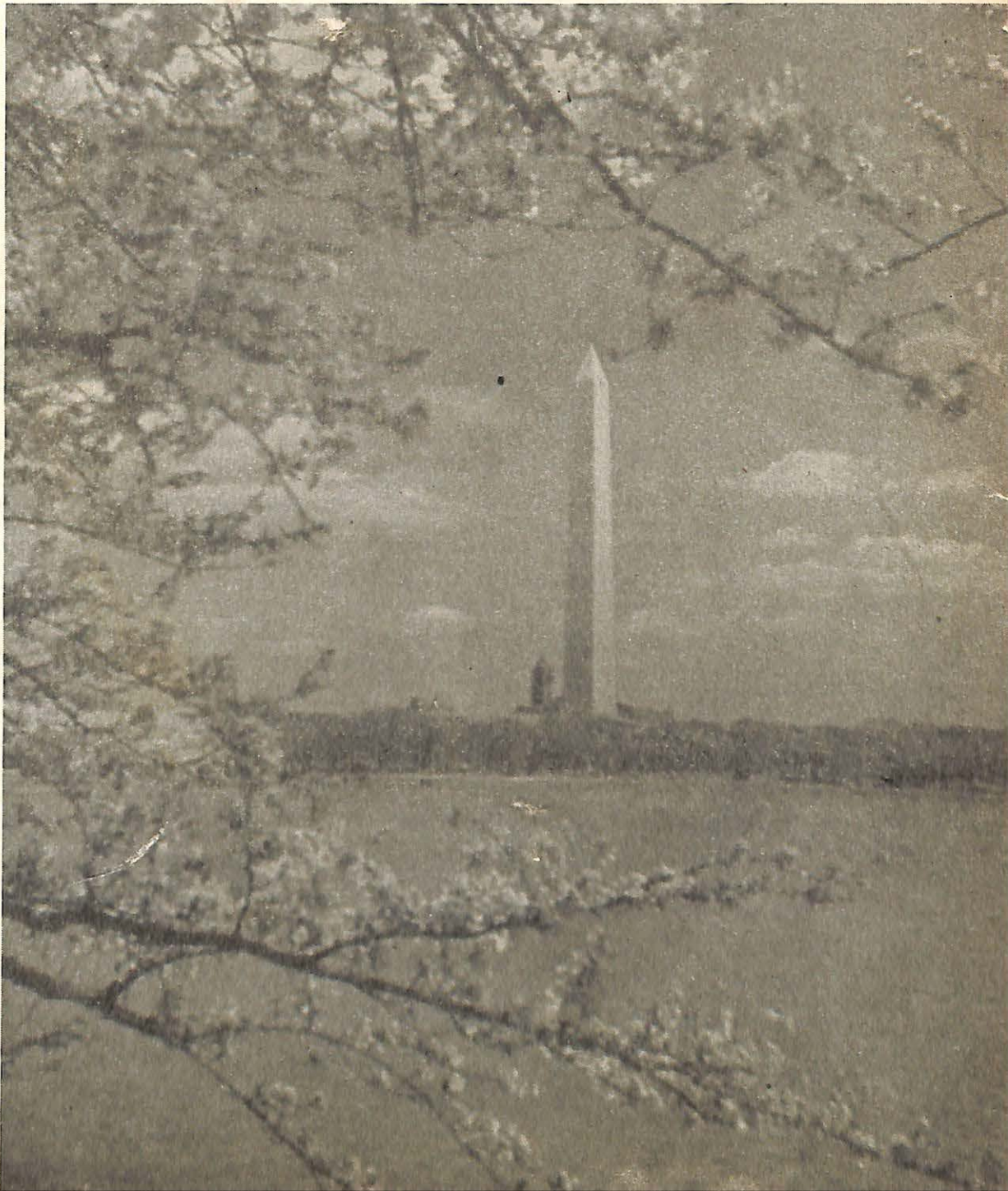


THE BAPTIST HERALD

March 15,
1939



The Japanese
Cherry Blossoms
Around
the Tidal Basin
in Washington, D.C.,
Frame the
Towering
Washington
Monument
and Herald the
Arrival of Spring.

What's Happening

● The Rev. N. A. Christensen of Nokomis, Saskatchewan, Canada, has accepted the call of the German Baptist Church of Spokane, Washington, with its mission station nearby. He will begin his pastorate in the Spokane Church on May 1st, succeeding the Rev. R. E. Reschke, now pastor in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania.

● The Rev. John Schmidt, pastor of the First German Baptist Church of Union City, N. J., for the past 12 years, recently resigned his charge and accepted the call extended to him by the First German Baptist Church of Chicago, Ill. He will begin his pastorate in the historical Chicago Church on June 1st, where he will succeed the Rev. J. A. Pankratz.

● On Sunday evening, February 26, the Rev. Benjamin Schlipf, pastor of the Gibbs Ave. Church of Canton, Ohio, had the joy of baptizing 5 Sunday School scholars before a large and attentive audience. Mr. Schlipf wrote that "there is promise of others coming to Christ, as they have expressed the desire to follow him. The church is greatly encouraged by this blessing."

● The Rev. A. R. Sandow, pastor of the Walnut Street Baptist Church of Muscatine, Iowa, recently resigned his charge because of reasons of health and the urgent counsel of a physician. After April 1, Mr. and Mrs. Sandow and family will live on a farm near Elmo, Kansas. Mr. Sandow wrote that he "will be glad to assist in any church services or to conduct evangelistic services according to the Lord's guidance."

● Evangelistic meetings were held for 10 days in February in the Bethlehem Baptist Church of New Castle, Pa., with the Rev. Henry Shilling, president of the Transylvania Bible School, bringing forceful messages. The pastor of the church, the Rev. Louis E. Bogle, wrote that "2 persons were saved, some reclaimed and several made deeper consecrations." Four additions to the church were also reported by the minister.

● On Tuesday evening, March 7, the Five Church Youth Union of Detroit, Mich., held its annual missionary rally at the Ebenezer Baptist Church of the city. The president of the Detroit Five Church Union, Mr. H. A. Knack, was in charge of the large and inspirational service. Dr. Oliver Chapman, pastor of the First Baptist Church of Oak Park, Ill., was the guest speaker, addressing the audience on the theme, "Around the World in Forty Minutes."

● The Second German Baptist Church of Chicago, Ill., recently changed its name to the Grace Baptist Church, according to Dr. John E. Knechtel, the pastor. The change was necessitated by the changing program of the church to meet the needs of the community. At the close of March Miss Minnie Proefke, the church missionary, will bring her work to a close after a most commendable service of 17½ years. A report of her ministry will appear in a later issue of "The Baptist Herald."

● The Rev. R. Sigmund of Fessenden, No. Dak., resigned his charge as pastor of the German Baptist Church of that city in order to accept the call extended to him by the Kossuth Baptist Church near Manitowoc, Wis. He will begin his pastorate on the new field on May 1, where he will succeed the Rev. J. C. Kraenzler, who is now minister of the Plum Creek Church in South Dakota. Mr. Sigmund's ministry of several years in the Fessenden Church was attended with considerable success.

● Mr. Oscar Bonikowsky of Sioux Falls, So. Dak., has been appointed assistant instructor in German during the second semester at Sioux Falls College. From 1931 to 1938 Mr. Bonikowsky was a student at the German Baptist Seminary in Rochester, N. Y. He is now working toward a degree in history at Sioux Falls College. His father and brother are the pastors of German Baptist churches in Esk, Saskatchewan, Canada, and in Carrington and Pleasant Valley, No. Dak., respectively.

● Evangelistic services were held in the German Baptist Church of Okeene, Okla., from Monday evening, January 30, to Sunday, February 12, with the Rev. Pieter Smit, D.D., of Lorraine, Kans., serving as evangelist. Afternoon meetings were held throughout this period. From 7 to 7:45 P.M. young people's services were also conducted. To the great rejoicing of the church and its pastor, the Rev. Charles Wagner, there were 28 conversions. Most of these were adults from the community.

● The Lake States young people's assembly will be held at Linwood Park, Vermilion, Ohio, from Monday, August 7, to Sunday, August 13. All young people from the Central and Eastern Conferences and adjoining states are heartily invited to attend this fine assembly. The dean of the assembly will be the Rev. Reuben Jeschke, at the address 1134 Highland Ave., Dayton,

Ohio, who will be glad to answer all queries. Further publicity concerning the assembly will appear in forthcoming issues of "The Baptist Herald."

● "The Religious Digest," a monthly publication with a nation-wide distribution recently published a digest of the article, "The Sistine Madonna," about the world's most famous Christmas picture, by Mrs. W. W. Mollhagen of Frederick, Kans., which appeared originally in "The Baptist Herald" in its issue for December 15, 1936. Such recognition of "Baptist Herald" articles by other publications is highly appreciated. It ought to spur every subscriber to save his "Baptist Herald" copies for future reference purposes.

● On Monday evening, March 13, Dr. William Kuhn of Chicago, Ill., addressed a young people's mass rally under the auspices of the Erie Baptist Union in the Central Baptist Church of Erie, Pa. The pastor of the church, the Rev. Henry Pfeifer, recently received 2 persons into the fellowship of the church, one by baptism and one by confession. On Monday evening, February 6, Mr. Pfeifer spoke on "I Will Build My Church Through Education" in the Delaware Church of Erie at the first of a series of meetings for the Baptists of the city.

● Several announcements concerning the dates for the conferences have reached the editorial offices recently. The Pacific Conference will convene with the church at Wasco, Calif., from June 14 to 18, preceding the Northern Baptist Convention to be held in Los Angeles, Calif., during the following week. The Southwestern Conference (Continued on Page 120)

The Baptist Herald

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The BAPTIST HERALD

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Number Six

EDITORIAL

ON A RECENT SUNDAY, the editor had the happy privilege of preaching in the beautiful and worshipful new church at Lorraine, Kansas. He faced an inspiring audience of three hundred people, which was considerably larger than the entire population of the town, according to the last official census. Looking out over the audience and towards the front entrance of the church, the editor's attention was arrested by the dazzling beauty of a large stained-glass window at the far end of the church sanctuary. The rich tones of color, portraying Hofmann's picture of "Christ in Gethsemane," were heightened by the brilliant sunshine of that morning hour. Suddenly, the editor found his own words disappearing like an echo into the distance, and this church window began to preach a sermon to him. For beneath the window in letters of colorful glass are the words of Jesus' prayer, "Thy will be done!" That text in the stained-glass window preached a sermon to the man in the pulpit on that eventful Sunday.

With a great deal of ease we admire that picture of "Christ in Gethsemane." We call it our favorite religious painting. We hang it upon the walls of our homes and churches. We make pilgrimages to the original canvas, which hangs in one of New York's massive cathedrals. But we fail so often to capture that moment of victory, when, in the midst of storms and trials and crucifixions, we might be able to say serenely and sincerely with Christ: "Thy will, O God, be done!"

The force of such a prayer is tremendous. It presupposes the effacing of self. It costs self-denial. It means the willingness to push one's own will far into the background. It involves the humble forgetting of oneself, until God is in complete command of one's life. Then he can

perform the wonders of his power and the miracles of his grace through such lives consecrated to do his will and to carry out his orders.

That moment of spiritual victory when Christ could say in the garden of Gethsemane, "Thy will be done!" is symbolized by the artist in this favorite painting. In the words of Dr. Albert E. Bailey, "that new spiritual hold upon God is represented by the face that has become serene, and symbolized by the aura of light that is a victor's crown upon his head. The moonlight streaming through a rift in the clouds is heaven's approval and reward, which like some kind nepenthe has erased from face and memory all traces of struggle." For now Christ could face the agony of the crucifixion as the revelation of God's love to mankind and as the world's true Savior. In him God could manifest the divine power over death and the grave.

As our churches gather in small and larger groups for "the Denominational Day of Prayer" on Good Friday, April 7, this prayer ought to be echoed by our hearts and breathed by our lips, "Thy will, O God, be done!" We must be willing to let God remove from our lives all dross of self. We must be ready to make any and all sacrifices as God through his Word commands. We must open our hearts to the enveloping fullness of his Spirit, until it is Christ who lives in us and God's will which is done through us. Then for us individually and as a denomination there will be showers of blessing and seasons of spiritual refreshing.

Jesus said concerning himself: "My meat is to do the will of him that sent me." As his disciples, united in prayer on Good Friday, meditating upon his sacrifice in our behalf, we want to offer this prayer of consecration, "Thy will, O God, be done!" Then by our lives we must show that our prayer was sincere!

"That Gospel Which I Preach"

The days preceding Easter should find Christians everywhere giving their undivided and prayerful attention to the truths of the gospel of Jesus Christ and to their implications for their lives.

By the REV. LEONARD GITTINGS of Chicago, Illinois

For about twenty years Paul, the great apostle to the Gentiles, wandered over the countries bordering on the Mediterranean Sea, preaching and founding churches. Impelled by an amazing zeal, facing difficulties and dangers of every kind, he passed from place to place with tireless energy, sacrificing home, friends, and all comforts of this earthly life. He was possessed completely with a passion to make known the gospel of Jesus Christ.

On his first missionary journey he was instrumental in founding the churches in Galatia, but, since his departure from them, they had been influenced by Judaizing teachers proclaiming "another gospel." The apostle therefore wrote to them, reproving them for their fickleness, and asserting in unqualified terms his conviction that the gospel he had preached among them was the true and only one, for which there could be no substitute.

Such a man and such a conviction cannot be lightly ignored, and we have great need of this man's testimony in our day when there is so much uncertainty in some circles as to what the gospel really is. While an accommodation of language may be made for the sake of present-day thinking, the gospel itself is based on certain indestructible facts and fundamental verities that are inherent in the gospel and essential to its nature. We shall briefly indicate what these are in this article, basing our conclusions upon the New Testament, and especially upon St. Paul. Surely, even the most rabid critic must admit that these are our only sources for believing in a gospel at all.

The Gospel is History

The gospel is not an ideology. It is not a fabric of myths. It is not an out-dated, discredited fairy tale. It is history, and dependable history.

In the first place, it is the history of a Person. It is the record of the most sublime life ever lived on the earth. Paul was personally acquainted with the group of men, who had known and followed Jesus of Nazareth during his short earthly career. He had heard from their lips over and over again the story of that wondrous life, that unparalleled death, that amazing resurrection. The incarnation, the miracles, the resurrection, the ascension—these were historical facts to him,

based on authoritative personal testimony.

In his Corinthian letter he calls attention to "five hundred brethren" who had seen Jesus at one time after his resurrection, and said that the greater part of them were alive at the time he wrote. His belief did not depend even historically upon the witness of a few sorrowing women whose nerves were all upset, as some would have us believe, but upon the calm testimony of hundreds of people of sound character. Hence, Paul's preaching, and indeed almost all early apostolic preaching was at first little more than a recounting of the strange and wonderful facts connected with the life and death of him, whom they acknowledged as their Lord.

In the second place, the gospel was the history of the teaching of Christ. Attempts have been made to set Pauline theology over against the teachings of Christ, but they have not succeeded. It can be easily seen that the doctrines, which the apostle of the Gentiles enunciated, were founded upon the clear declarations of Jesus. The divinity and lordship of Christ, the atonement, forgiveness of sin, the mystery of the church, the hope of eternal life, the punishment of the wicked, all these and many others are found in embryo in the gospels. All that Paul did was to formulate them under the guidance and inspiration of the Holy Spirit.

The Gospel is a Revelation

Under this head of the gospel as a revelation we speak particularly of Paul's own claim. He asserted that the gospel which he preached was the result of a special divine communication, and yet he points out that it was in perfect harmony with the testimony of the other apostles. So sure was he of this that he boldly pronounces an anathema upon even "an angel from heaven" should he preach any other gospel. (Gal. 1:8).

This revelation was based upon his own experience, and this is a factor most vital in Paul's preaching. He is constantly appealing to what he knew from experience. He was not a fanatic; he was not an ignoramus. His mind was one of the most analytical and far-seeing, and yet he claimed a definite personal experience and revelation of the gospel which is difficult to gainsay. He spoke of being a "new creature," of a complete transformation of atti-

tudes and life, of a feeling that he was "justified" by faith, and that as a result he had experienced "peace that passeth understanding" and "joy unspeakable," and of experiencing a conscious fellowship with his divine Master wherever he was. These mighty realities sang a wondrous song of triumph in his soul in prison, on a shipwrecked vessel, in the hours of solitude as he passed from place to place, and amid the excitement of the populous cities in which he preached.

Let it be noted also that Paul considered the revelation complete. The gospel was a *final whole*. He regarded it as distinct from all else, unique in its essence, and all-sufficient for all time and all men everywhere. His gospel was not a religious code among many others, nor a progressive system of religion that was to be modified with the passing of the centuries. Resting as it did upon historical fact and divine revelation, it was to him a complete and divine whole, the one great saving agency for all mankind.

The Gospel is a Power

Paul's theological acumen did not make him impractical. He was no mere visionary. He claimed for the gospel a scientific demonstration. It was not a mere theory. But it worked! It was the "power of God unto salvation." That is, it acted upon the life, and furnished a "salvation" for the individual.

This does not only mean a final perfection for the believer in God's glory and kingdom in the future. It means that now, on this earth, for all who believe, regardless of temperament or heredity or environment, a saving power is provided. Let the theorists in their schools smile at this. The man face to face with the actual realities of life knows how much this is needed, and millions in all the centuries since Christ who have felt a burden of sin, defeat and despair, have thanked God for the sufficiency of God's grace in the gospel. They have discovered in it a life to be received, and a life to be lived.

The Gospel is a Person

Again and again the great apostle refers to his preaching as "the gospel of Christ." He did not merely mean that it was the gospel which Jesus had originated and first preached. Neither did he only imply that Christ was the general subject matter of what he

(Continued on Page 118)

The Call of God to Every Man

This stirring message will speak directly and profoundly to the heart of every reader, who has never known the peace and joy of reconciliation with God through faith in Christ as Savior and Lord.

By the REV. HERMAN PALFENIER of Steamboat Rock, Iowa

By nature Abraham was like other men. But through the grace of God his life became one of blessing to all the families of the earth. It was like a river, becoming deeper and broader until it found its culmination in the ocean of God's fulfilled purposes and presence.

His was a life of faith, and, therefore we think of him more often than any other Old Testament saint as an example and type of the Christian and of Christian experience. God called Abraham with an effectual calling. It was a call based upon the grace of God and not upon Abraham's own qualifications of righteousness.

The Call of Grace

Note first of all when the call came. It came when he lived in ignorance and idolatry! Here we have a beautiful and instructive example of grace. God's grace does not deal with man in the flesh or upon the basis of his own goodness. This is forever ruled out, for we have all sinned and come short of the glory that we should have before God. We have all gone astray like sheep without a shepherd. God called Abraham as he was and where he was! And he was not disobedient to the heavenly calling. So does God in Christ call by his gospel all who hear or read it. Just wherever you are, the call comes, and whatever the conditions in which you are, God extends his offer of grace to you. Not good enough? Listen! "For when we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly." (Romans 5:6.) "But God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." (Romans 5:8.) Christ did not die laboring under the delusion of man's own goodness and innate purity. On the contrary, it was man's sin that nailed him to the cross. "Behold, the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world." (John 1:29.)

God's Personal Call

Have you heard and heeded the call of God? You may, yes, you must, come just as you are "without one plea but that thy blood was shed for me." It is not the example of Christ that saves the sinner and makes him righteous before God. It is the death of Christ, "who was delivered for our offences, and raised again for our justification." (Romans 4:25.)

Again note that it was a *personal call*. Abraham only could answer it. The call of God brings personal re-

sponsibility. We are not saved by proxy. Relatives and friends cannot believe for us. We must receive Christ as Lord and Savior personally. The faith and prayers of others may and can bring us very near the Kingdom of God, but they cannot bring us into the Kingdom. That is a matter of personal yielding to the wooing of the Spirit of God as he seeks to win us to Christ.

A Living Faith in Christ

To trust in the faith of others and have no faith ourselves may give us a false sense of security, but it will prove disastrous in the end. "There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death." (Proverbs 14:12.) Be not lulled to sleep trusting in the religion of your father or mother, brother or sister, but realize that God wants you to believe in Christ unto salvation and life eternal. It is the promise of God and "his promises are yea and amen in Christ Jesus." "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life; and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him." (John 3:36.) Do not wilfully reject the loving call of God as it comes to you in mercy and grace.

Some years ago the writer was holding special meetings in one of our churches in Iowa. In company with the pastor of the church personal work was done with the unsaved. Among others we spoke to a young man, the son of Christian parents. But he deliberately refused to accept Christ as his Savior. It still brings a shudder to the writer's heart as the cold decisive words of refusal resound in the chamber of his memory. He chose the way of sin and death and ended thus! Some time later he was killed in an automobile accident and was picked up with a broken neck. "Today if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts."

The Promise of Possession

Finally note, what accompanied the call. It was the promise of possession. "A land that I will give thee!" Is it not true that so many are not willing to own Jesus Christ as their Savior and Lord just because Satan has succeeded in making them think that to become a Christian is to suffer loss? "Ah! I must give up this and I must give up that, those things and those pleasures that are so dear to me. Have they not become part of the very warp and woof of my being? How then can I say farewell to them?" Thus reasons

many a soul, conscious of its need of Christ but unwilling to make him its own because it dreads to think of the fancied loss it will suffer.

Is it a loss to be transplanted out of the barren soil of self and sin into the fruitful soil of infinite grace? Is the journey from death unto life a futile one, to come out of darkness into the marvelous light and life of the Son of God? That is not the limiting of life, is it? May the balm of Gilead be applied to the eyes of such hearts which are holden!

A Revelation of Beauty

A few years ago an artist stood with his preacher friend upon one of the hills of the Baraboo bluffs in Wisconsin. Below them lay the village of Ableman in the beauty of its autumn surroundings. The golden yellow of the ripening grain fields harmonized with the flaming colors of the forest, clad in all the gorgeous and breathtaking splendor of early Fall. With skilled hand the artist painted the beauty before them upon the canvas on the easel. The picture was almost completed when a young man came out of the woods and walked toward them. With wonder and delight he looked over the shoulder of the artist and feasted his eyes upon the picture. Then he gazed upon the glory of God as it was spread before him in nature. All at once he burst forth in these words: "Say, I have lived here all my life, but I have never seen this before!" His eyes had to be opened to the beauty always surrounding him by the skillful painting of the artist. May He, who made the beauty of the earth, make you see that in him there is fullness of joy and the abundant life.

Saved to Serve!

To Abraham came, not only the blessing of receiving, but also the grace of giving, of being a blessing. "I will make thee a blessing." Only as we have become "a new creation" in Christ can we be a blessing to others and fit instruments in the hands of God for the upbuilding of his Kingdom and the salvation of others. This is God's order. We are saved to serve, won to win others, called to call others!

"God calling yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear? Shall life's swift passing years all fly, And still my soul in slumber lie?"

"God calling yet! I can not stay; My heart I yield without delay; Vain world, farewell from thee I part. The voice of God hath reached my heart!"

How Are We Doing?

A Frank, Unembellished and Realistic Portrayal of Important Phases of Our Denominational Life

Ask any American child, "How are you?", and invariably he answers with a smile, "Fine!" If we ask ourselves, "How are we as German Baptists getting along?", many will unhesitatingly and truthfully answer, "Very well, with God's help!" Others with deeper insight are aware of many unsolved problems and unrealized ideals.

Do You Know Our Family?

Years ago there were families among us with twelve or even eighteen children. Today such families are rare.



The Personnel of the Children's Home in St. Joseph, Michigan, Who Form a Part of the Pine Host of "the Denomination's Servants"

Left to right: Mrs. H. Steiger, Mr. Earl von Merwald, Rev. Hans Steiger, Mrs. Dorothy Lutz Gutzeit

However, we ourselves are a family numbering 36,357 members. Constantly some are leaving us for the Father's House, while others are being added to our family through the experience of the new birth. What a diversity of personalities with an undeniable unity of life! We have been gathered from the most widely separated places, geographically, socially, culturally, educationally and financially. Wonder of wonders, we have become "one in Christ!"

Our Family's World Mission

To each true German Baptist individually and to our family collectively Paul's majestic declaration applies: "We are his workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which

God hath before ordained that we should walk in them." Not one of us is the product of vagrant and undirected circumstances, nor has any one of us been the master of his own life. We are members of a much higher nobility, since we are God's new creatures, created in Christ Jesus.

As a family we have not been driven as so much flotsam and jetsam by many chance currents into our quiet eddy along the stream of life. Better than that, God in Christ Jesus is the Father of us all.

ful and competent to manage the particular work entrusted to him.

Every month the entire denominational income is distributed among these "Servants," each one receiving his allotted share for the administration of his own affairs. During recent years under the "pinch of the depression" the entire income has not been sufficient to provide each "Servant" with sufficient funds to carry on. In consequence of this deficiency, these "Servants" have suffered from spells of heartache and headache. However, we would be unfair if we would not gladly and gratefully acknowledge that our heavenly Father through the hands of our fellow-members has provided for us hitherto. For the future we look to him.

It will doubtless be of interest to know just how much each of these "Servants" receives in the monthly distribution.

Home Missions receives \$26.50 of each \$100.
Foreign Missions receives \$16.50 of each \$100.
Superannuated Ministers receives \$5.00 of each \$100.
Ministers' Pension receives \$7.00 of each \$100.
Relief receives \$7.00 of each \$100.
Y.P. and S.S.W. Union receives \$4.00 of each \$100.
Seminary in Rochester receives \$12.00 of each \$100.
Widows and Orphans receive \$8.00 of each \$100.
Chicago Altenheim receives \$1.00 of each \$100.
Philadelphia Altenheim receives \$1.00 of each \$100.
Portland Altenheim receives \$1.00 of each \$100.
Administration receives \$6.00 of each \$100.
Reserve receives \$5.00 of each \$100.

How Can We Increase These Funds?

1. We cannot increase these necessary funds for these "Servants" by enriching one "Servant" at the expense of another. First of all, that would be unfair, and, besides, it would violate our denominational unity which has been and is today one of our greatest blessings.

2. Each "Servant" will be benefited in his allotment, in the measure as there is a perceptible rise in the tide of our denominational income.

3. Here is the secret: Let each family-member give unto God what belongs to God. A real increase of the number

(Continued on Page 120)

B. Y. P. U. Topics and Programs

Edited by the REV. EDGAR KLATT of Killaloe, Ontario, Canada

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Sunday, April 16, 1939

WHAT SHOULD A CHURCH MEMBER BELIEVE?

Scripture References: Exodus 20: 13-17 and Matt. 5:1-12.

To constitute a vital Christianity, which deals not only with actions but also with motives, every church member must believe in the three hills which are the rock-bottom of Christianity.

Mount Sinai

Sinai means the giving of the law. On this summit Moses, after due preparation, was said to have received, graven upon tablets of stone, the Ten Commandments. The decalogue is probably the oldest Hebrew literature. This was the beginning of the divine education of the race. In this code the people are given guidance upon matters which affect the very possibility of social existence and it is hardly possible to exaggerate what the world owes to this code. For fifteen hundred years it formed the basis of the morality of a people who were themselves leading the world in moral ideas. We had hoped that we were actually getting beyond the necessity for such laws, but the relapse of the last two decades and the present state of the world considerably discount our optimism. Conditions suggest the need to repeat once more God's solemn prohibition on killing. "Thou shalt not kill" seems hardly irrelevant.—And neither do the words, "Thou shalt not commit adultery," for on every hand do we see homes broken up and lives ruined through disobedience of this commandment.

The Sermon on the Mount

The body of doctrine which Jesus preached on the mountain in many particulars exceeds and excels that which came from Sinai. It is positive—the other negative. It deals with motives and thoughts which lie behind actions. An unclean thought is as bad as an unclean act, and the emotion of hatred is morally equivalent to murder. Actual swearing is no worse than a hostile or malicious thought. There are to be no enemies. The only defense against wrong and provocation is to be good will and prayers for persecutors. The only kind of treasure to be laid up is that of good works. No man should have more than he can use so long as any other man lacks anything. Under no circumstances is one man to bear a grudge against another. The fullness of divine pardon is made con-

ditional upon our willingness to forgive one another. To epitomize great things in small words, we may say that while God's first revelation was law, his second was love.

The Hill of Calvary

Let us also look at the last of these three mountains. Here is a man hanging on the tree. Here is the only man who ever carried out this code in completeness. The cross was the answer of the world. But ever since he died on that hill, the minds and the hearts of the best men and women have pondered and hankered after these things which seem too ideal. There is a challenge in it. It is that that Man's death was a nobler thing than our life is, his failure more successful than our success. He who failed is remembered. Countless numbers with great success are forgotten. Why? Just here we are led to the heart of the great mystery.

He lived the code—it was more than law; it was love. And somehow thus in that figure hanging on the cross there is the power which can give effect to a change in life. There is a mystic potency in that great tragedy of love and sacrifice to change our hearts and make us able to carry out that new code.

To assert this we can call in evidence from an unbroken line of witnesses through two thousand years. The path from the first mountain to the second passes over the top of the third. The traveler must halt, understand, see the inwardness of that death and identify himself with it and prepare, if necessary, to dare it himself. This will mean that his heart is changed, and then he is already at the point proposed. The precepts of the Sermon on the Mount become possible to him now—unlimited forgiveness, infinite kindness, no enemies, no retaliation, indeed, the whole of that sublime ethic—a life ordered simply on the one idea of universal love towards men.

Sunday, April 23, 1939

WHAT SHOULD A CHURCH MEMBER DO?

Scripture Reference: Romans 12: 1-21.

Having learned last Sunday what a church member should believe, which is the first step in a church member's Christian life we now pass on to a second and vital step which he cannot avoid if he wants to continue being a Christian, and that is to put his beliefs into actions.

A Living Sacrifice

Paul had no use for religion or theology which did not translate itself in terms of character and conduct. Therefore, he exhorts his readers to present their bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God. That is also our sacrifice, daily and continually to be offered; our spiritual sacrifice, not of brute nature which knows not God, but a reasonable sacrifice of our reasonable minds, our fancy, our imagination, our judgment, of all the faculties which God has given us to know truth and to know him; and a holy sacrifice of a penitent heart cleansed by Christ, of a believing heart, a self-denying, and obedient, and a loving heart; and yet again a living sacrifice,—one of living powers and feelings and hopes.

And our bodies, too, with all their various senses and powers we sacrifice to God; a living sacrifice not to be destroyed or dishonored, but to do God an active service. Our bodies which are so wonderfully made—our eyes, our ears, our busy tongues, our active feet—that vigor which youth feels in all its frame, and which makes the very sense of life a pleasure—these we offer and present to God. Thus religion rises within us in its own imperial majesty. It is no mere delight of the understanding in the doctrines of our faith, no mere excitement of the sensibilities now harrowed by fear and now jubilant in hope but a warfare against sin and a work for God. That calls for a life-long toil—but all that not for our own, but for Christ's sake.

The Spiritual Glow

These words in the eleventh verse as James Moffatt puts them, "Mountain the spiritual glow," form a good topic for the remaining verses of the chapter. Baker Brownell makes one of the best illuminations of this text in words written without any thought of the text at all, "Life is not the wick or the candle. It is the burning." A meek heart, in which the altar-fire of love to God is burning, will lay hold of the commonest, rudest things in life and transmute them like coarse fuel at the touch of fire into a pure and holy flame. Religion in the soul will make all the work and toil of life, its gains and losses, friendships, rivalries, competitions, its manifold incidents and events, the means of religious advancement. Lofty or lowly, rude or refined, as our earthly work may be, it will become to a holy mind a pure and God-like life. To spiritualize what is ma-

terial—to Christianize what is secular—this is the noble achievement of a Christian principle.

Broken up as life is into many, many insignificant acts, it is hard sometimes to redeem it from contempt. But it becomes a holy thing when we realize that with the heart unreservedly given to God, even the most trivial duty becomes an act of worship. Glowing with the warmth of affection by which it is inspired, it glides into the frame of devotion itself, which as grateful incense goes up to heaven from the altar of God within the heart. Our worship consists not only in formal acts of praise and prayer in the sanctuary and in the closet, but in the workshop, in the office, behind the plow—everywhere the whole life becomes a sacred chant, yes, a spiritual glow.

Sunday, April 30, 1939

WHAT SHOULD A CHURCH MEMBER GIVE?

Scripture References: Malachi 3:8-10 and Mark 12:41-44.

God's Stewards

We as church members and Christians acknowledge God as the Giver of all good and perfect gifts. And thus we have taken freely from his storehouse both of the spiritual as well as of the material gifts. Experience has taught us that the material gifts are timely. We are entrusted with money and goods, which have come to us through a hard day's work, or which, possibly, have been given to us, to use them as God demands. We have no rightful claim on anything which has come to us in a dishonest way. And that which we receive through honest means and methods is ours to use and not to keep. We need some or possibly all of that to furnish us with the necessities of life, depending on the abundance of our earnings and what the expenditures call for. But be the case as it may, we are not to forget giving to God, for he is the source of every gift, and we are only the stewards.

Will a Man Rob God?

Punishment is almost a sure reward of our law for a man committing robbery, although his situation and the conditions are taken into consideration to determine the degrees of the punishment. I am now speaking of one who would dare to rob a bank, a filling station, a store, or a home, etc. That is only one way of robbing. But another way, and one which the law cannot lay its hands on so easily, but one which God holds us good for, is not imparting the gifts to him, of which he strictly demands one-tenth. The law of the land might demand an income tax from a man receiving thousands of dollars a year, but let not such a man deceive himself by thinking that that

(Continued on Page 117)

Workshop for Church Leaders

Taking a Religious Census of the Church's Neighborhood

By MR. HERBERT GIMPEL of the Erin Avenue Baptist Church, Cleveland, Ohio

On a Sunday afternoon in September of last year, a number of young people of the Erin Avenue Church in Cleveland, Ohio, set out to take a religious census of families in the church's neighborhood. This work was started at the instigation of the pastor, the Rev. T. W. Bender, and was carried out with the assistance of a group of young people of the church.

To start our work for the community census, we began with the consideration of personnel. A prospective list of canvassers was drawn up, and each person on the list was asked to attend a meeting at which plans for our work were to be discussed. At this meeting personnel problems were brought up, and we decided upon a list of questions which would meet the peculiar needs of our church.

The following questions appeared on our questionnaire:

1. How long have you lived at present address?
2. Does any resident speak a foreign language? Which?
3. How many are in the family? Adults —; Children —.
4. What are the ages of the children?
5. What is your religious preference?
6. Which church are you attending?

We thought it wise to have the simplest and least personal questions at the top and the others at the bottom. These questions were mimeographed on small cards, which were inconspicuous and convenient to handle.

At the second meeting, a map of our neighborhood was provided, and each person was assigned to an area in units of city-blocks. The blocks were numbered and consisted of a complete circuit around a block comprising the four sides. An area of fifteen blocks was covered.

On the Sunday of our census, we assembled at the church before starting out. At this time our card-questionnaires were distributed and final instructions were given. A standardized approach was given at this time for those who thought they needed it.

After a word of prayer, we left the church and each person went to his assigned block or blocks. A card was made out for every family in the area covered. If no one was at home, the house address was written on the card for repeat calls. On each card the block number was written and the cards from each block were kept separate. As each person finished his territory, he reported back to the church with his results.

It was an interesting revelation of the survey to discover that our neighborhood is one of rapid residential change. Over 50 per cent of the present residents have moved into our neighborhood within the last five years. Considerable variation was shown in the permanence of the residents. Some had lived in their present homes only a few days. One family of two people had lived in the same house for 70 years, and still another had lived in the same house for 75 years.

As a bilingual church we were interested in the foreign languages spoken in our neighborhood. In 39% of the families no foreign language was spoken at all. The percentage of families speaking German was 32 per cent, Slovak 13 per cent, Italian 8 per cent, Polish 5 per cent, and Hungarian 4 per cent. Many more languages are spoken in our community in lower percentages.

The religious preferences cover a wide range of denominations, and the range of churches attended is even wider. We have everything from Catholics and Lutherans to Mormons and Holy Rollers. The Roman Catholic families form the largest group with 46 per cent of the total. The Lutheran families are second with 20 per cent. We found that 9 per cent of the families have no religious preference, and 6 per cent are just Protestant. The Baptist and Evangelical denominations have 6½ per cent and 4½ per cent of the families respectively, while the other denominations have smaller percentages.

The direct benefits of our community census are represented by children who have come into our Sunday School as a result of the survey. Other benefits depend upon the interpretation of the statistical results of the survey. The surprisingly rapid change in population offers a challenge to us in reaching the new people of our community. The influx, however, of other denominations and other foreign language groups helps us to plan our church work, and awakens us to the necessity of planning long-range programs.

Those who took an active part in the community census were: Rev. T. W. Bender, pastor; Herbert Gimpel, chairman; Gustave Bergen, Albert Bergen, Sam Blum, Jr., Martha Boehm, Elfrieda Gelhar, Arthur Krapp, Harry Kugler, Edward Horn and Beekman Myer.

Christian Growth in Grace and Knowledge

A Page Devoted to Personal Experiences of the Christian Life

REMEMBER THE LITTLE THINGS OF LIFE

By Miss Susan Schilling of Alanson, Michigan

The small child persists in asking, "When will I be big?" The adolescent dreams of future romance or fame. The youth puts all his energy into the climb, destined to take him to the top of the ladder. The middle aged continues this desperate climb. The old man, "big" at last, his dreams come true, having reached his goal, looks sadly back down the rungs of his success and fame and, puzzled, he wonders why his life has been so void of true happiness.

What poor, miserable creatures we are! In our earnest striving for the big prize, we miss so much of the beauty of living. The earth, in all its glory and beauty, was created for man. Yet how few of us take time to thrill at the splendor of a sunrise or sunset, to feel warm earth with bare fingers in the spring time, to listen to the music in the treetops, to drink in the beauty of autumn forests gay with color, to gaze at the stars at night, to feel wind and rain on the face!

We are much too busy to drop in for a friendly chat with that little old lady or man across the way, to mend a broken toy for a mere child! We have no time for that letter to the folks at home and are too busy to have to remember little favors, kind words, smiles, a pat on the back or a friendly handclasp. Such little things are mere atoms in this whole business of living. However, the soul and the heart of man can find neither happiness nor complete living without them, for they are part of God's universal plan.

For true happiness, for that peace that passeth understanding, for giving the world the best that lies within you, take time out for these "little things" of life. You will find that it is of them that "living" really consists!

"BE LIKE JESUS, THIS MY SONG"

By Rev. J. C. Kraenzler, Pastor of the Plum Creek Church, near Emery, So. Dak.

Character is, primarily, the scratch or stamp or sign by which an engraver marks his work. When applied to a person, it means individuality, personality, or what a person really is. Noah, David, and Elijah; Judas, Peter, and Paul; Nero, Cromwell, and Napoleon; Washington, Lincoln, and Grant—these are names of persons of fame. Each man is a character who marks and im-

presses his individuality or personality on those about him.

What are the foundation principles of a character? First of all, there is purity. "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God." Only the pure in heart can see God. Stained fingers leave marked spots. Thus character, stained and marred, will stain and mar all it touches.

A second principle of character is truth. We have only scorn for men, who profess truth and in their secret life reveal falsehood, deception, and insincerity. Only as we are true to ourselves, to God and our fellow men will our character become more Christlike.

Since we look for character in grown persons and not in the infant, it must follow that character is the fruit of life—of experience. Now, life or experience, consists of two parts, an inner and an outer. The outer part we can see, and we call it "circumstances." Somehow character is wrought out by the interplay of the soul and the circumstances. As the coin gets its image and superscription by being smitten between the two halves of the matrix, so character is formed by the attrition between the inner soul and the outer circumstances.

Christ states a common fact of experience: "Two in a field—one taken, the other left." That is to say: Although two men may live in the midst of circumstances which are identically the same, their characters may be as different as night and day, so that one of them shall be accepted and the other rejected by the righteous Judge.

This statement, startling as it is, squares precisely the same outward conditions of life. Two men may develop characters that are diametrically opposite. As example of this we remember Jacob and Esau.

If a man is to get anything like a perfect character, he must be able to see the perfect ideal of human character. And Jesus Christ is the only perfect human character that has ever been seen in this world. In him there is no flaw and no sin. Whatever else men have thought about him, all have agreed that he is the ideal person.

Through the association with God's children, through the meditation and study of God's holy Scriptures, and through the influence of the Holy Spirit, will you become more perfect—a Christlike character. "Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him!"

CHOOSE YOUR FRIENDS WISELY AND WELL

By Miss Martha Fiesel of Martin, North Dakota

When we read the life of Jesus, we find that he had many friends. He was not a hermit, who shut himself away from all friendly associations, and who lived a lonely life with God. We, too, must have friends, for we need them, both young and old. And the only way to have a friend is to be one!

Why do we really need friends? First, we need friends for encouragement. We often find ourselves discouraged or find that we have failed when doing something. That is the time when we need friends to help us on our feet again, who will tell us that we can still succeed, if we will only try. We need them to help us over our hardships of life. Paul's life was full of these hardships, but it was also full of friends. Our sorrows would be insupportable if we had to bear them alone. And our joys would be worth little, if we had no friends with whom to share them.

Second, we need friends for counsel, that is to give us advice. Each of our friends has had his own experience and has learned its lesson, and if we put this experience together we'll find ourselves well directed. He is a wise person who avails himself of the counsel of wise friends.

Third, we need friends for companionship. Even if they cannot counsel us or inspire us, it is a comfort to know they are with us. Loneliness depresses our spirits, but if we have a company of friends around us, we feel ourselves upheld.

Fourth, we need friends to point out our faults. Our friends will be able to see our faults, and speak of them in acceptable ways. Each will know that "faithful are the wounds of a friend." If your friend shows you your faults, and you are angry with him, you are cutting yourself off from one of your greatest blessings. You are then proving unworthy to have a friend.

The best way to solve this problem of choosing our friends is to choose our friends with the help of Christ, for we find that the best friendships are those formed in youth and in the common service of mankind, for Christ's sake, and under his direction.

Above all, we should choose Jesus Christ as our friend for he "sticketh closer than a brother," and he is always ready to come at our call. He never fails us.

Marigold

By Grace Livingston Hill

SYNOPSIS

Marigold changed her mind about going to the wealthy Trescott home, because of a number of things of which her mother did not approve. But she could not forget handsome Laurie Trescott who was so devoted to her. Even when she went to Washington, D. C., with her mother to visit her aunt on her birthday, Laurie was constantly on her mind. At her aunt's home in Washington Marigold met a young man, Ethan Brooke, who annoyed her by offering to take her on a sightseeing tour of the city. As they approached the beautiful capitol building Marigold was filled with awe, and inside the rotunda Ethan began to describe the wonderful frescoes above them. For the first time Marigold listened to her escort with her eyes wide open with interest.

CHAPTER EIGHT

They roused to go on presently as groups of tourists came near with a guide and drove them from their position. They came presently to the hall of statuary and studied briefly the faces of the notables done in marble.

"I have an ancestor here somewhere whose name I bear but he is so far back I cannot tell how he is related. Where is he? Oh, yes. Ethan Allen! Here he is. One of the famous Green Mountain boys, you know, of Revolutionary times."

"Oh, yes," said Marigold. "I know. Father had an old book called 'Green Mountain Boys.' I loved it. It was a grand story. And what a fine face he has!"

Their talk was just then interrupted by a group of men meeting near by and greeting one another intimately.

"There! There's the senator from your state," whispered Ethan, touching Marigold lightly on the shoulder. "I had him pointed out to me the other day."

They lingered for a moment watching these important personages, and then went on to visit the House of Representatives, and catch a brief glimpse of laws in the making. Then across to the Senate for a little visit, returning to the Supreme Court room in time to see those great men walk into their places and hear the highest Court opened for the day's session. It was all most fascinating to Marigold, and she would have stayed all the morning, but finally Ethan asked if she was willing to go on, and they slipped quietly out and came again to the great rotunda where they had entered.

"We have been longer than I intended at this," said Ethan glancing at his watch. "I am afraid you won't have time for much else this morning. It is almost half past twelve, and we are due back at the house again at one, you know."

"Well, I'm glad I've seen it all," said Marigold lifting a sparkling face. "I wouldn't have missed a minute of it. Is it time we started back at once? I'm quite satisfied to go."

"Well, no, we have fifteen minutes left before we need actually start. How would you like to get up nearer to those paintings above us? There is scarcely time to go to another location. But perhaps you don't like to climb stairs?"

"Oh, I'd love to go. I don't mind climbing in the least."

So they started up the narrow winding way that led nearer to the dome. And as they walked Ethan supported the girl's arm lightly and they kept step, slowly up and up, in a great circle, till they reached the narrow gallery above, quite close to the wonderful paintings.

Marigold was not tired. She had enjoyed the rhythmic climb while Ethan told her more about those pictures of which he seemed to have made quite a study. They stood for some minutes facing the outer wall studying the blended colors of the masterpiece, thinking of the master who had stood up there on a scaffold so many years before laying on the pigment and leaving behind his brush strokes the picture that had endured, and then, Ethan looking at his watch, said:

"Time's up! We must go or we'll be late. But before we go turn around and look down at the place where you were standing a few minutes ago. It is interesting to see how small the people look from here."

Marigold turned and looked down at the marble paving below her and suddenly the tormenting nightmare of her horrible dream descended upon her and took her by the throat, petrifying her with fear. There was the great empty space below her, just as she had dreamed, and she on a little ledge out there hanging over that wide awful expanse. Almost she expected to see Laurie down there somewhere waving his hand at her gaily and asking how she liked it up here. And in imagination the ledge on which she stood grew suddenly narrower beside her and vanished into nothing. She threw up her hands with a little cry of terror and

covered her face, swaying backward, and everything turned black before her eyes.

There was no Laurie there to help her, but Ethan was there, and much more alert and ready than ever gay Laurie would have been. He sprang to catch her as her knees crumpled under her, and he lifted her in his strong arms, holding her firmly like a little child who needed comforting, holding her, turning her away from the front of the narrow gallery and hiding her face from that awful space below them. He held her so for a second or two with her face against his rough tweed coat, as if by mere contact he would compel her fright to leave her, her senses to return. Then slowly, as if she had received new life from his strength he felt her senses coming back to her and she began to tremble like a leaf.

"Oh, poor child!" he said softly, as if he were talking to himself. "I should not have brought you up here. The climb was too much for you!"

Suddenly, as if he understood better what was the matter, he turned with her still in his arms, and began slowly to go down the stairs. Step by step he went, stopping now and again to look at her, till little by little she felt the assurance of his arms about her, and slowly the color began to return to her face. When he next paused her eyes fluttered open and looked into his own, the fright still there but fading slowly, as his eyes reassured her.

"It's all right now," he murmured gently, still in that same tone, as one would speak to a little frightened child. "Were almost to the lower floor. Just a few more steps and we will be down."

Surprisingly she thrilled to the strength of the arms that were holding her and her tenseness relaxed.

She lay quite still and let the wonder of it roll over her, the relief of the end of her dream at last. Someone had saved her from that strange maddening peril, and showed her that she did not have to go on through all her life having at times to go back to the old problem whether she would have to edge back over that ever-narrowing ledge that vanished before her feet, or take the alternative of crashing down on the pavement below at fearful speed and being blotted out in pain and darkness.

Gradually she ceased to tremble. And when he had reached the last step he stopped and smiled down at her, saying pleasantly:

"Now, it is all over. We are down! Are you feeling better?"

Her lashes trembled open and she looked up at him with relief, murmuring,

"Oh, I'm glad!"

The lashes swept down again, and suddenly a tear appeared beneath them and swelled out, making a pool in the violet shadows under her eyes.

"I'm so ashamed!" she murmured.

"You don't need to be," he said comfortingly. "I understand all about it. But there are some people coming this way. Are you able to stand if I hold you, or shall I just carry you out to the car this way?"

That brought her completely to herself.

"Oh, I can stand! Put me down please!" she said in sudden panic.

He set her upon her feet, and with his own handkerchief dried the tears from her face, and then as the footsteps came around the partition at the foot of the stairs, he drew her arm within his own, and led her out through the great doors to the outer air.

"Perhaps we should have gone down in the elevator," he said, pausing in dismay as he remembered the long white steps ahead of them. "We could have walked right out of the entrance on the ground floor."

"No, I think I'll be all right now. I feel better out here in the air," said Marigold keeping her eyes nevertheless steadily away from the long descent before her.

"Well, then, take hold of that rail, and I'll support you on this side, and only look at one step at a time. We'll soon be down, and you can't possibly fall now, because I'm holding you, you know."

And once again Marigold felt that thrill of strength come to her at his touch. It was silly of course. It was just that she was unstrung, but she was glad to her soul that he was there.

And then they were down, back in the car, and she was being borne swiftly through the streets.

He was silent for a little as he threaded his way through the noon-day traffic. At last, looking shyly up at him she spoke in low hesitant tones:

"I don't know what you must think of me," she said "I never did a thing like that before! It was all because of a dreadful dream I had one night, a nightmare I couldn't shake off when I woke up. I thought I was walking out on a narrow ledge above a great depth like that and the ledge was getting narrower ahead of me. I couldn't go back, and no one down below would help me. A friend of mine just waved his hand and laughed and went away."

"I understand it perfectly," he said

turning and looking comprehendingly into her eyes. "I had it happen to me once, when I stood high above a job I was working on and something went wrong, putting me in great peril. I lost my nerve completely, and was about to fall to my death. For days after the danger was past I could not go to my job. I dared not get to that height again. Then some One very strong came and saved me from myself, and the terror all left me. I'll tell you about it sometime, but not now. You'd better stop thinking about it at once, and get some sunshine in your face before you get home or your mother will be frightened. Aunt Marian will think I didn't take very good care of you."

She looked up at him gratefully.

"You won't need to tell Mother?"

"No, indeed, of course not. Why frighten her? It's all over, you know."

He turned and smiled down upon her, putting one hand warmly over hers, and again that thrilling sense of his strength guarding her filled her shaken young soul with peace.

The rest of the drive was taken in silence, his hand over hers to reassure her, and when they reached the house he said with a keen look into her eyes:

"Are you all right now?"

She nodded brightly.

"Only ashamed."

"Forget it!" he grinned, and with a friendly squeeze of her hand he sprang out to open the door for her.

The luncheon was a merry one. Marigold who felt shy and silent at first rallied her forces and grew talkative, telling of all she had seen and heard. Her mother, watching anxiously, decided that she needn't worry after all. Her dear child seemed to be enjoying herself hugely. Probably the two young people had managed to get better acquainted during the morning, and Marigold wouldn't be so difficult the rest of the time.

The day was gorgeous and the drive a wonderful one. Marigold, as the new interests of the trip enthralled her, entirely forgot her eagerness to return to her home in time for the party. She had thought about it as they were starting, deciding that even if they got back as late as five o'clock, she might venture to get the six o'clock train if she still felt it wise. Three hours would bring her home at nine, and she could change on the train if she wanted to and take a taxi straight to the party, explaining her appearance after she got there. But anyway she was going on that drive. She had always wanted to see Mount Vernon, and she might never have such a good chance again.

So the party, and even Laurie were forgotten as they glided along beside the wide silver river, getting new visions of the fair city, that looked even more unearthly in the pearly afternoon lights than it had the evening before.

Ethan had reverted to what she judged must be his normal self. Though he had put the two sisters in the back seat and placed Marigold in front with himself, he paid little attention to her, seldom talked much to her, except to point out something of interest they were passing, and made his conversation quite general, rather ignoring her. Marigold wondered at it a little, felt even somewhat mortified. He probably thought her a little fool, emotional and silly, who couldn't keep her head. All his gentleness of the morning was quite gone. He was the same indifferent stranger that he had been the night before. It was hard to realize his kindness of the morning, to remember how he had carried her down those stairs, and held her so comfortably as if she had been a little frightened child.

Well, perhaps it was just as well. She would be able the more easily to put the whole incident out of her mind and her life. But anyway she had somehow the feeling that a permanent cure for that dream had been wrought for her that morning, and she must always feel grateful to him for what he had done.

But the day was fine, the winter landscape a dream, the car luxurious, why not forget it all as he had suggested and just enjoy herself?

And so she tried to do, though now and then she would glance at his cool impersonal countenance and feel a trifle chagrined at his indifference, even while chiding herself that she cared. She didn't care of course, she was only trying to forget Laurie and the party, trying also to forget her mortification of the morning.

When they reached Mount Vernon they parked the car in a pleasant place, leaving the two sisters to enjoy one another's company, and went to explore the ancient landmark. Then Ethan caught her hand and said "Come," and together they ran up the frosty drive to the old house. That bit of interlude did a good deal toward making Marigold feel more comfortable. This pleasant impersonal comradeship was much better than the solemn dignity with which he had been addressing her all the afternoon. They laughed together and joked a little about the old days when knee breeches, lace ruffles, and hair ribbons were in vogue for men, and candlelight was the only illumination even in grand mansions.

After they had been over the place, and in hand they ran down the snowy hill again, laughing like two children, and the soft color was glowing in Marigold's cheeks as they returned decorously to the car.

The two women smiled to each other as they saw them coming. It was good to them to see the young people whom they loved having a pleasant time together.

Marigold had forgotten all about going home. It was six o'clock when they reached the house and pleasant odors of dinner were abroad, Aunt Marian's birthday dinner! Of course she couldn't run away from it.

Marigold hurried up to her room and slipped on the green silk. It wasn't exactly the dress for a simple home dinner, but she felt in a gala mood, and it was bright and pretty, a dress that probably would have been much too plain for the Trescott party, but was not out of keeping for almost any simple occasion.

"Mother, is this too much? I thought it would be fun to wear it once," she said as her mother entered the room.

"It's lovely!" said her mother, "just sweet and lovely, and your Aunt Marian will be pleased. Yes, wear it. It is very charming."

So Marigold went down to dinner looking like a flower with lovely green foliage about her, and Ethan stopped in the middle of a sentence and looked at her in wonder and a kind of awe.

"I've put on my party dress to do you honor, Aunt Marian," she said, as she came into the room. "You won't think me silly, will you? I thought it would be fun."

"How dear of you, child!" said the aunt, looking at her with deep admiration. "I think that was a lovely thing to do, spend its freshness on a lonely old woman! But you know, I don't believe any party would enjoy it half as much as I shall. It is a beauty, isn't it, Mary? And so becoming, so simple and quaint in its style. It is charming. I feel as though I am selfish to have all this resplendence just for me. I should go to the telephone and call the neighbors in to meet my lovely guest."

"Well," said Ethan suddenly, "my opinion hasn't been asked, and of course it doesn't count, but I can enjoy a good thing when I see it too, and I should say that gown was a prize. I don't remember to have seen a prettier one anywhere. The only trouble with it is that it puts me in the shade. I had some tickets for the symphony concert tonight, and I had been daring to hope that Miss Brooke would honor me with her company, but now I'm afraid she will be ashamed to go with me. You see I don't happen to have any glad rags along."

They all laughed at that as they sat down, and the birthday supper began, but after everybody was served Marigold spoke up.

"I want to get this thing settled before I begin," she said. "I adore symphony concerts, and if my glad rag is going to keep me out of this one I'd better run right up now before I begin eating and change into the plainest thing I have."

Ethan looked at her and grinned, and almost she felt on a friendly footing with him again.

They had a pleasant supper, and escorted the invalid upstairs in a procession, Ethan carrying her lightly as if she had been a child. Marigold found herself wondering about herself in those same arms coming down the Capitol stairs earlier in the day. He probably thought no more of it than he did of carrying his aunt now, and she must stop making so much out of a simple little thing like that. It was ridiculous to be so self-conscious. He was nothing to her anyway. It would have been a great deal better for herself and everybody else concerned if she had stayed at home and gone to her party, and not come here and acted like a silly little fool, getting all sorts of notions in her head. She watched Ethan lay his aunt gently upon the bed, and remembered how he had stood herself upon her feet and wiped her tears away with his own handkerchief. Why on earth did she have to come down here and get her mind all tangled up thinking about a strange young man who was nothing in the world to her and never could be? Laurie was enough for her to worry about without her taking on another. She ought this very minute to be worrying over the fact that Laurie hadn't telephoned. It would have been like Laurie to get an airplane from some of his friends and come down after her, if he took the notion. What had happened to Laurie? Oughtn't she to go right into the telephone booth now while they were all busy and wouldn't notice her absence for a minute or two, and telephone Mrs. Waterman? That was an idea. She could go home even yet and get there in time for some of the party. Should she try?

But just then Aunt Marian called for a game and motioned Marigold to a chair beside her.

Well, this was Aunt Marian's birthday and she wouldn't spoil it by being absent. She would have to go to bed pretty soon. So Marigold settled down and puzzled her brains over thirty mistakes that she was supposed to find in a picture and forgot Laurie entirely.

They had a very happy hour before the nurse bustled in and shooed them all out, saying the patient really must go to bed and to sleep at once.

"Well," said Ethan turning toward Marigold as they came out of Aunt Marian's room, "what's the answer? Am I to be favored with company to the concert or are you ashamed of my informal dress?"

"Ashamed! Oh, my no!" said Marigold, her cheeks flaming bright with pleasure. "I was afraid it was too late."

"No, we have plenty of time. It's barely eight and the music doesn't begin till eight-thirty. Besides we have seats and would have no trouble getting in."

"I'll be ready in just a minute," said Marigold eagerly. "But—am I too giddy-looking in this bright dress? Will you be ashamed of me? I could change in just a jiffy."

"Ashamed?" he grinned. "I'll be prouder than I care to own. You look like something great! I think that is a swell dress."

Marigold's cheeks grow pinker and her eyes sparkled.

"Thank you," she said, and flew away to get her wraps.

"How about you, Aunt Mary? Wouldn't you like to go, too? I have a friend down at the office and I'm sure I can get another ticket."

"Thank you," smiled Mrs. Brooke, "I'm a little tired from the drive this afternoon. I think I'd better stay and rest. Besides I have found a lovely book I would like to read."

Tucked into the darkness of the car with Ethan's tall form beside her, Marigold suddenly realized that she was having a very good time indeed, and doubted if she would have had a better time if she had stayed at home and gone to the party. Somehow she felt as if she knew Ethan a little better, now that he had complimented her dress. Anyway she was resolved to have a good time this evening in spite of everything.

"I'm glad you were willing to go tonight," said Ethan suddenly, guiding his car skillfully through traffic. "I took a chance buying tickets. I didn't know whether you cared for music or not."

"I love it!" said Marigold enthusiastically, "only I don't have many chances to hear it. Mother and I don't go out very much. Mother is often tired. And most of the young people I know don't seem to be interested in music. They like wild parties and jazz and night clubs and things."

"And you? Don't you go in for those things?" He studied her face keenly in the dim light of the car.

Marigold was still in a troubled silence.

"I don't know," she said slowly at last. "I've never been but once or twice, and then I felt very uncomfortable and out of place. I don't just know why. It didn't seem real."

He was still studying her. At last he said slowly:

"You would be out of place. It wouldn't fit you. It isn't real."

She expected him to say more, but he didn't. Just drove on and sat quietly, now and then looking at her furtively.

"Well," said Marigold at last with a little lilt in her voice, "I know I'm going to enjoy it tonight. Though I may not feel quite at home—I think it will be something like the outside door of heaven."

He looked at her and smiled.

"I'm glad you feel that way."

(To be continued)

Children's Page

Edited by MRS. EDNA GIESEKE of Trenton, Illinois

Beauty, the Colt That Served the Master

The cattle on the hills outside Jerusalem were all contentedly browsing on that spring day long gone by. That is, all save one, a young colt standing alone, which seemed to be quieter and more thoughtful than the others. Although the frisky ones jostled and kicked him at times in their efforts to bring him into their play, there was no response on his part.

Finally, they gathered about him, determined to tease him into the game. With a quiet dignity, uncommon in one of his breed, he tried to steer clear of every one of them, but without success. One upstart with a playful kick voiced the wishes of all as he said, "If you won't play, tell us one of your famous stories." This request seemed to kindle a spark within, for the colt raised his head, and neighed, "Can I ever forget it,—the happiest day of my life?"

Silence fell, for Beauty's fame as a story-teller was well-known. Then, too, Beauty had had so few happy days that to hear of one from him would be a story, indeed. And they drew near to listen.

"It was early in the morning on a certain day that my mother and I stood just inside the village gates. I was fastened to her side with a rope that let me wander about, and oh, what fun it was to make her restless and ill at ease with my adventures into dangerous zones! I can see her sweet, thoughtful eyes now, and I can hear her worried, 'Careful, my Beauty! You are saved for a great work. Do not harm thyself before thy great day cometh.' What did she mean? I wondered, but I couldn't be bothered. I wanted fun.

"Mother seemed to be watching for something. But when I asked her for what, she said, 'I do not know, except that I have the feeling that our purpose is to be fulfilled this day.'

"Then came two men. I heard afterwards that they were disciples or followers of the Great Teacher. They loosed me and tried to lead me away. I drew back and begged my mother to keep me beside her. I believe there were tears in her eyes as she rubbed my nose with hers. But there was a happy ring to her voice as she said, 'Go, my son. Through you shall I, too, receive a blessing, for the Master hath need of thee!' I went gladly, for I felt already some of the joy of that day.

"Words are such weak things, so I shall not try to describe HIM as I first saw him! He was the Son of God, I heard them say, and he looked as I should think a Son of God would look! He talked to me gently, rubbed my nose, and gave me a delicious salt rock to lick as we waited for the rest of his group to get ready. Then he asked, oh, so kindly, for permission to ride me. Permission! Why, I should have begged his permission to carry him. It seemed strange at first to carry such a weight, for he was a strong man, but he was so gentle, so kind, and he guided me so aright, that I enjoyed the trip throughout.

in the name of the Lord! Hosanna in the highest!"

"That great man who sat upon my back was not made vain by so much praise. He seemed rather to be looking at distant Mount Calvary and I, too, looked that way. I thought I saw three crosses on that hill, but as I gazed those crosses were not there. So I suppose they were fancies of my brain.

"Of course, the King with his train wended his way straight to the temple. There a strange thing happened, which showed the great gentle Master as a King, indeed, with the combined anger and justice of many Kings behind him.



"And the multitude, scattering flowers, branches, yea, even their clothes, said: 'This is Jesus of Nazareth! Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord!'"

"We went quite a distance, but always toward the place where the towers had always been interesting—Jerusalem. I had heard the name of the city and had always wanted to go to it. Here was my chance!

"As we approached the gate a great multitude came toward us, waving branches, singing psalms, and shouting. I should have bolted, I am sure, had it not been for my Master's gentle, 'Come, my Beauty! The Master hath need of thee. Bear me through this happy day, as a lesson to the generations to come that the King cometh, meek, sitting upon an ass, and a colt, the foal of an ass!

"What a joyous time! Everyone, who did not know, cried out: 'Who is this?' And the multitude, scattering flowers, branches, yea, even their clothes, said: 'This is Jesus of Nazareth of Galilee! Hosanna to the Son of David! Blessed is he that cometh

There in the sacred courts sat the money changers at their illegal business. How righteous he seemed as he upbraided them thus:—'My house shall be called the house of prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves!'

"You should have seen those evil men as they were driven out by the King, who used his belt as a scourge. Some cursed, some crept away, and none were able to stand before the awful rage of this righteous judge.

"Again, as I watched, a change came over him as he saw the sick who lay about the courts. He became the Great Physician and healed many bodies, forgiving their sins at the same time.

"I did so want to stay there beside him, and I drew back when his disciples came to lead me away. But he looked at me,—oh, so gently!—and I seemed to hear him say, although he did not speak, 'Go in peace, Beauty.'

(Continued on Page 118)

Reports from the Field

A MESSAGE

From our Missionary-Colporter,
Mr. A. D. Schantz

Dear Christian Friends of the German Baptist Churches of North America:—

As your Missionary-Colporter, I write to express my deepest appreciation for your hearty welcome and friendly reception into your churches and homes wherever I have been. Everywhere I met kind faces and warm hands extending handshakes of brotherly love. Since my work began on December 1, 1938, I have been able to work only in the Texas Conference.

But now I am in full swing, starting to work with the church at Gotebo, Oklahoma, and continuing my work toward the north, including Oklahoma, Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa, and on north. The churches to the north of Oklahoma may expect me at any time.

I come with the help and guidance of the Lord and with the prayers and cooperation of kindhearted and sympathetic Christian people supporting me in the work. I carry Bibles and all sorts of books with spiritual food for distribution. All those supporting the work in the buying of literature are supporting their own work of missionary endeavor.

The kind of literature we read is the kind of lives and characters we build. "Let us Build!" We serve you with the best building material because our prayers are behind it. Then let us pray! Next, let us buy! And after that, "Let us Build for God!" You with your prayers and hearty support can help us make it a great missionary field, yielding a great harvest in souls for the Lord. It is for your smiles, for your prayers and for your love for the work for which we plead.

Southern Conference

Wood Cutting Picnic for the
Crawford Church

On Wednesday, February 22, the ambitious church members of the Crawford Church in Texas gathered in the church wood lot to enjoy an all day "wood cutting picnic." The men cut the wood and the women provided the nourishment for the hungry appetites.

Those in attendance were the Rev. and Mrs. C. C. Gossen, Vernon Gossen, Mrs. F. Jaeckle, Misses Ona and Edna Jaeckle, Mr. and Mrs. A. Hoppe, Vernon G. Hoppe, Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Engelbrecht and Marvin, Mr. and Mrs. Earnest Freyer and Erica, Mr. John Landfried, Mr. Wm. Buck, Mr. and

Mrs. Walter Gauer, Misses Alma and Meta Gaur and Miss Tillie Mae Spross.

This project was inspired by a study course, "Training in Christian Service," taught by the pastor, the Rev. C. C. Gossen. The social committee entertained an average of twenty-seven persons each evening from February 6 to 10. BENNY SPROSS, Reporter.

Northwestern Conference

A Missionary Play About the
Camerons Presented in
St. Paul, Minnesota

On Friday evening, January 27, the B. Y. P. U. of the First German Baptist Church of St. Paul, Minn., presented the play, "I Will Not Leave You Orphans," written by the Rev. E. J. Baumgartner of Milwaukee, Wis. The play was directed by our pastor, the Rev. E. Wolff, and our president, Miss Lillian Patet. We were pleased to have Mr. Baumgartner in our midst.

The attendance numbered over 325 people and a generous offering was received, which went toward our Cameroon mission work in Africa. The play was given in honor of our new Cameroon missionary, Miss Laura Reddig. It was repeated on Friday evening, March 10, for the benefit of those who were unable to attend the first time.

ORVILLE REED, Reporter.

News Items from Sheffield, Iowa

At the annual business meeting of the German Baptist Church of Sheffield, Iowa, it was decided to raise the minister's salary \$200 a year. The pastor is the Rev. Carl J. Sentman.

"The Young People's Church," a gospel service by the Junior and Senior B. Y. P. U. members, is being presented on one Sunday evening a month. The young people take complete charge of the service, and we pray that as they give their testimony and bring God's Word, it will be a great blessing to all that hear. A special offering is received at each program, going to the support of the "Open Door," our local mission paper. This paper now reaches 225 to 250 people each week, bringing them God's own precious Word.

We invite you to listen to the "Bible Broadcast," a radio program brought each Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock over KGLO, Mason City, Iowa, by the Rev. Carl J. Sentman.

L. M. L., Reporter.

Bethany Church Builders of Milwaukee, Wisconsin

An unusual program, bearing the title, "Bethany Church Builders," was

given by the B. Y. P. U. of the Bethany Church of Milwaukee, Wis., on Sunday evening, February 12. The general character of the program was determined by the fact that our Bethany people are at present erecting a house of worship for which the men of the church are gratuitously furnishing the necessary labor. The young people felt that such generosity deserved special recognition.

Beginning with a well planned worship service, conducted by Miss Marie Baudisch, who is the young people's counselor, the various parts of the program served to explain the spiritual meaning of our church building enterprise. Melvin Kehrein mentioned some of the important things which the Bible says about building, and a group of other B. Y. P. U. members recited significant literary quotations, which were designated as "Building Blocks for Youthful Builders." Much interest was also aroused by a dialogue entitled, "Mr. Jennings' Visit." The interesting character of Mr. Jennings was well portrayed by Harold Schielke, and the other features of the dialogue were ably presented by Harold Gieseke, Wallace Kehrein and Kenneth Miller.

A symposium followed which was entitled, "Important Factors in Church Building." The speakers were the president of the B. Y. P. U., Miss Gladys Schielke, and Lydia Schultz, Elizabeth Gieseke, Bette Froemming and Ruth Siefert. Many vital truths were expressed concerning the building of the spiritual church and the successful building of personal character.

The entire program had been carefully and well worked out by Mr. H. J. Weihe, who, in spite of his advanced age, still is young at heart and continues to show a keen interest in the work of our young people, for which we as a church are very grateful.

Our pastor, the Rev. Herbert Hiller, brought the meeting to a close with a very inspirational and helpful message. He stressed the fact that we are partners with Christ in the business of building God's Kingdom here on earth. "Where there is a spirit of companionship, there must be cooperation. The pronoun 'WE' is predominant at all times. We are laborers together with God. It is high time that we say, I am through being a chisler!—I want to be a partner in this work of building God's church!"

Once more the significant fact has been demonstrated in our Bethany Church that the youth of today is the hope of tomorrow.

A. W. GIESECKE, Reporter.

Dakota Conference Missionary Activities of the Women's Circle in the Jamestown Church

The women of the mission circle of the First Baptist Church of Jamestown, No. Dak., meet on the first Friday evening of every month. One month is devoted to home missions and the next month to foreign missions. Mrs. Earl Miller is chairman of the foreign mission program, and Mrs. Lloyd Fish of home missions. Mrs. Albert Bushy is president of the circle, Mrs. Art Krien is treasurer, and Mrs. C. A. Landgren is secretary.

We meet for sewing every Wednesday at the home of our president, Mrs. Bushy. We make quilts, mittens, sweaters and scarfs and also make over old clothing for the poor. We sent a box with the following articles to the German Baptist Orphanage at St. Joseph, Mich.: a musical top, a child's tea set, a child's knife and fork set, 2 boxes of china dolls, a pair of bloomers, children's socks, 4 pair of mittens, a set of dominoes, stockings, sweaters, a jumper dress, dresses, a dresser scarf, silk blouses, a toilet set, a girl's coat and several quilts.

Then we also had a shower for a poor family, and the articles which were brought consisted of canned fruit and vegetables, lard and butter, cereals, coffee and many other things.

Our women are doing White Cross work at the present time. A picture of our group at our December meeting is shown on this page of "The Baptist Herald," but, due to the stormy night, there were only a few women in attendance!

MRS. C. A. LANDGREN, Secretary.

The Building of God's Kingdom in the McClusky Church

During the final months of the past year our small town of McClusky, No. Dak., harbored earnest evangelists in almost every church, and the people were given a splendid opportunity to accept the wonderful gospel of Jesus Christ. In our own German Baptist church we were happy to have the Rev. G. P. Schroeder, missionary to the Russian Baptists of North Dakota for a number of days of inspirational Bible study and evening messages. We were also fortunate in having the Rev. E. Bonikowsky with us throughout one Sunday. His English message relative to his experiences in Russia was especially interesting to a large audience of young people.

Under the leadership of the young people, the old year was closed with a quiet candle-light service of dedication and with the memorable words of the Apostle Paul, "For to me to live is Christ." The first two weeks of the new year were given over to meetings conducted by our pastor, the Rev. Rudolf Kaiser. The weather proved



A Group of the Mission Circle from the Baptist Church at Jamestown, North Dakota

favorable for a fine attendance and thus to a promotion of God's Spirit. On the fifth Sunday of January the B. Y. P. U. rendered its second mission program. We are very thankful for those who are using their talents for the glory of God.

God's Kingdom must prevail, and, especially in the turmoil of the present time, we must pray and work for an awakening in the hearts of the Christian people. We thank God for his gracious blessings, which encourage us ever anew in the Master's work.

ESTHER KAISER, Reporter.

Northern Conference

Silver Wedding Anniversary of
Mr. and Mrs. Gustave Schwartz
of Winnipeg

The members of the church board and their wives from the McDermot Avenue Church in Winnipeg, Manitoba, held a surprise program for Mr. and Mrs. Gustave Schwartz on Thursday evening, February 2, on their 25th wedding anniversary. The Scripture reading and prayer were offered by the pastor, the Rev. Otto Patzia.

A fine program was given consisting of songs and recitations. All guests congratulated the honored couple. Mr. and Mrs. G. Schwartz responded, giving an interesting account of their past 25 years of married life.

On Saturday evening, February 4 another surprise was given in the honor of Mr. and Mrs. G. Schwartz by their children and friends. The only daughter of the honored couple presented "the bride" with a silver wreath and a beautiful bouquet of red roses, and "the groom" with a yellow rose bud.

Mrs. J. Otto, the president of the Women's Missionary Society, gave a brief inspiring talk. Mr. Zichener, one of the deacons, led in prayer. A musical program was given by their children which consisted of a piano duet, a clarinet number, a violin solo and a vocal solo, "God Has Made Two Hearts as One."

A buffet lunch was served, and a beautiful wedding cake, baked by Mrs. G. Rattasep, decorated the table.

EDITH SCHWARTZ, Reporter.

Activities of the B. Y. P. U. in Kelowna, British Columbia

The year 1938 brought us sorrow and happiness. When our president left us last Spring, we went through a difficult crisis. We kept up our meetings as regularly and as best we could. In June our new minister, the Rev. A. Krombein and his family arrived. We found in Mrs. Krombein a very efficient leader, and she was elected president for the rest of the term. Since then the work of our society has progressed wonderfully. During these six months 22 new members have been won, which brings our membership total to 42 members.

We meet regularly every week on Friday evenings for business, Christian fellowship and practise work. Our interest was maintained by reading a few chapters every Friday evening from the book entitled, "In God's Hand" by the Rev. W. Luebeck of Ashley, No. Dak. This book was very fascinating and a blessing to all.

Interesting programs are given by the society for the church audience once a month on the second Sunday evening. These programs consist of Bible contests, Question Box, mission topics, musical programs, Bible Quiz, etc. The organization of a Young People's Choir in July has progressed wonderfully under the leadership of Mr. E. Best.

Our officers elected for the new year are as follows: president, Mrs. A. Krombein; vice-president, Lena Paschold; secretary, Frieda Weintz; treasurer, Alma Meyer; choir leader, Mr. E. Best; and pianist, Irene Krombein. FRIEDA WEINTZ, Secretary.

Atlantic Conference

A Well Organized Young
People's Work in the West
Baltimore Church of Baltimore,
Maryland

God has blessed our work in the West Baltimore Baptist Church of Baltimore, Md., very definitely so that we now have established groups of Juniors, Intermediates and Adults in our youth work. We belong to the Sunset District of Baltimore, and this district is one of 7 similar groups belonging to the Oriole Association of the city.

These districts hold monthly meetings and rallies at different churches, which are very stimulating for the work, encouraging each to do better for the Master. At our last rally the West Baltimore Church went over the top to such an extent that we were invited to be honor guests at the next rally and to receive a special prize.

We hope that our report will help some other B. Y. P. U. or Baptist Adult Union to take a new interest in the work.

MRS. JACOB MUELLER, Director.

Adult Class Organized in the Evangel Sunday School of Newark, New Jersey

The first and very informal meeting of the Evangel Adult Class was held at the Evangel Baptist Church of Newark, N. J., on Friday evening, February 10, for the purpose of obtaining a semblance of organization—to collect loose ends and to try to bring the class into a working unit for growth.

During the few remarks by the Rev. V. Brushwyler, the pastor (also the teacher), announced that he was, for the evening, assuming the role of absolute dictator—a composite, as it were, of the three outstanding ones of the times—and that, with this power, he had on his own initiative made a selection of officers for our approval, namely: Mr. William Kettenburg, president; Mrs. T. Edwards and Mr. Ohlson, attendance secretaries; and a recording secretary. The selection was applauded, but under such dictatorship what could we mortals do but give assent!

Mr. Kettenburg, our "thrust-upon-us president," then addressed us for twenty minutes. (He said he was unprepared). He told us of the Sunday School work done in an Indiana church, from whence he came, and of his hopes for the Evangel Adult Class, and of what could be done by our united efforts for the good of all and the glory of God.

After this unprepared speech, everyone entered into the social part of the program with zest and jollity. The spirit of fun was rampant. Despite the inclemency of the weather, 44 were present and all seemed to share the spirit of the evening—if one may judge from the happy smiles on many countenances. After the activity of the evening, no one dare say that AGE has us in its grip!!

Of course, no evening is a success without the crowning event of "eats"—to which we all did justice with much gusto. The lovely place cards with their Bible verses added a touch of atmosphere.

We give thanks to God that we may meet one another in such manner and enjoy good wholesome fellowship in his name. That a harvest will be reaped from it is our earnest prayer. PERSIS P. PFAU, Recording Secretary.

The Annual Rally of the New York "Jugendbund" at Second Church, New York City

Two hundred and fifty-eight strong, the 13 societies comprising the "Jugendbund" of New York and vicinity met for its 46th annual meeting on February 22 at the Second German Baptist Church in New York City. Several attractive bouquets of flowers, presented by various societies, graced the platform during the afternoon and evening sessions. Mr. F. Krinke, an officer of the entertaining church, wel-

comed the Jugendbund to the church.

After several hymns, the Scripture was read by Milton Frahme, first vice-president, after which prayer was offered by the Rev. A. E. Kannwischer. Miss Grace Kettenburg ably accompanied the song services at the piano.

The afternoon business session was conducted by the Jugendbund's aggressive president, Alfred Orthner. Yearly reports were submitted by the recording secretary, treasurer, board of trustees, auditing committee and general secretary. The Rev. John E. Grygo, general secretary, reviewed the three district rallies held in New York City, Newark and Jersey City, in place of the Inter-Society meetings formerly held. Before the close of the afternoon session, a solo was rendered by Mr. F. Krinke, and a challenging message was given by Mr. Jerome Thiele, now serving as pastor of the Passaic Church.

At 7 P. M. moving pictures of Dr. Kuhn's recent European trip and of our work in Africa were shown.

The evening meeting was a blessing to all who attended. A rousing song service, led by Alfred Toelle, preceded the reading of the Scripture by Miss Edna Schanzenbach, after which the Rev. J. P. Kuehl led in prayer. A soprano solo entitled, "The Lord is My Shepherd," was beautifully rendered by Mrs. Gustav H. Beck.

Next came the Roll Call, and every society responded with a song or poem or Scripture verse. Greetings were extended to the Jugendbund at the respective sessions by our national president, Mr. Edwin H. Marklein, and by Miss Margaret Macoskey, president of the Atlantic Conference Union. At the evening session a motion was passed to embody in the minutes a resolution that the Jugendbund remember the faithful service of two former active members, who during the past year were called to their heavenly reward, namely, Mr. Christian Schmidt of the Clinton Hill Church, and Rev. Gustav H. Schneck of the Passaic Church.

The guest speaker, the Rev. John Raymond, pastor of the Greenwood Baptist Church of Brooklyn, used as his text a portion of 1. Cor. 6:19 and 20. "Ye are not your own, for ye are bought with a price: therefore, glorify God!" A challenge to the newly-elected officers was given by the Rev. John Schmidt. The following will serve the Jugendbund for the coming year: president, Alfred Orthner; 1st vice-president, Grace Kettenburg; 2nd vice-president, Edward Baumfalk; recording secretary, Julia Hartwig; corresponding secretary, Ruth Parchmann; trustees, Walter Marklein and Fred Maeder; ministers on executive board, Reverends A. E. Kannwischer, V. Prendinger, J. Kuehl, and John Schmidt.

HELEN N. NEITHARDT, Reporter.

The Ridgewood Church Welcomes Its New Church Missionary

For the past few months, ever since the need for a church missionary was keenly felt and the Sunday School undertook the task of supporting a missionary, the Sunday School scholars and members of the Ridgewood Baptist Church in Ridgewood, Long Island, have been filling their "Penny-A-Meal banks."

The church recently called a missionary in the person of Mrs. Marie K. McAlpine. Mrs. McAlpine, who also served the church in this capacity a number of years ago, accepted the call and began her work on Sunday, February 12. Although Mrs. McAlpine is known to the majority of the members and has frequently attended the services of the church, many newcomers had not formally met her. Therefore, at the close of a bilingual prayer meeting on Wednesday, February 15, a reception was held in Mrs. McAlpine's honor.

Representatives of many church societies, as well as the Rev. A. E. Kannwischer, pastor, Mr. J. C. Lotz of the board of deacons, and Mr. Emil Lepke, former Sunday School superintendent, bade Mrs. McAlpine welcome by their fitting remarks. Mrs. Emil Zeidler presented her with a lovely corsage of roses as a token of love from the Women's Missionary Society of the church. After a few words from our new missionary, we listened to a soprano solo by Mrs. Gustav H. Beck.

We know that Mrs. McAlpine is happy in the service into which she has been called, and we as a church covet for her God's grace and guidance as she serves him as missionary in the Ridgewood Baptist Church.

HELEN N. NEITHARDT, Reporter.

Brooklyn Intermediate Rally Held in the Ridgewood Church

In order to acquaint our Intermediates with the work of our denomination and to instil in them a greater desire to serve their Master, a rally of boys and girls between the ages of 11 and 15 years was held on Saturday, February 18, at the Ridgewood Baptist Church of Ridgewood, Long Island. Intermediates from the two Brooklyn churches met, who numbered approximately thirty-five.

The meeting was in charge of Mrs. Helen Neithardt, Intermediate superintendent. Mr. Edwin H. Marklein, our national young people's president, led the song service. The program was enjoyed by all and contained many features. The newly-organized Boys' and Girls' Choir of the Second Church rendered a selection, Rita Alexander of the Ridgewood Church sang a solo, and a poem entitled, "Others," was read by Ortrude Frommann.

Mrs. Josephine Rauscher, our inimitable story-teller, told the children

about a lighthouse-keeper's little daughter and her faith and trust in God. Miss Margaret Macoskey, president of the Atlantic Conference Y. P. and S. S. W. Union, under whose direction this Intermediate program is being carried out, spoke of our denomination and its work. Then moving pictures were shown of the Portland Conference and the African Cameroons.

HELEN N. NEITHARDT, Reporter.

Central Conference Young People's Banquet and Rally in the Peoria Church

On Saturday night, January 28, about 50 young people were gathered in the dining room of the State Park Baptist Church of Peoria, Ill., for a banquet. It was the beginning of a week-end rally, which was to awaken anew the young people in our B. Y. P. U. The Rev. and Mrs. K. L. Finley of Chicago, musical evangelists, were our honored guests, speakers and entertainers.

The theme of the rally was "Open Gates." We used Maathew 7:13-14 as our Bible theme and background.

Miss Melba Runtz, our minister's daughter, was the toastmistress. We sang our B. Y. P. U. song, "Lead Me To Some Soul Today," several times throughout the evening which impressed us with our duty as Christian young people. Our president, Miss Dorothy Abele, reviewed the work of the B. Y. P. U. during the last year. One of our musically talented young men, Donald Warner, favored us with two splendidly rendered cornet solos.

Our church is known as "the Singing Church," and in the next part of our program we really lived up to our name. We sang several well known choruses, and learned new words to old melodies. Miss Helen Laubach showed us her "Family Album," the pictures of which were portrayed by several of the young people. This was very entertaining and led to the grand climax of the evening, Mr. Finley's address.

On Sunday morning Mrs. Finley talked to the Sunday School. Mr. Finley preached the morning sermon, entitled "When is Man Free." On Sunday afternoon we had a devotional hour in which there were testimonies, singing, and a talk by Mr. Finley.

On Sunday night the Rev. and Mrs. K. L. Finley presented us with a sacred concert. Mrs. Finley played the water glasses again and also a group of sheep and cow bells, each of a different size and tone. They also sang several beautiful duets and Mr. Finley talked to us again.

The program of the week-end proved to be a success because it awakened our young people anew to the realization of their duties and work for Christ.

HELEN HOPPER, Reporter.

OBITUARY

MISS MARTHA ATHENS

On February 9th the angel of mercy descended to wrap his wings about one of the oldest members of the State Park Baptist Church of Peoria, Illinois, and take her home to glory. For about 64 years Miss Martha Athens had been a member of the church and through all these years had contributed largely toward the spiritual progress of the church. Miss Athens was born near Bath, Illinois, on January 22, 1861. As a girl of 13 she was baptized by the Rev. Mr. Hobbs. The next year the family moved to Peoria and united with this church.

For over two years she had been ill and so death came as a blessing. Earth's span of life for her was 78 years and 18 days. She is survived by a brother and two sisters. The text of the funeral sermon, which she had chosen herself, was Psalm 23:4, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me..."

She was a radiant and sincere Christian, and everywhere testified of the marvelous grace of God that had in a time of great distress so wonderfully helped her. She loved to sing, and so she often visited the shut-ins and the lonely in hospitals to sing the Gospel to them. Her memory abides as a benediction.

Peoria, Illinois. A. F. Runtz, Pastor.

MRS. GEORGE H. JONES

Mrs. George H. Jones was born in Coburg, Ontario, Canada, on August 21, 1880. She came to Rochester, N. Y., 27 years ago. In 1918 she married her now bereaved husband, Mr. George H. Jones. This union was a happy and devoted partnership, and her husband and children call her blessed. For the past 12 years Mrs. Jones was a beloved and faithful member of the Andrews Street Baptist Church. After a long illness she was called to her heavenly home on Sunday, February 19, 1939. She is survived by her husband, daughter, Isabel; son, George L.; five sisters and one brother.

At the funeral service the thought, "Found Faithful," served as a word of tribute and consolation.

Rochester, N. Y. Rev. David Hamel.


B. Y. P. U. TOPICS

(Continued from Page 108)

goes in with the tenth that God demands. And remember God's promise for those who have robbed him of the tithes and offerings is a curse, but to those who bring their gifts into the storehouse of God, to them will he open the windows of heaven and pour down his blessings beyond all expectations. Let us not forget, however, that God's blessings are not always in material gifts. The JOY of giving is one of God's greatest blessings.

The Widow's Mites

Thank God that the spirit of the widow, who gave the mites, is still living today. These mites have done mighty works in the circles of our own denomination. As the raindrops gather to make the great rivers, lakes, seas, and oceans, so have the mites been gathered to build the mighty churches of God and his Kingdom. God loves a cheerful giver. Thomas Carlyle tells us that his most liberal gift was made in his childhood. When he was six years old, an aged man came to the house to beg. The boy, Thomas, was alone in the big house. His heart was touched by the old man's appeal, so he went to his own little penny bank and gave the entire contents. In looking back upon that act when he had become a famous writer, Carlyle used to say, "I never knew anything in all my life that gave me so much pleasure." May that same spirit live in our numbers as it lived in the widow who gave only two mites, and as it lived in Carlyle when he gave his very last penny to the beggar.



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Story of Beauty, the Colt

(Continued from Page 113)

Thy work is finished, and I must haste to complete mine.'

"And so I came here. Strange things have happened since, and I have a feeling that all is not well. I see again that hill of Calvary, and I dream of those crosses. But through it all, I have such a happy feeling. It sings over and over in my mind, 'Ye have seen the King,—nay, better yet, ye have been of service to the Master!'"

The little colt raised his head, and gazed toward Calvary, outlined in the distance. Those about him glanced, too, in that direction, and, behold, there appeared upon the hill a shadow as of three crosses. It passed, and, the story completed, the frolic in the field began anew.

But Beauty was not molested again, for even the beasts of the field know when one of their number has seen the King.

That Gospel Which I Preach

(Continued from Page 104)

preached. He meant, in the final analysis Christ was the Gospel, that he was the heart, the life, the power, the content, the very essence of the gospel. For Paul and his fellow-believers to believe in Christ was to receive the gospel, and to believe the gospel was to receive Christ.

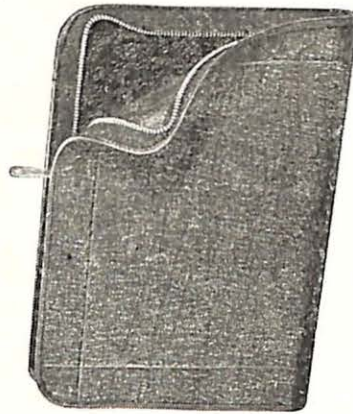
And what Christ? Not merely the Christ of the Sermon on the Mount, but the Christ of Bethlehem, the incarnate Son of God; the Christ of the Cross, the "lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world"; the Christ of Easter morning, the One "raised for our justification."

Paul never forgot his experience in the dust of the Damascus road. He never forgot that voice that said, "I am Jesus." For him henceforth Christianity was Christ, the all-sufficient Savior who had had mercy on him, the adored Master whose will he must ever

do. And this, with profound simplicity, he made his gospel.

The Gospel for our Day

This, too, has been the gospel of the Christian Church down through the centuries. Based on history, confirmed by revelation, demonstrated by its power, depending for its existence upon a living Savior who works in the hearts and lives of men, it is still the message for our day. We must continue to call men to repentance and faith in Christ, to challenge sin and despair with the hope and life he offers, and to labor diligently to extend his blessed sway in the hearts and thinking and living of men everywhere.



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WILLIAM C. SKEATH

These sermonic meditations upon the words which Jesus spoke from the Cross sound upon the inner ear with new meaning as the author transports his reader to Calvary. The meditations culminate in the overwhelming conviction which the centurion voiced: "Truly, this man was the Son of God." \$1.00

The Fingerprints of God

WILLIAM M. ORR

These fifty well-told story-sermons will help to answer the difficult questions which children ask about nature and about God. The stories—told with such simplicity that children can readily understand them—fascinatingly describe the wonders of the heavens, of the earth, and of small creatures. Children and grown-ups will hear them with interest. \$1.00

A Chat About Books

DINABANDHU

India is always prominent in the current events of the world. The people of that country have occupied front seats in the world's unfolding drama of history for many centuries. Mahatma Gandhi spoke with much truth when he said: "Never so long as you live will you be able to say goodbye to India."

Ever since William Carey opened the chapter of modern missions by going to Burma with the gospel, the story of "the Christ of the Indian Road" has moved the hearts of millions of Christians in the Occident. That story is still being told with stirring fervor by the most recent missionary books about India.

THE CHURCH TAKES HOLD IN INDIA

Basil Mathews' most recent book, "The Church Takes Hold in India" (Friendship Press—1938—Cloth, \$1.00—Paper, 60 cents—198 pages) is a brilliant study of a newly emerging India and of the ultimate victory of Christ among the Indian people, composing a sixth of the human race. For Mr. Mathews after an extended trip through India in 1936-37 believes that India "may become the central arena of the contemporary world struggle for the supremacy of the spiritual and moral in the life of man."

The book opens with a picturesque account of Indian village life, which gives the reader a vivid understanding of ancient customs in that land. One "gazes at the golden dust that the homeward-going cattle raise in the afternoon sunlight, hears the splash of water from the goatskin bags used for irrigating the gardens, and the thud that announces that the washerwoman is hammering clothes on the flat stone at the river's edge."

But the changing tempo of modern times is altering the ancient picture. Christian missions have provided a new gateway of life to the outcastes, (and entire villages of "the Pariah" are being converted), and the Christian Church is becoming really rooted in Indian soil. A new leadership, which is largely Christian, is being trained for the critical days which lie ahead. The present rate of increase of Christians in India of 200,000 a year is called "unparalleled in missionary history in Asia" by Mr. Mathews. "For the first time we see an increasing tide flowing toward Christianity."

This is a superb book to fill the heart of the reader with missionary zeal and joy and to illumine his mind with sympathetic understanding and penetrating insight concerning India. You really don't know Christian missions in India until you have read this book!

A book with a strange title but with a colorful, fascinating story is "Dinabandhu," which is called "a background book" on India, by Ruth Isabel Seabury (Friendship Press—1938—Cloth, \$1.00—Paper, 60 cents—182 pages). The title means "brother" which the author has chosen as the symbol for our Indian brothers and sisters and especially for that strong young group that represents the India of tomorrow. Through the eyes of Dinabandhu, a composite or typical Indian, the reader learns much about the geography and history of India, the home life, rural conditions, education, national movements, and the principal religions, besides the work of the Indian church and of Christian missions there.

This young Indian, Dinabandhu, becomes a living person in the pages of the book, with whom one wants to share the joys and problems of life through a common faith in Christ. One might call the book the autobiography of Christian India! It is especially fine for young people's groups.

BOOKLETS ON INDIA

Seven stirring stories are related in the booklet, "Tales from India" by Basil Mathews, (Friendship Press—1938—Cloth, \$1.00—Paper, 50 cents—96 pages), which depict in story form the moving story of the onward march of Christianity in India. "The thread which binds together the stories of the young college graduate and the outcaste robber chief, the frail courageous woman doctor and the persecuted Kashmiri lad, is loyalty to their Master, Jesus Christ."

"Fun and Festival from India" is the title of a small brochure of 48 pages by Rose Wright, (Friendship Press—25 cents), for use by missionary societies or young people's groups which would like to plan a dinner or social with Indian atmosphere. Typical Indian recipes, which are easy to use, and a thrilling array of Indian games are described. Several Indian songs and native poems are cited. Even such things as Indian favors, decorations and costumes are described to help you to provide a lot of fun and inspiration for some Indian missionary gathering in your church.

THE WASTE-BASKET SURGEON

Years ago Dr. Gordon S. Seagrave, a Baptist medical missionary in Nankham, Burma, wrote one of the most popular mission books, entitled "Waste-Basket Surgery." He has succeeded in writing an equally interesting sequel, called "Tales of a Waste-Basket Surgeon" (Judson Press—1933—265 pages

—\$1.50). The many adventures of a missionary's life from encounters with leopards and getting stuck in the mud to the building of a hospital and the performing of major operations are described with gusto by a missionary, whose one passion of life is to serve his Master and the people of India. With enlivening humor and picturesque vividness he takes the reader with him on his trips into nearby villages and on his routine work through the hospital.

Some of the many tasks of Dr. Seagrave's day are briefly described by him. "We have an average of over a hundred patients a day in dispensary and hospital, and I have personally to teach four classes of nurses a day. I have also to teach two classes a day in our seventh standard Anglo-Vernacular school; and we have three other fourth standard schools as well. And now we have practically three times as little American money as several years ago!"

You will laugh and weep with this heroic medical missionary as you read the chapters of the book with its informal, sparkling style. God still "rears back and passes a miracle" today through consecrated men like this medical missionary.

THE CHALLENGE OF BURMA

Out of dusty diaries and time-dimming letters comes a thrilling missionary story, entitled "The Challenge of Burma." (Revell Co.—1937—201 pages—\$2.00). This story is the biography of Martha and John Grandon, pioneer missionaries of several decades ago in Burma, who encountered untold hardships, appalling terrors and discouraging difficulties without end. A great deal of the biographical account covers the same years of missionary service and the wild terrain, in which the Rev. George Geis served so faithfully for many years. Swift-moving action and informality of dialogue make this an interesting book for study by missionary societies.

CONTEMPORARY CHRISTIAN ART

A superb and unique book is Professor Daniel Johnson Fleming's "Each With His Own Brush," (Friendship Press—1938—\$1.50—85 pages), which presents contemporary Christian art in Asia and Africa. Sixty-five paintings and carvings are beautifully reproduced, showing how each race and people uniquely interprets the Christian faith and the genius of the Christian Church in forms and with technique congenial to its respective cultures. A chapter on "Indigenous Painting" is an admirable introduction to the pictures.

WHAT'S HAPPENING

(Continued from Page 102)

will meet with the church at Durham, Kans., from August 2 to 6. This is a change in the date as announced in the "Notizbuch." The sessions of the Central Conference will be held in St. Joseph, Mich., from August 15 to 20.

● On Sunday afternoon, February 12, the Women's Missionary Society of the German Baptist Church in Morris, Manitoba, Canada, held its annual program. The Rev. Wm. Kuhn, D.D., general missionary secretary, was the guest speaker at the festive and well attended service. During the past year the society has presented the church with new electrical fixtures, a new pulpit, and a communion table and two chairs to match. Mrs. Selma Kran, secretary, wrote that "our monthly meetings are held regularly with a good attendance of members and guests."

● On Sunday evening, February 19, a group of young people from the Berean Sunday School class of the Calvary Baptist church in New York City had fellowship with the young people's society of the Emanuel Baptist Church in New York, of which the Rev. John Grygo is pastor. In a program arranged for the occasion by the Calvary Bereans, there was a message on "The Surrendered Life" by Grace Trowbridge; a trumpet solo; the singing of choruses; recitation of poem; piano and harmonica duet; and the singing of a hymn by the Calvary group, which was repeated in the evening service. Several of the girls in the group were from the Girls' Home, of which Miss Eva Yung is directress. Miss Yung was pianist for the group.

● The Rev. William Kuhn, D.D., general missionary secretary, was the guest preacher in the Central Baptist Church of Erie, Pa., on Sunday, March 12, preaching at both services. On Monday evening, March 13, he addressed a large young people's rally of the Erie Baptist churches held in the Central Church. On Thursday afternoon, March 16, he was the guest speaker at the 44th anniversary program of the society in charge of the Girls' Home in New York City. The president of the society, Mrs. O. Hoppe, was in charge of the program. On Sunday, March 19, Dr. Kuhn will speak in the Walnut Street Church of Newark, N. J., and in the First Church of Union City, N. Y., at the respective services.

● The Ebenezer Church of Detroit, Mich., held a Fathers' and Sons' banquet on Tuesday evening, February 28, with a large crowd in attendance. Mr. Gus Majeske served as toastmaster for the fine program, which included a violin duet by Dan and Danny

Denominational Day of Prayer

Good Friday,
April 7, 1939

The General Missionary Committee has again issued a call to all our churches to observe our DAY OF PRAYER on Good Friday, April 7. This Friday, being the memorial day of the death of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, will have a strong appeal. When we again recall the Lord's cry on Calvary, "It is finished," we are assured beyond doubt of the completeness of his salvation. When we are reminded that the veil in the temple was rent completely as he expired, we know that the way to God has been completely opened to all those who come to him by faith in the Crucified.

What more appropriate day could we have chosen for our Day of Prayer than this Good Friday, April 7. Only as we assemble in great numbers on that Good Friday in our churches and in our homes before the throne of grace, can we prove to God that we are seriously in earnest that he give unto us this earnestly-desired and much prayed-for revival of evangelism. On this Day of Prayer we must express it convincingly that our confidence for this revival and for every other temporal and spiritual blessing is in him alone.

Read the Article on Page 106 of This Issue.

"HOW ARE WE DOING?"

Remember the Easter Offering to be received

From Palm Sunday, April 2, to Easter Sunday, April 9.



The Biography of Doctor Truett Now Available!

This widely heralded book of the life of Dr. George W. Truett who is possibly the outstanding preacher of our day has just come from the press and is subject to immediate delivery.

Dr. Truett having such a large following and being so well known, especially in the worldwide Baptist brotherhood, has an unusual record of distinguished service; his life story has a gripping appeal.

280 pages \$2.50
German Baptist Publication Society

(father and son) Majeske and a skit, entitled, "The Worst is Yet to Come," by the young men's class taught by Eugene Koppin. Brief talks were given by Paul Nast, Jr., on "Speaking for the Sons," and the Rev. George Lang, pastor, on "Speaking for the Fathers." The address was brought by the Rev. H. H. Straton, pastor of the First Baptist Church of Detroit. Arnold Koppin served as the able leader with Walter Koppin at the piano. Mr. Norman J. Boehm worked hard as chairman of the arrangements committee for the successful banquet.

● The 80th anniversary of the First German Baptist Church of Chicago, Ill., was celebrated at a festive banquet on Wednesday evening, February 22. The entire banquet was presented free of charge for the 225 guests by Mr. and Mrs. Norman Reese in honor of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. George A. Sessler. Mrs. Hugo Schmidt was in charge of the arrangements, and the Rev. J. A. Pankratz in charge of the program. Musical numbers were rendered by the C. F. C. Men's Chorus, the church choir, a male quartet and a mixed quintet. A brief historical sketch of the church was brought by Mr. Hugo Schmidt. Informal addresses were given by 6 visiting ministers and a number of representatives from other churches and organizations. The church is opening another chapter in its illustrious history with the anticipated arrival of its new pastor, the Rev. John Schmidt from Union City, N. J., in June of this year.

How Are We Doing?

(Continued from Page 106)

of conscientious "tithers" among us, will speedily wipe out all deficiencies, and instead of suffering from heartaches and headaches, each "Servant" will be able to work with renewed vigor and a singing heart.

4. Becoming personally and intimately acquainted through the pages of DER SENDBOTE and THE BAPTIST HERALD with all phases of our denominational enterprise will undoubtedly stimulate our love to God and to our denomination and constrain us to rise to a higher plain of Christian living, where we can prove to God and our fellowmen that we too have received the "grace of giving."

5. As in years past, we are to have our usual EASTER OFFERING during Passion Week, Sunday, April 2 to Sunday, April 9. In former years a copious stream of blessing has come from this EASTER OFFERING, first of all into the hearts of those who have placed their sacrifices into the nail-scarred hands of our Savior and then with increasing enrichment into every department of our denominational household.

What will your Decision be regarding your Easter Offering?