

THE BAPTIST HERALD

September 15,
1938



An Afternoon
Street Scene in
Bolkenhain, Germany,
the Home of
Paul Gebauer,
Our
Cameroon Missionary,
With Flower Boxes
and Store Signs
Greeting the Visitor

What's Happening

✱ The Rev. C. H. Edinger recently resigned his charge as pastor of the German Baptist Church of Kyle, Texas, and has accepted the call of the Hurnville Baptist Church near Petrolia, Texas. He began his service on the field on Sept. 1st.

✱ The Rev. Rudolf Kaiser, pastor of the German Baptist Church of McClusky, No. Dak., baptized 6 young converts on Sunday, July 30, in a nearby lake and received these into the fellowship of the church. The Rev. Adolf Reeh of Goodrich, No. Dak., was the guest speaker at the service held at the lake.

✱ The Rev. C. F. Dallmus, one of our retired ministers living with his wife at Kelowna, British Columbia, Canada, has been serving the German Baptist Church of Spokane, Wash., as interim pastor since Sunday, Aug. 14. The former minister, the Rev. R. E. Reschke, resigned in order to accept the call from Bethlehem, Pa.

✱ On Sunday, Aug. 7, the Rev. Alfred Bernadt, pastor of the Oak Street Baptist Church of Burlington, Iowa, baptized 3 persons and received these and 3 others into the fellowship of the church at the communion service which followed. The membership of the Burlington Church now stands at 641, which makes it one of the largest churches in the entire denomination.

✱ On Sunday, June 26, the Rev. John Kemnitz, pastor of the Pin Oak Creek Church near Mt. Sterling, Mo., baptized 3 persons in a nearby creek. On Sunday, July 3, the church also celebrated its 83rd anniversary. The church has an active Baptist Training Union with an adult group and young people's society, which meet regularly during the year.

✱ A successful Daily Vacation Bible School was conducted by the West Ebenezer Church near Springside, Saskatchewan, Canada, under the leadership of Miss Ella Katzberg, lasting for a period of 2 weeks. Forty-eight pupils were enrolled. On Sunday, August 7, at the closing of the school a fine program was given by the pupils before a large audience.

✱ The Rev. Carl Swyter, pastor of the First Church of George, Iowa, baptized 2 persons from the mission station at White, So. Dak., on Sunday morning, Aug. 21. The converts were baptized in a nearby creek with a large audience in attendance. Mr. Swyter serves the mission every sixth Sunday. On Aug. 30 the church celebrated the 40th wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Swyter with a special commemoration program.

✱ On Sunday evening, Aug. 14, the Rev. Fred Schilling, pastor of the Immanuel Church of Wausau, Wis., baptized 6 converts, of whom 4 are members of the Sunday School. He was assisted at the baptismal service by the Rev. John Wobig of St. Paul, Minn., and by the Rev. Wilfred Bloedow of Merrill, Wis. Mr. Wobig, who was formerly pastor of the Wausau Church, was also the guest speaker at the largely attended morning service.

✱ The Rev. G. H. Schneck, pastor of the German Baptist Church of Passaic, N. J., brought his services there to a close on August 1 because of illness. Mr. Schneck attended the sessions of the Publication Board in Cleveland, Ohio, on July 19, where he was stricken ill and had to return to New York to enter a hospital. His recovery has been sufficient for him to be removed to his home.

✱ Evangelistic services were held early in August in the German Baptist Church near Gatesville, Texas, which were conducted by the seminary students, Messrs. Rudolf Milbrandt and Walter Stein. Nine children and young people responded to the invitation to accept Christ as Savior. The pastor of the church, the Rev. W. Buening, wrote that "the brethren have made a good record for themselves, especially as theological students, and should later enter upon a successful ministry."

✱ The Rev. G. Ittermann, pastor of the Rosenfeld Church in Saskatchewan, Canada, baptized 7 persons on Sunday, June 26, at the mission station, Annental. These baptized converts and 4 others were received into the church at the communion service that followed. Mr. Ittermann has served as evangelist for 2 weeks of services in the German Baptist Churches of Hilda and Bursall, Saskatchewan, which are without the services of ministers at present, with visible results.

✱ During the past summer the Home for the Aged in Chicago, Ill., has undergone a number of significant renovations. The cottage, formerly standing alongside the Home, has been removed to the rear and entirely renovated with 7 new rooms added. The grounds adjoining the Home have been beautifully landscaped. The cost of the improvements was in the neighborhood of \$3000. The superintendent of the Home, the Rev. E. R. Lengefeld, was in charge of all the work.

✱ The Kossuth Baptist Church near Manitowoc, Wis., has been served since June 15 by the Rev. Edgar Engelmann of Michigan. He is a son of a former German Baptist pastor, who was also

minister of the Kossuth Church for several years. Mr. Engelmann is a graduate of the German Baptist Seminary in the class of 1921 and of the Colgate-Rochester Divinity School in 1925. He has been pastor of several Michigan churches. At the beginning of October he hopes to return to the state of Michigan.

✱ The 41st annual program of the Women's Missionary Society of the Germantown Baptist Church in North Dakota was something unique in the way of a novelty. The husbands and sons furnished the entire program for the occasion. Mr. E. E. Broschat, as master of ceremonies, read an original poem. The rest of the program consisted of a dialogue, a men's chorus of 16 voices, and numbers by a quartet, a violin duet and cornet soloist. Refreshments were served by the Junior Sunday School classes. Mrs. Herman J. Edinger is the secretary of the society.

✱ On Sunday, July 24, the German Baptist Church of Prince George, British Columbia, Canada, dedicated the church bell in the new church tower with impressive services. Many strangers were in the church for the first time on that Sunday with a total attendance of more than 100. The pastor, the Rev. H. Rumpel, reports encouraging progress on this difficult mission field in northern British Columbia. On Sunday afternoon, July 24, a Sunday School picnic was held with 135 persons participating. A Vacation Bible School was held from July 17 to 23 with 18 pupils.

✱ The Rev. and Mrs. William Swyter of Union City, N. J., celebrated their silver wedding anniversary on Wednesday, Aug. 10, and at the same time the 25th anniversary of the service of Mr. Swyter as pastor of the Second (Continued on Page 348)

The Baptist Herald

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EDITORIAL

THE European has a boundless heart of sentiment. His vocabulary is rich to express the deepest thoughts of his soul. His hands are fragrant with flowers
Say It With Flowers! which he generously gives to others. He is world-renowned for his royal hospitality and exuberant gratitude.

Dr. Kuhn and the editor of "The Baptist Herald" on their recent European trip were constantly at a loss to know how to reciprocate the avalanche of verbal and visible expressions of gratitude by our Baptist friends of Europe. We had to confess that our American background and training had never prepared us for such emergencies. The American is much more reserved and restrained in this respect than his warm, effervescent European brother.

Waving handkerchiefs are a traditional feature of every train departure in European depots. As long as the train or the people on the platform are still in sight, the white handkerchiefs are fluttered excitedly as a token of fond and affectionate farewell. One's arrival at one's destination is always greeted colorfully with bouquets of flowers. At times, our arms were so filled with bouquets from the pastor, organizations of the church and children that we hardly knew what to do with them. We were literally overwhelmed by the European's warm-hearted way of saying "Thank You!"

We in America need to learn that lesson of "Saying It With Flowers" to those spiritual leaders and teachers, who are still living in our midst. Why wait until death has closed the eyes and ears of such friends before giving vent to the feeling of gratitude in our hearts? With unrestrained and boundless joy, we ought to shower our appreciation upon those who have been our spiritual guides in the past.

Your Sunday School teacher is one of those church leaders, who is seldom encouraged by

others. His or her service is largely taken for granted by the rest of the church. The routine of the weekly task sometimes becomes monotonous to the teacher. Children are not apt to appreciate fully the ministry of the teacher. It was only in the later years of youth that the editor expressed to his former Sunday School teachers how much they had meant to his spiritual life.

The marvelous ministry of D. L. Moody, the evangelist, was the fruit of a Sunday School teacher's personal work and the grace of God in his heart. Many a renowned missionary has felt the need of "people in darkness" in a small Sunday School classroom while still only a boy or girl. The Sunday School teachers are a great deal more important in the work of God's Kingdom than many church members surmise. Their influence goes literally out to the uttermost parts of the earth and their ministry has an eternal value.

Why not "say it with flowers" to all your Sunday School teachers at the Rally service or at the opening of your Fall program in appreciation of their sacrificial and memorable service? The feature article on "Trailing the Teacher" by the Rev. Paul Wengel in this issue of "The Baptist Herald" is published to honor the work of such teachers. It may be only a single rose or a small nosegay of flowers that each teacher receives, but it will be an impressive service of commemoration that will leave its blessing upon everyone.

Remember your Sunday School teacher! He or she is God's servant, interpreting divine truths to you. That teacher deserves to be encouraged and commended by us, even as God will say to such: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant!" Why not release the unexpressed gratitude of our hearts by saying it to them with fragrant flowers as symbols of our sincere and hearty appreciation?

Trailing the Teacher

At this season of the year just preceding Rally Day and the enthusiastic opening of the busy Sunday School program, it behooves us to pause and to pay tribute to the faithful and self-effacing service of the Sunday School teacher. In the following brilliant article the pastor of the Bethel Baptist Church of Detroit, Mich., honors the teacher and worker with golden words and fragrant bouquets of praise.

By the REV. PAUL WENGEL of Detroit, Michigan

FOR once we plead indulgence from our Sunday School teachers and workers if we are discovered spying on them. We may remember how Susannah Wesley's children tiptoed by her bedroom where she was known as "the high priestess" to intercede for her household. With some such reverence we would trail our teachers. We may be forgiven for spying on them when we purpose to honor them.

The Army of the Lord

There are 3,400 teachers and workers in our church schools, not counting teachers and work-

vision. In fact, the prerequisites and service credentials of the Intelligence Division are really the same as those of the generals and highest commanding officers. (1. Tim. 3:1-13.) The strictest discipline prevails in this division on the basis of the truth that "he that ruleth his spirit is mightier than he that taketh a city" (Prov. 16:32; 1. Cor. 9:27). No stronger leadership can be found for the King's cause than in the ranks of the church school teachers and officers. To appreciate their service we may follow them about a bit.



Sunday School Pupils, Teachers and Officers in the First German Baptist Church of Salem, Oregon

ers in Vacation and Week Day Church Schools. This is a veritable corpse of soldiers in the army of the Lord. We might call it "the Intelligence Division" that will keep the Sunday School Army of 34,580 informed about the King's will and salvation strategy. This division consists of commissioned officers. Their commission is to be found in Matthew 28:19—"Go—Teach—Baptize—Teach."

The members of this division are highly honored by the King, who at the same time is the Commander-in-Chief. He himself says that they who "shall do and teach the least of his commandments shall be called great in his Kingdom" (Matt. 5:19). Their standing in his army is very high. (1. Cor. 28:28.) Many of the generals have risen from the ranks of this di-

To the Study

Older Christians ought all to be teachers. (Heb. 5:12-14.) Milk-fed babes in Christ are all right, but it is abnormal to be a baby all one's life. Praised be the Lord! there are a great host of older saints who have been in the teaching service for many years. They do not desert nor retire on the slightest pretext, surrendering Christian teaching to younger and more inexperienced persons. They not only serve in the freshness of the morn, but they toil in the noon-day heat and see their jobs through the setting sun. "Be ye faithful unto death and ye shall receive the crown of life" (Rev. 2:10).

Elihu, the youngest of Job's comforters, was a little disgusted with the older companions and with Job. In his resentment he said, "Days should

speak and the multitude of years should teach wisdom" (Job 37:2). Experience and knowledge are stock in trade for a teacher. They ought to be the property of the older disciple. It is that experience and knowledge which the learner is anxious to get. However, not all older saints and veteran teachers can qualify here. The same Elihu said, "Great men are not always wise, neither do the aged (always) understand judgment" (Job 32:9). One writer dares to say, "I understand more than the ancients because I keep thy precepts" (Ps. 119:199). We bless those saintly veterans who quake at the challenge of their jobs, who "study to show themselves approved," who do not scorn training schools, who read to stimulate thought.

The Ideal Teacher

The best teacher is the best learner. His desires will be expressed in the words of the Psalmist, "Lead me in thy truth and teach me;" "Show me thy ways, O Lord, and teach me thy paths" (Ps. 25). It has often been assumed that all one needs in order to be fit to be a Christian teacher is spiritual consecration. Someone has said, "The man who tried his hand at something and failed might try using his head." "Easy Street" often becomes a blind alley, even in teaching. God puts no premium on laziness. A great teacher suggests: "Ten per cent of a good sermon is inspiration, ninety per cent perspiration." That is also true of good teaching.

We honor the diligent teachers who know what their lessons will be months ahead, and who begin to study their lessons on Sunday afternoon. We honor the men and the women who put their Bible in the center of their teaching. To them it is as familiar a territory as the old homestead or the native city or country. It is no strange city to them wherein to get lost. They are on speaking terms with God, its source, and Christ, its chief personage, and they know its people with all their divinity and humanity. To them it is a record of God's revelation and man's discernment. They glory in its truth, its rhythm, and its music. These church-school teachers and workers may have quarterlies and the best of lesson helps, but the Word of God remains their chief text book.

While Trailing the Pupil

"If we want to educate children we must live with them ourselves," says Martin Luther. We pay tribute to the teachers and workers whose job is not done when the Sunday School session is over. Most teachers, in the last analysis, will not be remembered by what they have said. This in no way minimizes the value of teaching preparation. Pupils learn as much by what they sense and feel in normal human relationship as by what they hear. It may be the personal charm, friendly spirit, real religion, fairness, honesty, humility, that have made the real impression upon the pupil.

All too many teachers and church school workers never think of their pupils and jobs between Sundays. There are those, however, who take members of their classes along to Sunday dinner, who will remember their birthdays, visit the ailing and unfortunates. A party, a hike, a picnic, a visit to a shut-in, a heart-to-heart talk about salvation and prayer, all of these have their place in the program of a good teacher.

It is no simple task for a teacher to know the lesson and to present it well. It is an infinitely more trying task to know the pupil, but know him the teacher must. To meet the pupil in his home is one of the ways to open his heart. All the knowledge and experience that a Christian teacher possesses must be dedicated to win the pupil, young or old, to Christ and to build Christian personality. Every good teacher and church school worker knows that this cannot be accomplished with a half hour lesson once a week. So we especially honor the teachers and church school workers who are on the job seven days in the week and from 45 to 52 weeks per year.

To the Inner Sanctuary

Praise God for the great host of Sunday School teachers and workers, for they are, as a class, the most Christlike of saints. It is hard to teach others to do something and not do it yourself. How can anyone consistently preach "to others" and oneself "be a castaway"? (1. Cor. 9:27.) How can the man, who is a teacher and leader of a group of boys and knows that smoking will harm the tender issues of youth, warn his class and himself indulge his habit? When strong drink has often wrecked the lives of the most promising youths, how can a leader or teacher set a snare for such lives through even an occasional drink? "Destroy not him with thy meat for whom Christ died" (Rom. 15:15).

This is what Paul calls "adorning the gospel." It is the strong meat of the Christian. It speaks of a vital faith and the way of the cross. It is the Christly way of life, the heavenly conversation "Ye are the light of the world." Congratulations! "Let your light so shine—that men may see your good works and glorify your Father who is in heaven." Only so will men truly believe the teacher's testimony: "Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus." "Walk humbly with thy God." All of these have their specific application to the teaching ministry, and to it we render honor and praise. God bless our teachers and Sunday School workers, giving strength to strive, love to serve, and faith to trust!

"We thank our teachers for their toil,
Their training in the truth,
Concerned that ne'er the tempter foil
Bright promises of youth;
And as we seek eternal worth
In larger, harder tasks on earth,
We're heartened by each helpful thought
Their patient service wrought."
(Translated by F. W. C. Meyer.)

Germany, the Beautiful

Some of the most picturesque beauty of Europe is to be found within the borders of Germany, which largely accounts for the strong attachment of that country for those who used to call it "Home." In this second series of articles about his recent European trip with Dr. Kuhn, the editor is attempting to picture that which is so unique and attractive in Germany.

By MARTIN L. LEUSCHNER, Editor of "The Baptist Herald"

ner guest of friends who live on a little, winding street near the top of a hill that is called "The Street at the Sunny Nook" (Am Sonnigen Winkel). German cafes have inviting names from that "At the Sign of the Golden Lion" in Kassel to the "Restaurant for Happy People" on the Wartburg. We delighted in other names such as "The Peacock Room," "The Coffin Lid," "The Blessing of God," "The White Swan," "The Cozy Corner" (Zur gemuetlichen Ecke) and "The Eye of God."

GORGEOUS FLOWERS EVERYWHERE

The most vivid impression, which I have brought with me from Germany, concerns the luxurious display of flowers everywhere throughout the land. Germany is a veritable flower garden, the sight of which calls forth

Even the city halls and public buildings in Germany's cities greet the traveler with their decorations of flaming red geraniums and beautifully shaded petunias and coppery gaillardias from flower-boxes in every front window. Our surprise was great to find similar flower-boxes on the freight cars, used as housing quarters by the workmen, and even high up on the city's lamp posts. During the Pentecost holidays the wagons and bicycles and autos were decorated with flowers and sprigs of green. Not a single meal in one of the deaconess homes went by without a little bouquet of flowers at every dinner plate. The impression grows upon one that the German people show a warm friendliness as beautiful as the flowers which they cultivate with such pride and joy.

On the ship going out to Europe it was a surprise to me to learn that twenty-six per cent of Germany's territory is covered by forests. That surprise vanished as we entered Germany and became acquainted with her low wooded hills and dense forests. The German's conception of a grand holiday is to go to some nearby forest and to hike for miles through the well-kept, carpeted grove. His love for these green forests has deepened into a reverence, which transforms these places into solemn shrines of worship.

GERMANY'S MAGNIFICENT CASTLES

But the castles of Germany are her loveliest jewels of beauty. They tower invincibly above one on the crest of a rocky crag or on the peak of a wooded hill. The rose-clad walls of such a stronghold dominate the surrounding valley with beauty in this day as it formerly spoke of physical security and strength. One of the greatest thrills for me on our trip to Germany was an afternoon swim with Mr. Eberhard Schroeder, the business manager of the Baptist Publication Society, in the Edersee with the ramparts and turrets of the Waldeck castle above us reflected in the clear mountain water of the lake. How can I ever forget the memorable evening as our train sped along from Heidelberg to Stuttgart and from the open window in the aisle I had a panoramic view of the Auerbach castle and the Wachenheim fortress glistening in the last rays of the setting sun!

Our pilgrimage to the Wartburg was a mountain-top experience in itself. A low mist hung over the nearby city of Eisenach as we drove towards the hill and its Burg. Gradually it came into view, high above us, like an apparition in the fog, like a jewel hanging in midair, like a Christmas toy dropped from heaven! We climbed the steps, whose number seemed to be legion, to the old wooden moat leading to the thick walls into the castle itself. The white doves in the courtyard and the water in the large circular well have changed with the years, but the spirit of Martin Luther and of the Reformation as he hid from enemies and translated the Bible into the German language, still breathes through its historical halls.

THE QUAINT PAST

Lanes and squares, and sometimes entire villages, have remained almost unchanged for centuries. Their quaint architecture and traditional customs transport one into another age. One's love for the old-fashioned receives a strong impetus in such picturesque



The Schiller Square and Market Place in the Heart of Stuttgart

places. Bremen has its famous renovated Boettcher Street with its house of many bells and an old building, dated 1588, with the inscription: "Wol Gotd vor Trauet de heft volgebawet." (He who trust in God has built well!) A Saturday morning spent in the crowded market place of the Schiller Square in Stuttgart was colorful with streams of people and wagon loads of vegetables and flowers. In old Nuremberg we ate sausages in a small, vine covered cafe, "Bratwurstglocklein," founded by Albrecht Duerer in 1513, with the inscription over the stove: "Gruess Gott—tritt ein—bring Glueck herein!" (Welcome! Come In! Bring joy with you!) In the little village of Wildungen we drove through narrow, winding lanes and past dwellings, over



A Crucifix and a Coca Cola Sign Form a Strange Combination on a Munich House!

whose front doors the following inscriptions were painted: "God bless this home and all its occupants! That is the wish of Johannes Schmidt, 1883."

TREASURES FOR EVERYONE

Germany has marvelous treasures of art and historical lore, which astound the observer. Her musical charm has delighted the hearts of many millions. In Dresden we visited the famous "Zwinger," which is the city's art gallery, and stood with enrapturing surprise before Raphael's masterpiece of

heaven. In Munich I tramped for several hours through the halls of the German Museum, which is probably the largest and most complete museum in the world.

The luxurious palaces of former emperors and kings of yesterday are now open to the public gaze for every peasant and street cleaner to see. In Potsdam we viewed the vast grounds and gardens of the former German emperors, called Sanssouci, and in Vienna we were thrilled by the beauty of the glory that once belonged to the Hapsburg emperors at the Schoenbrunn palace. On such visits we always found hundreds of Germans who were being taken on vacation and sight-seeing tours to all of Germany's places of interest by the governmentally supervised program of "Kraft durch Freude" (Strength through Joy).

MODERN GERMANY

The achievements of modern Germany are equally stunning and beautiful. We traveled repeatedly over the four lane highway (Reichsautobahn), which, over its hundreds of miles through Germany, has no equal anywhere in the world. Not a single cross-road is to be found on the entire stretch, and even farmers who attempt to cross the highway are heavily fined. The Olympic Stadium in Berlin is only a part of the Reich Sport Field, where the Olympic games were held in 1936. The immense May field can accommodate more than 300,000 persons for festival and political demonstrations. The nearby swimming stadium, the largest in the world, simply takes one's breath



The Picturesque Salzach River Winds Its Way Through Salzburg, One of the Most Interesting Cities of Former Austria

religious art, "the Sistine Madonna." In Leipzig we sat in the crowded St. Thomas Church, in which Johann Sebastian Bach used to be the organist, and heard the world-famous boys' choir of the church singing several numbers that seemed to be an echo of

away in astonishment. In Nuremberg, where the Congresses of the Nazi party are held, a hall is being built to seat 305,000 people, and reviewing fields are nearing completion where almost a million people can take part (Continued on Page 360)



Looking Down on the Elbe River from a Scenic Height in the Saxon Alps

The beauty of Germany is gloriously enchanting, so that it reminds one of the colorful pictures in a child's book of fairy-tales. The traveler through Germany seems to be turning the pages of such a book with spellbound fascination. Everywhere he finds the brightest colors splashed richly upon the landscape. It seems to be a land of joyous "make-believe," in which the quaint and picturesque beauty of the Middle Ages awaits one just around the corner from the imposing grandeur of the present.

PANORAMIC BEAUTY

Germany has been called "the land of fascinating contrasts and of pleasant surprises." She can boast of an infinite variety of scenery. Only a few blocks in the heart of Bremen separate the old windmill from the famous market place with its gigantic statue of Roland, armed with the sword of justice as a symbol of independent jurisdiction. Lovely rivers, such as the Elbe, Rhine, Fulda, Weser and Spree, which have been sung by the world's poets throughout the ages, are overlooked by castles and vineyards, by ancient cathedrals and monasteries. It is only a few minutes walk from the busy traffic of Berlin's fashionable business district on the famous street, "Unter den Linden," to the magnificent, wide park, called "Tiergarten," where only the songs of birds and the chatter of squirrels and the laughter of children at play can be heard.

The delightful names of Germany's streets are matched by the romantic titles of restaurants, ascribed with great ardor by proud proprietors to their cafes. I found a picturesque footpath in Eilenburg, lined with young white birch trees, that is called "Nightingale Avenue." The little village of Muehlberg on the Elbe River has a unique "Kingdom of Heaven Street." In Stuttgart I was the din-



The Historic Hans Sachs House in Nuremberg, Germany

repeated outbursts of ecstasy from the traveler. The railroad tracks in June were bordered with miles of golden flowers and blossoming lavender lupines. A German house is not content with one flower-box at one of its front windows, but must have every window geously decorated with a wealth and a great variety of blossoms.

Children's Page

Edited by MISS LA VERNE STARK of Unityville, South Dakota

My Sunday School Teacher

By Ethel L. Rennison of Elgin, Iowa
I may not always understand
The truths she tries to teach;
Her store of Bible knowledge seems
So far beyond my reach.
But these are things I understand—
I cannot fail to see
Her faith in Christ, her love for him,
Her deep concern for me.
I, too, will trust and follow him,
The Christ of Calvary;
For, Oh, I never can forget—
My teacher prays for me!

Lee's Lesson

Linda and Lee, the Beagle twins, ran down the walk, and skipped off to school. Mother called after them, "Go right to school now, so that you'll be there in time for the bell."

Linda called back, "Yes, Mother." But Lee was in too much of a rush to answer. He started running down the sidewalk.



The Sunday School of the Weissensee Baptist Church in Berlin, Germany, with the Superintendent, Mr. Bruno Springer, at the Right

"I promised to stop for Richard, Linda. I've got to hurry." He knew he shouldn't go ahead of Linda, but he and Richard had to talk about the marble game for play period.

"Go ahead. I'll walk with Joan. She's at the gate." Just then she saw Joan open the gate and come to meet her.

Lee saw her, too, and felt relieved of his duty to go to school with his sister. He ran down the hill to Richard's house as fast as he could go. Richard wasn't quite ready and, as he waited, the two girls passed him.

"Now, Lee, don't you fool around so that you'll be late. No one was tardy in our room the first week and you know we're going to try for the banner," Linda reminded him.

"You might remember to get Richard there on time. He's always so pokey," added Joan.

"Oh, those two girls! Always think they're so wonderful," thought Lee.

Richard was soon ready. "We've a whole twenty minutes to go those five blocks. Let's take a run around the swimming pool first. It's only a little bit out of the way," he said.

A little voice inside Lee's mind said, "Don't do it. Go right to school."

"We can stop for Edward that way. He'll be ready," continued Richard and turned to go toward the park.

The little voice spoke to Lee again. "Mother said to go right to school."

But Lee wanted to go by the swimming pool and stop for Edward. He answered the voice, "It won't take very long and we have twenty minutes."

The little voice kept on talking. "But Mother said to go—"

garbage and they asked for Edward. She was surprised to see them.

"Edward left quite a while ago. He had a new magnet to show the class and he wanted to get there early. You have only five minutes left. If you want to be on time you'd better hurry."

Five minutes! There were four blocks to go! They couldn't wait to find the ball. Lee looked at Richard, and Richard looked at Lee.

"Come on!" said Lee. Away they ran as fast as they could. They had no time to stop to rest. Lee was tired. He remembered with dismay that they had used a lot of energy running around the swimming pool. Two blocks were left; and finally, only one. They could see the school yard now. The children were still playing outside. The boys slowed to a walk. Just then the bell started ringing and the children ran to their lines.

The two started to run once more. Then Richard tripped and fell. He got up again quickly, but his knee was bruised and bleeding. Lee stopped, but Richard yelled, "Go on. I'm all right. Don't be tardy. I'll get there."

The class had just finished hanging up their caps when Lee and Richard came into the room. They wouldn't be counted tardy, Lee knew, but oh, it was close. Miss Grant bandaged Richard's knee and spoke to both boys about the record the class was trying to make and how it had almost been broken.

Lee thought carefully about the whole matter. At lunch time he told his mother. Then he asked, "What was that little voice I heard, Mother?"

"That was your conscience, Lee. If you had obeyed it you wouldn't have had any trouble."

"I remember now. Miss Krebbs asked us in Sunday School how many of us had a conscience and I didn't think I had any. She said everybody had one; if only they'd listen, they'd hear. I'll mind mine next time, Mother."

WHAT'S HAPPENING

(Continued from Page 342)

German Baptist Church of Union City was observed. The women of the church had arranged a surprise banquet for Mr. and Mrs. Swyter, at which the Rev. Victor Prendinger of Jersey City was the toastmaster and one of the speakers. The Rev. John Schmidt of Union City also brought an address of congratulations. Mr. and Mrs. Swyter were presented with a gift of money and a bouquet of flowers.

Daily Meditations

By PROFESSOR LEWIS KAISER of Rochester, N. Y.

Monday, September 19

Immediately

"And immediately the spirit driveth him into the wilderness." Mark 1:12.
Read Mark 1:9-13.

Immediately? Immediately after what? After the opened heavens and the dove-like peace and the voice of the Father's blessing: "Thou art my beloved son, in whom I am well pleased." That is no abnormal experience. Has it not happened to us too, that times of deepest depression followed upon moments of ecstasy and joy?

Prayer: Yes, my Lord, after the glory of the baptism there sometimes comes the hunger of the desert. Support us in our great need.

Tuesday, September 20

"I Will Make Thee"

"Fear not, thou worm, Jacob I will make thee a new, sharp threshing instrument having teeth." Isaiah 41:14, 15.

Read Isaiah 41:10-16.

And so the "worm," whether it be Israel or whether it be you or I, may take heart. The mighty God can make us stronger than our circumstances. He can bend them all to our good. When God gives us wills like iron, we can drive through difficulties as the iron plough-share cuts through the toughest soil.

Prayer: "Savior dear, wilt thou make me—
Make me what I long to be?
Make me loving, trustful, godly,
Make me even like to thee."

Wednesday, September 21

The Power of Stillness

"And the chief priests accused him of many things, but he answered nothing." Mark 15:3.

Read Mark 15:1-5.

Jesus let his enemies say and do their worst. He held his peace—as the silent lamb of God. There is a stillness that lets God work for us—a stillness that makes no frantic effort at self-vindication, but lets God provide and answer the cruel blow in his own unflinching, faithful love.

Prayer: O Lord, grant us this silent power, this spirit conquered by thy love.

Thursday, September 22

Learning to Wait

"Then said the Lord to Moses I have seen, I have seen the affliction of my people which is in Egypt and am come to deliver them. And now come, I will send thee into Egypt." Acts 7:34.

Read Acts 7:29-34.

Moses had to wait 40 years in the wilderness in preparation for his great mission. When God seemingly delays, he is not inactive. He is getting his instruments ready. He is ripening our powers. God is never in a hurry but spends years with those whom he purposes to use. Do not run impetuously before the Lord. Learn to abide his time. He is never too late.

Prayer: Forgive, dear Lord, our impatience and fretfulness. Give us grace to wait for thee.

Friday, September 23

Contrary Winds

"The wind was contrary." Matthew 14:24.

Read Matthew 14:22-27.

Jesus Christ is no security against storms, but he is security *in* storms. He has never promised us an easy passage; only a safe landing, if we are in the billow-swept boat and we trust him. There is a glory of the Master, which can be seen only when he commands the angry waves and they obey.

Prayer: Thou Master of land and sea, keep me calm amid raging storms and a pitching sea, knowing, that thou art at the helm.

Saturday, September 24

The Silver Lining

"They looked and, behold, the glory of the Lord appeared in the cloud." Exodus 16:10.

Read Exodus 16:2-10.

Get into the habit of looking for the silver lining of the cloud and, when you have found it, continue to look at it, rather than at the leaden gray in the middle. Do not yield to discouragement, no matter how sorely pressed or beset you may be. A discouraged soul is helpless. Keep the skyward look!

Prayer: Savior dear, keep the eye of my soul riveted upon thee, the light of my life and the star of my hope.

Sunday, September 25

The True Worship

"God is Spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and truth." John 4:24.

Read John 4:19-24.

It is well for us if we know something of the joy and stimulus of worship in the house of the Lord. If we can learn better how to live as in the Eternal, to find deeper joy in the fellowship of the Church, and to walk more consistently in every-day life, we shall truly have hallowed the day.

Prayer: Almighty God, may our pri-

vate worship grow sweeter and our presence in the house of God bring us spiritual uplift.

Monday, September 26

Watching for God

"I will stand upon my watch, and set me upon the tower, and will watch to see what he will say unto me." Habakkuk 2:1.

Read Habakkuk 2:1-4.

An old proverb says: "They that watch for Providence, will never want a providence to watch for." Unless we put out our water-jars when it rains, we will catch no water. When we go to the bank to draw money, we simply present our check and we receive the amount of cash desired. Alas, we often simply play at praying; we pray and expect no answer.

Prayer: Forgive us, O Lord, that we so often trifle with thee in praying. We ask and do not watch to see what thou wilt say.

Tuesday, September 27

Thank God Not for the Rose Only But for the Thorn Too

"Therefore I take pleasure in infirmities in distresses for Christ's sake: for when I am weak, then am I strong." 2. Cor. 12:10.

Read 2. Corinthians 12:7-11.

The sainted George Matheson prayed: "My God, I have never thanked thee for my thorn. I have thanked thee a thousand times for my roses, but not once for my thorn. I have been looking forward to a world, where I shall get compensation for my cross" (he was blind), "but I have never thought of my cross as itself a present glory. Show me that I have climbed to thee by the path of pain."

Prayer: Loving Father, help me to see that my tears have made my rain-bows.

Wednesday, September 28

Be Not Afraid

"Be strong and of a good courage; be not affrighted, neither be thou dismayed, for Jehovah, thy God, is with thee." Joshua 1:9.

Read Joshua 1:6-9.

We need a brave heart, else we cannot hope to win in our day's work. To be timid is to be defeated in advance. Yet courage is not mere self-assurance. Humility and the sense of dependence upon divine help are not sources of weakness but of strength.

Prayer: Gracious God, we confess to thee our faintheartedness.

(Continued on Page 359)



By Mrs. Grace Livingston Hill

SYNOPSIS

Jason Whitney, a bank clerk, was implicated in a bank robbery because of circumstantial evidence. He left town hurriedly and went to New York, determined to make good. Rowan, his friend, inspired by his love for Joyce, Jason's sister, decided to find the prodigal and found him on a freighter which was about to leave for South Africa. He and Jason became friendly with a third member of the crew, Carl Kinder, who led them to an acceptance of Jesus Christ as Savior before he died of an old illness. In the meantime, Rowan's father had died, and his mother, who was worrying about him, was lonesome and sad.

CHAPTER TWENTY

The rest of the winter had not been a happy one for Hannah, nor perhaps for anyone else concerned.

It was not just that she was grieving, for she was bearing her great grief royally, almost radiantly, but it was that she was lonely and homesick.

She had hoped in coming to visit Myra that she would have a tender renewal of their other days together, and that a sweet companionship would grow between herself and her little granddaughter. But things did not turn out that way. Hannah began to realize that they could not turn out so in the house where Mark was dominant and kept up a continual tumult about everything that went on. She seems to realize also that Myra was driven from morning to night by the whims of her husband, and was in constant terror of one of his overbearing outbreaks. Poor Myra! Her dear little girl! To think that they had let her marry into a life like this!

And yet Mark was not a bad man as morality goes. He was just mean, stubborn, conceited, determined to rule everything about him. He wouldn't let his own little child even love her mother. He put thoughts into her mind like seeds, and wildly they grew, so that Myra had no ally anywhere, not even her own baby. And Hannah saw that she did not dare to turn to her mother. Indeed Hannah presently perceived that her very presence in the home instead of being a comfort to Myra had become a distress. Mark was continually nagging and criticizing her, or telling her it was her fault that Myra was so silly and set in her way whenever he had a difference of opinion with his wife.

The only thing that she could possibly do for Myra was to relieve her of some of the heavy housework that Mark demanded and even then he was never quite suited.

But she was at least able to give Myra a chance to go off with her husband in the car now and then, though she wondered sometimes when she saw the look on Myra's unhappy face, if that was, after all, such a good thing. It almost seemed as if Myra would have been glad of an excuse to stay at home.

And so as the spring came on Hannah began to plan to get away very soon. She mentioned it once or twice to Myra and brought on such a storm of pleading and sharp words combined with tears, that she had put it off from week to week. But now things were really coming to a crisis.

They left Olive with her one day, with strict orders that the child must stay in the house because she had a bad cold, but Olive, as soon as their back was turned put on her hat and coat and started to go out to play with some of her little friends.

Hannah called her back, indeed drew her forcibly into the house and took off her coat and hat while Olive kicked her and screamed wildly.

"I don't have to mind you, you—old thing!" she said with a kick at every word, until Hannah's ankles were smarting from the little heels. "You aren't my father and mother! I don't have to mind you! You're old! You're a mean old thing! I HATE you!"

Of course she was little more than a baby but the words hurt Hannah more than the kicks had hurt her sensitive flesh. Olive, her own baby's child, talking that way to her!

She was worn out, almost sick when at last she got the child somewhat subdued. She had tried giving her something nice to play with, a precious picture book of her mother's that she had tucked in her suitcase hoping there would be a chance to give it to the child sometime and rouse a little interest in her mother's childhood. But Olive turned the pages savagely, and then suddenly tore the book from end to end, stamping on it and saying: "It's a nasty book. I hate it!"

And suddenly Hannah was filled with a spirit of the past, and great and righteous wrath, and with almost superhuman strength she took the sturdy little girl in her arms, sat down with her wildly kicking and screaming and

laid her firmly over her knee, administering a rare and thorough spanking.

The child was utterly astonished. No one had ever dared lay a chastening hand upon her person before, and when she discovered that neither kicks nor screams nor angry thumping little fists on whatever portions of grandmother were available did no good to stop the punishment, she suddenly sank her sharp little teeth in her grandmother's leg.

An hour later when Olive was at last lying in her little bed in her grandmother's room, still shaking with the sobs of her first defeat of her life, but sleeping the sleep of exhaustion, Hannah lay down upon her own bed, too exhausted to do another thing until she rested. She lay and looked at the ceiling and did some very thorough thinking.

Downstairs the pies that she had started to make did not get made. When Myra came in she gave a startled look of wonder at the table where the makings lay and then a questioning one at her mother.

"Olive was very naughty," Hannah explained in a low voice. "She was determined to go out and play in the wet with the children, and I had to spank her. I didn't get much done."

"You spanked her?" said Myra, aghast. "You really spanked her, Mother? Did she let you?"

"Did she let me?" said Hannah lifting astonished eyes. "Yes, she let me!" she said closing her lips firmly on any other relations she might have offered. No need for Myra to be worried about the ugly swelling on her leg where Olive had left the marks of her sharp little teeth.

Myra looked at her mother with a strange expression of relief and triumph.

"Well, I'm glad," she breathed with a little sigh. "She never would me. But—don't tell Mark!"

"I won't," said Hannah, "but Olive will, I suppose."

"Oh, I suppose so," breathed the child's mother. "And there'll be a terrible time."

"Well, we'll have to weather it," said Hannah grimly. "Now, let's forget it while I hustle some supper on the table. You set the table."

"Supper not ready yet?" glared Mark coming into the kitchen just then and looking around. "Seems to be you've had time enough."

The two women did not answer. They flew around and had a meal on the table in no time.

And strangely enough Olive didn't say a word about her spanking. She came down at dinner all smiles.

"We had a nice time together, didn't we, Grandmother?" she said sweetly, looking up into her grandmother's face placatingly.

Myra just saved herself from gasping aloud in astonishment, and Hannah looked at her grandchild with authority in her eye, and a distant smile that promised several different things.

"Very nice," she said distantly, and Olive dropped her eyes in a strange new embarrassment. So it seemed that Olive was afraid of something. She was afraid that her grandmother would tell what she had done! So it seemed that Olive could be subdued if one had the courage, and the time and the strength.

Nevertheless Hannah decided that it was about time for her to go home.

The next time Myra was out of the house for a little while Hannah packed most all of her things, all except the working dress that she would need. When the time came she wanted to be able to go quickly. It wouldn't be pleasant to have Myra weeping, of course. She must plan how to do it comfortably if possible so that Myra wouldn't feel so badly. Maybe she would get Joyce to write her a letter saying that things at the farm needed her attention, or something like that.

That night at dinner Mark came in in a most complacent mood. He joked them all and was almost gay, for Mark.

After dinner was well under way he said:

"Well, Mother, I've at last succeeded in getting a purchaser for the farm. It's taken sometime to get the right man who was willing to give my price and be willing to pay cash. You know when I was up there at the funeral I went over everything carefully and set down just what everything was worth, implements and furniture and the like, so I was firm about how much I wanted. He's ready to settle within two weeks, if he's thoroughly satisfied after he sees the place. And I guess he will be. He says he knows the country round there and knew Father by reputation, and he's pretty sure the farm is just what he wants. He stuck a little at the price, but he's agreed to it at last, and I'm taking him down tomorrow morning to look everything over. Suppose you give me the key tonight, so we won't forget it in the morning."

Hannah paused to pray in her heart for quietness and strength before she spoke.

"But I'm not going to sell the farm, Mark."

"What? Oh, yes, you are! There's no use your having illusions about that. We're going to get every bit of money together for your old age, Mother, that we possibly can. It isn't as if Myra

and I were rich, you know. We can't afford to keep you entirely."

"No?" said Hannah quietly, "I wouldn't think you could. Not the way I would like to be kept—that is, if I was willing to be kept by anyone."

"Now, look here, Mother, that isn't a very Christian way to talk. That's not like you. Of course when one has to be kept they have to be kept, that's all, and it's best not to mince matters. Just have everything above board. Mother, suppose you go up now and get that key for me and then I won't have to keep it on my mind."

But Hannah arose and began to clear off the table. She answered not a word.

"Mother!" called Mark sharply. "Get me the key at once, won't you? I want to have everything ready for morning. We're going down in the man's car and I'm not sure how early he'll be coming for me. Eight or nine o'clock probably, and I want everything ready tonight. Just let Myra clear off that table to-night and you go up and get the key."

Hannah turned mildly on her son-in-law and gave him the look that finally quelled Olive.

"Mark, I am not going to sell the farm. That is final. Father did not want me to. He arranged everything for me. So if you don't want to be embarrassed you'd better telephone that man tonight not to come. The farm is not for sale!"

Then Hannah took the vegetable dish and walked calmly out into the kitchen.

But Mark followed her and put up a tremendous argument. He was quite calm and mealy-mouthed at first. But Hannah just went calmly on working and presently he waxed hot and began to storm. Still Hannah went on washing dishes. And as the storm continued she finally hung up her dishtowels and marched upstairs.

Mark hung around at the foot of the stairs for a few minutes, and then he went to Myra.

"Has your mother gone up for that key?"

"I don't know, Mark. She didn't say anything to me."

"Well, go up and bring it down to me. I want it where I can get it at a moment's notice."

"Mark, I don't think Mother wants to sell the farm. I don't think you ought to spring it on her in this sudden way," ventured Myra.

"You don't think! You don't think!" shouted Mark so loud that every word reached upstairs to Hannah, right through the register that passed through the parlor where Mark was standing. "What have you got to do with it! The farm is going to be sold whether she likes it or not. It's ridiculous when I've got a perfectly good purchaser for it who is willing to pay my price. We'll have enough in the bank to pay her board and keep for the rest of the time she lives and won't have to worry. If you get into this I'll teach you where

to get off, and I mean it! I guess you know I mean what I say!"

"Yes, I know," said Myra excitedly. "Of course I know. Oh, God, why did I ever—" the rest of the words were drowned in tears, but Hannah's heart was wrung.

The next words she heard were Myra's again, pleading.

"Mark, don't bother Mother any more this winter. She hasn't got over Father's death yet. It hurts her to think of parting with the farm!"

"Sentimental twaddle!" shouted Mark. "But you can't bully Mother into selling it. She won't be driven. I've told you that before."

"Well, we'll see whether she won't be driven. She'll find out who's the head of the family! I've got her in my power and she can't help herself."

"Mark! You can't sell her farm unless she signs the papers!"

"She'll sign all right!" boasted Mark. "I know how to make her sign. I'll just tell her that we'll take out papers that she isn't of sound mind and we'll put her in an asylum if she doesn't do what I tell her."

"Mark! You wouldn't do that to my mother!"

"Wouldn't I? You just watch! I'd do it so soon you wouldn't know what was happening. We could you know. Rowan isn't here, and nobody knows but he's dead. There's only you and I, and I could certainly make you sign anything I told you. You don't think after all the trouble I've taken to get this buyer that I would be balked just by a little thing, do you?"

The conversation ended in more tears and cries and sobs, and amidst it Mark stalked out of the house slamming the door behind him. But presently, just as Hannah had expected, a chastened Myra with scared assumed smiles stole up to her room and knocked at the door.

"Mother!" she called, "I want to talk to you."

But Hannah lay still on her bed where she had laid herself when she first went upstairs and locked her door.

"Not tonight, dear. I've got a sort of headache, and I thought I'd lie down awhile and maybe snatch a bit of sleep. Good night, dear. Ollie's all right, sleeping soundly, so you needn't worry about her. Good night."

She heard Myra give a soft sob and wait a minute. Then she said, "All right, Mother!" and went slowly to her own room.

By and by it was still in the house and then Mark came stamping in. He came straight up to his room and woke Myra and asked her if she had got that key yet.

"No," said Myra, "Mother is asleep. She had a headache!"

"Well, she deserves to have one, the way she has acted up! And you coddling her! It wouldn't have made her headache any worse to wake her up and ask for that key, would it? If you

won't do it I'll do it myself!" and he stalked across the hall to Hannah's door and knocked good and loud, and then tried the door.

"Mother! Wake up and give me that key right away! I'm going early in the morning!" he called. But Hannah answered not a word.

"Mother! I say wake up!" shouted Mark, shaking the door! "What right has anybody to lock a door in my house, I'd like to know!"

"Mark!" called Myra in distress. "You'll wake Ollie up and you know how hard she is to get to sleep again!"

"Well, I don't care!" shouted Mark. "I'm not going to be defied in my own house."

But Hannah lay very still and did not answer, and presently Myra got her man stilled till morning. Poor Myra!

After the house was still again Hannah made her plans. In the silence of the night she took off her shoes and her working dress, and moving without a sound she hung up the dress in the closet and fumbling about found her traveling array and put it on, moving as lightly as if she were a leaf on a tree.

All in the dark she got out her hat and coat and gloves, and her hand bag. She folded and laid her other things in the small bag. Then she stole step by step across the room to the bureau where she gathered up the few things left there, and packed them. There was a ball of cord in the upper drawer, and she slipped the end of it through the handle of her suitcase. The window was open. She could let her things down in the early morning.

Then, with everything ready, she went back to her bed with pencil and paper. Taking one of Ollie's picture books for a desk she wrote a letter in the dark very carefully. There wouldn't be time in the morning.

Dear Myra:

It's best that I should go now. You needn't worry, I was going in a day or two any way, and you will be happier if I am not here.

Don't forget to spank Ollie if she is naughty, and if Mark makes a fuss, spank him too, somehow. Men do need it sometimes, you know, not literally, but in some way. I should have taught you that.

I'm sorry to run away, but it's easier for us both this way. I love you, dear, and you can write to me.

Lovingly,
Mother.

Hannah put this note in a drawer where she knew only Myra would find it, and then she lay down on her bed, and she did not sleep much. She spent the time in praying, asking her heavenly Father to keep her calm and help her through this hard way, and keep Myra, too, and save her from pain as much as was in his will.

At the first hint of dawn in the sky Hannah was up, though even Ollie in

the same room could scarcely have heard, she moved so quietly. She was in her stocking feet, and she went to the window and lifted her suitcase and bag one after the other, and slowly let them down in the grass in the back yard, by the loop of cord through the handle. Then she dropped one after the other, her coat, hat, bag and shoes softly after them, and with a sad, tender look at the obstreperous little granddaughter whom she loved in spite of her naughtiness, she opened the door, hinges of which she had oiled the first day she had been in the house, and slipped silently, slowly, down the stairs, making less noise than a mouse would have made.

Outside at last with the kitchen door locked behind her she sat down on the back door steps in the early dawning and put on her shoes, her hat, coat and gloves. Then she picked up her bag and suitcase, and walking on the grass she carefully left the premises, with no echo, of her footsteps left behind to stir early consciences.

It was a hard panting trip to get that baggage to the corner and around another block out of sight. During the last lap she had to set them down and carry one at a time a little way and then go back for the other. She was rather worn with the excitement of the night, and she found her heart pulling pretty hard, but she made the corner at last, where the trolley passed, and to her relief saw it coming in the distance. If she could only get to the station, and on a train, even a way train, surely she would be safe. She wanted to get home to her own house, and now that she was on her way she had time to think back to those awful words that Mark had spoken. Maybe he didn't mean them but it was bad enough that he should even have thought them, that he should have dared to speak the words to her own child. That he would put her in an insane asylum! That was what his words had practically meant. He said they would swear she was not of sound mind!

Well, of course they couldn't do that, even if Mark tried. But she would feel more comfortable when she was back among her old friends and neighbors, and in the stronghold of her own house, the house that Father had left to her, and to Rowan after her.

She was glad she had never hinted to Myra that Father had left her some money too, even though it was well guarded so that Mark could not force her to use it for her own purposes. Well, the Lord would work this all out somehow. But oh, if Rowan would only come home!

The trolley conductor was very kind. He helped her onto the car, and carried her baggage for her. And she didn't have to wait long at the station for the first train. She sat back thankfully and closed her eyes when she was moving along at last on her way back home. She mustn't let herself think of

the happenings of the last few hours. It would unnerve her when Mark came after her as he surely would if what he said about having a purchaser for the house was true, and it likely was. Mark was itching to get hold of any money that could be grasped. Poor Myra!

She slept a little on the way home, and dreamed of Charles. The vision of his face steadied her. She thought of his calm assurance in the face of death, of his word that he had left everything all right for her. Charles had sensed what Mark would do. He had fixed it.

When she got home it was so good to see familiar faces on the street. The day had just begun. Her heart gave a sudden stab. It almost seemed as if Charles must be there to meet her. But she put on her self-control as a garment and went into the street. The one taxi of the village was not in sight anywhere, but a neighbor was going up her way and took her, setting her down at her own door, and promising to stop at the farmer's cottage and send him over at once to see if there was anything he could do for her. Maybe she would like to start a fire to take the dampness out of the house, though the day was not chilly.

So Hannah entered her own door; her baggage was carried in for her to her own wide hall, and the neighbor departed.

Then, first of all Hannah shut and locked her door and knelt down by Charles' chair and gave thanks. After that she went to the telephone and called up Mr. Goodright asking if he could come over for a few minutes and talk with her.

He promised to come at once, and Hannah went about making it cheerful in the parlor. A fire on the hearth. She could compass that before the farmer came. There was wood in the woodshed, and kindlings.

She had the fire burning brightly, and had washed her face and combed her hair and made herself tidy before the banker came.

By this time the farmer was on hand, welcoming her heartily, and promising to make a fire and bring some supplies, milk and butter and eggs. It seemed like living again.

Then she found that Mr. Goodright knew all about Charles' fears and wasn't in the least surprised at Mark's behavior.

"Don't you worry, Hannah," he said. "Charles has fixed it all. Mark couldn't sell the farm if he tried. It is all tied up. It belongs to you as long as you live, and then passes to Rowan, and if so be that anything happened to Rowan in that time it is held in trust for Myra and her children, but never passes into Mark's control. Charles was very careful about all that."

"Oh," said Hannah with relief, "he told he had done something about it (Continued on Page 360)

B. Y. P. U. Topics and Programs

Edited by the REV. JOHN WOBIG of Saint Paul, Minnesota

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Sunday, October 23, 1938

SHARING OUR PROBLEMS With God

Daniel 6:10; Mark 14:32-39.

1. Introduction

Sharing is the world's secret of success. A true Christian desires to share with others the very best things that come to him. But have we ever thought of sharing our work, our problems, our life with God? God is not real to us until we have some appreciable sense of his presence at our side in all our experiences. We think of God too much as far away in ancient history or in distant space, when he is just as truly down here even today. It remains for us to make a place for him as guest and friend, companion and comforter, walking by our side in the steep ascent, fighting with us in every battle we wage for purity and truth, touching our imagination with visions of the ideal, and lifting us up when we stumble and fall. He invites us to share with him our tasks, with all their drudgery, and our problems, difficult though they may be.

2. Our Problems

Sooner or later all men and women have their problems of life. The world is full of trouble. There are our trials and tears, our doubts and fears, our disappointments and discouragements, our sickness and pain, our suffering and loneliness. For some there is the overmastering power of things present and visible. For others it is the tyranny of flesh and sense. To youth it may not seem so, but Gethsemane waits for all. An old Spanish proverb points out this lesson: "No home is there anywhere that does not sooner or later have its hush." Many of these problems, with which men and women are battling, are those that are never seen by others, and yet they are there just the same, and usually they are the deepest and most poignant.

3. Sharing Them

So often the human heart is flung forth unprotected to battle with the storms of life. Where shall we find refuge? The Bible has three things to say about life's difficulties. First, "Every man shall bear his own burdens." One of the tendencies of this bustling age is to make us forget that we are single beings. In a sense each one is responsible for his own life's load. Our burdens are not transferable. Each one is accountable to God himself. Then we are to "Bear one another's burdens." That means we are to share them with one another. A

little sharing will sometimes ease the pressure. But the great word of the Bible is "Cast thy burdens upon the Lord." We are to take God into our counsels and plans and share our problems with him.

A traveller tells of two pictures in a palace at Florence, Italy. The one represents a storm at sea with a human face in the water wearing an expression of agony and fear. The other also shows a storm, but in the water stands a rock. In the cleft of the rock grass and flowers grow and a dove sits on her nest undisturbed. The first represents a world of troubles, helpless and despairing. The second, the troubles of a Christian, no less sore, yet a perfect peace, because he nestles in the bosom of God. It points out this thought. We may have our problems, but we can share them with God.

4. A Great Example

It is every Christian's great privilege to share his problems with God through prayer. In the Old Testament we have the example of Daniel. Daniel was deeply religious and unflinching in his loyalty to God. Living in a heathen country he faced great difficulties in upholding his religious convictions. Through prayer he shared them with God and thus rose above them. In the New Testament we have the example of Christ himself. When the cross, the greatest obstacle in carrying out his Father's plan of redemption, loomed up before him, by resorting to prayer in the Garden of Gethsemane he also gained the necessary fortitude, assurance and strength to face that cross by sharing his problems with God. So through prayer and the exercising of our faith God can show us answers to our problems. But we can only produce such a faith when we have made an effort to know God as he is. If we expect him to help us with our problems, we must desire God and know him for his own sake, and not merely for the good things we can get out of him. If we really do that, then I believe that by faith and by co-operating with him, by putting our lives into his hands and not worrying too much whether he can deal with our problems, he can bring us to the goal of our desires, and help us to solve life's problems.

Sunday, October 30, 1938

FINDING HELP IN PUBLIC WORSHIP

Scripture Reference: Neh. 8:1-3,5-6; Matt. 18:19-20.

1. Introduction

Sorely to be pitied is he who has never felt the power and help derived through public worship upon his own soul. Worship is the art of paying honor and reverence to God in religious exercises, consisting of adoration, meditation, and the like. In true worship the voice of the Eternal speaks, and our hearts respond by an outpouring of our souls to him. Worship is sacred because of the deep emotions, the holy joy, the heavenly peace, and the worthy inspirations enkindled there. Many are the benefits acquired by participation in public worship. There is its influence upon mind and morals, upon social, domestic and civil life of the people, upon our literature, laws and institutions. A city without any places for public worship might well write "Ichabod" upon its street corners. But the true worshipper sees more than all this. He goes to the House of God for the enjoyment of personal blessings.

2. The Urge of Worship

The urge to adore, or to call upon a Supreme Being is deeply implanted in the human soul. In man's nature there lies embodied the instinct of worship causing him to look upward to the Infinite. Human history from way back has always been conscious of and sensitive to the Unseen. This is seen in the untutored savage who saw God in the cloud and the storm, and in all things natural and unnatural. Today this same inclination is seen in the mystical communion of the saintly Christians with their heavenly Father. As man faces life's problems, there again comes this urge to seek for "the help that cometh from above." We are so connected with the material, the tangible, and the superficial of this world that, when we meet up with those things that lead us into the spiritual realm, we, by impulse, at once seek help from him who is Spirit and Truth. Inherent in human nature there is a profound feeling of dependence upon God, and blessed is he who recognizes this source of dependence and seeks guidance and help through it!

3. The Art of Worship

It is always beneficial to hark back to men of old and catch their spirit. Nehemiah 8 is rich in lessons on divine worship. From it we learn several suggestive factors in worship. Worship is to enjoy BLISSFUL COMMUNION with God. It engenders God's fellowship with us, ours with him and with one another, a love to-

Encouraging Activities of the First Church of Leduc, Alberta

It has been our privilege, as members of the First German Baptist Church of Leduc, Alberta, Canada, to work with our pastor, the Rev. E. Gutsche and his capable wife for an entire year, and during this time we have been wonderfully blessed! They have proved to be true servants of Christ, sparing no sacrifices in any way.

The young people have taken active part in the rendering of programs at various occasions. Last Easter we rendered two inspirational plays, "The Victory of the Cross," and "The Living Christ." The offering taken was sent to our Missionary Society.

On Mothers' Day the Senior Class held a special program. The main play was entitled "Showing Our Love for Mother." It also consisted of musical numbers and an inspiring talk by our pastor. Mrs. E. Gutsche is the



The Choir of the First Church of Leduc, Alberta, With the Director, the Rev. E. Gutsche, in the Center

teacher of this class. In connection with the evening service at Pentecost, a splendid play was given by a number of young people. The offering of \$80 for this occasion was also given to missions.

The mixed choir takes an active part in brightening the church services. We serve regularly every Sunday morning, and in the evening when requested. We rendered a special musical program one Sunday evening. The Rev. E. Gutsche is the director. We have an enrollment of 30 active members. A picture of the choir accompanies this report.

Sunday evening, July 31, was a blessed occasion for us. After the sermon based on the story of Philip baptizing the Ethiopian eunuch, 10 souls were baptized on confession of their faith in Jesus Christ. At the communion service the hand of fellowship was extended to the newly baptized, and to three others.

AGNES PRIEBE, Reporter.

The Sessions of the Northern Conference at Minitonas

The Northern Conference held its annual sessions from July 6 to 10. The Rev. G. Beutler brought the opening message, which was the keynote for the other evenings as well. All evening services were evangelistic in character. The topics were "Thirst for God" by the Rev. G. Beutler, "The Gospel of the Kingdom of God" by the Rev. Aug. Rosner, and "Religion Without God" by the Rev. H. Schatz.

Each morning was opened with a devotional half hour. The message on the three different mornings were "Christ Our Master" by the Rev. O. Patzia, "Christ Our King" by the Rev. E. J. Bonikowsky and "Christ Our Judge" by the Rev. Aug. Kraemer. We will remember long these brief messages which were so inspiring.

We were very fortunate in having our denominational men, the Rev. S. Blum and the Rev. W. S. Argow, as speakers at the different sessions.

sion secretary, Rev. Aug. Kraemer, Edmonton; representative on the general mission committee, Rev. Ph. Daum, Winnipeg; conference secretary, Rev. E. Mittelstedt, Morris; statistical secretary, Rev. O. Fiesel, Trochu.

On Sunday, the closing day of the conference, the climax was reached. In the morning we heard three short addresses: "Why a Sunday School" by the Rev. F. W. Benke, "Characteristics of a Successful Sunday School Teacher" by Rev. J. Kuehn, and "The Sunday School Pupil and His Bible" by Mr. C. Rempel, student pastor. In the afternoon the Rev. S. Blum and the Rev. W. S. Argow brought very earnest and impressive messages. Enthusiastic and gladly spoken testimonials, led by the Rev. A. Kujath, preceded the closing prayer and benediction. IDA J. HOFFMAN, Reporter.

Eastern Conference

Remarkable Success of Vacation Bible School in the High Street Church of Buffalo

For the first time in many years the High Street Baptist Church of Buffalo, N. Y., again ventured out to conduct a Daily Vacation Bible School. Owing to the fact that a large percentage of our families lives a considerable distance from the church, we realized that many of our own Sunday School pupils would find it too inconvenient to attend regularly. Since we were anxious to make the school a success even in numbers, we decided to canvass the community. And that effort, to our surprise, was crowned with an enrollment of 75 children from the immediate neighborhood. Consequently, our total enrollment was raised to 100 pupils, who were under the guidance of 16 teachers and helpers. We found, furthermore, that many people whom our workers interviewed were actually waiting for someone to call on them and present them with such an opportunity for their children.

During the three weeks of our Vacation School, and since then, several of these "new" children have already begun to attend our Sunday School. Moreover, even the parents of some of these children have started to attend our regular Sunday worship services. We hope to win even more of these children and parents as a result of this enterprise.

On the evening of the last day of school the parents and friends of the children were invited to attend a special program, which was arranged and presented by the teachers and the children. This occasion afforded us a splendid opportunity to meet many strangers and to make new friends.

We feel that God has opened to us doors of unexpected opportunities. Now it is for us to pour out our strength to make the most of this proffer.

ARTHUR KANNWISCHER, Pastor.

Southwestern Conference

Sessions of the Y. P. and S. S. Workers' Union of the Southwestern Conference

The Young People's and Sunday School Workers' Union of the Southwestern Conference convened with the church at Lorraine, Kansas, on Saturday afternoon, Aug. 13. An interesting program was rendered throughout the meetings, which were held in the newly erected church.

The election results were as follows: President, Miss Melva Janssen, Lorraine, Kansas; vice-president, Miss Marvel Schroeder, Lorraine, Kansas; secretary, Miss Hildegard Wagner, Okeene, Oklahoma, and treasurer, Mr. Harve Fritzsche, Stafford, Kansas.

An interesting debate was held on the subject, "Resolved, that it was easier to live the Christian life in the first century than in the twentieth." The affirmative was upheld by Miss Jean Priebe and Mr. Leslie Priebe of Okeene, Oklahoma, and the negative by Miss Fern Coates and Mr. Herbert Kipf of Beatrice, Nebraska.

On Saturday evening the Lorraine B. Y. P. U. entertained with a banquet centering about the theme, "Life's Garden of Flowers." The hall was gay with festivity and candle light. The stage at the end of the hall was the picture of a real garden. Mrs. Edward Kary acted as toastmistress and did so very efficiently. Several topics were considered, such as "Establishing Our Flower Gardens," "Beautifying Our Flower Gardens," "Protecting Our Flower Garden," and "Making Your Flower Garden." Some of the outstanding points of interest on the program were the welcome to the banquet by the president of the local union, Ruth Schlick, Mr. Marvin Zoschke's artistic violin solo, Alfred Janssen's rendition of "Trees" by Joyce Kilmer, a musical reading by Mrs. Harry Geis of Okeene, and Miss Rachel Wilkens' solo.

On Sunday afternoon the prize-winning essay was read. An essay contest was conducted for two months on the subject, "Why I Should Attend the Y. P. and S. S. W. Union of the Southwestern Conference." The five dollar prize was awarded to Miss Erma Popp of Marion, Kansas. Mr. H. P. Donner gave the consecration address, "Looking North." The Rev. A. Weiser gave the charge to the newly elected officers.

The conference was enjoyed by all and we are looking forward to a bigger and better year in the work of our Lord.

HILDEGARD WAGNER, Secretary.

(EDITOR'S NOTE—The general report of the Southwestern Conference will appear in the October 1st issue of "The Baptist Herald.")



The Rev. and Mrs. Daniel Klein of Germantown, North Dakota in Their Vegetable Garden

Dakota Conference

The Silver Wedding Anniversary of the Rev. and Mrs. D. Klein at Germantown

Wednesday, July 20, was a festive occasion for the Germantown Church of North Dakota, when its members came together to celebrate the silver wedding anniversary of its pastor, the Rev. Daniel Klein, and his wife.

After coming home from a recreation trip with his family, he found a large number of cars around the church. As they walked up the aisle covered with silver paper, the wedding march was played by Mrs. H. F. Seidel and the Rev. E. Broekel of Lehr, N. Dak., ushered them to the places of honor.

Mr. Broekel, who had officiated at the wedding 25 years ago, delivered an appropriate address. An interesting program followed. Mr. Aug. Seidel represented the church and handed the couple a silver platter with 25 silver dollars upon it. Mr. J. H. Edinger represented the deacons, and Mr. E. E. Broschat, Sunday School superintendent, represented the Sunday School. Mrs. Herman Edinger spoke in behalf of the Ladies' Aid, and Morris Broschat represented the B. Y. P. U. The father of Rev. D. Klein and Mrs. Keck of Washburn, N. Dak., the mother of Mrs. Klein, gave brief talks. Mrs. Albert Reddig, a daughter of the Rev. and Mrs. Klein, spoke for the family.

A telegram from their son, Ernest of Rochester, N. Y., and letters from the former five churches, which they served, were read by the church clerk. The program was also beautified by numbers from a men's chorus, a ladies' quartet, a male quartet and Mrs. Klein's Sunday School class. Mr. and Mrs. Klein then responded and expressed their assurance that the hand of God is leading them through their service. JOHN H. EDINGER, Reporter.

Northwestern Conference

Wisconsin Young People's Summer Assembly at Wausau

The Wisconsin B. Y. P. U. summer assembly was held in Wausau from July 18 to 22. Everyone came with an open mind and heart to learn more about Christ and his mission and to become better acquainted with one another.

On the evening of Monday, July 18 the assembly was opened with a song service followed by a roll call and a splendid address by Prof. Frank Woyke, "We Would See Jesus."

Devotions from 9 to 9:30 a. m. were in charge of the Rev. Herman Bothner, his topics being: "I'm in the Service of the King," "We're in the Service of the King," "The Nation in the Service of the King" and "The World in the Service of the King."

The first class period was led by the Rev. L. B. Berndt on the subject, "Thy Kingdom Come," with topics as follows: "In Its Individual Aspect," "In Its Social Aspect," "In Its Moral Aspect" and "In Its Spiritual Aspect."

The second class period in charge of the Rev. A. G. Schlesinger had the topics: "Ambitions of Youth," "Youth and Life," "Youth Willing to Listen" and "Visions of Youth."

The third class periods were in charge of the Rev. E. J. Baumgartner on the topic, "The Kingdom of God as Revealed in the Beatitudes."

Our guest speaker at the evening services, with the exception of Thursday evening, was Prof. F. Woyke. His splendid addresses were "The Christian Life—Its Foundation and Beginning" and "The Christian Life—Its Development."

On Thursday afternoon the annual business meeting took place and the following officers were elected: Dean, Rev. H. W. Wedel, Milwaukee; president, Mr. Francis Guenther, Sheboygan; vice-president, Mr. Roger Norman, Watertown; secretary, Miss Fathye Habeck, Schofield, and treasurer, Mr. P. C. Lange, North Freedom.

It was also decided to have the assembly next year beginning on Wednesday evening and be brought to a close on the following Sunday with a consecration service. The registration fee is to be reduced from \$1 to fifty cents.

Recreation was enjoyed every afternoon. On Tuesday we were shown the process of "Paper Making" at the Marathon Paper Mills, near Wausau. On Wednesday we took a trip to the Eau Claire Dells, where swimming and viewing the rock formations were enjoyed. At the close of our business session on Thursday the group enjoyed a trip to Rib Mountain, the highest point in Wisconsin.

MRS. G. WETTER, Reporter.

Memorial Service at the Wayne Baptist Church

On Sunday, July 24, a Memorial Service was held in the Wayne Baptist Church near Wayne, Wisconsin. About 65 people attended the services, some of whom had come from Mason City, Iowa; St. Paul and Randolph, Minnesota; Watertown, Lebanon, Polk, Campbell's Port, Richfield, Milwaukee, North Freedom, and Baraboo, Wisconsin.

The morning service was conducted by the Rev. C. Dippel who spoke on the subject, "Home, Sweet Home."

In the afternoon letters from previous pastors and members were read.

Between the years 1850-1852 the Rev. W. C. Grimm served as pastor of the church; from 1851-1876 the Rev. Michael Schwendener; in 1876 the Rev. H. Swink; between 1877-1878 the Rev. A. Transchel; from 1882-1886 the Rev. F. Miller; in 1888 the Rev. L. Vogt; from 1893-1897 the Rev. A. Stern; from 1907-1908 the Rev. E. Otto; followed by the Revs. E. Bromund, B. Schlipf, Carl Ohlgart, and J. M. Hoefflin.

Gradually many of the members moved from the farm to towns and cities, joining other churches. Although the Wayne Church does not exist today, we know that its work has not been in vain. Its influence is still alive in many of the churches of our denomination.

H. W. WEDEL, Reporter.

Program of the Iowa Association

To be held at Buffalo Center from Sept. 26 to 28.

Theme: "The Lordship of Christ."
Monday, Sept. 26

7:45 P. M. Devotions led by Rev. H. Palfenier.

8:15 P. M. Message: "The Lordship of Christ and the Scripture," Rev. C. Swyter.

Tuesday, Sept. 27

9 A. M. Devotional service led by Rev. Peter Peters.

9:30 A. M. Business sessions and elections.

11 A. M. Message: "The Lordship of Christ in the Church," Rev. John Meyer.

11:20 A. M. Discussion.

11:30 A. M. Message: "The Lordship of Christ in the Home," Rev. O. W. Brenner.

11:50 A. M. Discussion.

2 P. M. Devotional service led by Mr. John F. Frey of Buffalo Center.

2:15 P. M. Miscellaneous business.

2:30 P. M. Message: "The Lordship of Christ in Prayer," Rev. Alfred Bernadt.

2:50 P. M. Discussion.

3 P. M. Message: "The Lordship of Christ in His Return," Rev. C. Sentman.

7:45 P. M. Evening service with sermon by the Rev. Theo. W. Dons of Oak Park, Ill.

Wednesday, Sept. 28

9 A. M. Devotional service led by Mr. Arthur Lang of Victor.

9:30 A. M. Business session.

10 A. M. Message: "The Lordship of Christ in the Individual," Rev. H. Lohr.

10:20 A. M. Discussion.

10:30 A. M. Message: "The Lordship of Christ in a Dynamic Victorious Life," Rev. A. R. Sandow.

10:50 A. M. Discussion.

11 A. M. Message: "The Lordship of Christ and His Enemies," Rev. P. Zoschke.

11:20 A. M. Discussion.

11:30 A. M. Surprise Hour.

2 P. M. Devotional service led by Mr. R. Mulder of Parkersburg.

2:15 P. M. Business session.

2:30 P. M. Message: "The Lordship of Christ in Stewardship," Rev. C. F. Lehr.

2:50 P. M. Discussion.

3 P. M. Message by the Rev. Theo. W. Dons of Oak Park, Ill.

3:30 P. M. Discussion.

7:45 P. M. Evening service.

DAILY MEDITATIONS

(Continued from Page 349)

Thursday, September 29

"We're on the Same Old Terms"

"I have called you friends." John 15:15.

Read John 15:13-17.

John Albrecht Bengel, a German professor, was not only a great theologian, but also a devoted saint of God. It is said of him that before retiring each night, after a season with his Bible, he was wont to bow his head in prayer and to say: "Lord Jesus, we are on the same old terms." Are we too?

Prayer: Dear Jesus, may no shadow of doubt or impurity cloud our fellowship with thee.

Friday, September 30

The Vision of the Life-Giving River

"And everything shall live whither the river cometh." Ezekiel 47:9.

Read Ezekiel 47:8-12.

In this suggestive vision the prophet prefigures the marvelous change in the restoration of Israel. The stream, issuing from the presence of God in the new temple, grows in depth and volume in its onward flow and the barren places are transformed into life and beauty. What a glorious picture of the transforming power of God's Kingdom!

Prayer: Holy God, keep alive our hope in the ultimate triumph of the Kingdom of God.

Saturday, October 1

The Risen Christ in the Midst of His Church

"These things saith he . . . who walketh in the midst of the seven golden candlesticks." Revelation 2:1.

Read Revelation 1:12-18.

The main purpose of these epistles to the seven Churches is to hearten them to pass victoriously through their persecutions and trials. Their mission is to shed the light of truth derived from Christ (candlesticks). They are assured of the presence of the Risen.

Prayer: O Christ, may the churches that bear thy name never lose the conviction and the deep sense of thy real presence.

Sunday, October 2

No Retreat

"I sent messengers up to them, saying, I have a great work to do, so that I cannot come down; why should the work cease, whilst I leave it, and come down to you?" Nehemiah 6:3.

Read Nehemiah 6:1-4.

Nehemiah, deeply conscious of the importance of his task and of his responsibility, resists valiantly and successfully the efforts of his opponents to lure him away. How disastrous it is that we so often are lacking in conviction and strength of purpose in the work of the Kingdom and are easily drawn aside from our task!

Prayer: Our Master and Lord, make us steadfast and immovable in thy service.

Monday, October 3

Winning the Prize

"Know ye not that they which run in a race run all, but one receiveth the prize? So run that ye may obtain." 1. Cor. 9:24.

Read 1. Corinthians 9:19-27.

Paul illustrates the need of self-denial and discipline from the Greek athletic games. Not all who start in a race win; only the best. So in the Christian race there is a crown for all who run their best. In striving for mastery, we must keep control over our bodies, so that the flesh may be subdued to the spirit.

Prayer: Dear Lord, help us to live true to our convictions.

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German Baptist Publication Society

Is Our Faith An Exploded Notion?

By the REV. W. W. KNAUF of Anamoose, North Dakota

A faith that would fall under the category of exploded notions is one that cannot face the storms of life. It has no durability; it changes with the times; it crumbles under the burden of distress.

If ever faith is to become a conquering power it must, first of all, be the faith of the Bible. Is the poet justified in the claim of his chorus:

"The Bible stands tho' the hills may tumble,
It will firmly stand when the earth shall crumble;
I will plant my feet on its firm foundation,
For the Bible stands."

During all my school years it has not once occurred to me to question the creditability of history text-books. Nor have I met any one else who doubted their genuineness. Why should I question the truthfulness of the contents of the Bible? Because it seems more incredible? Let us not forget, that the Bible demands faith in an infinite being—God. If God is what the Bible represents him to be, then why should the accounts of the Bible be unbelievable?

The faith of the Bible is also faith in Christ. Being separated from God by sin we cannot truly believe in God except through Jesus Christ. This faith is, as someone put it, a link, the one end of which is in Christ's hand and the other in the believer's hand. How necessary this faith is to enjoy the abundant life!

The Bible faith includes also faith in the Holy Spirit. How sad, that so many are in darkness as to the existence and the work of the third person in the Trinity. Yes, we even seem to have some Ephesians in our very day who have not as much as heard who have there be any Holy Spirit? "whether there be any Holy Spirit" (Acts 19:2). God forbid that we should remain ignorant of this vital doctrine. Why not accept this Bible faith and enjoy the fullness of a Christian experience?

Again and again I meet people who claim I am just as good as so and so; and by the time they are through they have mentioned half of the names of our church members. Of course, in the prophet's description, these people's righteousness amounts to nothing more than filthy rags; and that isn't very much. But haven't they the right to demand evidence, that the faith about which we boast and of which power we testify is real and genuine? Most surely! And then and only then, when the Bible faith proved to be successful in the lives of men, has it any real value.

It must therefore secondly be the faith of our fathers, of men who have applied the faith and have conquered. The faith of these men had been put to the severest acid tests and came out pure and unharmed. Could one phrase it better than Hebrews 11:33-39? Surely, such faith must be more than imagination—it is real faith. Even the poet marveled about their faith when he said:

"Faith of our fathers, holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death!"

What a remarkable faith! But what good do you get from it? None whatever! Except it is your faith. And that leads to my third point—It must be personal faith.

Not faith in yourself—yes, you ought to have that too—but this Bible faith

of which I have been speaking must be your personal faith. As grand and glorious as the Bible faith looms up, it has no value to you unless it is your own. The faith of our fathers, as costly and precious as it may have been, has no value to you unless you make it your own. In other words, the faith of your pious grandfather and the saintly devotion of your lovely mother can't save you. You yourself must lay hold on this indestructible faith.

What more evidence do you wish? "Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen" (Hebr. 11:1). Is such a faith an exploded notion? Never! It will rather explode notions, for "this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."

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Germany, the Beautiful

(Continued from Page 347)

and watch. A trip through the harbor of Hamburg, viewing the ships from every corner of the globe, is like a visit to the League of Nations. Looking down on the city of Berlin from the top of its Radio Tower, almost 400 feet over the Exhibition Grounds, is an event that one cannot easily forget. The war memorials of olden times, such as "Voelkerschlachtdenkmal" in Leipzig, and the new Nazi memorials, such as the alabaster white "Temple of Honor" in Munich, where the fourteen fallen heroes of the first Hitler Putsch lie buried under the open sky, are to be found side by side in Germany's cities!

A MIRACLE OF LOVELINESS

Germany is, as someone has called the country, "a miracle of loveliness," which unfolds step by step as one traverses the land. Her carpeted slopes and green meadows are embroidered with a thousand patterns of beauty. The picturesque villages with their orange colored house-roofs sing of domestic happiness and peace. From castle-crowned crags to flower bedecked villages a resplendent glory brightens the German landscape.

Germany is magnificently beautiful with those hues that only God can color in creation, and the German people, mindful of God's blessings, reflect that beauty in their warm, friendly souls.

SUNRISE

(Continued from Page 352)

but I didn't remember what it was. But I wonder just what I ought to do if Mark comes after me, and brings this man along with him? Should I lock him out? I don't exactly like to do that. He might even break down the door if he got angry."

"Well, Hannah, if he comes, you just send him down to me. Or, if you prefer, suppose I stay here with you."

"Oh, no, I couldn't think of letting you do that," said Hannah. "I'm not afraid of Mark. If you are behind me, I'm all right."

"Well, you just telephone me," he said as he left. "Telephone me at once if you want anything. I'll be in the bank all morning."

So Hannah went about getting ready for callers.

It was almost noon when Mark arrived with his buyer. The buyer hadn't turned up as soon as he had expected, and Mark was boiling with irritation when he finally knocked at the door.

They had had to come on a surmise that Hannah was here. Myra hadn't found the note yet. She hadn't tried very hard to find one, knowing that she would have to show it to Mark if she did, so she refrained from looking very thoroughly until Mark was gone. She was not surprised at her mother's action. She felt a kind of triumph

that Mark had been frustrated. It was so seldom that he was. He always forced people to do what he demanded, by hook or crook. He seldom had to make even a gesture of carrying out his threats, he knew how to threaten so effectively that people were simply paralyzed into yielding without an attempt to get free. It made him furious that his mother-in-law was the only woman so far who had frustrated him, and he couldn't seem to put over a thing on her.

But he meant to now. He had her all right this time. The idea was in his eye when he knocked at the door, with the interested eager buyer beside him. He had already accepted a small sum to bind the bargain. He had managed that on the way over, by effective salesmanship, making the man sure there were other eager buyers who might claim priority. There was no denying that the buyer was eager.

Don't Fail

to read the second article by the editor covering his recent trip to Germany in this issue of the HERALD.

This series will be continued in the remaining issues of the year and will accordingly run till December 15th.

The treatment based on his observations in the Danubian countries is as follows:

A PILGRIMAGE TO A MISSIONARY HOUSEHOLD. THE HARVEST FIELDS OF HUNGARY. JUGOSLAVIA. THE GATEWAY INTO THE BALKANS. BULGARIA. THE LAND OF CONTRASTS. AN AVALANCHE OF ADVENTURES AMONG OUR GYPSIES. THE SWORD OF PERSECUTION OVER RUMANIA.

The entire series can be had for 25c

and may be regarded as a "get-acquainted" trial subscription subject to renewal at the regular rate.

The Publishers

Cleveland, O.

Hannah opened the door as calmly as if she had been established in her home right along all winter. An air of well being and warmth and pleasantness rushed out, with a spicy odor of something baking in the oven, was it Johnny cake or gingerbread? Mark was hungry and it smelled good. He ignored the past night and their differences.

"This is Mr. Edwards, Mother," he said, exactly as if it had all been planned between them. "He's come to look the house over as I told you last night he would."

But Hannah stood in the doorway, acknowledging the introduction, yet not inviting them in.

"You'll have to excuse me," said Hannah to the stranger. "My house is not on exhibition. I have just returned

from a visit and am about to do some cleaning. It wouldn't be convenient for you to see around today, even if there were any reason for it. I'm afraid, Mr. Edwards, that you are under a misapprehension. This house is not for sale and never has been. My son-in-law has made a mistake in thinking it was. I'm sure you will understand."

The prospective buyer's face went down several degrees. He turned to Mark in indignant amazement and Mark gave him a knowing wink.

"What does this mean?" he asked.

"That's all right, Edwards," said Mark with assurance, "Mother here just don't understand. It happens that I'm the head of the family now, and I know that this house has to be sold. Mother naturally is fond of her old home and she hasn't yet come to realize that it will have to be sold, but it will be quite all right. Mother, you don't realize that Mr. Edwards has paid a sum down to bind the bargain, and that the place is practically sold to him already. I'll just have to trouble you to let us pass you. We haven't much time and Mr. Edwards has to get back home tonight. We won't bother you long."

"Well, I'm sorry, Mr. Edwards, to have to disappoint you," said Hannah. "It does not suit me to have anyone go through my house now or at any other time, and if you wish to find out anything further about the matter I must refer you to my banker who is looking after my affairs. I am sure he will make you understand the matter."

Hannah spoke with dignity and finally, as she half closed the door and stood firmly in it. Then she turned to her son-in-law.

"Mark, I'm sorry not to invite you to come back to dinner, but you know I've just got home and there wouldn't be much to eat in the house. I think you can get something in the village. There's a very nice little restaurant."

Then she went in and shut the door, and she heard the chagrined Mark say as she slipped the bolt soundlessly:

"Sorry, Edwards, she's a pretty stubborn old woman, and not quite right in the upper story, you understand, but we'll just run down to the bank and get it all straightened out. I hadn't an idea she would act like his."

So Mark went down to the bank and had an encounter with the stern banker, for Jamie Goodright could be stern upon occasion.

When Mark went away he was thoroughly convinced that it would do no good to try to break Father Parsons' will. He had it all tied up so thoroughly that Mark couldn't even get what belonged to Myra except through her mother, and the guardian of the estate, so he went home a sadder and a wiser man and took it out on Myra. Hannah had been afraid he would do this, but there wasn't anything she could do about it.

(To Be Continued)