

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., MAY, 1923

Number Five

Alma Mater

The oldest university
Was not on India's strand,
Nor in the valley of the Nile,
Nor on Arabia's sand;
From time's beginning it has taught,
And still it teaches free,
Its learning mild to every child—
The school of mother's knee.

The oldest seminary, where
Theology was taught,
Where love to God, and reverent prayer,
And the eternal Ought
Were deep impressed on youthful hearts
In pure sincerity,
Came to the earth with Abel's birth—
The school of mother's knee.

The oldest and the newest too,
It still retains its place,
And from its classes, ever full,
It graduates the race.
Without its teaching where would all
The best of living be?
'Twas planned by heaven this earth to leaven
The school of mother's knee.

PRISCILLA LEONARD.

What's Happening

Rev. M. Wolff, pastor at Beaver, Mich., has resigned to accept the call to the church at Grand Forks, N. D.

Mr. Fred W. Mueller, president of the Young People's Society of the Edmonton church, Alberta, was obliged to undergo an operation in March after an illness of several weeks. We wish our brother a speedy recovery of health.

Rev. A. A. Harms, professor at Tabor College, Hillsboro, Kans., and pastor of our Baptist church there, has yielded to the insistence of the Hillsboro people and withdrawn his acceptance to the pastorate of the church at Lorraine, Kans.

Rev. F. W. Keese, who has been acting pastor of the Second Church, New York City for a number of months, has accepted the call to Wilmington, Del., as successor to the late Rev. W. A. Schoen. He entered on his new work with the beginning of April.

Student Henry Rieger of the senior class of our Seminary in Rochester will supply the church at Ableman, Wis., during the summer months. Student George Hensel, at present in the English department, will supply the pulpit and do the pastoral work in the Second Church, Philadelphia, during the absence of Rev. S. A. Kose in Europe.

The Sunday school of the North Ave. Church, Milwaukee, Wis., has introduced the Keystone Graded Lessons into all its classes since the beginning of the year. Superintendent E. V. Bitter reports that the new departure was well received and is working out fine. Pastor Holzer conducts a Teacher Training Class with good results. The text book by Tralle is used by this class.

The work at the Church in Pound, Wis., is looking up since Rev. Wm. Zecker began his pastorate there a year ago. The Young People's Society has been called to life again and found a leader in the pastor. The Sunday school has an average attendance of 140, with a lack of suitable room. New church hymnbooks and the individual communion service have been introduced.

Sunday, March 4, was a rainy Sunday for Geary County, Kans., and that accounted for the small number present on that day. But it was interesting to study the Sunday school register. This is what it looked like: Enrollment 74; Present today 14; Offering today \$2.41; Present last Sunday 32; Offering last Sunday \$2.47. Six of these fourteen were children under 8 years of age.

The Thirty-Second Anniversary Convention of the Baptist Young People's Union of America will be held in Boston, Mass., July 4-8, 1923. The keynote of the convention is: "The Attractive Christ." Many of our young people in the east ought to plan to attend. A great galaxy of speakers has been secured. Boston is historic ground, both for patriotic Americans and for loyal Baptists and offers many attractions to visitors.

Rev. H. A. Meyer of the St. Louis Park Church of St. Louis, Mo., has resigned to accept the call of the church at Marion, Kans. Bro. Meyer closed his work in St. Louis on Sunday, April 22. During his pastorate of about three years, some fifty were added to the membership. Most of these live in the immediate vicinity of the church, so that the grip of the church on the community has increased. The Sunday school has grown during this period and some improvements worth mentioning were made in the church edifice.

The Church in Killaloe, Ontario, Rev. C. Peters, pastor, is rejoicing over special blessings which have come to them lately. Rev. H. F. Schade assisted in special meetings during March 4-20. Before Bro. Schade's arrival, quite a number of souls had already requested prayer and with the special meetings, the revival power increased and spread. Thirty-three have professed to newfound peace in Christ and others are not far from the Kingdom. The Sunday school is progressing of late. Plans are being formed for repairing and enlarging the chapel in the village of Killaloe, where a good field is developing.

The Riverview Young People's Society of St. Paul, Minn., is a busy society, where there is always "something doing." Their mission program for March centered on China. A letter from Miss Bertha Lang made the meeting especially interesting. Besides the regular monthly meeting, a special meeting is held once a month for the study of Baptist history. On Easter Sunday evening a cantata was rendered, called "The Lord of the Eastertide," under the direction of the pastor, Rev. Wm. E. Schmitt. The reporter, Miss Bernice Senn, writes: "We are very much pleased with our Baptist Herald and hope it will continue to grow and its contents glorify His name."

The third Baptist World Congress is to be held in Stockholm, Sweden, July 21-27, 1923. Prof. L. Kaiser of our Seminary and moderator of our Triennial Conference for a quarter of a century, will officially represent the German Baptist churches of North America. Prof. Kaiser will be accompanied by his wife. Others from our ranks who are planning to attend according to present information are Rev. H. Kaaz of Oak Park Church; Rev. S. A. Kose of Philadelphia; Mr. and Mrs. Engelmohr of the Temple Church, Pittsburgh. We would be glad to be informed of others who intend visiting this representative gathering of Baptists in the "Venice of the North."

According to the "Forward," the Presbyterian Young People's paper, the claim that the Sunday school of the Hanover Presbyterian Church, Wilmington, Del., is the oldest in the United States in point of service, has been confirmed. It is 108 years old. An item of interest in connection herewith is that our German Baptist Church in Wilmington worshiped for 40 years in the former

church edifice of the Hanover church. It was called the "Old Stone Church." This venerable building which was erected during colonial days and later purchased by the Baptists, was torn down during the pastorate of Rev. A. P. Mihm in 1896 to make way for the present edifice of our Baptist Church.

The Young Peoples' Congress of the Temple Baptist Church, Pittsburgh, Pa., is preparing to give a dramatization of the story of "Esther" during the latter part of April. Pastor A. A. Schade held passion week services, preaching nightly on the general topic: "Dynamic Religion, the Need of the Age." The individual subjects in their order were: The Dynamo of Power, God; The Condition of Power, Faith; the Power Switch, Prayer; The Instrument of Power, the Gospel—the Church; The Power Charge, Communion. A special Easter Cantata was sung by the choir on the evening of Easter Sunday. That the Temple Church love their pastor was recently manifested by a substantial increase in his salary.

Baptisms at Easter, news of which came to our knowledge are: Oak Park church, seven; at Racine, two, father and son; Erin Ave., Cleveland, five, among these Frederick, the son of Pastor Dons; in Wausau, Wis., Rev. Chas. M. Knapp baptized three on Palm Sunday; First Church, Cleveland, Rev. A. Knopf, 9; Second Church, Cleveland, Rev. O. R. Schroeder, 5; Peoria, Rev. B. Schlipf, 6; South Chicago, Rev. C. F. Lehr, 3; Gross Park, Immanuel, Chicago, Rev. W. A. Lippard, 7; in the First, Chicago, Rev. H. C. Baum, 15 are ready for baptism. Pastor Lengefeld baptized 3 on April 15. In St. Joseph, Mich., Pastor Stoeri has baptized 20 since the dedication of the new church in January. In Sheboygan, Wis., Rev. F. W. Bartel, pastor, is expecting to baptize ten, who recently found the Savior. Pastor Bibelheimer at North Freedom expects to enter the baptismal waters with a number of converts in the near future. "Send us the showers of blessing, O Lord, we pray" for all of our churches.

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Published monthly by the
GERMAN BAPTIST PUBLICATION SOCIETY
3804 Payne Avenue Cleveland, Ohio
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"The Baptist Herald" is a denominational periodical devoted to the interests of the German Baptist Young People's and Sunday School Workers' Union at the subscription price of \$1.00 a Year.

(12 cents additional to foreign countries)
Advertising rates, 60 cents per inch single column, 2 1/2 inches wide.

All editorial correspondence is to be addressed to Rev. A. P. Mihm, 7348 Madison St., Forest Park, Ill.

All business correspondence to German Baptist Publication Society, 3804 Payne Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

Entered as second-class matter January 9, 1923, at the post office at Cleveland, Ohio, under the act of March 3, 1879.

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In Honor of Mother

A SWEET and noble anniversary of late years is that of Mother's Day, celebrated on the second Sunday of May. On this day we are asked to show in a special manner our reverence, our respect, our devotion for the best earthly friend that God gave to every one of us,—our Mother. The day deserves recognition for the joy it will bring Mother and the good it will do us all. Whether or not we wear the white carnation on the breast on that day, let every one cherish the flower of gratitude in his heart in honor of the mother, who gave us life, who nourished and cared for us in the days of infancy and childhood, whose prayers and counsel accompanied us in the days of youth and adult life, whose love shall be given to us while life endures.

Honor thy mother for her influence for good in your life. Most men are what their mothers made them. Whether in palace or cabin the mother has ever been the controlling force in shaping the destinies of nations. This is because she is the most influential factor in the home; its spirit is very largely determined by the mother. She is the home maker. She is the pivot around which the home revolves. For the good or bad of her boys and girls very much depends upon the mother. As is the gardener, such is the garden; as is the wife, such is the family. A good mother is one of God's masterpieces.

Home influences, consecrated Christian home influences are the mightiest of all influences upon the soul. There are men all over our land today who have maintained their integrity, not because they were any better naturally than some other people, but because there were home influences praying for them all the time. They got a good start. They were launched on the world with the benediction of a Christian mother. Samuel would not have been Samuel if Hannah had not been Hannah. Grace does not run in the blood, but we generally find that Timothies have mothers of a goodly, godly sort. Children of prayer will usually grow up to be children of praise. One good mother is worth a hundred teachers. Happy is he whom his mother teacheth! Happy is he who gladly follows her teaching!

The home is God's trust to woman. In these days when there is a lot of high talk about "woman's wider sphere", let no mother be dizzied or disturbed by the talk of those who think the home circle too narrow or small for a woman's career. Our humble opinion is that the woman who can reinforce her husband in the work of life and rear her children for positions of usefulness is doing more for God and the race and her own happiness than if she dabbled in politics or frittered her time away

at the average social club, or headed some so-called "great enterprise". O woman, great is thy power! See to it that it is used for him who thought of his mother even in the agonies of death.

Young people, be an honor, an ornament, a solace, a support to your mother. So live that your mother's eye may ever be fixed on you with beams of hope and joy. So live that the recollection of you may soothe her last hours.

On Books and Reading

OF all the privileges which we enjoy in this twentieth century, there is none perhaps for which we ought to be more thankful than the easy access to books. The value of books as a means of culture in our day is recognized by all. Books contain the treasured knowledge of the human race. A book is a voiceless teacher and a good library is a virtual university. A love of reading is an able means of self-culture as well as a pure source of enjoyment.

Good books bring their readers into ever renewing communion with all that is noble and best in the thoughts of the past. They possess an element of immortality and bring us into the presence of the greatest minds that ever lived. Books are real friends. It is easy to gain access to them for they are always at our service. We can admit them to our company and dismiss them from it when ever we please. He that loveth a book will never want a faithful friend.

A good book is like unto a true friendship; the more one puts into it the greater the return. Open the mind to the author and he adds to one's mental store; open the heart and he gives one joy; lend him the soul and he will inspire one to noble deeds. Good books are men's greatest gift to man.

The Choice of Books

WHAT books shall we read? In olden days books were rare and dear. Our ancestors had difficulty in procuring them. In our day, when it is more true than ever, "of making many books there is no end," our difficulty is what to select. We must be careful regarding what we read and not like the sailors of Ulysses take bags of wind for sacks of treasure. We do not want to waste time over trash. We ought not make our minds the receptacle for everything which is printed and happens to fall into our hands. Bacon said truly: "Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed and some few to be chewed and digested." We may add, some are to be avoided and kept out of our homes and hearts as we would avoid some infectious disease or insidious poison.

A book should not be judged by its literary style, not by the gold upon its cover, but by the impress it

leaves upon one's mind. If it suggests higher thoughts or spurs to noble deeds it is a good book. In literature as in life, we ought to keep the best society, reading the best books and wisely admiring and imitating the best things we find in them.

No doubt books and reading like every other blessing may be abused. The best books are useless if the bookworm is not a living creature. Don't nibble at a multitude of pleasant dishes without getting a good meal from any. Robert Hall said of a certain minister, he piled so many books upon his head that his brains could not move. The multitude of books which some readers wade through produces more distraction than culture. It is a sort of intellectual dram-drinking, imparting a grateful excitement for the moment without improving the mind and building up the character.

After all, it is not how much a man may know, that is of so much importance as the end and purpose for which he knows it. The object of knowledge is to ripen wisdom, to improve character, to render us better, happier and more useful. Our best light must be made life and our best thought action.

Shall We Read Novels?

THIS question is often asked by young people. There are some who condemn the reading of novels offhand and in wholesale. We believe the judgment of such is rather warped and reactionary, even if the advice is well meant and sounds rather pious. This is a question in which we must exercise discrimination and use good judgment.

There are good historical novels portraying the life and customs of certain periods of the world's history in an instructive, life-like and entertaining manner. The world surely owes a debt of gratitude to such writers of fiction as Hawthorne, Walter Scott, Fenimore Cooper, Charles Reade, Charles Kingsley, Thackeray, Dickens, Lew Wallace (Ben Hur), Ralph Connor and others.

But 75 per cent of the novels of today are baneful and destructive in their influence. Don't buy or read this moral strychnine for your soul. Stand aloof from all books that give false pictures and exaggerated conceptions of life. Life is not all knaves or all heroes. It is not extravagant or fantastic; it is earnest and practical. Don't become a slavish habitual reader of fiction, for if you do, you are in danger of becoming a nerveless nuisance, unfitted to cope with the earnest duties of life.

The best and most instructive reading for young and old too is to be found in biography. What are all the novels but so much fictitious biographies. But of real biography it is true: "Truth is stronger than fiction," and we may add, more helpful. Every person may learn something from the recorded life of another. A book describing the life of a true man or woman is full of precious seed. It shows us what man can do and be at his best. It stimulates us with hope and courage to do our best.

Editorial Jottings

THE LORD loves a cheerful giver, but not one who only gives a cheer.

THE FAITH that wins success must be threefold—faith in God, faith in oneself and faith in the value of the work to be accomplished.

HOW ABOUT that continuation campaign for the "Baptist Herald," Mr. Booster? Count up the homes in your church and society that are still without the "Herald" and figure them as prospects for your subscription list. Keep at it. The temperature of our subscription thermometer ought to rise. Let no worker succumb to the drowsiness of spring fever. Work off that "tired feeling."

HAS YOUR SOCIETY done its part in the stewardship campaign? How about those pledge cards, Mr. President? A prayerful, conscientious consideration of our personal privilege and obligation ought to be brought to the attention of all our society members and Sunday school workers. Our young people must get behind our denominational missionary and benevolent offering. It needs the impetus of their enthusiasm and zeal in order to "put over."

THE REPORT of the Denominational Finance Committee for the period from August 1, 1922, to March 20, 1923, shows a total receipt of \$104,215.09. Of this sum \$20,368.81 was designated for the Missionary and Benevolent Offering; \$12,032.05 for home missions and \$10,004.65 for missions abroad. For relief work \$39,750.31 was given. This is the highest single item in the report. The need of our brethren in Europe is great. No one ought withhold from them in their sore distress. Yet some of our important home mission and educational interests are seriously threatened if our giving does not become larger and more proportionate.

THE LATEST REPORTS from our Siberian work are disquieting because of great hindrances put forth by the Soviet authorities to all religious work. Bro. Vince is laboring under many difficulties and the dark specter of persecution is again raising its frightful head. Yet, in spite of all, forty have been baptized since the beginning of the year. Many of the common people are hungry for the gospel, but as in the days of the Apostle Paul, so now in Siberia: "a great door and effectual is opened and there are many adversaries." Let us pray for Siberia to him, "that hath the key of David, he that openeth and none shall shut." The Lord preserve his people in the hour of trial!

Why I Believe in Immortality

O. E. KRUEGER

"IF a man dies shall he live again?"—thus Job gave voice to the question of the ages. Today we go to science with so many of our problems, but science has no positive answer here. Scientists, of course, have their personal opinions, some declare that absolute proof of the immortality of the soul

has been established in the laboratory, others deny the very possibility of consciousness without brain. To these consciousness is a secretion of the brain, very much as bile is a secretion of the liver. But there is no proof for such an assertion, nor is there any disproof for another analogy which declares the mind to be an organ while the soul is an organist whose existence does not depend upon the organ. The soul, the organist, merely uses the mind as an instrument of expression. When the organ is in bad repair the organist cannot fully express himself.

The whole matter lies in the realm of faith. We were not privileged to be eye-witnesses of the resurrection as were the apostles. Not one of the dead has come to us in broad daylight. Many embodied spirits are afraid of the dark, why disembodied spirits should be afraid of daylight or even artificial light, we cannot understand! We have stated our faith in the Bible, and the Bible, not attempting to prove, takes immortality for granted and thus our question is settled as a logical conclusion. Nevertheless the thinking mind desires an extension of its defenses all along the battle-line. There are a number of things that fortify our belief in immortality.

Science, as stated above, neither proves nor disproves life after death, still it has discovered facts that argue very strongly for it. It has demonstrated the indestructibility of matter. You accept the statement, then on an evil day your house and all its treasures and your loved ones are "destroyed" by fire and you say, The indestructibility of matter is all nonsense, everything dear to me has been destroyed. Yes, its relation to you has been destroyed, but its substance has not. It has only changed form. Every particle of that substance still exists.

So science says too, that energy cannot be destroyed. Sound, for example, never dies! It may die to your ear and not even reach the ear of the hard hearing. But the sensitive radio catches the sound over a gap of 3000 miles, why not 30,000 miles? All you need is the proper instrument. What is to prevent the sound from ever stopping? If the last modicum of energy is divisible by two up to infinity, it must be still divisible in infinity and so sound goes echoing on into eternity. Read that statement over several times and then forget it or you might lose your mind over it. Hasten to the conclusions drawn from the above scientific facts. If matter cannot be destroyed, is it reasonable to believe that soul can? I am taking for granted that I have a soul. If any object to the word soul, let us say personality. Jesus has appraised the relative value of soul and matter. Putting the world of matter and the soul in the balances, he decides in favor of soul. If the world of matter is worth saving through all eternity, is it reasonable to suppose that the soul should exist only while its body draws a few fleeting breaths? Is it reasonable to believe that while the substance of the bodies of your loved ones passes through the fire without destruction their personalities are consumed by the flames? Energy never dies! How about the energy of will

and love? Is it worth less than the energy of sound and light?

Unconsciously we have drifted from science to philosophy. While science deals only with the world of external facts, philosophy engages the world of facts within the heart, such as reason, affection, emotion, will. And so we are on philosophic foundation when we say, it seems entirely unreasonable that the greater value of the soul should be doomed to destruction while the lesser value of matter should last through all eternity.

Consider too that the creator has endowed us with a sense of justice which at times may be very badly warped, especially when we are personally involved, yet its general collective conclusions are reliable. From the experience of the human race the cry of man's failure in establishing a world order of justice is given voice: "Right forever on the scaffold, wrong forever on the throne." And the Preacher has observed: "There is a vanity which is done upon the earth, that there be just men unto whom it happeneth according to the works of the wicked; again there be wicked men unto whom it happeneth according to the works of the righteous; I said this also is vanity." Somehow, somewhere justice must be satisfied!

Darwin, the scientist, was also a philosopher and as such he wrote: "It is an intolerable thought that man and all other sentient beings are doomed to annihilation after such long continued slow progress." More intolerable than that is the thought that man should never reach his highest and noblest aspirations, that God should drop his work before it is completed. A real artist will continue on his masterpiece until he feels that he has exhausted his resources of art, that he has done his very best and then in sadness of heart he will turn away from it because he has been unable to fully give expression to the ideal within. Is God less than man that he should bring a human being to a certain stage of development and then cast him aside? No! a thousand times, no! "He that hath begun a good work within you will go on to perfect it." "He did predestinate us to be conformed to the image of his son." "But we all with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord are changed into the same image from glory to glory." "We are his workmanship." The thought that God should drop it when half completed is intolerable.

But from philosophy we have gone into theology and the transition has been easy. We rejoice in him who brought life and immortality to light in the Gospel. Not that men did not believe in immortality before he came. From the lowest savage to the highest stages of human culture the thought of life beyond the grave has been ever present. The great Light of the world has brought immortality to a better light of understanding. Since that Easter morning when the angel said: "Ye seek the living among the dead, he is not here, he is risen," millions have walked with surer step into "the bourne whence no traveler returns" for they had learned to call it "my Father's House."

For Bible Study

The Acts of the Apostles

The book of Acts is historically of unique interest and value. It is the one really primitive Church history. Apart from it a connected picture of the apostolic age would be impossible.

The Author

The explicit testimony of the early Christian writers is that Luke wrote the Acts of the Apostles. The relation in which the Acts stand to the Gospel, which is ascribed to Luke, proves that the author of the two productions must be the same individual. Both books are addressed to Theophilus. (Luke 1:1-3; Acts 1:1.) The literary peculiarities which distinguished the Gospel of Luke mark the composition of the Acts. This similarity of style shows that it must have come from the same hand. The book itself claims to be written by a companion of Paul. In Chap. 16:10-17 the writer passes from the third person to the first in his narrative. This "We" passage is found again from Chap. 20:5 to the end of the book. The narrative in many parts is that of an eyewitness. The evidence all points to Luke, the companion and fellow-worker of Paul, the physician who accompanied him on many of his journeys. (Philem. 24; Col. 4:14.) The date has been fixed by some at about 63-65 A. D., the close of Paul's first imprisonment in Rome; by others as late as 80-82.

Relation Between the Gospels and the Acts

Acts is like a bridge connecting the gospels and the epistles. It is the outcome of the former and the explanation of the latter. It is the sequel of the gospels and the introduction to the epistles. With the Acts, the epistles of Paul are of priceless historical value. Without it, they would remain fragmentary and incomplete.

Each gospel has a distinctiveness in the last fact named: *Matthew* referring to the resurrection; *Mark* to the ascension; *Luke* to the promise of the Spirit; and *John* to the second coming of Christ. In the introduction to Acts (1:1-8) all four facts are combined.

In considering the relation between the gospels and the book of Acts, it is not enough to say, the gospels contain the history of the Master's own ministry and this book records the labors of the apostles. Both alike narrate the work of the Lord: the gospels, what he did in person when he was here; the Acts, what he did by the ministry of his chosen witnesses after he had ascended. It is from this point of view that Dean Alford calls the Acts of the Apostles the Gospel of the Risen Jesus, or the Gospel of the Holy Ghost.

In the gospels we see the foundation cornerstone of the great edifice which God is building for an habitation for himself through the Spirit (Eph. 2:22); the Acts give a history of the gathering

in and building together these living stones. (1 Pet. 2:5.) In other words, we see in the Acts the church of God in the process of construction.

Its Importance for Us

The Acts is specially important for the Christian worker because it is the record of the way in which the gospel was extended. In the last chapter of all four gospels the missionary commission is prominent and this is confirmed in Acts 1:1-8. "For all evangelistic and missionary work it is a book to be pondered deeply and its principles carefully followed" (Thomas).

The Purpose of the Book

This is given in Chap. 1:1,2 and shows the connection between Acts and Luke's gospel. Luke says that in the former treatise he had recorded "all that Jesus began both to do and to teach." He further implies that the history which he is about to compose will be occupied with what Jesus continued to do and teach from heaven after he had sat down at the right hand of the Father. The ministry, death, resurrection and ascension constituted only the beginning or foundation of the Redeemer's work. But after the foundation has been laid a lofty temple must be reared upon it, and the builder of this temple is Christ the Lord. The Worker is thus the ascended Lord, the apostles being only his instruments. (1:24; 2:33; 2:47; 3:16; 7:59; 9:15.)

The author aims at relating how Christ was preached and was accepted in ever widening circles, first in Jerusalem, then in Judea, then in Samaria, then the gospel reaches Rome, which as the center of the Gentile world, could be said to be equivalent to "the uttermost parts of the earth." Paul at Rome is the apex of the gospel.

As a true historian, Luke shows that each widening circle resulted from what went before; that the increase of the church was not by catastrophe, but by growth; how by the might of the Holy Spirit in the apostles, Christ's witnesses, the gospel gained its entrance into the pagan world, whilst the Jew in growing degree incurred rejection.

The missionary policy outlined and followed was that of making cities the centers and by means of their dense population and throbbing life to send the gospel into all surrounding places (Antioch, Phillipi, Thessalopica, Ephesus, Corinth, Rome).

Condensed Outline of the Book

The book falls easily into two great divisions:

1. The Jewish World, Chap. 1-12.
2. The Gentile World, Chap. 13-28.

These two main divisions deal respectively with Peter and Paul, each closing with an imprisonment. About three-fourths of the book is taken up with the activities of Peter and Paul. But in the end we have neither Pauline or

Johannine doctrine, as Waddell aptly says, it is all Christ. "The book is thus a fine unity, showing how Peter faced the Jews and Paul the Gentiles" (Thomas). It did not please divine wisdom to disclose much about the labors of the rest of the apostles, but the report we have is sufficient to show the spirit which filled the early Christians, as well as the divine power which accompanied their work.

The Book of Acts Shows How a Great Revolution Was Carried Out

Judaism is hostile and will not accept Christ as the Messiah. The result is that the gospel is transferred from the Jews to the Gentiles. From the death of Stephen to the refusal at Rome we note this gradual transfer. Judaism failed to accept the truth which was offered to them, first, as the heirs of promise, and the Jews were therefore set aside. This opposition appears early (Chap. 4) and is found in increasing force throughout the book. God met this by means of Paul and in his mission to the Gentiles it is possible to note the divine answer to the Jewish refusal. Stephen is killed, but Paul is won. "The persecutor becomes the propagator." Israel's glory wanes as Gentile Christianity comes out into the clear light. There seems no doubt that the Acts was written very largely to record and explain this great movement. It illustrates the universality of the gospel and the unrestricted nature of its blessings.

Some Things Worth Noting

1. *Prayer and Power are the two things that stand out in the second message of Luke.* On man's part, prayer; on God's part, power. The part and place of prayer is exalted and the power of prayer mightily manifested. Mighty revivals resulted. In fact, the book throughout shows revival power in operation given in answer to prayer which pleaded the promise of power. (Study the first fifteen chapters and mark the prayer and prayer meeting references in each chapter.)

2. *The Book of Acts shows the important place preaching had in the spread of the gospel.* Note the ten great sermons in Acts. Peter's four sermons: Pentecost (Chap. 2), Beautiful Gate (3), Jewish Courthouse (4), House of Cornelius (10). Paul's four mighty discourses: Antioch (13), Mars Hill (17), Miletus (20), on staircase at Jerusalem (22), repeated before Agrippa (Chap. 26). Between these, the martyr-discourse of Stephen (7) and the short but effective sermon of Philip on the way to Gaza (8).

3. *The Spirit of God is the secret of Power.* There are five records of his bestowal. (Chap. 2, 8, 9, 10, 19.) For instance, the Spirit is mentioned 38 times in chapters 1-11. Study the remaining chapters and enumerate the mention of the Spirit. A. P. M.

The Sunday School

The Habit of Being Late

It is very distressing for the earnest teacher to be interrupted constantly by late comers. It is not to be expected that all members can always be in their places before the opening of the class period, and any considerate teacher will be reasonable and take into consideration that these are busy times when both men and women have many duties devolving upon them, and oftentimes little help with which to accomplish it.

Yet there is a great deal in recognizing the importance of being on time and making an effort to that end when it is possible to do so. If the teacher is convinced that a large measure of the tardiness is due to preventable reasons, she will be wise to think the matter over carefully so as to determine what type of treatment will suit the class in hand best.

Let it be said in passing that the method which would be applicable to a group of young men or older business men, doubtless would not serve at all with a class of busy mothers who had to get the children ready first and attend to countless details before they were free themselves. This is why it is important to be sure that the method suits the case. Any method must be used with tact or some are likely to take offense or to stay away lest late coming interrupt the rest. There are sure to be some over-sensitive ones in the group, and oftentimes the most sensitive are those whom you would suspect least of such a tendency.

For a class of young men or young women, an excellent plan to break the tardy habit, is to inaugurate a three months' contest, dividing the class into two divisions under separate captains. Every member who is in his or her place on time, credits that side with five points. If a member has brought a prospective member to the class who is also there on time, it counts ten points. Those who are frankly visitors only, if in place in season, count two points. This encourages regular attendance and increased membership as well.

At the end of the period contest, the losing side presents the winning side a handsome, white satin banner, bordered with gold fringe and bearing the words in gold "On Time." This may end the contest or it may be continued by shorter periods of two Sundays each, the winning side holding the banner according to the counts made, or if preferred, the losing side may banquet the winners, or "stand treat" in some acceptable way. A classroom clock would be very appropriate.

With a class made up of business men, all that is likely to be necessary is a card displayed in the classroom which reads:

"You have an appointment every Sunday morning with us PROMPTLY at 9:30. You know how late comers disorganize business. Let's ALL be on time!"—The Convention Teacher.

Mother

A song for Mother's Day

Tune: "Saved by Grace"

*What can it be that leads us on,
As o'er Life's weary path we go;
It is the joy that we have won
Through Mother's prayers, I'm sure
'tis so.*

REFRAIN:

*Oh, Mother's Love, so dear to me,
'Twill guide me through Eternity.
Oh, Mother's Love, so dear to me,
'Twill guide me through Eternity.*

*In childhood days, her loving care
Protected us from sin and harm;
In days of Youth, so bright and fair,
No other Love, so sweet and warm.*

*'Twas Mother, dear, who helped us see
The one great gift, our Savior's Love;
And how he died to make us free
That we might live with him above.*

Advertisement for Sunday School Teacher

The following advertisement for a Sunday school teacher was read in the church service of a Peekskill church by the pastor, Rev. Philip Jonker. It brought out a good response, and it is printed here that other pastors may insert it in their bulletins.

WANTED! A TEACHER FOR A CLASS IN OUR SUNDAY SCHOOL

One who really believes in the truths of the Bible.

One who has a vision of the Master, and has felt the call to service.

One who has convictions, and not impressions only.

A teacher who realizes the urgent need of the young folks in their fight for culture and character, and will engage, with them, in the battle.

One who can smile under criticism, who can carry on when others fail, who can look beyond, and wait.

One who is willing to make sacrifices of his time and of his inclinations that others may be benefited; one who is thus willing to repay part of the debt he owes others who taught him in the years gone by.

For such service what shall be the reward? Hard work? Lack of appreciation? Hours of discouragement? Unmerited criticism? Yes, all these and more, but in the end victory, and for every honest effort the Master's commendation, "Well done, good and faithful servant!"

Personal Touch

A teacher of long experience says this: "I try, first of all, in my class, to work for good attendance. Nothing is accomplished with absent pupils. There is an inspiration in having a perfect attendance Sunday after Sunday. It is this that makes me plan all sorts of attendance devices and rewards. While I ex-

pect the children to be present every Sunday, I demand of myself that I be the first one present. This gives me an opportunity to speak to each child, and in some way show my appreciation of their presence, so they are really glad to be there. It is the personal touch that counts."—S. S. Worker.

The Visitor's Purpose

I will seek to find new homes to visit.
I will confer with my Home Department superintendent.

I will counsel frequently with my pastor.

I will study carefully the homes I visit.
I will pray for those I meet in these homes.

I will be prompt in all my duties.

I will do my best.

—Home Department Visitor.

Some Common Errors in Sunday School Teaching

1. In doing all the talking.
2. In having a verse read, and then asking what that verse means.
3. In taking it for granted that the scholars know more than they do.
4. In asking questions in rotation.
5. In teaching over the scholar's heads.
6. In talking down to older pupils.
7. In following a printed outline from a book.
8. In the over-use and abuse of illustrations.
9. In not reviewing what has been taught.
10. In trying to teach too much.

Quite a good deal could be said about each of these errors. My impression is that No. 10 above is the one most commonly made. It is impossible to teach all there is in a Sunday school lesson. It is impossible to teach all there is in a single verse. It is far better to teach one truth on a given Sunday and drive it home, so that it can never be forgotten than it is to try to teach many truths, all of which will be forgotten. One truth permanently fixed in a scholar's heart is worth a whole week's work of preparation and teaching.—S. S. Times.

Mother's Love

*I have found a wonderful Treasure;
None other is more sublime;
I can find no greater pleasure
Than thy Love, dear Mother of mine.
Friends may be loving and true;
Sweethearts and many another
May try to be kind to you,
But who can love like Mother?
She loves us when we do right;
She is sad when we do wrong;
May we keep her love in sight
While traveling through life's busy throng.*

*She is our dearest Friend in life;
Her love will be with us above,
When here will end our earthly strife;
Thank God! He gave us Mother's Love.*

The Juniors

Not the "Same Old Dope"

"Aren't you going to Sunday school, Ralph?" inquired Mrs. Cheeseboro, anxiously.

"No!" replied Ralph.

"But, Ralph—" began his mother.

"Nothing doing, mother," answered Ralph with, if anything, an added touch of firmness.

Mrs. Cheeseboro turned aside to hide her feelings. What would Susan think—Susan, who had always been more than punctilious in the observance of her religious obligations? Ralph saw the tears and was touched, but he couldn't give in.

"I'm sorry, Mumsie," he said, "but I can't do it. Why, it's always

*The same old dope,
Without any hope;
And, oh, how we do mope,
Sunday after Sunday,
And way into Monday."*

"But, Ralph, you might, just for today.

"No, mother, not even to please you and Mrs. Forsyth—and you know I'd do anything, most, to please either of you."

Susan Forsyth laid aside the Quarterly she was studying, carefully closed her Bible, and slipped quietly out into the garden and on to the orchard. Seating herself under a widespreading tree, she went over the situation. Presently a merry whistle sounded, and a step, firm but light, broke on the Sabbath stillness. So quietly was she sitting, however, that Ralph was almost upon her before he realized it.

"Why, Mrs. Forsyth!" he exclaimed, "I thought you had gone to church long ago."

"I intended to," replied Mrs. Forsyth, "but the out-of-doors lured me, and I'm afraid I stayed out here too long. But I've been crossing the Red Sea, laddie, and it has stirred my old blood."

"Crossing the Red Sea?" exclaimed Ralph. "She's dreaming," he thought to himself. "Why, it's miles and miles from here!"

"I know," said Mrs. Forsyth, as if she discerned his thoughts.

Ralph blushed and stammered. He hadn't supposed she'd understand.

"No, laddie, you didn't say it," replied his friend, reassuringly, "not in words, at least, but I read it in your face." 'Tis a telltale face you have. No need to blush. 'Tis naught to be ashamed of. Only rogues and those grown hard and cold can make of their faces a mask. But I mustn't keep you. Surely, it is getting time for Sunday school!"

"Yes," confessed Ralph, "but I'm not going—not today anyway."

"And why not?" inquired his friend, somewhat sharply.

"Why, you see it's this way," stammered Ralph, "it's the same old dope, Sunday after Sunday, year after year, and dished up in the same old way. When I was little and it was new, it wasn't

quite so bad, but now I almost know what Mr. Bolton's going to say, and what he will do. He's been our teacher for years except the time when he was superintendent."

Mrs. Forsyth looked thoughtful. "Old Testament days do seem a long way off, don't they?" she said.

"Yes, Mrs. Forsyth, that's just it! What have those old fellows got to do with us, anyway? Not but what they're good enough in their way, but they lived a long time ago, and their ways aren't ours, you know, not in the least."

"No! that is true; nor is our way always God's way," replied Mrs. Forsyth. "So you think Moses and those old Israelites and Pharaoh haven't anything to do with us?" she inquired presently.

"I can't see that they have," answered Ralph. "It's just a piece of history—interesting, of course, but tiresome, too."

"Why, now, I don't know," answered Mrs. Forsyth. "If you look at it just right, it seems to me human nature's pretty much the same the world over. Of course, the Israelites and the Egyptians were different from us—that is, in manners and customs—but in other ways I think they were governed by pretty much the same motives and influences as we are today. Maybe in some cases, too, we are only clever imitators of them. Would you like to take a trip with me?" she inquired.

Ralph stared. Mrs. Forsyth hadn't any more idea of taking a trip that he had—not until she went to Middleville, anyway. However, he was willing to hear what she had to say, and there followed one of the most interesting times Ralph had ever enjoyed. He and his friend, Mrs. Forsyth, were back in old Egypt—land of mystery and wonder—and things were happening. He saw a captive nation, its harps hung on the willow trees, while it went on its saddened way: toiling, slaving, without hope the while it made its "bricks without straw" for a tyrant conqueror. Ralph forgot he was living in the twentieth century. No longer was he a mere onlooker; he was one of them.

Then, almost as hope had died in their breasts, he saw, toiling in their midst, a central figure who labored even as did the others, but round whose head there was to shine the glory of one who was to be to his people, prophet, seer, leader, lawgiver, deliverer. Then followed the story of the Egyptian king's efforts to retain his unwilling captives, and the disasters which, in consequence, befell him and his people. Step by step the narrator led her listener through the passage of the Red Sea, and the dangers and hardships of the journey into the wilderness.

Ralph hung upon her every word, and it was with a sigh that he realized that after all his great work their dauntless leader was not to enter the Promised Land. To Ralph, the "cloud by day" and

the "pillar of fire by night" became real, vital things, not imagined, but seen, as he waited for the conclusion of the story.

"Ralph! Ralph! where are you?" called a voice, and Ralph looked up with a start.

"We've looked everywhere for you," continued the voice. "And Mrs. Forsyth's gone too. Oh, there she is!" as she spied that lady.

"Won't you go on, Mrs. Forsyth?" inquired Ralph, anxiously, but his friend merely shook her head.

"Some other time," she said, "this afternoon, perhaps. We mustn't keep the family waiting, you know," she added. Reluctantly Ralph acquiesced.

"Where have you been, Ralph?" began Mrs. Cheeseboro, then she stopped, as she spied her friend in Ralph's wake. "That you, Susan?" she inquired.

"Yes," answered Ralph for her. "We've been with the Israelites," he continued. "And, oh, mother, I know now what it's all about—the lesson, I mean! Mrs. Forsyth and I have just lived with those people, for the last hour or so, and I can never again call that lesson 'the same old dope.' Mrs. Forsyth's going to tell me the rest of the story some other time. She says it has something to do with us. It's been a lot more interesting than Sunday school; but I'd go every Sunday, if they'd only teach like she does."

Mrs. Cheeseboro smiled and glanced interrogatively at her friend.

"Been up to some of your old tricks, Susan?" she inquired. "You always could get more out of a lesson than anybody else I ever knew."

Mrs. Forsyth, too, smiled. "They're so real—the lessons, I mean," she replied. "Perhaps Ralph and I got more out of this one because we put more into it."

Ralph nodded understandingly. "I'll go to Sunday school next Sunday and bring Peter and Gilbert Fox too, if you'll teach, Mrs. Forsyth," he said.

Mrs. Cheeseboro and Mrs. Forsyth exchanged glances. It was too bad, but Susan had to return home on Thursday. However, she must have seen Mr. Bolton before she left, for, when Ralph reluctantly took his place in class, on the following Sabbath, he met the surprise of his life. His class wasn't in the same old place, nor did he or anyone else ever again have cause to complain of the dullness or sameness of the lessons. Perhaps all that Mr. Bolton had needed had been a little jog to get him into the right path. Ralph says he's going to be a Sunday school teacher himself some day—a good one—and he insists that Mrs. Forsyth is to blame; for if she hadn't shown him that there are ways—and ways—of doing things, he would never have thought of it.—Sunday School World.

* * *

Reputation and character should not be driven tandem, but abreast.

Our Serial

The Broken Idol

OTTO KOENIG

Synopsis. Samuel Balder, the son of a godly mother and a socialist and intemperate father, shows from his early youth remarkable talent as a violinist. He is awarded a gold medal at his graduation from the academy and becomes the protege of Architect Naumann whose motherless daughter Norma, an accomplished pianist, shows great interest in his intended musical career. Before leaving for his studies at the Conservatory of Music his mother has a stirring heart-to-heart talk with her boy whom the Lord had given her in answer to her fervent prayers.

VI. "Life Is Serious. Serene Is Art."

The time of Sam's departure for the Conservatory of Music gradually drew near. He was now a youth of nineteen, and had never been away from home. For the last few weeks his mother had been busily making preparations for this unusual event. There had been clothing to be mended, a good supply of clean linen and the many other details of which only a thoughtful mother knows to be attended to. Smilingly Sam humored his "Mütterchen" by listening to, what he termed, her "curtain-lecture," to wear his rubbers on rainy days, not to discard his muffler and overcoat at the first sign of a change in the weather, not to neglect a cough, should he be so careless as to contract a cold, to be sure and do this, and never leave the other thing undone. How anxiously the heart of the mother beat for her boy, a stranger in a strange land.

Sam's father loved to tease his wife and son, laughing at this "nonsense" of preparation for a young man of nineteen. How he enjoyed telling of his experiences, when twenty-five years ago, he had started out into the world, no tender mother to advise him, with naught but the clothing upon his back, and the hands thrust into his empty pockets, ready for hard work. In those days, one tramped honestly, from town to town, in search of an able master and work, given lodging each night by some hospitable artisan or farmer on the dusty road. "Yes, indeed, times have changed considerably! But whether for the better, that's quite another question. Nowadays the pampered sons of the wealthy start into the world in quite a different fashion. They must have their trunk and then along a nice dress suit case, packed with what would have been considered sinful luxuries by their grandfathers. Then they go puffing off in great style, comfortably cushioned in a parlor car of the best railroad, racing through the beautiful world, and put up at some well recommended hotel. And where does the hard cash hail from? From the poor calloused hands of the laborers, of course!"

The parting with his "Mütterchen" was much harder than Sam had even anticipated. As a last token of her love and concern for his spiritual welfare she had given him a beautiful little Bible, and Sam had promised her faithfully to use it every day, and he was to be ever true to his last promise. Now the train

left the station and took her only boy out into the cold world. Almost heart-broken Mrs. Balder returned to the silent and empty house; it seemed as though she had taken her son to the churchyard. She found her way through her tears to Sam's little room, and kneeling beside his snow-white bed, the lonely mother wept and prayed. But an hour later, feeling richly comforted, she again took up her housework, and even hummed her favorite hymn. In spirit she followed him in his journey, until he had finally reached his destination.

The noise and turmoil of the great city seemed to Sam like a new world. Everyone seemed in a hurry, all rushed along and passed him unnoticed; his questions were mostly unheeded or simply ignored, everybody was too busy to give him more than a few words of vague direction. At last he found a transient hotel with reasonable rates, where he might remain until he could secure permanent lodging and board in a suitable locality. The proprietor was a friendly man, one of the old-fashioned innkeepers.

Sam felt that he had heard sound common sense, and had received good advice from this agreeable old man. He thanked him heartily for his kindness, and took the list of ads, which he had marked with a pencil, and made a study of them up in the little bed-room of the inn. Early the following morning he started out on his interesting expedition with a beating heart. First he went to the "Konservatorium," which was to be his alma mater for the next few years. It was a magnificent building, and made a very favorable impression upon him. One of the professors met him and took him all through the building. After he had filled all the necessary schedule cards and become officially enrolled, he left happy in his bright prospects. The first address he found was not far from the "Konservatorium;" he climbed up two flights of stairs. A woman, evidently just busy with house-cleaning, opened the door, introducing herself as the mistress of the house.

"You're a student, are you? Yes, I've got a fine front room to rent. Lots of the biggest professors has studied in my house for the last ten years. What are ye studyin'? Oh, music. No, siree, no musicians in this here house! Never again will I take one of them fellers! No more o' your old music boxes for me, no sir! Not even if it's only a fiddle! The last feller we had here near drove us lunny, all right. He looked such a quiet-like nice sort of chap. He gave Fritz, that's my man, you know, well, he gave Fritz often a good cigar on Sunday and a bottle o' beer; but soon's a month was up that there fool didn't have a red cent; what d'ye think o' that? He brung one o' them big pianers with 'im, like the swells have, and, well, he just banged and drummed around on that there thing, till he had the whole house

most deaf and dumb. From mornin' to night he ran it, till Mitze, that's our cat, you know, well, till old and tender-hearted Mitze could sing 'em all off, fine. If he'd a only played some good popular kind of music, them songs what all the kids on the street sing, an' what all the streetorgans play,—but, no, always that crazy music, where there is no tune to it,—up the scalings an' down again, till we, honest, all got wildlike, an' could o' choked the young fool. But that wasn't so bad, as when he'd bring another chap up, then the both of 'em would play together, at once, on that old thing. Whew! I'm sure a very musical woman, but that was too much for my nerves, that was. Guess not, young fellow, I'm sorry, but we better stay friends and you look somewhere else, see?"

Poor Sam stood thunderstruck, before this loquacious lady. At last he collected his rather scattered senses and made due apologies, going slowly down the steps. At the foot of the stairs he met a young man, apparently a student, coming whistling down the street, and running gaily up the steps. Sam heard him inquire of the woman concerning a room, and thought he'd listen to another outburst of her eloquence.

"Let me ask you, what are you studyin'?"

"I'm studying Political Economy; but what has that to do with renting your room to me, madam?"

"Well, I don't 'xactly know what that is, but it's surely something like anarchy. You see, if that's what you're studyin' you can't have no room o' mine. My man, Fritz, and me are very honest folks, you can ask the neighbors, and we don't want nothin' to do with them socialists. My husband, what's dead, he was one of them kind, and I can tell you, they're a bad lot; all drink like fishes. My lamented husband drank himself to death. Now we're rentin' our rooms only to young divinity students what want to be ministers."

"Well, my dear Madam, I can't give up my career just to please you. I am really a very spiritual young fellow, that is, I'm fond of all spirituuous things that are in liquid form,"—and he laughed aloud,—"just like your lamented husband, Madam."

"I tell you once and for all, my rooms are only for theological students. That's all"—and with these words she closed the door.

"Suit yourself, Madam, so long,"—he shouted laughingly and descended the stairs. At the last step he met Sam and addressed him good-humoredly: "Suppose you had the same counfounded luck with that most eloquent Xantippe. Well, I don't know exactly what that lady took me for. She reminds me of that old German legend of Peter and the quarreling woman. You don't know that capital story? Well, I must tell you that. St. Peter, so the story goes, was with his

Master who taught him how to pray. In this they were disturbed by a frightful noise of two quarreling with each other. The Master sent Peter to investigate the trouble and make peace between the parties. Peter found an excited woman in a hot dispute with the devil, but after spending some time in reasoning with them, he succeeded in restoring peace. He returned and reported his mission to the Master, who praised him for the deed. But soon the quarreling was heard again, and the shrill and shrieking voice drowned that of the adversary. Peter was again commissioned to be the peacemaker. This time he returned very soon and his face expressed inner joy and self-satisfaction. The Master asked him, astonished, how he had succeeded in so short a time to appease them. Peter reported with great fluency of speech that as they would not stop abusing each other and he, not being able to get in a word edgewise, had made short work of it and cut off both of their heads with his sword, which was still dripping with blood. The Master was very angry with his disciple, and ordered him to return at once and replace the heads on their bodies. But Peter was apparently not in a mood to do it without remonstrating as to the uselessness of such a proceeding, and went, rather grumblingly, to do the Master's bidding. Thus it happened that he put the wrong head on either body. The Master, discovering his mistake, severely reproached him for his carelessness. By this time Peter was wroth, and not weighing his words he angrily retorted: "Master, that does not matter a bit, that makes not the slightest bit of difference whatever."

"I'll bet her 'man what's dead' didn't die from the effects of socialism alone, hey?" added the story teller gleefully.

Then both laughed gaily, and each went his own way. Sam found the house of the second address, but the room had been engaged the previous day. He was more fortunate at his third trial. A pleasant-faced elderly lady answered the bell, and welcomed him cordially. She showed him a large, airy room with several windows opening towards a lovely garden. It reminded him of his own little room at home. Mrs. Busch was the widow of a pastor, and had the care of the son and daughter of a wealthy neighboring farmer. Sam felt more at home here than at any former house, and took the room immediately. He had his trunk sent up that very night and began to arrange his future "home." First of all he took out the picture of his "Mütterchen" and stood it in state upon the center-table. Next to this he solemnly placed his precious Bible, then he sat down at the writing desk and wrote his first letter to his mother, and what a bright sparkling jolly epistle it was! Twelve long pages, in which he told her of all his humorous experiences, all so new and strange to him; of everything that he had seen and heard in the big noisy city.

Before many days had passed, Sam had won the respect and affection of those about him. Mrs. Busch appreciated his wholesome, well-tempered mode of

living, and most willingly took charge of the care of his clothes. Even his "Mütterchen" could not have been more considerate. The deceased husband's large and well-selected library was her chief pride. As he had been rector of a church in the suburbs of the city for many years, she couldn't bear to part with the books at his death. She had been very much interested in theological literature during her husband's life time, and, even now, scarcely an evening passed when she was not to be found poring over some huge volume, lost in its wonderful teaching. Sam had been granted the privilege of unrestrained use of this coveted treasure, and he readily availed himself of its every advantage. Within a short time he had acquired a theological knowledge not to be scoffed at, broadening his mental horizon beyond his own realization. With the children he was soon on intimate terms, and his little favors were gratefully appreciated. Walter admired his musical ability and little Elfrieda found in him a very welcome help with her dreadful mathematics. This study had always been her dread, but now she invariably found the solution of her puzzling problems quite readily. "Religion" had ever been her strong side in former years; her reports usually read: "Religion, good; Mathematics, unsatisfactory." But now her mathematics made wonderful progress, and the usually redeeming study, "Religion," had a remarkable drop in the market,—much to the great concern of Mrs. Busch.

Sam now began his study of music, putting every effort of heart and soul into the work. Professor Bender was an excellent instructor, and soon proved himself to be his truest friend and adviser. Before very long, Sam had left his fellow-students far behind in his persistent effort for success. But instead of this rousing them to anger and envy, it rather inspired them to an almost idolizing admiration, for Sam never seemed conscious of his unusual brilliance and talent. He never drew comparisons between himself and his fellow-students; his only ideals were the great masters, and his emulation tended to keep him modest and reserved in his actions. He believed that true greatness lay in the consciousness of one's own ability, while false egoistic greatness was in the knowledge of the inability of others.

Two entire years had rapidly elapsed. Sam had made but few acquaintances, as his studies required all his time and attention. He eagerly availed himself of every opportunity to hear the great masters of his art. Otherwise he saw but little of the real life in a great wild city.

Now he was back home, for the few weeks of his summer vacation. Things had changed but little. Mr. Naumann was very much pleased at Sam's wonderful progress and he was not afraid to express his feelings. At Sam's coming of age he intended to show him his satisfaction in a befitting manner. He had thought much about it, but had not yet come to a definite decision. His brother

Jean, the famous pianist, came for a short visit to Neustadt, and of course Sam was invited to spend the evenings in his company. Each artist was surprised at the talent of the other; the admiration was mutual, and soon they had become the best of friends. And how happy a creature Norma was that first evening of their meeting! Uncle Jean had promised her, in fun, to take her with him on his concert tour sometime, that she might see for herself the beautiful "artist world." But he had far more extensive plans at heart, if his observations of Sam's and Norma's unconventional relations were not deceiving.

"Do you know, Franz," he said to his brother, when they were alone the next day, "do you know what that young Balder really needs?"

"I am not an artist, as you are aware, Jean; how should I know?"

"I am not referring to anything concerning his technique, Franz; I mean something material, practical."

"I suppose you mean a good wife, hey?—like the one you have. Well, he can get one by and by, I suppose. But you had to wait quite a time yourself, until Milda's mother could be persuaded to believe that your art could afford you both a living."

"No, no, quit your joking, Franz. I'm speaking in earnest now. There is no question in my mind, that young Balder has all the talent of a great artist and virtuoso; in a few words, he needs a good violin,—a Stradivarius."

A joyful light shone suddenly in Mr. Naumann's eyes. That's what he needed! That's just what he would give him for his twenty-first birthday!

"And," continued the artist, "I know of an opportunity to get one, and an excellent one, too, at low cost. The widow of a very dear friend of mine offers his for sale, among the private circle of her friends. I'll make you a fair proposition, Franz, if you'll pay one-half of the price, I'll pay the other, and it will make me very happy to help Sam along in his future career."

At first Mr. Naumann refused the aid of his brother, but the latter would not retract his offer, so they finally came to terms, deciding that Jean should make the necessary arrangements and the purchase. Three days later the precious violin was safely in the hands of happy Mr. Naumann.

When the instrument was solemnly delivered into Sam's trembling hands, on his birthday, a great wave of happiness overwhelmed him, very much like that when his dear "Mütterchen" gave him the first little violin, upon that memorable Christmas day. For a moment Sam stood speechless, before the two happy brothers. He gazed first at the master-violin, then at the two who had made him so rich. Stretching forth both arms to his benefactors, he expressed his unbounded joy and gratitude. Both felt amply rewarded when they witnessed this tender scene.

"I do hope that, soon, both of us may meet on the same stage, and together

gain the applause of an appreciative audience, Mr. Balder," said the pianist.

"It shall be my greatest endeavor not to disappoint you," modestly answered the younger artist.

Norma had been a happy witness of Sam's surprise, and now came to congratulate him. They shook hands in hearty, friendly fashion, and with a roguish laugh she said to him, "You'll give me your old violin, now, Mr. Balder? You surely won't use that any more, will you? I'd like a present, too, today. You see, I didn't win that Simon Medal this year, after all; in some way or other they overlooked me, so I would like a substitute, so that papa may find some consolation, any way."

Of course, Sam was only too happy to grant her desire, and, ever since, the violin held a place of honor upon her piano.

(To be continued)

Indoor Picnic at St. Joseph, Mich.

The Sunday school at St. Joseph, Mich., proved beyond any measure of doubt that it was alive and interested in the social development of its members by the "Indoor Picnic" which was held in the basement of our new church, Friday evening, Feb. 23.

The responsibility for the success of the affair rested with each class in the school. Supper was served at 6:30 o'clock, each class having charge of its own supper and table decorations. A prize was offered to the class having the best decorated table, the expenditure for such decorations being limited to \$1 per class. The prize consisted of a beautiful bouquet of pink carnations and was awarded to the class of youngest boys in our intermediate department. These boys manifested in the choice of their decorations that they were true patriots, and very cleverly carried out their scheme in the national colors, using the small red, white and blue electric lights to very good effect, and a center piece of small American flags.

We were happy to have with us as guests on this occasion Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Meier of Chicago, also Rev. Geo. Geis, who was spending a few days in our city and had entertained our people with an illustrated lecture in regard to his work two evenings before. Mr. Geis was chosen to act as one of the judges in determining to which class the coveted prize should be given.

The entertainment features were a great success. Each class was made responsible for one bit of entertainment. These were the source of much amusement to both young and old and a great deal of unsuspected talent was brought to light in the carrying out of the "stunts." A grab-bag also furnished its share of fun.

Every member did his and her part to make this a "big affair" and no one went away disappointed. The event will be long remembered by all who participated.

MRS. CARRIE H. FREITAG.

My Dear Mother

*O, Mother dear, do let me cheer
The dearest one I know;
You are so sweet, and when we meet
My heart rejoices so.
You are so kind and hard to find,
Yes, hard to find another;
And if you'll see, you are to me
More dearer than my brother.
You're dear to me and that's the key
Of happiness together,
In rain or shine, you're always mine
In all kinds of weather.
And this is true, that while I grew
You loved me from the beginning;
Now isn't that fine, O, mother mine,
It fills my heart with singing.
I thank my Lord who could afford
To give me you so dear;
You must remain, yes, just the same
And be forever near.*

*And so I now begin to plow
The memories of the past;
And then I sigh when years do fly,
Yes, fly so very fast
If I but could I surely would,
Would wish them yes, all over,
For they're a treat and very sweet,
Yes, sweeter than sweet clover.
And this is true, my love for you
Is more than it was ever,
I always pray from day to day,
Our love will never sever.
And there's just one, yes, only one
Whose love is yet far greater,
But only one, thank God, 'tis one,
And he is our Creator.
And now I wish and that is this—
My love you'll always remember;
From morn till night with love that's
might,
From New Year till December.*

*Year in, year out, without a doubt
You were a mother to me;
With humble heart I do impart
O, Lord, this prayer to thee—
"O, Jesus, kind, do keep her mine
And bless her all the time,
And if thou wilt, her love be built
On thee, and also mine.
Together we will stand for thee
And try to live the same;
To help and keep, with joy complete,
Thy lovely and holy name.
All people good, it's understood
Must some day pass away,
And should she die, while days go by,
Grant us a reunion some day.
And when she's gone, be this our song—
Her memory be dear among men,
O, Lord, I pray from day to day,
Bless her for Jesus' sake, Amen.*

CHARLES G. KLING.

Evangel Church of Newark, N. J.

Moving to a new field is generally a hard undertaking, but is the only salvation of some of our churches in a down town district, where the church and Sunday school dwindle away until it becomes only a question of time when the work shall cease to exist. Thus it was with us. The Evangel Church had almost waited too long before moving to a part of the city where a German

American population might be reached and where the church might put on new life. It had to be done in these days of high building costs when the estimates on a new edifice made some of the members hesitate in fear. But the Lord put faith and courage into the hearts of his people and has helped in every way. Our meetings are well attended and strangers are coming in. While the beginning of the work here is chiefly a time of seed sowing the future looks very promising.

We started an afternoon Sunday school on the third Sunday of September last and now after hardly six months we have over 250 children enrolled with as many as 210 present at a session. That means that we have been getting the children about as fast as we have been able to care for them with our limited number of teachers. The children are mostly from the homes of strangers and we are getting in touch with many of the parents. Without the work of our able missionary, Lydia Niebuhr, we could not have entrance to the homes, so quickly.

We are especially thankful to God that he has provided us with such an able leader of our Sunday school in Brother H. Theodore Sorg, whose services we had to borrow from the Clinton Hill Church. He has put heart and soul into the Sunday school work and knows how to put enthusiasm into the hearts of the teachers and scholars, so we are looking forward to a much larger development of the work. We pray that the Lord may keep us wide-awake and consecrated to his service.

Tenth Anniversary, Waco, Texas

On Friday evening, Feb. 16, it was our privilege to celebrate the tenth anniversary of our B. Y. P. U. It was indeed an occasion of rejoicing. The program, which consisted of a rich admixture of the serious and the humorous, was received with the heartiest approval on the part of young and old alike.

Our pastor, Bro. G. Hege, delivered the anniversary address, and this was followed by dialogues, recitations and musical renditions. The closing number proved to be a rare treat in the form of a humorous review in verse form. The composer, Bro. Albert Niederer, called forth a continuous ripple of laughter as he proceeded to discuss the B. Y. P. U. members individually, serving up in a new light many forgotten incidents, and delighting the audience with his startling conclusions. After the program a happy social hour was enjoyed with the visitors from Waco, Dallas, Gatesville and Cottonwood.

The B. Y. P. U. has a present enrollment of 36 members: two Senior groups, one Intermediate and one Junior group. Six of the original charter members are still in service. The German language has been maintained throughout in all the programs. We recognize that only the grace of God has sustained us through the past ten years, and to him we look trustfully for further guidance.

CHAS. W. KOLLER, Cor. Sec.

Missions—Home and Worldwide

Our Work in Bulgaria

An interesting report about our Baptist work in Bulgaria recently came into our hands. It was written in January by Rev. C. E. Petrick, who is our leader in the work over there and the agent through whom our General Missionary Society distributes its support to the native workers. The review of the year's work is illuminating. Our Society now supports 13 workers in Bulgaria. The letter follows:



REV. C. E. PETRICK

The year 1922 is past. The Lord was with us. How often in the hours of distress we were comforted by the promise: "Fear not, for I am with thee, and will bless thee" (Gen. 26:24). Yet how often did I fear when mountains of difficulties raised themselves during the building of our new chapel in Sofia. All the burden rested on me. Certain people, who were unfavorably disposed to me and our work, sought to hinder the work of building. They said, "We do not need any Protestant Mission." And these remarks in a big city, which our President of Ministry Stambuliiski himself in a public speech described as a Sodom and Gomorrah! We were like the Jews in Nehemiah's time. "And the builders, every one had his sword girded by his side and so builded." God confounded the counsel of the enemy. The prayer of the righteous availeth much, more than sword and spear.

The Government, which was friendly disposed to us, did not molest us in any way, but rather protected us. The religious freedom which the constitution guarantees us, was not infringed or impugned. The beautiful chapel in the main is now finished and will be dedicated in the spring,—perhaps at Easter-time. I must state how valuable the assistance of Bro. Fortunoff was to me. Without him, it would have been impossible for me to have carried on the building work. He acted as purchasing agent and

saved me thousands of levas. Our aged Bro. Spas Raitscheff also rendered many services. In the days of trial, Bro. Peter Fortunoff was like a son to me. May the Lord reward him! At times I fared like the Apostle Paul in Rome: "No one took my part, but all forsook me." But Peter Fortunoff was always close to me. If I had a difficult errand to perform, I always took young Brother Peter with me, in order to have some one about me, of whom I was conscious he loved me. All this care, excitement and labor has affected me greatly. My health is about gone. But the Lord will redeem me from all evil.

We have little churches in thirteen places. Meetings are regularly carried on in sixteen places. Eight churches have their own chapels, namely Kostenetz, Tschirpan, Kazanlick, Rustschuck, Mertwitz, Berkowitz, Lom Palanka and the one soon to be finished in Sofia. We baptized 35 new converts and more baptisms will follow in the spring. Two Gypsies were baptized, both of them in the Gypsy village of Golinzi. There are 32 members there at present. In the city of Ferdinand in North Bulgaria we have opened a work. Brother Peter Minkoff labors there. He is also editor of our paper, "The Evangelist." He is also very active in temperance work, possessing a special gift to lecture on the important matter of prohibition and temperance.

We now have 349 members. The largest number of baptisms occurred in Mertwitz, 11 being reported. Rustschuck reported 8 baptisms. Our zealous young Brother Nickola Michailleff labors there with his young educated wife, who has passed the examination for teachers. Our young Brother Ivan Igloff went from the church in Berkowitz to enter our seminary at Hamburg. After completing a course of four years, he expects to return to be one of our workers. He is a son of our minister Peter Igloff. Another young brother will follow him, the Lord permitting. We necessarily need better prepared young brethren if our work is to grow.

Our churches last year raised their own requirements, 48,966 levas. Our aim is to lead the churches to give more annually in order to dispense gradually with outside help. Our heartfelt thanks to our brethren in America, who remember and help us in our present need. The Lord bless the dear givers!

Our Oppressed Brethren in Siberia

The following letter to which we refer in our Editorial Jottings has just come to hand and will throw light on the situation in our Baptist work in Siberia.

"I regret that I must inform you that circumstances here have grown worse since Nov. 7, 1922, when the Far-East

Republic was reunited with Soviet Russia. The government opposes religion in general, and is especially vigorous in its opposition against the Baptists. This opposition is not to be only verbal, but to assure success authorities have forbidden the printing of our monthly religious paper, and confiscated the supply we had in store. We are not permitted to print our Sunday school leaflets. Our annual Bible conference has been prohibited. Neither are we permitted to defend ourselves in the daily newspapers against false accusations. Furthermore, in some of our churches the Sunday school and young people's society have been disbanded and the leaders have been arrested and are being held for investigation. So far in my church and home only the books and papers have been confiscated.

Satan, knowing that his days are numbered, seeks to destroy the influence of Christ. There is a groaning and yearning among the people for deliverance, but the source of help is unknown. The news has reached me through unofficial sources that I am to be expelled, as the disturbing spirit of the movement. But so far I have received no official notice regarding this. God is watching over us and we will entrust our future to him. May his name be glorified! We had two baptism services this year, 14 and 16 converts, and others are ready to be baptized. May the Lord grant us further victories!

J. J. VINCE."

The Baptist work among the Roumanians in America was started in 1910 when the First Roumanian Baptist Church of America was organized in Cincinnati, Ohio, with some Baptists who had come from Roumania and some who were baptized in this country. In 1913 the Roumanian Baptist Association of North America was organized. It began publishing a sixteen-page monthly religious review "Crestinuel" (The Christian) which is still being published, but now semi-monthly.

The Roumanian Baptist Association has met regularly every year since it was organized. This year (1922) it held its annual conference in Detroit, Mich., in the Second Roumanian Baptist Church. The delegates to this conference represented 18 churches and missions. Sunday schools, B. Y. P. U.'s, and women's organizations were also represented. The reports, considering the circumstances, were inspiring. There were 41 baptized. The total membership is 628. There was raised \$13,267.29 this year to help the work. New work was started in South Bethlehem, Pa., and Norwalk, Ohio. There are 18 Roumanian Baptist students studying in different schools, that is, in high schools, academies, universities and seminaries, 8 of whom are studying for the work of the ministry.

The Supremacy of Sacrifice

S. S. FELDMANN

The supreme law of life is sacrifice. Sacrifice is found in nature when the rocky surface of the mountains is crushed and powdered by the action of the elements that it may nourish plant-life which in turn must sacrifice itself that animals, and above all, man may live. And sacrifice, not only in the ceremonial sense, but as the giving up of everything to God and one's fellowman, is one of the most important thoughts that permeates our Bible. Look at Abraham as he leaves his home in Ur of Chaldaea, and at Moses as he consecrates his very life that the descendants of the noble progenitor of the chosen race might possess the promised land. Again, look at the prophets. Who suffered more than they when the divine judgment finally came and their people were carried into captivity? And they were but foreshadowing the greatest of all sufferers—Christ himself. We ask, what is the climax of his career? There is but one answer. It was his sacrificial death. His life had its culmination in his sufferings. He realized that only through vicarious sacrifice could he give us that life which he had come to bring. "The Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life as a ransom for many." Through his death he opened for us the path leading to life eternal. "By his stripes we are healed," and thus the cross becomes for us what it was for Constantine of old, "a sign whereby we shall conquer."

For the sons of Zebedee, the cross, now a lighthouse of salvation for all the world, was a reef on which their ship of hope was temporarily wrecked when they asked for the places of honor in the Kingdom of God. But they soon saw that the way of the thorns was the way to the throne, and that only by marching faithfully through the vale of trial and agony could they successfully reach the arch of victory. It became perfectly obvious to them, what that young hero of the American Revolution, Nathan Hale, declared in the presence of his British captors, "I regret that I have but one life to lose for my country." They, too, who once sought after places of honor, later grieved that they had but one life to lay down for their Master.

The seer on Patmos, when he saw the clouds of oppression gathering about him, was not discouraged and depressed, but rather dipped his pen in the heartblood of the slain heroes of the cross and wrote of the cross of Christ only as a means of salvation and not also as a law of Christian life, have but half understood the meaning of the Master who not only spoke of his going up to Jerusalem to suffer, but added in the same breath, "If any man would come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me." All ministry for the Master must be possessed of the Master's sacrificial spirit. The gospel of a broken heart demands the ministry of

bleeding hearts, and well does Dr. Jowett say: "As soon as we cease to bleed we cease to bless."

The secret of the Kingdom of God finds its revelation in the history of the suffering of Christ. The upward way of all history is decorated with crosses by the wayside. All real human life is a perpetual completion and repetition of the sacrifice of Christ. This is a truth which lies at the bottom of all history. We would have no Egyptian kingdom without the battle of Libya; no Chaldean realm without the battle of Charchemish; no Persian empire without the bloody conquests of Cyrus and Cambyses; no united Greece without Marathon, Thermopylae and Salamis; no Rome without the Punic wars; and never would we have had our own free America without a Valley Forge and a Yorktown. No empire has ever been founded without the shedding of blood; and without the sacrifice of true servants of Jehovah the Kingdom of God will not be built on earth.

But why these illustrations of the past? The history of Missions is a history of those true servants of Christ who have sealed their labors with their blood. The sacrifice of the cross is inseparable from the sacrifice of those who die for it. As Paul says: "Now I can rejoice in my sufferings on your behalf, and in my own person I supplement the afflictions endured by Christ, for the sake of his body, the church" (Col. 1:24).

In the biography of David Hill, that splendid missionary, we find a sentence that burns itself into the very marrow of our souls as we read it. Disorder had broken out, and one of the rioters seized a huge splinter of a smashed door and gave him a terrific blow on the wrist, almost breaking his arm. Referring to it he says: "There is a deep joy in actually suffering physical violence for Christ's sake." A strange combination of words—suffering, violence and joy! Yet we must not forget that sacrifice alone, bare and unrelieved, is ghastly unnatural and dead; but self-sacrifice illuminated by love, is warmth and life. Christ's sacrifice avails men only when Christians sacrifice their all in making known this sacrifice of Christ. Our sympathy must be a passion, our intercession must be a groaning, our beneficence must be a sacrifice, and our service must be a martyrdom. What is the secret of such sacrificial life? It is this. The men and women who willingly and joyfully share the fellowship of Christ's sufferings are vividly conscious of the unspeakable reality of their own personal redemption. They never forget the pit out of which they have been digged, and they never lose the remembrance of the grace that saved them.

The cross of Christ asks for men who will sacrifice themselves for others. It asks for men who have lived in the highlands of God that they might work in the lowlands of sin. Does the cry of the cross and the world's need pierce our hearts, and ring even through the fabric of our dreams? Should our dying brethren

ask in vain for help to show them the way into the Kingdom of God? Are we shedding our blood that we may bring light to those still in darkness? Are we filling up "that which is behind in the sufferings of Christ"? There are those who are doing it among the heathen. It was done in Uganda, when the handful of lads, having been tortured and their arms cut off, and while they were being slowly burned to death, raised the song of triumph and praised their Savior in the fire, "singing till their shriveled tongues refused to form the sound." They are doing it in China, where the little remnant of decimated churches gathered here and there upon the very spots of butchery and martyrdom, and renewed the covenant with their Lord. James Chalmers was doing it, when after long years of hardship and difficulty, he proclaimed his unalterable choice, "Recall the twenty-one years, give me back all its experience, give me its shipwrecks, give me its standings in the face of death, give it me surrounded with savages with spears and clubs, give it me back again with spears flying about me, with the club knocking me to the ground—give it me back, and I will still be your missionary!"

Are we in the succession? Or

*"Must I be carried to the skies
On flow'ry beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?"*

Rather let us answer,

*"Since I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word."*

New Young People's Society in Tabor, N. D.

A Young People's Society was organized at the Tabor Station of the Rosenfeld, N. D., church on Dec. 12, 1922, with 33 members. On the 18th of March, the newly founded society made its first bow in public by furnishing a program of entertainment, which was successful beyond all expectations. Many of the older church members of the Tabor station were somewhat filled with fear as to this program, because it was something new to them. But after the program had been carried out, all were very much pleased and were of the opinion that it was no undesirable thing to train the young people to such activities. Recitations and dialogues formed a great part of the program and our young people showed themselves to be very capable in this respect. All are full of enthusiasm for the cause.

Our young people at this station are to be commended for they rejoice the heart of the pastor by their zeal for God's work. If they continue in this way, we have all reason to expect great things from them in the future. Coffee and cake were served at the close to all present. We expect to arrange a program henceforth every month. May the Master bless the Tabor young people and make them a blessing!

S. J. FUXA.



A Glimpse of the "King's Daughters Class," McDermott Ave. Sunday School, Winnipeg, Man.

Under the capable leadership of Miss B. Knopf, as teacher of the class, we have been able to make ourselves useful in various ways.

The accompanying picture will give our readers an idea as to the number of members in our class, although several members could not be present on the picture. Five of our members are active as teachers of other classes in Sunday school, but are still considered members of the class.

Besides our regular Sunday school sessions of the class we meet once a month for business and social activities. Through the encouragement of our pastor, Rev. J. Leyboldt, we have also organized a "ladies chorus" and are privileged to sing at various occasions.

As daughters of our great King, we are trying to be active in service for him by visiting the sick, cheering them with song and flowers, and providing for needy families in various ways. This has proved a great blessing to those concerned.

In the month of December, together with the Young Men's class, we rendered a successful program, and in connection with that, held a bazaar, at which we raised the sum of \$125. Together with other money gathered through the year, we raised \$139.18.

Since one of our members is now in training for foreign missionary work, the greater part of this money was given towards helping her financially. We also assisted the church treasury and various other good causes.

Trusting God as our Helper, we are hoping to do greater things for him in the new year.

HELEN SCHULTZ, Class Secretary.

Nottingham Baptist Church

During our Great Evangelistic Campaign 80 came out for Christ of which 36 were baptized and 8 joined by letter. Many have already decided to join next time but some are still holding back, but we know with our prayers and the help of God they will also come.

Easter Sunday was a glorious day. Sunday school started at 9:30 as usual, but instead of having the classes, an Easter program was given in which all the small tots took part. During the morning service 25 were baptized and 8 were taken in by letter and confession of faith, and during the evening service 11 were baptized. An arch was made over the baptism on which were placed lilies and hyacinths. This was a wonderful sight.

Now with God's help we are looking forward to greater things.

NOTTINGHAM.

Reception in the Second Baptist Church, Pekin, Ill.

We are glad to report that Brother H. G. Braun, our new pastor, started his work in Pekin the first Sunday in March. After being without a pastor for several months, it was indeed a happy day for us, and we will renew our efforts to do what we can to build up God's kingdom.

Both morning and evening services, as well as the Sunday school and midweek prayer services were very well attended. It is our hope that this interest will continue.

Thursday evening, March 15, we held a reception for Brother Braun and his family at the church. Brother Schlipf of the Peoria church and some of his members were also with us. The spirit of co-operation was the keynote of the speaking, which indeed is the fact we must keep before us in our Christian work.

L. Z.

Iowans,—Take Notice!

The Iowa Jugendbund will meet with the Church of Muscatine, Iowa, June 12, 13 and 14 for their 28th annual convention.

The committee has endeavored to arrange an interesting, instructive program and have procured the services of Mrs. C. E. Hillis of Kohoka, Mo., who spoke at the convention two years ago.

In connection with the Young People's convention, a Sunday school Institute is being launched, which will be held the first day, under able leaders.

Every Sunday school teacher, scholar, young or old person interested in the advancement of the Master's kingdom is invited to go to Muscatine on above dates. It will be the year's best vacation. Come—meet with us!

L. G. JOHNSON, Sec.,
Iowa Jugendbund.

A Rhymed Report

The following report of young people's work was given at the annual meeting of a Presbyterian church in Indiana. It was written by a young lady who acted as young people's superintendent of the church. It is a clever piece of work. Versified reports, if given occasionally, will add interest to the business meeting of the young people's society.

*Tell us not in mournful numbers
Life is but an empty dream.
Those who work in our society
Find in life a brighter gleam.*

*Life is real. Life is earnest,
And good times are not our goal.
Opportunities are given
For the training of the soul.*

*Daily reading of our Bibles,
Daily prayer along the way,
Help us live so each tomorrow
Finds us farther than today.*

*So that in the world's brief battle,
In the bivouac of life,
We are strengthened by our training,
We are ready for the strife.*

*We have had a busy winter,
Meeting every Sunday night,
Singing, praying, speaking, eating,
Trying hard to do the right.*

*We have sent our share to missions
Home and foreign, Freedmen, too.
Thirty dollars for the season
Was the best that we could do.*

*We are planning for a banquet
And a speaker from Fort Wayne,
Who has promised to be with us
Easter Monday, shine or rain.*

*So you see, we're up and doing,
Sometimes early, sometimes late,
Sometimes failing, sometimes gaining—
Time is up, so I'll vacate.*

Before It Is Too Late

*If you have a gray-haired mother
In the old home far away,
Sit down and write the letter
You put off from day to day.
Don't wait until her weary steps
Reach heaven's pearly gate,
But show her that you think of her
Before it is too late.*

*If you have a tender message,
Or a loving word to say,
Don't wait till you forget it,
But whisper it today.
Who knows what bitter memories
May haunt you if you wait,
So make your loved one happy
Before it is too late.*

*The tender words unspoken,
The letter never sent,
The long-forgotten messages,
The wealth of love unspent—
For these some hearts are breaking,
For these some loved ones wait;
Show them that you can care for them
Before it is too late.*

G. B. GRIFFITH.

The Superintendent for a Bigger-Better School

G. W. PUST

Every Christian is called to be a co-worker with God. No provision was ever made for laggards in his kingdom. To those who are "standing idle," the call rings out as of old: "Go ye also into the vineyard." But while there is work for everyone to do, there are positions of greater importance than others, and those who are called to fill them are indeed highly honored.

Such is the position of the Sunday school superintendent. Yet, a great responsibility also rests upon him; for, more than upon any other individual, the progress and the success of the school are dependent on him. Surely, it should be every superintendent's desire to make the largest possible contribution for a bigger-better Sunday school.

He Should Be a Man of Faith

By this we mean that he ought to believe that it can be done, and that, in spite of every obstacle, he works toward that end. Every achievement is dependent upon faith, and the man who has real faith has at his command a mightier power than any other in the world. Our Master himself placed much emphasis upon this virtue: "If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say to this mountain, Remove hence to yonder place; and nothing shall be impossible to you." It was faith that enabled the apostles, even as their Master had done, to change loathsome disease into health, to bring back the dead to life, to open prison doors, to set whole communities in such turmoil that men declared that the world was turned upside down. We are reminded of Na-side down. He was planning to cross the Alps into Italy. Being told that they were impassable, he simply waved his hand and said, "There shall be no Alps." The older Pitt, after some one had told

him that a certain thing he had planned could not be done, replied: "I trample on impossibilities."

Faith will give the superintendent the necessary enthusiasm. He will render more than a half-hearted service which counts for little anywhere and may even be a positive hindrance. During the week the school will be largely in his thought, and wholly in his love. He will pray, study and plan. He will also kindly and tactfully urge the teachers and pupils to pray, plan and work for the school. If necessary, he will frequently change his methods until he has such that will be used of God to bring scholars into the school, keep them there and give them ample opportunity for acquiring Bible knowledge and inspiration to help them dedicate their lives to Christ as well as build a strong Christian character. In short, his faith is a working faith and, therefore, a winning faith.

A Man of Pure Life

The superintendent who desires to lead into bigger and better things, must be a man of pure life. Here are words worth listening to: "God forgive the one who dares to stand in the superintendent's desk with unconfessed or hidden sin in his heart. He is hindering the work; he is standing in the way of the progress of the kingdom; he is unconsciously to himself, possibly, injuring for eternity other lives, for which he will one day be called to a strict account. God always uses for a permanent work of blessing the life that is clean. There can be no life of compromise, if one is to possess the power of God." No doubt, a superintendent can, regardless of this requirement, cause a great deal of commotion and even make himself believe that he is entirely successful; but he does not know the negative results. One thing is sure, his achievements can only be a small part of what might otherwise be the case. It is expected that every Christian live a clean and holy life; but those in special places of influence need all the more to take heed, lest sin beguile them and they cause Christ's little ones to stumble.

*"So wash me, thou, without, within,
Or purge with fire, if that must be,
No matter how, if only sin
Die out in me, die out in me."*

A Good Example

The superintendent we have in mind should be a fair representative of what the Sunday school aims to make its pupils. By virtue of his position, he is the scholar's example, whether he so desires or not. How important then, that he truly represent his Master everywhere: that his life in the home, on the street, in his business, as well as when he stands upon the platform and speaks and prays, be consistent with his profession! In New Testament times they brought sick people that the shadow of the man of God might fall upon them and they be healed. The superintendent's daily life should radiate such a healing influence.

I am sure that I have pictured the superintendent rather ideal; but I am also persuaded of the fact that the ideal

is not an impossibility. Surely if we desire to be such, God will set his seal of approval upon our work.

Social in Edmonton, Alta.

Monday evening, March 26, was a memorable day for the young people of Edmonton and for the members of the church, for the Young People's Society gave a first class Social. The entrance fee varied according to the number they drew which ranged from 1 to 50 cents. This brought a donation to the church of \$26.36 for the debt. But one drew a lucky number, a beautiful leather bound New Testament. A special program was arranged in which every guest was permitted to participate. The most noteworthy number on the program was that each of the four groups (according to the seasons of the year) wrote a song about our B. Y. P. U. to a particular and familiar tune, and that each group delivered it after only 15 minutes. We were astonished at the hidden talents in our young people, which revealed themselves. After an enjoyable evening the gathering closed with doughnuts and coffee.

GEO. WEISSER, Sec.

Anniversary in Cathay, N. D.

The German B. Y. P. U. of Cathay, N. D., recently held their 8th Annual Program, which consisted of the following numbers: Three songs by the choir; 4 dialogues (2 in German and 2 in the American language); 1 piano trio; 2 ladies' quartettes; 1 mixed quartette; 1 duet; 4 recitations; a vocal solo with violin and piano accompaniment. Rev. Thiel of St. Paul gave a short speech. This was followed by an offering which amounted to \$29. The proceeds went to the poor and suffering in Germany. With song and prayer the audience was dismissed to the basement, where a lunch, consisting of coffee and cake, was served. Our society has 56 members enrolled at present, of which Mr. C. L. Broschat is president. Our meetings are all held in the German language. May the Lord bless all the young people's societies in the coming year!

LYDIA REDDIG, Sec.

Some First Impressions of China's Needs

Wenchow, Chekiang, China,
February 3, 1923.

My dear prayer-helpers and friends of the Iowa Jugendbund.

Since last having written to you, Christmas has come and gone—my first in China. How different from the Christmases we have at home! In the homelands we feel that all the dear children and grown-ups, too, know why Christmas is celebrated, but how different in China! We attended the Chinese Christians' Christmas program and were greatly stirred at the way in which they "do things" if taught. Perhaps there was nothing that struck my own heart any more than hearing the little ones sing "The light of the world is Jesus" and "Jesus bids us shine" while the candles were being lit on the Christmas

tree. Yes, the Gospel of our blessed Savior can do wonders even in heathen lands. How different were the faces and the dress of those of the little ones who just strayed into that service! Their little faces simply gazed at the other boys and girls who were clean and could sing so well. Many of them had never heard the reason why we celebrate the 25th of December.

In speaking of the singing, I might add here that all singing in China is far from good. Most of the older folks and many of the younger folks can't carry a tune. The other day one of our workers was going to teach a group of women a new song. One of the ladies in the audience kindly asked her whether they couldn't sing the song first and then learn the tune afterwards. Many of them, too, sing but one tune to all their songs. But never mind, they sing from the depths of their hearts and they sing as unto Him, and after all, that is the main thing.

About a month ago I left the training home at Yangchow. Would you be interested in the boat in which we went part of the way? There was nothing "first class" about it. In order to get to our "cabin" we went down a number of steps on a rough step-ladder. The "chairs" upon which we sat were long, rough benches, which in case of emergency would do for a bed as well. There are no plastered walls but instead many large cracks through which much smoke comes, due to the much smoking of opium by the Chinese people. What a curiosity we were! They kept peeping in as long as they could and finally we overheard them say "they are Jesus teachers." What a wonderful name we do have! Yes, they know who we are quite readily, and may I ask your united prayers that they may not be disappointed in me. From Chinkingiang to Shanghai we traveled by train and we found that much more convenient. After a stay of about a week in Shanghai, we again set sail by boat for Wenchow. This time our boat was all we could ask. We had hoped to make the trip from Shanghai within 24 or 30 hours but a very heavy fog came up which delayed us 24 hours.

And now a little about this part of China. A prettier place, or province, I'm sure cannot be found anywhere in China. The mountains, the canal and the ocean, all tend to make it most beautiful. I like to compare it to "the West" at home. The city of Wenchow itself is down in the hollow and mountains on all sides. Many typhoons have passed through this place and just last fall a very severe one went through causing the loss of many homes and much property. What a welcome awaited us here! Our fellow missionaries as well as Chinese brothers and sisters. One Chinese Bible woman even came down to the boat to meet us and once I was told that I was the one from America because having so light a complexion (my partner happens to be of English descent).

In the afternoon, we visited the homes of several of the Chinese Christians and there were told that they had long been

praying that more workers might be sent to them. How one feels when you know that in answer to their prayers you are the one upon whom God has bestowed this privilege of coming to them! Yes, they are faithful in praying for us too—they told us that they had been praying that the Lord would help us to get accustomed to the water and climate quite readily and that he would also help us with the language. Just in passing, I might tell you that this language has eight tones—each tone means a different word. So while you are praying, may I ask you to pray that much wisdom may be given. He is able!

I must tell you of an incident that took place just the other day. An old lady came to one of our missionaries and said: "Please, teacher, won't you teach me how to read? I'm only 68 years old but I'll try very hard and then too my grandson has been to one of your schools and has learned to read and at night he can help me." Friends and prayer helpers at home, would we be willing to learn to read at such an old age just to learn to read and sing of Him? How often when I hear these things do I feel like bowing my head in shame. Our workers would gladly take time to teach these dear ones to read but what of the millions who have never heard? Perhaps there are those of the Iowa Jugendbund who should be in China today to help these Chinese men and women learn to read. The workers are so few and the people so many. Dear co-workers, is it nothing to you that on the average of 300,000,000 Chinese have never once heard the story? Is it fair? China's cry today is the same as that which Paul heard "Come over and help us." Would to God that many in the homelands would count all but loss for Him. If the cost seems too great, let me tell you you can't help but feel that the very best is none too good for Him.

This week we hope to move on to our permanent place of service. For some time yet it will mean to be patient and learn as much of the language as possible. There are trying times as you may well imagine. One sees so great a need and one is absolutely helpless, but in His own time, we too shall be able to carry forth this blessed gospel story. As you pray in your own homes as well as in your meetings, may I ask your prayers? Satan is very busy the first months especially—trying to discourage us with the language and raising the question whether it is really "worth while." I praise Him for loved ones and friends in the homeland who are praying faithfully—please continue. It may not be your privilege to come and tell but it may be your privilege of daily bearing up those who are out on the firing line.

BERTHA M. LANG.

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The Protestant Episcopal Church proposed to mark its centennial year of missions by enrolling a hundred new missionaries between Easter 1921 and Easter 1922. Actually 123 new missionaries were enrolled, many of whom are already on the field at home or abroad.

Devotional Prayer Topics

For May

6. Lessons from the Psalms. (5) A Prayer Psalm. Ps. 86:1-17. (Consecration Meeting.)
13. Why Do We Believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God? John 20:24-31.
20. Stewardship of Supplication. John 14:1-15; Luke 18:1-14.
27. Missionary Meeting. The Hope of India: Education for Her Girls. Prov. 3:13-18.

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A year ago large migration of Menonites took place from Canada to Mexico. They left because Canadian law required that English be taught in the schools. They are now asking Canada to receive them again. Their reason is that the robber bands seized all they raised. They say that they have discovered that too much law is better than too little.—Record of Christian Work.

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