

The Baptist Herald

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

Volume Two

CLEVELAND, O., JUNE, 1924

Number Six



*Baraca Class Annual Meeting and Banquet
South Chicago German Baptist Sunday School*

What's Happening

Rev. O. Ratschkowsky of Southey, Sask., has accepted the call of the church at Yorkton, Sask.

Rev. J. Luebeck, formerly pastor of the German Baptist church in Odessa, Russia, and more recently missionary director of the society organized by Wm. Fetler, has severed his connection with the latter and is coming to western Canada. He has accepted the pastorate of our church in Ebenezer West, Sask.

Rev. O. R. Hauser, pastor of the Immanuel Church, Milwaukee, Wis., accompanied by Mrs. Hauser, will leave for Europe on June 24. They will visit Germany and a number of neighboring countries during the summer.

The Sunday School Teacher's Association of the German Baptist churches of Chicago and Vicinity held its annual meeting, April 24, in the First Church. The newly elected officers for the ensuing year are: H. Siemund, President; F. Grosser, Vice Pres.; G. Frahm, Secretary, and Miss Winifred Baum, Treasurer. The treasurer's report showed total receipts of \$77 for the year. The retiring president, Mr. Fred Grosser, presided at the evening session. Rev. C. A. Daniel spoke on "Some Studies in Early Conversion." The choir of the First Church rendered selections very acceptably. The offering of the evening was for the undernourished children of Germany. About 165 delegates were present.

Rev. F. J. Reichle closed his pastorate of six years at Colfax, Wash., the end of March to accept the call of the church at Fresno, Cal. This is Bro. Reichle's second pastorate with the Fresno church.

Rev. J. A. Pankratz, Secretary of the Illinois Association, reporting on the recent meeting of the association at South Chicago, says: "The work of the Lord is making progress in our churches. Especially gratifying is the condition of our Sunday schools." That is an encouraging fact and fills the hearts of the workers with gratitude and hope.

Rev. R. T. Wegner, late pastor at San Francisco, who was compelled to return East on account of the health of Mrs. Wegner, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Jamesburg, N. J.

South Dakota Young People, Plan Your Vacation Now!

The Madison church invites all young people of our German speaking churches to bear the dates June 24, 25 and 26 in mind when you are making plans for a vacation. The South Dakota Jugendbund will convene in Madison. You will miss it, if you miss it! It will be worth while to be there.

WILLIBALD S. ARGOW.

Convention Program of the Iowa Jugendbund

Elgin, Iowa, June 17, 18, 19, 1924

TUESDAY AFTERNOON, June 17

Sunday School Institute in Charge of Rev. V. Witter

(a) "The Worship Program in Sunday School," Rev. J. Ehrhorn. (b) "Housing the Sunday School," C. F. Borchardt. (c) "Leadership Training Program for the Sunday School," Mathilda De Beck.

TUESDAY EVENING

Convention Opening. 7.45: Song Service, Elgin B. Y. P. U. Scripture and Prayer, Elgin. Music, Elgin. Welcome Address, Elgin society president, Karl Miller. Response, Bund president, H. B. Wiesley. Ladies Quartet, Elgin. Pianologue, Mrs. F. C. Muehlenthaler. Address, "A Glimpse of Europe," a travel talk, Prof. L. Kaiser. Male Quartet, Elgin. Music, Elgin. Song, Assembly. Closing Prayer, Rev. Ph. Lauer.

WEDNESDAY MORNING

9.00: Song Service, Burlington. 9.15: Devotional, Buffalo Center. 10:00: Business Session. Musical Number, Elgin.

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON

2.00: Song Service, Muscatine. 2.15: Scripture and Prayer, Victor. Round Table Discussion. Bible Study, "A Paramount Need for Young People." Basis, "The Bible, God's Revelation to Man," H. B. Wiesley, Pres. 1. "Why Are We Responsible to Study the Bible?" Parkersburg. 2. "What Are the Benefits Derived from Bible Study?" Prairie Grove. 3. "What Are the Best Methods for Bible Study?" Sheffield. 4. "What Place Does Prayer Hold Relative to the Study of God's Word?" Baileyville. 5. "Why Do We Need the Spirit's Guidance and Help for Bible Study, and How May We Know Him as Our Teacher?" Steamboat Rock. 10 minutes succeeding each topic for general discussion. Musical Number, Aplington.

WEDNESDAY EVENING

7.45: Song Service, George. 8.00: Scripture and Prayer, Prairie Grove. Instrumental, Baileyville. Reading, Aplington. Vocal Number, Parkersburg. Music, Burlington. Reading, Victor. Vocal Number, Steamboat Rock. Short Talk, "God's Claim Upon Youth," Prof. L. Kaiser. Instrumental, Muscatine. Reading, Sheffield. Vocal Number, Buffalo Center.

THURSDAY MORNING

9.00: Song Service, Sheffield. 9.15: Devotional, George. 10.00: Report of Committees. Election of Officers. Conclusion of Business. 11.00: Recreational Outing.

THURSDAY EVENING

7.45: Song Service, Elgin. 8.00: Scripture and Prayer, Muscatine. Roll

Call of Societies. Music, Aplington. Address, "A Call to Service," Prof. L. Kaiser. Vocal Number, Victor. Consecration Meeting. Closing Prayer.

The annual convention of the Iowa Jugendbund will convene with the society at Elgin, Iowa, June 17 to 19. A hearty invitation is extended to all young and old who are interested in Sunday school and Young People's Work. Come and help make these days of refreshing.

The above program will be given.

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

Pacific Jugendbund

Annual Meeting June 20-24, Anaheim, Cal.

Afternoon: Business. Election of two members for the Promotion Committee. One-minute report from each union: "One successful event in the past year."

Evening: Instrumental and vocal selections, Los Angeles and Anaheim union. Roll Call. "The Young People and the Church," Rev. A. P. Mihm. Solo, Rev. J. Kratt, D. D., Portland. Address, Mr. H. P. Donner, Cleveland.

The secretary of each union is kindly requested to send following information for Banner Contest by June 10 to Roland Riepe, 1851 N. 52nd Street, Seattle, Wash

1. Membership —. 2. New members since June 1, 1923 —. 3. Average all meetings since June 1, 1923 —. 4. Are Jugendbund dues paid? — (If not send 5 cents per member to J. L. Hellwig, c/o Lodi Realty Co., Lodi, Cal.) 5. No. members subscribers of "Baptist Herald" —, "Sendbote" —.

Steps to Stewardship

1. Create conviction as to principles through instruction.
2. Convert conviction into action through enrolment.

The Baptist Herald

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The Baptist Herald

Christ and the Children

ONE of the great days in the Sunday school year is Children's Day, which is observed by most of the denominations on the second Sunday in June. Some one with deep insight has remarked, the first Children's Day on record was that day on which the mothers brought their children to Jesus to be blessed of him; when Jesus rebuked his disciples, who in good but mistaken intention to keep the Master free from what they deemed petty annoyance, would have kept the children and their mothers away from his presence. But Jesus said: "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

It is most instructive for Christian workers among children to study carefully the contacts of Jesus with children as given in the Gospels. Such a study may present a new vision and understanding to the Sunday school teacher concerning the worth of the child in the sight of God. If we would see how God regards youthful believers, let us read and reread the 18th chapter of Matthew. It tells us how Jesus set a little child in the midst of his disciples and the words he uttered in connection with the object-lesson he gave them then and there.

Our Lord said: "Whoso shall cause one of these little ones which believe in me to stumble"—to backslide; to relapse into sin and unbelief; to drift out into the cold world again—"it is profitable for him that a great millstone should be hanged about his neck and that he should be sunk in the depth of the sea." This is one of the most awesome and terrifying passages that ever dropped from the lips of the meek and lowly Jesus. So cruel is the sin that it rouses deep indignation and wrath in his heart. It contains a tremendous indictment against those whose carelessness and contempt of child life cause the little ones to be handicapped and harmed in the development of the higher life. This utterance of Jesus builds a wall of fire about the little ones, so that he that touches them touches the apple of God's eye.

Again Jesus throws aside the curtain of the unseen world to impress on our minds the worth with which God regards the young life that may be won for him. "See that ye despise not one of these little ones, for I say unto you that in heaven their angels do always behold"—have constant access to—"the face of my father which is in heaven." If angels concentrate on such service to the little ones, says one writer, how much more may we; if heaven puts such honor on believing children, how much more should we; if God holds himself in readiness to act for them at any moment, so should we.

Surely great dignity is given not only to the little ones themselves but also to the human co-workers with the angels.

The Church and the Children

IN our day Jesus is taking the little child and placing it in the midst of his disciples as never before. Thank God, there has been a rediscovery of the child by the churches in many places. It is being realized that the child is a great asset of the church, of present as well as of future value.

The need of winning the children for Christ and the church is becoming clearer and more pressing than ever before to pastors, teachers, parents and Christian workers. God entrusts to his people thousands and thousands of children to be instructed in the Bible schools. They are brought under the influence of the church in the morning of life while the intellect is bright and active, the emotional nature pure and sensitive, and the will most capable of being trained to right decisions. The child is in the midst to be studied and nurtured, to be helped and loved. "He who helps a child," says Phillips Brooks, "helps humanity with an immediateness not possible at any other stage of life."

It will pay to take care of the little ones that are coming on. The rosebud is worth more in the market than the fullblown rose. The time to transplant a tree is when it is a shrub. It will take a yoke of oxen to move it when it gets to be a full grown tree. The hardened old sinner whose mind is filled with selfish speculations, says in his heart: "There is no God," but infidels and doubters among children are seldom found. Touch a child's heart and he will almost invariably follow his feelings and do the right thing. But the adult is often moved to tears without being moved to action. It takes almost three thousand sermons to convert one man now. It might be that one word would have brought a child to Christ. The child has longer to live than the man. An investment in a child is better than an investment in the father. When we lead a child to Christ, we save a soul plus a life for service. Twenty-five missionaries, says a writer in the "Sunday School Times," when conversing together, found that twenty-four out of the twenty-five had dedicated themselves to their lifework before the age of fourteen.

Our hope is forever in the future and forever through childhood. The child has tremendous possibilities. It is the expectation of what he may be that inspires us to invest in him. If we forget to do it, we Christian people will be the losers, because we are not investing in those who come after us.

"Will our children be Christians?" some are anxiously asking in view of manifold and multiplying worldly influences at work in our day. Well, each generation fathers the next. It depends on whether the churches of Christ will make full use of their opportunity with the children now.

The church is Jesus Christ here now. We must take the little ones in our arms, bear them upon our bosom and shepherd them in the spirit of Christ.

New Song for Our Young People's Union

WE knew it was needed. We knew it would come sometime. And now we have it. Bro. Reuben Windisch, widely known among our churches and especially our young people for his unselfish ministry in song and music, has composed a stirring march song to original words by Lizzie De Armond. It is dedicated to our Union. The Song is entitled: "The G. B. Y. P. U." It was first used at the May meeting of the Atlantic Conference branch of our Union, held in Bridgeport, Conn.

The stirring words of the chorus run as follows:

*"Then rally, rally, in His cause unite,
Onward ever for the truth and right;
Ready, steady, loyal hearts and true,
We are in the G. B. Y. P. U."*

The author makes the gracious offer to furnish sufficient copies free to any young people's society for use in their meetings. It would also be fine to use this "our own song" at the various Jugendbund meetings and Institutes this spring and summer. Distribution of free copies will be made through our office in Forest Park. Write to the Executive Secretary of our Young People's and Sunday School Workers' Union, Rev. A. P. Mihm, Box 4, Forest Park, Ill.

Editorial Jottings

"The Baptist Herald" for the Balance of the Year, June to December, for 50c. Send our paper to one of your friends. Take advantage of our special offer. After the 7 months trial, we believe we will win a permanent subscriber. Let our boosters make a final clean up in every church.

IT IS EASY to wrangle and argue for religion—much easier than to live for it.

TO MAKE a face smile, lift up the corners of the mouth. To make a heart smile, lift up the hands in service.

YOU CAN dawdle and twiddle thumbs in Sunday school teaching and young people's work and tire of it or you can pull open the throttle and have a glorious time.

SCIENCE INFORMS US that it requires the use of sixty different muscles of the face to enable a person to frown, but only thirteen to smile. This is a case where thirteen is lucky.

WILL OUR FRIENDS who furnish news items and reports for the "Herald" please remember to

address them to the Editor, Box 4, Forest Park. Do not send material of this nature to Cleveland, as this only delays publication.

BRO. EDWARD W. HOEK, Council member for the Central Conference, recently forwarded us a letter from one of the "boosters" in one of the prominent churches in this Conference. This church reports 46 subscribers to the "Herald," a gain of 8 over last year. We quote a part of the letter for general encouragement and as a fine demonstration of the spirit that wins.

"Almost every family of the church is a subscriber to the 'Baptist Herald,' and I know it is read by the majority of our young people. I am not going to quit but keep right on boosting, for I realize that the 'Baptist Herald' is filling a long felt need among the young people throughout our denomination. All subscribers in this community have only the highest praise to offer for the paper and always anxiously await the arrival of the next issue. I trust all boosters in our Conference will keep right on boosting and thus put the Central Conference in the lead."

The church is our church in St. Joseph, Mich., and the energetic booster is Mr. Edw. S. Doescher. May we grow more like him!

IT WILL INTEREST our Young people's workers, our "boosters" and friends everywhere to know that the number of our subscribers at the beginning of May was 4197, distributed among the various conferences as follows:

Atlantic	723
Central	891
Dakota	335
Eastern	431
Northern	154
Northwestern	796
Southwestern	434
Pacific	361
Texas	56
Foreign	16

Let us thank God and take courage for this goodly number. And let us remember that we are working for 5000.

WE SOMETIMES wonder why not more of our organized classes in the Bible schools of our larger cities throughout the country do not follow the example of the Crusader's Class of the Second church of Brooklyn and put themselves on the map through an "ad" in the "Herald" before our young people as ready to extend a special invitation and welcome to newcomers? There is a constant stream of young folks from the smaller rural towns and the country to the big city. Sometimes they get among the wrong kind of companions and drift away from the church. Ought we not stretch out the hand of invitation from the beginning? How about it, New York, Buffalo, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Chicago, Detroit, Milwaukee, St. Louis, Portland and others?

The Baptism With the Holy Spirit

O. E. KRUEGER

WHY should there be so much confusion about the baptism with the Holy Spirit, since Scriptures so clearly set forth that it is nothing more or less than the act of God whereby he endues the believer with power for Christian service.

Not a Command "Ye shall be baptized with the Holy Spirit not many days hence" (Acts 1:5).

But a Promised Gift Peter's great pentecostal sermon had wrought conviction. He answered the inquirers of the multitude, "Repent and be ye baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ unto the remission of your sins and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Spirit" (Acts 2:38). Jewish Christians who accompanied Peter to the house of Cornelius were astonished, "that on the Gentiles also was poured out the gift of the Holy Spirit." Baptism with the Holy Spirit is never to be identified or confused with baptism in water nor has it come to take its place. The one is a command, the other a promise. Have we a right to claim the promise unless we obey the command?

Regeneration Plus "No man can say, 'Jesus is Invigoration Lord,' but in the Holy Spirit" (1 Cor. 12:3).

Where the Lordship of Jesus is recognized there the Holy Spirit has been and is at work. Baptism with the Holy Spirit is the plus of invigoration added to regeneration, it may or may not be received at the same moment. Philip had preached in Samaria and baptized the believers, but not until Peter and John came down did they receive the Holy Spirit. In regeneration God imparts his own life to the soul. In the baptism with the Holy Spirit he equips the soul with power for service. Many of God's children are just infants who never seem to get out of their swaddling clothes—they meet every call for service with an emphatic "I can't." They have not appropriated the power of the Holy Spirit for service. Most assuredly, when they met the conditions God fulfilled his promise and gave them the baptism with the Holy Spirit, but they are like the man who digged in the earth and hid his lord's money.

Not Sensation Many half-dead Christians are constantly looking for an experience with a "kick" in it. They crave a

"thrill" just as does the alcoholic. The pure water of life is too flat for them. The common bread of life leaves them hungry. The evangelist who does not supply the thrill does not satisfy them. Many who seek the baptism with the Holy Spirit are looking for a sort of spiritual intoxication. It is not however to be sought but received. It is given for service rather than for sensation. It imparts motion rather than emotion. "Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Spirit is come upon you and ye shall be witnesses." Ananias put his hands on Saul that he might receive sight and

be filled with the Holy Spirit "and straightway he preached Christ in the synagogue that he is the Son of God" (Acts 9:20). In 1 Cor. 12:4-10 Paul gives a catalogue of the gifts of the Holy Spirit with which the early Christians were equipped for service such as: wisdom, knowledge, faith, healing, working of miracles, prophecy, discerning of spirits, tongues, interpretation of tongues. Some of these gifts are not so much in evidence today as others, possibly because they are not cultivated, or not so much desired, or not especially needed. God imparts those spiritual gifts which the hour requires. We are to desire earnestly "the best gifts" but not to overlook "the more excellent way." We are to remember too that it is possible for men to imagine that they do prophecy in his name, cast out devils in his name and do many wonderful works in his name, and still be told by the Savior, "I never knew you, depart from me, ye workers of iniquity" (Matt. 7:22, 23).

Say not, "I can't," In the baptism of the Holy Spirit the necessary power for service is imparted. It gives

Say, "I can" boldness in testimony. "They were all filled with the Holy Spirit and they spoke the word of God with boldness." That the imposition of hands for imparting the gift of the Holy Spirit is not necessary is shown at Pentecost when the Holy Spirit came upon all without human instrumentality, as was also the case when Peter preached in the house of Cornelius. The imposition of hands may help the believer in appropriating the promise. Is not our trouble just here today? There is little power for service because there is so little appropriation of the promise. Why do we not claim it? "I can't witness; I can't pray publicly; I can't—I can't—I can't!!" If we have repented of our sins, put our faith in Jesus, live in obedience to his commands, God fulfills his promise and gives us the baptism of the Holy Spirit. It is for us to use the power so imparted. If we do not use it, we lose it.

THREE WORDS OF STRENGTH

There are three lessons I would write,
Three words as with a burning pen,
In tracings of eternal light,
Upon the hearts of men.

Have Hope. Though clouds environ round
And gladness hides her face in scorn,
Put off the shadow from thy brow;
No night but hath its morn.

Have Faith. Where'er thy bark is driven—
The calm's disport, the tempest's mirth—
Know this: God rules the hosts of heaven,
The inhabitants of the earth.

Have Love. Love not alone for one
But man, as man, thy brother call,
And scatter, like a circling sun,
Thy charities on all.

Schiller.

For Bible Study

The Book of Psalms

The Book of Psalms is the great praise center of the Bible. It was the hymn book of the Hebrew people as it has been of the Christian church. Herder says: "It is the hymnbook of all times." Tholuck points out that Jewish and Christian piety, in so far as it was not form service, has nourished itself from the beginning from no book as it did from the Psalter. The Psalms have inspired some of the noblest hymns in every language. The hymn writers of Christianity learned to sing from the Book of Psalms. In every country the language of the Psalms has become part of the daily life of nations, passing into their proverbs, mingling with their conversations and used at every critical stage of existence.

A Devotional Book of Poems

The Psalter is a collection of 150 poems of various length, meter and style. It contains only religious songs. This probably explains why of Solomon's 1005 songs (1 Kings 4:32) only two have been incorporated into the Psalter, viz Ps. 72 and 127. In Hebrew the Psalter is termed the Book of Praise or Hymns. The Psalms are poems. Their poetry is not simply one of substance but also a poetry of form. Rhyme, our familiar device, is absent. There are a few rhymes in Hebrew poetry but they were accidental. But there is rhythm, although it is not measured in the same strict way as in most of our poetry. The most striking and characteristic mark of Hebrew poetry is the parallel structure: two companion lines serve together to complete a single thought as the second either repeats, supplements, emphasizes, illustrates or contrasts with the first. See Ps. 1.

With Hebrew poetry the primary office is to express to God the emotions his Spirit stirs on the heart whether in praise or in prayer. Mere pleasure is never its primary object. Compare Ps. 22, 50, 10.

Division of the Psalter

The Psalter was divided into five books by the Jews in order to correspond with the five several books of the Pentateuch.

Book 1. 1-41. All, with four exception (1, 2, 10, 33), Psalms of David. 41 Psalms.

Book 2. 42-72. Eight Psalms of Korah, 42-49. One Psalm of Asaph, 50. Eighteen Psalms of David, 51-65, 68-70. Three without name of author, 66, 67, 71. One Psalm of Solomon. 31 Psalms.

Book 3. 73-89. Eleven Psalms of Asaph, 73-83. Four Psalms of Korah, 84, 85, 87, 88. One of David, 86. One of Ethan, 89. 17 Psalms.

Book 4. 90-106. One Psalm of Moses, 90. Two of David, 101, 103. Fourteen without name of author, 91-100, 102, 104-106. 17 Psalms.

Book 5. 107-150. Fifteen Psalms of David, 108-110, 122, 124, 131, 133, 138-145. One of Solomon, 127. Twenty-eight without name of author. 107, 111-121, 123, 125, 126-130, 132, 134-137, 146-150.

The principle that governed the selection and the placing of the Psalms, either in the separate books or in the whole collection has not been discovered. 73 Psalms are assigned to David. The New Testament quotes as David's the untitled Psalms 2 and 95. (Acts 4:25, 26; Hebr. 4:7.) The Septuagint ascribes 85 Psalms to David. They are undoubtedly a selection of his many songs. The historic foundations of the books of Samuel furnish an understanding for many of David's Psalms. Many of them date from the time of his affliction and flight in the days of Saul.

Messianic Psalms. 2, 8, 16, 22, 40, 45, 69, 72, 110.

Penitential Psalms. 6, 32, 38, 51, 102, 130, 143.

Note the three groups of praise songs, 103-106, 111-118, 146-150.

Characteristics of the Psalms

The Book of Psalms contains the whole music of the heart of man, swept by the hand of his Maker. There is no mood of the soul but what is reflected in the Psalms, Luther says: "Here we can look into the hearts of all the saints as into a beautiful garden." Calvin has said that "it is a perfect anatomy of the human soul. Its poetry reflects our deepest dejection and also our wildest delight." Worship, Confession, Petition, Intercession are also here and it is difficult to say which note is dominant. Spurgeon says: "The Psalms are the Christian's map of experience."

In the Book of Psalms are gathered the lyrical burst of man's tenderness, the moan of his penitence, the pathos of his sorrow, the triumph of his victory, the despair of his defeat, the firmness of his confidence, the rapture of his assured hope. In it, as Heine says, are collected "Sunrise and sunset, birth and death, promise and fulfilment—the whole drama of humanity."

For centuries the supplications of Christians clothed in the language of the Psalter have risen like incense to the altar-throne of God. With the Psalms upon their tongue myriads have died—now in quiet sick-rooms—now alone and far from home and kindred—now hemmed in by fierce enemies howling for their blood.

The humanity of the Psalms makes them immortal. Most of them can be prayed by us and in many churches of Christendom they are still being sung.

The great full tones of their praise of God are a treasure for all the ages. Who has ever praised God like these singers? How touching, how pathetic is their lament over human littleness and sin! The penitential psalms express for all

times the deepest confessions of contrite souls. Out of the depths they cry to God.

They express in exquisite words the yearning which every thoughtful human heart has for a supreme, unchanging, loving God who will be to him a protector, guardian and friend.

How these old poets understand God's activity in nature! They behold him coming over the mountains, in snow, rain and sunshine. Let us read the Psalms to find a free and glad religion which discovers God not only at the altar, but also in the sky, the hills and everywhere.

Inspiration and Theology

Rugged John Bright says he would cheerfully rest the whole question of the inspiration of the Bible on the Psalms. Why do we read and study and sing as most appropriate and fitting to our loftiest worship, these songs of the Early Hebrews? It is not because they had more culture and politic instinct than we, but because God breathed over their hearts and harps words of immortal worth. God was in the hearts and on the lips of the men who wrote these immortal words. Jesus, when quoting from the Psalms, calls this book "the Scriptures" (Matt. 21:42); "the Word of God" (John 10:35). He places the Psalms on the same plane as the "law of Moses and the Prophets" (Luke 24:44). They contain prophecies of Christ which must be fulfilled. (Luke 24:46, 47.)

The Psalms show us, how under the Mosaic covenant, pious men felt towards God and what they learned from the Word of God and from experience in life to him. "The books of Moses were redolent with the savor of salvation to them" (Osgood). They saw under type and figure the same general scheme of salvation which we now see more fully and clearly revealed in the New Testament.

Which are your favorite Psalms?

A. P. MIHM.

Groups of Three

Three things to love—courage, gentleness and affection.

Three things to fight for—honor, country and home.

Three things to think about—life, death and eternity.

Three things to delight in—frankness, freedom and beauty.

Three things to govern—temper, tongue and conduct.

Three things to hate—cruelty, arrogance and ingratitude.

Three things to wish for—health, friends and a cheerful spirit.

Three things to avoid—idleness, loquacity and flippant jesting.

Three things to admire—intellectual power, dignity and gracefulness.—Canadian Sunshine.

The Sunday School

Faith

*To dare believe when none else dare,
That in your class before you there,
So restless and so bold,
Is one that you and God can take,
And into God's great herald make,
To tell the story old,
Is faith!*

*To see the chance none else can see,
The molder of a life to be,
That in God's time and way,
Shall, like a hero great and strong,
Dare put to fight the hosts of wrong,
And bring God's better day,
Is faith!*

W. C. POOLE.

How a Baby Brought Two Families to Sunday School

One of the most difficult problems confronting Christian workers in their efforts to evangelize their town or community is that of getting hold of the large number of non-Christian and unidentified people, who seldom, if ever, attend church or Sunday school. They live so entirely out of touch with Christian people and Christian influences that it is often impossible for the pastor to find a point of contact with them. Their habits of thought and mental and moral bias against things religious, coupled with their environment, often make a double wall around their lives. There are a few, but well-locked, doors of entrance to these people.

The key to the heart of most of these homes is the mother; the key to mother's heart is the baby, and the key to the baby is the Cradle Roll. The wide-awake pastor and Sunday school worker will use any right method which may open the door to the hearts and homes of these unreached people, and hold it open until he has won a place for himself and for the blessed privilege of the Gospel of our Lord. Often in these homes may be found mighty forces for the kingdom, and even jewels for the crown of the King.

Of all the means with which I am acquainted for reaching these people, the Cradle Roll is by far the most effective.

One day, while out calling, I took the Cradle Roll outfit and put it in my overcoat pocket. On the way home I passed a house in which I heard a baby cry. Babies were on my mind, and, although I did not know who lived there, I determined to see that baby. I love babies and think they are the most beautiful things in the world. In fact, I know it—crying babies, laughing babies, kicking babies—they are all beautiful to me. They are beautiful everywhere, but never so beautiful as when smiling out from that sweetest place on earth—the cradle of mother's arms.

Now I knew I could see that baby—you always can see the baby. I had no business, social, or religious connections

with that home, but I saw the baby, and what is more the baby introduced me to the entire family.

At my knock the door was opened by a young lady, and when I asked to see the baby, she said: "Certainly, you can see the baby; walk in." The baby—little Ethel Bosley—came in bringing her mother with her. She had to bring her mother—she could not come without her. Little Ethel introduced me to her mother and her big sister. Word went out that a strange man had called to see their baby and soon others came in to see what I wanted. Then there was a general introduction all around.

The first thing little Ethel did was to reach for the end of the cradle roll, which was sticking out of my pocket. I unrolled it before her wondering eyes and asked if I might enroll her name next Sunday at the close of Sunday school.

I talked to the baby all the time but was thinking of the parents. It was easy to get her consent to be enrolled, her mother replying for her. This is one of the peculiar things about the whole baby business, the mother, or some other member of the family, must speak and act for them. You can't converse with the baby without gaining the interest and co-operation of the family.

Little Ethel came to Sunday school next Sunday morning to be enrolled, and brought the whole family with her—her mother, her father, her big sister, and a half-grown brother. Ethel joined our Sunday school and so did all the other members of the family. And Ethel's sister brought a neighbor family that had a baby to see Ethel enrolled and these after awhile also joined the Sunday school. Better still, the older ones later came into the church membership. Total first results: Eight in the main school; two on the Cradle Roll; two in the Home Department; seven people converted and two entire families added to the congregation.—S. S. Builder.

A Covenant for Teachers

Our churches have adopted a covenant for their members. The following is a good covenant for Sunday school teachers, which might be adopted by some schools with great profit.

To be the King's Teacher means Love, Prayer, Service, Self-sacrifice. Believing that the end we have in view, that of Guiding Immortal Souls in the way of the Kingdom of Heaven, is worthy of the best that I have, I hereby most solemnly promise, as a member of this Sunday school:

First—to attend Sunday school regularly, rain or shine, hot or cold, allowing nothing but sickness or absence from the city to keep me away.

Second—In case of unavoidable absence, to notify my Departmental Superintendent the day before.

Third—to be punctual.

Fourth—to give as much time as necessary, through the week, for careful preparation of lesson.

Fifth—to bring offering each Sunday.

Sixth—to take part in all exercises.

Seventh—to be, if possible, a regular attendant at the stated Teachers' Meetings.

Eighth—to give all the time that I can to visiting my scholars during the week.

Ninth—to pray for the Sunday school, the Superintendent, the Teachers, and for the Gift of the Holy Spirit to dwell in my heart, and speak through my lips.

With the help of God I will faithfully keep these promises.

Her High Compliment

Miss Toman had told the Sunday school superintendent that she meant to give up her class of boys. "I am convinced that I am not a teacher," she said. "I have done my best, but it seems to me I have made little impression. Of course I love the boys, but they are so unresponsive, so trying at times!"

But the superintendent persuaded her to keep on. "Even if your teaching is wasted, which I do not admit," he argued, "the life you have lived before those boys has not been wasted."

The truth of that remark came to her in an unexpected way the very next Sunday. The class were talking about heaven and how they should feel to find that some one they loved was not there.

"Suppose we think of it this way, boys," she said. "We have been together as a class for some time. We have been good comrades, good friends; we have had good times together. Suppose we got the class together in heaven and found three or four missing. You know how you would feel. Can't you see how important it is that we live, each and every one of us, so that we'll all be present when the class meets in heaven?"

The boys were looking at her with serious, wide eyes.

"That applies to me as well as to you," she went on. "It is just as important that I live so that I'll be sure of meeting you in heaven. Suppose all the rest of you met up there; suppose you were all present but me. Suppose you hunted everywhere for me and couldn't find me. What would you think?"

The serious look on their faces deepened. It was Jim, the noisiest, the most trying and seemingly the most unresponsive of them all, that answered the question. "We'd know, Miss Toman," he said earnestly, "that you hadn't died yet."

The other boys nodded agreement.

It was half in laughter, half in tears, that Miss Toman told the superintendent about the incident. "I wonder," she said, "if I'll ever receive a finer compliment than that!"—Youth's Companion.

Baraca Class Annual Meeting and Banquet So. Chicago German Baptist Sunday School

The Baraca Bible Class of the So. Chicago German Baptist Sunday school celebrated their second anniversary with an elegant banquet at the church on Monday, Feb. 25, 1924.

Thos. Roberts, president of the class, presided as toastmaster. The speaker of the evening was Prof. A. H. Steinhilber, of the Y. M. C. A. College, and President of the Jugendbund of Chicago and Vicinity. He delivered an intensely interesting and practical message on "World Problems, How Shall We Solve Them?" This was followed by a general discussion during which many questions were raised.

At this meeting the annual election of officers took place, resulting in the following: Albert Cload follows Thos. J. Roberts as president. Otto Saffran is succeeded by Harold Zimmerman as vice-president, while Walter Linden succeeds the new vice-president as secretary of the class. Eduard Engbrecht, who has been treasurer of the class for some time, is succeeded by Clarence Freiwald in that capacity. The Press and Publicity Agent of the Class is Carl Schroeder.

The young men of this class number about 25 and hold their meeting twice a month, on Monday evenings at the homes of members. They take great pride in their Sunday Morning Bible Class Teacher, Rev. C. Fred Lehr, the pastor of the church. Alvin Eichholz is the present superintendent of our Sunday school.

At this meeting some of the deacons and other officials of the church were the guests of the class and were later taken up in the organization as honorary members.

CARL J. SCHROEDER, Press Agent.

Oklahoma Jugendbund at Okeene

It met in connection with the Oklahoma Association on April 5 and was well attended considering the bad weather and roads. Our opening meeting was held Friday evening, April 4. After a song service the president of the Bund gave an address of welcome, which was followed by roll call. Each society responded with an original verse or song. Rev. L. Hoeffner of Ingersoll delivered a sermon to the young people. His theme was, "A Life According to the Plan of God," Eph. 2:10. He said it is possible that we can fail to live such a life and also that we can find the plan for our life in Jesus through prayer, faith and willingness to do God's will.

The devotional meeting on Saturday morning was led by Jacob Wiegand of Ingersoll. His theme was, "Expect and Undertake Great Things for the Lord." This was followed by a business meeting, led by Rev. P. Geissler, the president of our Jugendbund. The reports of the different societies showed that

our young people are at work. We were sorry and somewhat disappointed that two societies were not represented. Rev. and Mrs. J. J. Abel, who accepted the call from the Baileyville, Ill., church, were also greatly missed in our midst. Their work was appreciated among us. We wish them God's blessing in their new field.

A report was read from the missionary in Germany whom we support. Our prayer is that God might bless his work in the salvation of souls. Plans were made how we can increase the interest of our young people in the churches and help the good work along. The beautiful banner was awarded to the local society at Okeene for having the highest per cent of meetings. It was decided in the future to figure the meetings also according to percentage.

The last session was held Saturday evening. A program was rendered by the societies. Two dialogues were rendered by Ingersoll and Okeene. The titles were, "Der Kolporteur" and "The Child Moses." Two short essays were read by Mr. O. Graalman of Okeene and Miss Esther Bitz of Bessie. The collection for the Jugendbund was held and brought \$25. Sunday evening the local society met in the basement and a few short talks were made by B. Y. P. U. members from the other societies. God bless our young people and may this gathering bring forth fruits for eternity!

JACOB WIEGAND, Sec. pro tem.

B. Y. P. U. Burns Ave. Baptist Church, Detroit, Mich.

We enjoy reading the "Baptist Herald" and always look forward with great pleasure to its coming. We take interest in the reports from the different societies and of our Baptist work as a whole. We have made an attempt to appear therein.

We have had wonderful meetings all through the winter months and with the help of our Lord hope to continue. We find a great work to do among the young people who have recently surrendered their lives to Christ. Our Sunday evening meetings are well attended but still there is room for improvement.

On the 8th of April we had a Literary Meeting and had a fine attendance. We had the privilege of hearing Mr. Leroy M. Grosser of Forest Park, Ill., who is president of our Y. P. and S. S. W. U. of the Central Conference. He spoke to us in regard to the past, present and future of our mission in Siberia. A very much enjoyed address as we give our support to the work there.

Next on the program was Mr. Ed. W. Hoek of Detroit whose topic, "Stop! Look! Listen!" was very fitting for the present time when everything is running along smoothly and we can hardly hear the whisper of the Master, but we must never forget that at all times it is necessary for us to observe this rule.

The president of our local society, Gordon Ernst, was unable to be with us as he had just undergone an operation that day. We trust that all will be well.

Before closing we wish to thank our pastor, Rev. B. Graf, for his co-operation and helpful suggestions which we find pleasure in following.

We are thankful for the nearness of our Savior and may he grant that we become workers in his vineyard!

MAVIES BALZER, Secretary.

Pastoral Anniversary at Alpena, Mich.

On April 25 a very pleasant evening was spent at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Carl Engelmann, surprising and honoring our pastor and wife, Rev. and Mrs. G. Wetter, who have been here for one year.

The evening was passed playing games, after which Fred Wagner, president of our Young People's Society, presented Mr. and Mrs. Wetter with a beautiful mantle clock in behalf of the society. Miss Hannah Alplanalp recited the poem, "Time," which was particularly applicable to the occasion, in her usual pleasing manner, closing with this stanza:

*"Though far from us you still may roam,
No longer call Alpena your home,
We trust this clock we now are leaving,
May never show a time for grieving;
And as time swiftly speeds away,
As steps grow slow and hair turns gray,
Till on that day when all time ends,
At Heaven's gates may we still be friends."*

Rev. and Mrs. Wetter expressed their appreciation to the party. Refreshments were served to thirty-five guests by the hostess, Mrs. C. Engelmann, assisted by Mrs. G. Ziel, Mrs. H. Glimke and Mrs. A. Huggler. Several of the young ladies were costumed as little girls, which added to the enjoyment of the evening.

THEODORE THOM, Secretary.

Young People's Society of Ebenzer West, Sask.

A review of the past year of the society permits us to see an advance with the faithful help of our God. Under the leadership of President William Jonat we had many profitable hours.

The society held 15 meetings, consisting of 1 business meeting, 2 prayer-meetings, 2 Bible contests, 1 volunteer program, 4 devotional evenings, 3 debates, 1 literary evening and on one evening our neighboring society from Homestead furnished the program.

Our membership at the beginning of the year numbered 47. We took up 8 new members and lost 13 through removal and erasure. Our present number is 42.

Our prayer is that God may grant us strength in our new society year to attain our goal and to endow us with more faithfulness and sacrifice for our work.

Mrs. E. JONAT, Secretary.

* * *

A muddy pool cannot give a clear reflection. Only the pure in heart can see God. It makes no difference what an irreverent thinker says about God because he is always wrong.

Our Story

Henry Hilltop's Visit to Timothy Worthyman

W. S. WOODHULL

Timothy Worthyman, a highly esteemed elder of the church at Fairview, was considerably disturbed over the morning sermon. That day was the time-honored missionary Sunday in the Fairview church, when the apportionment was read and an offering taken to help save the heathen world. The sainted old Dr. McGarnock was accustomed on these occasions to present a comprehensive statement of foreign missions. But his brilliant successor did not follow his example. Instead he told a simple story of some of God's children who were trying to find him in the dark. An unusually fine discourse, thought Elder Worthyman, as he dropped an envelope into the plate marked, "Missions, Timothy Worthyman and Family." In the envelope was a five dollar bill.

The congregation sang a hymn right heartily while the collectors counted the offering. Finally the announcement was made that on the asking of \$560 there was contributed \$197.43, which, they were pleased to say, was \$29.33 more than for any preceding year. The congregation drew a long breath and smiled at one another complacently.

Then it happened. The exalted light on the minister's face faded like a winter sunset into black dismay. His very tones sounded flat as he awkwardly expressed his surprise and chagrin at what he termed his people's "incomprehensive failure to meet the loving challenge of their Lord." After a long minute's pause, in which he might have been silently praying, he announced a special meeting of the Session to devise the best method of raising the remainder of the amount asked, and calmly dismissed the people.

Timothy Worthyman's remark on the way home was, "The dominie doesn't realize the high cost of keeping the church going, and that some repairs must be made soon. This missionary work is all right, but there is a limit to giving, and, anyhow, the Bible says that he who doesn't take care of his own is worse than an infidel." But he drove in such an absent-minded fashion that the family were devoutly thankful to arrive home at last without broken bones.

But before the afternoon ended the whole matter was forgotten in an entirely unexpected joy. The telephone rang, and the Western Union operator repeated this message:

"Will be in Fairview Monday afternoon, one forty. Let's talk over old times.—Henry Hilltop."

How the sedate elder's enthusiasm bubbled over! He forgot to hang up the receiver; he shouted the news to his family as though they were twenty rods away; he told them a dozen stories of

his boyhood chum, of hunting and fishing and trapping exploits, of swimming feats, of winter sports, of mischief perpetrated in school, until at this last his wife reminded him that the children were listening. He walked and talked at random, so overcome with delight that his little daughter slyly remarked that father was more excited over Mr. Hilltop's coming than the minister had been that morning over the salvation of the whole heathen world. And her father brought a salvo of laughter by declaring stoutly that old Hank Hilltop was worth seven heathen worlds with the dominie thrown in.

When bedtime came, and they knelt around the family altar, the elder prayed with his usual warmth for the minister, he did not hesitate very much over his regular petition for the salvation of all conditions of men everywhere throughout the whole world, and he mingled petition and thanksgiving in tender confusion about the name of Henry Hilltop.

After the children had gone away to their beds, the father and mother sat for a time in silent understanding. Then in hushed tones that trembled just a bit, Timothy said,

"I am wondering if Henry has held to the good confession that he made when he and I were taken into the church thirty years ago. It would half break my heart if he has lost the faith that means so much to me."

"There, there," replied his wife, "don't worry till you have to. They probably have churches where Henry lives, and, no doubt, he belongs to one of them."

So the Sabbath ended in joyful peace at the Worthyman farmhouse.

How eagerly Timothy met his old friend the next day, how he hurried him to the car and chugged up the shady road, how changed and yet unchanged the countryside looked to the guest after thirty years' absence, how delighted he was at his friend's prosperity, and, most of all, over his charming family; how the talk ran from the old days to the new and back to the old, flashing from name to name with eager question and answer, and sometimes laughter and sometimes a hushed moment of sadness!

So the afternoon passed and the hour came for evening worship. When Timothy took the Book and awkwardly held it out toward his friend, his words stumbled for the first time that afternoon.

"Now, Henry," he said, "can you—will you—I mean are you in the habit—that is, do you—"

Then Mr. Hilltop laughed right heartily.

"Timothy," he said, "I am a Methodist, a class leader, and a steward in the church in Geneva, and I haven't begun yet to practise the good old doctrine of backsliding. If you are asking me to

lead in the worship tonight it will be a great joy to me."

With a sigh of relief that was deeper than for his escape from an embarrassing situation, Timothy handed the Bible to his friend, and the accustomed worship proceeded.

Long after the family had retired the friends talked on. But now the conversation left Fairview and gathered around the Hilltop home, and, particularly, about the Geneva church and its work. The brave attempt to build a suitable house of worship, the gloomy situation of financial inability and peril, the weekly budget three times greater than the aggregate result of the every-member canvass, of the turning to prayer, and to God's ancient method of the tithe,—all this Henry Hilltop told. Then his voice rang out as he told of the one hundred and fifty in the Tithers' Band, of the fountains of resources uncovered, of the financial victory and the spiritual glory.

But for the first time Timothy seemed to lose his enthusiasm. And when his friend ended his recital by saying, "What a glorious thing it would be for the Kingdom if the whole church were to get such a vision!" he replied rather sourly that he for one did not believe in tithing. It was too cold-blooded a piece of business. He preferred to give to the Lord's work whatever he wished as it was needed. The Bible said, "Freely give," not pay under the compulsion of a fixed rule. And more to the same effect.

Henry made no answer for a moment, and then, with the freedom of old friendship, asked,

"How much do you give, Timothy, for the Master here and throughout the world?"

"Well, I don't know. About forty or fifty dollars a year, I suppose."

"And how much is your income?"

"Close to five thousand. Farming pays now."

Then Henry seemed inconsequentially to forget all about the matter, and said with a grin,

"Did you hear about my first experience with a Pullman porter? George was most kind in every way through the long journey. He shined my shoes every night, he brought me pillows during the day, he carried my suitcase to the vestibule at the end of the trip and dusted me thoroughly. He wished me all sorts of good luck. I thought he looked expectant, and I had seen other passengers drop small coins into his hand. So I fished out a stray dime and gave him. Say, Timothy, he froze right off. I guess I did not give him enough. What would have been right?"

"Well, you were green," cried Timothy through his laughter. "Ten per cent of your Pullman fare would have been a good tip and would have made George show every ivory."

Henry rose, saying, "Well, since I

know better I don't blame him either. And now it's bed time for me."

Then with his hands affectionately on his friend's shoulders he added, "Tim, why don't you tip the Lord?"

Timothy could not even say "Good night," but stood with his mouth open till his friend passed upstairs. Then he subsided into the nearest chair and fell back on his favorite epithet used in threefold strength.

"Well, I vum! I vum! I vum!"

The next day they spent in driving over the country, calling on old friends. Suddenly out of a little time of silence Henry spoke.

"Have you ever noticed, Tim, that we always *pay* some folks and *give* others in our financial relations?"

Timothy looked bewildered.

"I guess I'm off the road. I don't understand."

"Well, you paid for our dinner today and for our gas. We pay our grocers and doctors and newsboys. But we give to waiters and porters and beggars—and the Lord."

"But, Hank," protested Timothy, "isn't there a difference?"

"Certainly, several differences. Porters and waiters do their little duties, and if we do not bestow the proper tip of ten per cent or so they at least look their indignation. The Lord gives us all things worth having for love's sake and we return to him one per cent of what he gives us if we feel like it. And the Lord must be pleased with the fragments we bestow or, at any rate, his church must say that he is."

"You remind me, Hank, of our dominie. He is a splendid man, and a fine preacher. But when the kingdom needs some money he is a tremendous beggar."

"There you are!" cried Henry so suddenly that Timothy put on the emergency, ejaculating, "Where?"

"Why, at the word beggar. A definite request for a gift of money is begging. And you call your preacher a beggar when he asks you to give, not pay, to the Lord."

Timothy sat for a long silent minute without even thinking to start the car. He had been rudely shaken out of his accustomed opinions, and was still turning over in his mind the two words, give and beg, give and beg. And the more he thought the less he liked the combination in relation to the church he loved.

The next morning while they were bowling over the roads in a new direction, Henry said to his friend in a casual way, "How would you like to be a porter?"

Timothy, busy with the driving, shook his head decidedly.

"Why not," persisted his friend.

"Mostly tips. When I deal with a man I want him to pay me my due eye to eye; not slip into my hand behind my back."

"I wonder if that is the way the Lord feels about it," quietly remarked Henry, and looked innocently towards the distant woods. The car stopped short. A man simply can't drive when the fragments of lifelong habits are battering his conscience raw.

"Just what do you mean now?" and Timothy looked a bit frightened as he asked the question.

"Only this. When we give to the Lord without any fixed rule, just when we please and just as we please, I wonder if he doesn't feel a bit like a heavenly porter. And, perhaps, we come to feel like the passengers, and fall into the habit of giving him whatever spare bit of change we may have handy, the 'blemished and the torn' that Malachi tells about. I wonder if it wouldn't be better for the Lord and for us if we just looked him in the eye and paid our due according to a fixed rule."

Timothy began to appreciate the feeling of his pastor over the smug satisfaction with which his congregation viewed the increase of its missionary tip to the magnificent proportions of almost fifty cents a member. Then he thought of the Geneva church, and asked,

"Now about those tithers in your church. Isn't it hard to keep them in line?"

"Yes, it is. They are continually breaking over and adding to their tithe free will offerings and gifts."

"Do you mean to say that they enjoy doing it, paying tithes and all?"

"Surely. We never were so happy before, and real religion is gaining right along. Do you know I never really believed that promise in Malachi, 'Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it.' But when the tithers began to do just that, I saw the promise proved."

Again there was a prolonged silence, and there were deep movings in the soul of Timothy Worthyman. All the springs of memory ran free and in a tenderly humorous way he told of a boyish missionary ambition and of how it lifted up his soul.

"And to think," he said at last, "that the boy who was willing in those days to give all he had, even his own life, should now in his prosperity be content to contribute a five dollar bill as his annual share in the world-wide task of salvation. You may not be right in your tithing notions, but something is shamefully wrong in my financial relations with my Lord and his Kingdom."

Tears dimmed the eyes of the two old friends and their hands found each other for a minute's tight grip. Then said Timothy in low tones,

"I read the other day of a man who boasted that he had patted the Lord on the head. It seemed such a strange thing to say, but now I know what he meant. I have been doing it for years with the pious giving of miserable tips out of my abundance to the dear Lord who saves me by his grace. What a miserable Pharisee I was and am. Henry, pray for me, that the Lord may be merciful to me a sinner."

So the two friends found a heap of

stones by a lonely road and made it another Bethel. There they renewed in shining experience their consecration to the God they both loved, saying, "Thou art feeding and clothing and blessing and saving us. And, surely, out of the good thou dost bestow on us we will pay a tenth to thee." And God was in that place and they knew it. And when Henry left the next morning, the glory went with him, but none the less it stayed with Timothy.

The next Sabbath morning, just as the congregation was settling itself to listen to the sermon, Timothy Worthyman walked into the open space before the pulpit. The minister nodded to him a cordial permission to speak, and sat down. Timothy's voice trembled just a bit, but his words were clear and unhurried.

"Brethren, for a long time I have been giving about fifty dollars a year to this church, and dropping a five dollar bill into the plate as my annual contribution to its missionary work. I thought that was about all I ought to do in a financial way. I believed myself an honest Christian man, and, since you have elected me to the office, somewhat worthy to be an elder in the Church of God."

"Now I know that during all these years I have been robbing God, and that my gifts were no more than miserable tips that I would have been ashamed to offer to a Pullman porter. I have been patting the Lord on the head. Every man must answer to his own conscience, but as for me and mine we this day consecrate to God the tenth of all we possess."

"I have calculated that my property is worth about forty thousand dollars, and, Dominie, here is my check for four thousand dollars, to be used for such missionary purposes as the Session may direct. And as a free will offering here is another for five hundred and sixty dollars to cover the missionary appropriation to this church. Whatever else comes in let it be applied on the deficit of previous years."

After a moment's hesitation while the congregation waited in a strange hush, he added,

"Brethren, I judge no man in this matter, but this day I am happier in the Lord than I have been since that time long ago when as a mere boy I dreamed of going forth myself to proclaim the Gospel to the heathen world."

As Timothy Worthyman walked to his seat no one stirred or spoke except Widow Brown, who had been tithing her meager pension for twenty years,—and all she said was, "Hallelujah!"—S. S. Times.

Deal Wisely With the Child

A child is like a bottle with a narrow neck. If a bottle with a small mouth is held at the pump, and by the use of the handle the water is forced out in full volume, it scatters and spatters, and but little enters. But to hold the bottle so as to catch the drops, one by one as the handle is gently and carefully moved, it is soon filled.

A Visit in Goodrich and Carrington, N. D.

(EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE)

At the urgent and repeated invitation of Rev. S. J. Fuxa and the Young People's Society of the church at Goodrich, N. D., the Editor of the "Herald" spent a week in April (6-11) with this church. Our express purpose was to address the young people from night to night on topics dealing with the development of the Christian life and bearing on their relation to the church and the denomination. During the great revival last winter, most of the converts who came out for Christ were young people, and Pastor Fuxa was rightly concerned about their being rooted and grounded in the truth. It was our privilege to assist him in this important task through these special meetings and to point out to these young Christians the way of growth and service.

On Sunday morning, April 6, we drove from Goodrich to the Lincoln Valley station of the church, 20 miles away. Bro. Reimers, superintendent of the school in Goodrich, took us out in his comfortable Buick Sedan. We preached to a full house in the forenoon and in the afternoon and divided the time with Bro. Reimers in speaking to the Bible school. At night we preached in Goodrich. We understood, as we looked upon the congregation, why they desired to enlarge their church building. Although the night was somewhat stormy, the room was filled, chairs in the aisle, every space on the pulpit platform occupied with chairs, and the vestibule crowded with latecomers. This is the usual Sunday situation at the present time.

Spring field work set in earlier than usual this year in North Dakota and farmers were busy everywhere during the week seeding their spring wheat. Yet the church was comfortably filled from Monday to Thursday, and the response was encouraging to the speaker. The series culminated in a great union meeting with the Methodist church on Friday night in the K. of P. Hall, with over 400 people filling the hall to capacity, and 6 other pastors present from McClusky and near-by towns. On Friday afternoon we also spoke to the high school pupils. Pastor Fuxa has a wonderful opportunity in Goodrich. With enlarged church facilities, with accession of new forces in view, with harmonious co-operation, our church work in Goodrich ought to make big strides forward in the near future. We enjoyed the fellowship and hospitality of Bro. Fuxa and his people very much.

After the close of the Goodrich meetings, we stopped at Carrington, with Bro. A. Anweiler as our genial host. Sunday, April 13, dawned beautifully, after the rain of the night before. We drove 9 miles out to the church at Pleasant Valley, where we conducted the morning service. Here we met Rev. Burrell, religious education worker of the Baptist State Convention, who was to speak in the evening. We shared the time with him during the Bible school

hour, both of us speaking on important phases of Sunday school work. At 2 o'clock in the afternoon we preached in our church in Carrington to an attentive group of members and friends. At 4 P. M. we took the "Soo" line train for Chicago.

The Pleasant Valley church, of which Carrington is a station, is pastorless at present, but hopes to secure a pastor in the fall, if the crops are good. The church in the country is composed mostly of younger people, active, faithful and progressive. A bi-lingual pastor is required. He will have a good field to labor in. May the Great Head of the church direct them to the right man!

A. P. M.

Anniversary B. Y. P. U. St. Joseph, Mich.

Every one likes to celebrate his birthday, especially while quite young. The older we are, the more we wish to forget them. Our B. Y. P. U. does not mind its age, so on the evening of April 1st we celebrated our 43rd year of activity. This again was our annual meeting for which we thank our Heavenly Father the most; then too for the officers who so faithfully have kept the society moving onward. Bro. Ed. Doescher has served us since 1914 and is again at the head of the society. Our Honorary Member, Henry Ewald, who was the first president of the St. Joseph society, is with us and helps us whenever he can do so. During the past year we had well attended and interesting meetings. We still love to speak of the Chicago and Vicinity Jugendbund which met with us in May last year. We are with them again at Kankakee this year.

Our annual meeting proved to be a good number for the church was well filled with members and friends, especially Benton Harbor came over in goodly number to enjoy an evening with us. The program consisted of reports from secretary and treasurer, then 2 dialogues were well given, also a reading and several vocal and instrumental numbers. Rev. H. Schwendener gave a very instructive talk on "Opportunity," after which we served ice cream and cake in the dining room.

In the past year we had 18 different meetings which were all quite well carried out. We made good use of our stereopticon in our mission meetings, as there we do not only hear of the work but can also see what is being done in the missionary fields. Our meetings here are carried on in both languages as we still have young men and women come to us from other countries and must minister to them as well in a language they can understand.

On Easter Sunday morning from 35 to 40 gathered at the shores of cold Lake Michigan at the Pumping Station for a sunrise prayer-meeting.

We wish all the societies success in their work for there is much work ahead for us among the young people of our land. LOUISE KISSAU.

Anniversary of the Y. P. S. of Ellinwood, Kans.

Our Y. P. S. celebrated their anniversary on the 20th of April. The choir rendered the cantata "My Redeemer Liveth." Our society has been blessed in the past year. Each member led a prayer-meeting on Sunday evenings before the services. Every third Sunday evening in the month is our evening, then we give special programs, such as biblical, missionary, tract, musical, etc. We have contributed a new pulpit Bible to the church and gave \$25 towards our mission. We have about 52 members and the attendance of our meetings was 85 per cent. Bro. H. Fischer is our president and we all are aiming to have a society that honors the name of Jesus. It is our prayer that God may bless us in the future.

SISTER E. BORSKI, Secretary.

Lighthouse Consecration For Prayer-Meeting Committees

For this meeting, held by the Salem Christian Endeavor society, Baltimore, Md., a miniature lighthouse, constructed by several of the members, was used. The lighthouse had a red, white and blue electric bulb in the tower, and signals were flashed by means of the bulbs. The white light flashed for the opening exercises, which were in charge of the lookout committee, and which were outlined on the blackboard.

The red and blue lights were used for general participation. The society was divided into two sides, one red, one blue. The red light would flash for four minutes, during which the red side might take part in the meeting, points being given for original comments, answers to questions, and so forth. Then the blue light would flash for four minutes, and the blue side would take part. So, alternately, the red and the blue four-minute flashes. Five points were deducted for each unused minute.

The motto of the meeting was, "As Friends of Christ, Let Your Light Shine."—C. E. World.

A Fargo Endeavor March

Before the morning service in the First Presbyterian Church, Fargo, N. D., the young people gathered in the basement of the church and formed into marching squads, each society having arm-bands of ribbon the color of their society: blue for the Juniors, green for the Intermediates, and red for the Seniors. Seats, tied off with these colors, were reserved in the church, and the young people marched into the service in a body.

Dr. T. D. Robertson, the pastor, preached a young people's sermon. He stated that never in his five years in the Fargo church had anything happened that pleased him more than this demonstration of his young people.

In the evening there was a union prayer-meeting of all the societies in the church, each group taking part.

Missions—Home and Worldwide

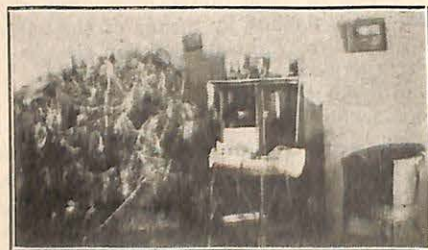
Our First Christmas in India

Vinukonda, Guntur Dist.,
January 30, 1924.

Dear folks at home:

I have been wanting to write to you again for some time, but somehow or other the days have been slipping by and the opportunity did not seem to offer itself. There has been so much to do, and seemingly so little time to do it, that the weeks are gone before one knows it. Here we have been in India three months already, and it hardly seems a month.

Christmas, among Indian Christians, is as great an event as it is at home. To the Indian boy or girl it means just what it means to the American boy and girl, a time when he and she get gifts and something for the tummy. At the station at which we were the Christmas time itself spread over a whole week, in the various "tamasahs" or feasts which were had. As I believe I told you in my previous letter there is a big mission boarding school at the station. To this



Bro. Sorg's First Christmas Tree in India

boarding school boys and girls from all over a big area come to school, some of them from forty or fifty miles away. The Thursday before Christmas (Christmas being on the following Tuesday) was closing day for the school and also its celebration of Christmas.

During the afternoon of Thursday the school entertainment was held. Of course, to make it Christmas, a Christmas tree was necessary. But what are you going to do in a country where there are no Christmas trees growing, or anything like a Christmas tree. What one does is do what we did, that is, go out, cut off branches from a big tree and make a smaller Christmas tree out of it. Of course, with that part of it we ourselves had not much to do, that coming under the work of the missionary in charge of the school—but Mrs. Sorg and I helped in the getting ready. In addition to not having a Christmas tree, there was not much available in the way of Christmas trimmings, but we hung on what was there. But the "tree" still looked bare. What to do? Back home in America, many months before, there had been a church the boys and girls of which had collected all the old picture cards which they could get hold of, had carefully pasted white

paper over the backs of them where they were written and had sent them out. What to do? Why, the answer was easy. When we got done it looked like a picture postal card tree, with lots of ripe fruit on it. Everywhere in that tree picture postals were stuck. When the boys and girls came in for the entertainment, that tree struck them just right.

The entertainment was just like you had at home about the same time, speaking and singing, etc. And after the speaking and singing came present-giving time. Each boy—and some of the "boys" were almost twenty-five years old, got a pencil box with a pencil and a pen holder and one pen point in it. Back home you could buy better ones for ten cents in the five and ten cent store, but to those boys it meant more than a gift which cost ten times as much meant to you. Those pencil boxes were the gift also of some church back home. The girls each got a small sewing basket or bag rather, made of cheap cretonne, with a small scissors and a few needles in them. Happy? I should say so. But then, in addition, they got the big gift of a picture postal card each. Remember, you boys and girls, who are used to pictures on the walls of your homes and everywhere you go, who see a picture post card and throw it away, that these boys and girls never have pictures in their poor homes, never see any pictures anywhere else, and to them a picture of any kind is something wonderful. And they reached for those post cards more eagerly than for the pencil boxes and sewing bags. But then—then came the big part of the day. No Indian festival of any kind is really complete without a big meal—and that was what followed.



Bro. Sorg seated in front

Of course, if it had been you high-toned folks, you would have needed a table with a table cloth, and napkins, and plates, and cups and saucers, and knives and forks, and all that and all that. Nothing like that for us. All we needed was a plate made of big leaves sowed together—and our fingers. The

feast consisted of rice—lots and lots of it—with curry sauce over it. Curry sauce is a sort of thick stew with curry in it—curry itself being something like real strong pepper. When you eat it the way the Indians eat it you pretty nearly burn your mouth out. In addition to rice and curry we had bananas and candy. We could not all eat inside the school house so we went outside on the tennis court and all sat down right on the ground, put their leaf-plates on the ground, and there we were. The rice was served to us from big bowls, the serving being done by the one who was serving dipping in with his hand and putting it on your plate. Then followed



Bro. Sorg and Doridu

the man with the sauce, who put his finger in the bowl and pushed out as much as you wanted. And then you ate it by picking up some rice in your hand, mixing it with a little sauce, rolling it into a ball, and putting it into your mouth. If you think it is easy, try it sometime. While we were eating, the sun went down and in a few minutes day becomes night here very, very quickly, the glorious full moon had arisen on the crowd, and by the time we were finished it was night.

Then came the time to say good-bye, but before that the farewell and closing song had to be sung. Then the boys and girls clapped their hands in appreciation to the missionaries who had provided the meal, to the folks in America who had sent the money for it (most of it came from the little infant class of the church of which I had been pastor while I was at school) and then last, and most heartily they clapped their hands to God. That may seem funny. But why do we ever clap our hands? To show appreciation. And these boys and girls were clapping their hands to God, to let him know they appreciated what he had given them—and I for one thought that if we all clapped our hands to God a little more, he possibly would be just a little more pleased with us.

After the excitement and work of that entertainment was over, we settled down for the next part. The missionary who was in charge of that station was going away over Christmas and we had promised to take charge of the church fes-

tival. And of course we had our own Christmas to take care of. On Monday we started to get our own tree ready. I had a boy for a servant, about sixteen years old (I am sending a picture of him) and he had a great lot of fun helping us. We did the same for our tree as we did for the school, went out and cut off branches, and built a tree. And believe me, when we got through, it was really a pretty looking tree. Tree ornaments we did not have lots of, but again we used our ingenuity, and when we got done, we had a Christmas tree that looked a lot like home. Monday evening, Christmas eve, we had our own Christmas, and exchanged gifts and opened the gifts from the folks at home. And when we went to bed that night, we felt almost as though we were home in America on Christmas eve.

We were very tired and dropped off to sleep immediately. We have a big open veranda on the second floor and sleep right out in the open. Suddenly we awakened with a start. Everything was deadly quiet, except from immediately below the veranda there rose the voices of two of the Indian Bible women singing "Stille Nacht, heilige Nacht," but of course in Telugu. The moon was absolutely full, not a fleck of a cloud in the sky, and the light seemed pouring down on us. Not a sound to be heard but those sweet voices from below. Can you wonder that we lay there and that there came into our hearts a small realization of what it must have been two thousand years ago, probably on just such a moonlight night, when instead of two voices the heavenly hosts themselves came to sing just some such songs? Believe me when I say that there flooded over us as perhaps never before something of the real peace and joy of the Christmas time—and the realization came of what it really means to have a Savior like we have. But when they had finished, and we exchanged our calls of "Merry Christmas," we turned over once more for a final to know that the older of the two Bible snooze. But it will certainly interest us women, a most wonderful Christian woman, tells with great pride of how she resembles us in one respect at least, that thirty-two years ago, a young man and she stood up in front of Dr. Heinrichs, just as we did a few months ago, and he spoke the words that made them man and wife.

Christmas morning the work started again. The first thing on the program was the church festival. Ordinarily, on Sundays, about ninety per cent of the congregation is composed of the two hundred school children, and these had all gone to their various villages, so we figured that it would be more or less of a small affair, since the rest of the congregation is composed of the older folks and a few of the village children. We had given some money to the Bible woman to whom I made reference above, to buy some fruit and candy for the folks, and she had bought two hundred oranges. I thought that was a ridicu-

lously large amount, but I figured that perhaps each child would get three or four oranges and then there would be some over, and, being Christmas, I thought it was all right. Sure enough, when we got to church, there were only a very few there. But that was when we got there. A little after, it seemed like a wave on the seashore, the way a crowd of youngsters came through the door. And a little later, another wave. And a little later, another wave. And so on. And we learned that all through the villages outside of this town there were little congregations which belong to this station, but, because of the distance, the children do not come in every Sunday. These are children who do not come to this school. But on Christmas they come in for the celebration.



Mrs. Erna Sorg, Native, Another Missionary, Native

In a little while I looked over the crowd and went over to the Bible woman and asked her whether two hundred oranges would be enough to go around. And she shook her head. Accordingly I sent her out for a hundred more. If I had gone, I would have been charged three times as much, being a white man, so I loaned her the carriage and she went. The usual program was again held, speaking and singing, and after that oranges and candy were handed out. And I was glad I had sent for more oranges, because when we had handed them out, there was just one orange left, and some of the older folks did not take any. But here again was something interesting. We again had picture post cards to give to the children. There were about fifty older men and women there, some of the them fifty and sixty years old. When those pictures were being given out, they stretched their heads and tried to see—and I could see it was a fight between trying to maintain the dignity of age and desire. So I nodded to the man who was handing them out and he started to hand each one of these older folks a picture. And you should have seen them then. They were worse than the children in their anxiety to get a picture. And when they got one, they looked at it as though it were something alive. It certainly taught me a lesson in valuing small things which to me are worthless.

We came home from church to our

Christmas dinner, enjoyed it very much, as our cook had taken very special pains to make it nice. Then immediately after dinner we started in on work for the evening servants' feast. It is the custom, on Christmas day, to give a special feast for the servants, and this we were doing. And since the other missionaries were away, we were going to invite their servants also. The feast was to be much the same as that for the school children, but of course it would be different people. About six o'clock they came, and we sat down on the stone floor of the dining room, having first taken out all the furniture, and had the feast. There were about thirty-five people there, from teeny weeny babies up to the old grandfathers. When a servant is invited it means his whole family, and they all have lots of family. If they had never had a full meal before, they had one that night, because when we urged them to take more, they just shook their head and groaned. And because there was so much left, we divided it up between them and they took it home. After the feast, we lighted the candles on the tree, played the phonograph for them, Mrs. Sorg played the violin for them, and then they went home. And by that time we were ready for bed. And Christmas day was over.

I believe it was not till we were going to bed that the thought suddenly came to us that we had been alone in the station from Sunday on, that is, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, had handled all this Christmas festivity, knowing but a little of the language, and in all that time did not see a white face. Our first Christmas all alone with the people to whom we had come. And yet we were sure that we had had a happy Christmas and are looking forward to many more like it out here on the firing line for Him.



Little Native Girl dressed for the occasion

We thought you would be interested. We hope you have been. And perhaps this year you will start to get ready for Christmas a little earlier, and in making your plans for Christmas, give thought to those little folks on the other side of the earth to whom what to you means less than nothing means so much, who wear for clothes the most miserable little rags (I wish you could have seen that crowd on Christmas day—it seemed like a pile of old rags in a junk man's yard except that you could see faces here and there sticking out of the rags)

—and they wear these rags, not because they like them but because they have nothing else and can not buy any more. Imagine a man with a family of four or five children. If he earns three dollars a month, he is doing pretty good. Can't get much dressed up on that. Can't make the tummies full often. And so, as I say, if, when making your plans for Christmas, you stop to think of them, you may be sure you will be making a real "Merry Christmas" for those who are far less fortunate than you.

THE INDIA SORGS.

From Far-away China

China Inland Mission,
Pingyanghsien, Chekiang, China,
March 12, 1924.

My dear Co-workers of the Iowa Jugendbund!

Again a quarter of the money you have designated for my use has arrived. Thank you so very much for it. In writing to you this time I'm not able to tell you fully as to what it shall be used for. The first week of April Miss Eynon and I are going on a long trip and will be away for five weeks at least. During that time we hope to hold two Bible Schools and also have evangelistic services en route. I've always promised to use your money or a part of it for that purpose. While away I hope to write a letter of the experiences and will then forward that letter to you hoping it will reach you at the time of your next annual meeting. We shall need your prayers so very much. The speaking must be done through interpretation which isn't at all easy for the one giving the messages. How much depends upon your prayers! I would like to quote the words of one who said, "Unprayed for, I feel like a diver at the bottom of a river, with no air to breathe; or like a fireman with an empty hose in a blazing building." Again I repeat, *we need your prayers.*

Since last writing to you, I have started a little class for children. It has been growing nicely these past three Sundays since it was started. We are hoping in that way to be able to reach the mothers. We've had a good laugh over one of the little ones. Our Bible woman told them the story of Mary and Martha. She told them that they should do as Mary did, learn of Jesus. Finally she told them that in the mornings they should take their hymn books and Bibles and go to their mothers and say, "Now, mother, we must have prayers." One little fellow living near the Bible woman, came over to her house with his hymn book under his arm, the next morning. The Bible woman had forgotten what she had said the day before and therefore asked the little fellow what he wanted. He said, "Yesterday you said we should have prayers and I've come to have them with you." We often think that little ones forget, we little realize how much they retain. The fame of our little Sunday school seems to be spreading and I dare say soon it will be too large for one person to handle. We've been having our

class in a nearby house—the room happens to be the kitchen. Of course there wouldn't be enough room in a kitchen at home, but in China there is plenty of room—at least there is in this kitchen, for there is nothing in it save the stove, a small table, several stools and that is all. After the class is over, one hears them singing, "Jesus loves me, this I know." Remember this work in your prayers. We have prayed for increase—*increase has come.* Perhaps ere long the work will be so large we will not know what to do. Is God speaking to someone of our Iowa young people? The words of the following hymn have struck me very forcibly:

*"He was not willing that any should perish,
Jesus enthroned in the glory above,
Looked on us tenderly, pitied our sorrows,
Poured out his life for us—wonderful love!
Perishing! Perishing!
Thronging our pathway,
Hearts break with burdens too heavy to bear,
Jesus would save, but there's no one to tell them,
No one to lift them from sin and despair."*

How I wish that I could be able to make the appeal strong enough. Oh, the need—souls dying around about us—going to Christless graves—perhaps because of your unwillingness to come. Perhaps it shall not be your privilege to go, but will you help pray the Lord of harvest to thrust forth laborers into his field?

Once more, my dear friends and fellow workers, many thanks for your gift—may God abundantly bless and reward you for your interest in this his work. The work is not ours but his.

Yours in His Glad Service,
BERTHA M. LANG.

The Strength of a Nation

If you were asked to name what in your opinion constitutes the real strength of a nation, what would be your reply? Here is a quotable phrase from President Coolidge—and it is certainly worth thinking about very seriously: "The strength of a nation is the strength of its religious convictions."

Certainly you cannot build up a great country out of infidels and agnostics. People who deny everything spiritual are worth little to anything material. They are parasites upon society. It takes men and women of moral and spiritual caliber to bear the heat and burden of the day.

* * *

An American who visited several foreign mission fields says, after seeing Abyssinia: "It is nominally a Christian nation, with a queen who boasts that she is a descendant of the tribe of Judah, and a Bible nearly like our own. But the people have fallen very low in sin and ignorance, and only a very few can read or write."

Christ versus Mars

PAUL WENGEL

When on that starlit morn, more than nineteen centuries ago, the angels proclaimed, "Peace on earth, good will toward men," at the birth of Jesus, the Christ, they were giving a promise of the greatest blessing to mankind. Before his coming, and since, mankind has been longing for a permanent kingdom of peace, but now, as in the by-gone days, men do not seem to know how to procure that peace. They have not been willing to recognize the Prince of Peace, of whose coming the herald angels sang. They have been seeking a Holy Grail that was within their grasp. The Utopia, of which they dreamed, might have become a reality over night, had they but listened to the divine wisdom of the words of Christ. "Peace I leave with you," he says, "My peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you" (John 14:27). This world does have its particular brand of peace, a semblance of what looks like tranquility. The "peace that the world giveth" is one bought by compromise. It is really not peace but an armistice. Peace, pure and simple, it is not, but it may be called an *armed peace*. Such a peace Christ does not give. His is real tranquility, not purchased by compromise, but always by unconditional surrender. He knew how this world could find rest from its wild competition, physically and mentally. It was no mere form that he should greet his disciples and the world with that significant greeting: "*Peace be with you!*" He knew the way to safety. He was and is the door to perfect security. In his presence there is beautiful harmony and freedom from agitating passions. Where his method for procuring peace has been adopted, there public order and personal rest are permanent. The peace which Jesus gives cannot be taken away, while the humanly manufactured peace is soon dispersed through conflict, hatred and reprisal.

The Method of the World

to secure peace is a curious one. An exponent of that method is our former secretary of the navy, Edwin Denby. In an address to Princeton University students on January 23, 1924, he said: "The United States was founded by war, was maintained by war, in each of which this nation issued a declaration of war, and it has been by war that this country has been prevented from degenerating into another set of Balkan States. It is a great pity that there has to be war, but I firmly believe it is necessary." War, for some people, is the only way toward peace. The murderous World War (1914-1918) was advertised by propagandists as a war to make the world safe for democracy, and democracy is in turn expected to secure peace. Current history shows that we have less democracy and less peace than in 1914.

Another such method is that of compromise and treaty. After a war has been fought the victor offers terms of peace to the vanquished which the latter

may accept or reject. Almost without exception such terms will be accepted, but only for one reason, because the vanquished is not powerful enough to reject them. Some slight compromises are usually effected, but the vanquished always leaves the treaty conference with bitterness in his heart. That resentment grows as the defeated individual nation recovers and becomes stronger. Then comes the reprisal with the awakening of all the old hatreds and some new ones. The vicious process is repeated. The vanquished has become the victor, and he in turn stipulates his conditions of peace to the defeated. The terms are accepted, the treaty signed and then *there is peace*. But there is no peace! It is only a temporary armistice, an armed peace. No one need marvel that Jesus says: "Not as the world giveth, give I unto you."

Then again say the children of the world:

"We Must Prepare!"

Preparedness assures peace!" If ever the nations were prepared, surely that was in 1914. There seemed to be no hesitancy though on the part of the governments to attack each other. Declarations of war came so thick and fast that a mathematician was required to count them. The more thorough the preparedness, the more murderous the conflict. Yes, preparedness assures peace, but only to those whose mangled bodies are covered with mother-earth. Peace! Peace! Yes, the peace of the grave-yard, but not Christ's peace.

Jesus says, "My peace I give unto you." That is a peace which is perfect and permanent, a "peace that passeth understanding," present and future, personal and national, temporal and eternal. "How?" say we: "How?"—Listen to the words of Christ and study his life. Jesus was international in all his sentiments. He came first to the Jews but not only to them. He came to all mankind suffering in and from sin. His message was not for one nation but for all. (Matt. 28:19.) Political questions were of no concern to him, and he did not care whether the Jews were governed by the Romans, the Greeks, or the High Priest. So far as he was concerned it made no difference whether the taxes were paid to Rome or Babylon. He was concerned only in Caesar receiving what is Caesar's and "God what is God's."

Upon this statement it would be necessary to determine what belongs to Caesar, the government, and what to God. As long as the demands of either do not conflict with those of the other there is no difficulty. So long as it is a question of taxes, one will find that Christians are always ready to pay them. Not the Christians today seek the services of lawyers and expert accountants to help them by devious sinister means to dodge taxes. No honest and upright Christian would distribute his wealth, while living, just to dodge inheritance taxes. True followers of Jesus always pay to Caesar that which is Caesar's. The question that Jesus answered was one of

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taxes pure and simple, as was the discussion of the Apostle Paul in Romans 13:1-7. (Matt. 22:16-21.) Besides that, magistrates are to be feared by evil-doers and not by Christians. Other statements of Jesus show that obedience and loyalty to government cannot always apply to moral questions. Government may be instituted by God to preserve public order and disseminate justice. But governments are human and in many things do not do the godlike deeds! With Jesus there was

A Loyalty Higher

than that toward a government, his loyalty toward the Father. (John 4:34; 5:30; 6:38.) There may be two flags which we esteem, but they cannot be hung at the same elevation on one flagpole; one must hang above the other. A peculiar sight greeted the traveler in the province of Quebec in September, 1922. In one particular village along the St. Lawrence some citizen had raised two flags upon a staff. There was only one staff, so he faced the difficulty of analyzing his political loyalty. This is what the traveler saw: two flags, the French and the British, but although in British territory, the French emblem swayed in the breezes above the British. A more definite expression of loyalty could not be given, and just so the loyalty of Christ was unmistakable. His loyalty to the Father came first; the emblem of obedience to him and his will hung uppermost. The sentiments of Jesus were not national, for he refused to be made king. He could not be king of the Jews according to popular concep-

tions and Prince of Peace at the same time. Therefore he chose to be the latter. Everything that Jesus taught by word or example made for peace: love (Matt. 19:19; 5:44; John 13:34), forgiveness (Matt. 6: 14. 15; 18:21-35; Luke 6:37; 23:34), unselfishness (John 10:15; 15:13), meekness (Matt. 11:29; 5:5), non-resistance (Matt. 5: 38-42; Luke 9:52-56), humility (Matt. 18:1-20), all these make for peace.

There are nevertheless two occasions in the life of Christ that are by some interpreted as meaning that he wanted his disciples to defend themselves. It is contended that Jesus gave an account of himself when an officer of the high priest struck him. (John 18:23.) In that case the Savior did not act in reprisal, but he spoke only as requesting justice. Such an act is permissible and not at all out of keeping with the ethics of Jesus. He did no wrong in asking why he was struck, but he would have done contrary to his teaching had he condemned or cursed the officer, for it would not have been possible for him to strike back, since he was either bound or well surrounded by guards. It remains true to the last that, "He was like a sheep led to slaughter."

The second situation, difficult to interpret, is the one referred to in Luke 22: 36-38. It hardly seems possible that he, who spoke the words of the Sermon of the Mount, should also have said: "And he that hath no sword, let him sell his cloak and buy one." He certainly could not have meant that such a sword was to be used in propagating the gospel, for then the disciples would later have used that method. In spite of all opposition the disciples never applied force in their missionary endeavors. Force and the Sword are Deterrents to the Spirit

Supporting and extending the Reformation with the sword meant to petrify the incomplete results of a great spiritual awakening in what is now the Lutheran Church, and its related bodies. Neither could Jesus have meant to use the sword in self-defense, for then he could not have said that two swords are enough. In addition he tells Peter, who drew the sword to protect his Master: "Sheathe thy sword, he who draws the sword shall perish by the sword." Only a few months after the resurrection of Christ the church had grown to such proportions in Jerusalem that the adult men numbered 5,000. (Acts 4:4.) Such a number could have given a much better account of themselves than 12 or 120. Remembering the 300 with Gideon, it does seem that the host of heathen and unbelievers should have trembled at the sight of those 5,000 men of the Jerusalem church. But they did not defend themselves; they rather suffered wrong than commit it. There seems to be but one interpretation of this passage permissible, i. e., Jesus wanted to prepare his disciples by telling them of the strife that was to follow. He had told them before that they would be hated of men and that they would be led before kings and mag-

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The G. B. L. A. makes no claim to be a charitable institution. It is under the strict supervision of the States and is conducted on strict business principles.

Life insurance and lodges are closely connected. It was in opposition to lodges only that our forefathers, forty years ago, instituted the G. B. L. A. During years of visiting our churches we met many well meaning brethren who actually condemned all life insurance. In itself, the function of life insurance is not wrong, but the name "Life Insurance" is wrong, it is misapplied, it is misnomer, because no life, in the proper sense of the term, is insured. The life of a man is neither shortened nor prolonged by insurance, but his income will thereby be continued for some time in case of death. This is a direct benefit and an aid, given you through the G. B. L. A.

This is the primary reason why our G. B. L. A. was brought into existence since, according to Holy Scriptures, our forefathers used to argue against and, in fact, our entire denomination (proven by the old files of our "Sendbote") were opposed to lodge insurance. More than this: forty years ago the pioneer workers of the Methodist, Evangelische Gemeinschaft, Reformed, Lutheran, United Brethren, Catholic and Quaker churches held this for the sake of insurance, these early church fathers organized their own denominational insurance associations from which all objectionable features of the lodge were eliminated. The Lutherans, Quakers and Catholics were eminently successful and now own and control strong institutions. The G. B. L. A. is not a secret society and no lodge, but merely an organization for mutual protection. Therefore we should encourage our Baptist people to join the G. B. L. A.

Whatever your present attitude towards, or opinion of, lodges and secret societies may be, our individual churches have left that to your own conscience; the object of the G. B. L. A. is not to criticize you, we simply want to state here why our forefathers instituted the G. B. L. A., and having started this organization it is the duty of the present generation to continue and look after the interests of thousands of Baptist families.

If you carry insurance in other companies, we would say that if you are at all able, we wish you would also take out a certificate of membership in the G. B. L. A. and thus morally show that you are in spirit with our forefathers and with the G. B. L. A. We are constantly meeting Baptist people who regret that they did not hear of the G. B. L. A. before, but to show that they have confidence in the G. B. L. A., also to show in deeds that they wish to boost it and make it a stronger association, they take out a certificate of membership. The Quakers, the Lutherans and the Catholics are proud of their strong organizations, why should not we Baptists?

The G. B. L. A. gives you a hundred cents for every dollar:—in cash at the end of the endowment period; at age 70; in paid-up insurance; in extended term insurance; indeed, it may give your family 900% profit in case of your early and untimely death. The G. B. L. A. has paid in death claims up to December 31, 1923, exactly \$770,443.86. What a blessing this was to our widows and orphans!

If you write us, stating age, we will suit you to either one of our six contracts: Ordinary Life, Twenty Payment Life, Endowment at Seventy, Twenty Payment Endowment at Seventy, Twenty Year or Thirty Year Endowment. Address:

GERMAN BAPTISTS' LIFE ASSOCIATION,
19 Sprenger Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.
(To be continued next month)

illustrates. He does not tell them in such passages to resist and defend themselves. His one intention is that the disciples should not have false expectations about the future. These two passages, John 18:23 and Luke 22:36-38, may be misunderstood when read alone, but in the light of all of Jesus' teachings there need be no doubt about their interpretation.

Jesus Brings Peace

to the individual and to the world. It is true that sometimes this peace within brought persecution from without. (Matt. 10:34-37; Luke 15:51-53), but it is nevertheless peace. "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you" (John 14:27). Christ and Mars, the god of war, have never been and never can be companions. If ever there has been an uncompromising enemy of his satanic majesty, Mars, it surely is Jesus of Nazareth, the Prince of Peace. He is the Light that shines into a dismal, war-weary world. He is the Morning Star of Peace whose brightness the wise men of all ages have recognized. If men want peace today they need but accept Jesus and his teaching, but—

*"Two thousand years have thundered by,
And still men give their God the lie—
'Peace on earth, good will to men,'
When?, and the echo answers: When?"*

—H. Thompson Rich.

With the Reverence of a Tree

*With the reverence of a tree
Lifting up its heart to thee
As the evening shadows fall
Let me lift my heart in all
The adoration of a prayer
For thy goodness everywhere.*

*With the stanchness of a tree
Let me live so close to thee
I may feel when night-winds blow
With their whispers soft and low
Thou art talking tenderly
Talking kindly unto me.*

*With the sureness of a tree
Let me live my life in thee,
Send my roots into thy heart,
Of thy very self be part,
Feel thy strength pour into me
Like the currents of the sea.*

*With the calmness of a tree
Let me rest content in thee;
In thy rest may I find rest
As the sun sinks in the west;
In thy wisdom may I know
It is best for me to grow.*

William L. Stidger.

WHEN IN BROOKLYN Do as the CRUSADERS BIBLE CLASS does

These young men meet every Sunday at 2.30 P. M. for the Study of God's Word at the
Second German Baptist Church
Woodbine St., cor. Evergreen Ave.
WELCOME WELCOME