that the world must be changed, all will agree. It is like a sinner at the mourners' bench crying, "Save or I perish." And here as ever it is only Jesus who can "Save to the uttermost."

This great need cannot be met by material prosperity, national power or individual superiority. It can only be met by changing men into citizens of a spiritual Kingdom. (verse 12). It must be met, not by force of conquest, but by the power of God acting upon the lives of men; not by the overthrow of present conditions, but by the regeneration of human souls.

1. Christ Changing Men

Thus the world's greatest need is to experience a change of mind and heart. This comes through redemption, not through reversion or reform.

That is Christ's way of meeting the world's need. He redeems men by changing them. So, too, he can change the world. When Paul met Christ in a blaze of heavenly light on the Damascus road, he became a new man. (Acts 9:3) Likewise, when Simon and his followers "believed the good tidings concerning the Kingdom of God and the name of Jesus Christ," they, too, became changed men and women.

Down through the ages this truth comes home to us again and again. It finds verification in the lives of men, who like Jerry McAuley, was found of Christ as a river thief and was changed by him to a man of blessing to thousands. Christ is at work when sinners are reborn to sainthood; the enemies of men are transformed into humanity's truest friends; debauchers of their fellow-men become defenders of the faith; haters become lovers; drunkards become sober and self-controlled; and the profane become pious. No matter in what form you may see it, yet it is the same Christ meeting the needs of the world and changing men.

2. Enrolled in Christ's School

Now it is necessary that Christ-like men have in them the mind of Christ. Spiritual life, like the physical life, has its period of infancy, its growth, its

February 15, 1938

unfolding to maturity. So Paul wrote concerning the babes in Christ who were nourished through their spiritual childhood by the milk of the word. The strong meat becomes the soul-food of the healthy and the full-statured. As the stamina and strength of the new life grow gradually, so the education of a regenerate mind is a gradual process. A man becomes a new creature in Christ Jesus, and a vast treasure of spiritual knowledge and power, which before he did not know existed, is open for his appropriation. Such are knowledge and power which, "the natural man receiveth not, for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them for they are spiritually discerned."

3. The Way of the World

The natural mind has ever counted spiritual reality as folly. To the men of Jerusalem Jesus was possessed of the devil; to Festus Paul was mad. To the Jews, the sublime revelation of the love of Christ on Calvary's cross was a stumbling-block, and to the Greeks it was foolishness. Now, by the same token a man may be worth a million dollars, but "man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth" according to Jesus. "Live and let live, is the best that men have a right to hope for" affirms the voice of competition, but "the man who saves his life shall lose it, and the man who loses his life for my sake, shall save it" said Jesus. "Japan for the Japanese," "Deutschland uber Alles," "America First," shout the nations of the earth, "but the first shall be the last and the last shall be first . . . he who exalteth himself shall be abased and he who humbleth himself shall be exalted," said Jesus.

4. Spiritual Discernment

It is not difficult to understand why carnal, or natural mind should condemn such values as impracticable and visionary. It takes a regenerate mind, one whose need has been met by the Lord Jesus, to accept the standard of values taught by him. To accept them one must be willing to love, not only Christ, but one's fellowmen, even as he loved us. (verse 11.) Therefore to those who count force the final arbiter of national misunderstanding and dispute it is useless to announce that the peace-makers are the children of God.

True Christians are made partakers in Christ of the mystery of human suffering. Their ears are ever hearing the sound of human sorrow. They have caught something of the secret of all love—"we love because he first loved us." So we have an Albert Schweitzer, with a host of other noble souls, going to the benighted African jungles, there with Christ to meet the needs of that portion of the world. We have a Grenfell on the frozen coasts of Labrador, ministering to the needs there with all the devotion and love that Jesus requests. We have Jesus meeting the needs of the world everywhere so that human souls become saturated with his love.

Workshop for Church Leaders

GUILDS FOR GIRLS IN MISSIONARY SERVICE

By MISS ALETHEA KOSE of Chicago, Illinois

What organizations have we in our German Baptist churches for girls and young men? Oh, yes, we have organized Sunday School classes, and in some churches we also have World Wide Guilds. But what are we doing? Have we a definite purpose? Or, are these organizations mere social clubs with "good eats"? No doubt, organizations here and there are wondering just what similar groups in other churches are doing. Perhaps an exchange of ideas, of plans and of programs might be helpful.

Just what could a group of girls or young women undertake to do? How much do we know about our own German Baptist family? There's our splendid Children's Home in St. Joseph, Mich.! What do you know concerning it? Have you ever had one of those delightful letters from "Pa" and "Ma" Steiger telling you about that happy Home? Do you know how many children we take care of there? Do you know about some of our fine young people who have "graduated" from that Home and have "made good" in every sense of the word? Why not make a careful study of our investment in St. Joe?

After you are well informed, I know you will want to plan some surprise for them. Do children like candy? Oh, no?? Do girls love to make fudge, especially "Divinity Fudge!" Oh, yes!! Why not have a candy-making party, making five or ten pounds of delicious candy and surprise our family there. By the way, cookies go over big, too! They may also need tea towels, wash cloths, dresser scarfs. You could continue working on this project in your sewing meetings. Why not write either to headquarters or to our Children's Home in St. Joseph, Michigan, and then get busy? I promise you a good time. Then make a similar study of our Homes for the Aged and establish contact there. Do we all know where our three Homes are located? Our guests in these Homes like treats, too!

And, then, there is our seminary! What do you know about it? Do we really appreciate the fact that we have our own seminary and a splendid corps of teachers there—to say nothing of the students! (We wouldn't!!) Recently a class of young women in one of our churches refurbished one of the parlors, (do they have more than one?), thus adding a more home-like touch. Why not write to our seminary at 246 Alexander St., Rochester, New York for detailed information of our work there and for suggestions as to how we might help them? Have you any idea how students react to a box from home all filled with cookies, cake and candy? As for seminary students,

I wouldn't know, although it is not likely that they would object to a surprise box from a fine group of our girls. Try it and find out for yourselves!

We, as German Baptists, are a small denomination. We pride ourselves that we have much of the "family spirit." To continue in this spirit let us show our institutions that we are back of them with our interests and prayers.

Do not forget Cameroon! Are we well informed concerning our work there? Why not write to headquarters to the Rev. Wm. Kuhn, Box 6, Forest Park, Illinois, to find out exactly what supplies we could make for our nurse, Edith Koppin. Bandages and surgical dressings are always in order. A box from the Homeland must be a thrilling event in the Gebauer home! How many has your Guild sent? Our family in Africa is doing pioneer work, and the needs are many. Let us support them with our prayers and with our gifts.

Thus we could ramble on—but I'm thinking of the chapters in our churches belonging to the World Wide Guild. There is a thrill to belonging to an organization which has chapters among Baptist girls all over the world. Joining the W. W. G. does not prevent a guild from doing all that has been suggested here. But, in addition, W. W. G. literature will suggest study books, programs hints, and white cross supplies. Become acquainted with Baptist Christian Center work—with Baptist missions around the world. Definite goals are outlined. Apply for information and for your charter number by writing to Miss Alma Noble, 218 Lancaster Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Somehow, I feel that girls and young women of our denomination have an even greater task. Should only women be interested in missions? Should mission study be just an effeminate affair? Why not prepare a good missionary play and invite the "boy friends"? Or, give the missionary message in a thrilling way occasionally at the Sunday evening service or at the prayer meeting. Have joint meetings frequently with the young mens class. Challenge them to do research work concerning some phase of our denominational work, or concerning some far-off mission field. If the men in our churches know so little about missions, might it not be our fault?

Missionary giving has decreased. Mission fields are being closed. No new work can be started. Dare we be content with just a social evening and with "good eats"? No, we have great opportunities! Ours is a splendid task. "The field is ready, but where are the harvesters!"

Reports from the Field

NOTICE!

The inclusion of considerable advertising material and several unusual articles in this issue of "The Baptist Herald" have compelled the regrettable postponement of a number of fine reports. They will appear without fail in the forthcoming March 1st issue.

EDITOR.

Dakota Conference

Farewell for the Rev. and Mrs. T. W. Bender at Emery, So. Dak.

On Sunday, Jan. 9, the Rev. T. W. Bender closed his ministry at Emery, So. Dak., in order to begin his work at the Erin Ave. Church of Cleveland, Ohio. The two years of Brother Bender's service as pastor of this church seemed too short when he left, but certainly they were not in vain. His clear, Scriptural messages rebuked and comforted. The Lord has called his servant to a new field of labor.

At a farewell program on Thursday, Jan. 6 representatives of every branch of the church expressed their deep regrets over the loss of their pastor and his family. The choir, the youngest organization within the church, developed splendidly under the advice and encouragement of Mr. Bender. The Junior B. Y. P. U. stated that it owes its existence to the initiative of the pastor. Other organizations felt that they had received new impulses and larger visions of their work under the guidance of the Rev. and Mrs. T. W. Bender. At the close the parting pastor and Mrs. Bender spoke a few words of farewell, encouraging the church and every branch to carry on under the leadership of Christ.

The church and friends wish Brother Bender and his family God's blessing in their new field, and shall remember them in their prayers before the Lord.

WILLIAM STURHAHN, Reporter.

The "Gleaners" of Gackle, No. Dak.

Just about a year ago on Jan. 3, 1937, we, as a young women's class of the German Baptist Church of Gackle, No. Dak., met under the leadership of our teacher, Mr. S. W. Ruff, and organized our class. "The Gleaners" was adopted as our name.

Our first public appearance as an organization was made on Mother's Day. On that evening we gave a program in honor of our mothers who were our honored guests. Later we sang several songs at a parent and teachers'

meeting in the school auditorium. On this occasion we wore our class gowns for the first time.

We have also had several food sales to which every girl contributed. By this means we have been instrumental in raising a little money to help meet our expenses.

In order that we could help to make someone happy on Christmas, we made little gifts for all the children in the Children's Home at St. Joseph, Michigan. Each girl made a stuffed animal for the boy or girl whose name she drew. Before we sent them, we spent an evening making pop corn balls for each child. How attractive the box looked when it was ready to be sent!

On New Year's Eve we gave a short program at the church. "The Pageant of Life" which depicted the resemblance of the seasons to our lives, was rendered, and several duets, trios, and group songs were sung.

We all hope that the new year will bring with it many new experiences and new members so that our organization will grow larger and better.

CLARA RUFF, Secretary.

Reception for the Rev. J. C. Kraenzler at the Plum Creek Church

Surely the Lord has again answered our prayers by sending the Rev. and Mrs. J. C. Kraenzler into our midst at the Plum Creek Church in South Dakota. It was with a spirit of thanksgiving that we welcomed them at our reception on Sunday, Jan. 2. They have come to us from Manitowoc, Wisconsin, and are filling the pastorate which was left vacant by the Rev. E. Gutsche in June, 1937.

Our service was opened by a piano prelude played by Mrs. Albert Heitzman. Mr. Ed. Juicht was in charge of the program. Representatives of the various organizations of the church extended their best wishes to Mr. and Mrs. Kraenzler and welcomed them into each organization. Mr. John Heitzman spoke for the deacons of the church, Mr. Fred Triebwasser for the Sunday School, Mrs. Albert Heitzman for the Ladies' Aid and Dorothy Lehr for the Young People's Society. Mr. Simon Triebwasser and Mr. Ed. Juicht also gave short talks expressing their sincere appreciation for again having one of God's servants with us as a church.

We were fortunate in having with us the Rev. and Mrs. T. W. Bender from Emery, who left soon afterwards to take charge of the Erin Avenue Church in Cleveland, Ohio. Mr. Bender brought an inspiring message.

Mr. and Mrs. Kraenzler responded to the welcome, and assured us that

they were happy to be here and eager to work with us in our attempts to build God's Kingdom on earth. It was a fine beginning for us in the year 1938.

DOROTHY LEHR, Reporter.

The Philathea Class of the Avon Sunday School In Its Activities and Plans

The Philathea Class of the Baptist Sunday School in Avon, So. Dak., held its last quarterly business meeting early in December. The results of this meeting were encouraging, since everyone seemed to be willing to help carry on the Lord's work.

The class received \$64 during the past year which were used to help support some of our missionaries and orphanages. This year plans have been made to divide the class into four groups, each with a captain and each presenting a program at one of the quarterly business meetings. This plan has been adopted to create more interest in our meetings.

Our teacher is Mrs. F. W. Bartel. We have an enrollment of 50. The six-point record system has been adopted in our church under the leadership of our Sunday School superintendent, Mr. Arthur A. Voigt, and our class is responding in a fine way.

It is our earnest prayer that we may continue to grow and to work, thereby leading souls which are as yet in darkness to this wonderful light of the world, Jesus Christ.

MRS. ROSA JOHNSON, Reporter.

BIBLE DAY Just Ahead!

This year's Bible Day has been set for March 20 this seeming to be the most suitable date. Of course, any other Sunday can be substituted, just so the day be observed.

This is one of the denominational days established by the authority of our General Conference.

The purpose is to honor God's Word and to keep alive due reverence for that Book of books.

The practical expression of the day is the annual offering of our Sunday schools to make it possible to place the Bible in the hands of the needy as well as other Christian literature and the continuance of our colportage work.

Our Sunday schools are urgently requested to put Bible Day in their program.

Song sheets and recitation sheets have been furnished free to all schools having applied for them but should any school or station have been inadvertently overlooked we hope to hear from them.

As has been the practice for the past few years material is furnished either English or German according to the requirements in each case.

The Publication Society.

Northern Conference

The Annual Report of the B. Y. P. U. of the First Church of Leduc

As the B. Y. P. U. of the First German Baptist Church of Leduc, Alberta, Canada, we cannot express our thanks to God for his guidance and love towards us during the past year in words more suitable than the Psalmist in Psalm 105:1. "O give thanks unto the Lord; call upon his name; make known his deeds among the people."

We were privileged to hold 21 meetings during the past year, at which messages by visiting friends, our pastor, the Rev. Erich Gutsche, and certain members were featured and consisting also of Bible contests, hymn evenings, a question box, amateur programs, stereopticon programs, "Baptist Herald" evenings and socials.

Our membership enrollment consists of 65 young people. On Tuesday evening, Dec. 7, we had our annual business session. The newly elected officers for the coming year are as follows: Miss Agnes Priebz president; Mr. Johan Benke, vice-president; Mr. Milbert Benke, secretary; Mr. Walter Zielkie, treasurer; Miss Tabea Goltz, pianist; Mrs. E. Gutsche, asst. pianist; and Helen Grunwald asst. secretary. The program committee is composed of Agnes Rinas, Elsie Posein and Ernest Kern; and the visitation committee of Beatrice Rinas, Clara Jabs, Gustave Miller, and Paul Stober.

THE SECRETARIES.

Yuletide Festivities at Morris, Manitoba

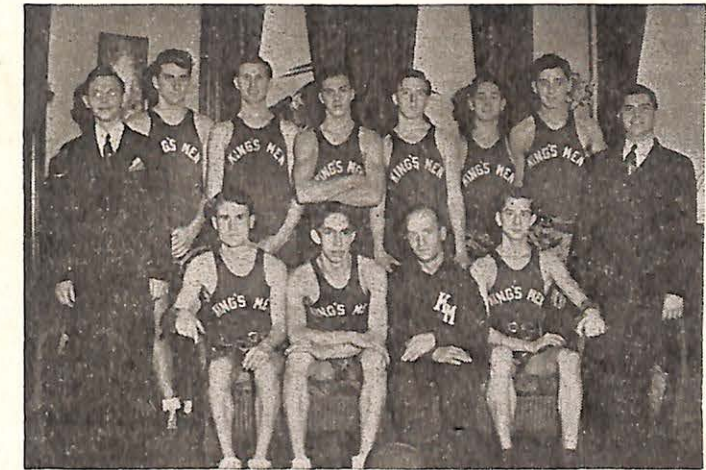
Yuletide brings with it many festivities for young and old here in Morris, Manitoba, Canada. This year, as is customary, the church choir came first with its annual Box Social which was held in the church basement on Saturday, Dec. 18. More than 70 young people gathered about the brightly lighted Christmas tree to sing "Silent Night." Reports on our aims and aspirations, on our work and on our financial standing were read by our president, secretary and treasurer, respectively.

The Sunday School rendered a fine Christmas program on Christmas Eve to a crowded church. The offering of this evening was sent to our Orphanage at St. Joseph, Michigan.

On Sunday, Dec. 26, seven young men of our young people's society together with the choir presented the impressive play, "Christ is born."

However, the height of this series of events was reached in the New Year's Eve program. Music and song filled the intervals between the 7 synoptic reports which were given by the leaders of the different organizations of our church. The topic of the evening dealt with the "Past, Present and Future" of each of these organizations. They showed us clearly God's many blessings.

IDA J. HOFFMAN, Reporter.



The Basketball Team of the King's Men's Class of the Walnut Street Church in Newark, N. J.

Atlantic Conference

The King's Men's Class of the Walnut Street Church of Newark

The King's Men's Club of the Walnut Street Baptist Church of Newark, N. J., recently celebrated its first anniversary with a banquet held at the church on Friday evening, Nov. 12. At that time a delicious meal was served by the mothers of the members of the class, after which a varied program of entertainment and addresses commemorated the eventful "first year."

"The King's Men" have made excellent progress as a Bible class. Besides their church activities, they are also engaged in clean, wholesome athletics, chiefly basketball. The enclosed picture shows our team in their new uniforms. Left to right, sitting, they are: George Reitz, captain; Ernest Stohr; Mr. John Simons, coach as well as teacher of the Bible class; Edwin Schmidt. Standing: Rev. John P. Kuehl, pastor and "big brother" of the King's Men; Elmer Muller; Jacob Schmidt; Louis Graus; Victor Rauscher; Arthur Schmidt; William Bettle; and John Schmidt, president.

We believe that, as healthy Christian young men, there is no better way to follow Paul's exhortation to "present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable to God" than by engaging in clean sports and conducting ourselves in a sportsmanlike, Christian manner.

We are looking forward to another active year, both physically and spiritually, and will continue to pray God's blessing be on our every undertaking.

JOHN SCHMIDT, Reporter.

Central Conference The Christmas Banquet Held by the Young People of Chicago and Vicinity

The young people of the German Baptist Churches of Chicago and vicinity met at their annual Christmas banquet on Monday evening, Dec. 20, at the Oak Leaves Grill in Oak Park,

Illinois. Eight churches were represented and enjoyed the fellowship at the tables and the program which followed. Roy Anderson, president of the organization, presided at the meeting, while Victor Loewen, first vice-president, led the choruses. Mr. Arthur Pankratz, organist of the First Church, in his usual fine manner, accompanied on the piano.

The theme of the meeting was taken from Luke 2:10, "Behold I bring good tidings." After the devotions by Mr. Gerhard Koch, second vice-president, we had the pleasure of hearing a selection by "the Moody Trumpeters," who played two gospel hymns in an inspiring manner. Roll call was in charge of Miss Ethel Boyer, recording secretary. We were then favored with a baritone solo by Mr. Arthur Loewen of the First Church.

The real humor of the evening was furnished by Messrs. C. B. Nordland, Stanley Johnson, and Herbert Hecht who were called upon for two minute impromptu addresses on various subjects. Miss Elsie Dons of the Oak Park Church rendered a reading appropriate to the occasion, after which Mrs. H. Weisser and Mrs. Davis of the Ogden Park Church sang a duet. Victor Loewen outlined the program of the Lake Geneva Assembly, which is to be held at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, from June 28 to July 4, 1938.

Frederick Dons of the Oak Park Church told of the plans for our missionary program. Each society will fix a definite quota for the period of a year for which it will be responsible. The amount collected from all societies will then be put into one fund and sent to the missionary society for the Gebauers in Africa to be used in the advance of their work. The object, of course, is to give our young people's societies some definite goal toward which to work.

The Rev. L. Gittings of the Ogden Park Baptist Church brought the banquet to a close with a fitting Christmas message, stressing the need of a more practical Christianity.

ROY ANDERSON, Reporter.

Christmas at the Children's Home in St. Joseph

A youngster, after January had passed, said: "Goody, now there are just eleven more months until Christmas comes again." That is the spirit and optimism of youngsters, and our boys and girls at the Children's Home in St. Joseph, Michigan, are no exception. So they looked forward to Christmas with great anticipation and appreciative longing. And, finally, it arrived. And a great occasion it was!

Christmas at the Children's Home is always planned and enjoyed at four o'clock on Christmas afternoon. So at that time some of us, at the kind invitation of the Rev. and Mrs. H. Steiger, made our way to see a sight that is always gratifying and exhilarating. First, we assembled in the reception room, where all of the children were seated as one great family. A song was sung. A devotional was conducted, in which "Pa" Steiger told his family how it was predicted and prophesied that Jesus should come, and that in keeping with these promises he had come, and as a result of that, such a day and such an occasion as this were possible. The boys and girls were also reminded that it was as a result of the interest and love gifts of our people throughout our churches, who themselves had received Christ and wanted to follow him, that some gifts had come for them.

Can't you see the smiles? Can't you hear the responsive hand-clapping? Can't you imagine that eyes were now turned to the dining room, where in a moment all were going to go to receive what the Lord, through the thoughtfulness and kindness of his children, had provided. Soon a well ordered room was commotion and excitement. Happy children, nervous hands, exclamations of surprise and appreciation, together with many other things, told the story of the benefit and blessing that came to the world and child-life when Jesus came into the world as a child.

L. H. BROEKER, Reporter.



The WITNESS

The introduction of the FAMILY ALTAR to a wide circle of Christian friends has led to further progress in the

manufacture of this type of household furniture.

A NEW TYPE of Bible cabinet is shown in the accompanying illustration. It is smaller than its ancestor having but one compartment which is practically built for a single Bible.

Some will prefer this to the original FAMILY ALTAR. It occupies less space on the wall and as a matter of course it is materially cheaper. This one, THE WITNESS, will come to your address post paid for \$1.85.

German Baptist Publication Society

OBITUARY

JOHN PETER GERBER

The call to a higher service came to John Peter Gerber on Friday, Jan. 14, at his home. He was born on Sept. 22, 1854, in Newark, N. J., where he resided practically all of his life. In 1873 he was baptized by the Rev. H. Trumpff, and soon after became one of the founders and original members of the church, which is now known as the Walnut Street Baptist Church. He was the last of that early group of founders.

In 1878 Mr. Gerber was married to Marie Konig. Two children were born to them; a son, who died in infancy, and a daughter, Marie Konig passed away within a few years after marriage. In 1893 Mr. Gerber was married to Louise Buermann, who was instantly killed by an automobile on Nov. 21, 1937, thus preceding him in death by only a few weeks.

Mr. Gerber was employed in the City Hall of Newark, N. J., for a period of 32 years, and relinquished his position in May, 1937. He was very well liked and honored by his many business associates.

His life, especially as related to the church, included records that are rarely equalled by an individual. He had been a loyal, faithful worker and member in the Sunday School for 75 years, having attended in his youth, even before the organization of the church. He was an outstanding member of the church for 65 years, from its very beginning. His keen mind and practical business knowledge made him a most efficient treasurer of the church during the entire 65 years of membership. For 60 years he rendered noble and devoted service as a deacon, and for the last 25 years has been esteemed as the Senior deacon. He was founder and first president of the Young People's Society, which celebrates its 50th anniversary this year. He was one of the directors of the Bethany Home for the Aged and always showed great interest in the welfare of that and other worthy institutions.

It need not be said that his place in the Walnut Street Baptist Church is a hard one to fill. The memory of this brother will be cherished in the hearts of those who knew him as the memory of a man who was truly great, great because he had found the secret of the abundant life through his faith in Christ Jesus. He saw life rightly, looking beyond the walls of selfishness and personal advantage, to the fields of sincere and sacrificial service, into which a consecrated spirit ought to move.

The experience of regeneration through the love of Jesus Christ was real and precious to him. He testified about it. He demonstrated it by a life that reflected the great Master to whom he was devoted. Only a day before he was called to receive the crown of life, he was singing "Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine, Oh, what a foretaste of glory divine." And now he is tasting of the fullness of God's glory, together with our late Sister Gerber.

Survivors include a brother, Jacob Gerber; a daughter, Mrs. Lydia Muller; a grandson, Elmer Muller; as well as cousins, nieces, and nephews. Besides them, countless friends and associates feel deeply the loss of one who so often gave wise counsel, or kindly advice, or help in time of difficulty. High tributes of admiration, praise and gratitude have shown only a part of the influence his life exerted upon other. To have come within the circle of his acquaintance was to have loved him and to have known the touch of a Christ-like spirit.

The funeral service was held in the Walnut Street Baptist Church on Sunday, January 16, at eight o'clock. Many floral tributes banked the platform. The church was crowded with those who came to bid farewell to a loved one and friend. With the personal feeling of the loss of a dear friend and of the passing of a strong pillar of the church, the undersigned could only give a humble estimate of a brother's sterling character and a few words of hope and comfort for the bereaved. The committal service was conducted on Monday morning at eleven o'clock.

Walnut St. Baptist Church,
Newark, N. J.

John P. Kuehl, Pastor.

MRS. CAROLINE WILHELMINE LOREY

Mrs. Caroline Wilhelmine Lorey, nee Bauer, one of the Lord's devoted followers, recently entered into the joy of heaven. She was born on June 24, 1860 in Marbach, Wuerttemberg, Germany and ended her earthly pilgrimage on December 16, 1937 at the age of 77 years. In 1883 Mrs. Lorey came to America. In the same year she was united in marriage to Mr. Casper Felix Lorey. This happy relationship came to a close, when, six years ago, her dear husband was called home.

In 1893 Mrs. Lorey became a member of the Second German Church of New York City. The Rev. Walter Rauschenbusch, pastor of the church at that time, baptized her. In 1916 the family came to Union City, N. J., and became members of the Second Church in Union City, N. J. She was faithful and true and sincerely devoted to the work of her Lord. Mourning her departure are 5 children; 2 sons and 3 daughters. One of the daughters is married to the Rev. E. Mitstedt of Morris, Manitoba, Canada.

The funeral service, held on Sunday afternoon, Dec. 19, in her home in Grantwood, N. J., was led by the undersigned. Participating in the service of tribute and honor were the Reverend R. Schade, H. F. Hoops and M. T. Sheld. "Blessed are the dead, who die in the Lord; they rest from their labors and their works do follow them."

Second Church, Union City, N. J.
William M. Swyter, Pastor.

REV E. HUBER

The Rev. E. Huber, a prominent and beloved retired minister of the denomination passed away on Friday, Jan. 21, at the family home, Lodi, Calif., following an extended illness. He was a native of Strassburg, Germany and aged 70 years. He celebrated his 70th birthday the day before his passing.

Mr. Huber was married on Sept. 9, 1898, to Anna Rose Trachsel at Berne, Switzerland. He served 8 years as minister in Germany and Switzerland. In 1906 he came to the U. S. with his wife and two children and settled in Chicago, Illinois, where their third son was born.

Mr. Huber received his American theological education at the German Wallace College at Berea, Ohio. Since graduation, he served as the Lord's messenger in the following churches: Baileyville, Ill.; Bethany, Oregon; Odessa, Wash.; McClusky, No. Dak.; Fredonia, No. Dak.; and Plevna, Montana.

He came to Lodi in July of 1933, after having retired as minister of the church at Plevna, Mont. He took a most active part in our Lodi church, being named as honorary deacon. He also gave us many spiritual messages during the absence of our pastor on various occasions. Members and friends of our church had come to love and admire Brother Huber for his sincerity and kindness toward all.

Survivors include his wife, Rosa Huber, and sons, William Huber of Wishek, No. Dak.; John F. Huber of Ellendale, No. Dak.; and Ernest Huber of North Hollywood, Calif.

Funeral services were held on Monday, Jan. 24, in the Lodi Baptist Church with the Rev. A. Felberg, local pastor, officiating. His sorrowing friends, who came to pay their last respects numbered many, and the floral offerings also showed the esteem held for our dear Christian brother.

Lodi, California

Bertha Meyers, Reporter.

War Madness

By Stephen and Joan Raushenbush

This is the book so incisively reviewed in a recent issue of "The Baptist Herald."

The book is based largely upon disclosures made before the U. S. Senate Munitions Investigating Committee.

It is small in size but has 190 pages bound in cloth and can be had at the uncommonly low price of

25 cts.

LETTER-BOX

Open to all readers of "The Baptist Herald." Letters limited to 200 words.

Oil for Troubled Waters

Editor, "The Baptist Herald":

I read with great interest, the "brickbat" item in the Jan. 1st issue of "The Baptist Herald." Being somewhat social-minded myself, I sympathized greatly with H. W. S. of Los Angeles, when I thought of the human misery in and around New York. However, I believe that you are both right, inasmuch as it is an almost humanly impossible task to separate the sheep from the goats. But with the passing of time, the pioneer spirit will rise within the hearts and minds of many, I am sure.

Any student of history knows that the present "Depression" or "Recession," as it may be, is just another repetition in the everlasting cycle of time. Manzoni in his "Promessi Spozzi" brings to our attention suffering such as has never been experienced by anyone in our time and age. Many other historical facts will bear out the cycle theory. Through it all our ancestors and forbears sowed the seed for joys that we now know.

I am sure that the extinguishing flow of present hardships will not be sufficient to quench that "spark of celestial flame," that Washington called "conscience." Our people will rise again and once more the admirable principle of our grandparents will evolve.

Congratulations on the "Letter-Box"!

HAROLD H. KRUGER,
New York City.

Honoring the Steady Subscriber

(The following anonymous poem was received almost simultaneously, from two of our subscribers, Mr. Charlie Zoschke of Junction City, Kansas and from the Rev. Benjamin Schliff of Bismarck, North Dakota. All that the business manager and editor of "The Baptist Herald" can add is a loud and hearty "Amen!" Editor)

How dear to our heart is the steady subscriber,
Who pays in advance at the birth of each year,
Who lays down the money and does it quite gladly,
And casts round the office a halo of cheer.

He never says, "Stop it; I cannot afford it;
I'm getting more magazines now than I read";
But always says, "Send it; our people all like it—
In fact we all think it a help and a need."

How welcome his check when it reaches our sanctum!
How it makes our pulse throb! How it makes our heart dance!
We outwardly thank him, we inwardly bless him—
The steady subscriber who pays in advance.

DAILY MEDITATIONS

(Continued from Page 69)

Saturday, February 26

Perverters of Truth

Isaiah 5:29—"Woe unto them that call evil good, and good evil; that put darkness for light, and light for darkness; that put bitter for sweet, and sweet for bitter!"

(Read Isaiah 5:18-23)

"How many among us even at this hour Do forget a lifelong trouble for ourselves

By taking true for false, or false for true?" (Tennyson.)

The failure to put things in their right proportion and perspective—whether purposely designed or not—may have serious results. Our actions should always be consistent and without any slant.

Prayer: Lord, help us to be truthful in all situations. May we abide in Christ who is the truth.

Sunday, February 27

The Lord's Day

Acts 20:7: "And upon the first day

of the week, when the disciples came together to break bread, Paul preached unto them."

(Read Acts 20:7-12)

On this Lord's Day our souls take counsel with God and we make a fresh start in the upward way. May it be in truth the Lord's Day, in which he has full possession of our mind and heart to teach us and to inspire us to higher and holy living!

Prayer: Let thy Spirit, O God, come this day to more complete possession of our soul and life.

Monday, February 28

Forward

Exodus 14:15—"Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward." (Read Exodus 14:13-18)

We want to make progress in all the ways of growth—in our material interests as well as in spiritual things. All life cries to us "Forward!", and we must listen and obey. To stand still is to fall behind in the march of progress and possibly to fail.

Prayer: Divine Lord, lead us straight forward in the appointed path.



91% Did Not Know!

In a recent test of high school students only 9% (1,659 out of 18,434) were able to name three Old Testament Prophets. 80% did not know the first king of the Hebrew nation. 69% did not know how many books were in the Bible. The answers of those attending Sunday School were only 5% better than of those not attending. Doesn't this show the crying need of teaching MORE BIBLE in the Sunday School!

All Bible Graded Series

CLARENCE H. BENSON, Editor-in-Chief

This now famous series of Sunday School lessons teaches Bible—More Bible—ALL BIBLE. Its source and ending is the holy Word of God. It is written to make every teacher a real Bible Educator and every pupil a real Bible Student.

Expanded curriculum, simplified and revised, covers 15 years. The new Young People—Teacher Training Course constitutes the preliminary training course of the Evangelical Teacher Training Association—how better than as trained teachers can you weld young people into the working life of the Church?

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"Makes teaching a pleasure."—Can.
"Can never go back to pupil-centered lessons."—Miss.

Plays and Pageants for the Eastertide

The Triumph of the Cross. By Kathleen Scott. One Act. Time, 30 minutes. 10 Men. 3 Women. A portrayal of the Biblical incidents in connection with the resurrection of Christ. 25 cts.

Beneath the Cross of Jesus. By F. A. Bloodow. One Scene. Time, 25 minutes. 2 Men. 2 Women. (Young people.) This playlet has an evangelistic emphasis. The musical interludes are very effective. A 3 page manuscript. 10 cts., 3 copies 25 cts.

The Christ the Children Knew. By Hartge Cortelyou. One Scene. Time, 15 minutes. 7 Girls. Several girls, disputing the importance of Jesus, are all won to him as they learn of his resurrection from the dead. 25 cts.

The Power and the Glory. By Mary Louise Gills. Three Scenes. Time, 20 minutes. 4 Women. 1 Man. Chorus. The Easter message comes to Martha, Mary and Lazarus in three brief and exceedingly effective scenes. 25 cts.

The Third Day. By Karin Sundelof-Asbrand. Two Scenes. Time, 1 hour. 38 Characters. The story is told of a mother, whose son has been seriously injured, who has little faith in God until she has three visions and awakens again with faith in God and a knowledge of Christ. 35 cts.

The Promise. By Karin Sundelof-Asbrand. Two Scenes. Time, 40 minutes. 17 Characters. A pageant-play depicting the victory of life over death as a result of Christ's resurrection. 35 cts.

"And Peter." By Phillips Endicott Osgood. One Scene. Time, 30 minutes. 5 Men. 3 Women. The disciples are convinced of Jesus' resurrection from the dead and Peter promises to follow his Master without fail. An effective Easter message. (New.) 15 cts.

He Lives. By Gertrude R. Goudey. One Scene. Time, 30 minutes. 5 Men. 5 Women. A dramatic story of the surrender of the rich young ruler to the Christ through the stirring events of the crucifixion and the resurrection. 35 cts.

The Way of the Cross. By Dorothy Clark Wilson. One Scene. Time, 40 minutes. 6 Women. 4 Children. A certain man, for whom the Easter story holds little of living reality, suddenly finds himself thrust bodily into the center of those strange events of Good Friday and Easter morning. 35 cts.

Darkness and Dawn. By Frederica Le F. Bellamy. Three Scenes. Time, 1 hour. 3 Men. 3 Women. 10 Children. Chorus. The story is told of the crucifixion, the entombment, and the resurrection through the conversation of some children and simple folk who have lost their way in the darkness while picking flowers. 50 cts.

The Easter Song Bird. By Bell Elliott Palmer. One Act. Time, 45 minutes. 8 Men. 8 Women. The choir director feels that the choir members lack the true spirit in singing Easter songs and searches for a singer with a real soul. 25 cts.

The Light of the Cross. By Sara E. Grossclink. Two Scenes. Time, 20 minutes. 6 Women. 3 Men. The story of Mary Magdalene. 25 cts.

German Baptist Publication Society
3734 Payne Ave., Cleveland, O.

A Word from the Publisher

The large number of new subscribers for the BAPTIST HERALD that have been flowing in have so overwhelmed our Circulation Department that it was simply impossible to begin the service with any degree of promptness. For every new subscriber a corresponding address plate must be embossed and properly classified. This involves a great amount of physical work and although we have had two Graphotypes in service considerable delay ensued before the task was finished. This work is now up-to-date and no further disappointments should be experienced.

∴

While these difficulties have now been overcome, we are veritably hilarious ("hilaron," Greek) over the remarkable achievement of "going over the top" with our HERALD circulation. For years we have kept a maximum of five thousand before us as the desired goal. Owing to the enthusiasm with which the club plan has been adopted, we are able to announce that we have generously exceeded this dream and are well on the way to

6000

Many thanks to those eighty churches which have stimulated our denominational life in a measurable degree the beneficial results of which are bound to be far-reaching.

∴

It is natural to assume that nearly all of last year's subscribers have been drawn into this sweeping victory so that there will be very few names to be dropped from the list.

To the few, however, who have not committed themselves for the year 1933 we address the urgent request to continue their membership in the better HERALD family and to accordingly renew their subscription with the publisher's representative on the field or by mailing it direct to Cleveland. Should this be neglected the service will automatically cease with this issue of the magazine. It would, indeed, be too bad to experience such an interruption.

The Management.
Cleveland, Ohio
February 15, 1933.

Helpful Books for the Easter Season

Till He Come

By C. H. Spurgeon

This is a book of Communion meditations and addresses and has therefore a special appeal to pastors. There are twenty-one of them in this excellent volume. 358 pages.

\$1.35

The Passion and Death of Our Lord

By C. H. Spurgeon

This is a massive volume consisting of sixty-three sermons related to the general theme of the title the book bears.

Note his direct approach to his subject without meaningless introductions. He shoots straight. 742 pages.

\$2.25

Voices From Calvary

By Harry Rimmer

A very unique way of presenting truths that centered on Calvary on that stupendous day of Christ's crucifixion.

Subjects like The Voices of Israel, The Voice of the Gentile World, The Voice of the Mob are treated in that fascinating style characteristic of Dr. Rimmer. 142 pages.

\$1.00

A Grand Canyon of Resurrection Realities

By Robert G. Lee

The unusual approach of these twelve sermons to the eternal truth, and its exquisite phrasing, mark it as the great preacher's masterpiece. 172 pages.

\$1.00

The Evidences for Immortality

By Harry Rimmer

Note the six following chapters: The Light of Reason. The Borderland of the Supernatural. The Danger of a Satanic Delusion. Factual and Historical Demonstration. The Resurrection of Jesus Christ. The Light of God's Word. 114 pages.

\$1.00

Christ in His Sufferings

By K. Schilder

An outstanding book just from the Press in English.

In the Netherlands where this book was first published in 1929, it has earned for its author a radiant fame. It had an overwhelming sale, and forthwith became the text book of numerous study groups. Already it has become a proverb that no minister preaches on the Passion without first consulting Schilder.

The 26 chapters are brilliant and penetrating essays written in exposition of the several features of the Lord's suffering.

Distinctive of the book are flashes of exegetical insight and a wealth of specific detail.

No wonder that Europe acclaimed this as the most significant book on the Passion in many years.

A large volume of 467 pages, large format, durably bound in buckram.

\$3.00

German Baptist Publication Society
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