

# The Baptist Herald

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

Volume One

CLEVELAND, O., DECEMBER, 1923

Number Twelve

## "PEACE ON EARTH TO MEN OF GOOD WILL"

O Lord of Hosts, in this our time give peace!  
When draweth nigh thy Son's blest natal hour;  
Once more establish thou in peace thy power,  
And bid the shepherds of thy people cease  
To fling in war's red lap their land's increase.  
Forbid the battle cloud o'er earth to lower;  
Give full fruition of the Virgin's dower,  
And grant us from man's hate and lust release.  
Not by the armed hand compelling calm,  
By jealous watching and consentient dread,  
The nations trembling at the sword undrawn;  
But in the holy kingdom of the Lamb  
Erect thy Beth-lehem, "the house of bread,"  
The Prince of Peace in hearts subdued—newborn.

# What's Happening

## Notice To Our Subscribers

This is the last issue of your paper for this year. The January number will be the first of the volume 1924.

As with few exceptions the subscriptions run for the calendar year the time for renewal has arrived and we would urgently request that you renew your subscription without delay. Please hand it to your Church Booster, otherwise send it direct to the office of publication. Price \$1.00.

GERMAN BAPTIST  
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Rev. A. G. Lang of Baileyville, Ill., has accepted the call of the Buffalo Center, Iowa, church as successor to Rev. Fr. Mindrup.

A Young People's Society with 22 members was started during October in the church in Hutchinson, Minn. Rev. C. M. Knapp has recently begun his pastorate there.

The Editor visited the Lebanon, Wis., church Oct. 7, was with the Trenton, Ill., church Oct. 11-12; spent Sunday, Oct. 14, with the Park Baptist Church in St. Louis, Mo. Ten addresses on our Young People's and Sunday School work were delivered during that week to encourage and appreciative church groups. On Nov. 7 he attended the Illinois Association at Peoria and delivered addresses forenoon, afternoon and evening.

Rev. Arthur A. Schade, pastor of the Temple Church, Mt. Oliver, Pittsburgh, and vice-president of our Young People's and Sunday Union, passed through a critical operation for goiter in a Pittsburgh hospital on Oct. 26. We are glad to hear that the operation was successful and that recovery to health is ahead. Several months may elapse, however, before Bro. Schade will be able to take up his work again. Rev. H. F. Schade, his brother, formerly pastor at Kitchener, Ont., has been engaged by the church as supply in the meantime.

At a recent meeting in Dayton with representatives from the Dayton and Cincinnati societies conferring, a constitution was drafted for the Dayton-Cincinnati Young People's and Sunday School Workers' Union. The new organization will meet twice a year, once with the emphasis on the social, the other time with the emphasis on the spiritual and inspirational side. The next meeting will be in Cincinnati on the evening of Decoration Day.

The Second Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., Rev. W. J. Zirbes, pastor, has extended an invitation to the Atlantic Conference to meet with them in 1924. The program committee of the Conference has accepted the invitation. The Women's Missionary Society of this church recently raised the fine sum of \$412.50 for relief work in Germany.

The new General Secretary of the B. Y. P. U. of A. to succeed Dr. James Asa White is Edwin Phelps, a Chicago lawyer, 39 years old, who has devoted himself a good deal to Baptist Young People's work, apart from his law practice, since 1909.

The Hoboken, N. J., Sunday School Association, of which Rev. Wm. L. Schoeffel is president, is holding a Community Training School of Religious Education in the First Reformed Church on Monday evenings from Oct. 22 to Dec. 10. After a brief devotional period from 8 to 8:15, there are three class periods from 8:15 to 9:55. Classes are provided for the various departmental workers of the Sunday school from Cradle Roll to Intermediate grade, on Church school administration and Fundamentals in Teaching. Bro. Schoeffel conducts a class on "The Apostolic Church."

A Teacher-Training Class has been organized in the Second Church, Brooklyn, N. Y. The members meet every Friday evening in the church direct after work for supper, after which the class period begins. This ends in time for the church prayer-meeting with an ample intermission in between. The slogan is: "At least one whole evening in the week in the house of the Lord for preparation through the study of the Word and prayer."

Mr. Harry W. Reysen, Stewardship Secretary of the Atlantic Conference branch of our Y. P. and S. S. W. Union, is on the job. He sent a fine letter to his constituency in November, urging the societies and schools to take up the study of Stewardship principles and requesting the members to face this question of their stewardship individually.

The West Irving Park Sunday School, Chicago, has started to issue a news bulletin called "Timely Topics." It will probably appear every two weeks.

Rev. G. W. Pust has been visiting some of the churches in Eastern Kansas in promotion work for the Missionary and Benevolent Offering. During the first full two weeks in November he has been assisting Rev. G. O. Heide in Vesper, Kans., in protracted meetings. Later on he will similarly assist Rev. R. Klitzing in the Tampa church.

Rev. Chas. Wagner of Ellinwood conducted evangelistic meetings in Herington, Kans., from Oct. 29 to Nov. 9. Rev. A. J. Harms of Lorraine performed a like service on Rev. W. H. Buening's

field in Stafford. There is a fine spirit of inter-pastoral evangelization among the Kansas brethren and churches that will surely bring abundant fruitage.

November 8th witnessed the marriage of Miss Mollie Nolte of the Central Baptist Church, Erie, Pa., to Rev. Elmer Baumgaertner, formerly of the same church, but now pastor of the Spruce St. Baptist Church, Buffalo, N. Y. Many congratulations! May God grant them many years of wedded happiness.

The ninth convention of the World's Sunday School Association will be held in Glasgow, Scotland, June 18-26, 1924. Already there is widespread inquiry upon the part of those who are planning to attend this great meeting.

Several of our Illinois pastors have suffered family bereavements of late. Rev. and Mrs. C. F. Zummach of Kankakee mourn the loss of their little daughter Gladys Maxine, who passed away at the age of 3 years and 3 months after an illness of three weeks. Rev. and Mrs. Benj. Schlipf of Peoria were plunged into sorrow by the death of their oldest daughter Estella, aged 20, after a brief illness of five days. Estella was a gifted and consecrated worker in the church and lived a sweet Christian life. We extend to these sorrowing friends our deepest sympathy. Regarding Miss Schlipf's departure from this life, we have received the following note:

The State Park Baptist Church of Peoria, Ill., is very sorry to report the loss of Miss Estella Schlipf, daughter of Rev. Benj. Schlipf, who was called home by the Heavenly Father on Oct. 16, 1923. Miss Schlipf was president of our B. Y. P. U., a member of the choir and a faithful helper in the church. We all feel her loss very much.

HERMAN J. STOCKSIEK,  
Vice-President B. Y. P. U.

## The Baptist Herald

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# The Baptist Herald

## Some Christmas Thoughts

AND the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring unto you good tidings of great joy, which shall be unto all people. Luke 2:10.

Through the door of birth Christ entered our humble home. We want God brought near to us. So Christ came.

\* \* \* \*

We must at all times draw near to God. But the gates of heaven seem to open wider at Christmas-tide.

\* \* \* \*

Out of the stable of Bethlehem has grown the civilized world.

\* \* \* \*

Fear not! This is the word for Christmas morning. The day is one of supreme gladness.

Christianity came with a song. The song of the nativity is the song of songs for it has given birth to a world of singing. There was not much singing before Christ came; there is not much today where he is unknown.

But where he is loved and served, joy and gladness obtain and sorrow and sighing flee away.

\* \* \* \*

How did the person of Christ originate? Can he be explained by Joseph, Mary and the surroundings of Nazareth? Are natural influences sufficient to make him intelligible to us? Every other creative spirit has something unintelligible about him. But what are these creative spirits, artists, philosophers and prophets compared with Jesus? In them God has sometimes spoken fragmentarily, temporarily, but in Jesus the very fullness of God hath appeared and dwelleth bodily. God was in Christ and revealed himself to man through him, fuller, purer, more glorious and impressively than ever before. The Word became flesh and dwelt among us and we beheld his glory.

\* \* \* \*

As the Wise Men from the East came with three Christmas gifts, so should we on the old, old Christmas morn bring to the homes of others three gifts: Gifts that are fragrant with friendship; Gifts that breathe love; Gifts that relieve wants.

\* \* \* \*

That Christmas festival is a waste of power and emotion which does not make men better Christians, more devoted than ever to the service and honor of Christ.

\* \* \* \*

Let us labor more by word and deed to put Christ back into Christmas.

## A Message From President Marks

THE officers of the Young People's and Sunday School Workers' Union desire to express their appreciation for the fine co-operation that has prevailed the past year in the work carried on by the Union.

Such a spirit will lead on to success. We invite and pray for a still greater effort in the coming year. Everyone with his shoulder to the wheel, and the conveyance carrying the message of Jesus to the world will keep on moving.

Our subscriptions to "The Baptist Herald" will soon expire. We have 3300 subscribers. Our goal is 5000. We can get them if each of us will hand in our renewals. Do it now.

Then go after the fellow who is not a subscriber. Let us all get subscriptions for the "Herald." Don't leave the work to just one person in your church.

This paper keeps us in touch with our Young People, and the Sunday schools other than our own. The paper is an open letter from all to all each month.

If the paper does not come up to your expectation, please tell us in what respect we ought to improve. We want to know how we can please you.

If we receive no criticisms from you, we have a right to receive your subscription. Receiving neither, we feel that you are not as loyal to the denomination as you might be. We must have your subscription to make the number 5000, and if you are a loyal member of the denomination and expect to see success, you are going to help support the denomination in this undertaking.

We need more enthusiasm in our religious life. Help us put it in. HENRY MARKS.

## 5000 Subscribers for "The Baptist Herald"

LET us have a little arithmetic. We have about 33,000 members in all our German Baptist denomination. Roughly speaking, about one-third of the total membership of the average church among us are young people, the vast majority of whom can most easily be reached through the medium of the English language, an ever increasing number of them exclusively so. We would then have in all about 11,000 young people to take care and provide for. Counting about two young people to a paper on the average, we ought to have 5500 subscribers if we reach them all with the "Herald." We now have about 3400 subscribers, 2100 less than we ought to have, or 4200 young people, members of our churches, whom we

are not reaching with denominational information and inspiration, and whom we are therefore gradually weaning away from us. To lose them would be equivalent to the loss of a whole conference, and one of the larger ones at that.

If we are not to lose them, we must tie them up with the local church, and through it with the denomination, by the bonds of intelligent interest in its work. Out of that necessity the "Baptist Herald" was born. It is no luxury. It must do for our present-day young people what the "Sendbote" has so efficiently done and is still doing for those of us who were young people a generation ago. What would our denomination be today without the splendid mission of our denominational organ through these many years? What will our denomination become if we do not make similar provision for the ever and fast increasing number among us whose mother tongue is not the German, but who are in our ranks with all the possibilities for noble service, if only that service can be enlisted? We dare not look with complacency upon the fact revealed by our present subscription list that we are not covering the field. And that fact stands out all the more when we consider that, since in so many of our churches our services are bi-lingual, we now have quite a few among us whose ancestors never sang "The Watch on the Rhine." Each one of such should be won as a subscriber to our English speaking organ, "The Baptist Herald."

Yes, we need the "Herald." But if we are to have it, it needs us, and more of us. The simple fact is that the paper cannot live and thrive on a subscription list of 3400. It is fine as a starter, and we have now gotten a foothold. Now then for the bigger things that are ahead and certainly within our reach. One of the big reasons why we should strive for a larger subscription list is the possibility it brings with it of making the "Herald" at least a bi-weekly paper. To have it come only once a month makes the time between one issue and the next so long that the continuity of interest is all too easily lost. If we could have it published twice a month instead, the interest would be so much greater, and the news fresher, and it would then be so much easier to win subscribers. If we had at least 5000 subscribers, we would seriously think of that, we cannot now.

It can be done. We can do far more than that, if we really want to, and we could easily make it 6000 if we tried real hard. But 5000 we should have by all means. In order to get them we must, of course, first of all have the earnest support of all our pastors. It is an open secret that things they are enthusiastic about usually go through. Are ye with us, brethren? Then we need in every church an earnest booster and a hard worker who takes it upon himself or herself to get the full quota from the church. If each church has one-fifth as many subscribers to the "Herald" as it has members, then we easily reach our five thousand. According to that a church of 100 members then would have to have 20 subscribers to the "Herald" in order to go "over the top." If all the churches furnished sub-

scribers at that ratio, we would have over 6000 in all, none too many, to be sure. Let us get that as our goal and try for that and we shall then easily make the lesser number which we should make at the very least, and by all means.

If present plans work, the various council members by the time this appears will have gotten in touch with the various churches and their boosters. But do not depend too much on them. There may be all kinds of slip-ups. If they occur, do not make them the excuse for doing nothing. It is up to all of us to do all we can, and if we do, we shall succeed.  
H. VON BERGE.

### Editorial Jottings

We wish all our readers a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

PERHAPS THE READER of these lines knows of a reed organ in good serviceable condition in some home or church that has been set aside to make room for a larger instrument or a piano and that would be donated to some one making good use of the same? We know of one of our needy pioneer churches in a Western State that is without an instrument and looking for just such an organ. Will you assist them in this way? They are ready to pay the transportation. Write to the Editor, Rev. A. P. Mihm, Box 4, Forest Park, Ill., if you can help in this way. Or is someone whom the Lord has blessed, ready to make a gift of this kind to a people, of whose worthiness we can vouch for?

### Why I Believe in the Religion of Personal Experience

O. E. KRUEGER

**The Fish on the Sand** Real religion is life and  
**The Child in the Sea** cannot be easily defined. When Herbert Spencer said, "Perfect correspondence would be perfect life" he did not give a definition of life, he merely stated the conditions under which it exists. When a living thing cannot adjust itself to its surroundings, cannot maintain its correspondence, life must close; for example, the fish on the sand and the child in the sea. Religious life is correspondence to religious environment, that is to say, an environment of persons, human and divine. True religion is the right relation of a person to God and fellow-man. The perfect correspondence of a person with persons would be perfect religious life.

**A Storehouse of Experience** Throughout the centuries the human race has been storing up a great deposit of cumulative experience upon which it can draw today in learning the art of adjustment, and so prolong life. But with all this knowledge our correspondence is still very imperfect, so much so that very few of us reach our "threescore and ten." We have made great strides in our knowledge of adjusting infant life to its surroundings, and so infant mortality has been greatly reduced.

In that same storehouse there is a great quantity of religious experience. For ages men have experi-

mented in the art of living with persons. Such perfect correspondence would be the consummation of the Kingdom of God, but that Kingdom is not yet. We may learn from both, success and failure of the past.

**The Horse and the Cart** Fortunately the child may breathe before it knows that air is composed of 21 per cent oxygen, 78 per cent nitrogen and one per cent argon by volume with a slight variation by weight. How happy for the human race that it could drink water even before someone discovered it to be H<sub>2</sub>O. Adam used nouns and verbs and had not studied grammar. In religion we have reversed things, we have put the cart before the horse. We have said, "You cannot have religion before you understand its analysis; you must have a very deep consciousness of sin and you must manifest a very true repentance for your sin; you must accept the incarnation; you must believe in Jesus as the Son of God; and on believing your sins to have been forgiven you must experience a great peace of God settling upon your heart; then you may come and tell the church about your experiences, be baptized, become a member of the church, and thus become a Christian." We have tried to standardize an experience. We have drawn largely on David for conviction of sin and Paul for assurance of salvation. The spectacular and emotional has appealed strongly. We are now pleading for a personal, an original, and not a copied experience. If Bro. Smith met God behind the hay-stack, there is no reason why Jack Jones should go there to find salvation. Trying to copy the religious experiences of others has made people deceitful and dishonest, and they have faked stories and experiences they never had.

**The Greatest Task Ever Assigned** Let us go back to the method of Jesus. His demands for discipleship were bound up in that simple challenge that contained the greatest task ever assigned to man: "Follow me." He imposed no theological or doctrinal tests, he asked for no previous experience, visions, emotions, convictions. "Follow me"—come into my environment, enter into correspondence with me! Take the case of that honest Galilean fisherman, Peter. In his previous religious life he may have succeeded to some extent to correspond to God and fellowmen. He may not have been conscious of failure, may have been well pleased with himself, possibly self-righteous like Saul or any one of the Pharisees. But Jesus imposed no demands other than, "Follow me."

**A sinful Man** Peter had entered a new environment. He walked and talked with the Master. He ate with him and he slept with him. He heard him speak and saw him work. One day a great conviction fell upon his soul, so great that it threw him upon his knees before the Master and drew from his lips a confession that he could not honestly have made the day he left his boat and nets, "Lord, depart from me, for I am a sinful man." Whether a beginner in the Christian life has a knowledge of original sin or total depravity,

is of no consequence. If he will only live with the Savior, some day, it may require years, he will know how mean, miserable and selfish he has been. John may not have had Peter's experience. We cannot set up the standard of Peter for John or anyone else. Everyone must have his own experience.

**The Son of the Living God** As Peter continued to live in this new correspondence, the sense of contrast between himself and his Master deepened and crystallized in a second great conviction to which he gave utterance upon a question of Jesus, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." You and I were taught that we must believe in Jesus as the Son of God, and we did, but our faith had no foundation in experience. It was necessary to bolster up an artificial faith with arguments in which the virgin birth occupied central place. No one would be accepted in our churches today as a member if he would not assent to the doctrine of the divinity of Christ. But is that the method of Jesus? Not until they had followed him a long time were the disciples expected to say what they thought of his person. It is absolutely useless to argue on the divinity of Christ with a man who has not taken the first step in correspondence with him. You might as well try to prove to a man born blind that diamonds sparkle. Let a man accept the challenge and follow the Master, it may take years, but some day his experience will teach him, "Thou art the Son of the living God," and that will mean much more than if he simply repeats the creed.

**The Cross and the Blood** Peter had made splendid progress but his religion was still very imperfect. Just after his great confession he played the part of Satan, tempting his Lord to avoid the cross. He knew not the meaning of the cross and the blood. In due course of time he passed into Gethsemane, and slept, and fought, and followed afar, and denied and cursed, and went out and wept, and then he stood at a distance and heard the piercing cry, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" and then the triumphant note, "It is finished," and then he saw his Master's head hang lifeless on his breast. What did it all mean? In later years Peter took stock of himself and found he had become a changed man, the former manner of his life and thinking had passed away. He had now come into perfect peace with God, he had found the secret of living in correspondence with men. The old spirit of seeking Peter first had been displaced. His life was dear to him only as it might be of service to others. If he must be crucified, let it be with his head downward. What had brought on the change? O yes, he knew now what he did not know on the Galilean shore, he had been redeemed, and that not with silver and gold but with precious blood. If a child says, "Jesus died for me," it is repeating something from hearsay. It may require a lifetime to state it as an experience. Why argue about the atonement when it can only become real by experience?

# For Bible Study

## The Epistle of James

The name James is the English form of the Hebrew name Jacob, which in Greek became Iacobos. In Latin Jacobus. In English it has become James, a form which grievously blurs the history of the name.

Among the so-called Catholic or General epistles, which include 1. and 2. Peter, 1., 2. and 3. John, Jude, that of James stands first. They are called General because most of them are addressed to no church in particular but to the church universal.

Like the letter to the Hebrews, this epistle is addressed to the Jews,—in this instance to the Jewish Christians dwelling beyond Palestine. Hebrews presents the doctrine, James the deed. They go together in vital Christianity. James has left us a manual of all that was purest and loftiest in Jewish Christianity.

### The Author

Who is this James that at the beginning of this letter greets us as a servant of God and of the Lord Jesus Christ?

There are three persons bearing the name James in the New Testament,—James, the brother of the Apostle John, the first martyr in the apostolic circle; then another in this circle, James, the son of Alphaeus, also called James, the Less, and finally, James, a half-brother of our Lord. We regard this latter one the author of this epistle.

He is the same whom Paul in Gal. 2:7 calls the brother of the Lord and with Peter and John is counted among the pillars of the church at Jerusalem.

James was no apostle in the real, technical sense as one of the Twelve, but he was a man to whom apostolic honor and regard was paid. At first he was an unbeliever with the other half-brothers of Jesus. (John 7:5.) Undoubtedly it was the resurrection of Jesus which opened his eyes, dispelled his doubts and led to his conversion. (1 Cor. 15:7; Acts 1:14.)

Later we find him the leader of the church in Jerusalem. Because of his pious life, he was held in high regard. He takes the lead even when the chief of the apostles are present. He was the deciding factor in the council at Jerusalem. (Acts 15; 13. 19.)

His devoutness bore an Old Testament character, for James in his faith in Christ was a real Jew. He was called the "Just" and according to early Christian tradition, also received the title "Oblis," bulwark of the people. According to trustworthy tradition, he was killed by the Sadducean party on account of his faith in Christ about the year 63 A. D.

James is not a man of world-encircling mind. He brings us no deep thoughts like Paul, he touches no sentiment of in-

exhaustible depth like John, yet he is a man of whom we may learn much. James from his point of view is the representative of Jewish Christianity. One Bible scholar says: "The Epistle of James is the farewell voice of Hebrew prophecy." His words glow with the vehemence and the fiery earnestness of an Old Testament prophet. Portions of his epistle read like parts of Amos or Isaiah. (See 5:1-7.) He combined the Hebrew prophet and the Christian apostle in his personality.

### The Character of the Epistle

James is the practical apostle. He stands for efficiency and consistency in life and conduct. The epistle is throughout ethical. It emphasizes the common sense of Christianity, the morality which Christians should exhibit in their daily life and in their relation to others.

There are some peculiarities about this letter. It does not mention the word Gospel. The name of Jesus occurs in it but twice. Nothing is said of the work of redemption. It was the presence of such peculiarities which made Luther take up his scornful and superficial view of this letter and led him to call it "a veritable strawy epistle compared with the epistles of Paul."

Yet it must be said, "that while there is no teaching about Christ, there is throughout the clearest echo of Christ's teaching." (Dods.) Essentially it is the teaching of Christ and thus there is little teaching about Christ. (Beyschlag.)

It has been called the Sermon on the Mount among the epistles. It comes closest to the Sermon on the Mount of any writings of New Testament authors. Everywhere the language of the epistle recalls the language of our Lord. The style also is similar; especially the brief compressed sayings and the frequent use of figure.

### The Object of the Epistle

The purpose for which it was written was to encourage the Jewish Christians to the endurance of trial by stirring them up to a brighter energy of holy living. The key-text is in 1:22.

The state of matters among the Jewish Christians which the letter discloses is not a happy one. Worldly greed and the pride of life and selfish cruelty that come of greed abounded. (4:1; 5:9.) The distinction between rich and poor had been brought out in unseemly angling for rich proselytes (2:2) and in heartless contempt of the poor (2:3). At the root of all lay a contentment with superficial knowledge and bare profession of faith. (2:14.) The Christian faith must show itself not in wrangling and pretentious word-splitting, but in exemplary and meek conduct. (3:13; 1:26. 27.) The Christian is to be the perfect man. (1:4; 3:2.)

James presents Christianity as the ethical fulfilment of the law. The law

which he has in view is not the threatening law of Moses, but the royal law, the perfect law of liberty, the law as it was set forth in the Sermon on the Mount. By looking into this perfect law of liberty and continuing therein, by manfully enduring temptation, the people of God are to be perfected, and so to win the crown of life. (1:25; 2:8; 1:12.)

There is no contradiction between Paul and James. (2:14-26.) "Paul said, regarding the truth as it is in Jesus, Take it in. James said, Live it out. Paul had to do with the sources of our faith. James had to do with the fruits of our faith. What Christ has done, is our salvation. What 'ye have done,' the proof of it. Works do not save but they are a pretty good evidence that we are saved." The faith you have is the faith you show. Paul and James are not face to face fighting each other, but stand back to back fighting a common enemy, a fruitless Christianity, in which love had grown cold and only a hollow confession remained. "The dominating thought is that Christian faithfulness must express itself in the energy and action of loving service" (Farrar).

### Some Other Points

Some scholars regard James as the earliest letter in the New Testament, placing its date between 49-51. Others judging from the condition described in the epistle fix it upon a later date, about the year 61.

Some think that the epistle was first composed in Aramaic and then rendered into Greek. The style is Jewish in its abruptness but the Greek is pure. The words used indicate that the author was well read in classical literature. There is no serious objection against belief that it was written in Greek. Palestine, even Galilee, was in those days bilingual. James had probably spoken Greek from his birth. A. P. MIHM.

### A Parable of Sin

A steamer was fumigated at quarantine in Boston not long ago, and a stow-away hidden in the hold was suffocated by the noxious gases. He made a terrific fight against death, his torn clothes and an improvised jimmy showing how hard he had tried to escape. His fearful experience is an illustration of the fate of every one that yields to sin. Down he goes into the blackness and the foulness. He thinks he is getting ahead of the world. He thinks he is going to be carried to happiness and prosperity. Instead he is caught like a rat in a trap and is killed with the basest vermin. The way of the transgressor is hard, and all its hardness is inevitable.—C. E. World.

\* \* \*

We forget God's word that "obedience is better than sacrifice" when we neglect small duties in our ambition for more showy service.

# The Sunday School

## The Flight of Time

*'Tis almost gone, the year at whose beginning  
It seems that we have stood but yesterday;  
And, scarcely noticed in the whirl of living,  
The days and weeks and months have slipped away.*

*How quickly in the seasons' endless cycle,  
The rounding of another lap draws near!  
Before we are aware, the bells are tolling  
The hour that marks the passing of the year.*

*Yes, ere we know there beckons in the glooming  
That final goal where life's short race is run,  
When with the evening bell our day is ended,  
And all our earthly toil forever done.*

*Lord, that which of this year is yet remaining,  
Yea, what of life for us there still may be,  
Help us that we, in solemn consecration,  
May dedicate it wholly unto thee.*

H. VON BERGE.

## Securing Good Order

1. See that physical conditions are favorable for teaching: light, warmth, ventilation, plenty of room, comfortable seats.

2. Let officers and teachers be in their places faithfully and promptly and claim the constant attention of their pupils from the beginning to the close of the school hour.

3. Have the pupils classified properly with regard to age, attainment and congeniality. Nor should the classes be so large as to be out of the teacher's conversational reach.

4. "Fit the teacher to the class: to the primary, those with the largest mother instinct; to boys, a sympathetic and patient woman; to girls, men rather than women" (Hamill).

5. Let the exercises be varied, instructive and of modern length.

6. Commend before the school deserving classes for their behavior. The giving of prizes for deportment is a doubtful expedient.

7. Firmness and patience are essentials to successful management. But scolding, worry and general ill-temper destroy instantly and absolutely the power to govern.

8. Mark the first appearance of real disorder and take steps at once to restrain it.

9. Make due allowance for the restless energy, buoyancy and vivacity of young people, especially children.

10. When reproof is necessary, it should rarely be administered publicly. A private talk with the offender will usually be far more effective. If extreme cases of malicious and persistent disorder should arise, the school, for its own protection, has of course the right to suspend or exclude.—S. S. Builder.

## The Teacher in Distress

A teacher in distress is a poor teacher, whether the distress is due to one of the other of any of these causes:

Lack of time for teaching.  
Lack of preparation for teaching.  
Lack of equipment with which to teach.

Lack of proper grading of pupils.  
Lack of interest in the class-members.  
Lack of interest on the part of the teacher.

Lack of a conscience toward the task.  
Lack of understanding of the needs of the pupils.

Lack of friendliness toward other workers in the school.  
Lack of interest in the worship services.

Lack of promptness in beginning and closing.  
Lack of thoughtfulness by the superintendent.

Lack of conference with others.  
Lack of confidence in others.  
Lack of a spirit of perseverance.  
Lack of touching the whole of the pupil's life.

Lack of making Jesus Christ the center of all.—The Methodist Superintendent.

## An Electric Map

One of the most important problems to be solved by the one who would be a successful teacher of boys is how he is to keep from doing everything himself. The teacher of the class described below found something for the boys to do. The lessons they were studying were on the life of Christ. Some of the boys were more interested in electricity than in the life of Christ. An electric map of Palestine was made by the class showing all of the places visited by Jesus. A wooden frame three feet wide and five feet long was covered with paper. On this paper one of the boys drew a map of Palestine. Each city on the map was marked by a small electric bulb. These light-bulbs were connected through batteries to the switch-board, where the names of all the places shown on the map were attached to push-buttons.

During the study of the life of Christ and for many other lessons this map was used. While one of the boys or the teacher was telling the story another

boy would operate the push-buttons, turning on lights as the names of the cities in Palestine were mentioned. They also took the map into other departments of the school, where the boys told the stories and operated the switch-board. This class learned more of the story of the life of Christ and more of the geography of Palestine in three months than most classes ever learn.—Intermediate Teacher.

## Home Department Visitors

Like the hospital visitors, they should be cheerful and not talk about their own troubles. They should be good listeners and good talkers second. They should be interested and also interesting.

The test of a good visitor is the impression left in the home visited. After one has visited a home often enough to become really acquainted, it seems to me that the successful visitor will surely sometimes hear, "I'm so glad you came. You have helped me so much. I wish you would come oftener." And sometimes she should hear, "I will try to do my church duties better. I will try to have a better lesson report this quarter. I will try to get out to church and Sunday school oftener." When the visitor has gone, the home folk may occasionally hear—"I wish I were like her. She is such an inspiration to me. I wish I could help people as she does."

The Home Department visitors have an opportunity to do a most blessed work in a quiet way. With real humility they represent our Master as he went about doing good, and can bid his people to "Be of good cheer." They must love the Lord and his people or they will not be willing to do this work. It is not easy. They must love their church and school and know its affairs, or how can they interest others in the church and school? They must be sympathetic and Christ-like in order to be helpful and to give comfort. They must be patient and persistent or they will not win the wandering ones. They must be energetic, enthusiastic, and on time, with a due appreciation of accuracy in records, or the work will lag and members will fall away. Like gravity, electricity and other great forces in nature, in a quiet unobtrusive way, the group of Home Department visitors may become a great spiritual force in building up the church and school.

You will say—"But one cannot be all these things." Well, perhaps not at first, but one can have many of these qualifications and can cultivate the others. People grow toward their ideals.

\* \* \*

Putting first things first calls for a careful weighing of values. It is easy for glittering projects to slip into a front rank where they do not belong.

### October Meeting of the Young People's Union of New York and Vicinity

The Young People's Union of New York and Vicinity met on October 16 at the Immanuel Church, New York, for a rousing devotional meeting.

The opening "Sing Fest" was, as usual, an inspiring service. The vocal solos by Miss Hilda Becker, the singing by the choir and a cornet solo by Miss Ruth Wilmer added considerably to the program.

Rev. H. R. Schroeder, who has left Newark to preach in St. Louis, gave a very inspirational talk on "Redigging Old Wells" and planted in our hearts a desire to pledge ourselves anew to personal Bible study, testimony and prayer.

Proving that our young people have not lost the art of testifying for Christ, we spent a splendid half hour in prayer and testimony.

Before the close of the meeting the Young People's Union expressed their regret at losing so valuable a co-worker as Rev. Schroeder and passed a resolution wishing him Godspeed in his new field of endeavor.

The blessings which we receive from our Young People's gatherings and the fellowship we may enjoy one with another, can not be told, but we can and do say this, that every meeting leaves with us a deeper feeling of gratitude for the privilege of meeting as children of God and enjoying the companionship of Christian young people.

J. M. NEUSCHAEFER, Secretary.

### The Second Church New York City

*"Down the lanes of memory  
Bloom all the joys of yesteryear,  
And God has given you and me  
The power to make them reappear."*

A banquet with former members as guests of honor was the occasion for a large assembly on Thursday, Oct. 4. The spirit of love and good will was the keynote that prevailed.

This being also the occasion of our beloved Prof. Rauschenbusch's birthday frequent mention was made of his Christ-like and unselfish devotion to the uplift of humanity.

*"Lives of such men remind us  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And departing leave behind us  
Footprints in the sands of time."*

The sentiment of all present was "How wonderful are thy ways, O Lord."

The program of the evening was enriched by special musical numbers by our young people. The result of this splendid gathering will surely be blessed of the Lord and redound to his honor and glory.

E. MILLER.

\* \* \*

The dry rot is certain to overtake the man who is content with present attainments.

### A Concert by the Rose-Circle of Winnipeg

After a few months rest during the summer, the Rose-Circle Guild Girls of the McDermott Ave. Baptist Church, Winnipeg, got busy again. We started our fall work by giving a missionary concert October 2, 1923. The leading numbers on our program were: An illustrated Scripture-lesson, "Jesus the Light of the World;" a dialogue, "Hanging a Sign;" a pageant in song, "From Self to Service;" another dialogue, "Tired of Missions;" and various other interesting items were rendered.

The program was much appreciated by all who were present, and considered a real success.

In connection with the program we

had a bazaar, where various articles and refreshments were sold. The purpose of it all was to raise money to pay for a missionary in Bulgaria, who is working amongst the Gypsies there, whom we are supporting. The proceeds of the evening amounted to \$53.

At the special request of the Women's Mission Circle at our station Oak Bank we rendered the same program there October 19. A special vote of thanks was given by the congregation to express their appreciation to the girls.

We hope that this is only the beginning of the work that we expect to do during the year and that greater things will follow. We would like to encourage the junior girls of other churches to join us in the work.

B. K.



### The Teacher-Training Class of the Second Church of Philadelphia

The Teacher-Training Class of the Second German Baptist Church of Philadelphia has just finished successfully a two-year course of study. The class consisted of 13 students, who met every Sunday during the Sunday school period in a room by themselves for study. Mrs. Emma B. Meier, our church missionary, was the efficient teacher. The class used as textbook: "Sunday School Experiences" by Dr. H. Tralle. We take great pleasure in introducing to the "Baptist Herald" family the students and the teacher as they appear on the accompanying photograph. From left to right in upper row: Jacob Pfeiffer, Reuben Leypoldt, Charles Widmaier, Fred Pfeiffer; in middle row: Eva Yung, Arthur Sturm, John Blaser, Adam Yung, Josephine Schwartz; in bottom row: Lydia Widmaier, Daisy Schubert, Mrs. Emma B. Meier, the teacher, Lydia Blaser, Mrs. Walter Eisemann.

On a recent Sunday evening a very interesting graduation service was much

enjoyed by the assembled congregation. The pastor gave a sermon on: "The Riches of Knowledge." Text: 1 Cor. 1:5. Miss Daisy Schubert spoke on: "Learning How to Teach," and Mr. Reuben Leypoldt on: "The Pupil, the Center of the Sunday School." Mr. Adam Yung showed: "How to Conduct a Sunday School," and Miss Lydia Blaser's subject was: "The Teacher's Textbook, the Bible." All addresses were well thought out and splendidly delivered. The class hymn, written by one of the students, Miss Eva Yung, was well rendered by the whole class.

The closing exercises were very impressive, when the whole class on the platform arose to receive the charge from their beloved teacher, Mrs. Emma B. Meier. Then Mr. Richard Widmaier expressed his joy over the work accomplished and as Sunday school superintendent looked forward with great anticipation to their future service in the school. He then handed to each student the well-earned diploma, closing with a prayer for God's blessing on their future work.

S. A. KOSE.

# Our Serial

## The Broken Idol

OTTO KOENIG

Synopsis. Sam Balder, a famous violin artist at the Conservatory of Music, has found a close friend in Kurt Keller, a medical student. Both are only sons of praying mothers. Sam has gradually yielded to the inherited habit of strong drink which is the reason that Norma Naumann, the daughter of his benefactor, rejects his pleading for her hand though she loves him dearly. Deeply depressed Sam drifts into a Salvation Army meeting and sees the way to the cross. He is accompanied by Keller next night and both give their lives to Christ's service. On their way home Keller is fatally injured while giving medical aid to a woman in a fierce tenement conflagration. He dies in Sam's arms who repeats to him the words of the text they had both listened to at the meeting. Sam's great sorrow over his friend's death is increased by the telegram telling of his mother's serious illness while he is going on the stage to play an "elegy to a friend" at a benefit concert for the fire sufferers. The audience is carried away with his soulful playing and shouts for an encore. While responding and playing the requested hymn "Go bury thy sorrow" he has a vision of the death scene of his mother and falls in a faint, severely injuring his head and shattering his precious violin. He is tenderly nursed by Norma and her aunt at their sanitarium and at last, after months of treatment, regains his mental faculties to the great joy of Norma. She reveals to him the events at the benefit concert and the fate of his beloved violin and breaks the sad news of his mother's death. Sam has undergone a great change of mind and wants to devote all his faculties to the service of Christ.

Sam was gaining daily in strength, and now felt able to travel home and visit his father. Nothing had been heard of him for many weeks. Letters sent to him were returned "unclaimed," for he had apparently left the city. Sam found many changes in the old home town. The little home of his childhood was still there, but in other hands. Mrs. Bunge, who was very happy to see him and hear of his recovery and of Norma, informed him that his father had taken a high mortgage on the property, and that a short time after the death of his mother, had sold it to a real estate dealer. Before his departure he had a magnificent iron fence built about his wife's grave, and erected a marble monument over it. Mrs. Bunge had of her free will taken care of the grave and kept it in fresh flowers. For hours Sam sat at the grave of his Mütterchen, deep in thought and prayer. He also stood at Mr. Naumann's monument, with tears in his eyes. Mr. Balder, believing his only son, his Sam, to be hopelessly insane, had left the town, the unhappiest, most miserable and shiftless of men. He was thought to have gone on a visit to some relatives, but nothing had been heard of him since. After a few days of tireless search Sam returned dejected, without the slightest knowledge of his father's whereabouts. Then he decided to give up his studio, and intended to rent a small suit of rooms in a quiet neighborhood, but Mrs. Marten would not listen to such arrangements. She insisted that Sam remain in her villa, because, as she said, laughing, they really had to have a man around the place, and the ladies needed masculine protection. Professor Bender used every conceivable means of retaining Sam as instructor in the "Kon-servatorium," which position he accepted

after a long hesitation, and arranging the term to be as short as possible, as he had other plans for the future. By means of this position which consumed but a few hours every day, Sam was enabled to save quite a goodly sum, besides paying all the expenses.

Since his many visits to the meetings of the Salvation Army, and his intercourse with the leaders in this work, Sam felt that his work lay in that direction. In a very short time he saw their dire need of a helping hand, to snatch the human sacrifices from the fatal clutch of intemperance and vice. In an unassuming way he rented a small meeting house in the poorer quarters of the East End, where the outcast of human society dwelt in miserable hovels. 'Twas a very promising location for rescue mission work, and with the aid of several friends whom he had met of late, he gathered hordes of unkept, helpless creatures into the evening meetings. After a short gospel meeting the wretched poor were given steaming coffee and wholesome food, and words of encouragement and salvation were spoken to each hungry soul. Sam was by no means a born orator, and had never been given the opportunity to cultivate any latent ability of this nature. But in a short time he had acquired quite a talent in public speaking and people flocked to the little mission to hear that "clever young minister," as some had called him. His private study of the Bible during his residence with Mrs. Busch, whom he had never lost sight of, was now of very great value to him. He was thoroughly acquainted with the Bible, and this gave him the great advantage in speaking to the unfortunate souls who were hungry for advice and comfort. Often he held his Bible high above his head, the Bible his "Mütterchen" had given him and which now held the place of honor on his table again, and with heavy heart told the story of his life. These personal references always left a deep impression on his listeners. But the violin was quite as successful as his "talks." His playing induced many a vagrant soul to enter the hall, who were perhaps unapproachable by mere words. The tender, sweet strains of his masterful playing appealed to them with great power. Quite a number of his frequent visitors were of the musical profession and were full of praise of his brilliant art. To them he spoke more through his violin than with words.

In a few months Sam was obliged to resort to a still larger hall. Norma had begged Sam to take her with him to one of these meetings, but not until after much hesitation did he consent. He had told her that all she would witness there would be repulsive to her sense of delicacy and womanly feeling. But he had mistaken Norma's generous, noble character. She returned from her first visit

with eager enthusiasm and dragged Mrs. Marten along to the next, on the following evening. Then she begged for permission to have her piano brought to the mission hall, that she herself might play for the singing. She was granted this request, and was seen now almost regularly at the meetings. Many friends of the better class rejoiced at having found an opportunity to lend a hand and devote their energy and money to a work so successfully carried on. The winter was exceptionally severe, and the lack of employment disheartening in that great city of wealth and poverty. Sam saw the absolute need of further encouragement and aid to a certain class of the unfortunates who were without home and family connection, if lasting good was to be accomplished. Lodging places and an employment bureau were most needed.

Among the most ardent friends and supporters was Mrs. Keller. She had but lately moved to the city to supervise the education of her orphaned niece, and was ever ready to stand by Sam in his noble work. It was not incidentally that the mission was situated on the very street where her boy had met death so tragically. When Mrs. Keller heard of the need of better quarters she decided to found a memorial to her son. Straightway she purchased two houses, in the neighborhood of the mission, and at the close of the first anniversary meeting she surprised Sam and his friends by presenting him with the deed of the buildings, with the request that the houses be remodeled to suit the particular needs. She also supplied the funds for the renovations. Sam, who had had many cares on his mind, was greatly relieved now and plunged with new enthusiasm into the work. Mrs. Keller's joy was unbounded when the mission was henceforth called "Kurt Keller Memorial Mission."

As the growing work required Sam's undivided attention, he felt obliged to resign his position in the Konservatorium to the regret of his many friends and pupils. Norma soon recognized the broad field of work in the mission among the wretched and fallen of her sex, and after due deliberation with Sam and others she established a place of refuge for those who desired to make a new start in life. Neither she nor Sam had ever dreamed that there were so much misery and sin in the world. Daily they were surrounded by many heart-broken souls whom they tried to help and dry their tears.

### XIV. Found Again

Another year of earnest labors and much success had passed. The winter had brought another season of bitter cold and suffering, but once more the hopeful spring sun shed its rejuvenating warmth and light into the homes of the needy. It had been a beautiful Sunday;

a crowd of men was flocking to the evening meeting. Sam felt unusually depressed; it was the anniversary of his mother's death and he thought of that eventful concert. The soft gleam of the lights flooded the cheerful hall, brightening the Bible-verses on the walls—these silent preachers of the gospel. Many a weary heart had, by reading these, found the way to the cross, and a new light and guide through life. Above the platform, in shining gilt, were the pleading words of the greatest lover of men: "Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest," and beneath them were these words: "The blood of Jesus, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin!"—Kurt Keller, May 3, 1895."

Sam had just commenced reading the story of the prodigal son, when one of the young mission workers led an elderly man to a seat in the rear. They entered unnoticed, for many strangers of all ages gathered here evening after evening. Some came to give a testimony of the truth of the saving gospel, and others were invited in from the street that were evidently drifting into deeper despair. All were welcomed and cordially received and treated like brothers and friends. Songs had been sung and prayers been offered. Then Sam spoke in a most touching manner of the infinite grace and the fulness of salvation; of the love of God, who was on the lookout for the returning wanderer. His arms were ever opened to the most wretched and hopeless one, to the prodigal son, as well as the prodigal father. Here and there a suppressed sob was heard,—nothing uncommon in these meetings. A man suddenly rose in the rear of the hall—it was the late comer—and stretching out both arms in mute appeal toward the speaker, he cried out in a broken and hoarse voice: "Oh Sam, save me! Sam, have mercy on me!" All eyes were now bent upon the trembling man, as he, as in a faint, sank back in his seat, covering his face with his hands. Sam hurried to his side and was startled, as he recognized—his father! A hush spread over the hall. Sam gave out a song and led the tottering man to the front. He had thrown his arm about the old man's shoulders, as he had so often done here, and with the other hand he dried his own tears.

"My dear friends," Sam explained, "this is my dear, lost father, whom I have not seen for years. The miserable sin which has tempted so many of you here, and to which I myself had fallen a prey, has almost dragged him down to helplessness and ruin. But God's saving grace is mightier than Satan's powers. Will you all now join me in prayer for my father, that he may grasp the strong hand of the Savior and trust in his saving power? Come, let us all pray!"

All heads were bowed and many knelt down and prayed. In sobbing, tearful voices they prayed, some aloud and some silently, for the father of their beloved friend. Finally the father himself begged God for mercy and peace, for salvation

and assurance. His prayer was the soul of childlike simplicity, from the very depths of his despairing heart. All were deeply moved; others followed in praying to God, in their own behalf. The Holy Spirit seemed to sway the hearts of all present. Again they sang of the merciful promise of Jesus' grace. Sam again spoke of the power of the blood of Christ and opened the way to the cross of the suffering Savior. Others stood up and told in a few words how they had given their lives to God in just an hour like this. The young man who had invited Mr. Balder into the hall now told them that Mr. Balder had asked him for some money outside. He had promised him his help if he would come into the meeting first, and hear what God had to say to him. Thereupon he consented to come in.

Then Mr. Balder himself arose; his face bore an expression of great relief and peace. "All that I have heard this evening," he began, "is not unknown to me; I know that, by surrendering to God alone, I could find salvation. I had a blessed God-fearing wife;—no one knows that better than my son and I. But I deliberately hardened my heart to her prayers, and sought my salvation and happiness in social democracy. That was my religion,—and it deceived me shamefully. Gradually I took to drink, believing that I was master of my appetite, and strong enough to stop it at any time I wanted to. But that was a very fatal error! I was bound hand and foot by the fetters of intemperance, unaware that it was slowly dragging me down to perdition. After the death of my wife I became as a reed blown about by every wind. I had lost everything, my faith in God and in man. My political friends deserted, me one by one, when I appealed to them for help. I have bent my knees before men in begging for aid, but I forgot to bend them before God. When I had no one to cheer and stand by me, I decided to end it all. I wanted to take my life tonight,—God forgive me—and here with this revolver I was going to blot a life which had proved a failure and a shame."

Sam turned pale, as his father drew the shining weapon from his pocket, and handed it over to him, without a word. "Then," he continued, "I wanted, as I had spent the last cent on this thing, to beg a few pennies from passers-by for a last glass of whiskey to steady me for the horrible deed,—but thanks to God,—not a single person listened to my request, they all seemed to be deaf, till I met this young man, who was kind enough to speak to me as a friend, and here I am. Surely, God's hand has led me and saved my life and I trust he has now saved my soul, too. I cannot doubt that it was God, who directed my way to this place, and here I find my son, whom I thought was dead. I require no proofs whatever of the truth of God's word and promise. The life of my godly wife proved that to me every day of her existence. As God hath thus saved me from death and damnation, I shall henceforth try to follow where he leads

me. I will pray unceasingly that he keep me right, as he has given me back my son, that I may be of some service to him and others. Please help me by your prayers."

These simple and straightforward words of Mr. Balder had a marvelous effect upon the audience. Other men came forward and grasped the same strong, saving hand that had rescued this man, and there was joy among the angels in heaven. 'Twas the happiest meeting Sam had ever held. His joy over his father was boundless and all joined them in their congratulations and sympathy. Long after midnight they sat and told each other of their sorrows and joys, thanking God for his wonderful guidance. Mr. Balder remained in the mission and was so happy to be near his Sam. He took charge of the caring for the rooms and managing the outer affairs of the institution, and proved himself a true "father" to many a prodigal son who came under his care.

\* \* \*

Early the following morning Sam hastened to "Tanneck." His happiness was plainly visible upon his face; his eyes shone with a new light. Rushing up the wide marble stairs he appeared unannounced before Mrs. Marten and forgetting all other conventional words he fairly shouted: "My father is back, I found him last night!" Then, as Norma also rushed in, he told them of the wonderful meeting, and both shared his great joy.

That evening Norma's thoughts were wandering far from the scenes of the present. She sat at the piano, eyes remote, thinking,—thinking of the dear ones who had left her. They would never return! She thought of her dear friend Mrs. Balder who had opened a new life to her, who had so little of this earthly happiness, but had prayed for so much for others. At last her prayers were answered! Unconsciously her fingers touched the ivory keys, and sweetly her voice floated through the air:

"Go bury your sorrow;  
The world hath its share.  
Go bury it deeply,  
Go hide it with care.  
Go think of it calmly,  
When curtained by night,  
Go tell it to Jesus,  
And all will be right.  
Go tell it to Jesus,  
He knoweth thy grief,  
Go tell it to Jesus,  
He'll send thee relief.  
Go gather the sunshine  
He sheds on the way;  
He'll lighten thy burden,  
Go, weary one, pray."

Sam had silently entered the room and stood in the door. When Norma had finished he came slowly to her side. He had accurately divined the trend of her thoughts.

"Yes, 'Mütterchen's' prayers are all answered now,—all except one, Norma." "And that one, Sam? I wonder what that is."

Sam had taken her hand; she made a light effort to withdraw it.

"I have found my shattered Stradivarius,—I have found my lost father. I have even found myself after a dark experience of a deathly illness in which you have nursed me back to a new life,—but the love which I lost through my passion, that sacred love, I have not found again. I know, I am certain that my 'Mütterchen' prayed for that, too."

Rosy blushes stained the girl's cheeks as she raised her wondrous eyes to his. As he gently drew her head to his shoulder, she murmured, "Sam, you have found that love, which you never really lost; it is purer and better than ever before. Sam, I never ceased loving you, praying for you. Listen, Sam, I—love—you!"

(The End)

### Grace Church, Racine, Wis.

There is general rejoicing over the news that the Rev. H. Frederick Hoops, who recently resigned the pastorate of the Grace Baptist Church of Racine, after an arduous bi-lingual ministry of two and one-half years there, has withdrawn his resignation at the earnest solicitation of the church and will continue his fruitful work in that field.

The Grace Church, originally organized by German speaking Baptists when but few in number, meeting for worship in the First Church of Racine, has continued in service since 1854 and grown from the valiant little group to a stalwart body of over 350 members. Last year 102 members in full fellowship were dismissed to form two new churches in their respective communities. Fifty-five of these were Italian members, homed and nurtured in Grace Church, and also provided with an own chapel in Kenosha, which group has been duly recognized as the Racine-Kenosha Italian Baptist Church, under the pastoral care of Rev. D. Raffone. The other forty-seven were German speaking members residing in Kenosha, who likewise became an independent body under the ministry of Rev. A. Waldvogel, and are now known as the Immanuel Baptist Church there.

Besides its major ministry, "To testify the Gospel of the Grace of God," Grace Church maintains an enlarging and efficiently conducted Sunday school and a number of live organizations to promote and perpetuate the spiritual and social welfare of the community, as well as effectively further the missionary and educational objectives of the denomination. The exterior and interior of its splendidly equipped third edifice, erected for worship and work on the North Side in 1904, is about to be completely repaired and renovated, and the officials and members are looking forward to a progressive and prosperous year to head up the 70th Anniversary of the Church in 1924.

A fellowship supper and Fall Rally was held during the first week in October, which was largely attended. Nine of the deacons and church officers gave

rapid fire and heart-to-heart talks on various phases of the work. After these had spoken, the different department heads of choir, Sunday school and C. E. Society brought a brief and earnest message. Pastor Hoops made an appeal for pledges toward a building fund and the responses were such that nearly \$5000 were pledged toward a \$7000 goal for improvements and repairs.

### Here We Are



Ruth Dallmus and Baby Evelyn

### A Glimpse Into Our Children's Home

About three years ago I entered training at the Deaconess Home in Chicago. My classmates have scattered far and wide, some are active in our churches, some in our institutions, and one on the foreign field of India. But I found my special work in the Children's Home in St. Joseph. Although I have been here a comparatively short time, I would just tell you a few interesting incidents of our Home. Children are so interesting and pleasant to be with, that volumes could be written about our Home. We seek to prepare them for life physically, intellectually and spiritually, and most of all to give them a real home so that in the days to come they can look back to their childhood days with pleasure.

Our children are, as a rule, strong and healthy, yet one can be kept busy just taking care of the little minor ailments of childhood. Now one has a bad cut, another a bruised knee, and still another has a slight infection and so they come and go with all their woes. We use yards of bandage, and adhesive tape, and quarts of cough medicine and hand lotion. But, at the same time, I am convinced that if you heard the noise in their playroom, you would not doubt that they are physically fit.

Another very interesting phase of their work is their school work. If you would

take a peep into our dining room some evening you would see them around the tables, their heads in their books, trying to solve some difficult problem in arithmetic, or drawing a map, etc. Our two Latin students occasionally get lost in the tangles of Latin grammar and need a few pointers to find their way through. The Sunday school work presents another problem. A Sunday school teacher often finds it very difficult to get the lesson across, as we say, but it is quite another thing to make a number of seven- and eight-year-old children sit down and copy Old Testament passages, when every other word is Greek to them. But how good it is to hear them repeat some Psalm or a passage from the New Testament and how eagerly the little ones listen to some story about Jesus. And oh, how they do love to sing the well-known Sunday school hymns.

Yes, working with children is a great work. There is so much that can be done for them. How they look forward to Christmas! All of them have written letters to Santa Claus, telling of their many wants and wishes. Of course, the little ones are certain that not one of their desires will not be granted. If we but knew where our good Friend Saint Nick lives, we would plead with him most earnestly not to pass by the Children's Home on yon high hill on the outskirts of the little city of St. Joe.

With heartiest greetings from the Children's Home,

Yours in His Service,  
RUTH DALLMUS.

### Young People's Society of Ebenzer East, Sask.

The ability of the Young People's Society was only partly displayed in the fascinating program given by them on October 21, 1923. The society has been in existence for some time but as yet has never introduced itself in the "Baptist Herald." If their enthusiasm continues, which no doubt it will, they will be a widely known society.

The enjoyable evening was begun with a song, and Scripture reading, after which a few business matters were attended to. The program was further continued by recitations and singing. The musical part of the program consisted of a men's choir, ladies' quartet, solos and duets, also a cornet solo by Rev. Rutsch, which was enjoyed by all. The songs and recitations were ably rendered, but the climax was the famous dialogue entitled "The Coming of the Lord." This drew the members and the many visitors into a closer and more intimate relationship than ever before.

This church is especially privileged in having such a large number of young people who are such willing workers. But we must not overlook the talented president, Mrs. G. W. Rutsch, under whose able management the young people's enthusiasm has been aroused.

May God grant that many more such programs may be presented! May they look ahead joyfully and "Work while it is day, for the night cometh."

A. G. S. (a visitor.)

# Missions—Home and Worldwide

## The Story of Kettering

It is impossible to write the story of foreign missionary enterprise without assigning a place of high honor to the town of Kettering, Northamptonshire, England. Here resided, in 1792, Widow Beeby Wallis, a woman whose house afforded hospitality to men whose hearts God had touched with feelings of compassion for the perishing heathen world.

William Carey, in the same year, preached a notable sermon at Nottingham, based on the words of Isa. 54:2, 3, wherein two points were emphasized in a fashion that struck the imagination at the time, and has strongly commended itself to an evangelical judgment ever since—"Expect great things from God; attempt great things for God."

In Kettering, regarded by popular judgment as a veritable mission shrine, lived Widow Beeby Wallis and Andrew Fuller, the Baptist minister, a man of massive heart and true nobility of character. Following Carey's great sermon at Nottingham it was resolved that at a ministers' meeting at Kettering a society be established for propagating the gospel among the heathen. On October 2, 1792, this plan was presented, and the same evening, in the back parlor of Mrs. Wallis' house, thirteen men solemnly pledged themselves to the undertaking.

It is gratifying to learn that this birthplace of modern missions has been purchased by the Baptist Laymen's Missionary Movement. It is suggested that the house be used as a hotel for Baptist missionaries on furlough, and thus link the historic building more closely with the society which had its birth in its walls.

## A Nicaraguan Preacher

Five years ago, in the beginning of the Baptist Mission in Nicaragua, Arturo Parajon was working as a shoemaker in Leon, and devoting his free time to helping the missionaries. Arrangements were made for him to go to Mexico to study for the ministry, and after he had completed a three-year course and married a Mexican Christian young woman, he returned to his native land, the first fully trained pastor of the Baptist mission. When the Shoemaker's Guild of Leon, Nicaragua, heard that one of their humble brotherhood was returning to his old home as a minister of the evangelical religion, they hired a band and went to the railway station to receive him. He was conducted in honor to his stopping place, and that night the whole Guild attended the Baptist church to hear him preach. The little hall was too small to accommodate the crowd that came to honor him. From Leon he and his bride went on to Managua, where he is to be pastor of the largest Baptist church in Nicaragua.—Missionary Review.

## The Devil's Counterfeits

A missionary of the Ceylon and India General Mission writes: "We often hear it said that the Devil is a good imitator. He has a counterfeit for many of the truths that are dear to every Christian. We find this in the false religions that are spreading through the home land and we find it in the ancient religions of India.

"The 'Second Birth' has a counterfeit in Hinduism. The Brahmans call themselves 'twice born men.' They are the priests of India and stand at the top of the social ladder. When the son of a Brahman reaches the age at which he steps out of childhood into young manhood he is initiated into the position of a Brahman by going through a ceremony called the second birth. After his second birth the boy is considered a full fledged Brahman and is able to mingle and even eat with the others without defiling them. Prior to this ceremony a Brahman father may not eat with his son.

"Again we find a counterfeit in the Hindu teaching that atonement for sin comes through the shedding of blood. It rejects the atonement of Him whose blood was shed once for all, and for this precious blood they substitute that of chicken and goats.

"O the mockery of it all! They have the imitation of the Truth; but they know not Him who is the Truth 'for their rock is not our Rock.'

"Pray that God may open the hearts of the Hindus to the True Light and that many may experience the Second Birth that brings salvation."

## A Wonderful Chandelier

John Williams, called the Apostle of the South Seas, who is said to have won the greatest number of converts of any missionary in the nineteenth century, was a mechanical genius who could make anything "from a house to a constitution."

Most persons regard the building of his ship, The Messenger of Peace, as his greatest mechanical achievement. But in the eyes of the natives the chandeliers in the beautiful chapel he erected on the island of Raiatea in the South Seas seemed more wonderful still. There were ten of them, made of wood neatly turned, with coconut shells for lamps. The middle one has eighteen lights in two circles, and the others had ten and twelve lights each. When lighted, they made a brilliant appearance that greatly astonished and delighted the natives.

"Look at the chandeliers!" one speaker at a meeting in the chapel exclaimed. "Our old god, Oro, never taught us anything like this. Look at our wives in their gowns and bonnets, and compare ourselves with the people of Rurutu, and

mark the superiority. By what means have we obtained all this? By our own invention and goodness? No; it is to the good name of Jesus we are indebted. Let us then send this name to other islands."

## When a Little Child Leads

Now a certain son had two fathers. And he came to one of them, and he said: "My father, I am bidden to go far hence, even to the land of Africa, for the great company for which I work; for this world demands much rubber for its use, and we would supply it. And I shall be gone five years, and I will receive a very great award, yea, full twenty thousand dollars every year, and also all my living." And the father said: "Go, my son, you are highly honored and I therein rejoice; and may you increase in wealth and happiness."

And not many days after he came to the second father, and he said: "Father, I would go to Africa, even to the dark land and great, for the need of the Gospel is very great, and there are few that go to bear the Word and to heal their bodies, and to teach their minds." And the father answered and said: "What madness is this, my son, that hath seized you? For the land is an unhealthy place, full of deadly fevers and many diseases. And it is so far away. And your mother would grieve for you sore. And there are heathen enough at home. And the pay is beneath contempt." And he said: "Go not, my son; throw not your life away. Abide here among your own people."

And I awoke. Yet knew I that the fathers were but one and that in their hearts there are many parents who speak thus with themselves. And I wondered much. And I prayed: "Oh, Lord, open thou the eyes of the parents, that they may value aright men's souls and rubber, and money and service, and may know which will be worth while for their children; and give them grace to choose the better part and so to be partners with them in the spending of their lives."

## When a Little Child Leads

When Pong Tsen was three years old he fell into a ditch and dislocated his elbow. Thus they brought him to us. We taught him to pray at bedtime and at meals. When he could do it by himself he undertook to see that the rest of the patients did also. When the food was served he would go around the ward and speak to the patients. "Have you prayed before you started to eat?" he would ask. If there was a new patient just come in who told him he did not know how to pray the little missionary would answer, "Well, I will teach you." The chop-sticks would be put down, the hands folded, and word by word the child's prayer would be repeated.—Dr. Emilie Bretthauer, Suifu, West China.

## It Is His Day

After breakfast my host took me into his library, where an open fire burned merrily. He drew up two great chairs, and brought out cigars. He was a banker in the city, a big man and prosperous, a man whose god, I had always supposed, was success. About his breakfast table that morning had hovered diamond and platinum jewelry, strings of pearls, expensive furs, promises of new motors, of trips to Europe.

"It was mighty good of you," I said, "to invite me into your home on Christmas Day."

He smiled, and shook his head. "Christmas Day," he repeated softly. "I wonder if you ever feel as I do—on Christmas Day? Perhaps you do. For you, too, were born and grew up in a little town." He went over to his desk and came back with an old, time-yellowed envelope. "A letter," he explained—"a letter I happened to run across the other day. But before I read it again, I want to tell you—"

## When Life Was Simpler

The butler came in. "Frank would like to speak to you, sir. It appears there is something wrong with the transmission in the big car—"

"I can't be bothered," said my host. "Tell him to get it fixed tomorrow. And shut the doors."

"Before I speak again about this letter," my host continued, "I want to tell you something of the home where I grew up. My father was a minister in a town of nine thousand people. You know what that means. We never had any money. Eight hundred a year and the parsonage—why, that fur coat I gave Helen this morning would have meant more than two years' salary to her grandfather. Only eight hundred, but my mother and he—they lived on it somehow—they even educated five children. Of course, in those days there were no bills for electricity or gas, for telephone, for phonograph records, for oil and tires and gasoline. Life was much simpler then." He sighed.

"I can remember a constant struggle to keep things going, but never any envy, never any bitterness. My father had, I recall, just three extravagances—rather pitiful they seem now. He spent some money for books—the best; he sent us to the best dentist in town; he always insisted on the best olive oil for his table. The big ambition of his life was to make a trip abroad, and the walls of his study were covered with pictures he had cut from magazines—the French cathedrals, the Italian lakes, the Swiss Alps. Often he took the grand tour on foot about the room. It was the nearest he ever got to his dream.

"There was a college in a city about five miles away, and while we children were still very small my mother and father decided it would be fine if he could take a few extra courses there. So he started in, three days a week, riding over with the milkman in the mornings

and walking back evenings—to save car fare. He studied philosophy, science, he labored hard and it never brought him an added penny, but I doubt if he realized that. He increased his store of knowledge, and that made him happy."

## The Thrill That Is Gone

The butler opened the door. A blare of jazz from a phonograph swept in. "The telephone, sir. Mr. Smith."

"Wish him a Merry Christmas, and tell him I can't come. I won't talk business today." The servant disappeared.

"Where was I? Oh, yes—well, you can see for yourself what sort of home it was. A simple home. A hard pull but a cheerful one. An atmosphere of books and music and the things of the spirit—but, above all, of affection. And when Christmas came along it was, for us children, the big thrill of the year. A time of surprises, of unexpected little gifts, and we hadn't had so many surprises and gifts through the year that we were fed up. We experienced an emotion which I believe is now more or less obsolete. I mean gratitude.

"However, we didn't regard Christmas simply as a time when we received presents. It was the birthday of One we had been taught to love.

"I remember the exciting weeks that led up to it. The whisperings, the countless little sacrifices, the delightful odors in the kitchen. The hours we spent helping with the decoration in the church.

"But the real excitement always started at dusk on Christmas Eve. The Clarks were the rich people of our parish—the only family with a coachman, an old colored man named Thomas. Mrs. Clark never forgot us children. Each Christmas Eve at about the same time Thomas would drive up before our house. Then—his knock on the door, his broad grin, his shout of 'Merry Christmas!'—and the marvelous hasket left behind! Long before dusk we would haunt the windows, watching for Thomas. And when at last the carriage turned our corner—that, I tell you, was a big moment.

"Oh, of course, it was all wrong. They should have paid my father more money. But we never thought of that at the time. We never even hated the Clarks for their prosperity. But then—there was so little hatred abroad in the world—in those days.

"After supper on Christmas Eve we trudged about town through the snow. There were candles in the windows of the houses, and happy greetings, and the lighted church on High Street was like a glazed post card. We sang carols out of the past—our breath floating visibly before us in the calm night.

"And in the morning we rose to find what gifts there were. It took so little to please us—so pathetically little. I recall one Christmas when I had an orange all my own, one-fifth interest in a box of candy, and a sled. All through the morning I scarcely dared leave the room where the sled stood. I would run to the kitchen and then creep back—to come on it suddenly—for the thrill. I'd give a hundred thousand dollars if I

could get a thrill out of so little today. I'd give even more for a grandchild who could thrill so easily."

My host paused, for his wife had appeared suddenly at the door. "Oh, here you are," she said. "Helen and Alice have gone skating at the Country Club. And Jack's motoring into town for the day—"

"Into town? On Christmas!"

"Yes. If you'd rather he stayed here—"

"No, don't say anything. If he doesn't care to stay with us—"

"I was wondering if you'd like to hear the Christmas service. It's coming in over the radio—quite wonderful—"

"Over the radio," he repeated. "No, thanks." His wife went out. He took a sheet of paper from the yellowed envelope. "I want to read you this letter—not all of it—just a line here and there. It was written to me by my mother on the first Christmas I ever spent away from home. That was more than twenty-five years ago—I was living in a hall bedroom in New York:

"Dear Will: It wasn't quite Christmas without you. A lovely day...lots of snow—they were all here, except you, dear...Nellie with her babies... little Jack is such a darling! A great dinner...my own mince pies. I dreamed last night you were a little boy and I had you home again. I miss you terribly...but your work...of course... Will, as I look back on the years, I've no regrets. We were poor, but it didn't matter. For ours was...a house of happy children. Love and contentment, love and contentment always. I like to think of it, now that it's beginning to be all over. For it is beginning, Will...this Christmas...your empty chair...the empty corner in my heart..."

## Why So Many Santa Clauses?

My host stopped reading. He did not speak for a moment. Then, at last: "When I got that letter I knew, too, that the home of my childhood was breaking up. But I told myself that in time there would be another like it. Another I would build. In my own house I would come back to that table, back to that empty chair. But, somehow, I never have. The chair's still empty.

"I failed to count on the vast changes that would take place in the world in such a little time. The amazing distance we would travel along—well, I suppose I must call it the road of progress. Invention after invention, engine after engine. Life more mechanical, less human. Automobiles, radios, telephones, country clubs—people drifting farther and farther from the simple things. Love and contentment! Well, we're fond of one another, of course, but life is so complicated, so diversified—what is the word? And contentment? Is anybody contented now?

"As for Christmas, it flashes on us first in the advertisements of the stores. Then the grand orgy of shopping, the madness of spending. My little grand-

child—he's south with his parents—I wish you could have seen him. He summed it all up last year—and he was only five at the time. His mother took him into a big department store, and he paused in an aisle and said in high, clear voice: "Why do they have so many Santa Clauses? Why don't they have pictures of Christ? It's his birthday, isn't it, mother?"

"Every year my family ask me over and over: 'What do you want for Christmas?' And I never tell them what I really want. I want to go back. Like half of the men in America, I'm heart-sick for old-fashioned things—old-fashioned flowers, old-fashioned children. An old-fashioned Christmas with everybody human again. Old-fashioned love and contentment.

"On this one day at least we might pause for a moment in our wild dash down the road of progress. We might even go back a little way along the road that leads to Bethlehem. Put up the car, silence the phonograph, cut off the telephone. Savor for a moment, if we can, the simple things. Not so much jazz, and more carols. Not so much thought of price tags. A lot less of Santa Claus, and a lot more about Christ. For, after all, it is his birthday."—Collier's Weekly.

### Church Anniversary in Boston

The First German Baptist Church of Boston, Mass., celebrated on the 14th and 15th of October the 45th Anniversary of its organization.

The Anniversary Service was held on Sunday morning and was led by our Pastor, Rev. L. C. Knuth. His text was taken from Joshua 14:9-11.

The evening service was opened with song and prayer, after which our pastor read a passage of scripture. Then followed a report from our secretary, covering the past five years of the church happenings, the detail of which would be too long to explain here. The following though might be of some interest to the readers. The church was organized on October 13, 1878, with twenty charter members, one of whom is with us today, although at the present time a member of an English church. The report showed additions of 352 through baptism, 156 through letters and 43 through experience, a total of 571; decreases, through letters to other churches 170, deaths 117, otherwise 139, making a total of 426. Thus our membership to date is 145.

Our treasurer then gave a report on the financial condition of the church since he took office. Although we have been in some financial straits, we are today free from church debt, and also have money in all funds of the church. This is one thing to be thankful for, but we hope and pray that our numbers will increase also.

We listened with pleasure to remarks from one of our former pastors, Rev. O. F. Bistor, and our Sunday school Superintendent, Robert B. Praetsch. A re-

port was also given by the financial secretary of the Sunday school, which showed the Sunday school as being self-supporting.

The services on Sunday were well attended.

On Monday evening a supper was served in the Sunday school room, with a good representation of church members present. This was in charge of a caterer, which gave all present a chance to enjoy the supper and see how it felt to be waited on by others.

After supper we listened to remarks from the president of the Ladies' Society and the president of the Young People's Society, after which other members of the church told of their experiences since they became members of the church. The Sunday school room was decorated for the occasion with crepe paper and streamers, combining the autumn colors. Grouping these colors under one name would represent one color, which is gold. This color scheme of gold pointed the way to our 50th anniversary which we hope to hold in five years, the Lord willing.

The music for this occasion was comprised of selections by the choir, double quartet, the lady members of the choir and instrumental selections.

With the singing of "Blest Be the Tie That Binds" our 45th anniversary was closed. It is our hope that from the spiritual and social blessings each one received our soul life will be revived for the furtherance of the Lord's work.

FRED W. SCHLICHTING,  
MARY GRAUMANN,  
CARL W. PRAETSCH,  
The Committee.

### Minnesota Morsels

(EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE)

At the urgent invitation of the Promotion Committee of the Northwestern Conference to visit some of our churches in Minnesota in the interest of the Missionary and Benevolent Offering, the Executive Secretary spent ten days from October 27 to November 5 in intensive campaigning in that state.

Our first objective was the Capitol City, St. Paul. On Sunday forenoon, Oct. 28, we were in the First Church, Rev. C. F. Stoeckmann, Pastor. We participated in the Pastor's Bible Class of men and at the close of the shortened lesson-period addressed the Sunday school, which was well attended. We presented the Denominational program at the church service which followed the session of the school. The congregation was large and receptive. The First Church is noted for its good music and able choir. Bro. Stoeckmann has been with his people 16 years and is as deeply entrenched in their hearts as ever.

In the afternoon we crossed the Mississippi to the west side of St. Paul to visit the Riverview Church, Rev. William F. Schmitt, Pastor. This church has a fine group of young people. It was our privilege to address them in their meeting before the church service on

"How the Young People Can Help Put the Denominational Program Across." At eight o'clock we entered into the main auditorium where a good-sized congregation had gathered to greet the visitor and listen to his special message.

Riverview Church is the church-home of our president, Mr. Henry Marks. We were glad to greet each other and on Monday spent several hours together at luncheon conferring informally and profitably about our Young People's and Sunday School work.

Monday afternoon, in company with Bro. Schmitt, we visited South St. Paul, where the Riverview Church has a mission chapel and where many of their members live. At supper we both were guests of Deacon Wurm and family. After supper as time went on we noticed the good deacon was growing rather restless. We thought he had some other engagement on his mind. When we were about to leave he offered to drive the pastor and the executive secretary to the parsonage. The evening being fine, he took his family along for a ride, but instead of driving up to the parsonage, he drove to the church which was all lit up and urged the pastor to go in. The lower room of the church, nicely decorated, was filled by the church members who for the last half hour had been patiently awaiting the arrival of their beloved pastor. Now the secret of Deacon Wurm's restlessness was out.

A very pleasant surprise had been arranged for Bro. Schmitt and his wife. Just the week before they had returned from a vacation visit East and Bro. Schmitt had just been with his flock six years. Some other churches had recently been dangling the bait of a call before the Riverside pastor. His own people wished to show him how they loved him and desired him to stay six years more and "then some." After the welcome song, scripture and a prayer by Rev. Baasener, a program of recitations and dialogues followed. Bro. Schmitt was presented with an open-faced gold watch and chain and Mrs. Schmitt with a beautiful electric boudoir-lamp. Your scribe was called on to make some remarks, which he was glad to do. Bro. Schmitt and wife responded and everybody was happy. Then came the coffee and cake. Delightful occasions like these serve to cement the ties of love between people and pastor.

On Tuesday, Oct. 30, we journeyed to Randolph with Rev. A. Baettig about thirty miles southwest of St. Paul to visit part of his charge, the Hampton Church, whose house of worship is about a mile beyond the little town. We were guests of Mr. Wm. F. Miller. Though the farmers were busy with their corn we had two encouraging meetings. The first night we spoke for the Missionary and Benevolent Offering and the second night on Sunday School Objectives. A lively question-period followed the second address. There are some faithful and efficient Sunday school workers on this field.

Our next place was Hutchinson, some sixty miles west of St. Paul. Rev. Ch.

M. Knapp, Ph. D., whose hospitality we enjoyed, entered into the pastorate a few months ago. Hutchinson is a pretty town of some 3-4000 people, with good schools, stores and attractive looking homes. Its wide main street was recently asphalted and made a "great white way" at night. Our church and parsonage is rather off at one side of the town. A few years ago it was moved across the street and improved. We hope they will some day lay hold of the fine lot on the corner. Meetings were held on Thursday and Friday night; the first concerned itself with the denominational program, the second dealt with "The Young People and the Church." There is a good group of young folks here with young men predominating. Pastor Knapp looked forward to holding revival meetings during the latter part of November.



A Memory of Mound—The Faculty

While in Hutchinson we visited the Danish Seminary and School of the Adventists. It is an imposing brick building three to four stories high and has 160 acres of ground and farm lands. The Adventists purchased it some years ago from the Danish Lutherans for virtually a song. Had the German Baptists been able to purchase this plant at that bargain price, it might have solved the problem of transferring our Rochester Seminary to the West. The Adventists have a small printing and bookbinding plant in connection, conducted by the students, some of whom are also engaged in dairying, poultry farming, etc., in this way paying their way through school.

On Saturday, Nov. 3, we took the Great Northern to St. Bonifacius. This is a beautiful little village, inhabited mostly by German Catholics. But on the northern outskirts is located the attractive brick church of our Baptist flock. It takes its name from the township—Minnetrista. Not far away is the parsonage. Minnesota seems conducive to long pastorates. Rev. F. H. Heinemann has faithfully ministered to this church 22 years. Sunday, Nov. 4, was an ideal fall day, sunny and bright. We preached to a congregation that filled the church and before the service addressed the Sunday school. Evangelist Umbach had just concluded a series of revival meetings with the Minnetrista Church and

Bro. Heinemann expected to baptize twelve converts on Nov. 11.

In the afternoon we drove to Mound, 5 miles distant, and there took the train to Minneapolis. During the hours' ride we skirted the shores of beautiful Lake Minnetonka for most of the time and we were reminded of our Young People's Assembly there last July. July and November, however, made quite a difference.

In Minneapolis at night we presented our cause to Br. F. L. Hahn's flock. A fine congregation greeted us, with young folks predominating. Our work in Minneapolis is on the up-grade and climbing. New families have come in of late years and added strength to the church. The church-home is attractive but more room is needed for the growing Sunday school. In addition to his city field, Bro. Hahn has three stations in the country,

### Is Love Blind?

ARTHUR A. SCHADE

Love—what a touching experience! How strange and apparently unreasonable its behavior. How recklessly it disregards faults and flaws and failings and showers its ministry upon the unworthy. How boldly it reaches into the mud and filth and slime to rescue the diamond. Have you observed its behavior? Just look at Freckles, the one-armed, red-haired, freckle-faced ragged sentinel and guard of bird's-eye maple forests. His courageous, honest, faithful soul lies buried underneath these outer handicaps, but a village maiden discovers it and dares to do him kindness and recognize him as a gentleman. This attention kindles the fire of love in his soul. She dwells in his thoughts by day and in his dreams by night. One day he sees her walking through the rattle-snake infested woodland. To walk over the same ground brings ecstasy to his soul. Down by the sandy brook he sees her dainty foot-print. In rapture and worship he falls at its side and feasts his eyes on the sacred outlines. When duty calls him away from the hallowed spot he tenderly covers the foot-print with a bark. But on his daily rounds he again and again lifts the bark and seeks new rapture from that mark in the sand.

And while they fell the mighty tree just as she presses through the bush in the very wake of the wrecking crash he dashes by the trembling, cracking, falling tree and throws his arm about that loving form and with superhuman force hurls it to safety, though falling himself under the cruel blows of the outstretching limbs. What is love that it should produce such strange behavior?

Many years ago Jesus was dining with Simon. But Simon had a cold heart, so he did not receive his royal guest with a warm hand, or a kiss. He did not wash his dusty feet. It was a rather cool reception, but Jesus did not mind. After the meal Mary came in. Her heart was overflowing with love. She fell at the feet of Jesus and washed them with her tears, and dried them with her hair and kissed and anointed them. Why not use the pan and towel and water? Why pump the water from her eyes and use her hair? Jesus explains the strange behavior to Simon. "She loved much."

Livingstone goes out to Africa. He has been there many years. The world thinks him dead. The New York Herald sends out Captain Stanley to find him. He finds him in Central Africa building a house of worship for the natives. He urged him to return home. All the world will receive him as a great hero and praise him for his bravery. A streak of homesickness penetrates his soul as he receives his first message in many years of loved ones. He looks upon the ignorant, superstitious natives about him. Deep underneath the black skin he sees the precious spark of God, he sees the living soul. He says, "I cannot come home until my work is fin-

at Princeton, Turtle Lake and Maple Grove. He is a busy man but one rejoicing in his work.

We were glad to become acquainted with these churches and pray that God may richly bless them this winter. We believe they will do their best for our Missionary and Benevolent Offering.

A. P. MIHM.

Shine Just Where You Are  
Don't waste your time in longing  
For bright, impossible things;  
Don't sit supinely yearning  
For the swiftness of angel's wings.  
Don't spurn to be a rushlight  
Because you are not a star,  
But brighten some bit of darkness  
By shining just where you are.

There is need of the tiniest candle  
As well as the garish sun;  
The humblest deeds is ennobled  
When it is worthily done;  
You may never be called to brighten  
The darkest regions afar;  
So fill for the day your mission  
By shining just where you are.

—John Hay.

\* \* \*

We grow tired of that little word "sin." It is so common and we have heard of it so often, but it is not quite safe to pretend that it is out of fashion and cease the world-old struggle against it for a single day.



ished." He dies in Central Africa, ministered unto but by natives. It is the strange conduct of love.

Because of this strange conduct of love people have called it blind. This superficial judgment says the country maiden cannot see the red hair, the freckles, the absence of a hand, the ragged clothes of Freckles, or that he cannot see the faults of the maid. It would tell us that Mary is blind when she worships a man of Galilee. It would tell us that Livingstone is blind, and fails to see the black skin, the thick lip, the superstitious mind, the lazy bones of the native African. It would tell us that the faithful member of the church is blind to the faults of his fellow-members, or that the rescue worker is blind to the filth and slimy sin of the slum dweller. But is it blindness? Can it be possible that these outer shells are not seen? That is not the explanation.

Love is able to penetrate through all these outer rags. It is not blind, but has the power of seeing what the cold heart cannot see. It sees the marks of noble birth and blood underneath the freckles, it sees the Son of God in the man of Galilee, it sees the image of God beneath the black skin, it sees a diamond under the scum. It joyfully wades in and rescues it. It looks not merely on the outward appearance, but sees the heart. Love is Vision. It is the vision which is the hope of the world. It is the vision which led Morrison to China, Carey to India, Judson to Burma, Livingstone to Africa, Booth into the slums of London. It was the love of Jesus that enabled him to recognize the bondage of the Jews when they thought themselves free, that saw the people as sheep without a shepherd, exposed to the rav-

ages of wild beasts, when they thought themselves safe and secure, that caused him to shed tears over unrepentant Jerusalem which knew not the fate it was bringing upon itself by rejection of his ministry.

If love is blindness, then let's pray to God for some of this blindness which will enable us to master man's handicaps and see the worth of his soul and save it for Jesus' sake.

### A Sermon on the Spur of the Moment

Not every young preacher can equal in extemporaneous discourse one of Chas. H. Spurgeon's students of whom a good story is told. It is said that Mr. Spurgeon was in the habit of testing the ability and self-possession of the theological students under his care and instruction by sending them up into the pulpit with a sealed envelope in their hands, containing the text of the sermon or address each one was to deliver on the spur of the moment.

On one of these occasions the student, on opening his paper, found his subject and direction given him:

"Apply the story of Zaccheus to your own circumstances, and your call to the ministry." And the student promptly delivered himself in the following way:

"My brethren, the subject on which I have to address you today is a comparison between Zaccheus and my qualifications.

"Well, the first thing we read about Zaccheus is that he was small of stature; and I never felt so small as I do now.

"In the second place, we read that he was up in a tree, which is very much my position now.

"And thirdly, we read that Zaccheus made haste to come down; and in this I gladly and promptly follow his example."

### Christmas Commercialism

Because of our degradation of a once noble festival, we have fallen to such poor pretence that the humorist prays, "Forgive us our Christmases as we forgive those who have Christmased against us!" Christmas means to us presents—presents rising in competitive expense; presents sinking in useless absurdity; presents the labor of selling which has made the blessed season a cumulative misery to those behind the counter, and such a tax and burden on those who buy that we see at last a healthy reaction in "The Society for the Prevention of Useless Giving"—the "Spug."

This giving of presents has small resemblance to the reverent tribute of the three kings of the East. It derives from pre-Christian sources, and, though ennobled by the giving love of Jesus, has been suffered to lapse again through letting that large love become obscured by intra-family exchange alone, and in the child's mind is based on a poor myth.

However based, it has grown, with our numerical and industrial development, into an annual economic frenzy—"the Christmas trade." To those who make and distribute things to sell not for any essential need, use, or beauty, but merely for sale, and to those who do the selling, who store, display, advertise, and hand over the counter, this ancient festival, joyous and holy, means that one thing, the Christmas trade.

Fancy celebrating the birth of Jesus by an orgy of commercialism!—Charlotte Perkins Gilman in *The Century Magazine*.

### A Word With the Church Boosters of the "Baptist Herald" By the Business Manager

The outlook for the "Baptist Herald" for the year 1924 is very promising. You are about to enter upon the campaign for a larger number of subscribers than we have had yet. We are confident that you will reach this objective because we already see the growing enthusiasm. The key to the situation lies in your hands.

Promptly upon being informed of your appointment this office will send you the necessary order blanks. Please keep a complete list for your own files but send us lists of names with complete addresses as rapidly as you can compile them. It will facilitate matters if you do not wait until the close of the aggressive campaign. The subscription price is \$1.00 payable in advance.—Sample copies will be furnished in any needed quantities on request.

We are co-operating with you in obtaining no less than 5000 subscribers for 1924.

H. P. DONNER, Bus. Mgr.

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