

# The Baptist Herald

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

Volume Three

CLEVELAND, O., DECEMBER, 1925

Number Twelve



*Banquet of the Sunday School Workers of the Evangel Church, Newark, N. J.*

# What's Happening

Rev. John Leypoldt, pastor of the McDermott Ave. church, Winnipeg, Man., has accepted the call of the Ebenezer church, Detroit, to succeed Rev. J. G. Draewell. He begins his new work in January. The church has called Rev. J. F. Olthoff.

Rev. E. G. Kliese, who closed his pastorate with the Humboldt Park church, Chicago, in October, is temporarily supplying the church at Munson, Pa., which he served as pastor some years ago.

"The Baptist Herald" is becoming internationally famous. Dr. J. H. Rushbrooke, Secretary of the Baptist World Alliance, wishes a copy regularly for his collection of Baptist periodicals of the world for purpose of reference and for the use of visitors to the Baptist church house in London, Eng. We shall be glad to comply with his request.

Rev. G. H. Schneck of New Britain, Conn., gave the first series of after supper talks on Thursdays during November before the men's Bible class of the local Y. M. C. A. His topics were: "Your God and You," "Your Fellowman and Yourself and You," "Your Master and You."

Rev. O. E. Krueger is preaching a series of sermons on Sunday evenings in his church in Cleveland, O., under the general topic, "The Twos of the Bible." They include such special subjects as: Two Gates—Two Thieves—Two Yokes—Two Ways—Two Debtors—Two Sons—Two Baptisms, and etc.—24 announced topics in all. The pastor reserves the right to occasionally preach on a different subject. These sermons sound the evangelistic note and Bro. Krueger is having good results.

Rev. C. C. Gossen, who supplied our church in Waco, Texas, during a part of last summer, is now with the church at Mowata, La.

The Trustee Board of the Publication Society met in Cleveland, O., on Oct. 15 and organized with Rev. G. H. Schneck as chairman and Rev. O. E. Krueger as secretary. One of the main matters of business centered about the proposed new site for the new publication building. It was decided to condense and simplify our "Conference Reports." Prof. O. Koenig's story "Blutrot und Schneeweiss" which appeared serially in the "Sendbote" will appear in bookform.

The new officers of the New Britain, Conn., Young People's Society are Edward Kiesewetter, pres.; Miss Malvina Eichstaedt, vice-pres.; Miss Elsie Rund, sec'y.; Harold Rund, treas.; Miss Lillian Young, pianist. They were publically installed at the church services on Sunday morning following their election. We believe this to be a good custom both

for the society officers and also for the church of which they are an integral part.

Bro. C. E. Panke who has been supplying the Spokane and Odessa churches in Washington during the last three months, recently received a call from both churches. He decided to accept the call of the Spokane church and will soon settle his family there from Tacoma. The work in both of these fields has been revived and at the mission station of the Odessa church the dormant Sunday school was brought to new life.

Rev. J. J. Lippert of our Seminary served as student pastor during the summer in the Washburn and Bethel churches, North Dakota. Bro. Lippert baptized seven persons in the waters of the Missouri and altogether nine were added to the church. Bro. Lippert with the assistance of Mrs. Lippert held a Daily Vacation Bible school with over 50 children for a number of weeks. They were the recipients of many kindnesses on the part of the members, who liberally looked after their temporal welfare. The family of Bro. Lippert is with him in Rochester this school year.

At a united meeting of the School Committee, the trustees and the faculty of our seminary in Rochester, N. Y., held Oct. 14, 1925, it was decided to accept the plans for remodeling the present "Student's Home" and building an annex, as worked out by Mr. S. A. Hamel of Pittsburgh and the faculty. Mr. Hamel is a well known building contractor and one of the new trustees of the seminary.

The Improvements contemplated include 3 new toilet rooms for the students; at least one additional larger class room; a larger library and reading room; a toilet room for the faculty and visitors on the lower floor; a chemical laboratory; a small dining room for the matron and her assistants next to the present kitchen; more room for cellar and pantry; facilities for drying the wash; creating a music room out of the present gymnasium, and furnishing additional study-rooms for the faculty on the lower floor. The building committee consists of Prof. L. Kaiser, O. Dietrich, S. A. Hamel, A. Neuffer and Prof. A. J. Ramaker.

Rev. S. Groza has resigned as pastor at Linton, N. D., to accept the call of the church at Hebron in the same state.

Rev. F. H. Willkens of Buffalo has written the chapter on "Pupil Partnership" in the new book "Church School Improvement" reviewed on another page.

The next meeting of the Manitoba Association of German Baptist churches will be held in Winnipeg in June, 1926.

## Chicago Jugendbund

The bi-annual meeting of the Chicago Jugendbund met at the First Church of Chicago on Saturday, Oct. 31. The audience consisted of people from Chicago and Vicinity, Benton Harbor and St. Joseph. The newly elected president, Walter Grosser, presided. The program consisted of very interesting numbers. The Second Church and Oak Park orchestras under the leadership of Arthur Pankrat helped to elevate the spirit of the meeting. The choir of the First Church, directed by Prof. Berndt, sang several numbers which were very inspirational. After several important announcements the president spoke about the Spring Conference of the Jugendbund which will meet in May at a camp at Cedar Lake, Indiana. A large attendance is expected at this rally and enthusiasm for it is being created now among the societies.

The greatest treat on the program was an address by Dr. A. J. Harms of Burlington, Iowa, on the subject, "The Art of Right Living." Those who listened to the speaker felt well repaid for having attended the meeting. The spirit of God was present.

Following the meeting the audience was invited by the Young People's president of the First Church, Henry Pfaff, to assemble in the room below which had been attractively decorated in Halloween colors. Refreshments were served and the social half hour spent there was much appreciated.

The new officers of the Chicago Jugendbund for the following two years are: President, Walter Grosser of Oak Park; First Vice-President, Fred Prueser, First Church; Second Vice-President, Hulda Brueckman, Humboldt Park; Secretary, Elizabeth Wolf, South Chicago; Treasurer, Agnes Albert, First Church.

ELIZABETH WOLF, Secretary.

## The Baptist Herald

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# The Baptist Herald

## A Christmas Prayer

HEAVENLY FATHER, we pray that thou wilt lead us into the real spirit of the Christmas season. May we not so lose ourselves in material things as to forget the spiritual things. May we find the real satisfaction at thy table. May we discover the springs of true merriment in thy joy. May we seek relaxation in thy peace. May we find the secret of Christmas-tide in the friendship of Christ. May we draw near to our Christmas festivities in his fellowship. May he be the guest in all our homes, the center of every party, the inspiration of all our communion together.

At the heart of all our celebration may there be the spirit of consecration. Save us from making our Christmas a merely carnal feast and overlooking the Lord himself. May we rather use it to obtain a deeper intimacy with his spirit, hallowing everything by his communion.

Bless all little children. May the light of the Savior's love fill their hearts as sunshine fills the flowers. Give to us all the spirit of little children, that we may walk with thee in simplicity and in truth. Amen.—J. H. Jowett, D. D.

## Three Utterances to Ponder Over

DR. S. PARKES CADMAN of Brooklyn is one of the great preachers of America. He is also president of the Federal Council of Churches of the United States. In a recent radio address, he said:

"I confess that there has not been in my experience a wider circulation of intellectually bankrupted or morally degenerate periodicals than now. And as a rule they center about love, not having visioned what it really means, and causing one to wonder if they had decent mothers, or have upright sisters, wives and daughters. Leave these gutters far below those of the beast in the field or the ape in the jungle."

William Allen White of Kansas is one of the best known newspaper men of the country, a publicist of high rank. He has this to say about our daily papers:

"Take a look at any first page—even the best of papers, and what do you find? Sex, crime and piffle. That's the whole of it. Serious questions are puzzling the world. Great events are stirring in a dozen centers of news. In America we are going into a new era. The world is full of big things, happening quite outside the newspapers, which either ignore the big things or misunderstand them. Instead, they smear sex,

crime and piffle over the newspapers and write inane editorials about nothing in particular. Cheap, cheap, cheap! How long, O Lord, how long!"

Dr. Ernest M. Stires, rector of St. Thomas Episcopal church of New York City and Bishop Coadjutor-elect of Long Island says:

"The mind and spirit need nourishment quite as much as the body. I am convinced that there is a real desire in the homes of our land for religious literature which is interesting, instructive and stimulating. Those who are providing such reading are rendering a service of the highest importance. Thoughtful mothers and fathers, for their own sakes and for the sakes of their children, will take care that amid all of the reading which is merely amusing or entertaining, there shall be found religious literature which shall persuade for high thinking and right living."

## The "Herald" Program for 1926

THE editorial department of the "Baptist Herald" faithfully pledges itself to give the best in every way to its growing circle of subscribers in 1926.

Our paper will appear semi-monthly in 1926, on the first and fifteenth of each month. Naturally with double the space at our disposal throughout the year, we can offer our readers more than during the last three years.

Our news items will be more frequent and fresher. "What's Happening" will continue its popular appeal.

Our Serial story will move quicker and the intervals between installments now will be cut in half. After the "Enchanted Barn" ends, we will have a new fascinating serial story. Plans for such are now under way.

On the fourth editorial page, where hitherto Rev. O. E. Krueger has so ably held forth, there will appear during the year a dozen or more of our leading pastors and laymen and women in notable and helpful messages. Our list of contributors will be enlarged and broadened.

Our Bible Study page, which was crowded out the latter part of the current year because of necessary news items, will be reinstated and made a regular standing feature. With January, study outlines of the minor Prophets will begin, one every month. "The prophets," said one of our great preachers, "sat close to the everlasting conscience." That is where our generation must also make its seat, if it would realize the divine goal.

We expect to present the great cause of missions, home and worldwide, more forcefully than ever and hope to have first hand reports from missionaries on the far flung battle line of the Cross.

Our Sunday School and Devotional pages will carry on. Some other special pages will be omitted, in order not to bind the editorial policy down by too many hard and fast lines and to leave leeway and sufficient space for news, reports and illustrations.

We invite suggestions from our readers as to how to make the "Herald" better. We may not follow out all such suggestions but we promise to weigh them carefully and if we believe them to make for betterment, we will give them a fair trial.

Finally, remember the editor and his helpers in your prayers.

### Editorial Jottings

COPIES OF BRO. REUBEN WINDISCH'S song, "Some Soul I Might Have Won," may be had free from the author. Address him at 112 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa. This song will do fine service in evangelistic meetings this winter.

DO NOT FORGET the Orphans' Home in St. Joseph on Christmas. Make the offering large. It is more blessed to give than to receive.

THOSE CONTESTS in the "Herald" Subscription campaign ought to be under way and going strong by this time. Six thousand is our goal. Help to put it across by working hard in your church. Aim for victory.

### Christ the Light

E. ELMER STAUB

"He was the true Light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world."  
John 1:9.

Oh Night! Night! Night!  
We struggle strong,  
With a song,  
Through the darkness of the night.

O Light! Light! Light!  
Who could grope,  
Without hope,  
When he sees a ray of Light.

O Christ! Christ! Christ!  
Thou art Light,  
Through the night,  
We yield ourselves, O thou Christ!

## We Have No Language Problem

O. E. KRUEGER

**"Resist the Devil, and—"** Is it not time for us, as a denomination, once for all, to cross out of our vocabulary this much mis-used word "language-problem"? After a fit of gloomy dumps or dumpy glooms—both are good English combinations but bad mental diseases—I seized my dictionary with a devildefying determination and crossed out the word "discouragement". Unfortunately I didn't get it out of my system quite as readily. And I notice that publishers still continue to print dictionaries containing that word that expresses so much of the devil's triumph. There would be no such word as discouragement if we would not allow that old camel to poke his head into our tent, and finally take entire possession and crowd out our better selves. The so-called language problem would have been dead long ago if we had not nourished that miserable parasite, as though it were a young god, until it has sapped the life of many a church. Let others beware.

**The Holy Spirit Knows No Language Problem**

The language problem—pardon the use of the term—has done its damage where there has been impatient insistence upon a sudden and radical change on the one hand and a dogged resistance on the other hand. The problem is all of our own making. Let it be emphasized again and again, the Holy Spirit knows no language problem. At Pentecost all the necessary languages were used simultaneously. Some good folks can give a very learned discourse on the Pentecostal miracle and then turn right about and deny all its practical values by setting up an embargo on all but the favorite language. The Holy Spirit is a great backbone stiffener but he has never been known to make folks stiff-necked.

**Let Us Be Reasonable**

The Holy Spirit makes people reasonable. Let us simply accept the fact that we are a bilingual denomination. The publication of "The Baptist Herald" along side of "Der Sendbote" is ample evidence of that fact. The rapid growth of the former shows how far along the line we have gone. The evening sessions of the General Conference have also conceded that we are no longer a purely German denomination. The practice, however, of having a German and an English speaker at one evening service is of doubtful wisdom—whatever kind of wisdom that may be! Why not have two simultaneous evening services, one in German, one in English? Then the good people who have not enough of the Holy Spirit to think of the other fellow, would be spared the mental heat that rises when the man speaks in the language obnoxious to them, and the good saints would not have their patience taxed to the very limit by the brethren who want their chance at the General Conference.

Let the program committee of the next conference take notice!

**An Old Saint in Missouri**

Engaged in a two weeks campaign in the "show-me" state a dear old grandmother, ninety-two if I remember correctly, came to the meeting every night and riveted her attention on the speaker. Upon expressing my appreciation she said, "Well. I understand so very little English that I must attend every meeting to at least get a little out of it." This good old saint proved to me that a language problem exists only where we manufacture one. Young people are often heard to say, "Ah, what's the use of going, I don't understand German." The old people say: "We are kicked out, it's all English." This old Missouri grandmother used as a reason for going the very thing others gave as an excuse for staying away. Methinks she possessed the Holy Spirit.

**Three Words to the Wise**

One to the Young People. Will you exercise the kindest consideration toward the older folks? Touring to Cleveland from Burlington we saw a most dilapidated Ford going "From Coast to Coast" bearing this inscription also: "Don't laugh, you'll be old some day." When we are old somebody will have to be very patient with our ancient viewpoints. Do not blame them for not having learned the language of the land when they came and were young enough to acquire it. If we had been in their place we would have made the same mistake. Remember that religion to them in English is like a saltless meal to you. Remember too that you with very little effort can acquire enough German to sing the grand old hymns and get the drift of the German sermon, unless the preacher is drifting about so aimlessly that he does not really know himself where he expects to land. Expose yourself to every German service, jot down the new words, read the German Bible, and when you have acquired the meaning of a thousand words, you will be telling a lie, if you say, you do not understand German sermons.

One to the Old Folks. But they will not be reading this page. But you may tell them with all due respect that English is the language of the school, the street, the shop, the office, the newspaper, the companions. To have a separate language for religion, makes the whole thing seem unreal and foreign to actual life. Let them make an agreement with you to attend the English services on condition that you attend the German worship.

One to the Preachers and Preachers to be. Half a word should be enough to these wise men. Learn the language of the land. Some of our churches are using the English language exclusively; many are on the fifty-fifty compromise; many more will be compelled to that position very soon. Ten years from now, very few churches will be entirely German. With so many of our young people going to high school and college, it becomes more necessary for us to improve our English than our Ger-

man. The Germans who come over from the Fatherland will readily forgive us our peculiar Americanisms. They very readily acquire them themselves. Our young people will not be so lenient. If there really exists a language problem, in spite of our denial, it lies with the ministry. But we must declare it again: The Holy Spirit knows no language problem.

### Common-Sense "Hows" VII—How to Get a Good Vocabulary

JOHN F. COWAN

How many words does one need use to have an average vocabulary? From 4000 to 5000 words. Some "intellectuals" possess vocabularies of from 10,000 to 30,000 words. If you want to

**"Yardstick" your vocabulary**, take every fiftieth page in an unabridged dictionary and see with how many words on each you are familiar. Then multiply the average of the pages by the total number of pages in the book. You may be surprised at the leanness of your English, or just the contrary. Most of us wish that we weren't

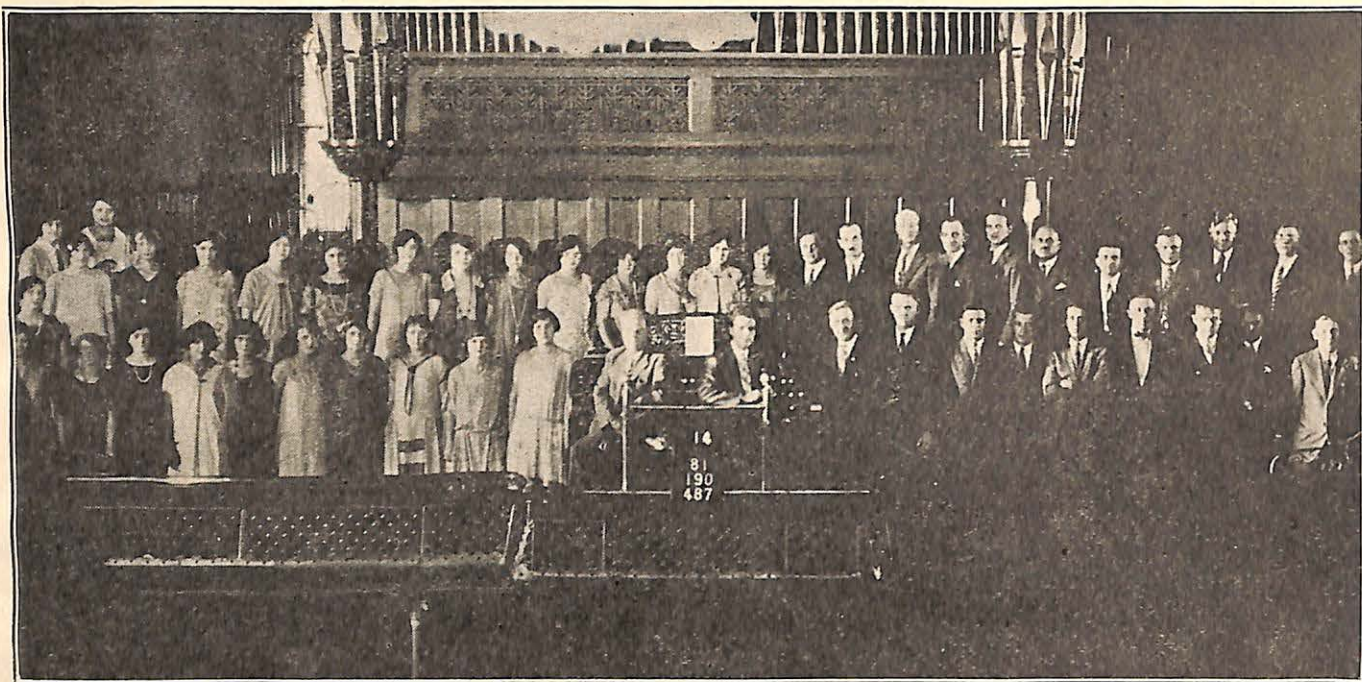
**So verbally poverty-stricken.** When we read some exquisitely-written poem or story, or listen to wonderful word-painting in sermons and lectures, we covet that writer's, or speakers, masterful command of English. Most of us have no more of the wealth of the English tongue than man had of the world before Columbus sailed westward. Coveting a larger list of words is not sin. It may be a friend, spurring us to acquire a larger vocabulary. We may have as large a one as we are ambitious to lay claim to. One way is

**Look up every strange word.** I know people who plan to acquire two new words, at least, each day. Every new word helps to put more beauty and punch into our speech. They are verbal dollars. Better walk a mile to see a dictionary than miss getting a new word. But some young people seem to be

**Ashamed of using new words.** The first use of one, our tongues do work stiffly. We fear people will think we're trying to show off; we'll look like prigs. But the third or fourth time the word will slip gracefully off our tongues. We should use new words for other's sake, as well as for our own. Some folks have

**Only a local diction.** The great wealth of the English language is locked up from them. We, who have been accepting without question the niggardly vocabulary used daily where we live, but are getting a larger vision of English, owe it to those around us to contribute anything we can to enriching the speech of the family or community.

**Discriminate in words.** All new words have not equal value to us; some are diamonds, some sandstones. But don't be led away by mere big-sounding words, like the colored preacher who went to the gallery of the white church to pick up for his sermons the biggest words he heard, because the longer they were the more impression they would make on his hearers.



Choir of the First Church, Chicago

### Yearly Report of the First German Church Choir, Chicago, for 1925

Under the capable direction of Prof. Berndt, ably assisted by our organist, O. H. Albert, and aided by the leadership of our president, Fred Presher, our choir enjoyed a successful year.

We have had the pleasure within the year to take up three tenor, eleven bass, four soprano, and one alto, making a total of nineteen new members.

Our former president, H. C. Baum, resigned Nov. 7, and our vice-president at that time was Fred Presher, who was elected to the presidency by acclamation. Mr. Ruhlin was elected to fill the position of vice-president. John Gregsamer also resigned from his position as financial secretary and Julius Holz was elected to fill the vacancy.

Our choir rendered a Christmas cantata twice and a Spring Concert was given March 10. We had a very good attendance at this concert and the music was well rendered. We took in approximately \$113. Miss Winifred Baum was awarded a purse as a prize for selling the most tickets.

Our choir sang for the Frauenbund Social and also for the Frauenbund Conference held May 14 at our church. Mr. and Mrs. Zellmer celebrated their Ruby Wedding Anniversary and the choir sang for them. At each of these occasions the singing was of the best.

A Valentine Party was given by the Young People's Society and the choir was invited. A very enjoyable time was had by all.

A Banquet was given by the choir at the church May 9. It was very artistically decorated in pink and green. An excellent meal was served by the ladies of the church at 6.30 P. M. Besides our

officers and members quite a few friends were present. We had a nice program, a talk from our pastor and short speeches from the Trustees and Deacons. Some of our young people stayed and played games and everyone had a good time.

Our choir sang at the Oak Park church May 29 for the Young People's Conference. We had 56 members present and the singing was very fine.

And now with God's blessing and help may we look forward to an even better year in the work for the Lord.

A. E. LEUSCHNER, Cor. Sec.

### Advance in Alpena

From Sept. 29 to Oct. 16 Rev. Hilko Swyter assisted the pastor in revival meetings. These meetings were conducted partly in Alpena and partly on a new field about 20 miles distant. Here is a strong German Lutheran settlement, four families of which are identified with our church. The services were conducted in the German language exclusively and the largest results were obtained here. We met in homes of several Lutheran families who invited us, and the attendance ranged from 50 to 75. Three months prior the pastor held regular meetings in this community and he will continue them during the winter. The prospects of this field are very promising.

The meetings in Alpena were conducted chiefly in the English language. Here too the services were quite well attended and some results obtained. Children's meetings were held three times a week prior to the regular services, at which Mr. Swyter gave interesting object lessons to a large number of children.

This is the second time that Bro. Swyter has been with us for special meetings. All were well pleased. We

believe he is well fitted for just that kind of work. His work here has resulted in a revival of the church and in leading about fifteen souls to Christ.

G. WETTER, Alpena, Mich.

### New Departure in Evangel Sunday School

The Teachers' organization of Evangel Bible school, Newark, N. J., held its annual dinner September 28, 1925. A number of prominent speakers were with us for the occasion. The organization now numbers more than eighty teachers and officers.

The superintendent of the school, Mr. H. Theodore Sorg (member of the Clinton Hill Baptist church, Newark), after more than three years service, has announced that he will conclude his work as superintendent at the close of this year.

A new experiment in our denominational work is to be made by the church, namely, the employment of a seminary graduate as assistant pastor and superintendent of the school. The church is at present engaged in seeking such a man and it is hoped he may be obtained before the end of the year. The employed staff will then consist of the pastor, Rev. Frederick Niebuhr, the assistant pastor and superintendent, and the church missionary, Miss Lydia Niebuhr. Miss Priscilla Hoops, who has been employed as religious worker in the school during the past two years, will conclude her services at the end of the year.

The school has a present enrollment of 800, and in addition to its Sunday afternoon session, it conducts a Junior C. E. Society, Intermediate C. E. Society, Boy Scout Troop, Camp Fire Girls, Week Day Religious School (Saturdays) and Daily Vacation School in Summer.

# The Sunday School

## A Pair of Torn Trousers

"I was brought up in a church-going family," one of a little group of business men declared reflectively when the conversation had drifted round to attendance at church. "That doesn't always count, to be sure, for, as Burton just said, a man feels sometimes that he's had church enough in his boyhood to last him the rest of his life. It wasn't so in my case, though, and that it wasn't was owing largely to one of the saddest and most impressive incidents of my early years.

"Mother's health was always delicate, though she was always hard-working and uncomplaining. People nowadays can hardly understand what scanty means a small farmer had fifty years ago, and how much toil and planning and scrimping were required to keep a family of four clothed and fed. Saturday nights mother often sat up until the stroke of twelve, patching and mending our clothes so that we could go to church the next day. Father used to remonstrate with her, but she always had much the same answer: 'The children can't go to church without clothes, William, and they mustn't get into the habit of staying at home. If they don't learn to go when they're young, they'll never take to it when they're older.'

"My eleventh birthday I spent at Uncle Sidney Fletcher's. A day at Uncle Sidney's was a rare treat, and I returned, happy and excited, except for one disquieting accident. I had torn the knee of my new gray Sunday trousers. I can remember just how mother said, 'Why, Joey, dear!' as she drew the frayed edges together between her slim fingers, planning no doubt how best to mend the rent.

"How little I suspected what the next few hours would bring! That was a Saturday night, and mother died suddenly in the gray dawn of the morning following. For hours I couldn't believe it. It seemed like an ugly, terrifying dream, and I kept thinking I should wake up presently and find everything as it had been before. The first thing that brought me out of my daze was that pair of gray trousers hanging on a hook behind the stove. I turned them around and looked at the neatly mended knee—mother's last work. My eyes blurred with tears. One so near dying must feel ill and weak, I thought in my boyish way, but she had stitched and stitched and stitched, so that I could go to church Sunday morning! That was her dearest wish, and I resolved that it should not be disappointed.

"Apparently no one noticed me when I stole out of the front door, arrayed in my Sunday best, and set off across the fields on foot. It was five miles to the little country church, and the day was hot, but I kept plodding on, blinded half the way with my tears, but buoyed by



Baraca Class and Friends on Outing at Union Pier, Mich.

the thought that I was doing what mother wanted me to do. I don't remember much about the service or what people said to me, but that dogged determination to carry out mother's dying wish has clung to me for fifty years. She was a wise, good woman and must have known what was good for a boy in his teens, for a young man, for any man or woman. As my own judgment has matured I have come more and more to agree with her conclusions. Whenever I have been tempted to stay away from church the neatly mended knee of that pair of gray trousers has come up before my mind's eye as a gentle reminder."—Youth's Companion.

## Sunday Schoolograms

A Sunday school is the vestibule to the church. See to it that the vestibule not only attracts pupils to it but passes them on into the church as well.

The backward pupil may have latent possibilities of which you never dream. Some seeds germinate slowly but produce amazing results after they get started.

A good teacher is so busy getting the work done that she has no time to worry about who gets the credit.

God pays us a fine compliment when he calls us to hard tasks. If your class is difficult, thank God that he thought you worthy of a big job.

A Sunday school's strength, like that of a chain, depends on the strength of the individual links which compose it.

There are two types of Sunday school teachers, the whirlwind and the zephyr. A whirlwind creates a commotion and raises a lot of dust, but it takes the zephyr to coax the sleeping flowers into full bloom.—Convention Teacher.

## Pass Your Gifts

The following suggestion might be used at the class social around Christmas time.

Guests have been asked to bring an inexpensive gift which is to be given to some other guest. These gifts may be "funny" or otherwise. Guests form a circle, and when the signal is given, each

guest starts passing his gift to the right the gifts continuing as rapidly as possible around the circle. Suddenly, and before the gift has had a chance to get back to its owner, a whistle is blown, and the gift each guest is holding at the time the whistle is blown, is to be the gift he takes home with him—unless his powers of persuasion are such that he can persuade a friend to change with him, "sight unseen!"

## How to Tell a Good Christmas Gift

These tests are always safe, but especially should *Christmas* gifts be free from frippery, mere temporary worth, the solely worldly or material value. This is the first test—Genuineness.

The second: A Christmas gift should be in keeping with one's purse.—Unostentation.

A Christmas gift should display good taste.—Carefulness.

A Christmas gift should confer a real benefit.—Thoughtfulness.

A Christmas gift should produce unfeigned pleasure.—Interest.

A Christmas gift should be something you would wish associated with thoughts of yourself.—Friendship.

A Christmas gift should, if possible, be something that can be shared with others.—Kindliness.

A Christmas gift should, as long as it lasts, give as much delight as on Christmas morning.—Quality.

A Christmas gift should be something you yourself would be glad to possess.—Sincerity.

A Christmas gift should be something you have selected, not something picked up by chance.—Heartiness.

A Christmas gift should be something you take pleasure in thinking of afterward as having been given by you to your friend.—Satisfaction.—The Christian Herald.

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A magazine writer tells us that a dog fills an empty space in a man's life. This is especially true of the hot dog.—American Boy.

# The Enchanted Barn

Grace Livingston Hill

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(Continuation)

## CHAPTER XV

A man arrived one morning with a horse and a plough and several other implements of farm life of which Harley didn't know the name, and announced that Mr. Graham had sent him to plough the garden. Would Mrs. Hollister please tell him where she wanted the ground broken, and how much? He volunteered the information that he was her next neighbor, and that if he was in her place he'd plough the south slope of the meadow, and if she wanted flower-beds a strip along the front near the road; the soil was best in those spots, and she wouldn't need so much fertilizer.

Mrs. Hollister asked him how much he would charge to do it, and he said a little job like that wasn't worth talking about; that he used to rent the barn himself, and he always did a little turn for Mr. Graham whenever he needed it. He did it for Mr. Graham, and it wouldn't cost her "nothin'."

Mrs. Hollister went out with him to see where it would be best to have the ploughing done, and when she came in a few minutes later and dropped down on the couch to rest from her unusual fatigue a new thought was racing through her mind. They could have a garden, a real garden, with lettuce and green peas and lima beans and corn! She knew all about making them grow. She had been brought up in a little village home, where a garden was a part of every one's necessary equipment for living. She used to help her father every spring and all summer. Her own little patch always took the prize of the family. But for years she had been in the city without an inch of space. Now, however, the old fever or delight in gardening took possession of her. If she could get out and work in the ground, as the doctor had suggested, she would get well right away. And why, with Harley to help, and George and Carol to work a little every evening, couldn't they raise enough on all that ground to sell some? George could take things into town early in the morning, or they could find some private families who would buy all they had to sell. It was worth thinking about, anyway. She could raise flowers for sale, too. She had always been successful with flowers. She had always wanted a hothouse and a chance to experiment. She heard the children say there were some old window-sashes down under the barn. She would get George to bring them out, and see what could be done with a cold-frame or two. Violets would grow under a coldframe, and a lot of other things. Oh, if they could only just live here always, and not have to go back to the city in the fall! But of course

there was no way to heat the barn in winter, and that was out of the question.

Shirley brought home some packages of seeds she got at the ten-cent store, and there was great excitement planting them. Then Mr. Graham sent over a lot of seeds, of both vegetables and flowers, and some shrubs, cuttings and bulbs which he said were "left-overs" at their country house that he thought perhaps the children could use; and so before the Hollisters knew it they were possessed of a garden, which almost in a breath lifted up its green head and began to grow.

Life was very full for the Hollisters in those days, and those who went to the city for the day could hardly bear to tear themselves away from the many delights of the country. The puppy was getting bigger and wiser every day, tagging Doris and Harley wherever they went, or sitting adoringly at Mrs. Hollister's feet; always bounding out to meet the evening trolley on which George and Shirley came, and always attending them to the trolley in the morning.

Out behind the barn a tiny coop held a white hen and her seven little downy balls of chickens. Another hen was happily ensconced in a barrel of hay with ten big blue duckeggs under her happy wings, and a little further down the creek a fine chicken-run ended in a trig little roosting-place for the poultry, which George had manufactured out of a packing-box and some boards. George and Harley spent their evenings watching them and discussing the price of eggs and chickens per pound. They were all very happy.

Elizabeth came out to spend Sunday as she had promised. She got up early to see the sun rise and watch the birds. She helped get breakfast and wash the dishes. Then she went with the others across the fields to the little white church in the valley to Sunday school and church. She was as hungry and eager as any of them when she came home, and joyfully helped to do the work, taking great pride in the potatoes she was allowed to warm up under careful tutelage. In the afternoon there was no more eager listener among them to the Bible story Shirley told to Doris and the book she read aloud to them all afterward; her voice was sweetest and clearest of them all in the hymns they sang together; and she was most eager to go with Shirley to the Christ'an Endeavor.

"I shouldn't wonder if Sidney wishes he was here too," she remarked dreamily that evening, as she sat before the fire on a little cushion, her chin in her hands, her eyes on the fantastic shadows in the ashes.

She went to school with Carol the next morning, came home with her in

the afternoon, and when her brother came for her in the evening she was most reluctant to go home to the big, lonely, elegant house again, and begged that Carol might soon come and see her.

Friday afternoon Elizabeth called up Mrs. Hollister.

"Please, Mrs. Hollister, let Carol come and stay with me till Monday. I'm so lonesome, and mamma says she will be so glad if you will let her come."

"Oh, my dear, that would be impossible. Carol isn't suitable dressed to make a visit, you know," answered the mother quickly, glad that she had so good an excuse for keeping her child from this venture into an alien world about which she had many grave doubts.

But the young voice at the other end of the telephone was insistent.

"Dear Mrs. Hollister, please! She doesn't need any other clothes. I've got lots of things that would fit her. She loaned me her gingham dress to make a garden in, and why shouldn't I loan her a dress to wear on Sunday? I've got plenty of clean middy blouses and skirts and can fix her all out fresh for school, too, Monday morning, and if you'll let her stay Sidney will take us both down to her school when he goes to the office. You've got all those children there at home, and I've only myself. Sidney doesn't count, you know, for he's grown up."

So, with a sigh, the mother gave her consent, and Carol found the Graham car waiting for her when she came out of school. Thus she started on her first venture into the world.

It was all like fairy-land that wonderful week-end to the little girl whose memories were full of burdens and sacrifices: the palatial home of many rooms and rich furnishings, the swarm of servants, the anticipation of every want, the wide, beautiful grounds with all that heart could wish in the way of beauty and amusement, the music-room with grand piano, harp, and violin lying mute most of the time, the great library with its walls lined with rare books, mostly unread. Everything there to satisfy any whim, reasonable or unreasonable, and nobody using any of it much.

"Not a room in the whole place as dear and cozy and homey as this!" sighed Carol happily, sinking into the old denim-covered couch before the fireplace in the barn-livingroom that Monday night after she got home. "I declare, mother, I don't see how Elizabeth stands it. Her mother is nice, but she's hardly ever there, unless she has a swarm of people dinnering or teaing or lunching. She hardly ever has time to speak to Elizabeth, and Elizabeth doesn't seem to care much, either. She almost seems to think more of that old nurse Susan who took care of her when she was a baby than she does of her mother. I'm so glad I was sent to you instead of to her!" And Carol suddenly slipped across the room and buried her face in her mother's neck, hugging and kissing her, leaving a few bright tears on her mother's happy face.

It was a wonderful relief to Mrs. Hollister to find her child unspoiled by her first experience of the world and glad to get back home, after all the anxiety her mother heart had felt. Carol presently sat up and told them minutely all about her visit. The grand concert that Sidney had taken them to Friday evening in the Academy of Music, where a world-renowned pianist was the soloist with the great symphony orchestra; the tennis and riding Saturday morning; the luncheon at a neighboring estate, where there were three girls and a brother who were "snobs" and hadn't at all good manners; the party in the evening that lasted so late that they didn't get to bed till long after midnight; the beautiful room they slept in, with every imaginable article for the toilet in sterling silver with monograms; the strange Sabbath, with no service in the morning because they woke up too late, and no suggestion of anything but a holiday,—except the vesper service in the cold, formal chapel that Carol had begged to go to; just a lot of worldly music and entertaining, with a multitude of visitors for the end of it. Carol told of the beautiful dresses that Elizabeth had loaned her, with their accompanying silk stockings and slippers and gloves, and necklaces and bands for her hair. It was most wonderful to her, and as they listened they marveled that their Carol had come back to them so gladly, and rejoiced to see her nestling in her brown linen skirt and middy blouse close beside her mother's chair. She declared herself satisfied with her flight into the world. She might like to go again for a glimpse now and then, but she thought she would rather have Elizabeth out to Glenside. She hated to lose any of the time out here, it was so pretty. Besides, it was lonesome without them all.

About that time Shirley picked up the morning paper in her office to look up a matter for Mr. Barnard. Her eye happened to fall on the society column and catch the name of Sidney Graham. She glanced down the column. It was an account of a wedding in high circles in which Graham had taken the part of best man, with Miss Harriet Hale—in blue tulle and white orchids as maid of honor—for his partner down the aisle. She read the column hurriedly, hungrily, getting every detail, white spats, gardenia, and all, until in those few printed sentences a picture was printed indelibly upon her vision, of Graham walking down the lily-garlanded aisle with the maid in blue tulle and white orchids on his arm. To make it more vivid the lady's picture was in the paper along with Graham's, just under those of the bride and groom, and her face was handsome and haughty. One could tell that by the tilt of chin, the short upper lip, the cynical curve of mouth and sweep of long eyelash, the extreme effect of her dress and the arrangement of her hair. Only a beauty could have stood that hair and not been positively ugly.

Shirley suddenly realized what she was doing and turned over the page of

the paper with a jerk that tore the sheet from top to bottom, going on with her search for the real estate column and the item she was after. All that morning her typewriter keys clicked with mad rapidity, yet her work was strangely correct and perfect. She was working under a tense strain.

By noon she had herself in hand, realized what she had been doing with her vagrant thoughts, and was able to laugh at Miss Harriet Hale—whoever or whatever she was. What mattered it Miss Harriet Hale or somebody else? What was that to Shirley Hollister? Mr. Graham was her landlord and a kindly gentleman. He would probably continue to be that to her to the end of her tenancy, without regard to Miss Hale or any other intruding Miss, and what did anything else matter?

But although her philosophy was on hand and her pride was aroused, she realized just where her heart might have been tending if it had not been for this little jolt it got; and she resolved to keep out of the gentleman's way whenever it was possible, and also, as far as she was able, to think no more about him.

Keeping out of Sidney Graham's way was one thing, but making him keep out of her way was quite another matter, and Shirley realized it every time he came out to Glenside, which he did quite frequently. She could not say to him that she wished he would not come. She could not be rude to him when he came. There was no way of showing him pointedly that she was not thinking of him in any way but her landlord, because he never showed in any way that he was expecting her to. He just happened in evening after evening, in his frank, jolly way, on one pretext or other, never staying very long, never showing her any more attention than he did her mother or Carol or the boys, not so much as he did to Doris. How was she to do anything but sit quietly and take the whole thing as a matter of course? It really was a matter to deal with in her own heart alone. And there the battle must be fought if ever battle there was to be. Meantime she could not but own that this frank, smiling, merry young man did bring a lot of life and pleasure into their lives, dropping in that way, and why should she not enjoy it when it came, seeing it in no wise interfered with Miss Harriet Hale's rights and prerogatives? Nevertheless, Shirley withdrew more and more into quietness whenever he came, and often slipped into the kitchen on some household pretext, until one day he boldly came out into the kitchen after her with a book he wanted her to read, and was so frank and companionable that she led the way back to the living-room, and concluded it would be better in future to stay with the rest of the family.

Shirley had no intention whatever of letting her heart stray out after any impossible society man. She had her work in the world, and to it she meant to stick. If there were dreams she kept

them well under lock and key, and only took them out now and then at night when she was very tired and discouraged and life looked hard and long and lonely on ahead. Shirley had no intention that Sidney Graham should ever have reason to think when he married Miss Harriet Hale or some one equivalent to her, that any poor little stenographer living in a barn had at one time fancied him fond of her. No, indeed! Shirley tilted her firm little chin at the thought, and declined to ride with Graham and Elizabeth the next time they called at the office for her, on the plea that she had promised to go home in the trolley with one of the office girls. And yet the next time she saw him he was just as pleasant, and showed no sign that she had declined his invitation. In fact, the whole basis of their acquaintance was such that she felt free to go her own way and yet know he would be just as pleasant a friend whenever she needed one.

Matters stood in this way when Graham was suddenly obliged to go West on a trip for the office, to be gone three or four weeks. Mrs. Graham and Elizabeth went to the Adirondacks for a short trip, and the people at Glenside settled down to quiet country life, broken only by a few visits from their farm neighbors, and a call from the cheery, shabby pastor of the little white church in the valley.

## CHAPTER XVI

Graham did not seem to forget his friends entirely while he was gone. The boys received a number of post-cards from time to time, and a lot of fine views of California, Yellowstone Park, the Grand Canon, and other spots of interest. A wonderful picture-book came for Doris, with Chinese pictures, and rhymes printed on crepe paper. The next morning a tiny sandalwood fan arrived for Carol with Graham's compliments, and a few days later a big box of oranges for Mrs. Hollister with no clew whatever as to their sender. Shirley began to wonder what her part would be and what she should do about it, and presently received—a letter! And then, after all, it was only a pleasant request that she would not pay the rent, about which she had always been so punctual, until his return, as no one else understood about his affairs. He added a few words about his pleasant trip and a wish that they were all prospering,—and that was all.

Shirley was disappointed, of course, and yet, if he had said more, or if he had ventured to send her even a mere trifle of a gift, it would have made her uncomfortable and set her questioning how she should treat him and it. It was the perfection of his behavior that he had not overstepped a single bound that the most particular might set for a landlord and his respected tenant. She drew a deep sigh and put the letter back into the envelope, and as she did so she spied a small card, smaller than the envelope, on which was an exquisite bit of scenery, a colored photograph, ap-

parently, and underneath had been pencilled, "One of the many beautiful spots in California that I am sure you would appreciate."

Her heart gave an unforbidden leap, and was promptly taken to task for it. Yet when Shirley went back to her typewriter the bit of picture was pinned to the wall back of her desk, and her eyes rested on it many times that day when she lifted them from her work. It is questionable whether Shirley remembered Miss Harriet Hale at all that day.

The garden was growing beautifully now. There would soon be lettuce and radishes to eat. George had secured a number of customers through people at the store, and was planning to take early trips to town, when his produce was ripe, to deliver it. Every day brought some new wonder. They almost forgot they had ever lived in the little old brick house, until George rode by there on his bicycle one noon and reported it had been half pulled down, and you could now see the outline of where the stairs and closets had been, done in plaster, on the side of the next house. They were all very silent for a minute thinking after he told that, and Mrs. Hollister looked around the great airy place in which they were sitting, and then out the open door where the faint stain of sunset was still lingering against the horizon, and said: "We ought all to be very thankful, children. George, get the Bible and read the thirty-fourth psalm." Wonderingly George obeyed, and they all sat listening as the words sank into their souls.

"Now," said the mother when the psalm was finished and those last words, "The Lord redeemeth the soul of his servants, and none of them that trust in him shall be desolate;" "now let us kneel down and thank him."

And they all knelt while she prayed a few earnest, simple words of thanksgiving and commended them to God's keeping.

By this time Mrs. Hollister was so well that she went every day for a little while into the garden and worked, and was able to do a great deal in the house. The children were overjoyed, and lived in a continual trance of delight over the wild, free life they were living. Carol's school had closed and Carol was at home all day. This made one more to help in the garden. George was talking about building a little pigeon-house and raising squabs for sale. The man who did the ploughing had given him a couple to start with, and told him there was money in squabs if one only went about it right. George and Harley pored over a book that told all about it, and talked much on the subject.

The weather was growing warm, and Shirley was wishing her vacation came in July or August instead of the first two weeks in September. Somehow she felt so used up these hot days, and the hours dragged by so slowly. At night the trolleys were crowded until they were half-way out to Glenside. She often had to stand, and her head ached a great deal. Yet she was very happy

and thankful—only there *was* so much to be done in this world, and she seemed to have so little strength to do it all. The burden of the next fall came occasionally to mar the beauty of the summer, and rested heavily upon her young shoulders. If only there wouldn't be any winter for just one year, and they could stay in the barn and get a little money ahead somehow for moving. It was going to be so hard to leave that wide, beautiful abiding-place, barn though it was.

One morning nearly four weeks after Graham left for California Shirley was called from her desk to the outer office to take some dictation for Mr. Clegg. While she was there two men entered the outer office and asked for Mr. Barnard. One of them was a short, thick-set man with a pretentious wide gray mustache parted in the middle and combed elaborately out on his cheeks. He had a red face, little cunning eyes, and a cruel set to his jaw, which somehow seemed ridiculously at variance with his loud, checked suit, sporty necktie of soft bright blue satin, set with a scarf-pin of two magnificent stones, a diamond and a sapphire, and with the three showy jewelled rings which he wore on his fat, pudgy hand. The other man was sly, quite gray, unobtrusive, obviously the henchman of the first.

Mr. Clegg told the men they might go into the inner office and wait for Mr. Barnard, who would probably be in shortly, and Shirley watched them as they passed out of her view, wondering idly why those exquisite stones had to be wasted in such an out-of-place spot as in that coarse-looking man's necktie, and if a man like that really cared for beautiful things, else why should he wear them? It was only a passing thought, and then she took up her pencil and took down the closing sentences of the letter Mr. Clegg was dictating. It was but a moment more and she was free to go back to her own little alcove just behind Mr. Barnard's office and connecting with it. There was an entrance to it from the tiny cloak-room, which she always used when Mr. Barnard had visitors in his office, and through this she now went, having a strange repugnance toward being seen by the two men. She had an innate sense that the man with the gaudy garments would not be one to treat a young girl in her position with any respect, and she did not care to come under his coarse gaze, so she slipped in quietly through the cloak-room, and passed like a shadow the open door into Mr. Barnard's office, where they sat with their backs toward her, having evidently just settled down and begun to talk. She could hear a low-breathed comment on the furnishings of the office as indicating a good bank-account of the owner, and a coarse jest about a photograph of Mr. Barnard's wife which stood on the desk. It made her wish that the door between the rooms was closed; yet she did not dare to rise and close it lest she should call attention to herself, and of course it might be but a minute or two before Mr. Barnard re-

turned. A pile of envelopes to be addressed lay on her desk, and this work she could do without any noise, so she slipped softly into her seat and began to work.

"Well, we got them Grahams good and fast now!" a coarse voice, that she knew for that of the man with the loud clothing, spoke. "The young feller bit all right. I thought he would. He's that kind." He stopped for a laugh of contempt, and Shirley's heart stood still with apprehension. What could it mean? Was it something about her Grahams? Some danger threatening them? Some game being played on them? He looked like the kind of man who lived on the blindnesses of others. What was it they called such? A parasite? Instinctively she was alert at once, and automatically she reached for the pad on which she took dictation and began to write down in shorthand what she had just heard. The voice in the other room went on and her fountain pen kept eager pace, her breath coming quick and short now, and her face white with excitement.

"He went out to see the place, you know, examine the mines and all that. Oh, he's awful cautious! Thought he took a government expert with him to test the ore. We fixed that up all right—had the very man on tap at the right minute, government papers all O. K.—you couldn't have told 'em from the real thing. It was Casey; you know him; he's a crackerjack on a job like that,—could fool the devil himself. Well, he swore it was the finest ore and all that kind of dope, and led that Graham kid around as sweetly as a blue-eyed baby. We had a gang out there all bribed, you know, to swear to things, and took particular pains so Graham would go around and ask the right questions,—Casey tended to that—and now he's come home with the biggest kind of a tale and ready to boost the thing to the skies. I've got his word for it, and his daddy is to sign the papers this morning. When he wakes up one of these fine days he'll find himself minus a hundred thousand or so, and nobody to blame for it, because how could anybody be expected to know that those are only pockets? He'll recommend it right and left too, and we'll clean out a lot of other fellows before we get done. Teddy, my boy, pat yourself on the back! We'll have a tidy sum between us when we pull out of this deal, and take a foreign trip for our health till the fracas blows over. Now mind you, not a word of this to Barnard when he comes in. We're only going to pave the way this morning. The real tip comes from Graham himself. See?"

Shirley was faint and dizzy with excitement as she finished writing, and her brain in a whirl. She felt as if she would scream in a minute if this strain kept up. The papers were to be signed that morning. Even now the deed might be done and it would be too late, perhaps, to stop it. And yet she must make no sign, must not have the men know that she was there and that they had been heard. How long would they stay? Would they talk on and reveal

more? The other man had only grunted something unintelligible in reply, and then before more could be said an office boy opened the outer door and told them that Mr. Barnard had just phoned that he would not be back before two o'clock.

The men swore and went out grumbling. Suddenly Shirley knew her time had come to do something. Stepping quickly to the door she scanned the room carefully to make sure they were gone, then closing her own door she took up the telephone on her desk and called up the Graham number. She did not know just what she meant to say, nor what she would do if Sidney Graham were not in the office,—and it was hardly probable he would be there yet if he had only arrived home the day before. He would be likely to take a day off before getting back to work. Her throbbing heart beat out these questions to her brain while she waited for the number. Would she dare to ask for Mr. Walter Graham? He might think her crazy. Then there was always the possibility that there was some mistake—and yet it seemed a coincidence that two men of the same name should both be going West at that time. It must be these Grahams that the plot was against. But how explain enough over the phone to do any good? Of course she must give them a copy of what she had taken down in shorthand, but first she must stop the signing of those papers, whatever they were, at all costs.

Then all at once, into the midst of her whirling confusion of thoughts, came a voice at the other end of the phone, "Hello!" and her frantic senses realized that it was a familiar one.

"Oh, is this,—this is Mr. Sidney Graham, isn't it? This is Shirley Hollister."

There was a catch in her voice that sounded almost like a sob as she drew in her breath with a relief to know that he was there, and his answer came in swift alarm: "Yes? Is there anything the matter, Miss Shirley? You are not ill, are you?"

There was a sharp note of anxiety in the young man's voice, and even in her excitement it made Shirley's heart leap to hear it.

"No, there is nothing the matter with me," she said, trying to steady her voice, "but something has happened that I think you ought to know at once. I don't know whether I ought to tell it over the phone. I'm not sure but I may be overheard."

"I will come to you immediately. Where can I find you?"

Her heart leaped again at his willingness to trust her and to obey her.

"In Mr. Barnard's private office. If you ask for me they will let you come right in. There is one thing more. If there is anything important your father was to decide this morning, could you get him to wait till you return, or till you phone him?"

There was a second's hesitation, and the reply was politely puzzled but courteous: "He is not in the office at present and will not be for an hour"

"Oh, I'm so glad! Then please hurry!"

"I will get there as soon as I can," and the telephone clicked into place.

Shirley sat back in her chair and pressed her hands over her eyes to concentrate all her powers. Then she turned to her typewriter and began to copy off the shorthand, her fingers flying over the keys with more than their usual swiftness. As she wrote she prayed, prayed that nothing might have been signed, and that her warning might not come too late; prayed, too, that Mr. Barnard might not return until Mr. Graham had been there and gone, and that Mr. Graham might not think her an utter fool in case this proved to have nothing whatever to do with his affairs.

(To be continued)

### The Incoming Class at Rochester Seminary



Upper row: Chas. A. Rust, Milbert Holland, Martin Leuschner, John C. Helwig.

Middle row: Arthur Ittermann, Frank Brucker, Daniel Bonnet, Herman Lorenz.

Third row: John Grygo, Otto Fiesel, Julius Herr.

(Reading from left to right)

We were hoping to welcome twelve new men to our student body this fall, but one brother who had expected to come had to defer his entrance until later in the school-year. We had room in our dormitory for just this number. We were very sorry that a number of applicants who had the endorsement of their churches and who had already made some provision for entering could not be accepted. We expect to see them, God willing, next year. We have asked them to employ the year of waiting by taking additional courses in the high school where they reside.

There are three ministers' sons among the entrants: Martin Leuschner, of Anaheim, Cal., graduate of the University of California; Arthur Ittermann, of Ingebright, Sask., and John Grygo, of Newark, N. J., whose father is a Baptist minister in Germany. The Canadian churches are represented by four men: Milbert Holland, of Leduc, Alta.; John C. Helwig, of Neustadt, Ont.; Frank

Brucker, of Edenwald, Sask., and Daniel Bonnet, of Fort George, B. C. North Dakota is represented by three men: Chas. A. Rust and Otto Fiesel of Martin and Julius Herr of Wishek. Germany is in line with a graduate of the Baptist Seminary at Hamburg in the person of Hermann Lorenz.

Expressed in terms of our conferences, our "boys" have come from churches affiliated as follows: Northern 4, Dakota 3, Eastern, Atlantic and Pacific each one, and the "Fatherland" by one. These men have not all been entered in the same class. Bro. Leuschner has matriculated for the fall course at the English department of the Seminary, but takes some work at the German department as well. Hermann Lorenz is taking mostly English and Greek work. Julius Herr and Arthur Ittermann who have had a few years of high school studies are "Tertianer" with the privilege of completing their preparatory work in three years or less if they can do so. The rest are "Quartaner," for our preparatory course has now been lengthened to four years. Taking the new men as a whole, they are an excellent cross section of the splendid body of young men our German churches have won for Christian life and duty. One could wish that many more would feel the urge to dedicate their lives and talents to the specific work of the Gospel ministry. ALBERT J. RAMAKER.

### An Appreciation Service

A very unusual appreciation service took place in the Temple Church, Pittsburgh, on Sunday evening, October 18, in honor of the long and faithful service of Bro. Justus Kase as its choir director. For fully thirty years Bro. Kase devoted himself wholeheartedly to this service with singular success, so that the Temple choir had attained a wide reputation for its wonderful productions. In recent years our brother desired to retire and give another the field. The church finally, reluctantly yielded to his petition but requested him to continue his services at least till the General Conference was over. Accordingly he completed his service on that memorable Sunday in August when the whole denomination was represented here. That was surely a fitting climax to his faithful work.

At the appreciation service the church did not content itself to say words of well-deserved praise, but presented him with a beautiful Westminster Chimes Clock and a substantial sum of money as a more concrete token of its appreciation. In his response Bro. Kase set forth the spirit from which his admirable work came forth.

The church has managed to secure the services of Prof. George L. Smink who has devoted his whole life to music and who is widely known and appreciated in our denomination as a successor to Bro. Kase. May the Lord bless these brethren in their important service in the house of the Lord!

ARTHUR A. SCHADE.



Oklahoma Association and State G. B. Y. P. U.

### The Oklahoma Association and State G. B. Y. P. U.

The Oklahoma Vereinigung met with the Goodwin church near Shattuck Oct. 28 to Nov. 1. There were representatives present from all the seven churches. The number of delegates and visitors increased toward the week-end when the young people's meetings began. Rev. D. Klein of Gotebo preached the opening sermon, touching upon Isaiah's words, "Awake, put on thy strength, O Zion." A welcome was voiced by the pastor, Rev. A. Rosner, by the choir, and by a poem, recited by Mrs. Klein of the Shattuck church.

Rev. A. Rosner acted as moderator and Rev. L. Hoeffner as recording secretary and treasurer. There have been advances in some of the churches and setbacks in others. While all the churches have preaching, some are without regular pastors. The prayer was often uttered that God may provide suitable spiritual leaders for these flocks. A desire for greater evangelistic activity and for more missionary zeal was repeatedly expressed and formulated in resolutions. There is a desire to cooperate with other churches in the Southwestern conference in the appointment of a conference evangelist, but the engagement of such should come through the regular missionary channels.

Rev. L. Hoeffner spoke during the day session on "Personal Soulwinning" and Rev. D. Klein evoked a lively discussion by his paper on "The Blessing of Regular Giving." Rev. G. Bornschlegel described "The Characteristics of a Spirit-led Churchmember." Rev. A. P. Mihm of Forest Park, Ill., the special guest, spoke during two sessions on phases of Young people's and Sunday school work.

Thursday night, Rev. Bornschlegel spoke on Isaiah's fervent prayer (64:1): "O that thou wouldst rend the heavens, that thou wouldst come down." On Friday night, Rev. A. P. Mihm preached a sermon to the young people on the topic, "The Best Life and the Best Time to Get It."

The Young People's organization met for business on Saturday forenoon. Mr. Henry Weber conducted an opening

prayer-meeting in which many took part. The election of officers for the new year resulted as follows: Pres., Rev. D. Klein of Gotebo; Vice-Pres., Rev. A. Rosner of Shattuck; Rec. Secretary, Mrs. Frída Vogt of Bessie; Treasurer, Mrs. M. Jelden of Bessie.

The treasurer's report showed receipts for the year of \$395.62 of which \$300 was expended for missionary purposes. The Jugendbund voted to renew the support of their Housemissionary in Germany, of missionary Hetterle in Russia and a Bible woman in India, pledging \$300 for their support. It also voted itself as being heartily in accord with the aims of the Southwestern Conference in the support of a Conference evangelistic worker.

The Jugendbund has a banner which it awards to the society which has the largest percentage in Daily Bible reading, society attendance and full attendance of delegates at the Jugendbund meeting. The banner was won by the Gotebo society for the second consecutive time. It will take some work to win it from the Gotebo B. Y. P. U.

On Saturday night a mixed musical and literary program was rendered by the various societies. Two hours of good Christian entertainment was furnished to a packed house. The offering was \$27.09.

On Sunday forenoon Rev. A. P. Mihm preached the missionary sermon on Matt. 28:18-20 after which a missionary offering was received. On Sunday afternoon, Rev. A. P. Mihm again spoke to a mass meeting of the young people on "The Training of the Young People for Leadership." Rev. Hoeffner preached the closing sermon Sunday night to a crowded house.

On Friday afternoon, after the regular session, the Ladies Missionary society had a sale, the proceeds of which went to missions. It realized \$117. The choir and the young ladies choir, the latter trained by Mrs. Rosner, helped much with their singing. The hospitality of the people was abundant and in generous Western style. The next meeting in the spring is to be with the Immanuel church.

### Observations in Oklahoma

(EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE)

Last Spring the editor was invited by the Oklahoma Vereinigung and Jugendbund to attend their meetings but found it impossible to accept on account of previous engagements. The program committee then immediately laid hands on him for the fall session of these bodies and the editor promised to come and also to visit all churches in the state briefly in connection with the trip. So we spent three weeks in Oklahoma from Oct. 13 to Nov. 3. Four years ago we had been at Gotebo and at Okeene and also attended the Southwestern conference at the latter point, but now we had an opportunity to be with the churches and workers in a closer fellowship.

#### Gotebo

Our first destination was the Salem church, ten miles from Gotebo, where Rev. Daniel Klein has been pastor for about a year. We had worked with Bro. Klein in Dakota and were pleased to see him happy in the land of red earth and cotton and his church work prospering. There has been progress in Gotebo and the young people of the church are alert and eager to do things. They form a hopeful group. The Sunday school is introducing methods which make for better attendance. We spoke two evenings and in spite of bad roads caused by prolonged rains there was a good attendance present both nights. Cotton picking in this part of the state was seriously delayed this fall by an unusual rainy period, which was nevertheless welcome in other respects after the drouth of the past summer.

#### Bessie

On Saturday, Bro. Klein drove us over in his new Chevrolet to Bessie about 25 miles. Here Rev. G. Bornschlegel, an old friend, has been pastor for the last six years, doing solid work in spite of surrounding religious indifference and the annoyance of petty sectaries, who pose as the only "sanctified." Bro. Bornschlegel and his people were evidently going to make the most of the General Secretary's visit, so they had a meeting for Saturday night. Here we

spent Sunday, the 18th, and Monday, the 19th. We got real close to some of the Sunday school workers and tried to help them in their problems. Here in Bessie we also had the first chance to see a cotton gin in operation and to watch the process of seeing the cotton gathered from the wagon, cleaned and finally baled, which was interesting.

#### Okeene

From Bessie we went Northwest on the "Frisco" to Okeene, a live little town of about 1500 or more, with a solid brick business front on its main street and pleasant homes all over the others. We were pleasantly entertained at the home of Mr. Otto C. Graalman, who manages one of the banks of the town, but also finds time with his talented wife to help in the Lord's work wherever he can. Rev. Ed. Graalman, our German Baptist pioneer preacher in Oklahoma, makes his home with his son. Father Graalman had a light stroke in the Spring that incapacitated him for a few months, but he is now preaching again with a good deal of his old time vigor. He has been in Oklahoma since 1893.

The Okeene church is the largest among our Oklahoma churches but pastorless since the going of Rev. P. Geissler to Sheffield, Iowa. We spoke here two evenings to good audiences. The young people's society has had some troubles but it is hoped that under the leadership of Bro. Wm. Federman as new president, it will take on new zeal and rally. The church hopes to call a pastor soon.

#### Immanuel

The next two evenings were devoted to the Immanuel church, ten miles from Okeene, near Loyal. This is the mother church of our Oklahoma churches, but weakened some because of removals and deaths. There is, however, a large constituency here, a large number of young people, who need regular shepherding and training. Bro. Graalman preaches here once a month and also serves the Okeene church part time at present. In spite of entertainments at neighboring schoolhouses on both nights, we had a good attendance. Some of the Okeene members drove out each night.

#### Ingersoll

Our next point was Ingersoll, about 48 miles to the Northwest on the Rock Island. Here is a fine prairie farming region. The winter wheat both here and around Okeene looks fine and prospects are good for next year's crop with the Lord's blessing. Rev. L. Hoeffner has been pastor at Ingersoll for the last four years. They have a fine church building, the best in town, and a large group of excellent members and young people. But the Devil also got in some licks here and sowed some discord of late, causing Bro. Hoeffner to resign a few days before our arrival. Most all the members are with Bro. Hoeffner and we hope the resignation will be withdrawn and the causes removed. Bro. Hoeffner's going would be a loss.

We spent Sunday, Oct. 25, in Ingersoll and also spoke again on Tuesday,



Faculty Group, Mound Assembly

Rear. Rev. Wm. E. Schmitt, Mr. Henry Marks, Rev. Wm. J. Appel.  
Front. Rev. E. Mueller, Rev. F. H. Heinemann, Rev. A. P. Mihm,  
Rev. W. S. Argow.

the 27th, to fine meetings. Sunday night was special Young People's night. They know how to quote Bible verses in Ingersoll and the juniors can do as well as the seniors. On Wednesday morning at the invitation of the teachers, we addressed the grade and high school pupils in a body at chapel on "the Training of the Heart."

#### Kingfisher

On Monday, Oct. 26, Bro. Hoeffner got his car ready and we drove to Enid, 58 miles through beautiful Oklahoma farm prairies and there took the Rock Island for Kingfisher. Bro. Graalman preaches to the small group here once a month. The church was once much stronger. It has a commodious meeting-house. We expected but a handful out, but were surprised to see about 50 people, young and old, waiting for us. More than half were young folks. With more missionary endeavor, more might be accomplished here. We were delighted to be entertained at the home of Sister Schwartz and son. Mrs. Schwartz was a member of our Wilmington church, when we were pastor there. God bless these faithful ones in Kingfisher and everywhere! Their prayers will not be in vain.

#### Salt Plains

On our way from Kingfisher, Bro. Graalman accompanying us, we visited the remarkable Salt Plains between Cherokee and Jet. Here is a perfectly level plain, about 12 by 8 miles, covered with a thin salty crust. It looks like the bed of a shallow lake. It reminds one of the Dead Sea. From a few miles away, looking on the scene the first time, you think you see a large lake or river in the distance. There are a number of such salt plains in various parts of the state.

On our return trip from Enid, we made the acquaintance of a real "North-er," such as visit the Southwest now and then. We saw it rolling from the Northwest a few miles from Ingersoll, a yellow cloud of dust, filling the horizon. In a minute we were transformed

from Summer to Winter and the wind kept up, blowing hard and icy all that night.

#### Shattuck

Driving the next day to Alva, 16 miles west, we took the Santa Fe train to Shattuck, about 90 miles southwest. The next town, Higgins, is already in Texas. Rev. Aug. Rosner is the bishop of the Shattuck church, which is about 10 miles from the town of Shattuck in the country. The pastor lives in Shattuck, where the cozy parsonage is located. The church edifice is a remodeled one, enlarged during the pastorate of Rev. J. E. Ehrhorn. Years ago they thought this part of Oklahoma was only fit for cattle grazing and cowboys, but it has become a great wheat growing district. German farmers here, as in many other places, have helped to develop the country and have shamed the gloomy predictions made when they first settled here. And best of all, for many years a church of baptized believers has stood like a beacon light in this section. There is a good mission field here and a large number of young people to nurture and train in the grace and knowledge of the Lord.

In this church the Oklahoma Vereinigung met and the Young people had their state Jugendbund from Oct. 28 to Nov. 1. Report of these meetings will be found in another column. We know more about Oklahoma, the land of the red men and the red earth than before, but especially we are glad of the fact that we enlarged our fellowship with the brethren of our faith and the workers in the various churches. May the God of peace be with them and prosper them in every good work!

\* \* \* A. P. MIHM.

A woman got on a New York trolley car and, finding that she had no change, handed the conductor a ten-dollar bill. "I'm sorry," she said, "but I haven't a nickel."

"Don't worry, lady," said the conductor, "you'll have just 199 of 'em in a minute."—Medley.

# Our Devotional Meeting

G. W. PUST

December 13

## Bible Principles of Giving

Lev. 27:30; 1 Cor. 16:1-4

The Bible is claimed by most Christians to be their guide-book in matters of faith and conduct. How it would simplify matters, if this claim were actually carried to its logical conclusion! And how it would stimulate our giving and enhance our joy as stewards over God's substance!

*We are to give systematically.* "Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store" the apostle Paul admonishes the Corinthians. (1 Cor. 16:2.) The reason many people give little or nothing to the Lord is because they have no system. All through the year they are spending their earnings on themselves and at the end of the year there isn't anything left for the Lord. How easy it would have been had they given a certain sum each week! One dollar a Sunday amounts to fifty-two a year. And many who should and could give that amount give less than half of that or perhaps nothing at all. How about Paul's plan of giving for you?

*We are to give personally.* "Every one of you." Too often the fathers of households claim the same prerogative in giving that the Catholic priest claims with the communion cup. They do it for all. As a result John and Mary never learn how to give. Parents should begin to train their children in this matter while they are young. (Prov. 22:6.)

*We are to give proportionately.* "As God hath prospered him." Of the Jews a tenth was requested. (Lev. 27:30.) There are good reasons why a Christian should not give less; but it certainly ought not to be the limit.

If Christians in general would give according to these principles there would be plenty of money in the Lord's treasury.

December 20

## Why Is Christmas a Time of Joy?

Matt. 1:18-23; 2 Cor. 9:15

The answer to this question varies, depending upon what one really values in life. A child naturally thinks of the toys, nuts and candies that the season supplies in abundance. A merchant may think of the added cash that this time of liberal buying will add to his bank account. The gifts of husbands to wives, of parents to children, of friends to friends should be conducive to joy. But the real source of all true joy is "God's unspeakable gift." Consider the significance of this gift.

*It has lifted our world onto a higher plane.* This fact is clearly evident when the time of Christ's advent is consid-

ered. What bulwarks of vice, what strongholds of unrighteousness held absolute sway! Think of the numerous slaves, of the cheapness of life, of the awful tyranny and the unbearable suffering! But then Jesus came and lived his pure life, and spoke his dynamic words, and as a result the institutions of evil began to tumble, and the world is being constantly lifted higher by Christ's powerful principles.

*It has revealed God.* Not that God was unknown before. (Read Psalm 139.) But we have the clearest revelation in Jesus. In his words and acts and feelings he revealed God's heart to humanity. "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father" (John 14:9).

*It has bestowed upon us the true salvation.* What suffering and anguish our sins caused us to endure! How we feared a just God instead of loving him. But Christ's forgiveness has changed all of that. More than that—Christ has given us victory.

Shall we not contemplate these facts and realize that our true joy has its source in the Babe of Bethlehem?

December 27

## Press On!

Phil. 3:7-14

The end of the year is a good time to take inventory of our achievements. Thus the business man ascertains whether he has been successful or not. Would not a similar procedure be beneficial to our spiritual life? At the beginning of the year certain resolutions were made. We desired to go forward and to achieve greater things in a spiritual way. To what extent now, as we look back, have we been successful? But whatever the verdict, whether success or failure, may it inspire us to boldly press on.

*Success should inspire us to press on.* And surely to some extent we have all been successful, if we put forth honest endeavors. Perhaps your faith has grown stronger and your love purer and deeper; or you have been able to conquer much of that selfishness and pride which a year ago had such a strong hold upon you. Of course, not in your own strength. It is Christ who gives the victory. But if you have achieved, do not be satisfied. Let it serve as a reminder that victory comes to those who set themselves whole-heartedly against wrong; but also remember that the powers of evil are still arrayed against you, and that there are far greater heights to be gained. Press on!

*Failure should inspire us to press on.* Alas, for some timid souls that are discouraged by every defeat. How it takes the very heart out of them! What if every defeated general had given up in despair! But they did not. It made

them plan more carefully for the next encounter, and thus many a defeat was turned into victory. With Christ press on!

*Heroic examples should inspire us to press on.* What a noble figure the apostle Paul presents. He was not satisfied with past achievements; but heroically he pressed on. (Phil. 3:12-14.)

*God's promises should inspire us to press on.* The Bible is full of them. God is always on the side of right. Press on!

January 3

## How Does God Show His Loving Care?

Luke 12:6-8; 1 Pet. 5:7; Ps. 23:1-6

(Consecration meeting)

*By reminding us of his care for the sparrow.* (Luke 12:6.) A bird that is much despised and hated. We blame it for the absence of better birds; and because of its depredations on crops, many farmers are bent on its destruction. Yet it is one of God's creatures and is remembered by him. But the inference is: If God cares for the sparrow, how unutterably more must he care for man whom he has created in his own image!

*By numbering "the very hairs of your head."* What earthly father manifests such an interest in his child as that? And what a strong expression this is from our Master in emphasizing God's loving care!

*By playing the role of a shepherd.* (Ps. 23.) The oriental shepherd was bent on supplying all the needs of his sheep (food, water, shelter). In time of danger he risked his life to save them. David slew a lion and a bear. (1 Sam. 17:34-36.) Such is the devotion of a true shepherd. (John 10:11-18.)

*By asking us to cast our care on him.* (1 Pet. 5:7.) That means our physical ailments, our financial and other difficulties and also our spiritual perplexities. What more can God do to show his loving care?

*A question.* Why are there so many catastrophes with such an appalling loss of life and property? How we should like to be able to explain all difficulties. Let us remember that God's universe is based on law. Jesus suffered; did that make him doubt God's loving care? In what way have you experienced God's loving care?

## A Teacher's Prayer

"O Lord, enlighten my mind with truth,

Inflame my heart with love,  
Enrich my life with service."

December, 1925

## A Visit to the Childrens' Home at St. Joseph, Mich.

Have you ever been to our Childrens' Home in St. Joseph? If you have not, it will pay you, when you are in the neighborhood to make a sidetrip and see the beautiful Home on the top of the hill. It is surrounded by delightful shrubbery and trees and has several acres of land in the rear, where the children can play and where all kinds of gardening and farming can be cultivated in the summer by the children under the wise supervision of our superintendent, the Rev. Hans Steiger.

But you will want to know how the Home is managed within and how Mr. and Mrs. Steiger carry on their loving service among the thirty odd children, boys and girls. The writer of these lines has often been there as the secretary of the Board, has told them stories, played with them, eaten with them and observed how the devotions are conducted, how the children are indoctrinated and all the internal affairs handled by the superintendent and his genial wife and Miss Ruth Dallmus, their faithful helper.

It was one October Sunday evening, when I arrived. The children were getting ready for their weekly shoe inspection. Some of these had been repaired and looked over and given to the owners. The children were then lined up in the basement, each holding three pairs of shoes, one for play, one for school and another for Sunday wear, while Daddy Steiger sat near looking them over one by one. How eager the boys were for the approval of Daddy Steiger, but occasionally a kind reproval was given and the work of cleaning and polishing was done over. You should hear them during their devotions reciting psalms, whole chapters and verses from the Bible. On this occasion it was the whole 13th chapter of first Corinthians that they recited. Of course the children help along in the washing of dishes, making of beds, etc.

Thus their characters are being molded in a Christlike way. The children are respected in the public school and in the church. Rev. Thomas Stoeri can count on their attendance in the Bible school and the church on Sunday morning and not a few have been converted and baptized and received as members into the church.

But what struck me most during my last visit was the systematic study, which is now being carried on by Bro. Steiger on Sunday afternoons at 4 o'clock. The Bible and denominational history are the subjects. The children are all seated in the roomy parlor around the piano. The lesson of the day was our own German denominational organizations and Bro. Steiger asked me to teach it. We told them about the General Missionary Committee and its varied missionary program at home and abroad; about the Educational Union of the German Baptists of North America and the Seminary at Rochester, N. Y.; about the German Baptist Publica-



Young Men's Class, Nokomis, Sask.

tion Society of N. A. and the various papers and periodicals and books that are published; about the German Orphans' Home and the work done for the widows and children in the homes; about all the benevolent institutions east and west and not forgetting the Women's Union nor the Young People's organizations. They listened attentively and will be able to give an intelligent answer in the next session.

The autumn time has come and the Christmas holidays are drawing near, when all through the country our Sunday schools and Young People's societies will be vying to outdo the others in remembering the Childrens' Home at St. Joseph, Mich. What a joy it is to be among the children. God bless them and keep them!

C. A. DANIEL.

## Young Men's Class, Nokomis, Sask.

The above picture represents the Young Men's class of our church school in Nokomis, Sask., Can. The teacher of this class is Mr. Ed. Fenske. He is a son of the senior among our ministers in Saskatchewan, the Rev. Robert Fenske. Mr. Fenske is the first at the left, lower row, seated. Rev. John Schmidt, the pastor at Nokomis, is seated in the middle.

## Book Review

SIFTED BUT SAVED. W. W. Melton. The Judson Press, Philadelphia, Pa., Publ. 180 pages. \$1.25.

A collection of 15 practical sermons by one of our leading Southern Baptist preachers. Dr. Melton's addresses are evangelistic in purpose and keenly sympathetic in heart. They are Biblical in the best sense of the word and couched in popular but choice and telling language. Good reading for pastors who

wish to study a successful preacher and stir up their own minds.

EVERLASTING SALVATION. Charles Forbes Taylor. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York and Chicago, Publ. 128 pages. \$1.00.

A series of popular and pungent evangelistic addresses by one of our Baptist evangelists, who has been preaching since he was nine years old and known in the past as the "boy evangelist." Charles Taylor has grown up physically and spiritually and we are delighted with this book. It abounds in apt illustrations and all the messages exalt Christ and point men to him as the only Savior. It will warm up the heart if you read it before beginning your evangelistic meetings this winter.

CHURCH SCHOOL IMPROVEMENT. A manual of study and work for the Workers' Conference or School council. Edited by William E. Chalmers. The Judson Press Philadelphia, Pa., Publ. 170 pages.

The latest book dealing with Sunday school essentials. Ten factors of prime importance in the life of a modern Sunday school are treated by men who are field workers in religious education of the Am. Bapt. Publ. Soc. and who know what they are writing about. Such fundamental topics as organization, teaching, worship, evangelism, equipment, finance, missionary education are treated. The book makes a fine study manual for teachers and workers in the regular monthly meeting. The individual reader will receive great profit also.

*The Gist of the Lesson.* 1926. R. A. Torrey. F. H. Revell Co., Publishers. Price 35 cents.

This well known little book, in vest pocket form, is published again for the twenty-seventh year. It contains a concise exposition of the International Sunday school lessons for the year 1926



## COUNCIL MEMBERS

are requested to furnish the names of the "Boosters" selected for their respective churches to the publication office without delay so that the necessary forms can be mailed to them.

### BOOSTERS

will receive from the Cleveland office Subscription Blanks for their work in securing subscribers to the better "Baptist Herald" for 1926.

They are urged to keep copies of their lists for reference. **Change of address** should be invariably reported. **Present subscribers** who do not renew will continue to receive the paper unless their discontinuance is mentioned.

Council Members, Boosters and the Publication House will pull together to make the coming year the best of all.

## The Strong Foundation

If you were going to lay a foundation on which to erect a fine building with the expectation of adding to it at intervals, you would be rather particular about that foundation. So were our brethren who have succeeded so admirably in the year 1911. Fourteen years have elapsed and here is the proof:

	Members	Assets	Liabilities (Contingent)
1911	1158	\$ 70,231.00	\$ 5,147
1915	2070	158,918.00	117,692
1924	2628	402,224.00	348,578

They laid a good, strong foundation upon which to build and constant additions have been made to it, but—get this right—the foundation was first made impregnable against the assaults of doubt, despair and discouragement. Who were the men that laid this impregnable foundation in 1911?—Here are their names:—

Andresen, J. C.	Egli, Jacob	Rocho, Jos. E.
Benning, A. W.	Fischer, E. O.	Ross, H. C.
Bieber, Fred	Hagen, G. A. T.	Stumpf, D. B.
Bodenbender, N. W.	Loew, Wm. H.	Voth, R. F.
	Neuffer, Alb.	

The laying of this strong foundation was, indeed, an intelligent, serious and courageous task, but our brethren succeeded beyond expectation which they can now claim in the retrospect and have a right in pocketing their pride.

But a foundation laid, no matter how strong, is of no practical use except others build thereon the structure. We have been building the structure since 1911 with the above results, but the structure is not complete for, remember, the foundation was laid with the expectancy of adding to it at intervals.

We are adding from year to year, but it is a difficult task to find the builders.

Will you be one of these builders?—All that is needed to be a successful builder is integrity, character and an average amount of intelligence, to be able and willing to comprehend the fundamentals of legal reserve insurance. Add to these qualities that of the "go-getter" whom no difficulties will deter, and you have the ideal underwriter. There are, no doubt, many such men in our Denomination, but we do not know them. Will they please come forward and express their willingness to join our force of field men, so that the structure which our elders had in mind when they laid the foundation may not remain an idle dream of the future but become a reality?

Further inquiries should be addressed to

F. W. Godtfring, Jr.,  
Agency Supervisor.

GERMAN BAPTISTS' LIFE ASSOCIATION,  
19 Sprenger Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

by the widely known Bible teacher, Dr. R. A. Torrey. The "Gist of the Lesson" has become indispensable to many teachers as a convenient and enkindling help to lesson study. We recommend it to those who may be still unfamiliar with it.

### In South America

Latest Sunday school figures for South America will be of interest to North American Sunday school workers:

Brazil has the largest number of evangelical Sunday schools—1,275— and it has 60,145 teachers and pupils. In the other republics the figures are: Argentina, 258 schools and 12,252 enrollment; Bolivia, 17 schools and 842 enrollment; Chile, 190 schools and 10,632 enrollment; Colombia, 10 schools and 804 enrollment; Ecuador, 10 schools and 300 enrollment; Paraguay, 4 schools and 252 enrollment; Peru, 61 schools and 4,401 enrollment; Uruguay, 45 schools and 2,222 enrollment; Venezuela, 15 schools and 246 enrollment.—The Officer.

### The First Thing to Do

A Eureka youngster had just been told the story of Daniel in the lions' den, and the question had been put to him: "What do you think Daniel did the very first thing when he found he was saved from the lions?"

The child reflected a moment and then replied, "I suppose he telephoned home to his wife to tell her he was all right."  
—Herald, Eureka, Kans.

\* \* \*

"Who composed that?"

"Beethoven, madam."

"How lovely! And is he composing now?"

"No, madam, he is decomposing."  
—Ohio Northern Review.

### The Ladder of Success

100 per cent I did.
90 per cent I will.
80 per cent I can.
70 per cent I think I can.
60 per cent I might.
50 per cent I think I might.
40 per cent What is it?
30 per cent I wish I could.
20 per cent I don't know how.
10 per cent I can't.
0 per cent I won't.

## The Knights of Honor

of the  
German Baptist Church  
Tacoma, Washington  
Extend a Warm-Hearted Invitation to all  
young men visiting the Pacific Coast to  
join the class of GOOD FELLOWSHIP.  
SPLENDID LESSONS  
9:45 A. M. every Sunday. So. 20 & J St.

## 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