

MISS MINNIE JAHNKE
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NO. FRELDOM WIS.

The Baptist Herald

A DENOMINATIONAL MONTHLY VOICING THE INTERESTS OF THE
GERMAN BAPTIST YOUNG PEOPLE'S AND SUNDAY SCHOOL WORKERS' UNION

Volume One

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Number One



HENRY MARKS, ESQ.

*President German Baptist Young People's and
Sunday School Workers' Union*

What's Happening

Rev. O. Autritt has resigned as pastor at Beatrice, Nebr., and severed his membership connection with the church. He is devoting himself to carrying on industrial school work in Beatrice.

Rev. J. Pfeiffer, pastor of the church in Lorraine, Kans., for the last 5 years, has accepted the call of the Dallas, Tex., church and began his work there in November. Brother Pfeiffer was active in the missionary committee of the Southwestern Conference and Secretary of the Committee at various times. The church is planning to build a parsonage.

Rev. Hans Steiger, lately pastor of the Englewood Church, Chicago, entered upon his new duties as Superintendent of our Orphanage in St. Joseph, Mich., with the beginning of December. Bro. Steiger and his estimable wife, by their genial natures, endeared themselves to many friends in Chicago. We wish them great success in their new and responsible positions.

Rev. David Hamel, one of our General Evangelists, has accepted the call of the Andrews St. Church, Rochester, N. Y. He will continue to fill evangelistic engagements through the winter and begin his work in Rochester March 1st, 1923. Bro. Hamel will have spent two and a half years in special evangelistic work for our denomination. The pastorate in Rochester is of special prominence and importance because of our Seminary there. The church has made a happy choice and found an able successor to Rev. Frank Kaiser.

Rev. H. F. Schade, of Kitchener, Ont., held a series of Bible lectures for ten days during the latter part of November with the Temple Baptist Church, Mt. Oliver, Pittsburgh, Pa. Br. Schade has resigned his charge at Kitchener, but agreed to stay until the church has another pastor. He then expects to enter Bible conference and evangelistic work for six months or a year in the hope that by that time, his health will allow him to take over again the full

work of a pastorate. He is also ready to do supply work for a time. The Kitchener church called Rev. A. J. Imrie of Toronto, who, however, declined the call.

The recent death of J. J. Kebler of Brooklyn, N. Y., removes one of our most active laymen from our midst. He was a leading working member of the First Church in Brooklyn, which honored him in turn with many offices of responsibility. He filled them all well and faithfully. As Sunday School superintendent for 30 years and as a Young People's worker, he will be best remembered by many. He was the first president of the "Jugendbund" of New York and Vicinity. We were glad to greet Bro. Kebler at St. Paul. Now he has joined "the general assembly and church of the firstborn, who are enrolled in heaven."

Mr. Herman Sorg, at present a student of the Northern Baptist Theological Seminary, Chicago, has presented himself as a candidate for missionary service in India. The Clinton Hill Baptist Church, Newark, N. J., has voted to recognize him as their representative on the foreign field. Two members of the church, Mr. H. Theodore Sorg and Mr. W. A. Staub, have agreed to underwrite Bro. Herman Sorg's salary in case of his acceptance by the Board of the American Baptist Foreign Missionary Society. It must be a joy for the church to look forward to having one of their own number as their representative in the heathen world.

A delightful entertainment evening was furnished at the Old People's Home in Chicago, Thursday evening, Nov. 23, under the direction of Supt. C. A. Daniel. The members of the official board and an active circle of friends were invited to share the pleasures of the evening with the inmates of the home. A fine program of music, song and recitations was rendered, combining the lighter and the more serious vein. It was an agreeable surprise to note what varied and high-class talent our Chicago churches, mainly through their young people, can furnish for such an occasion. Prof. J. Heinrichs and Rev. H. Steiger made brief addresses. A social half hour with coffee and cake followed. The smile of enjoyment and appreciation on the faces of the old people was worth coming miles to see. Why not have something in your church like this for the aged folks? Give them an evening of entertainment now and then. Those who bring sunshine to the lives of others cannot keep it from themselves.

The Organized Men's Bible Class of Grace Baptist Church, Racine, Wis., recently held their first banquet, which scored a decided success. About 40 men sat down to the unusually fine dinner, in the preparation of which the ladies of the church had done their utmost. The speakers of the evening were Jacob Scheuss, Superintendent of the school;

John Wiechers, until recently the teacher of the class, and Dr. Carl O. Schaefer. After an interlude of song and special music, Rev. H. F. Hoops, pastor, addressed the class. He expressed himself greatly cheered by the get-together-spirit shown by the occasion and urged the selection and stressing of worth while objectives. Mr. F. C. Rogers, Boy Scout director, closed the list of speakers with an informing talk on the Boy Scout movement. The election of officers and teachers at the business meeting, following the banquet, resulted as follows: President, Frank A. Meier; Vice President, Oscar T. Wiechers; Secretary, Roman C. Binder; Treasurer, Jerome Wiechers; Class Teacher, W. F. Hilker. The class is looking forward to a great year.

A Church Night

An interesting new venture has been introduced since last October in the Clinton Hill Church, Newark, N. J. An increasing desire for a mid-week meeting in the English language made itself felt. It was deemed inadvisable to have two prayer meetings. After some conferences and planning it was decided to inaugurate a Church Night on Wednesday evening, the young People's Society cordially co-operating.

The plan of the service is as follows: At 7:45 p. m. a fifteen minute song service begins, after which a ten minute devotional address by one of the pastors of the city is given. Then those present break up into groups for study. Five courses are given. The first is on "Jesus' Ideals of Living" by Miss Agnes Speer. The second is on "Teacher Training Essentials," led by Rev. O. Laegeler. The third course is on "Baptist Principles," conducted by the pastor, Rev. A. Bretschneider. The fourth course is of a missionary nature, "The Negro in America," taught by Mrs. G. Bauer. The fifth course will be for workers with Beginners in the Sunday School. Miss Ruth Buermann will conduct the group discussion in this course. These subjects will be studied for ten weeks.

After the group study and discussion, all re-assemble for a half hour spent in prayer, testimony or social time. The meetings are under the direction of the Young People's Society, who are omitting their regular Tuesday service for the time being, but all members and friends of the church are invited. A fine list of speakers for the devotional address was secured.

The first month of the new venture produced an average attendance of 40. Bro. Bretschneider thinks it can be easily brought up to 60. We shall watch this this new venture with great interest. It seems to promise much for those who participate and to combine devotional and educational features for young people in a commendable and profitable way.

The Baptist Herald

Making Resolutions for the New Year

VERY few people regard the beginning of a new year lightly or with indifference. It is a right feeling which regards the transition from year to year as a point of spiritual significance. We seem to stand at a fresh starting point. The years are portions into which God divides our lives by the order of nature. Our todays and yesterdays are the blocks with which we build the edifice of life.

It is the custom of associating the new year with hopeful wishes. The new year is bound up with our hopes. Blessed are they who cherish the largest hopes, if those hopes seek the best things and rest on the right basis. We cannot alter or mend what is within the year behind. But we can redeem the time and buy up the opportunity of the new year.

Out of this nobler purpose, good resolutions are born. They are not useless as many would represent them. If we are satisfied with what we are, and what we have and what we have been doing, there will be no longing for a better sphere and worthier course of life. A good resolve, that is never more than a resolve, is better than that deadness of heart which lacks even a longing for a better mode of living. We will not grow better unless we really resolve to be better.

It is well to make good resolutions at this time. It is good to make them at any time. "I will never forget thy precepts, for with them thou hast quickened me." Make resolutions if you believe they are a help to you. Make them radical and strong in the first place. Don't put an "if" or a "but" in them. God won't help you to compromise. He won't help you to lop off half a sin. Turn clear around and face the other way. Did you ever know anybody to quit lying by resolving that he would only lie half as much this year as last? Did you ever know anyone to improve his manners and morals by writing in his diary: Resolved, that I will be tolerably bad this year, but not quite as bad as I was last year?

Hold tenaciously to your determination, no matter what counts. Perseverance is the main thing in life. To hold on to a good resolution and to hold out to the end is the chief matter. If the race could be won by a spurt, thousands would wear the blue ribbon; but they are short-winded and pull up after the first gallop. They begin with flying and the end with crawling backward. When you have made up your mind to go a certain road, don't let every molehill turn you out of the path. If in the course of the coming twelve months or six weeks or during the next day or two or say tomorrow, you should fail to keep one or two or a half dozen of the resolutions you have written down, don't get discouraged and quit trying. If a

fellow who falls refuses to get up, he will never fall again. That is true, but, then he will never get anywhere. We would rather see you stumble along all your life and at last make a goal, with contusions and abrasions on you than to see you lie supinely where you were first downed.

Make your resolutions as strong as you can, honestly intending to keep every one of them and when you break them, or when as sometimes we are tempted to think they just break themselves, make the same ones over again and make them stronger. By and by they will become too strong to be broken. When a regiment in battle breaks under the withering fire of the enemy, the colonel does not give up in despair and run away. He rallies his scattered men and reforms under fire and when he does that, he shows he is not only a colonel, every inch of him, but colonel of a fighting regiment. When your good resolutions break, then it is time for you to show your nerve. Correct your alignment under fire and move forward.

How can we keep resolutions? Peter made some good resolutions. They were born out of loyalty to Jesus. His mistake was in trying to carry them out in his own power alone. He leaned upon the arm of flesh. We must seek help in prayer. We must watch and pray. We must keep looking to Jesus, the great captain of our salvation. We can learn how he withstood temptation and the assaults of the Evil One. Like Enoch, we must walk with God day by day. After all, a resolution without Christ's power behind it is a rope of sand to an anchor of straw. Without him we can do nothing.

Editorial Jottings

OUR BUSINESS manager, Bro. H. P. Donner, will be glad to send sample copies of "The Baptist Herald" to prospective readers, whose names may be furnished him. If you like our paper, put some one else in touch with it. Get busy! Do it now! Our subscription list must grow.

WE REGRET that some excellent articles by some of our contributors, which we planned to publish in the first number, must remain over till next month. The limits of our space are unyielding. Our readers have so much more in prospect. We merely wish to sharpen the keenness of expectancy by the mention of good things in store.

ON ANOTHER page we present a picture of Miss Bertha M. Lang, through the courtesy of the editor of "China's Millions," and her valedictory message upon leaving our shores in October for China as missionary in the service of the China Inland Mission. Miss Lang is the daughter of Rev. A. G. Lang, pastor of our church in Baileyville, Ill. Let us remember our sister in prayer.

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WE WONDER, who is going to win that prize Scofield Reference Bible, referred to in page 4 of the Prospectus of "The Baptist Herald." We hope every council member is in the running. Let every conference back up its representative. Who'll be first under the wire?

WE WANT a wide-awake correspondent in every church Y. P. society, Sunday School, in every association and conference to send in to the editor a clear, concise report of "What's Happening" in your midst. Don't hide your light under the bushel. "Tell the (Baptist) world." Pass the good things on. Give them currency. They will inspire others.

TWO FOLDERS, one in English and one in German, have been published by the Sunday School Committee of our Union setting forth our objectives in this work for 1923. Nine great aims are clearly presented and laid upon our hearts. These folders have been mailed to all pastors and superintendents whose addresses were available. If any worker did not receive a copy, let us know. If you can make use of more in church or school, inform us. Write to Box 4, Forest Park, Ill., and we will be glad to furnish additional copies.

FOR TEN weeks, from Sept. 11 to Nov. 15, during the absence of General Secretary Kuhn in Europe, your executive secretary and editor was in charge at our missionary headquarters. He undertook this work at the request of the General Missionary Committee with the concurrence of the Executive Committee of our Union. These duties naturally consumed a major portion of his time, yet opportunity was found to visit a number of our churches over the week ends in the interest of our special work; to lay plans for "The Baptist Herald" and to secure a staff of contributors and to map out some important plans and objectives for our young people's and Sunday School work.

HOW WOULD you like to take up 55 new members at one meeting into your young people's society? This wonderful accession took place on the evening of Dec. 5th, in the First Church, Chicago, Ill. In many respects, it was a rousing and unique meeting. It signalized the climax of a successful new membership campaign, in which two teams were at work. All the new members rose individually as their names were called and at the close of the presentation of the new candidates, they all stood up in a body—an inspiring group. Two members brought the society's motto and pledge, painted on a large canvas, to the front and held it up, while all present recited the motto and pledge in English and German. Another feature was a birthday surprise to Rev. F. Friedrich, former pastor, who is happy and honored among the people he ministered to for many years. The room was darkened and 70 candles blazed before the surprised birthday guest. Pres. H. W. Pfaff presented him with a beautiful bouquet of roses, in whose bosom a valuable gift nestled. Miss Tabea Pfeiffer recited a birthday poem, composed by herself in honor of the birthday celebrant. Bro. Friedrich responded, deeply touched. A newly formed

orchestra, in which some of the newly received members are active, made its first bow before an audience. Their playing was the hit of the evening. They played like old hands at the business. Others entertaining numbers were a dialogue, a violin quintette, a male chorus selection, and several piano solos. The pastor, Rev. H. C. Baum, gave a strong talk to the new members, stressing their obligation to be 100 percent Christians after the pattern of Christ. Mr. Walter Grosser, of the Central Conference Promotion Committee briefly presented the cause of our mission work in Siberia. Your editor expressed his delight in the events of the evening and encouraged the society to abound more and more in their faith and work. A social time with bountiful refreshments followed. It was declared to be "Ladie's Night" and men did the serving. Much of the success of the evening and of the rejuvenation of the society is due to the energy of Pres. H. W. Pfaff. He has shown fine gifts of leadership. May the good work go on and prosper.

Why I Believe in God

BY O. E. KRUEGER

"Seeing the Unseen One" The old Dakota pioneer days had their lessons in religion. One afternoon I saw at a distance our mongrel dog cutting across the prairie, exerting every ounce of strength, yelping at every leap. Half a mile ahead of her I could see a jack rabbit plying his springboard-action bounds with perfect ease. The dog did not see the rabbit for she did not make a bee-line pursuit, but followed the trail as she took up the scent. This has often struck me since—that dog had just as much assurance of the existence of the jackrabbit which she saw not as I did seeing him. In Weymouth's New Testament you will find this remarkable rendering of Heb. 11:27: "For he (Moses) held on his course as seeing the unseen One."

"The Finger of God" One winter's morning I arrived at the little country school house before the schoolmaster came. The door being unlocked, I went in and found a drawing on the blackboard that had no particular artistic value. I am sure the "artist" never became a Raphael, he may be cartooning somewhere today. I knew the master had not indulged in "art" of this kind. It became very evident that between the time of his leaving the night before and my coming that morning, some intelligent being had been there and left just a little revelation of himself. You remember that when at a certain stage in the contest between Moses and the Egyptian magicians these were non-plused and declared to Pharaoh: "This is the finger of God." God's "hands" are very different from yours and yet you recognize his "finger prints" throughout all creation.

Life and the Living One The study of biology brought on a disturbance, not of my faith itself but of the symbols of faith. In spite of the commandment against idolatry given cent-

uries ago we continue to make our mental pictures of God and when these images must be destroyed we fear for God himself. If I had been able in my childhood to grasp that "God is Spirit" instead of picturing him as a great Man—God in the sky somewhere—I might have been spared much agony. All the names and classifications of biology have long been forgotten but one impression indelibly abides: Life points back to antecedent life; life is generated from living beings. On the first page of the Bible you read the process of a theistic evolution: "The earth brought forth grass; let the water bring forth abundantly the moving creature; let the earth bring forth the living creature." That is only half the story. We want the whole story. It is not necessary to quarrel about a process of life but we have a decided quarrel with the system that reads God out, we go back to the first page of the Bible again and get the whole story that reads Him in. "God said, Let the earth bring forth grass; God said, Let the waters bring forth abundantly the moving creature; God said, Let the earth bring forth the living creature." Life comes from the living One. Even spontaneous generation would not do away with the question: Who put into matter the power to put forth life?

Peter Rosegger's Parable A certain count engaged a young man, self-confident, because of newly acquired agri-

cultural knowledge, to take supervision over his farms, and promised that if he would produce a single blade of corn he would make him master of his estate. He manured the ground in the most approved scientific manner, he plowed and harrowed with the newest machines and sowed the seed. Then appeared the blade, the ear, and the full heavy corn in the ear. With pride he showed the count the results of his knowledge and work. Said the count: "That is very good, but the peasant has been able to do that a thousand years ago. Or did you accomplish it without a seed?" And he replied: "Sir, if that is of any importance to you, I will not take the seed from the ear, I will create it and let the blade grow from it, so that the work may be mine from beginning to end." He went to the mill, took flour, kneaded it into a little corn seed so cleverly that it looked just like other seeds. He planted it and cared for it according to all the rules of science, but it neither grew nor sprouted, it rotted in the earth. "You may go," said the count. "I prefer to place the Lord God over my estate; He can make corn-seeds." (Peter Rosegger, "My Kingdom of Heaven." A very stimulating book.)

The Eye and the Eye-Maker You never saw a building without a builder, a watch without a watch-maker. You saw the building and the watch. The builder's name you may never have learned, the watch carried the maker's name on its face but you knew nothing about his history. You, however, formed some idea about the intelligence of both. How much more wonderful is the eye than the watch! Did you never read

in the Psalm: "Ye fools, when will ye be wise? He that planted the ear, shall he not hear, and he that formed the eye, shall he not see?"—Or came yours by chance?

At the Ordination Council Thirteen years after the country school incident I stood before such a body in the church

in which I had surrendered my life to Jesus, giving reasons for the faith within me. I remember I said that certain things are not true because the Bible says so, but it says so because they are true. I tried to lay the foundation for my faith where possibly Abraham laid his when the Bible had not yet been given. The observance of a universe of law and order drives the thinking mind to the law-giver. John Stuart-Mill writes: "In the present state of our knowledge the adaptations in nature afford a large balance of probability in favor of causations by intelligence." I have never been able to get away from that, nor do desire to.

First Corinthians Thirteen A tea merchant in Australia had found repeated hospitality under our roof. He loved to argue

and professed loudly his atheism and claimed to be a great student of literature. I read First Corinthians Thirteen to him and asked him if he had ever found anything equal to it in all his reading. He confessed he did not. From whence came the idea of moral perfection and a consuming passion of earth's best men and women to attain it? Surely not out of the slime. "Be ye therefore perfect as your father in heaven is perfect."

Harmony In the very dungeon of doubt and discord in my student days, Mr. George Fisher of Rochester invited a number of us to his studio and while Mrs. Fisher sang he played my soul back into harmony and faith in God. The world has often seemed extremely chaotic since then and yet I believe in the God of harmony. I have felt his presence within my heart. Mr. Fisher rendered me a greater service than many apologetic lectures and sermons could have done. We remember with Rueckert:

*Wer Gott nicht fuehlt in sich und allen Lebenskreisen
Dem werdet ihr nicht ihn beweisen mit Beweisen.*

I have not attempted a proof of God's existence. I have only tried to state why I believe in him.

To sum up I may say: I believe in God because that seems to me the only reasonable thing to do. I feel very much like the Psalmist when he said: "The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God." Faith in God meets my mental need. Rev. G. A. Studdert Kennedy's recent book, "I Believe" is worth reading. He calls faith in God the Christian's bet. Let me close with a quotation from this book: "What's the betting, Black or White? pay your money, take your choice. To that challenge the creed replies, 'I back White—back it all out—my last shirt and my only pair of breeches.' 'I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of Heaven and Earth.' Good is finally almighty. Evil hasn't a dog's chance. That is the Christian bet, which a man books when he stands to say the Apostle's Creed."

For Bible Study

The Four Gospels—Matthew

INTRODUCTORY

Why Have We Four Gospels

In the beginning of the New Testament we find four different narratives of the life of Jesus. They did not flow from the pen of Jesus himself, for Jesus left no writings behind. He was sent to proclaim grace and truth and to redeem us by his atoning death and resurrection. He was not to be the author, but the object of the Holy Scriptures. They were to treat of him, but not to be written by him.

Two apostles, Matthew and John, and two apostolic helpers, Mark and Luke, were selected by the Lord, in order that through them his Gospel, the main facts of his life and death, his redemptive work might be made known in written form and disseminated into all the world. (John 20:30, 31.) The books the four evangelists wrote were meant to form the "Gospel of the grace of God."

The four Gospels have aptly been compared to four cornerstones, upon which the church of the living God has been founded. The four Gospels have been called the heart of the Bible. They occupy a central place in the Bible, between the writings of the prophets and the epistles of the apostles. They are indissolubly connected with both. They form the key to the Scriptures, without which they would be to us like a temple with closed doors. They show us how in the fullness of time, God sent his Son, Jesus Christ into the world to suffer, to die and to redeem and that it behooved Christ to do these things, that the Scripture might be fulfilled. (Luk. 24:44-47.)

It was surely not without divine intent and leading that we possess four Gospels or "four books of the one Gospel": four great independent witnesses of the wonderful life of our Lord. In this fourfold Gospel we have a fourfold mirror, from which the portrait of our Lord is reflected. The fulness of Christ was too rich and abundant for one writer to conceive perfectly. Each Evangelist has his own, special gift and grace by means of which he presents and represents the Gospel of Christ.

MATTHEW represents Jewish Christianity in its purest form. As one who wrote specially for the Jews, his aim is to prove the fulfillment of the Old Testament prophecies in the life of Jesus.

MARK, who wrote for the Romans, presents Jesus as the ministering servant of God, the mighty worker. In rapid succession he portrays the powerful works and miracles of Jesus.

LUKE, the Greek, shows us Jesus, the Savior of all mankind. His Gospel bears the impress of "the saving grace, which hath appeared to all men."

JOHN, with majestic eagle flight of thought, shows us Christ as the eternal Word, the Son of God, the Light and Life of men.

Here are the four living creatures of Ezekiel (1:10); the lion of the tribe of Judah, in Matthew; the ox of service, in Mark; the man's face in Luke; the eagle, piercing the blue, in John.

"Matthew appeals to the yearning, expectant heart of the Jew; Mark has in mind the busy, active, efficient Roman; Luke sees the cultured, philosophical, humanitarian Greek; John writes for the spiritual believer of all ages."

In considering the relation of the four Gospels to one another, we find that the three first, Matthew, Mark and Luke have a common point of view, from which John differs in a marked manner. For that reason we call them the *Synoptic Gospels*. They appear like three brothers of common parentage, of unusual similarity of soul and body, of contents and form. There are differences and divergencies between them; each has his characteristic feature, his individuality and peculiarity, yet there is remarkable agreement; there is relationship and unity. The differences supplement each other in a marvelous way to form a rich harmonious general portrait of our Redeemer.

Through a series of Bible studies having to do with the four Gospels, we would awaken and stimulate the interest of our young people in this important part of the Scriptures. Can we ever learn too much about Jesus? Can we experience too much of the incomparable power of his words? Can his personality ever be placed too vividly before our eyes? Jesus says: "Learn of me." Alas, we have far too little of him and know too little of him. "Seek ye, search ye in the Scripture, for they testify of me."

The Gospel According to Matthew

First, a brief word about the author himself. Matthew was a Jew, the son of Alphaeus. He was a publican or custom-house officer, probably in the service of Herod in the city of Capernaum. It was common in Galilee for a man to have two names, one strictly Jewish, the other Galilean. Matthew's other name was Levi. (Matt. 9:9; Mark. 2:14-17.) As Simon was more familiarly known as Peter and Saul as Paul, so Levi as Matthew. Matthew's business was odious to the stricter Jews, the Pharisees. Most of the tax collectors were known for their extortion and fraud. At the call of Jesus, Matthew forsook all and became his disciple. Later he was called by Jesus as one of the twelve apostles. As a custom officer Matthew would be ready with the pen. Thus he was prepared by the Lord in a natural way to write the Gospel under divine direction.

Every evangelist in his conception and presentation of the life of Christ proceeds from a special point of view and has a special and definite design, which led him in the selection and treatment of his historical matter.

Matthew wrote especially for the Jews. His Gospel presupposes intimate ac-

quaintance with Jewish conditions and customs. Matthew explains no Jewish customs. Mark does. (Compare Matt. 15:1-3 with Mark. 7:1-5, and Matt. 26:2 with Mark. 14:1.) None of the other Gospels is so permeated with the language of the Old Testament, so filled with the thought of the old covenant as Matthew. It is the Gospel of the Jew and for the Jew. It is his aim, his object, his task to prove to his people, that Jesus is the promised Messiah, the Anointed of God; the last and greatest Lawgiver and Prophet; the Fulfiller of the Old Testament prophecies; the promised One, of whom Moses and the prophets foretold, the supernaturally born King of Israel, the Son of David, the Son of Abraham, the unique Son of God, Immanuel, "God with us" (Matt. 1:18-25; 1:23), the supernatural Son of Man, who was to come again in the clouds of heaven as King and Judge. (16:25; 26:64; 24:30; 16:28; 19:28; 25:31.)

This Gospel is fittingly placed next to the Old Testament and opens the series of the New Testament books, not because it was the earliest contribution to the New Testament—for it was not that—but because it resumes and completes each strand of the former revelation. Matthew binds the two Testaments together as no other book of the New Testament does. The great New Testament scholar Weston calls Matthew "the Genesis of the New Testament." Matthew shows how the long and checkered history of the Old Testament finds its significance and fulfillment in the life of Jesus. All the hints, foreshadowing and predictions of the true king are realized in him, of whom the Father said, "This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased."

The new covenant springs from the old, hence the generation of Christ is traced back to David and Abraham. Key verse, 1:1. Jesus Christ is the Son of Abraham and therefore he will redeem humanity. He is the Son of David and therefore he will rule humanity. The promise to Abraham: "In thee shall all families of the earth be blessed" was fulfilled in Christ and fittingly the Gospel closes with the great commission: "Make disciples of all nations." In Matthew, we find 43 verbal citations from the Old Testament. About 65 passages in the Gospel refer to the Old Testament. These quotations establish the fact that the Messiah is the central figure of the Old Testament. Matthew shows that Jesus, though opponent of the spiritually degenerate leaders of Israel, was not the enemy, but the fulfiller of the law. The motto of Christ as given by Matthew is in Chap. 5:17.

The Gospel according to Matthew is carefully composed and distinguished from other gospels by its philosophical arrangement. Luke as a historian follows simply the order of time. Matthew

(Continued on page 15)

The Sunday School

The Greatest Work

*He built a house, time laid it in the dust;
He wrote a book, its title now forgot;
He ruled a city, but his name is not
On any tablet graven—or where rust
Can gather from disuse—or marble bust.
He took a child from out a wretched cot,
Who on the state dishonor might have
brought,
And reared him to the Christian's hope
and trust.*

*The boy, to manhood grown, became a
light
To many souls, and preached for human
need
The wondrous love of the Omnipotent.
The work has multiplied like stars at
night
When darkness deepens; every noble
deed
Lasts longer than a granite monument.
—Exchange*

Suggested Topics for a Young People's and Sunday School Workers' Institute

Arranged for a Three Day's Program
H. J. WEIHE

No attempt has been made in the following to present a complete detailed program. Devotional services should be provided for. Musical numbers, a question box, or other features in harmony with the purpose of the Institute, may be added. Sufficient time should be given to general discussions.

FIRST DAY—Forenoon Session

Our Denominational Sunday School Campaign.

Topics related to the first three objectives:

- 1) "Getting and Holding New Sunday School Scholars."
- 2) "Sunday School Rooms: Their Arrangement and Equipment."
- 3) "How to Make a Success of Teacher-Training."

Afternoon Session

- 1) "Helping Our Young People's Paper."
- 2) "Reading As a Means of Self-Culture."
- 3) "The Bible As Literature."

Evening Session

- 1) The Use of the Bible in Soul Winning."
- 2) "The Bible and Modern Progress."

SECOND DAY—Forenoon Session

- 1) "How to Conduct a Cradle Roll Department."
- 2) "How to Conduct a Home Department."
- 3) "How to Teach an Adult Bible Class."

Afternoon Session

- 1) "What a Junior Society Can Do."
- 2) "How to Conduct a Devotional Meeting."
- 3) "Special Problems of Young People's Work in the Rural Districts."

Evening Session

- 1) "A History of the Young People's Movement in Our Denomination."
- 2) "Money in Its Relation to the Spread of the Kingdom."

THIRD DAY—Forenoon Session

- Timely Talks on Co-operation.
- 1) "Co-operation Between the Home and the Sunday School."
 - 2) "Co-operation Between the Superintendent and the Teachers."
 - 3) "Co-operation Between the Pastor and the Sunday School."

Afternoon Session

- 1) "Choosing One's Life Work."
- 2) "Getting a Higher Education."
- 3) "Opening of Our Question Box—Answers and Comments."

Evening Session

- 1) "Why Baptist Young People Should Be Acquainted With Baptist History."
- 2) "Present-Day Problems of Our Churches."

Some of the topics mentioned may, if necessary, be omitted and other changes may be made to suit local conditions and circumstances.

Getting Attention in Teaching

Look Happy—A solemn expression may not be an indication of piety at all. It may mean that you have eaten something that did not agree with you.

Say Something—Do not merely talk. Quoting something that you have read is not saying anything.

Speak Rapidly—A slow speaker is never an interesting speaker. A speaker should average two hundred words a minute.

Appear Interested—A teacher must be physically in earnest as well as morally in earnest. Speak with animation, and with appropriate gesture and suitable facial expression.

Emphasize Frequently—Speak distinctly, with emphasis on the new and the significant, and with a large measure of modulation.

Appeal to Curiosity—Keep the student guessing. Observe the rule of "variety in unity." Never begin or close two successive teaching-periods in the same way.

How They Do It

A PRACTICAL SUGGESTION FOR SUNDAY SCHOOL WORK BY A LIVE SUPERINTENDENT

A tableau was one of the "surprises" planned by a California superintendent, to impress the lesson, and to add to the variety of the program. One Sunday, when the lesson was on "Prayer," a tableau was given at the close of the lesson period, to emphasize the lesson of the day. The school had been told

on the previous Sunday that there was to be a surprise, but was left to guess what it was. During the opening session, nothing happened, but at the close of the lesson period two cardboard signs were fastened over the platform one reading, "The Home Church" and the other "The Foreign Field." As the pianist played softly to signalize the close of the lesson hour, three of the older girls came to the platform representing missionaries, carrying burdens on their backs, and took their places under the "Foreign Field," bending under their burdens. These burdens were cardboard boxes marked, "Illness," "Overwork," "Loneliness." The pianist then played chimes and a second group came to the platform under the sign, "The Home Church," and knelt in prayer as a soloist commenced to sing a prayer song, and as they continued in prayer the burdens were seen to drop from the missionaries who straightened up with new vigor. The superintendent then came forward, led in a closing prayer, and dismissed the school and every one present, even the youngest seemed to go out with a new faith in the power of prayer, and a new interest in the Sunday School.

A New Book of Programs

Seven helpful articles along as many lines of elementary interests, twenty-four programs for various occasions, sixteen or more delightful stories, seven songs for Beginners and eight for Primaries, and ten party suggestions are found in the book, "Program Material for Beginners and Primary Workers," just published by the Baptist Sunday School Board, Nashville, Tenn. Arranged by Miss Lillian S. Forbes. The price of the book in paper is 75 cents, and in cloth \$1.25, postpaid. Order through our Publication Society, 3804 Payne Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

An adult organized Bible class in Chicago has for its motto, "Help the Whole School." Perhaps this class, in common with many others, has felt the temptation to be too much self-centered. It has adopted a good method of overcoming that temptation, and it may safely be predicted that in unselfish service of others it will achieve its own largest success.

The tremendous part played by the churches in providing higher education in the United States was demonstrated anew by the fact that there were more than 5700 graduates this year from the schools of one denomination alone, the Methodist Episcopal Church. The increase in the number of college students has been especially rapid since the close of the World War.

The Juniors

Donald Starts Something

A STORY FOR GROWN-UPS WHO ARE INTERESTED IN JUNIORS

BY MRS. EMMA B. MEIER

Donald's mother was distressed. Her boy did not want to go to Sunday School. She went to her pastor with her trouble.

"I don't know what to do with Donald," she said. Why a year ago, he could scarcely await Sunday morning, and now I have to force him to go. He seems to have lost all interest."

The pastor was silent a moment. He had seen many boys of Donald's age come out of the primary department with shining faces, happy over the thought of being promoted into the "main room." He had seen the disillusionment that followed, then the indifference, and finally the dropping away of half their number. Of course, those boys did not have mothers like Donald's, who was determined to do all she could to keep her boy in Sunday School.

Donald's mother continued, "He keeps begging me to let him join the 'Boy's Club' in the neighborhood, but I have not allowed it. I'd so much rather he would find his friends in church."

"Something must be done," said the pastor. "We can not afford to lose our children that way."

On the following Sunday, the pastor made an earnest appeal to his congregation on behalf of the children. "I feel our church is not meeting its obligation to our boys and girls," he said. "We are not ministering to their spiritual needs as we should. Yet it has always been my sincere desire that our children should enjoy their worship here. Let all who really care, make this problem the burden of their prayers, and then let us meet and talk about what can be done."

Many important questions were discussed when the little self-appointed committee met.

"How can we plan our worship service so that our children will truly participate in it?"

"What are other churches doing for their children?"

"How can we help our boys and girls to a more intelligent knowledge of the Bible?"

"What are the best lessons to be had?"

"Could not our children be taught to recite whole passages of scripture, and to sing worthy hymns by heart?"

"How can we help our Juniors to a confession of Jesus Christ as their Savior?"

"How can we help them to make right choices and form right habits?"

"Ought not 'Missions' to be given a larger place in our teachings?"

"Why has no missionary gone from this church in 35 years?"

"Could we not have a week-day session in which to do those things that cannot be done in the short Sunday School hour?"

"What can we give them to do with their hands?"

"Would not week-day sessions furnish opportunities for training in 'Leadership,' conducting meetings, working on committees, etc.?"

"How can we help our Juniors to grow in a life of SERVICE for others?"

"I'll confess I'm quite bewildered," said a deacon. "I'm afraid we'd have to organize half a dozen societies to care for all these activities."

"Not necessarily," said the pastor. Our aim must not be to separate, but rather to correlate. We must plan a unified program to cover all. For instance, in Sunday School, our children would meet as a Junior Department. During the sermon hour, they could sit together as a Junior Church, and sing as a Junior Choir. During the week, on some afternoon, they could meet as a Junior Union. In this meeting they could also function as a Mission Band, perhaps uniting with the Children's World Crusade, and having a part in world missions. A well planned program for the Sunday and week day sessions could include everything we have discussed."

Donald was bending busily over a bit of stiff paper, ruling, creasing and pasting.

"What are you doing, Don?" asked mother.

"Making a house like those they have in Palestine. It's for Juniors. See, it has a flat roof, and steps up the side. Teacher had one last week and showed us how the four men carried the sick fellow up and let him down through the roof."

"Tell me, Don, just what do you do in Juniors, anyway?"

"Oh,—let's see. We start in like regular church with music on the piano. And then,—it was Arthur's turn to lead last Saturday, so he prayed, real short, and then we sang, 'Faith of our Father's' by heart, and then we said the 19th Psalm together, and then we sang again. Then Miss Brown told us a story about two monks who tried to quarrel,—and didn't know how. Then me and Fred took the collection, and then we marched to our class rooms. I'm in second year Junior—next year I'll be in third. Then teacher put us through a Bible drill, to see who could find the person she was talking about first. I was the first one that found Joseph. Then we learned some more by heart, and then we showed our home work. Last week we all brought pictures cut out of magazines, and pasted

them on a big sheet with the picture of Jesus in the middle. The ones all around were supposed to be the people Jesus wants to help. Jack brought one of a boy with a foot ball, and we all laughed, but teacher said it was all right. Then we had our lesson about Jesus helping the sick man. After that, teacher told us a story about a colored boy named Lincoln Roosevelt Hall, and she had a box with a silver dollar in it just like the boy in the story. Next week she will tell us more about him, and there will be something else in his 'Magic Box.' Then it was time to march back into the big room, and we had our 'sing.' You'll hear our new song Sunday. Then we prayed and went home.

"Pretty soon we'll have a meeting where you and Dad can come too, but I can't tell you what we'll do, because it is a secret. And then we're going to have a Christmas party, with games and candy and everything."

"Whew, it's getting late, and I've got to lead the meeting today! Where's my hat. Goodby!"

Beginning Christian Work Early

A recent issue of *Association Men* contains an interesting collection of experience from leading men in Y.M.C.A. work, showing how early they started Christian life and service.

Richard C. Morse, the veteran secretary of the International Committee, still active at seventy-eight, dates his religious experience to a weekly students' meeting in Andover Academy when he was a boy of twelve.

President John M. Thomas, of Pennsylvania State College, tells of his conversion at thirteen years of age in a little railway Y.M.C.A. in Port Henry, N. Y. "Untold good," he says, "came to me from the resolution formed in the attic prayer-meeting room, that I would try to follow the right and do the will of God through all my life."

Dr. Charles W. Gilkey, pastor of Hyde Park Baptist Church, Chicago, says: "I shall always be grateful that immediately after I joined the church, at the age of twelve, I was given something definite to do. My first job was teaching a class of boys in the lowest grade of the Sunday School—little fellows who were coming into the school for the first time. I kept that same class until I went away to college, and it was one of the real training experiences of my youth."

These are only a few of many similar testimonies, and they might be multiplied over and over again from the ranks of Christian workers generally. Get the boys and girls started right for Christ.

Our Serial

The Broken Idol

BY OTTO KOENIG

I. *Her Only Comfort*

The exquisite flower-beds and luxurious shrubs surrounding the little home on Breite Strasse caused many a passer-by to retard his hurried steps. A quaint sign above the door bears the name of "Frederick Balder, Artistic Locksmith." The small workshop in the rear of the neat homestead did not betray the presence of the master today; no clanging hammer, no screechy file sounded through the open windows, only the clear voice of the child rang through the vine-clad door calling in happy glee for his mother: "Mother, come quick! Just look at my flower-bed,—all my beautiful May flowers opened up this morning." Mrs. Balder came hurrying out, without even removing her apron, for impatient little Sam gave her no time for such trivial matters. Both stooped lovingly over the little snow-white lilies which filled the air with their wonderful sweet fragrance.

"*Convalaria majalis*, my dear little bells," said the mother and picked a few of the flowers for "Sammy." The lily-bells were her favorite flowers, therefore little Sam's as well, for he loved his "Muetterchen" with a love that bordered almost on idolatry. To him she was the greatest living authority in natural history, and knew far more botany than his teacher, as the little ten-year-old had repeatedly assured his companions across the way. She knew all the hard Latin names, and could unhesitatingly classify all the flowers according to the system of Linné. For had she not been the daughter of the learned florist Wohlgenut? After his death, the beautiful park behind the home was sold to the Architect Naumann, and Balder was then enabled to fit up his modern workshop. Balder was a very promising and industrious young craftsman, consequently, when he wooed the only daughter Minna, fourteen years ago, old Wohlgenut without hesitation, and even with just pride, readily favored his courtship.

There was no happier couple in the town of Neustadt. Business was flourishing the first year, enabling them to lay aside a considerable part of the income. Then a dark cloud hovered over their peaceful home: Frau Balder longed for a child. But still greater sorrow came upon her when her husband came home one day intoxicated for the first time in their married life. It smote her like a thunderstroke and her heart was well nigh broken when she made the horrible discovery that her "Fritz" was gradually becoming a drunkard. She implored and entreated him on her knees to break with the fearful habit, if he would not drive her insane. He promised to battle against it and really

seemed thoroughly ashamed. All went well for a short time, but suddenly the temptation seemed to overpower him again with increased violence.

Had it not been for her neighbor, Mrs. Weber, a devout Christian woman, her faith in God's goodness would have failed her. But this noble soul took compassion on the poor young wife in her distress, of which she was ashamed to speak to her nearest friends, and she, like a mother, showed her the sweetening tree of Mara. Up to this time Frau Balder had attended the Lutheran State Church and considered herself a good Christian, till Mrs. Weber taught her the secret of true piety and the personal communion with her Savior. Together they secretly wept, together they knelt before Him who comforteth as a mother comforteth her child, and together they dried their tears, trusting in the answer to their constant prayers for help.

At length divine help arrived; two years later Samuel was born. There was no happier person than the proud father who had suddenly become a different man. He was conscious of a vague feeling of responsibility which gave him a new purpose in life. Once more he applied himself to his work with a new vigor and ambition, and for several years a change for the better took place to the greatest delight of Frau Balder. Little "Sammy" thrived splendidly both in body and soul, and also made excellent progress in his school work. The only thing about Sammy which apparently displeased his father was his contemplative, dreamy and sensitive temperament. He could spend hours at a time in the garden alone or in company with his mother, listening to the music of the many birds and whistling answers to their merry calls. He seemed to have absolutely no understanding and inclination for his father's artistic trade, who longed for nothing so much as to detect in his son the talent of an expert mechanic. Was it this disappointment, or could it be his growing interest in the progress of the Socialistic propaganda in Neustadt, which of late seemed to be slowly drawing him away from his home and family? Balder's natural gifts of oratory were quickly discovered by his party and readily put to practical use. His political speeches soon appeared in the daily papers, which greatly flattered his vanity. Frau Balder was at first delighted with her husband's honest philanthropic endeavors for the working people, but when she learned of his growing contempt and utter disregard for her deep religious convictions, and when he even dispensed with the time-honored custom of saying grace at the table, dreadful forebodings overwhelmed her, misgivings which were soon to give way to sadder results.

As the income was gradually decreasing, owing to Balder's neglect of busi-

ness, Frau Balder rented her best room to a refined young man, who had recently come to town to fill a petty government position. His name was Julius Lauter; quiet and retiring, he spent his evenings at home, pouring over books and magazines, or drawing weird beautiful melodies from the strings of his beloved violin. Lauter was not a musician of exceptional talent, but to little Sammy he was a veritable Paganini. He fairly overwhelmed the young man with loving kindness if he only granted him the privilege of sharing his company and eagerly listening to his wonderful music. Thus the two rapidly became intimate friends. His "Muetterchen" often had to remind him of his bed time, and sometimes found him in Lauter's room with tears in his eyes, until she wondered whether the music stirred his youthful heart too deeply.

"Oh, Muetterchen," he then explained, "If I only had a violin, just a tiny one, that didn't cost much! I would be the happiest boy in the world, and would learn to play, just like Mr. Lauter."

Who can describe the child's delight, when at Christmas time his "Muetterchen" presented him with the long cherished little violin. He hugged and caressed his mother, kissing her hands until her eyes were dimmed with tears; he kissed his father, kissed his violin and joyfully thanked Mr. Lauter who gladly shared his joy, and had bought a beautiful case for it. He also promised to teach him free of charge, and to show his gratitude, little Sammy would rise half an hour earlier every morning to polish his boots, and was ever ready to answer his slightest wish. Sammy progressed rapidly. After a very short time he had learned to play his mother's favorite hymn, which she often sang, when alone with him in the evening. He seemed to feel every word, and knew how to express the deep meaning of her longing soul:

Go, bury thy sorrow, the world hath its share,

Go, bury it deeply, go hide it with care;

Go, think of it calmly, when curtained by night,—

Her eyes filled with tears, his "Muetterchen" pressing her boy to her aching heart, accompanied his sweet strains, singing:

Go, tell it to Jesus,—and all will be right.

But her sorrow was not so easily buried; it seemed to grow more burdensome as the years passed on. Often they both could be seen during the pleasant summer evenings, sitting in the garden, Sam violin in hand, comforting each other with music and word. No, Sam was no longer a child. At the age of eighteen he had developed into noble manhood, physically as well as mentally, just preparing for the final

examination of his academy. Soon he had to decide in regard to his future profession. Silently they watched the moon rise above the tall trees of the park until its beams stole gently into the cozy room, bringing new thoughts of hope and inspiration to them. Frau Balder knew every tree,—yes, every shrub in her neighbor's park. Herr Naumann had transformed the pretty place into a charming little paradise, with splashing fountains and murmuring brooklets. Through the shaded avenues of slender silver poplars the state-ly new villa in its exquisite architecture was clearly visible. No one in Neustadt was more highly honored and respected than Herr Naumann; he was a genial, kind man, well liked by his employees, and known far and near for his unassuming benevolence and public spirit. The sudden death of his wife, a few months ago, had been the great sorrow of his life, but none felt the sad blow more than the only daughter, Norma, a sweet lovable girl of sixteen who also attended the academy. She was a girl of unusual musical talent, the accepted pianist of the school, and cherished by all of her many friends. Young Sam had never dared attempt a more familiar acquaintance with his neighbor, because of the difference in their social position, though he was by no means a bashful youth, yet naturally reserved and rather modest. How embarrassing it was for him, when at some special occasion at school the brilliant young musician was overwhelmed with applause and expressions of admiration. The applause visibly annoyed him and this empty flattery was atrocious to him. And yet there was not a musician in town that received such unstinted honor as this young violinist. Flattering offers were repeatedly made to him to enter the theatrical orchestra with alluring promises of financial success, but Sam had continually refused them, pleading his studies and his lack of thorough technical training as ample excuse. One evening as the last lingering notes of his beloved violin gradually died away, he was startled by applause from behind the shrubbery in Herr Naumann's garden.

"Oh, that's Norma and her aunt," Sam whispered to his mother. "I saw them walking in the garden about half an hour ago."

Frau Marten, a widow, living in Berlin, had come on a visit to her brother's home to help Norma with the preparations for her intended trip to Marienbad, after the close of school. She was a very sympathetic middle-aged woman, and owned a private sanatorium and retreat for insane persons of the aristocratic classes. Her husband, Medizinalrat Dr. Marten, was the founder of the famous institution, and enjoyed the highest patronage. After his death her brother had built a most beautiful villa for her. Dark fir trees surrounded the mansion which on that account was called "Tanneck." Here Mrs. Marten devoted her life to the comfort of her many patients who were greatly attached to her.

When the applause had ceased Sam tenderly caressed his violin and whispered to his mother: "Muetterchen, now you must applaud, for I shall play your favorite piece, will you?" When he took hold of his instrument a wonderful feeling seemed to come over him and he played as he had never played before: *Go, bury thy sorrow, the world hath its share—*

He began the second stanza with entrancing variation when suddenly the sound of loud and heart-breaking sobs were heard coming from beyond the park wall. Distinctly amid the sobbing they heard these words:

"Oh, mother,—my dear, sweet, darling mother—"

Mrs. Marten seemed to be trying to quiet and comfort the motherless girl and drew her into the house. Sam's arms dropped to his side as if paralyzed, his bow touching the floor. Frau Balder, grasping his hand, whispered: "Sammy, dear, stop, you have torn open the wounds of this poor child's heart with your weird music."

"God knows, I didn't mean to, Muetterchen:—poor Norma, I surely did not think that my simple music would have such an effect."

"Yes, Sammy, but your way of playing that song would break anyone's heart that has any spark of feeling left in it. I do wish I could meet Miss Norma: she certainly must have a very loving and tender disposition. Frau Weber has often spoken of her and told me that the dear child was far beyond her years; if she can only control her feelings and her deep grief over her great loss. How I do pity the dear motherless child!"

II. The Redoubtable "Casus Mixtus."

Frau Balder had spoken truly. Norma Naumann had been so deeply touched by Sam's music that she sobbed aloud and had become almost hysterical. Mrs. Marten, her aunt, always cool and collected at such emergencies, had brought the heart-broken girl to her room where she comforted and quieted her. The anxious father had hastily summoned the family physician, Dr. Friedemann, although his sister tried to interfere with his orders: "It is nothing at all, Fred, just a little shock of nervousness that will pass over in a few moments. You only excite the child by sending for that quaint and funny old chap. I'll fix her up myself, and by tomorrow she will be as well as ever."

Breathlessly Dr. Friedemann arrived, his "sugar satchel"—as they called his homoeopathic medicine chest in Naumann's villa—in hand. He was one of the old school, who loyally held to the time-honored principle of Hahnemann's doctrine that "Like must be cured by Like." He was an original and bright character in his profession, his very presence seemed to bring relief and sunshine into the darkness of sick rooms. It was said that his confident and buoyant disposition, his epigrammatic jokes and wholesome humor proved far more effective than all his powders and tablets. Woe to those who considered his pre-

scriptions and instructions lightly, for he could be as rough as a bear when righteously provoked.

As soon as he had learned the circumstances from Herr Naumann he lightly mounted the stairs, softly whistling some little tune, and entered the charming boudoir where he had once welcomed the young lady as a baby.

"Well, by Aeskulap! what are the ladies up to now? Ah, good evening, Mrs. Marten. What have you done to Miss Norma now?"

"Oh, it's nothing serious, Herr Doktor." The child is only nervous, and overstudy is at the bottom of it all. We really did not want to bother you, but you know how anxious my good brother is at the slightest indisposition in the family."

During her explanation Dr. Friedemann had seated himself at the bedside, and closely examined the expression of the patient's features while counting the pulse beats.

"Hm, hm,—a little fever,—a slight touch of *casus mixtus*,—I suppose; nothing else, I'm sure,—just plain *casus mixtus*."

"What kind of a new disease is that, Herr Doktor?" asked Norma, forcing herself to smile. "I do hope, you won't have to cut or lance," whereupon the doctor laughed merrily.

"Indeed, my dear Miss Norma, this is nothing so very funny,—not at all. Nothing seems serious to this young generation nowadays,—but this *casus mixtus*, Miss Norma, is—"

"But, Herr Doktor, why do you call me 'Miss'? I don't like to be 'Missed' by you, you know. I told you that the last time, didn't I? If you insist upon constantly 'Missing' me I shall have to be formal with you too, and call you 'Herr Sanitaetsrat' or something similar."

"Well, that would not sound so badly after all. Besides, then I would have to raise my professional fee a peg or two in accordance with such an effusive title. As I was saying, a case of *casus mixtus*, such as this, is generally of the patient's own incurring, and very often something or other needs a little cutting. In your case, Miss Norma,—beg pardon—we will have to cut out that garden wall serenading. My! but what a redoubtable charivari that must have been that causes such an acute fainting spell! I really ought to send that young artist neighbor of yours the bill for the treatment, and sue him for damages, hey? Such serenading is a case for the Board of Health, it seems to me."

The jolly doctor had in the mean time taken out a small bottle from his "sugar satchel," labeled *ignatia amara* and called for a tumbler of water. Then he gave her some powders to swallow and told Mrs. Marten to give the patient a teaspoonful every hour of the medicine in the glass. "And then, as I said before, something must be cut out; pastry and sweets, my dear, are strictly to be avoided,—a diet, a severe diet, my dear Mrs. Marten. No meat, a little broth

(Continued on page 16)

Our Women and Girls

Edited by MRS. R. E. HOEFFLIN

Prayer Topic

While we are praying for missions and missionaries in general, we would request that Capiz, Philippines, and its workers, be made the subject of special prayers until our next issue. We propose to name a field and its workers every issue of our Woman's Missionary Page, and will try to give some interesting and detailed information about such field. For this issue we have selected our well known missionaries:

Rev. G. J. Geis, and wife.
F. W. Meyer, M.D., and wife.
Miss Cora W. Sidney.*
Miss Mabel W. Stumpf.*
Miss Mayme Goldenburg.*

*Will you not pray for us? Each day we need
Your prayers, for oft the way is rough
and long,
And our lips falter and forget
their song,
And we proclaim the Word
men will not heed.*

Rev. Geis writes in a recent letter: "While it was a disappointment to us that we could not go to Burma, we feel that the Lord makes no mistakes, and as he opened the way for us to the Philippines we are endeavoring to do our work for the Master day by day. . . Through our native workers we have distributed thousands of parts of the Scripture in the homes of the people, and hundreds of Bibles and Testaments have been sold. In one village where such distribution was made, we recently organized a church with 36 members who meet in the chapel, built six months ago, by themselves."

Dr. F. W. Meyer, who has charge of Immanuel Hospital, reports: "Over three hundred patients have been received at the Immanuel Hospital during the year and fifteen hundred outpatients have been treated. The nurses' training course started with seven in the first class. They will complete the three-year course next year. All are now Christians. Four were baptized this year."

"The medical missionary works through the body to the soul. The patients see the Bible and hear the evangelical message possibly for the first time in the hospital. They always give close attention and request Bibles. All of the nursing force have now followed their Lord in baptism and have become personal workers."

"A new nurses' home is absolutely required by the government. At present

* These represent the W. A. B. F. M. Society.

the nurses in training live in the hospital. It is hoped that another year will see a new nurses' home completed and in use.

Annual Meeting of the Woman's Union of New York

On Nov. 16th, 1922, the *Schwester-Vereinigung* (Union of Women Miss. Soc.) held its 31st annual meeting with the Third Church, New York City. It proved to be an enjoyable, instructive, and blessed conference. The devotions at the afternoon session were in charge of Mrs. K. Lehnert of West New York, N. J. Her subject was, "Be Ye Ready!"—ready for service and also ready for the coming of the Lord—to which appeal earnest prayers and testimonies came as a response.

Mrs. L. Maeder, the president, then took charge of the meeting. After the

some of his experiences and was followed by Miss H. Altherr, Matron of the Maedchenheim, just returned from a trip to Switzerland and Germany, who spoke feelingly of the suffering and need which she saw in her travels. The collection taken for this purpose amounted to \$84, which was afterward raised to \$100 by Mr. J. Conrad of the Third Church.

Mrs. Hickman reported some interesting facts concerning the Bundeskonferenz at St. Paul, Minn. Mrs. C. Bauer, of Newark, N. J., presented a paper the theme, which translated as near as possible, would be, "The Times of the 'two and two' and their successes." Mrs. Bauer led us from the time Christ sent out "two and two" through different periods, such as the work in Germany under Oncken—colportage, etc.—down to present day efforts. Many instances were related in connection with such service and the wish and prayer was expressed that we as women in the churches, might see the opportunities for such work by our visiting committees.

After partaking of the hospitality of the hostesses of the Third Church, we assembled for the evening meeting. The pastor, Rev. R. Hoefflin, congratulated the Union on the successes of the past and wished God's blessing for future endeavors. In closing, he expressed the hope that through our work we might be the means of converting, more and more, outsiders into "churchgoing" people.

Rev. F. P. Kruse, of Philadelphia, Pa., the speaker of the evening, had as his topic,

"A sanctified needle." After calling attention to the different needles mentioned in the Bible, he spoke at length on the needle used by Dorcas (Tabea). Some speculative questions relating to the age, occupation, character, etc., of Dorcas, were used to make helpful applications. He showed how the example of Dorcas was followed by the formation of sewing circles, which have developed into our present day missionary societies, and how in a larger sense, the founding of benevolent institutes, such as orphan asylums, old people's homes, hospitals, etc., might also be traced to the Christian work of this sanctified woman.

Some very enjoyable music was rendered by members of the church. Mr. Oscar Conrad closed the evening session with the beautiful and appropriate solo by Balfe, "The Day Is Done." Mrs. Ed. Scheve, of Grinnell, Ia., was introduced and sang several selections.

The evening collection for the Old People's Home of Philadelphia, Pa., amounted to \$50.00.



The picture represents the last graduating class of trained nurses from the Baptist Hospital on the Mission field of Brother George Geis and Dr. F. Meyer in Capiz in the Philippines. Our Society has donated \$1,000 for the building of a new nurses home.

election and preliminary business, we listened to the annual reports of the treasurer and secretary. The treasurer reported as the total receipts of the Union, as such, \$433.70, total disbursements, \$374.66—leaving a balance of \$59.04. Some of the gifts were as follows: For the M. D. O., \$50; Deaconesses in Chicago, Ill., \$30; Home Mission, \$50; Biblewoman in Capiz, Philippines, \$30; Rev. F. Grossmann, \$25; Needy in Europe, \$100. The secretary gave the following figures in addition to the foregoing: 21 societies, with a membership of 713, gave for Foreign Missions, \$391; Home Missions, \$1,068.50; for their own churches, \$4,787.20; Benevolence, \$1,356.34; for the Union, \$198; Maedchenheim, \$213; Sundries, \$703.96—a total of \$8,718.00.

The secretary also alluded in her report to the fact that conditions in Europe are still in such a state that urgent help is needed to save from starvation hundreds of human beings, who are in dire need. Mr. F. Hartwig, a former visiting missionary in Germany, related

Missions—Home and Worldwide

The Joy of a Vow Fulfilled

A valedictory message by Miss
BERTHA M. LANG

"Unto me, who am less than the least of all saints, is this grace given, that I should preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ." How glad I am that God is not a respecter of persons! Were such the case, I for one would never be in China.

When but a child I had a desire to be a missionary but as years rolled by and I earned my own money, the desire to go forth into his service grew less. I had told father in the early years that some day I would be a missionary, but in later years I wished I had never told him, for repeatedly he would say, "Don't forget some day you're going to be a missionary." How thankful I am today that God gave me a father and mother who loved the Lord and his work in the regions beyond, and who were not only willing to pray that reapers might be sent forth into the harvest field but who were willing to send one of their very own into the Master's work. What a privilege it is to have Christian parents!

It was not until my stay at the Moody Bible Institute that I finally yielded myself unreservedly to the Lord and his work. At first I made plans as to where I should like to go—not asking him—but how thankful I am now that he gave grace enough for me to say, "Have thine own way, Lord. Have thine way." Today I'm so glad that he has led me to China.

Do you wonder that my heart is filled with praises to God as I review my life and see what he has been doing? If my plans had worked out, I would not be rejoicing in this great privilege today. How glad I am that the work is not mine but his!

It seems so good to know that in the homeland there are those who are and will be bearing us up in prayer. My heart was greatly stirred at a young people's prayer meeting in one of the churches I visited, when the president of the society asked those who would remember me in prayer while gone, to arise. They stood, as one man, and tears came to my eyes at the thought of the great privilege of going forth alone, yet not alone, for God is with me and the prayers of loved ones are following daily.

Perhaps there are those who will read this article to whom the Lord has spoken repeatedly regarding his work for them in China. May I beg of you to take the stand for him? He who calls into the work has also promised, "Lo, I am with you always." What more can we possibly want? "If Jesus goes with me I'll go, anywhere."



Miss Bertha M. Lang

The Missionary Wagon Enters Altenberg

"Hausmissionar" Vogt, one of the workers with the missionary wagon in Germany, describes one of his varied experiences in his last report, which we pass on to our readers.

"Late one evening after a meeting two railroad men passed by our wagon. We entered into conversation with them and because they seemed receptive for the 'one thing needful,' we invited them into our wagon. Then one of the men said: 'Everything that is no good comes to Altenberg; something that's good never comes to us. Why don't you come over to us once with your wagon?' It seemed clear to us, this was a hint from the Lord and we promised a visit. The wagon had a fine location there. Bro. Mertz invited by mounting 'Freund' (one of our horses) playing a hymn on his cornet and then announcing the meeting to take place. Many children also came, learned a song and then were sent home to invite others. At night we had 300-400 people around the wagon, who listened very attentively.

"But conflict came just as in Tarnbach. The communists prepared for attack. They yelled from afar to disturb us; then came closer and were quiet, except the worst one of the lot, who requested permission to speak, which we granted for a short period. He spoke very passionately and was terribly excited. I said to him very quietly: 'Dear friend, you may not be wrong in much of what you say, but for your own sake, I am sorry that you excite yourself so much and harm your health.' He then tried to prove, there was no God, whereupon Bro. Mertz in his quiet and clear manner was able to answer him thoroughly. We heard later that this man received a good beating from the townspeople for the disturbance he caused.

"The man, who invited us here, was converted in an interview we had with him. The devil was undoubtedly enraged about this, for he used a woman to slander us, saying we had stolen sausage and bacon in different houses. This hindered our work at first, but we were able to vindicate ourselves and prove our innocence. Then we had entrance to all homes and were able not only to talk with the people but to pray with them.

"In Hohenkirch the 'Pfarrer' (pastor of the state church) received us rather unfriendly. 'You probably wish to disturb us. Better go to some other place,' he said. But we stayed there. We also visited his Sunday service. Only the schoolteacher, the organpumper and the usher who passes the collection bag and we three were present. What a miserable service it was! He said to us afterward: 'You will have no success here.' But the 'Herr Pfarrer' was mistaken. Many people came to us and listened well. In this place many were practicing witchcraft. I called attention to this and spoke of the wrong and sin of it. Afterward a man came to us. He had become disquieted. He was one who had been most addicted to this sorcery business. We were able to pray with him and as far as he received light, he was earnest in his conversion.

"As we drove away, the 'Pfarrer' was very friendly and his wife offered us straw for the horses. We had opportunity to speak earnestly to both of them and hope that the Lord will bless our labor to both of these souls."

The Real Thing

I would not cross the street to give India a new philosophy, China a new literature, Japan a new religion. But I would go around the world again and again to tell to India and China and Japan and the islands of the sea:

*There is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins,
And sinner plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.*
—BISHOP McDOWELL

Last year the churches of the Northern Baptist Convention had one hundred and six thousand baptisms, one for every twelve members. The Southern Baptist Convention had one hundred seventy-five thousand baptisms, one for every seventy members.

The Ongole Baptist Mission in South India has baptized two hundred and fifty thousand converts in fifty years. Yet this is the mission that at one time was about to be given up by the Baptists of the Northern States because success seemed impossible!

Our Musical Page

Edited by PROF. H. VON BERGE

Our Musical Page

The writer has been asked by our editor-in-chief, Bro. Mihm, to assume charge of this page. According to present arrangements it is to appear in every other issue. So far as we know there has been only one denominational paper thus far that has consistently and systematically given attention in its columns to the important subject of church music, and that is the official organ of the Northern Baptist Convention, "The Baptist." It is surely strange that something so vitally connected with the interests not only of our church services, but with those of our Christian life in almost all of its aspects, should have been so greatly neglected in our denominational literature.

We shall not attempt a forecast of the subjects to be treated here. It would be practically impossible. The field is so immense, and the problems found here are so manifold, that there is surely no dearth of material that could be helpfully discussed in these columns. To participation in these discussions everybody is cordially invited. These columns are at the service of anybody who has something good to pass on in the realm of Christian music. We begin our musical page in the sincere hope and with the earnest prayer that it may prove to be of real service in the common cause that binds us together in a great Christian brotherhood.

Have a Choir in Your Church

Of course, a church can get on without a choir and still live. It is surprising how many things we can get on without if we have to and want to. If it is just a question of living, then we can manage with the barest necessities of life, but if it is question of living a full and happy life, and a life that can pour out its own blessings to the enrichment of others, then the dividing line between luxuries and necessities is greatly shifted. To a church that wants to live its largest possible life a choir is far more than a luxury, it is a necessity.

The value of any service is enhanced by the participation in it of a consecrated choir. We do not always get our greatest blessings out of the sermon preached by the pastor, but quite often that which touches us most is the message sung by the choir. That is an old experience, shared already by the Old Testament saints that listened to the elaborate temple choirs. To be sure, choir singing can never take the place of congregational singing, but neither can congregational singing take the place of choir singing. Each has its own place and its own service to render. We are here interested in that of the choir, and the great blessing it can be and so often has been in the experience of every one of us. How it does enrich

our services! And what an inspiration it can be to the preacher when his own heart and that of his hearers is touched by an appropriate choir number before he rises to deliver his message! Let us have a choir in every church.

It offers a splendid opportunity for service to many a church member who has gifts along musical lines and whose equipment for service in other directions may be very modest. In so many cases it is the church choir that is holding our young people and awakening in them an active interest in the work of their church. Even aside from the value a good church choir has in the beautifying of the services of the church, it has a great mission in the training it affords to its members in one of the noblest of arts, all the nobler when dedicated to the service of the Lord. A choir is, first of all, and should be, a pleasure and a source of blessing to its own members. The more it is that, the more it will be both to the church it serves.

Have as Large a Choir as Possible

If artistic effects are desired, then the so-called "quartet choir" has the call. But if inspirational values are sought, then give us the large volunteer choir. It is a fine thing, of course, if the volunteer choir can be built around a quartet of trained singers, who can take the occasional solo parts and quartet parts and who can act as leading voices in their respective sections. But that trained quartet is no essential to the possibility of a very useful and efficient volunteer choir. The absence of all trained singers in a choir is naturally a handicap, for then the choir will often have its difficulty with the solo parts. Many of these, however, can be sung in unison by the respective voices, or by the whole choir, sometimes they are too distinctively solos and would not go well if sung in unison, and in that case they will afford an opportunity for some sweet voice among the singers to develop its latent possibilities. The studio of some music teacher is not the only place in the world to train singers.

The larger the choir, the larger the number of talents that can find opportunity for service. Many voices can be used in a large choir, that would positively spoil a small one; for the smaller the choir, the more careful one must be as to the voices that are admitted into it. There are some people that should not be in any choir, large or small, people that have no ear for music and cannot sing true to pitch. There are other people that should not sing in small choirs, people with peculiarities in their voice that makes them stand out and that do not blend with the other voices. These same people that would be a hindrance

in a small choir, may be a positive asset to a large choir by adding, through their voice, a pleasing pungency to the combination of all the voices. After all only a small fraction of the people that constantly tell us that they cannot sing, are not really unable to sing. They may not be able to sing solos, or they may not even be able to add efficiency to a small choir, but they may be of valuable help in a large one.

Have the Best Choir Possible

There is no absolute standard by which the choir of any church is to be measured. The "best" that any church can be expected to attain to is always the best possible under given conditions, and they vary with every church. What may be the acme of attainment in one church, may be positive mediocrity in another. Now the choir that is really the best that a given church can have, will be a blessing to that church, while the same choir would be a sorry misfit in another church with larger possibilities. When a congregation builds a church, it is not always able to put up a cathedral, or to have in its house of worship all the splendid appointments that some of the modern buildings in our large metropolitan centers have. The great majority of church buildings throughout the land are very modest in their pretensions, but they serve their purpose exceedingly well, for they were the best the people could afford. And just as little as we must put up architectural monuments on cathedral plans whenever we need a house of worship anywhere, just as little need we build our choirs on the cathedral plan, if we are to have one at all.

The best a given church may be able to possess for the time being may be only a junior choir of boys and girls in the teens, singing but two parts. Then let us have that junior choir there. By the way, a junior choir is nothing to be despised, and we have enthusiastic ones in many of our city churches along with their very efficient senior choirs. But let no church despair that can have only a junior choir. There is fine music available for them, written just for such needs, and with the junior choir often begins the training for bigger things. Or a church may only be able to have a two or three part women's chorus, or a four part beginners' mixed chorus with the simplest kind of music. Or a church may be blessed with many good men's voices and could easily have a men's quartet, or double quartet, or a men's chorus. There are so many possibilities that really no church need be without its choir of some kind. Let that choir be really dedicated to the service of the Master, and it will prove a great blessing to the church that has it.

Ludwig Heinrich Donner

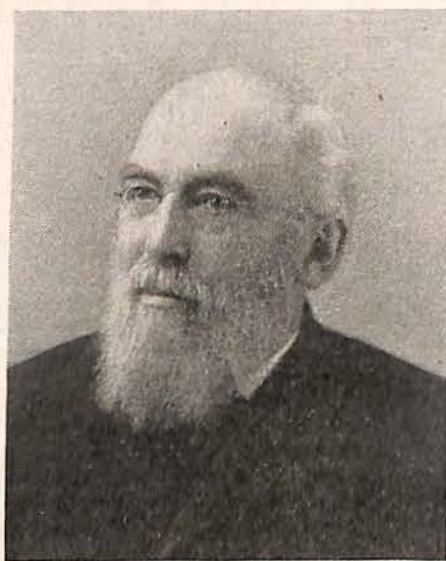
BY PROF. ALBERT J. RAMAKER

In the fall of 1877, the present writer was called before the School Board of our German Seminary in Rochester for examination as to his fitness for preparing himself for the Christian ministry. The names of the worthy men who sat in the body on that occasion had a familiar ring, for they had often been spoken in the family circle at his home. But the occasion was one which was giving him no little concern—as it has to so many young and timid aspirants before and after him—for there was a lurking suspicion that the searching scrutiny of these “elders of Israel” might reveal conditions which would spell defeat. It was then that I first met the man concerning whom I want to write a short biographical sketch. He was at that time one of the leaders of our German churches. And if these brief words of mine, personal as I want them to be, should turn out to be a warm appreciation of one whom it was my good fortune to know somewhat intimately for many years thereafter, let no one blame me, for his portrait, as it hangs on the walls of my memory, is one I always love to recall. It is the picture of one of God’s devoted servants, a man who had become a Baptist minister from an impelling sense of duty, a pastor of strong and prayerful faith, a Christian gentleman.

My personal impressions of Bro. Donner were gained from an acquaintance which spread over a period of more than twenty years. He was in the maturity period of his powers and influence when, during a summer’s vacation in the early eighties, I could give him some assistance. I then saw him at work as a pastor in his church at Cincinnati, Ohio. I noticed his studious habits, his careful preparations for his sermons and prayer meeting addresses. I admired his uplifting prayers and caught the spirit of his trustful and simple faith. And, moreover, I witnessed his great concern for winning souls for the Lord which had led him and his loyal people to extend the “special” meetings of the winter months far into the summer. He was never an eloquent and gripping preacher, for he lacked the gifts and tricks of persuasive oratory, but the people loved him because they felt that he loved them. Well do I remember his kindly earnest face and the tenseness of his attention when he was conversing on a religious subject, and I often found myself saying: Brother Donner is by nature and experience a very religious man.

Bro. Donner was not a graduate of our Seminary. Like Fleischmann, the elder Rauschenbusch, Schoemaker, Heinrich, Grimm, and a number of others of the “fathers” of our German Baptist Zion in this country, he entered our fold with the ripeness of Christian experience and knowledge of God’s word which he had secured elsewhere. Coming to America in 1848, when he was about 19 years of age, he found employment in one of the largest business concerns at Buf-

falo, N. Y., as an accountant, for which position his excellent education in the “Realschule” at Heidenheim, Wuerttemberg, had admirably fitted him. For about twenty years his life was that of a successful business man, who had risen by sheer inward worth and application to a position of great trust and honor, with corresponding ample remuneration and splendid prospects for his future. Then he left all this to become a minister of the gospel in the service of a small German Baptist church at a yearly salary which in our day would scarcely cover the outlay for rent. I do not recall another case in the history of our German Baptist ministry where any other of the large number of our devoted pastors and missionaries, either entering it from the Seminary or from elsewhere, has been called upon to make a sacrifice as great as this one; and I am alluding to this sacrificial act of



Ludwig Heinrich Donner

Bro. Donner’s only to call attention to the unusual strength of his conviction which came not early but late in his experience, when any glamor of romance was excluded. Ah, there is much more real sacrifice of the temporal things of life in a true minister’s life than our good people in the churches ever dream of.

Genuine piety in a Christian life, I venture to believe, is as much a matter of early bringing up as it is of subsequent environment and personal experience. In the religious life of our brother that at least has been true. I am indebted to my friend, Henry P. Donner, of Cleveland, Ohio, for the remark that his father’s parents were avowed Pietists and that their home in the fatherland was a meeting place where men and women of kindred convictions were wont to gather for prayer and Bible study. A religious atmosphere of this kind in early youth can never be forgotten. The “business years” of Bro. Donner in Buffalo were not wholly spent in the office. His soul was possessed of a deeper longing than for the things temporal. He was a seek-

er after God and personal salvation. He attended the services of a German church of the Evangelical Association because, in his search for a church home, he was impressed with the warmth and earnestness of the religious life which he saw manifested there; and he soon after came to experience the joy of a personal, genuine, religious conversion. His gifts were recognized and there followed his election as a licensed local preacher serving, of course, without pay, in which service he remained for a number of years. But he was also a searcher of the Scriptures and soon discovered that infant baptism was unscriptural. In his eagerness to communicate this truth to others in his own church, he published a pamphlet against the practise and advocated believer’s baptism which, however, was not well received in the circles in which he was moving. This fact and a personal acquaintance with Bro. G. A. Schulte, who, as a student of our Seminary, was supplying the Second German Baptist Church in Buffalo at the time, led him to sever his connection with the Evangelical Association and to join the Baptists. He was baptized by Prof. A. Rauschenbusch in the Niagara river, in the summer of 1863, and for six years thereafter he continued his valuable services as a helper in connection with the Second Church and its mission, now the High Street Church, when the great decision was made to give up his business interests and to devote all of his time and strength to the work of the gospel ministry.

Brother Donner made no mistake in his choice, as hundreds will testify who had the good fortune to come within the circle of his influence. It was allotted him to remain in active and fruitful service for 29 years, serving three churches—Peoria, Ill., for 9 years; Cincinnati, Ohio, for 9 years, and Pittsburgh, Pa., for 11 years.

In all these centers he has left the impress of his deep piety, his genuine trust in God and his earnest solicitude for winning souls for Christ and his Kingdom. There are many—and among them some of the most efficient ministers in our German churches—who even today, perhaps unconsciously, bear the stamp of Brother Donner’s religious thinking. His services in their behalf have surely not been in vain.

The last six years of his life were years of painful, physical sufferings, largely spent in the quiet seclusion of the sick chamber, but like Job of old the inner light of confidence in the inscrutable providence of God never suffered an eclipse. He rang true to the very last. After the death of his patiently brave helpmate in 1902, he went to live with his son at Pittsburgh, Pa., his day of liberation from his bodily affliction coming January 20, 1904. In the South Side Cemetery, not far from the present Temple Baptist church on the hill, his remains were interred.

Thus lived and died a good man, a shining example for the present generation of German Baptists to follow after!

The Man With Hope in His Face

BY WM. KUHN

Some one has said of the present situation in Vienna, Austria, where pessimism hangs over everything like a dull and heavy pall of smoke: “If a man with hope in his face walks down the streets of Vienna, people will stop and look at him because he is such an exception to the rule. A man with hope in his face goes through Vienna like a man with a lantern on a dark road, where other folks are just groping their way in depressing gloom.” Some may question the accuracy of this description. Any writer will find it really a difficult task to paint too black a picture in trying to describe the hopelessness of the people of Europe. What is true of the hopelessness of Vienna, can also be applied to most of the countries of Central Europe. The saddest fact to face in many European countries is this, that hope has died in the hearts of the people. How soon the gleam of hope vanishes from the face where it has already died in the heart.

A traveler may visit Germany, Poland or Austria and fail to see the vanishing of hope in the faces of the people. The populations of all of the larger cities are in a whirl of business activities and pleasure seeking. How gay and happy the street crowds seem to be. At evening the cafes are filled; the theatres are over-crowded. Many are bent on chasing some enjoyment. “Let us eat and drink and be merry, because we are doomed,”—that is the philosophy of life which many have adopted. Their gay life is but a mask which they have put on. Hope has faded from their faces, and they have resorted to paint and powder as a substitute. To get a true picture, one must look deeper. Look into the hearts and into the homes. Listen as the common people speak without reservation of their fears and forebodings. See the disappointment of those who had hoped to re-construct the economic life of European countries. The ravages of war can surely be seen in the devastated area of Belgium and France, but surely nowhere more terribly than among the people of Central Europe from whose faces hope has vanished.

Among the hopeless masses of Europe there are yet many whose hearts are filled with hope, with a living hope. These are God’s own children. What a joy it is to find them in every country of Europe. Doctor J. W. Jowett writes in one of his matchless meditations: “And is there anything of which the world is in greater need just now than men and women who are clothed in the shining glory of unquenchable hopes?” The world is confused, disillusioned, depressed. Our ideals have been smitten and they are like quenched and broken lamps. Therefore of what unspeakable worth are men and women who have somehow got mysterious supplies of oil, and whose lamps have not gone out in the dusky night. But isn’t this just one of the characteristics of the true believer in Christ, “A man with hope in his face”—is not this one of the most radiant

distinctions? Scriptures affirm and reaffirm that this is how he really to be known as he goes along the common streets of life. He is to be known by the hope in his face. “Once we were darkness, but now we are light in the Lord.” That is a man of the Lord’s own making, and every street ought to be illumined by his witness.

While all Europe seems to be prostrate in hopelessness under the pall of doom, one can hear a prayer ascending from the hearts of God’s hopeful children which one very rarely hears in America. Our prayers so often are dictated by our circumstances. When the whole structure of European life seems to have reached the stage of a sure collapse and with no helper in sight to avert the catastrophe, then the people of God cry often: “Come, Lord Jesus! Come quickly!” Who will charge them with cowardice for wishing that Jesus Christ, the only Savior of the world, might take the field himself and reveal his glorious salvation?

As German Baptists we have been privileged to strengthen the faith and hope of our brethren in various European countries. Ever since the armistice we have sent them many tokens of our love and fellowship. The Lord has answered their cry for help through our gifts. Because we helped, many over there have sung psalms of thanksgiving. Many souls have been brought from darkness to light because we have been willing to co-operate in the proclamation of the glorious gospel. When we were privileged to purchase that theatre in Muenich and give to our homeless church in that Catholic city one of the finest meeting places of any church in all Germany—how the hope leaped anew from the hearts into the faces of that little church band which for years has valiantly witnessed for Jesus Christ in the midst of much opposition. How glad we are that we can be partners in some of those glorious things that are being done in Europe at this time.

During this summer our money has made possible the erection of the first Baptist chapel in Sofia, Bulgaria. If there is joy in heaven before the angels for one sinner who repents, how much joy there must be when the cause of Jesus Christ is strengthened in a dark, superstitious and godless city like Sofia. While the building was being erected, dark clouds gathered above it and threatened to destroy the whole work. Opposition was organized to drive brother Petrick, the missionary, from Bulgaria and hinder the completion of the building. God graciously intervened and the work, we hope, will go on victoriously.

How our heart rejoiced as we stood before the first Baptist chapel in all Austria erected about fifteen miles outside of Vienna at a place called Ternitz. For many years the saints had assembled in the dwelling-house of a brother; now we have the only church building in that whole industrial center. And what shall I say of the dying hopes that were revived in the hearts of our hungering

and naked brethren in Russia? Who can describe the joys that were theirs when they received the food sent by us which saved them from the agony of a death by hunger. I can faintly picture to myself how the hope leaps into their faces when they are just now distributing the large shipments of clothing sent by us to our destitute brethren in Russia from Germany. As God’s people we have the high and holy mission of putting hope into the face of man by implanting it in his heart. What we do for Europe in this regard in this day will surely be recognized by Jesus Christ in that great day.

The Four Gospels—Matthew

(Continued from Page 6)

on the contrary draws from all over the life of Jesus incidents and sayings, which he masses together at points where they will be most effective. The purpose underlying Matthew’s arrangement of material is to present Jesus as the King, as David’s Son and successor, as the Messiah. Prof. Moulton says: “The founding of the kingdom of heaven through the earthly life of Jesus is the subject of Matthew’s book.” It is the Gospel of the Kingdom. It mentions “kingdom of heaven” 33 times; “kingdom of God,” 5 times.

The kingdom of heaven is the central subject of Christ’s doctrine. Jesus was born as king of the Jews, 2:2. He began his ministry with the announcement, 4:17—23. His disciples were to preach, 10:7; 24:14. The sermon on the mount lays down the laws of the kingdom. The Beatitudes describe conditions of entrance, 5:1—12. The seven parables of the kingdom (Chap. 13) unfold its mysteries. As king, he entered Jerusalem, 21:5. As king, he suffered the death of crucifixion, 27:38, 42. As king, he will judge all nations at the last day, 25:13. The kingdom in its final triumph is the ultimate goal of the disciple’s prayer, 6:10.

Another characteristic of this Gospel is the reproduction of the longer discourses of Jesus. It contains the sermon on the mount, Chap. 5—7. The charge to the twelve, Chap. 10. The great denouncement of the Pharisees, Chap. 23. The Olivet prophecy concerning the destruction of Jerusalem and the end of the world, Chap. 24. Two great groups of Parables, Chaps. 13 and 25. Of 15 parables in Matthew, 10 are recorded by him alone. Kingly authority is manifested in almost all of them.

Matthew shows that the Gospel was the power of God unto the Jew first. So he gives prominence to Jesus sending his disciples to the lost sheep of the house of Israel, 15:24; 10:5. But while the evangelist was a Jewish Christian, he could not suppress, nor did he desire to suppress facts and words, which belonged to an order of thought infinitely wider than that in which he had been trained. He shows Jesus not only Messiah of the Jews, but Savior of the world, 8:11; 21:43; 28:18—20.

A. P. M.

The Stain on the Ceiling

BY GEORGE W. TUTTLE

Dear me, my mother says it was
A single drop of rain
That came creeping through the shingles
And started that big stain!
Then more of those round, pretty drops
Said, "I am coming, too;
For it is nice and warm inside!"
So they just hurried through.
And now the stain is dark and large
Upon our nice white wall;
While mother says that little sins
That oft like raindrops fall,
Will surely spoil my life if I
Let only one creep in,
And start a stain on pure white walls
Of heart of mine within.

Jack and Joe

BY ARTHUR A. SCHADE

Jack was endowed with an inquisitive nature and an acquisitive mind. His mind seemed to get hungry and crave for food even more than his stomach did. It was a peculiar affection which greatly shaped his life's program.

Many times when the "gang" was out for merriment he was poring over some musty book learning how Galileo excited the priests by his inveterate star gazing, or how Paton taught the Cannibals to look down into the ground for water instead of up into the sky, or how the Bishop's dead mule and the great Bohemian preacher and hero, John Huss, were burned at the same stake in Constance, or of some other ripple made on the stream of time by ancient or modern heroes.

And while the other members of the "gang" appeared with flashing stones on their fingers and ties, and in doodish clothes with mouth and pockets full of "Lucky Strikes" which pretty well absorbed their change, Jack appeared in a neat, but quieter style, while his change went toward the feeding of his mind.

His "pals" often called him to account for these peculiarities, but Jack had little to say. His inquisitiveness had been aroused on so many subjects that he could not resist its demands. His defense satisfied all pretty well excepting Joe. Joe lost all patience with him and made many unkind remarks about his studious tendency.

Joe never did care for books. Why should he waste the precious moments of youth bothering his brains over the things of far off lands or of the long ago? His creed was "dress well, eat well, and have a good time." And being of a bright, sunny personality, he naturally won many friends to his philosophy of life.

And so the years went by; those precious years of youth, of impressiveness, of sowing, of foundation laying. Joe was the popular social leader who made heavy sacrifices upon the altar of merriment; Jack poring over his Bible, or his history, or his story or magazine. His brain cells were multiplying, his mental horizon was widening, his interest deepening and his personality became more and more radiant. He followed the big thinkers in their channels

of mental thought. He shared the anguish of the martyr and the visions of the artists. He loved to relate the historic, scientific and sociological facts which he had read, and they all were giving shape to his life. He began to see the world as a field for service instead of a table from which to feast himself.

Jack grew eloquent when relating the story of Livingstone's death at his solitary post in Central Africa with none but devoted natives to minister to his needs and comforts, and millions of people in that dark continent who need and gladly receive the whites as their big brothers, or when he related the attempts of Judson to win the favor of the King of Burma and the long and terrible prison experience of the Apostle to the Burmans up there in "Oung-Pen-La."

He became a popular debater in his Society on the religious and social problems of the time. He had won some notable debate victories in the High School and thunderous storms of applause greeted him by those who had formerly belonged to Joe's company. But Jack's fame spread beyond the confines of his High School and Society. When the associational young people's organization was in quest of a live-wire leader, Jack was the unanimous choice. His name began to appear on community programs. Jack was in his glory. The seed so faithfully sown in early years was already bringing forth an abundance of fruit. He had recognized life as an opportunity and the world as a field for service, and the firstfruits of that service were already bringing supreme gladness to his soul.

In the meantime a change had taken place in Joe also. He was gradually losing that keen relish for the former joys. And his star as a social success was sinking, because his admirers were also losing their relish for that type of amusement. And what hurt him the most was, that they were turning away from him and giving their ear and their applause to Jack, upon whom he had always taught them to look with contempt. Jack's kindly manners, his sincere humility and unselfishness, his eloquence and versatility had completely captivated them. They were now sitting at his feet and learning through him. So Joe, who wanted to get so much pleasure out of life and cared so little to put pleasure into life, was losing all. He had sought his life and lost it, while Jack who had given up the pleasures of life to qualify for service, had gained the real and lasting pleasures of life.

Joe was discouraged. He saw his mistake. He wanted to turn over a new leaf, and he did. But when he had turned it over, he beheld to his dismay, that it was not the leaf of opportunity which the former one had been. Those precious years of youth were gone forever. The imaginative period had passed without having developed its possibilities. The memory period of his life had passed without loading the mind with those treasures which the memory alone can hold and carry through life for us. The plastic period of his life had gone

and he failed to shape his character after the divine pattern. Now his nature was hard and his soul would not respond to the shaping hand of God as had Joe's in early youth. He had sold his birthright for a mess of pleasure and all his tears of remorse would not bring it back to him now. All he could do now was to see that future opportunities would not be dealt with in such reckless way. The opportunity still before him might yet bring him to some achievement, but alas—only of secondary quality.

Jack won a scholarship and went off to college and found in the college his new field of service. He had given his heart to God and now was giving his service to God. And in keeping with the habit of childhood he continued spending his years in the culture of mind and soul, with the vision of leading mankind to a nobler life ever spurring him onward. He had entered the field of lasting joys.

Devotional Prayer Topics

JANUARY

7. Lessons from the Psalms. (1) The Guideboard Psalm. Ps. 1: 1-6. (Consecration Meeting.)
14. Why Do You Think the Bible Is the Word of God? 2 Tim. 3: 14-17.
21. Missionary Meeting. Great Hearts of India. Mark. 16: 15-19.
28. What Are the Rightful Claims of Our Church Upon Us? Heb. 10: 19-25. (Denominational Day.)

The Broken Idol

(Continued from Page 10)

for dinner, and rest,—plenty of rest, no music, no company,—understand?—no callers."

He bowed himself out of the room, while his jovial laugh once more rang through the house as he took leave of Herr Naumann after a short whispering explanation. The next morning Norma felt very much improved, although the rosy hue of health had not fully returned to her fair face. Herr Naumann was greatly relieved when meeting the ladies in the cozy breakfast room and said with assumed seriousness, "I must find out today, whether I cannot sue that young scamp of a fiddler for disturbance of the peace. He certainly deserves an impressive lesson," glancing roguishly at Norma. They all laughed merrily at the suggestion.

"Why, father, Mr. Balder is not at all to blame, 'twas only my foolish carrying on, and I'm really thoroughly ashamed of myself. You know, Dr. Friedemann called my illness a *casus mixtus*. Now, I've looked up the term in the dictionary and found there is no such disease; it is simply 'a case of something self-incurred.' Then, you see, when I heard that song played with such feeling, it cut right through my heart and brought memories back to me which I cannot fight back alone. I can assure you, it will not happen again, and I am so sorry I caused you both any anxiety."

(To be continued)