

THE BAPTIST HERALD

July 15,
1938



A Remarkable,
Awe-inspiring
Picture of
Yellowstone Falls
Taken by
Miss
Florence Glewwe
of St. Paul,
Minnesota



What's Happening

✻ Mr. William Grosser of Oak Park, Ill., and former treasurer of our General Missionary Society, entered into his heavenly home and rest Monday morning, July 4.

✻ A Father's Day Service was conducted at the Lebanon Baptist Church, Lebanon, Wis. Participating in this service were the Rev. E. Baumgartner and the Rev. H. W. Wedel.

✻ The services of the Burns Avenue Baptist Church of Detroit, Michigan, will be broadcast every Sunday evening at 9:30 over station CKLW, Windsor, Canada. The pastor of the church is the Rev. Gerhard Neuman.

✻ The Rev. John Heer of the Lyndock German Baptist Church had the joy of baptizing 13 persons on June 19. This wonderful ingathering was not the result of special evangelistic meetings, but rather of persistent evangelistic efforts from Sunday to Sunday.

✻ It is reported that the Los Angeles Ministerial Association made an investigation to find how many kinds of religion there were in the city. They found among other things that there were 120 pagan societies holding regular meetings in and about the city.

✻ Easter Sunday was a great day for the Church at Erie, Pa. The pastor, the Rev. Henry Pfeifer, baptized four persons on confession of their faith. The missionary offering amounted to \$120. This was augmented by another missionary offering of \$54 on the "Prayer and Fast Day."

✻ An unusual Children's Day Festival was held in the church at Oak Bank, Manitoba, Canada. The service was in charge of Mr. A. F. Krueger, who founded the Sunday School forty years ago, and during all these years served as its superintendent. The address was given by the Rev. A. Krombein, also a founder of the school.

✻ A farewell service for the Rev. P. F. Schilling was held on the 18th of June by the church at Gladwin, Michigan. More than twelve years were spent here by Mr. Schilling in sacrificial service for his Master. Not only within the church but in the surrounding community were many who deeply regretted the going of their beloved pastor and friend.

✻ The Rev. W. E. Schweitzer, pastor of the church at Dallas, Texas, was recently surprised on his birthday by the members of his church. The surprise was in the shape of a picture album, the difference being in its con-

tents. Instead of photographs, the album contained a number of Uncle Sam's Dollar Bills.

✻ Walter Helser, Jr., member of the First German Baptist Sunday School, Portland, Oregon, was selected as Junior Prime Minister of the 1938 Rose Festival, which took place June 8 to 11. The Rose Festival Parade, one of the events of the festival, has participants from surrounding cities and local, civic and business organizations; most of the entrants being floats decorated with roses and other flowers. Walter Helser, Jr., rode on a beautiful decorated float with the Junior Queen and attendants and ruled over the Junior Rose Festival Parade with the Junior Queen.

✻ Rochester Seminary Students Deported. Rudolph Milbrandt and Walter Stein, students at "Our Seminary" at Rochester, N. Y., had planned an evangelistic tour of many of our churches during the summer months. They began with marked success with the church at Killaloe, Ontario, Canada. On their return to the United States they were refused admission by the immigration officials. The reason for the refusal was, that the students were depending on offerings in the churches where they were conducting services, and being aliens, found themselves in conflict with the immigration laws. It was unfortunate indeed that a more suitable arrangement had not been made before the students started with their commendable intentions.

✻ The Rev. Louis B. Holzer, pastor of the Temple Baptist Church at Pittsburgh, Pa., was completely surprised by members of his church. He was about to conduct a business session of the church, when Mr. George Wilson, the chairman of the Board of Deacons, arose and asked for the privilege of making an announcement. Immediately Mr. Wilson proceeded to tell the unusually large group assembled, that the membership of the Temple Church had become aware that the Rev. and Mrs. Louis B. Holzer were to celebrate their 25th wedding anniversary on Sunday, May 22, which is also Mr. Holzer's 25th anniversary in the Christian ministry. After some well chosen remarks lauding both Mr. and Mrs. Holzer and offering congratulations, he called upon Mrs. Kulina of the Women's Missionary Society, who presented Mrs. Holzer with a beautiful bouquet of flowers and then asked a number of men, members of the board of trustees, to remove a screen which had been placed about a

table in the room. Here were discovered an electric Mixmaster with all attachments, a Sandwich Toaster and Hostess tray. The Rev. L. B. Holzer was presented with a purse.

✻ Camp Unami Summer Assembly. Young people and Sunday School workers of the Atlantic Conference will meet for the sixteenth annual summer assembly at Camp Unami under the leadership of the dean, the Rev. Milton R. Schroeder, July 23 to 30. Camp Unami is located in the picturesque Perkiomen Valley, the land of the "Pennsylvania Dutch." The region is noted for its natural beauty and quaint, rustic charm. The course "World Religions" will be taught by Prof. Frank H. Woyke, instructor at "Our Seminary" at Rochester, N. Y. "Personal Religious Living" will be taught by the Rev. William L. Schoefel, pastor of the White Avenue Baptist Church, Cleveland, Ohio. A Forum on "Young People's Problems" will be conducted by the dean, the Rev. Milton R. Schroeder, pastor of the Fleischmann Memorial Church of Philadelphia, Pa. Vincent Nold is the dynamic leader of Recreation who will provide many interesting features in the afternoons and evenings after the sunset service. Those who will attend will experience and enjoy a profitable vacation indeed, combining recreation, education, inspiration and Christian fellowship. All reservations are to be sent to the dean, the Rev. Milton R. Schroeder, 4017 N. 9th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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EDITORIAL

OF all the melodies and musical sounds known to man, there is none sweeter than the pealing of the church bell. Happy is the childhood of a boy or girl, which learns to associate with the sweet cadence of these bells the going to church and the call to worship.

As a boy, I would run pell-mell after bands, following them around like children after Pied Piper, but, afterwards, they would be soon forgotten. Music of all kinds had its charm for me, but largely because I could participate in it. But the church bells—that was a far different story! How often I felt with Charles Lamb that I was listening to "the music nighest bordering on heaven."

On a beautiful Sunday morning the world seems to be holding its breath in some village or little town. An unearthly stillness hovers over the scene. In the quiet streets a hushed expectation fills the air. Inside the homes one can catch a muffled glimpse of excited preparations for church and overhear a muffled question whether everybody is ready. Attendance at a church service in such a town is a momentous event. The anticipation of the joys and blessings at church are wondrously sincere. Then with startling suddenness the church bell strikes and rings and sings, until the village reechoes with its music. Its melodious tones intermingle with the murmuring burbling of the nearby brook. Sometimes three or four church bells vie with each other in their message of song, until together they form a symphony of singing bells. A welcome chord is struck in the heart of the parishioner and with a song in his heart he follows the call and wends his way to the house of God.

The passing of the church bell from the American panorama is to be noted with sadness. It is one of those old-fashioned things which we would do well to retain. The larger churches of

the cities have been mindful of this fact and have installed their expensive campaniles and carillons. The church bell in rural and urban communities ought to ring out its devine message that the Sabbath is a day set apart by God for rest and worship, to which all, men, women and children, are invited.

"The bells themselves are the best of preachers,
Their brazen lips are learned teachers,
From their pulpits of stone, in the upper air,
Sounding aloft, without crack or flaw,
Shriller than trumpets under the Law,
Now a sermon and now a prayer."

How the church bells have hallowed some of life's most sacred moments! The bells have solemnized the happy occasion, when two young people have exchanged their tokens of love and have taken each other as life's partners "till death shall part them." The bells have tolled their mournful dirge in accompaniment to the sad pilgrimage of sorrowing friends and relatives, paying their last respects to someone who has passed away. The bells have rung out the old year and rung in the new, as Alfred Tennyson has memorialized the story in his poem, "Ring Out, Wild Bells." The bells have warned the village of impending disasters and onrushing catastrophes. With such associations, it is no wonder that the church bell is a dear friend in the village whose knells are sweetness to one's soul.

The memories of those village church bells are among life's loveliest treasures. The big city with all its complex life and munificent luxuries seems to lack something sweet and dear without its old-fashioned church bells and familiar tones. With the passing of the church bell, the church seems to be crowded out of the center of the picture of modern life.

"For bells are the voice of the church;
They have tones that touch and search
The hearts of young and old."

Christ's Challenge to the Youth of Today

By MISS MAGDALENE JAHN of Arnprior, Ontario, Canada

Youth speaks to us of early life, freshness, eagerness, purity. Youth is active and wants channels in which to express its feelings. Activity in service is demanded by young life. The challenge to service must be high and the mind moved to the heroic. Such is the iron challenge of Jesus when he said: "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross daily and follow me." No room for the ungirt loin there! No patience with the slack and unstrung will. Yes! the summoning bugles must ring out clear and high if youth is to follow the King.

Christ presents to us an example of purity in thought and life, and we, conscious of our own imperfections and grieved over our short-comings, find inspiration in the fact that he was tempted in all points like as we are and yet without sin. Such a pure and spotless life cannot but help appeal to any right-thinking person.

Christ's forgiving spirit appeals to old and young alike. Forgiveness seems to be the most difficult virtue to cultivate. Revenge seems to be natural

with man. Christ taught forgiveness, and in that prayer, which he left as a model for our petitions, he said, "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them who trespass against us." He made our willingness to forgive the measure by which we may claim forgiveness.

He not only taught forgiveness but he exemplified his teachings in his life. When those who persecuted him brought him to the most disgraceful of all deaths, nailing him to the Cross, his spirit of forgiveness rose above his sufferings and he prayed, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Love is the foundation of Christ's creed. The world had known love before. Parents had loved their children and children their parents; husbands had loved their wives and wives their husbands; and friends had loved friends. But Jesus gave a new definition of love. His love was as wide as the sea. Its limits were so far-flung that even an enemy could not travel beyond its bounds. Jesus' life was all love.

Jesus, as the Prince of Peace, offers his peace to each individual heart and his creed, when applied, will bring peace throughout the earth. Today when men's hearts are failing them for fear, when nation is threatening by acts and by words against nation, when men and women are rising against employers and employers grinding down the unemployed, when brutal, atrocious and shameful crime is rampant even in our own land, not to speak of foreign lands, Jesus challenges the youth of today as never before to accept him as Savior, Guide and Friend.

Let our youth of today ever look up to Christ as the One who challenges us to take up our cross and follow him. Let us remember him who loved us enough to die on the Cross and conquer even death and rise upon the third day. Christ has set an example for us in the purity of his thought and life and in his forgiving spirit. He is the One who is able to bestow peace upon all mankind and who exercises his power in the world of today.

What Can the Church Expect of Youth?

By MISS EDNA VERCH of Killaloe, Ontario, Canada

We are living in an age of youth. The churches are calling for young men to fill pulpits, to serve as deacons and trustees, and to hold various offices in the church. Church life is largely what the young people make it. The life of the church tomorrow depends upon the young people of today. If the young people do not take hold of the church, the church must die.

The church expects the young people to budget their time for the One who had time to die for them. Time is not only money; it is life. The use one makes of the twenty-four hours of the day determines one's character and destiny. In my work with young people I find that when I ask for some work to be done in the work of the Kingdom, the answer is usually: "Oh, I am so sorry. I really have no time." Ought we not to put first things first?

The church expects youth to get under the load of human need and lift. It expects the youth to practice meditation and contemplation, to explore the region of prayer and fellowship with God. There is a demand grow-

ing within the church for real worship, a worship that is more than reverent politeness in the family pew. Too often our worship is only the perfunctory honoring of ancestral rites by dragging one's self to church. How many worshippers leave our church services disappointed because they lack spiritual uplift and the consciousness of the presence of the living God. If there is one message our Baptists need today it is "worship"!

The young people of our day face great temptations to shirk the tasks of the Kingdom. Never was there a time when temptations were so multitudinous. The pull of the world is terrific. Never were the rivals of the church more numerous and their calls more insistent. The lust for power, surrender to pleasure, the uncontrolled gratification of selfish desires, worship of money and mirth are forces that have wrecked every civilization and are threatening the church today. These are forces that our young people must meet and conquer. No one can carry the message and the power of yester-

day to the world of tomorrow but the young people of today.

Since the church is the complement of Jesus Christ, the subject of this paper might be worded, "What Does Jesus Expect of the Youth?" Well, God commands us to work. He is not satisfied with a lazy Christian. He is depending on us to represent him throughout the world. Everyone should be a missionary to his fellowmen. Mind you, young hearts, we are responsible for the life we live. We must manifest by our lives the spirit of Jesus.

The church expects youth to make their religion an every-day concern. Religion and Sunday are inseparably connected in the minds of many young people today. So long as religion is thought of as something indigenous to Sunday and foreign to other days, so long we will have segment lives. A Christian who is merely a calendar Christian is no Christian at all. We must hasten the time when, in truth, every day will be the Lord's Day for young people.

Do Young People Need Jesus Christ?

By MISS LOIS WOERMKE of Arnprior, Ontario, Canada

Jesus Christ still stands at the crossroads of life, challenging youth to take up its cross and follow him. Look at Saul of Tarsus, the man who smiles his approval while great stones are beating the life out of Stephen. Listen to him as he blasphemes the name of Christ. Watch him as he, in maddened glee, enters a peaceful Christian home and leaves its occupants wallowing in their own blood upon the floor. But one day on the Damascus road he meets Jesus of Nazareth. He becomes transformed.

Not only the men of his own day but men of today stand in awe and behold the great transformation which was wrought. Now we see him going to the ends of the earth to proclaim the gospel of the Christ whom he had blasphemed. He found himself in journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by his countrymen, in perils among false brethren, in weariness, and painfulness, in hunger and thirst, in cold and nakedness. Is this Saul of Tarsus? No, for Jesus changed not only his name but also his nature on that day upon the

Damascus road, and now we behold Paul, the apostle.

Look over his shoulder as he writes his last letter to Timothy while waiting for the executioner's step to break the stillness of his dungeon cell. "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith. Henceforth, there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day, and not to me only, but unto all them also who love his appearing." This is Paul, the greatest missionary of all time, who, meeting Jesus in his youth, marched with him henceforth along life's way.

Matthew might have been content to sit in his little booth and collect taxes from the people until old age, and death overtook him. But one day Jesus came that way and "he arose and followed him." Now, instead of the hated gatherer of taxes for a foreign power, he becomes the ardent lover of his people, the author of the gospel which has the greatest appeal to the Jewish mind.

Peter might have remained the impetuous, outspoken, yet cowardly weakling who cowered before a damsel's pointing finger. But after Christ, through the Holy Spirit, made him a man, he was the fearless spokesman of Pentecost and an undaunted harbinger of Christianity. Yes, it was he who, when being led to a martyr's death, requested that he be crucified head downward because he felt unworthy to die as had his Lord.

James and John might have remained menders of nets and their names would have sunk into oblivion as have the names of thousands of others who dipped their nets in Galilee's blue waters, but one day when they answered the call of the lowly Nazarene and were not only made men themselves but became fishers of men.

The great commission is still unfilled. "Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and, lo, I am with you always even unto the end of the world."

What Youth Expects of the Church

By MISS RUTH ZINZ of Neustadt, Ontario, Canada

The youth of our day is looking to the Christian Church for leadership in how to live a greater and better life. Life is a promisory note. We all know what a promisory note is, and that sooner or later it has to be paid. The same pertains to life, for what we sow, we reap. Youth is watching the older church members, who should live and exemplify the things they profess. How can you expect youth to live a better life if church members profess one thing and do the opposite. Are older church members doing what they should do? Are they leading souls to Christ? Are they giving to youth the necessary Bible instruction and teaching them God's Word?

Youth is looking to the church for higher ideals. The world's best ideals are not full of lust, shame and sin as some would have us think. For instance, think of the ideals of fame, knowledge and sportsmanship. In dwelling on sportsmanship, we can see how it aids manhood and womanhood. An athlete in training has to refrain from drinking, smoking, late hours and has to live up to many other strict rules of the game. But even though the world's ideals are high and clean,

our jails and reformatories, high schools and colleges cannot alone give to youth the necessary strength to make these ideals a reality. It needs the church. The church as a channel of God can make it possible for youth to live a nobler and purer life and make spiritual things real.

Youth is looking to the church for help to solve the many problems confronting it everywhere. Today the greatest problem, the same as that of the ages, is salvation. Salvation is placed before man and is given to him, and he has only to accept it. The church as always is the means of fulfilling God's wish in bringing salvation to youth so that it can find it. When church members see any young person who is going the wrong way and who is in need of salvation, it is their duty and the will of God that they should help that person. The manner of clean living by church members will always be a great asset in bringing wandering youth into the Kingdom of God. Many a soul has been led to Christ through the fact that a friend or associate has lived such a godly life, so that they could not help it but wish to possess the same thing.

Companionship and entertainment are always great problems of youth. Youth should always be very careful with whom it associates itself. Bad companions are often the means of the devil in pulling some young people down in life. Christ said: "Be ye not unequally yoked with unbelievers; come out from among them and be ye separate." Our entertainments need to be watched, for to go the way of the world is to separate oneself from Christ. Christ can give youth so many good forms of entertainment that these will take up so much of youth's time that they will not have time to want to do such worldly things as will harm them.

In these things the members of a Christian Church can help in that when they observe young people associating with wrong companions, they can take the matter to God in prayer and then in the friendly spirit of Christ have a heart to heart talk with that person. And if that member's life is of good report, youth will respect it. But youth will never tolerate any dictatorship from another, unless the church is helpful, suggestive and not authoritative.

How To Stay Young

Youth is not a time of life; it is a state of mind. This truth is exemplified by the writer, who, although he has retired from the active ministry, nevertheless is an inspiration to all of his friends.

By the REV. ECKHARDT UMBACH of Cleveland, Ohio

THERE are people who do not grow old. They are young and stay young though they may have attained the three score and ten years. And there are others who are old at twenty-five or thirty years. It is not the years that make one old but your mind and disposition. We can cultivate staying young. You do not need to have monkey-glands ingrafted into your anatomy. What you need is the preservation of youth. And there are ways of doing that. One of them is

Always to Keep Looking at the Bright Side of Life

There are people who seem to be born with a perennial grouch. We speak of cry-babies. A little boy once said of his little baby sister: "She always cries. I have never seen anyone who looks so much on the dark side of life. They say baby came from heaven. I know why: They put her out." Some remain cry-babies all their lives. There are unpleasant things in every life. But why dwell on them like that deacon. "Nice day, today, deacon," a neighbor said to him. "Yes," was the answer, "but it will rain tomorrow." "Well," said the neighbor, "thank God, we are living today." "Yes," was the grouchy reply, but our last day is coming." What an ugly mood, always to see the dark side. Here are two poems that should teach us the lesson not to go in reverse.

When you have bunions on your feet,
Bear them with resignation sweet,
For you are fortunate indeed;
Suppose you were a centipede!

Be patient when your throat is sore;
You haven't any cause to roar;
At all like these you well may laugh;
Be thankful you are no giraffe!

If rheumatism in your limbs
Your happiness at times bedims,
You haven't any right to cuss—
Suppose you were an octopus!

And if the toothache bothers you
Consider that your teeth are few
Compared to those which you remark
Upon the jawbone of a shark!

And if this blithe philosophy,
For which I did not charge a fee,
Does not appear to do you good—
Oh, well, I didn't think it would.

—Wisconsin Octopus.

I know a funny little boy—
The funniest ever born:
His face is like a beam of joy,
Although his clothes are torn.

I saw him tumble on his nose,
And waited for a groan—
But how he laughed! Do you suppose
He struck his funny bone?

There's sunshine in each word he speaks:
His laugh is something grand;
Its ripples overrun his cheeks
Like waves on snowy sand.

He laughs the moment he awakes,
And till the day is done;
The schoolroom for a joke he takes—
The lessons are but fun.

No matter how the day may go,
You cannot make him cry:
He's worth a dozen boys I know,
Who pout and mope and sigh.

—Wide Awake.

How healthy and helpful is a cheery disposition. It helps us to face the world with courage, to play the man. It reflects the spirit of youth. Jesus tells us to be of good cheer. And he himself practiced what he taught. He was an optimist though he saw the misery and heart-ache of mankind clearer and deeper than anyone, and suffered as no one has ever suffered. Let us learn from the Master. Secondly

Strive to Keep Busy

There is nothing which so sours one's disposition as idleness. "I forget my troubles in my work," said an old preacher to me some years ago. Evil tongues were wagging, his reputation was at stake, his future was dark. but out of all his severe troubles he emerged smiling and respected as before, keeping busy all the time, happy in the consciousness of useful activity. But we must put our heart into our work and not loaf on the job. There are many people who try to render as little service as possible. There are such people in our churches. And then they wonder that they have so little satisfaction in their Christian life. There are pumps that must be primed; you must put some water into them first before you can expect to get something out of them.—And it is wise if you work for somebody else to do a little more than is expected of you. Don't be a Hooligan. "What happened to

Hooligan?" "He drowned." "But couldn't he swim?" "He did for eight hours, but he was a W. P. A. man." In Christianity it is the Christianity of the second mile that counts and gives satisfaction. There is a good deal of wisdom in the words: "Doing an honest day's work, doing it gladly and conscientiously is an elixir of life." If they want to put you on the shelf, kick the shelf down and keep on working. Then you may grow older in years, but your spirit will remain young. And thirdly

Take an Interest in Others

Don't live a narrow self-centered life. You will be miserable and your soul will shrivel up. We hear a great deal about investments in our age. Now there are certain rules for a good investment: is it safe, does it pay, and is it lasting? There are some people who invest their lives in the acquisition of wealth. To make money is the great aim of their lives. All the three rules do not hold good in that kind of a life's investment. And it surely will not contribute to your happiness. Selfish acquisition of wealth for the mere sake of acquiring money will never pay. It will dwarf your life and make you miserable. I believe it was Andrew Carnegie who said, that the most uninteresting and unsatisfied bunch of men one could meet was a bunch of millionaires. Their horizon: self. Their center: self. Their aim: self. And that self shriveling up at last, leaving nothing. Miss Sullivan invested her life in the development of Miss Helen Keller, and what a glorious investment it was, setting free her soul and her intellect from the almost unsurmountable walls that imprisoned them.—David Livingstone invested his life in the Dark Continent. He lived and died for Africa. He opened up the land for the gospel message and hastened the day when the curse of slavery was broken there. No wonder we count him among the immortals. Do we realize that an investment in the happiness of others is an investment paying dividends in all eternity? The soul is eternal, fire from God's fire and light from his light. When once all great magnificent cathedrals in the world, all the masterpieces of our painters, and the works of our sculptors will have crumbled to dust, the soul will still live. And, if we by our interest and endeavors have contributed to the building up of its nobility, our work will stand and last throughout all eternity. Contemplation and realization of this fact is enough to rejuvenate our hearts here and give us eternal youth in the other world. Lastly

Keep Young by Not Dwelling on the Past

but looking to the future. There are people who have lived their lives. Their golden age is in the past, of that they are dreaming. They speak of the good old times and look with gloom into the future. The presence is evil, and the coming

days will be worse. Now, think, that we have reason to thank God that the so-called good old days are past; the times which burned the witches and tortured men for the faith they held. The times when Kings had absolute power and their subjects were at their tender mercies. Instead of regretting the passing of the good old times, we ought to rejoice that they are behind us.

And the same we should do with our own personal past. We all made our mistakes and are aware of our shortcomings. We cannot undo them, and what is the use to brood over them? Let us put our energy and soul into the building up of our future. There is a race to be won and it is not wise to allow oneself to be hampered by useless regret for the past. That was the secret of the apostle Paul's perennial youth and never-ceasing energy that he had learned "forgetting the things which are behind, and reaching forth unto the things which are before to press toward the mark of the high calling of God in Jesus Christ." Let us learn this secret from him and keep young also. Onward; Forward! may that be our motto.

'Tis the coward who quits misfortune,
'Tis the calf who bawls all day,
'Tis the fool who wins half the battle
Then throws all his chances away.
The time to succeed is when others
Discouraged, show traces of tire;
The battle is won on the home stretch
And won 'tween the flag and the wire.

Let us walk with God, and we shall experience the truth of the Psalmist's words: "The righteous shall flourish like the palm-tree. He shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon. Those that are planted in the house of the Lord shall flourish in the courts of our God. They shall still bring forth fruit in old age, and shall be fat and flourishing."

Per Capita

DR. S. M. ZWEMER gives us a thought worth holding in the following paragraph: When an expert stenographer leaves an office where she can command \$1,400 a year to become a missionary in Arabia at a salary of \$900, as a young lady recently did, what is her per capita for missions? When the graduate of a state university and a medical school of international renown, a surgeon who has gained such eminence that for a single operation he would receive far more than his annual salary on the mission field, becomes a missionary, how much is his per capita for missions? When a teacher, for the sake of the love which she bears to the wounded Christ, accepts a position in one of the colleges in India, at a salary far smaller than she would receive in this country, and bears the heat and burden and poverty of a missionary, what is her per capita for missions?

The Vacuum Cleaner Sermon

By MISS PAULINE MILLER WILCOX of Wilmette, Illinois

Everything around us has a message and speaks to us, if we only have a delicate ear and an open heart. I want to tell you what I learned from my vacuum cleaner, which preaches a sermon to me.

For many years we did not have such an apparatus in our home, and we cleaned our house every day, as was customary, with a broom, dust-cloth, etc. We were well satisfied and often told ourselves, "We surely have a nice, clean dwelling. So little dust and dirt accumulate that it is hardly worth the effort to clean the rooms."

But then came the vacuum cleaner. With a purr and a whirl it worked through the entire house. That was wonderful, and it was an easy, tireless job. You surely have seen such a vacuum cleaner or "dust-inhaler." It has a bag on one side into which the dust is drawn. As I opened the first time, I was speechless when I saw how much dust, lint, flakes of wool, bits of paper and other things came to light. And as I with astonishment examined all the mess, I imagined the vacuum cleaner preach this sermon:

"You are surprised. Up to this time you have always thought your house to be exemplary in cleanliness. You swept the floor every day and you dusted the furniture. You gathered a little bit of dust, and collected a tiny bit of dirt, often not worth the effort, on your dustpan and then you positively believed you had everything in fine order. Now I have come to show you how you deceived yourself. While you swept, you whirled the dust, which is so fine that you cannot see it with your naked eye, into the air. Then it remained on the furniture, on the walls, and on the pictures.

"But now, since I go into all corners and crevices furniture and pictures with 'Vacuum Cleaner Exactness'—what a hard word that is!—it shows how much dust is found in very truth in your home. But you see how even the fine dust which is almost invisible present gathers in amazing quantities. Doesn't this example have something to say to you?"

"There are many people who believe they are very good and they believe absolutely that their hearts are pure. They go regularly to church service or to Sunday School and sing Christian hymns.—Behold! they live in the same

error as you did, when you went through your rooms every day with a broom. If only these people would know how much dust and waste material has been gathering in their inner soul-life during the course of time, if they could only see that accumulation, as you have just now seen the dust of your home in my vacuum-cleaner bag, they certainly would be alarmed. But just these little specks of dust—the little sins not the big ones that are open to the eye, burden people mostly. For you it was a good thing that you annexed the vacuum cleaner."



Even the Vacuum Cleaner in the Hands of a Housewife Can Preach a Sermon to Those who Have Ears to Hear!

"What has to be done for the dust-laden conditions of the human heart, you know better than I, because I am merely a vacuum-cleaner, a dust-absorber. But surely, if it is possible for one to rid the home of even the tiniest speck of dust, surely it is possible to keep the heart and life clean. And to me, this seems the most important."

The old-style cleaning process of the days before the vacuum cleaner does not satisfy today, neither is the "work of the flesh" pleasing to God. (Romans 8:8.) With the old-style method of cleansing, much effort was put forth by the housewife to do a thorough cleansing work, but, as we

have seen, it was not enough. Doesn't this remind you of the condemnation pronounced by the Lord Jesus Christ upon the Pharisees, the religious leaders of his day, as recorded in Matthew 23:25-28? We may, by our own good deeds, polish up the outside of our lives to such an extent that even our intimate friends are deceived and believe us to be wonderful Christians, but how about the inside of the "cup and platter"?

With all the human energy applied in the old-fashioned cleaning process, only the *outside* was affected, but with the coming of the vacuum cleaner, with practically no effort on the part of the housewife, the job is done thoroughly, *inside and outside*. All that needs to be done is to contact the current and the power of electricity does the rest. So it is with the human heart. It is only by the power of the Holy Spirit that our hearts and lives can be cleansed of all the accumulated waste material—pride, worldly ambition, self-righteousness and self-will.

By becoming "new creatures" in Christ Jesus (2. Corinthians 5:17), we learn that it is Christ who will work his complete will in us. By accepting Jesus as our personal Savior, believing that he has shed his precious blood in order to bring us night unto God (Ephesians 2:13), we enter into this living contact with the power-house of heaven. And we can truly say with the Apostle Paul:

"I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me."

In the mean-time I had emptied the vacuum-cleaner bag and again cleaned it. The vacuum-cleaner was hanging in his place—and was silent. And yet I had to think about that which he had told me. Yes, in reality that was very important. "Why I am not wicked," many people say. "What evil do I commit? I do not steal; I do not cheat anybody; I live no differently from other people. Surely, I do not need to disturb myself." Oh, how foolish is such talk!

When we look at our innermost being in the light of God, we realize how much lack of love, envy, unfaithfulness and many other bad traits have gathered. Then we become truly alarmed about our condition and we tremblingly ask how we can be freed from all this guilt of sin. It is wonderful to know that we have a Savior to whom we can bring all this waste material, and that we can plead, "Wash me, that I may be whiter than snow."

Daily Meditations

By PROFESSOR LEWIS KAISER of Rochester, N. Y.

Tuesday, July 19

Shouldering Another's Burden

"Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ." Galatians 6:2.

Read Galatians 6:1-6.

Is your load heavy? Does strength fail you? Then mark this seeming paradox: to make your own load lighter, shoulder another's burden. With all your own cares and anxieties, go out and find some one who has more than he can bear. Put your shoulder under his burden, too, and your own will grow lighter.

Prayer: Direct us today to someone in need, to someone with a sad and heavy heart that we may bring him good cheer and help him carry his load.

Wednesday, July 20

Promise and Possession

"How long are ye slack to go to possess the land, which the Lord God of your fathers hath given you?" Joshua 18:3.

Read Joshua 18:1-6.

Nothing is ours unless we make it our own. It is not enough to have the divine promises. We must also have an appropriating faith to make the promises our possession. Upon how many promises can you put your finger and say, "Fulfilled to me"? When faith goes to market, it always takes a basket.

Prayer: Gracious Father, forgive us that we so often, because of unbelief or indifference, fail to experience the reality of thy promises.

Thursday, July 21

Fight Evil With Love

"But I say unto you, That ye resist not evil; but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also." Matthew 5:39.

Read Matthew 5:38-48.

Some say, "Not to resist evil, is to put a premium on wrong-doing." They think of pacifism as being cowardly and servile. But to turn the other cheek, to pray for one's enemies is not passive, but active resistance. It is the fruit of an overflowing life, fed from supernatural forces. Revenge intensifies hate; love overcomes it.

Prayer: We thank thee, O Father, that Jesus has not only taught us to love, but has also demonstrated it, even to his death upon the cross.

Friday, July 22

The Quiet Moments

"And Isaac went out to meditate in the field at the eventide." Genesis 24:63.

Read Genesis 24:62-67.

We would be better Christians, if we were more alone. We would accomplish more, if we attempted less and spent more time in retirement and quiet waiting upon God. The world is too much with us. We seek too little the calm retreat, the silent shade. We should be more out in the fields with God.

Prayer: Dear Master, forgive us, that we give so much of our time to the world around us and so little to thee. Draw us nearer to thee.

Saturday, July 23

Was Jesus Really Tempted?

"And Jesus was there in the wilderness forty days, tempted of Satan." Mark 1:13.

Read Mark 1:9-15.

Are we surprised that Jesus was tempted? Indeed, it would have been a more surprising thing that he escaped. No such goodness as his could have been achieved apart from mental and moral conflict. His temptations were not only real, but, because of what he was, they must have been extraordinarily severe. "He is touched with our iniquities," for "he was tempted in all things like as we are, yet without sin."

Prayer: Inasmuch as thou thyself has suffered temptation thou art able to help us in our temptations.

Sunday, July 24

Of Blessed Memory

"But what things were gain to me, those I counted loss." Philippians 3:7.

Read Philippians 3:7-14.

When they buried the blind preacher, George Matheson, they lined his grave with red roses in memory of his love-life of sacrifice. He it was who wrote:

"O love that wilt not let me go,
I rest my weary soul in thee,
I give thee back the life I owe,
That in thine ocean depths its flow
May richer, fuller be."

Prayer: We cherish the memory of thy saints, O God. Like Abel, though being dead, they yet speak.

Monday, July 25

The Oil of Kindness

"Put on as the elect of God, holy and beloved, kindness." Colossians 3:12.

Read Colossians 3:12-17.

There is a story of a man who carried a little can of oil with him everywhere he went. If he passed through a door that squeaked, he poured a little to open, he oiled the latch. And thus oil on its hinges. If a gate was hard he passed through life lubricating all hard places. Even a word spoken pleasantly is like a burst of sunshine on a sad heart.

Prayer: Gracious Lord, help us to be ever kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love.

Thursday, July 26

The Transforming Vision

"Where there is no vision, the people perish." Proverbs 29:18.

Read Proverbs 29:10-18.

There is power in some things to affect one's life. A quiet sunset will bring peace to a troubled heart. And so, too, the vision of God transforms life. Jacob saw God at Jabbok's ford and became Israel. The vision of the risen Christ changed Thomas from a doubter to a loyal disciple. Wm. Carey saw God, left his shoemaker's bench and wrought his great mission in India.

Prayer:

"Speak, O blessed Master,
In this quiet hour;
Let me see thy face, Lord,
Feel thy touch of power."

Wednesday, July 27

A Strange Prohibition

"After they were come to Mysia, they assayed to go into Bithynia; but the Spirit suffered them not." Acts 16:7.

Read Acts 16:6-12.

The Spirit not only opens doors; he also closes them. We do not always know the reason why. Perhaps, he closes one door to compel us to enter another. Perhaps the door is closed, that we may work by keeping still—to serve by waiting. The Spirit has, not only a service of active work, but also a service of patient waiting. To be compelled to wait, when we would work, is also a test of faith.

Prayer: Thou Divine Spirit, let us cheerfully obey thee, when thou dost call a halt in what seemed to us to be the way out of duty.

Thursday, July 28

Prove Me

"Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, . . . and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts." Malachi 3:10.

Read Malachi 3:7-12.

Give all he asked; take all he promises. Bring in your tithes "I will open the windows of heaven for you. My storehouse is as rich as of old. The treasure rooms are still bursting with gifts. The fountains and streams still overflow. The lack is not on my side. It is on yours. I am waiting. Fulfill the conditions. Bring in the tithes."

Prayer: Gracious God, forgive our laxity in bringing into thy storehouse the full measure of the tribute of our love.

(Continued on Page 272)



Sunrise

By Mrs. Grace Livingston Hill

SYNOPSIS

Jason Whitney, a bank clerk, was implicated in a bank robbery because of circumstantial evidence. On the day before the robbery he had been "fired" by the bank. He left town hurriedly without telling anybody, not even his sister, Joyce, who was his closest friend, about his whereabouts. His notebook was found on the floor in front of the safe. Everyone in town seemed to think that Jason was guilty of the crime, all except Rose Allison, the minister's daughter, who had talked to Jason over the telephone shortly before his sudden departure. In the meantime, Jason, far from home reflected on the past of his life. What helped him in this lonely and dreary hour were the thoughts of his best friends, Joyce, Rose and Rowan. He determines to make good and decides to go to New York and seek work on a ship.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

When the farmer arrived at his destination he pointed out a cheap place to get night's lodging. Jason got some supper, quite plain and unfrilled, served on thick ironstone china, and then went to bed. He had a good night's sleep, dreaming of a girl in a pink dress who smiles at him with dear believing eyes and waved her hand, and Jason arose refreshed, with a zest for his journey. The bitter thoughts that had accompanied him yesterday for a long time, were forgotten, and he even whistled quite cheerily as he started on his way again.

As he walked he wondered what they were thinking about at home. His father likely was mad, and his stepmother was making caustic remarks about him. Not that that mattered, of course, and Joyce was worried. Poor Joyce. He wished he had asked Rose to tell her that he was all right and would let her hear from him sometime. Perhaps he would mail her a postcard at New York just before he sailed. He wouldn't dare do it sooner, for the family were capable of putting the police on him and hauling him back for discipline and he didn't mean to have that for a minute. He was not quite nineteen, and he knew they could if they wanted to. So he wouldn't write till the last minute.

He had several lifts on the way that day, but he walked slower each time he was let down. He was not used to such long steady tramping. A hole was wearing through the sole of his shoes. If he kept on he would have to stop

and have it repaired. He didn't get on so fast as the day before, except for the lifts but in each case those were only for a few miles, and night found him still quite a distance from his destination.

He acquired a map and a clean collar, and stayed at a tourist cottage that night, fairly decent and very cheap. He began to perceive that being on his own was not going to be like rolling in luxury, but he assured himself that he would soon be getting a good salary somewhere and putting away money to go home and astonish his fellow-townsmen.

The next day he had to stop to have his shoe soled, and that set him back, so that when he actually arrived in New York City it was very late, and dark and confusing.

He had been to New York only once before. He knew the general way to the wharfs, but was very tired but so excited over being near the sea at last that he walked at once to the shipping district and made his way from one dock to another, inquiring for different lines.

But it seemed to be an off-night so far as the ships he knew were concerned. They had either sailed at noon or at six o'clock of that day, or they were going to sail the middle or end of next week. He couldn't wait around to go on certain ships, to certain chosen ports. One port was as good as another, anyway. He could make good anywhere if he tried. So he wandered on along the shore, asking a question now and again of some dockman. And finally someone directed him to a sailing vessel farther down the dock, that was going out that night, or at least early in the morning. They wanted men too, were short of their crew. Did he want a job? Was he a sailor? The landman eyed his bank-clerk suit quite questioningly and pointed down a long dark way with intermittent lights piercing the blackness, and a forest of mast against the luminousness of a cloudy night. It was beginning to rain, and Jason was almost at the limit of his endurance. Another day like this and he would sit down like a baby and cry to go back home. He must get this business settled up quickly, and made irrevocably, or his courage would ooze out in the night.

So he hurried down the cobbled way, stumbling over ropes and strange objects which he was too tired to identify. Down below him somewhere the black water was lapping, lapping, like a monster who had sighted him and was

licking his lips in anticipation of devouring him. Strange fancy!

Back at home there was a girl named Rose wearing a pink dress and she had sunshine in her hair.

And back at home they were trying to brand him as a thief and murderer. And the man who was his enemy, and whom he suspected, was calling on his sister.

But that he did not know, else many things might have been different.

* * * * *

When Rowan started out in the darkness more than ten hours later than Jason, he was thinking more of the girl he had left behind than of the man for whom he was going to search. This was the first minute he had alone with his thoughts since he had left her. There had been the stealthy trip to his room to get his money, the discovery by his mother who always somehow knew his every move no matter how hard he tried to save her from unnecessary pain, the getting away from her caressing voice, and the hurried plunge down the hill in the rattly old car. But now he was on the high-road, eastward bound, and alone in the night with his thoughts.

Such thoughts! The thrill of Joyce's lips upon his! What wonder of delight. In his highest dreams he had never felt it would be like that. Joyce's sly slender form yielded to his arms, her soft tear-wet lashes against his cheek, her clinging arms for that minute he had held her. Oh, love! Was life like this? It seemed that all the past had only been leading up to this, and suddenly he thought he knew what there had been between his own father and mother that had made the years, some of them hard years, one long dream of bliss.

He paused in his thoughts to give tribute to such a father who could love a woman as his had loved Rowan's mother, to reflect that it was a great background for himself to have, and one to which he must live up.

In the days ahead he should be so fortunate as to win Joyce as his companion through life, he must remember the pattern set for him by his father.

He thought of his mother, with tender arms, her frail lips against his cheek, her smile, her courage! Would Joyce be like that some day with him?

Joyce, whose lips against his still seemed warm upon him, whose slender weight seemed yet almost in his arms. And she had been there on the next farm all summer, and he had been too

shy to go and tell her of his love, too prone to think he was not yet enough of a success to ask for the hand of any woman, especially such a woman as this.

Of course he had meant to do it soon. But he was trying to have a certain amount of money in the bank first before he took that step. He had been looking upon Joyce as a young queen who should have gifts great and precious if one would woo her. He had been coming slowly, pleasantly, up to the climax of his young life, and expecting all to be deliberate and orderly, like his farm work, and all his other plans for life, and her love had been lurking for him in the dark and had caught him when he was not looking for it.

Love! Wonderful love! Had it caught Joyce that way too, or hadn't she thought of love yet?

When he thought back he knew that his arms had taken her unaware, yet she had yielded herself. Joyce was not one who yielded herself to everyone. He had known her almost all his life, though they had never been anything more than friends before. But now he had told her she was precious, and she had not put him off. She had held her lips to his. If she had disliked him she would have made it plain though he was just about to do a favor for her. No, she had understood his word, "precious." She must have understood what it portended of the love he had to offer her. He hadn't had time to make it clearer, but she would understand, and her attitude had tacidly responded. She had let him know at least that she was not indifferent. Oh, he loved her, and her lips had told him that she loved him, too. Thrill after thrill passed over him as he rode along in the quiet of the night. There were little creatures stirring here and there, wood sounds from the threes along the way, the whisper of a breeze in the branches, the chatter of a sleepy chipmunk protesting against some outrage of a creature larger than himself. The night call of a bird, the hoot of an owl, and once the whirr of a bat flying low into the lights of the car, but they were all familiar sounds and did not take his attention. He was going on a quest for his lady, like a knight of old, and he was lifted up with joyous pride at the thought. He did not doubt but that he would soon return and bring back her beloved brother with him.

Hot-headed Jason, to start off like that and leave town at the slightest implication. Rowan knew him well, and had talked it over many times with him.

Jason had always maintained that he would not be misjudged and blamed another time for others' faults. That he would go away, far away, to South America where he would get a wonderful job and become a great success, perhaps do a little exploring and buy a

mine, or discover a hidden treasure, something like that. Rowan had felt it was a very young attitude toward life, but yet had often sympathized with him in many of the situations through which they had passed.

But now, when Joyce had told him what had happened, he felt instantly sure that Jason had at last carried out his threat and gone to South America. He even knew the port he had hankered to enter, and the line of travel he meant to pursue. He had little doubt that he would soon overtake him, even though Jason had several hours' start, and bring him back perhaps before morning. For surely Jason had more sense than to spend his small salary which was likely all he had along, on railroad fare. Besides, it was far more romantic to walk when he was out entirely on his own.

So Rowan drove confidently into the night and communed with his own heart under the stars, and quivered with joy over the home-coming he hoped soon to make.

But he did not find Jason as soon he had hoped.

In passing Rowely's he found that the place was all dark. So Jason wasn't there. He was relieved at that. Jason had not been going there quite so much lately.

He drove on all night, thinking to find the boy drudging on the highway. He stopped at filling stations and questioned the men, but most of them were on the night shift and had not seen, or had noticed a young man of that description footing it.

It was not until midafternoon of the next day that he stopped at a little roadside inn for something to eat, and a girl told him she had seen a good-looking young man in a dark blue suit and a panama hat. He had come in and asked for a cup of coffee and a sandwich. He had eaten a piece of apple pie and some cheese, and asked where he could find a shoemaker.

Rowan went to the shoe shop and asked questions. He found a voluble shoemaker who described Jason to perfection. Of course there might be other young men travelling to New York who wore blue serge suits and panama hats and hadn't any baggage, but there wouldn't be many, surely, who wore a gray little green monkey as a scarf pin, a monkey of such tiny proportions and yet with such clear features that he actually seemed to smile and had "eyes that talked" as the shoemaker said. Rowan knew all about that monkey. Jason had confided to him the storm it had raised the day he came home from college wearing it on his tie. Under his father's thundering command he had to own to its fabulous price and the reason for its being his: that it was the emblem of a private eating club in college, a secret order to which it was a great honor to belong.

Rowan remembered that the elder Whitney had said there was no such tomfoolery in college when he was there. Young men went to college to study not to eat in his day, and he doubted the word of his son. That fool organization, whatever it was, was outside his good old university, it was some town nonsense. In his time they didn't have to buy real jade monkeys to help them eat either, and he ordered his son to take it off and never be seen with it again around his home town. It was like Jason and against Rowan's advice to go right on wearing the monkey and angering his father and it was like Rowan to give advice only once and stop at that. So Jason had stubbornly gone on wearing the monkey to his father's exceeding disgust. But the monkey had done him a good turn at last for Rowan was sure he was on the right track and would soon come up with Jason.

Rowan was torn between anger at the younger man and tenderness because he belonged to Joyce. Yet when he found him he intended to mince no words but to let him know exactly what he thought of him for running off that way without letting his distressed sister know what had become of him.

He was confident as he started on again after his interview with the shoemaker that it would be only a matter of hours now before he found Jason and they started back again. Once or twice he considered the matter of telephoning to Joyce, but since he had as yet nothing definite to wait a little longer.

So he kept on hour after hour, finding trace of his quarry but never reaching him. The monkey was something that one could not help noticing, and though Jason probably didn't realize it, it had made him a marked man. At last after dark on the very outskirts of New York, Rowan stopped at a filling station for gas and asked his usual question:

"Have you seen a young man with blue serge suit, panama hat, and a little green monkey scarf pin?" The attendant answered promptly:

"Yes sir! He stopped here for a drink of water, and caught a ride into town. Said he was going to the wharf to catch a steamer to South America."

Worn and tired and exasperated Rowan started on, looked at his watch and stepped on the gas. It was getting on toward midnight and he knew that was the time that many ships sailed. He put his old car at its very best speed, running past lights when he dared, threading his way through increasing traffic until at last he arrived at the region of the wharfs and ships. He drove as near as he could to the docks, sometimes penetrating a spot where he was not supposed to be. Finally in desperation he asked a sailor

who passed, where was the ship just leaving for South America. The sailor pointed down the dark cobbled way.

"Ship down there just leaving. Don't know where she's going but they need an extra hand. One of the crew is sick. That the one you mean?"

Rowan abandoned his car and plunged down the dark way indicated.

"Here, you! They won't let you leave that car there. You've gotta take it around the other side an' park it," shouted the sailor, but Rowan was gone in the darkness. And the old car stood there puffing away just as it had been left until it ran out of gas and then with a few gaps and gurgles like a dying frog it stopped dead and stood there in the dark.

Rowan plunged on wildly into the darkness hurrying along in the direction the sailor had pointed. He was aware that it was just short of midnight now and if the ship sailed on time it would be now about losing its cable, but he was not ware that shipping was usually carried on in such utter darkness! Yet he must go on. He must take no chances. If the ship sailed with Jason on it his quest would be long before he could keep his promise to Joyce and bring her brother back. Where was that ship? Had the sailor misled him? Then suddenly he rounded the corner of a large warehouse, and grimly against the sky he saw her masts. The dark bulky shape of the ship loomed against the sky. Only a few winking lights were aboard here and there and a single adequate archlight on the pier. There on the grimy deck of that unholy ship under the light of a lantern that swung above his head stood Jason with a coil of rope in his hands, the most forlorn, lonesome-looking object Rowan had ever seen. Jason, leaving his home to carry out his childish purpose in a fit of anger and discouragement!

Rowan's heart went out to him and even as he recognized him he saw the gangplank hauled in and the ship began to move darkly away from the dock. He plunged forward, pushing aside a dockhand and gave a mighty leap. He could not let Jason get away from him like that. So he hurled himself over the quietly widening dark that must be water and landed sprawling upon the deck. Almost instantly he felt the grip of a boney hand upon his collar, and a powerful arm yanked him to his feet.

A gruff sailor holding a dim lantern in his other hand stood and looked him over.

"Be you the feller we was waitin' fer?" he asked.

"I guess I must be," Rowan panted with what little breath he had left.

"You took an awful chance."

"I hadn't time to consider that," said Rowan and it passed through his mind as doubtful if anybody would have res-

cued him if he had fallen into that dark water.

He was roused to consciousness that the space between the boat and the dark spot that was the wharf was widening perceptibly. The archlight over the spot whence he leaped was barely a pin prick in the distance now and he must do something about it at once. Where had he seen Jason? He must find him as quickly as possible and not make the ship any more trouble than was necessary to get them back to land. For the instance the leap seemed to have dazed him and he couldn't quite get his bearings but he stumbled forward in the darkness and almost fell over a coil of rope. The sailor righted him again.

"Don't know yor way aroun' do ya?" he remarked with a tinge of contempt in his voice. "You wantta find the captain, don't ya, ef yor the new man, but it won't do ya any good for he's deda drunk in his bunk. The first mate'll do, but he's Portugee. Do ya know the lingo?"

"No," said Rowan a bit bewildered, "but I'm looking for a friend. I saw him over there just before I jumped. Have you seen him? Dark blue suit, panama hat—"

The sailor laughed. "Think I can tell color on a night like this? I got all I can do ta tend ta my job. Look out there! You'll fall over that keg. Ain't got yor sea eyes yet, have ya, nor yor sea legs neither. My advise ta you is ta set right down flat where ya are an' set there till dawn. Ef you got a friend on this blasted ship yor in luck. It's more'n anyone else has. B'lieve me you'll need him 'a fore we git through this fool voyage, ef we ever do get through, which is doubtful."

Rowan stared at the man.

"But I'm not going on the voyage, you see," Rowan explained. "I came to get my friend and take him back home. I've got to find the captain or somebody and arrange about it. What is the quickest thing I can do to get us back to land?"

The man began to laugh.

"You'll do well ef you make it in a year," he said. "Ya can't tell where we'll bring up 'afore we're through—"

"But there surely is some way to land. I'll be glad to pay, of course."

"Young man, it would take more'n you've got in the world ta get this old wash tub to turn back ta land. Don't ya know death waits back there in the dark fer any ship that carries a cargo like this? I'm tellin' ya!"

"What's the cargo?" asked Rowan with suddenly stern eyes.

The old man eyed him keenly by the light of one of the one swaying lantern for a minute, and then he spoke.

(To Be Continued)

DAILY MEDITATIONS

(Continued from Page 269)

Friday, July 29

"Not Overwork But Overflow"

"And I saw them toiling in rowing." Mark 6:48.

Read Mark 6:47-51.

Mere training, driving effort does not accomplish the work that God gives us to do. God himself, who always works without strain and never overworks, can do the work that he assigns to us. When we trustfully let him work through us, the task will be well done. We must partake of Christ so fully, that he fills our life.

Prayer: May we, O Christ, as co-workers with thee, be sustained by thy never-failing arm.

Saturday, July 30

Dust and Divinity

"For he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust." Psalm 103:14.

Read Psalm 103:10-18.

We are citizens of two worlds. Our body with its instincts is rooted to the earth. Our soul with its spiritual hunger is at home with God. Through our divine origin we may be brothers to angels and companions to Christ.

Prayer: We are frail and weak—fashioned out of dust. Yet thou hast made us for high destiny and for the eternal years. Impress upon us more of thy image.

Sunday, July 31

A Religion of Joy

"Rejoice in the Lord alway; and again I say, Rejoice." Philippians 4:4. Read Philippians 4:1-7.

There are those who think that the impulses and joys of the natural life must be impressed in the interest of religion. But it rather needs to be a firm, that the religion of Jesus Christ is a religion of joy, gladness and good cheer. Our Lord himself was radiant with the cheer that even his profound compassion for human woe could not destroy. He was no ascetic.

Prayer: Our kind Father, grant us the disposition and habit of enjoying the blessings thou does send us daily.

Monday, August 1

The First Creed

"Thomas answered and said unto him: 'My Lord and my God.'" John 20:28.

Read John 20:24-29.

We might call this the first Christian creed—the spontaneous outburst of Thomas in the presence of the risen Lord. His doubts had vanished in the light of the precious reality of the resurrection of Jesus. He now bows in adoration before Jesus and joyfully acclaims him as his divine Lord and Master. That is the heart of the Christian faith.

(Continued on Page 280)

B. Y. P. U. Topics and Programs

Edited by the REV. JOHN C. SCHWEITZER of Portland (Bethany), Oregon

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Sunday, August 21, 1938

MY ATTITUDE TOWARD GOD

Scripture Reference: Acts 17:22-30.

1. Personal Approach

At the basis of all being lies the individual. In religion as in human history, whatever line we traverse, we cannot stop before we reach the individual. It is the man, and not the nation, or tribe, or family with whom, in the final analysis, God has to do. It is the human soul that must stand face to face with God. Religion says, "GOD," but it is the Christian religion based upon the Bible that has taught me to say, "MY GOD." God revealed himself to and called individuals into his service—Moses, Abraham, David, Isaiah, Peter, Paul, etc. Each man is a priest and each woman a priestess in their own right. The Scriptures warrant no intercession of saints, but the personal approach to God instead. Tenneyson has expressed this thought in the beautiful lines:

"Speak to him thou, for he hears, and Spirit with spirit can meet; Closer is he than breathing, and nearer Than hands and feet."

The soul's individual relation to God is one of the tenets of our Baptist faith. As such, we should prize it highly, and cherish it tenaciously for those who follow us.

2. My Creator—"I Trust Him"

Whence are these things? This has been the question of man ever since he has been able to reason. As we look about us and see the world of nature, of vegetation, of animal life and that of humanity, we ponder their origin, purpose and destination. All theories and expostulations must prove futile without GOD. Then, if we observe the grandeur of the universe and its unchangeable laws of order, we cannot but conclude that God is almighty, omniscient and good. Such is our God revealed through Christ and the Scriptures. In such a God we dare believe and trust.

Thus, my attitude toward God is that of trust or faith. This faith must be personal and is more than belief. Even the demons may believe but they have no faith. One may subscribe to a creed, and yet be a total stranger to the principles that vitalize faith. It requires the assent of the will, as well as the consent of the heart. Personal trust in the essential righteousness and goodness of God is the believer's grand recipe in darkness and trouble. It implies faith, hope and patience.

3. God, My Father—"I Love Him"

Jesus gave us the highest conception of God, that of "Father." Through the act of creation and the continuous operation of preservation, God is in a sense "the father of all men." But he holds a special relationship as Father to his spiritual children. As children we need no fret nor unduly worry about the impenetrable future, for we should cast all our cares upon him. As a child of God I am not subject to sheer luck or fate. As a child, I am certain that my father has a definite plan for my life. And, if pain and disappointments are unavoidable essentials in the carrying out of this plan, then I will courageously accept them from his hand, knowing that "all things work together for good." As a child I must seek family union with other children of God; I will strive to be like him, to obey him, but, above everything else, to love him. In relation to God as child, why must my life be one of performance as well as profession? What influence will this attitude toward God have upon daily living?

4. God, My Redeemer—"I Serve Him"

The most precious experience of God is that of redeemer. To become the redeemer of man, it necessitated for God the incarnation of Christ, his life of humility and service and his final death on the cross as our substitute. Thus, God has a double right of ownership upon me: that of creation and, second, that of purchase. As the redeemed of God, we stand in the relation of slave and bond-servant. The apostle Paul never disunited the two great factors of discipleship—"whose I am and whom I serve." Being mindful of the cost of our salvation—"ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold . . . but with the precious blood of Christ . . ." (1. Pet. 1:18, 19), we shall ever be alert to discover God's will for our lives and be constrained by love to serve him with all the strength of body, mind and soul. This service will become the disciple's joy and privilege to the point of readiness for the greatest sacrifice. Through personal approach to God as creator, father and redeemer, this attitude, by the grace of God will lend to our lives poise and spiritual power unto present and ultimate victory.

Sunday, August 28, 1938

"WHAT WILL I BE LIKE?"

Scripture Reference: Phil. 4:8, 9, 13, 19,

1. God's High Ideal for Us

Everything depends upon a true and adequate view of life. It is perilous to entertain unworthy or low views. The Christian must view life as a sphere for divine fellowship and service. God has made man for himself. We must therefore strive to attain and hold those things that shall enable us to fulfill that design. "Let us make man in our image" (Genesis 1:26) includes much further reaching implications than outward appearances. Jesus gave expression to God's original intent for man, when he said: "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect" (Matt. 5:48). We live in a world of sin and corruption, but possessing the birthright of "sons of God," we are in the world, but not of the world. The true Christian will, therefore, be on a constant vigil against all influences and habits that tend toward conformation to the standards of the world, ever striving towards transformation into the image of him who created us.

2. The Right Use of the Mind

The mind is one of man's richest possessions. Who would sell his faculty of thought, or the wealth of mental patterns and knowledge acquired through the mind? Man will be held accountable for the right use or abuse of this divine gift of the mind. To a greater or lesser degree every person is able through perseverance to train his mind to run along certain desired lines. The apostle Paul was much concerned about the Christians in Philippi, that they should enjoy and incorporate in their lives all the blessings of Christianity. Among these blessings, three are outstanding—1) emancipation from worry, v. 6; 2) peace of God v. 7, and 3) power over circumstances, v. 13. It is true that the attainment of these blessings lies in the grace and power of God, but in verse 8 the apostle refers to the application of the mind to the virtues of the Christ-life. What wil I be like? It depends much on the choice of my friendships, reading, hobbies and recreation. I dare not be content with anything less than the best!

3. The Power of Will

Much has been and is being said and written about the power of will. But very little has been said about the importance of the will in the Christian life. If the unregenerate will of man is so powerful as to shut God out of his life, how much more powerful should the enlightened will of regenerate man be, who has taken God unto his life! Of apostate Israel, God said, "Ye will not," and of self-righteous Jerusalem Jesus said, "Ye would not." A doctrine of the preservation of saints is only too often stressed at the cost of neglect of the importance of the determination and perseverance of the saints. What will I be like? God in his pleasure leaves us free to do wrong as well as to do right. Conscience urges us and our heart tells us that we have this free power of will, and without this freedom there could be no virtue. In the freedom of will God has given us a part of his own nature. Make sure that your will is in compliance with the will of God, and then give yourself wholeheartedly to the achievement of the purpose and ideal you have set for your life.

4. The Secret of Strength

The exhortation of the apostle in verses 8 and 9 and his assertion in verse 13, "I can do all things," would be very questionable and misleading, if the last part of the verse were omitted: "Through Christ which strengtheneth me." That was the secret of Paul's life. In Christ must we find the emphasis and source of strength for our lives. We are fellow-laborers with Christ not only in Christian service, but also in Christian character-building, including our own. What will I be like?

"I would be true, for there are those who trust me;
I would be pure, for there are those who care;
I would be strong, for there is much to suffer;
I would be brave, for there is much to dare."

The highest ideal is Christ our Savior. "Till we all come . . . unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ" (Eph. 4:13). The secret is in "abiding in him."

What are worthy ambitions for a Christian? What are unworthy? How does companionship, reading and leisure affect our personality? Why must "being" instead of "having" be stressed in character-building?

Workshop for Church Leaders

Regular Meetings of Sunday School Officers and Teachers

By the REV. J. F. OLTHOFF of Salem, Oregon

"In the multitude of counsellors there is safety (wisdom)." No Sunday School superintendent nor any other individual is wise enough to lead the school to its highest efficiency. However, "in the multitude" of the officers, teachers and substitute teachers as counsellors there is wisdom and prospect for progress. It is evident that opportunities must be provided in order that the best ideas and suggestions of the officers and teachers may be shared by the whole group. Regular meetings of the Sunday School officers and teachers offer splendid opportunities to consider the suggestions of the officers and teachers which are for the good of the school.

It is important that these meetings be held regularly. If it is left to the officers to call a meeting, as occasions may demand at irregular times, some of the teachers may not be able to attend because they may have other plans. If, however, the meetings are held regularly the officers and teachers can, in most cases, arrange to be present. No definite times can be set which would be convenient for every school. Each school must set its own dates and also know best how often these meetings should be held.

Our teachers, substitute teachers and officers in the Salem Sunday School meet bi-monthly. We stay at the church after the morning hour of worship and have lunch together. This gives opportunity for an hour of delightful fellowship. After the tables have been cleared and the dishes washed, we have our regular business meeting. All are in a happy mood when the superintendent calls the meeting to order, and they are ready to consider the things which pertain to the welfare of the Sunday School.

The topics to be discussed in these meetings in the course of the year should cover the whole field work of the Sunday School. Only a few of them can be mentioned here. One of the main problems of the Sunday School is to secure devoted and efficient teachers. These are often found by "the multitude of counsellors" in these meetings. Names of available persons for teachers are suggested, of which neither the pastor nor the superintendent had ever thought. The superintendent and the pastor can then make further inquiries as to their fitness for the work.

The weak points of the school are faced and discussed frankly and with

the help of God they can be strengthened. About a year ago we sought to strengthen one of the weak spots, the Junior Department. In one of our meetings, after much thought and prayer, it was decided to canvass the city for several blocks around our church. No pupils were urged to leave the Sunday School they were attending, but we found many who were not attending any church or Sunday School and we were successful in winning them. These children were the instruments of bringing others, so that now this department is more than twice as large, and is still growing.

The editor of "The Baptist Herald" has asked me to write something about the working of our officers' and teachers' meetings and several incidents pertaining to our school. Our school had no library, nor did there seem to be any room for one. "Where there is a will, there is a way." We changed a store room, which was used for storing tables and the like, into a neat, attractive, little library room which will answer its purpose for some time. The books are carefully selected by a committee. The children of Junior age are reading the books faster than we can procure the books for them. The library adds to the upbuilding of our school.

Many other vital matters, such as lesson material for pupils and teachers, maps, blackboards, class rooms, screens or curtains (this applies especially to churches which do not have modern Sunday School facilities), and Vacation Bible Schools may be taken up for consideration at the regular meetings. Some may consider this as a waste of time and leave most of these matters to individuals or committees, but when the problems of the whole school are brought before all the Sunday School workers, there will be a better understanding among the officers and teachers concerning the needs and the problems of the school as a whole. One of the main values of the regular Sunday School officers and teachers' meetings is the creation of the spirit of fellowship and hearty co-operation among the workers which will result in a better school.

Children's Page

Edited by ALICE and DOROTHY REINICKE of Dayton, Ohio

Fun In Giving

"Constance," called Mother, "will you take these hot biscuits and marmalade to Grandmother?"

"Oh, that will be fun," cried Constance. "May I take that funny little ginger bread boy that you made to Ned?"

"Yes, dear, that would be fine," said Mother. "Why not take the little cat you made too?"

Constance put the cookies in her basket, put on her coat and galoshes, kissed her mother good-bye, and skipped with her basket out into the snow.

Constance's little friend, Sue, lived in the next house. She had seen Connie coming, and she called, "Oh, Connie, come and see the cute little kittens."

"Oh-oh-oh-oh," squealed Connie, "aren't they cute?"

"You're to have one when they're bigger," said Sue, as she put the kitten back in the box.

"Oho, goody, goody," cried Connie, "but I must go now, and here's a cat for you, too," said the little girl as she took her little cat cookie from the basket and gave it to Sue. And she trotted off down along Apple Market Street, scrunch, scrunch, scrunch, in the snow.

Miss Lucy, her Sunday School teacher, saw her coming, and called to her to come in for a minute. "Here is your text for Sunday, dear."

Miss Lucy read to her, "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver." "I'll be a cheerful giver right now. I baked some small cookies this morning, and you shall have one."

"Thank you," said Connie, as Miss Lucy put the cake in the basket, and Connie put the text way down in her coat pocket, and started once more for Grandmother's house.

As she passed the high stone wall, there on the top, sitting in the snow, was her friend, Red Squirrel, chattering for something to eat. "Oh, Red Squirrel, I haven't any nuts for you today, but I will give you a piece of this little cake which Miss Lucy gave me." But when she opened it, she saw on top of the nice pink frosting a nut. She picked the nut off and gave it to Red Squirrel, who frisked his tail as if to say, "Thank you," and ate the nut all up.

"Well, well," called a voice to her as she started on, "Where are you going with your basket this snowy day?"

As she turned she saw the judge



These Two Baby Cups Like Big Teddy Bears Wanted to Play With the Photographer

standing by her. "Oh, good morning. I'm going to Grandmother's and give her the nut bread mother baked for her."

The judge reached down in his pocket,—then jingle, at the bottom of the basket lay a shiny new penny. "Oh, thank you," said Connie. "Don't mention it," said the judge as he started toward the post office, "buy yourself some candy." Connie laughed and waved goodbye.

As she was walking down the street, whistling a little tune, something went BUMP against her and down she went, right in the middle of a snow drift.

After getting the snow brushed off, she turned around, and there was Jiggs, the doctor's dog, sniffing around the basket. "Are you so hungry, Jiggs?" Jiggs wagged his tail so hard that he assured her that he was, so Connie said laughingly, "All right, Jiggs, come along and I'll get you a nice bone." So Connie and Jiggs raced along to the butcher shop. "Have you a nice bone I could buy with this shiny new penny for Jiggs?" asked Connie as she reached in the basket for the penny the judge put there.

"Indeed, I have, my dear," said the jolly butcher man. "Here is just the kind that nice dog would like to chew on."

Jiggs wagged his tail still harder to show his thanks, and together they started to Grandmother's house. But as they were trotting happily along, the two mischievous twins jumped across the path and wouldn't let them pass.

"Hi, Joe and Bob," called Connie, "how would you like a nice cake with pink frosting on? Here is one for you to divide and eat. With those words the twins were so eager to get the cake they forgot to block the way for Connie."

As she went smiling along, she saw little lame Ned sitting by the window in his wheel chair. When Ned saw her, he shouted, "Oh, Connie, come in and see my animals." When she went in, Connie saw all the animals, a mouse, a bonnie, a bear, and ever so many more, sitting along the window sill, which Ned had carved from bits of wood. "You are to have any one you want." So Connie chose the squirrel because he looked so much like her friend, Red Squirrel.

"And here is something for you" said Connie as she handed him the funny little gingerbread man. Ned was so pleased with the gingerbread man that he put him on the window sill to guard his animals. Then she said goodbye and stared out in the snow.

She was still a few houses away when she saw Grandmother standing at the door waiting for her. Grandmother took her in by the nice warm stove and gave her a cup of hot chocolate and a cookie. While Connie was eating this she told Grandmother of all the things that had happened while she was bringing her nut bread. After she had finished and was ready to start home Grandmother gave her a cookie to eat on the way home.

As she started out, someone called, "Yoo, hoo, want a ride?" There was Tommy with his sled. "That would be swell," said Connie as she jumped on to the sled. Tommy pulled her all the way home, and when they stopped in front of her house, Connie said, "Would you like to have this cookie?"

"Oh sure," said Tommy, "Thanks a lot." And he started on with his sled.

"Mother," cried Connie as she ran into the house, "I've had such fun on the way to Grandmother's. Every one was so kind to me and they gave me such lovely things."

"I'm glad you did, dear. What did they give you?" said Mother.

Connie ran to her basket but found it quite empty. "Oh," she said, "I gave them all away. I had such a lovely time. But I still have my text for Sunday. Miss Lucy gave it to me." Connie reached way down in her pocket and pulled it out to read to Mother, "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver."

This story has been adapted from "Down Along Apple Market Street" by Mabel Hill.

From the East and from the West

Conflict and Opportunity in Orient

Dr. J. W. Decker, Foreign Secretary of the Baptist Foreign Mission Society, is a man who speaks with authority on the subject of the conflict between China and Japan. He tells his fellow Baptists that the outlook is sobering but not hopeless. He comments on the suggestion that the financial problem we are facing in respect to Oriental missions might well be solved by withdrawing from China and perhaps Japan. He goes on:

"Shall we withdraw from China and Japan? Shall we confess that Christianity has no message for peoples at war? That it is helpless in the face of this conflict? Shall we confess—for it would mean just this—that we do not have faith in God? Shall we say to the University of Shanghai that the death of its martyred president has not stirred our hearts, nor moved us to aid? Shall we say we are not ready to enter the new doors of opportunity? Shall we notify our missionaries that we do not stand back of them in their eloquent and heroic witness to the gospel? Shall we withdraw? If we do—and I use my words deliberately—Christianity will wither in our great cities and broad country, will die in our churches, to be born in some bomb-wrecked village in China.

No! That cannot be our answer. We stand for this imperial word of our Great Commander. I SEND FORTH MY CHURCH. The devastating conflict in the Orient spells opportunity for his Church. It is ours to prove ourselves worthy of membership in it, in our renewed devotion to its world task!"

The Greatest Tribute to Christian Missions in the History of China

In April the Chinese government amended the law which for the past 10 years has regulated the curricula in registered mission schools. Hereafter religious subjects may again be made part of the required courses of study. In an address before 150 British and American missionaries in Hankow, Madame Chiang Kai-shek, wife of the Chinese Commander-in-Chief, as reported in "The New York Times," publicly expressed the thanks of China to missionaries and other foreigners "who had not only risked their lives in the war areas, succoring the wounded, but had also helped the destitute and had protected Chinese women and girls from Japanese soldiers." Moreover,

she added "many Chinese who had formerly criticized missionary effort in China had been completely won over by the knowledge of what the missionaries had been doing." And in conclusion she declared as an expression of appreciation the government had amended the law which had prohibited required instruction in religious subjects and that such amendment could be regarded as "the greatest testimony to missionary work in the history of China." When the original law was passed, Baptist mission schools, including the University of Shanghai, at once complied and registered. All religious instruction, Bible classes, courses, etc., were made elective or voluntary. To the surprise of all, attendance was maintained at a high level. The amendment now permits schools to transfer religious courses back into the regular curriculum together with all the benefits of popularity and effectiveness that their status as elective courses had demonstrated.

Zulu Chief's Son Receives Ph.D.

Rev. John Dube, son of a Zulu chief-tain, has been given the honorary degree of doctor of philosophy by the University of South Africa. This is gratifying both to Oberlin College, O., where Mr. Dube studied, and to the American Board, Boston, in whose schools he was trained. It is the first time the University of South Africa has so honored a Bantu.

John Dube's father relinquished his rights to chieftainship to become a Christian minister of the Congregational Church and was one of the first Zulu pastors ordained in the American Board Zulu Mission. John Dube, now sixty-six, followed in his father's footsteps and was ordained a Congregational minister.

Seeing the need for leadership among his people he set himself to establish Ohlange Institute, planned on the lines of America's great Tuskegee Institute. It is the only Bantu school for higher education controlled by Bantus in Natal. Dr. Dube met with great opposition at first from some who were hostile to education for the native. He was looked upon, he says, as an "undesirable agitator." But his work soon proved its worth and he now has government grants and the hearty cooperation of black and white. For his efforts to uplift them politically, socially and economically, he was awarded the King George V Silver Jubilee Medal. He is the author of three textbooks which are used in the native schools.

Cooperation Indeed!

A woman was being operated on for bladder stone, a condition not common in Lower Burma, and because of that we had as many nurses as possible help and watch in order to get experience. I did not realize until afterwards what a cosmopolitan affair it was.

Dr. Ma and I did the operation, bringing in the Burman and American nationalities. Our staff nurse who gave the anaesthetic was a Pwo Karen. The three nurses who assisted were Chinese, Kachin, and Tamil. The nurse from whose ward the patient came and who watched the operation was a Shan. The nurse in charge of the ward to which she was transferred and who also was present was a Sgaw Karen. The patient herself was a Mon or Talaing.

Thus nine races met around the operating table, and among the students watching was a Chin, making the tenth race. When I was thanking the girls for the good teamwork, I began to notice just who had teamed together.

If all racial groups could and would work together as happily as this group, something more than bladder stones might be removed from this painful world. Our patient is convalescing satisfactorily.—(Martha J. Gifford, M. D., Moulmein, Burma.)

A Statue of Christ

Bering Sea Eskimos have erected a life-sized statue of Christ. On the highest point of King Island (or, as now renamed, Christ the King Island) a heroic memorial of heavy bronze looks out over the lonely sea toward Siberia. The total population of the island is 190 and the help of all the able-bodied was required for raising the three tons of bronze to the commanding summit. The statue had been donated by friends and shipped from Nome Alaska.—How astonishing has been the Savior's conquest of our New World, with this memorial in the frozen North, the Christ of the Andes in the South and millions of Christ-directed lives between these two statues.

DISCOVERIES recently made in Syria by the French Archæological Mission support the Old Testament story of Samson pulling down the temple of the heathen god Dagon. In the temple of Ugarit were found references to a man called Samson, who is described as "a servant of the Temple." And nearby were discovered the remains of a temple dedicated to Dagon. So the stones continue to cry out in vindication of the Scriptural records.

Reports from the Field

Central Conference

Chicago, Illinois Mothers and Daughters

Banquet at the Second Church

Are the boys jealous of the girls now, and can you blame them? Certainly not after the banquet the girls had given on May 12. The boy waiters seemed to be having a grand time of it, judging from the noise and laughter emanated from the kitchen while the program was in progress. But those waiters surely deserve a pat on the back for the splendid job they did. The mothers were really surprised.

The waiters were Frank Stengel, Joe Stengel, John Stengel, Demeter Christoff, and Roy Offenbeck—these notables were headed by that man with much of this type of experience, William Knechtel. Oh, I almost forgot about the unseen rulers of the kitchen, Louis Gregsamer, Ernest Steinke, Herbert Siemund, who perhaps deserve two pats on the back for dishing the spaghetti and meat balls so efficiently. If Louis happens to hit a sour note while playing the piano, we will have to forgive him because of his badly burned fingers received while in the capacity of chief chef.

All who attended the banquet had nothing but compliments for it, and its success may be attributed to the chairman, Mrs. Gladys Siemund, who welcomed the mothers and daughters and served as all-around mistress-of-ceremonies. We all enjoyed listening to the guest speaker Miss Brinkman, who is in charge of the Girl's Home. Other speakers were Mrs. R. Stracke and Miss June Pasdaloup. We were favored with a variety of musical numbers, one being a new quartet, Virginia Porter, Valle Christoff, and the twins, Eleanor and Doris Pratscher, who sang a medley of songs. Virginia Porter later sang a soprano solo. Alice Deters played a medley of church songs on her violin and Irma Bawaronschutz surprised us with the fact that she could play the harmonica, and play it exceedingly well. We were given a surprise by some of our guests entertaining us. Mrs. Winfred Stracke sang a lovely soprano solo, accompanied by Mrs. Sibbach. Mrs. Fred Stamm played a piano solo which we all enjoyed. And I mustn't forget Snooky, who after about five minutes coaxing, consented to speak her piece. JUNE PASDALOUP.

Pacific Conference

Spokane, Washington Founding of a New Church!

A small dwelling has been leased and due to the faithful work of our pastor,



New Church at Coeur D'Alene

the Rev. R. E. Reschke, and the cooperation of both the Spokane Church and the Coeur D'Alene people a Sunday School has been organized.

The Rev. Reschke had the pleasure of baptizing six and receiving nine into the fellowship of the church.

Our young people have been visiting the young people's societies of the churches at Colfax and Odessa and rendering a program at each church. A dialogue entitled "Tithing" was one of the main numbers.

A debate on the subject "Resolved, that God does not reward us because of our good deeds," was given in one of our Sunday evening meetings. Very interesting for the "winners."

S. K.

Odessa, Washington

The 8th of May we started with two weeks of evangelistic meetings and in spite of worldliness and other hindrances the Lord blessed us and souls were saved.

In the afternoon of Sunday, June 5, we had a baptismal service. The Rev. R. E. Reschke, pastor of the church of Spokane, answered our request and came to preach the baptismal sermon. Very plain and inspiring he brought the message from Acts 8:36: "Hindrances in Baptism." After the message the pastor had the privilege to baptize 7 souls upon the confession of their faith.

In the evening at 7:30 the B. Y. P. U. of Spokane delivered a very inspiring program consisting of instrumental music, singing, a dialogue, and a fascinating German reading by Mrs. R. E. Reschke. We were glad to have them with us and look forward to more such occasions. For this occasion the ladies of the church had planned a chicken dinner which was served to more than 125 guests.

On June 6th we started with our Daily Vacation Bible School. Four teachers instructed 40 pupils for five

days. On Thursday, June 9, Prof. O. E. Krueger of Rochester, N. Y., visited our church and spoke twice to the whole assembly.

On June 19 we had our Children's Day program of recitations, dialogues, singing and instrumental music. An offering for chapel building was taken. Following the program the Sunday School picnic was held in the Irby Grove. Old and young enjoyed the recreation in the open air and God's wonderful nature.

A few weeks ago we bought a piano for our church in the country. A special musical program was given and with the special collection which was taken at that time the last standing debt was paid on the instrument. At present we are making plans of renovating our country church. A covering of new shingles was put on a week ago and, the Lord willing, we shall make other improvements.

Anaheim, California Young People's Triunion Conference

For the past five years it has been customary for the young people's societies of the First Church of Los Angeles, the Ebenezer Church of Los Angeles and of the Anaheim Church to meet prior to the California B. Y. P. U. and S. S. W. Union, to arouse interest and urge a large attendance. This year we met Friday evening, June 17, at the Anaheim Bethel Baptist Church.

Miss Lois A. Schroeder, president of the Anaheim society, extended a hearty welcome to all friends and visitors and especially the eight members of the Wasco society, who drove with an auto 185 miles. The tables were beautifully decorated with many flowers and tapers. The sumptuous dinner was prepared by the members of the Anaheim Ladies' Aid and served by the male members of the local B. Y. P. U. Mr. Herbert Stabbert led the inspiring song

service. The Men's Glee Club of the Los Angeles First Church rendered a few selections. Mr. Arthur Wessel presented a clever skit advertising the California B. Y. P. U. and S. S. Workers Union, which will convene July 13 to 17 at Los Angeles. Mr. Melvin Friesen, president of the Union and also president of the Wasco B. Y. P. U., described some of the highlights of the coming convention. A girls' sextet from Wasco rendered a few selections; also John Feldmeth of the Ebenezer B. Y. P. U., who played the "musical saw." The address of the evening was given by the Rev. Sawtelle, pastor of the Placentia Calvary Church; he spoke on the theme: "Building Eternity."

RUTH JUNGKEIT.

Southern Conference Dallas, Texas Enthusiastic Workers

On Easter and several other occasions the church showed a great spirit of sacrifice. At the Prayer and Fast Day a collection of \$84.60 was taken for our missionary work. In July the fiscal year will close. During the past year \$900 for missionary purposes was given besides taking care of great responsibilities here at home. A nice concrete tile double garage was just completed for the use of the pastor. At present the foundation for an extension to our Sunday School is being laid; this addition will provide needed room for our Sunday School and young people's work. It also provides a kitchen for social events in the church.

Recently the Women's Missionary Society surprised the oldest member of the church, Mrs. Bertha Held, who was 80 years of age on June 9. Mrs. Held is handicapped due to poor hearing and therefore cannot attend the services; however, her eyes are still good and she reads much.

Mr. and Mrs. Bohnert celebrated their 35th wedding anniversary recently. Mr. Bohnert is the beloved Sunday School superintendent and Mrs. Bohnert is one of the devoted Sunday School teachers. At this occasion they did an exceptional unusual thing which might be emulated by many others. Mr. and Mrs. Bohnert presented the church with a check for thirty-five dollars, an expression of their deep gratitude for the many blessings they received during those happy years of married life. W. E. SCHWEITZER.

Gatesville, Texas Recent Happenings

We are justly proud, indeed, of the numerous accomplishments made recently by our B. Y. P. U. Not only has the number of our classrooms increased but also our membership; then, too, greater interest, efforts, and goals have increased. We are fortunate this year to have very capable and well trained leaders in every group of our Union.

Much additional interest is being derived from outside readings, short special prayers at the conclusion of each study, and Bible games and contests.

One of the outstanding events of the past months is the study course conducted by our pastor, the Rev. W. H. Buening. Although the number participating was not quite as large as we liked, we are very grateful to the Rev. Buening for the splendid and beneficial assistance given us that is so practical in every Christians life. The many good ideas received from this great book: "How to Win to Christ," have been brought to others by those who took part.

Another event we merely want to mention is the Easter Cantata rendered by the choir under the direction of our pastor. This cantata made up a full evening's program, including a short talk by the pastor and our general director, Reinhold Schaub. Also on Mother's Day, the choir rendered several appropriate selections in connection with the sermon.

Perhaps the main event recently, was the surprise birthday celebration given our pastor, his birthday being on the day of our weekly choir rehearsal. After a short rehearsal, the pastor and some of the executive officers were discussing various plans when suddenly the doors for the outside opened and the remainder of the choir sang, "Happy Birthday" The pastor was presented with an attractive desk lamp and a beautifully decorated birthday cake. Refreshments of ice cream and cake were served.

The choir, composed mostly of the Senior B. Y. P. U., has been working faithfully and are now busily engaged in preparing for our revival services. The choir also recently completed some work and painting in their B. Y. P. U. classroom.

Without Christ we can do nothing and we certainly feel he has been with us and blessed us richly. May we, as well as every other organization of our church, continue to receive these priceless blessings so that we may ever go forward, onward, and upward!

MARGARET KOCH.

Northwestern Conference Sheffield, Iowa Evangelistic Campaign

The Lord has richly blessed the church here at Sheffield, Iowa, under the ministry of the Rev. Carl J. Sentman, who was formerly a member of the church at Steamboat Rock. Rev. Sentman came here two years ago, this being his first pastorate. During the past two years several outstanding evangelists have labored amongst us, they are Dr. L. Sale-Harrison, Dr. William L. Pettingill and Dr. Dan Gilbert.

Many souls have been won for Christ during this time. On May 8, nine persons followed the Lord in baptism, among them were two married couples,

parents of children. June 12 marked the end of two weeks evangelistic campaigns and the end of our Vacation Bible School. The evangelistic campaign was led by Evangelists Phil Ward and Martin and the Vacation Bible School was led by Miss Edith Orman of Detroit, Mich. The average attendance of the school was 92. Forty-eight persons accepted Christ as their personal Savior.

Surely the Lord has been with us and although we no longer use the German language in our services, nevertheless we hold true to the faith delivered to our Fathers.

HENRY P. STOVER.

Dakota Conference New Leipzig, No. Dak. Farewell to the Rev. and Mrs. J. R. Matz

On the 29th of May the members of the Ebenezer Church and Sunday School held a farewell service for their pastor, the Rev. J. R. Matz. After the morning service a lunch was served by the members of the Ladies' Aid Society. After lunch we were joined by the members of the Pilgerheim and members of the English Sunday School.

Mr. Gottfried Kallis presided. Musical selections were rendered by the male chorus. Short talks were given by the following: Mr. Ludwig Hempel, Supt. of the Pilgerheim Sunday School; Mr. H. T. Storm, Supt. of the English Sunday School; Mr. Carl Okken, president of the young people's society, expressed the appreciation of all young people for the services the Rev. Matz had given them; Mrs. Ben. Auch represented the Ladies' Aid Society and presented Mrs. Matz with a gift. Mrs. Matz was the inspiring leader of the group of women and will be greatly missed. Mr. Ben. Auch spoke on behalf of the Sunday School and Mr. Christ. Auch, a deacon, spoke on behalf of the entire church.

The Rev. and Mrs. J. R. Matz both responded deeply touched by the many expressions of love and friendship. Mrs. Matz concluded her remarks with a solo which was enjoyed by everyone. The service was concluded with the song: "God be with you till we meet again."

Both Rev. and Mrs. Matz made many friends here and will be greatly missed in our church work. We hope that God will bless them in their new field of labor, even as he blessed them here in our church. ROSE G. IBLINGE.

Northern Conference Morris, Manitoba Fathers and Mothers Banquet

Some few years ago the young people of Morris, Manitoba, instituted a banquet to be given annually in honor of the fathers and mothers. Today it

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Every Day Greeting Folders

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Rivers of Living Water

How obtained—How maintained

By Ruth Paxson

Have you ever heard a minister quote Christ as having said, "I am the water of life?" The writer only recently heard a representative of an outstanding Bible Institute use the ostensible quotation. Our Lord, however, never said that, so far as his words are recorded. He did say, "I am the bread of life" and there are many "I am's" of record but why did he never use the other statement? This pamphlet throws light on the truth involved.

These are studies setting forth the Believer's Possessions in Christ showing the way of victory to such who are anxious to live in the power of the spirit will derive much profit from the reading of this impelling pamphlet. Imported from England.

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Here is a collection of eleven chapters on outstanding doctrinal beliefs held by Baptists, and each chapter prepared by a different outstanding Baptist writer.

There are treatises on Salvation By Grace, Baptists and Christ's Lordship, Infant Baptism, An Immortal Memoriam, Baptists Not Protestants, and several others.

This book while suited to individual perusal and with which positions every member of a Baptist church should be familiar can also be readily used as a text book for a study course. It would make splendid material and it is strongly recommended for such treatment.

200 pages. \$1.25

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

Let Us Build

By HERBERT EKRU

Council member of the Southern Conference

What an inspiring thought these words present. "Building" is one of the plans to bring us out of the distress of our times. Most of us have marveled at the ability of the human mind in planning and carrying out the masterpieces of modern buildings. We as Christians are permitted to have some part in building a far greater and more lasting project than the mind of man has ever dreamed of until it was illuminated by the "Spirit of God." We are co-workers with Christ in building the Kingdom of God on earth. So let us build.

Let us build on the proven foundation. "On Christ, the solid rock, we stand, all other ground is sinking sand." What a great joy to have such a foundation to build upon. How secure our building will stand. Surely we want to make much of this foundation as there are many voices calling us away from this proven foundation. We as German Baptist Young People want to build on "The Rock of Ages."

Let us build after the New Testament and early Baptist style. In the modern buildings, we see many different architectural designs and styles but let us continue to build after the New Testament and early Baptist style. As we look back and see their Kingdom building, we behold great inspiring examples that were laid down before us. May it ever be true when we sing, "Faith of Our Fathers Living Still!"

Let us build in unity. Discord and strikes have greatly delayed many great projects. There are certain dangers among us to cause us to become divided as we are building for God. How the language problem has interfered in our work and the end is not yet. Then the trend of our times to pull in different directions. We have the tendency of letting our older people

carry on the more serious work in business meetings and sometimes in prayer and testimonial services, while we as young folks take to some form of recreation. May we ever be on guard lest the parks, lakes, and mountains become too attractive to us at a time when we should be praying and working and trying to launch future plans for our Kingdom advancement. We can't imagine the young folks taking to recreation while under Nehemiah and other leaders the walls of Jerusalem were being rebuilt. Surely we all need and want recreation but let us build and have our recreation together. Let us build in unity.

Let us build with enlargement. Building can become rather dull and slow if we are only working with the same material. We must by the grace of God add new material. We must evangelize and win souls for Christ. Are we not in danger to sink down to the level of building like we used to do in our childhood days, always building with the same blocks. Surely the "Standard of Excellence" and a well organized work is good but it becomes rather dull if no new and living Stones are added. We are living in a State where the Evangelistic fires are burning high and are rapidly spreading to adjoining States of our American Baptist Churches. Our State Board has now seven Evangelists in Texas alone and are adding continuously. An ingathering of about 75,000 souls was reported last year in Texas. How sad that we as German Baptists do not even have one evangelist. May God help us to add new material and by his grace build with ever increasing enlargement.

May the Lord use us as we want to build and to his glory and honor "LET US BUILD!"

AT LAST! NEW BEGINNERS' MANUALS

After months of prayerful planning and preparation we are able to announce and welcome addition to the



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THE SCRIPTURE PRESS
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is a tradition with us. This intermingling of old and young has brought about a fine spirit of understanding and Christian fellowship which is very precious to us.

This year our banquet was held on the 24th of May. 150 people enjoyed the sumptuous dinner and afterwards the splendid program at which the Rev. E. Mittelstedt, the pastor, presided. A daughters' choir sang: "Faith of our Fathers" and "A Mother's Prayer." The male choir or rather the son's choir sang, "Songs My Mother Taught Me." Two poems written for the occasion by two girls were recited by the writers themselves. The closing number was a tenor and soprano duet, accompanied by a male chorus of twenty voices. It was the song: "God Bless Our Parents." Not only was it sung effectively, but it expressed the earnest prayer of all young people.

IDA J. HOFFMAN.

Atlantic Conference The New England Association

The association met with our church in Boston, Mass., June 17 to 19. The Rev. Earl Kalland of the Boston church extended a hearty welcome to the many visitors. The Rev. Theo. Koester, moderator of the association, responded and brought the evening message answering the question: "Is Christ Big Enough for Building God's World?" The pastor of the entertaining church led the devotional exercises Saturday morning, after which a short business session followed. The five churches reported 643 members, who contributed \$13,727.30, about \$21.35 per member, and 12 baptisms and 4 deaths during the year. A lively discussion, led by the Rev. J. Kaaz, on "The Past and Future of Our Denomination," closed the morning session. An outing to "Wayside Inn," where Henry W. Longfellow received many inspirations for his writings and poems, was greatly appreciated. Mr. Henry Ford has purchased this historic place. Dr. Wesley G. Huber of the New England Evangelistic Association brought the evening address on: "Jesus and the Bewildered Youth." The new officers of the Young People's Union, Miss Alice Kaaz, Joseph Atwater, Miss Lillian Lucas and Rev. Theo. Koester, were installed by Professor A. A. Schade of Rochester.

On Sunday we were privileged to hear Prof. A. A. Schade preach on "Divine Power." He also spoke in the afternoon to the Ladies' Societies. Mrs. Chester Wood of China followed with a missionary address. Rev. G. Friedenberg of New Britain gave the closing message of the association, which was well attended and inspired for greater service.

JULIUS KAAZ.

ADVANCE ANNOUNCEMENT

The editor of this magazine is touring in Europe at this time. Word has reached this office that he is just reveling in his first visit to the "Old Country." We may be assured that he is traveling with both eyes open and is recording his observations in his note book for publication in these columns beginning in the early fall.

We exacted the promise from him before sailing that he would have a series of eight articles for as many numbers of the "Herald" and, no doubt about it, they will scintillate with first hand news on Germany and the Danubian countries.

This is what we are going to do. We are announcing in advance these eight numbers, burdened with good news, to be sent to any address for the modest fee of twenty-five cents.

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TRAVELOGUE SERVICE

This is a favorable opportunity for our boosters and we should have a few hundred four month trial orders.

The Publishers.

DAILY MEDITATIONS

(Continued from Page 272)

Prayer: Reveal unto us more and more Christ in his resurrection glory and power that in the center of our faith there may be the abiding conviction in his deity and Lordship.

Tuesday, August 2

God's Call

"Whom shall I send and who will go for us?" Then said I: "Here am I, send me." Isaiah 6-8.

"Who will go for us?" It is not a question of God singling out a man and saying—"Now you go!" God did not lay a strong compulsion on Isaiah. Isaiah was in the presence of God and he overheard the call and realized that there was nothing else for him to say in conscious freedom: "Here am I, send me." Let us not expect God to come to us with compulsions and pleadings.

Prayer: Dear Lord, as I stand in thy holy presence, face to face with thee, I hear thy call and with great joy I say: "Here am I, send me."

Wednesday, August 3

Brotherliness Is Otherliness

"None of us liveth to himself." Romans 14:7.

Read Romans 14:1-8.

We are spiritually responsible before God for other souls as well as for our own soul. If I allow any deflection from God in my life, every one about suffers. If I yield to selfishness, slovenliness, moral obtuseness every one within my circle will be affected by it. Consciously or unconsciously what I am makes others better or worse. No living being can detach himself from the world in which he moves.

Prayer: Heavenly Father, help us to live on high levels of Christian character and usefulness—not only for our own sakes, but for the sake of others too.

Thursday, August 4

A Staggering Question

"Son of man, can these bones live?" Ezekiel 37:3.

Read Ezekiel 37:1-6.

Can that sinner be turned into a saint? Can that twisted life be put right? Only with God, sharing his resources and power. There is a difference between working for God and working with him. There are many who nominally work for God, but comparatively few who consciously work with him. If I am in partnership with God, I will not despair of any man.

Prayer: In thy eternal power, O God, convert my weakness into life-giving strength.