

The Baptist Herald

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

Volume Four

CLEVELAND, O., OCTOBER 15, 1926

Number Twenty



*Teacher Training Class of the Second German Baptist Church,
Chicago, Ill.*

What's Happening

Miss Leah Schatz of McClusky, N. D., a sister-in-law to Rev. E. P. Wahl of Leduc, Alta., has taken up a course of studies at the Moody Bible Institute in Chicago.

In the last two years Sunday schools of the Philippine Islands have showed a gain of 5,000 enrollment. Already there are 1,057 Sunday schools in the islands, with 6,114 officers and teachers and a total enrollment of 80,156.

Student Martin De Boer of Rochester Seminary supplied the church at Neustadt, Ont., for three and half months this summer and then spent about ten days in the parental home at Twin Brooks, S. D., before the re-opening of the seminary.

Student Assaph Husmann, who served the church at Leduc, Alta., during the summer, preached in the Oak Park Church Sunday evening, September 19, on his way east to Rochester. Student Martin Leuschner, who supplied in Tacoma, Wash., also spent Sunday, Sept. 19, in Oak Park and Kankakee, Ill., while on his way back to Rochester.

Rev. H. Wernick and his good life-companion and helpmeet Caroline Wernick were married fifty years on August 15, 1926. Bro. Wernick, one of our retired pastors, has had an honorable record all through his ministerial career and makes his home in River Forest, Ill. They are members of the Oak Park Church and greatly esteemed by all. We express belated but sincere congratulations and wish Bro. and Sister Wernick continued happiness on life's further journey.

An interesting debate was a main feature of a young people's meeting in the Germantown, N. D., church. The question was: Shall people over 30 years of age belong to the Young People's Society? Young folks from the Pleasant Valley Church upheld the negative and Germantown the affirmative. The judges awarded the decision to the negative side. The large audience was entertained by the newly organized orchestra under the leadership of Rev. Albert Alf.

The Corner Stone Laying of the new church at Anaheim, Cal., Rev. O. R. Schroeder, pastor, took place in the presence of a large congregation on Sunday, September 12. Construction of the edifice was so far advanced that the exercises could be held on the floor of the upper story. Several ministers of Anaheim spoke and numbers by the choir, the Philathea Class and the Male Choir added to the joy of the occasion. The box in the corner-stone contains a Bible, our denominational papers, our hymn books and lists of all officers and members of the church.

The sincere sympathy of the "Herald" readers is extended to the Rev. C. F. Stoeckmann and family of St. Paul, Minn., in the recent death of his wife

after a short illness. Mrs. Stoeckmann was a daughter of the Rev. A. J. Marquardt of Beatrice, Neb. Mrs. Stoeckmann was an exemplary pastor's wife. Her genial and friendly character, her helpful spirit and hospitable manner endeared her to many. May the God of all comfort console the bereaved ones. The funeral took place Sept. 18 with Rev. F. H. Heinemann officiating. All our German Baptist ministers of Minnesota were present, as well as Rev. H. W. Wedel of Aplington and Rev. Geo. Ehrhorn of Parkersburg, Iowa, Rev. G. R. Kampfer and Rev. Thos. Stoeri, recuperating in Mounds Park Sanatorium, were also present.

A Tribute to the Memory of Mrs. C. F. Stoeckmann

With deep gratitude to God we would express herewith our sincere appreciation to him, the giver of every good and perfect gift, for the services of Mrs. C. F. Stoeckmann which we were privileged to enjoy for so many years. Her love of song and joy in singing had no other purpose at heart than the praises of God and by tireless effort she sought to win and inspire us with the same purpose. We shall long remember her prayers at our rehearsals wherein she besought the Holy Spirit to attune our hearts for divine worship and sanctify our voices to sing his praise. By the power of her character she kept us together, she held us in check, she never knowingly wronged us; she was not officious but she led us and inspired us, but never, *never* lorded it over us. At her funeral we had a floral harp fill her vacant seat in our choir, for by faith we saw the golden harp that God had given her to accompany her song as an award for the services rendered unto us. We deeply mourn her loss. Her memory shall be dear to us.

THE CHOIR OF THE FIRST GERMAN BAPTIST CHURCH, ST. PAUL, MINN.

Boston Holds Reception to New Pastor

Welcome! Indeed, *many* times welcome was the dominant tone in both addresses and personal greetings made to our new pastor, Rev. R. T. Wegner, at the reception held Thursday evening, Sept. 2, 1926, in honor of his recent advent in our midst.

A brief devotional service called the meeting to order and launched the program on its jovial way under the leadership of Mr. Martin Brock, who delivered a short welcoming address. The program immediately followed consisting of various instrumental and vocal selections and addresses by Rev. O. F. Bistor and the visiting pastors, Rev. George A. Godduhn of the Christ Reformed Church, Rev. Henry Weber of the German M. E. Church and Rev. S. M. Inman of the Centre Street Baptist Church. The various officers of the church and societies each

contributed a brief welcome. After a few words by Rev. Wegner in acknowledgement of the preceding addresses, the audience and guests adjourned to the Assembly Hall where refreshments were immediately served and a few more musical numbers presented.

The gathering dispersed in a general spirit of joy and hope for unlimited future prosperity under the guidance of our new shepherd with the help and blessing of our Father, God Almighty, and the earnest efforts of we humble subjects here below.

With greetings to you all we invite you to join us in rejoicing in our new possession.

THE FIRST GERMAN BAPTIST CHURCH, BOSTON, MASS.

We Invite You!

The Sunday School and B. Y. P. U. Workers' Institute of the Dakota Central-Vereinigung will convene with the church at Ashley from Nov. 3-7.

Sunday school officers, teachers and B. Y. P. U. workers should not fail to attend. Please give timely notice of your coming to the pastor of the church: Rev. W. H. Buening, Ashley, N. D. The opening service will be on Wednesday evening, Nov. 3, at 8 o'clock.

On behalf of the church,
W. H. BUENING, pastor.

* * *

"The mind is far more easily poisoned than the body," says an English critic in condemning what he calls "drainpipe fiction." The time has come when the skull-and-crossbones label should be pasted on some of the goods which are on news stands and on some bookstore shelves. People whose minds are poisoned by this sort of reading cannot think their way properly through life's problems.

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Unpossessed Possessions

NOT long ago a man of wealth died and left his property to his son. But when the time came for the settlement of the estate the son could not be located. He had gone with a party of friends on a prospecting tour to Alaska. Diligent search failed to reveal his whereabouts. This brought about a rather unusual situation. The young man had come into a comfortable inheritance. The probate court had decreed it to be his; the administrator was anxious to bestow it; but it could not be handed over because the youth was not there to claim it. It was his but he did not possess it.

Something similar occurs frequently with us. We have books but do not possess them; fine homes but they are not always ours; a world of beauty but we walk through it with unseeing and unappreciative eyes. As far as ability to make it ours is concerned, many of us might be dwellers on Mars.

There is a difference sometimes between ownership and possession. It receives illustration in an Old Testament story. Ramoth in Gilead was an important town which long before had been captured from the Israelites by the Syrians, who had bound themselves to restore it by a later treaty. The promise was not kept and the Northern kingdom had not been strong enough to enforce it. An alliance with Judah secured them from attack from the neighbor. Ahab now deemed it a favorable time to rouse his servants to make a bold dash for possession of what was theirs and yet not theirs. "Know ye that Ramoth-gilead is ours and we are still and take it not out of the hand of the king of Syria?"

Unrealized Possibilities

IS IT not strange that so many Christians are content with imperfect possession? Every Christian has large tracts of unannexed territory, unrealized possibilities, blessings that are his and not yet his. How much more of God we might have! We draw but a tiny cupful from that great ocean. On all sides of us are Christians, men and women who profess to love the Lord Jesus and whom he is equally anxious to have possess him. Yet merely to say that we have him is not enough. We may sing,

For I am his and he is mine
Forever and forever

and yet fail utterly to make him our own. Noble possibilities of service and power for it are ours by gift from him to whom all power is given and who sends his servants as the Father sent him. The great Scripture promise is "all things are yours." They are so, a deep Scripture scholar has said, by

God's purpose, by Christ's purchase and by the Holy Spirit's presence in the Christian spirit. But there is a sad contrast between what is ours and what we really have.

Love of ease kept Israel from marching on Ramoth. It is so much more comfortable to "be still" and let our spiritual Ramoths alone. We do not care enough about spiritual blessings and forces to make the effort that is needed to win and keep and get the good out of all that is ours.

We must keep more clearly before us what we might be. We must lift our eyes more to the heights which belong to us, if we would only climb and aspire. Satisfaction with small attainment is the bane of the Christian life and a hindrance to growth and development.

We must truly desire more of God and of his gift. We must faithfully use what we have, expecting that to him that hath shall be given.

Divine love has opened the door and revealed the infinite riches of God's grace, but whether we shall ever possess them or not will depend on ourselves. An effort is needed to make our own ours. If a man wants to be what he is not, he must cease to be what he is. "Wherefore, brethren, give the more diligence to make your calling and election sure."

The Big Job of the Missionary

THE salvation of the soul of the individual is the primary task of the missionary. But it is not all the purpose of the missionary. He aims also at the transformation of character. Christ not only delivers a man from the penalty of sin; he gives him also the possibility of living a new life. The missionary goes to heathen lands as an evangelist and not as a reformer, but his evangel is transforming which is better.

Better houses, better clothes, better conditions of life generally spring up along the path where the missionary's feet have trod and where he has scattered the precious seeds of the gospel. To an astounding degree the education of the Orient and of Africa is either directly in the hands of missionaries or is indirectly inspired by them; and that in all its stages from the kindergarten to university post-graduate work. Under education we include not only general culture but also special training in theology, in medicine and nursing, in pedagogy, in agriculture and in industries.

We hope all our "Herald" readers did not overlook the article by Missionary George J. Geis in the last number of the "Herald" on "Training Christian Leaders in Industry." It gives a wonderful picture of the comprehensiveness of the mission-

ary's work and the fine by-products of the missionary influence. How big the job of the missionary today is is vividly described in a letter from Bro. Geis, from which we take the liberty to quote:

"How big a job the work of a missionary is was never dreamt of by me when I was preparing for this work at Rochester. Coming to a people like the Kachins it really means changing the whole social and economic life of the people. Then if in addition to this you can persuade them to make the Lord Jesus real in their lives and let him control them, there is no greater job on earth than the job in which I am engaged.

In the months of January, February, March and April I traveled over six hundred miles on pony and foot. As a member of the Committee of Reference I have been to Rangoon twice and once to Maymo which means traveling by rail over 3700 miles. You will see from this that we lead a very busy as well as an exceedingly interesting life.

We are living just long enough to reap some of the early sowing in faith."

We are glad to know the banner of the cross is always in the forefront of the work of evangelization, rescue, and that its preaching uplifts people in every way. The gospel of Christ has the promise of this life and the life to come.

Temptation

H. R. SCHROEDER

THERE is perhaps no subject of such vital concern to young people as the subject of temptation. No one can escape all temptations. "Jesus was tempted in all points like as we are." And if the Son of God had to pass through all manner of temptations, then we can hardly expect to fare any better. In the third Chapter of Genesis we have the story of the first temptation and there we are told that the tree that represented temptation stood in the midst of the garden, not in some far off corner where they would never have seen it, but in the midst where all roads met. It was continually before their eyes, they had to pass it every day. And so we can say of ourselves that there is hardly a moment when some temptation does not assail us.

Now everything depends upon our attitude toward temptation, upon how we meet the temptations of life. We might compare them with the storms in nature. The fiercer the winds blow, the deeper the tree will send its roots into the ground and the stronger it will become. Strength of character and of faith cannot be attained in any other way than by fighting against all sorts of difficulties. St. James says, "Count it all joy, my brethren, when ye fall into manifold temptations, knowing that the proving of your faith worketh patience," etc.

When we think of men in regard to their attitude toward temptation, we might divide them into six different classes. First of all there are those

Who Are Being Tempted

Of course this class includes everybody, even the very young. The Bible warns the children to beware of evil companions. A boy's temptations may not be the same as those of a business man, but they are just as real. Some imagine that the temp-

tations of life are unequally distributed, some are comparatively free from temptations while others have more than they can endure. Perhaps we are all inclined to envy the other fellow, his lot in life is much easier than ours. We are cast into the fiery furnace like everybody else, but for us it is heated seven times hotter than for others. But St. Paul says, "There hath no temptation taken you but such as is common to all men." Don't imagine that you are an exception, others have to endure the same trials, and if they can overcome them, then you can too.

Of course, some few live in what we might call a "sheltered home." They are like a ship that is lying at anchor. Far out at sea the storms rage, and it requires some skill and courage to pilot a ship there and keep it from being swallowed up by the angry waves, but in the harbor where the ship lies at anchor, everything is calm and quiet. Yet the tempter has a way of getting into the most sheltered home and assailing the most protected heart. Some believe that a preacher has no temptations, he isn't in the world as other people are, isn't in the thick of fight at all. Some one might say to him: If you had to work where I have to work and associate with the people that I have to associate with, then you would know what temptations are. But if such a person could exchange places with a preacher for a few days, he would soon discover that temptations have a way of coming into the most secluded library, you can't shut them out even while you are reading the Bible.

St. Anthony was a very wild and reckless man in his youth, he lived a gay and a fast life in Alexandria. But when he was converted he wanted to flee from the temptations of that wicked city, so he shut himself up in a monastery and lived as a monk in a cell. Yet he afterward confessed that the temptations that he endured in the solitude of his cell were worse than those that had assailed him in the city. It doesn't always depend upon your surroundings but upon your nature. You are often tempted by your own lust; the temptations come out of your own heart, and you take your corrupt heart with you everywhere you go.

Everyone is tempted and tempted much in the same way. And the thing to remember is that the temptations have a way of surprising us, they come without warning. The devil doesn't ring a bell in the sky to let us know that he is coming. The serpent has always been regarded as the symbol of temptation. It glides along as quietly and stealthily as possible, it hides in the grass and you never know where it is. And for that reason Jesus said, "Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation."

And that thought brings us to the second class of people, to those

Who Have Fallen Before Temptation

Even though we don't know the history of everybody in the world yet we can safely say that everybody belongs to this group also. Everyone has at some time, somewhere yielded to some temptation,

"for we have all sinned and come short of the glory that we should have with God." The devil, as a rule, has two big lies that he tries to put into every man's heart. At first he will say that one sin doesn't matter, it's only a trifle, and everybody else has done the same thing. And then when a man has sinned, he reverses his tactics and says that there is no use in trying to get up again; there's no hope for you; your sin can't be forgiven. Both of these lies are false.

Never believe the devil. The smallest sin matters. You cannot afford to play with it, you are running too great a risk for you can never tell what the consequences will be. A beautiful vase may be broken and mended again, but it will never be as good as it was before. And then don't believe the other lie of the devil that there is no hope for a man that has sinned. You can get up again. It may be hard, just like trying to get up on some slippery ice on the side of a hill, but it can be done. Many others have gotten up again after falling into some terrible sins. That is our only hope. Through the grace of God we can be renewed, our sin can be forgiven and God can give us a new opportunity.

But there is another group of men. Those who have been tempted and who have yielded and

Who Are Now Trying to Tempt Others

That is the lowest stage to which a man can fall. He becomes a tempter, a deceiver, a seducer of others. Human nature can become diabolical. A man can become like a devil and deliberately set himself to destroy some innocent soul. Some are not satisfied with having destroyed themselves, they just seem to delight in dragging others with them down into the mire. Some delight in teaching boys and girls evil habits, they rejoice with hellish glee when they have succeeded in forcing a young lad to take his first drink. That's the tragic part of sin. One man will always try to drag as many others down with him as he possibly can.

There are various reasons for this. Often it's self-interest. A man knows that when others are guilty of the same sins, they will not so readily betray him. But more often it's the love of gain. Sin has been commercialized and it yields large profits. And some don't care how many others they ruin as long as they can make some money out of their nefarious business. It's bad enough if a man goes to hell himself, but what shall we say of those who drag others there? Can you imagine the torment that they will have to endure? In hell others will come to them and say, "You brought me here." God forbid that it should be said of any of us!

But there is still a higher and a more hopeful side to this subject. We can say that there are some, perhaps a greater number than we surmise,

Who Have Successfully Withstood Temptation

The Son of God overcame every assault of the evil one, and by his example he proved that sin can be overcome. He bruised the head of the serpent.

And now it should not be so hard for us to overcome because we are fighting against an already defeated foe. His strength has been broken, and it's only a matter of time until he shall be banished entirely. The Bible says that the time will come when Satan shall be bound, and one angel will do it singlehanded.

There are various things that can help us in our fight against all temptations. God has given us various means of grace, if we but knew how to use them! Sometimes the recollection of a happy home or the memory of a sainted mother will suffice to keep a young man from sin. Sometimes the presence of a trusted friend will give him courage to say "No." But often these means will not suffice. Then we must follow the advice of St. Paul, "Take up the whole armor of God that we may be able to withstand in the evil day. Have your loins girded with truth, and put on the breastplate of righteousness, the helmet of salvation, and take the shield of faith and the sword of the Spirit which is the word of God." If you are fully equipped with such weapons then you can easily hope to overcome.

Of course, it's also true that some will

Outgrow Their Temptation

Perhaps the worst temptation that a child has to contend with is to go into the pantry when mother is away and steal some jam or other sweets. But that temptation will disappear in a few years. And that is true of a good many other temptations. An old man hasn't the same temptations any more that he had in his youth; he has outgrown them. There is a little consolation in this. If you feel that you can't possibly stand your trials much longer, then just be patient, they can't last forever. But at the same time we must also remember that we'll never be entirely free from temptations. We may outgrow some, but others will come and take their places. So we need to heed the words of our Lord and Master, as long as we live, "Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation."

And then in conclusion we can say that there are also some

Who Are Helping Others to Overcome

That's the highest and best stage of development a man can reach, and no one should be satisfied until he is able to encourage, assist and help others in this awful struggle. There are many ways in which this can be done. You can help by your example. If others see that you refuse to do an evil thing, that your life is different, it will give them courage to withstand. And you can help by truly sympathizing with others in their trials. "If any man is overtaken in a trespass, ye who are spiritual, restore such a one in a spirit of gentleness. But best of all you can help by leading others to Christ. He alone can give us the necessary grace and strength to overcome every assault of the evil one, and when we have overcome, we shall receive the crown of life that fadeth not away.

The Eastern Conference

This year the Eastern Conference convened with our church at Arnprior, Ont. All that attended this conference agreed that it was a success and that the prevailing spirit during all the sessions was just what a Christian would wish for.

On Wednesday evening, Aug. 25, our sessions began. Rev. F. L. Strobel, pastor of the church at Arnprior, welcomed all delegates and visitors in behalf of the church. Rev. E. Umbach, of the Bethel Church, Buffalo, N. Y., delivered the opening sermon, which our memory will not forget very easily.

Rev. D. Hamel of Rochester, N. Y., conducted the morning devotional services. These services were inspiring and very helpful to all present.

We are grateful to Prof. A. J. Ramaker, D. D., of Rochester, N. Y., for the addresses which he delivered during the sessions. His address about the 75 years history of the Eastern Conference as well as his doctrinal address were enjoyed by all present.

Rev. C. E. Cramer of New Kensington, Pa., delivered the mission sermon. Rev. A. Bretschneider, our B. Y. P. Associate General Secretary of Rochester, N. Y., delivered a number of spiritually elevating addresses for the young people.

Our General Missionary Secretary, Rev. W. Kuhn, D. D., gave a short but interesting report about our work as German Baptists, which gave all of us courage and more enthusiasm to continue the work which the Lord has given us to do. Then he delivered a very inspiring sermon.

On Sunday morning several of the pastors addressed the Sunday school. Then Bro. A. E. Jaster, the new pastor of the churches at Lyndock and Sebastopol, Ont., was ordained. Prof. A. J. Ramaker delivered the ordination sermon.

In the afternoon Missionary E. H. Giedt of China, who already had delivered an address on Saturday afternoon, gave a talk. After hearing Bro. Giedt we received an idea of what a missionary's tasks are.

In the evening Missionary E. H. Giedt gave a short talk and Rev. D. Hamel delivered an evangelistic sermon. An offering was taken during this meeting to help the church at Arnprior reduce the debt, incurred by the renovation of their church edifice.

We all received many blessings at Arnprior. Next year, the Lord willing, we will meet at Erie, Pa.

A REPORTER,

Lansing, Mich.

Our new president had to ride the goat last Wednesday evening at our annual B. Y. P. U. birthday celebration. If I tell you where this banquet was held, you may smile, but try it and see that it can be just as cozy as a hotel. Our retiring president has built a new home with a large three-car garage adjoining and it was in this garage that we met for a get-together and reopening of our meet-

ings. We have not had any B. Y. P. U. during the summer, but the spirit manifested at our banquet indicates that we are all anxious to begin again.

After the bountiful eats, we sang with piano accompaniment, gave yearly reports and installed new officers. We are now three years of age and have grown as a healthy child should. Of course we have had a touch of measles and mumps, but they are not serious, you know. We sincerely desire your prayers that we may continue to grow, may never meet with fatal accidents and may be a blessing to our community.

It might be of interest to know that our membership is 61. Last year we raised a total of \$322.21, giving all but \$66.55 of this to missions, church debt, flowers, etc.

Here's our hand, older brother, help us until we can walk and not grow weary.

FRANCES HUWE, Booster.

Central Conference Y. P. and S. S. W. Union at St. Joseph

The young people of the Central Conference have an appetite. One which is always saying, "More, more." Dieting does not agree with our constitutions. That is why our first session was opened with a banquet. Lots of food, songs, yells and pep made the dinner extremely appetizing.

Our appetites do not ask for food alone, but also for Christian service. In the business meeting following the supper, the reports of the past year proved very glowing. Mr. Glanz, the treasurer, gave some real facts concerning our progress. Last year's mission goal was \$2,000. But this sum seemed meager to a 100% group of young folks, therefore we raised \$2,600. Are we dieting? I should say not! Much of this success depends upon our leaders, that is why we chose Mr. A. Pankratz of Chicago for president, Mr. Gordon Ernst of Detroit for vice-president, Miss Ruth Fetzner of Cleveland for secretary and Mr. Cecil Layher of Detroit for treasurer as our next year's officers.

The evening meeting was opened with a delightful violin recital, given by Mr. Stanley Ernst. Mr. Smith, a missionary of Burma, related some interesting experiences from the foreign field. The missionary stories may be repeated over and over again, yet they always seem new. The speaker of the evening, Rev. Th. W. Dons, gave an inspirational address on "The Telling Life." The higher our ideals the greater strides we can take. Rev. Dons in his address made them so high that there is no chance of our falling down the ladder.

Sunday afternoon our worthy past president, Mr. Ed. W. Hoek, urged us to do greater things. We are following his advice, for the Resolutions Committee reported that our mission goal for this year should not be \$2,000, but rather \$2,500; \$2,000 is designated for Siberia and \$500 for the Rochester Seminary. This means work, but we can do it. All money designated to this new budget which is called

"The Y. P. & S. S. Workers' Pledge" should be sent to our conference treasurer, Mr. Conrad Voth, 3734 Payne Ave., Cleveland, Ohio. The treasurer will credit 80% of the money he receives to Siberian mission and 20% to the Rochester building fund.

Prof. F. W. C. Meyer brought us a message which will have a lasting meaning to every one. He gave us thoughts for our personal, religious and social education.

This proved the closing of a perfect young people's session at St. Joseph. New thoughts, higher ideals and more ambitions sent us home willing and ready to work for our Master.

RUTH H. FETZER, Sec.

Texas Young People at Hurnville

The Texas Jugendbund met with the Hurnville Church on Wednesday, August 11, during the Texas Conference.

The afternoon meeting was opened with a song service led by Bro. C. C. Gossen. It was then turned over to the president, Rev. R. Kaiser, who read the Scripture and led in prayer. Although the young people were not so strong in attendance as they usually are, the roll call showed that 11 unions were represented and gave reports of their work. The day of meeting was changed from Wednesday to Friday in order that more of the young people in future can attend.

The business was attended to in a short while, and the following officers were elected: President, Rev. R. Kaiser, Gatesville; Vice-President Southern District, Ernest Hill, Kyle; Vice-President, Northern District, Jno. Hoeffner, Petrolia; Secretary and Treasurer, Matilda Hirsch, Waco.

Much interest was shown in the Sunday School and B. Y. P. U. Institute to be held in Dallas from November 25 to 28.

The evening service was also opened by the president and after special music by the Hurnville orchestra the various B. Y. P. U.'s rendered a program consisting of vocal solos, recitations, quartets and a talk by Prof. Meyer. The offering of \$22 was promised for the Tent Mission.

May God's richest blessings be with us until we meet with the Greenville Church next year!

MATHILDA HIRSCH, Sec.

From Bob to Bill

Bob left the farm and got a job in the city. He wrote a letter to his brother Bill, who elected to stick to the farm. In this letter he told of the joys of city life: "Thursday we autoed out to the Country Club, where we golfed until dark. Then we motored to the beach for the week end."

The brother on the farm wrote back: "Yesterday we buggied to town and baseballled all the afternoon. Today we muled out to the cornfield and ge-hawed until sundown. After that we suppered. After that we stair-cased up to our room and bed-steaded until the clock fived."—Pittsburgh Christian Advocate.

The Junior Church in Action

EDWARD W. HOEK

The Junior church in our German Baptist denomination is rather a new thing in our church work. In some parts of the country they have sprung up to meet a very real need. The question arises: "Can you expect the Juniors to listen and seek to receive the same blessings from the heavy sermons prepared for the adult thinking mind, preached from our pulpits each Sunday morning?" "When I was a child, spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child." Wherever the Junior church idea has been fairly tried it has met with excellent success, has increased the number of boys and girls attending the morning service, and has afforded an unusually high type of training for them in the work of the church and in the knowledge of the truths found in the Word of God.

The first question asked pertaining to this movement which is becoming one of increased interest to church leaders is,

What Is the Junior Church?

It is a regular church service and organization for boys and girls, seeking to bring to them the scriptural truths and train them in Christian worship and service. Its objective is the same as that of the service for the adults.

The chief features of a Junior church are a regular order of service and organization, that is as much like that of the adult church as is possible, a sermonette on some biblical subject, a gospel message or perhaps on some subject of the religious life; Christian fundamentals, church history, etc.; a Junior church choir with a pianist who is a Junior, with an accomplished leader, who understands how to teach the boys and girls how to sing; a set of officers, ushers, etc.; as complete an organization as the leader of the Junior church thinks advisable. The service is held in conjunction with the regular morning service. In the Bethel Church of Detroit the two services are held entirely separate and contemporaneous. A program of worship, very similar to that of the regular service is followed, opening and closing exercises with the special song service and a short sermonette.

That boys and girls do not find any joy in attending the morning church service is a fact that everyone admits and regrets. Look over your congregation and convince yourself. Why do they stay away? Here are a few reasons: There is little in the average service for them, parents rather not have them along as they often disturb them and others nearby. Parents do not insist on the children attending church as they formerly did; relaxation of parental control; some parents think the Sunday school is a sufficient substitute for church service;

most sermons are over their heads; for the most part meaningless to them. Permit me to say, that if sermons were as uninteresting to adults as they are to children, we would have much smaller attendance.

The boys and girls will attend church if they feel there is something there for them, when they know that there is a service of their own, one that they can follow and understand all the way through, they will attend church and in larger numbers. It is the graded public school idea placed into the church. We certainly wouldn't expect to find boys and girls in the ages of eight and nine years in the senior class of a university, and yet we often find parents expecting their boys and girls to digest the same religious food as they are receiving in the regular service.

The Junior Church Develops the Church-going Habit

and loyalty to the church. They become accustomed to the spirit and the mode of worship; they are as loyal as they can be and thereby become much better trained members of the adult church. They become as loyal to their own Junior church as the most loyal members of the adult church. It also develops the devotional side of the boys' and girls' religious nature.

The Junior church gives opportunity for the boys and girls to give

Expression of Their Devotional Spirit

Opportunity is given them to offer a prayer, lead in the reading of the responsive Scripture lesson, make the announcements. They love to be able to participate. We all have a certain amount of pride of ownership and this is found in the boys and girls—it is their service. We often hear them say: "I'm a member of the church board, or a member of the Junior church choir," etc. They own a membership in the Junior church.

The Junior church opens the avenue for the most wonderful opportunity to lay the fundamental truths into the hearts of our boys and girls. Unless our youth is receiving a biblical training at home, there is surely not much time spent in laying the foundation of truth into their young hearts outside of that which they are receiving from the Sunday school teacher. Many teachers fail to have a vision or a training which enables them to give it to their scholars in the short time they have with their classes. Here is the golden opportunity to explain the great truths of God and prepare the way, so that, when the time comes for them to make the decision in life to accept Jesus Christ as their Savior, they know what it is all about and they enter into the new life with great joy and can fight the good fight of faith. That which is planted in the heart of the child is

bound to remain and in time will spring forth and bear fruit.

The following is briefly,

How to Start a Junior Church,

the organization and the activities. The whole Junior church idea should be thought through thoroughly and plans carefully made before you start. A place entirely separate from the church service should be sought and the Junior church should hold its services at the same time as the regular church service. Attractive posters placed in the vestibule announcing the Junior church and all attractions to be found by attending; enlisting the interest of the Sunday school superintendent and have him announce it from time to time; have invitation cards printed and distribute them. Other important features are the selection of the choir; election of officers, such as the presiding officer, the secretary and treasurer, the official board; the institution of the envelope system for offering; the appointment of ushers; the choosing of committees, etc., etc.

One of the most important decisions is

The Appointment of the Leader

The best leader in the church is none too good for the Junior church. Every church has them, however, such who love boys and girls and are loved by them; one who understands them and who talks interestingly to them; one who has a real religious experience and a deep love for Christ and the church.

Can Every Church Have a Junior Church?

Yes, or something that will be the next best thing. The lack of a separate room is the only difficulty; adequate leadership is there, it only being a question of interesting and securing the right person. It is found possible to divide the boys and girls who attend church into two groups (boys and girls from ages 8 to 16 and those between the ages of 3 to 8). The younger group are taught by means of the sand table, scissor work and other kindergarten material; picture cards are used and scrap books compiled which create a keen interest for this group. In the Bethel Church we have the opening exercises together and then Mrs. Hoek takes the younger group off into the nursery, having as her assistant Miss Marion Zannoth; also a Junior. Under this splendid leadership the work has been a joy in both departments.

(Continued in our next)

The Heart of a Child

"Get into your child's heart when he is young, and hide there," says Mrs. Harriot Holt Dey. "He needs you on the inside. When he is grown, if you are not already there, he will lock the door against you. Never make the mistake of assuming that just because he is in your heart you are in his."

Jessica of the Camerons

SYLVIA STEWART

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(Continuation)

Chapter VIII

SHADOWS

Donald and Jessica had cause to approve their father's wise judgment many times in the course of the following week. They had scarcely arrived at school on the following morning when the story of the escapade which had ended so seriously for their favorite friends, Marjorie and Claude, reached their ears, and from one source and another they were soon in possession of all the sorry particulars. Exaggerated, as the first report of such affairs always is, its real seriousness was confirmed by the absence from school of all parties concerned.

On her return home at the close of the half-session, Jessica went at once to her room; while Donald, somewhat disturbed, sought his mother. "Let me finish setting the table, mother," he said, queerly. "You had better go to Jessica. She's in her room."

Mrs. Cameron looked up quickly at the odd tone in the boy's voice. "Is she sick?" she queried, anxiously.

"It is nothing more than a mental upset, I guess," he answered, doubtfully. "But it seems to have hit her pretty hard, and will probably require the attention of the family physician," meaning his mother, "to affect a cure."

"You speak in riddles, son. What has happened?"

"Well, mother, the plain truth is that Marjorie and Claude went to the Niles debate, or, rather, went to Niles with Frank and Helen King in the Kings' car last night, without telling their folks that we were not going. Frank got some liquor somewhere, and made a fool of himself generally. He was boisterous at a movie which the four went to instead of going to the debate, and was afterward arrested for speeding; and it was pretty late before they got the matter straightened out. The names of the entire party leaked out, and some smart reporters that were down from here caught on, and even got a snapshot, in some way, of the four. This came out with the whole story in a Cleveland paper this morning. Helen is nearly crazy with the notoriety of it all, and Marjorie is sick in bed from the effects of the wetting she got. They were so late getting started home that they all got soaked."

"But I see nothing in all this to prosecute Jessica," returned his mother quietly. "Marjorie is not dangerously ill, is she?"

"Not that they know yet," stammered Don, "but, you see, Claude and Margie are pretty sore over our refusal to go after I had said I thought we could. Of course that part of the deal was not my fault nor Jessica's; but if we had not been so sure we could go, they would not

have had to misrepresent matters in order to get to go."

"As if it were best to do that in any case!" exclaimed Mrs. Cameron. "Don't lay any of the blame for this unhappy affair at your door or Jessica's, son," she added, decidedly, as she turned toward the door. "I am more than thankful that you both accepted your father's decision, however unwillingly, and were safe and happy at home with us."

"I am not sorry, myself," murmured Don, on his way to the kitchen, while his mother went up the stairs to seek Jessica, whom she found a wilted heap on the bed, spent with conflicting emotions. At sight of her mother's kind face her grief broke forth afresh!

Mrs. Cameron tenderly gathered the tumbled head to her breast, and wisely allowed time for the sobs to subside. Her first words still further checked Jessica's emotion. "Don has told me what happened to the young people last night, Jessica," she said gently. "But I fail to see why my little girlie should take someone else's misdoing so much to heart. Of course it is right to be sorry for them all, even poor Frank; but the four are only reaping the fruit of their own wrongdoing."

"Marjorie said it was all Don's fault and mine," sobbed Jessica. "She sent a note to me this morning, and said she did said if we had gone, as Don promised, it is disgraced forever. They even had her picture, and Helen's, in one of the morning papers!"

"That is nothing so dreadful that it will not be forgotten as soon as the next newspaper sensation comes along," consoled her mother. "Listen, Jessica, dear. If Claude and Margie had accepted their parents' verdict, as you and Don did this morning. The lesson is bitter, but it will be a good one for Margie, for she is not desirable for her. You need not keep it only at the expense of obedience would not be a friend worth having at that price. Don tells me that poor Claude had a hard time to make the best of a bad situation; so doubtless he, too, has learned a lesson."

Drawing the young girl closer, and kissing her tenderly, Mrs. Cameron concluded, "Put it out of your mind for the present, dear, and it will all come right in the end. You are in no way to blame for their 'disgrace,' as Marjorie calls it, and mamma wishes you to dry your eyes now, and come down to your luncheon."

"I won't cry any more, mamma, if you just won't make me come downstairs," pleaded Jessica. "I couldn't eat a bite, anyway, and I don't want to see anybody but you."

THE BAPTIST HERALD

"Very well," conceded her mother. "Nora may bring you up something, and Don will call you in time to go back to school."

"What's this I hear about some of our high school people being taken up and fined in Niles last night, for being drunk and disorderly?" inquired Mr. Cameron, of nobody in particular, as he shook out his napkin.

All eyes were turned in Don's direction. He flushed slightly, but responded lightly, "It was none of the Cameron tribe, thank fortune. I guess somebody's dad has a vote of thanks coming, though I confess I didn't see it in that light at this identical hour yesterday."

Mr. Cameron looked very much pleased at Don's reply, though it lacked the information he sought. "What about it, laddie?" he persisted. "I heard it mentioned several times this morning, but could not get particulars, somehow."

Donald went into brief details, and his father's brow darkened. "That young King is going too fast a gait lately, and if he does not call a speedy halt, he will land himself behind the bars where not even his father's money and influence will help him." This was severe comment for Mr. Cameron, as Don realized. "That's what he's found out already, from the copper that ran him in last night for speeding," replied Don.

"Where is Jessica?" next inquired Mr. Cameron, noting, for the first time, the vacant seat at his side.

"She is pretty well worked up over this affair, and asked not to be required to come down," responded mamma. "Nora will take her up a little luncheon presently."

"Better send mother," suggested Jessica's father, with a mischievous glance in her direction. "She can pour oil on troubled waters faster than anyone I know, not excepting yourself."

So, presently, acting on her son's suggestion, grandmother slipped softly into Jessica's room with Nora's daintily filled tray. The spell of her presence partially lifted the burden of Jessica's fancied griefs, and twenty minutes later, subdued but fairly presentable, she joined her brother at the hall door, and departed schoolward.

The unfortunate occurrences of the previous evening were not discussed at the Cameron dinner-table that evening, all other topics being overshadowed by plans being laid by grandmother for a trip to the autumn woods the following Saturday morning. Jessica took small part in the discussion, but her spirits unconsciously lightened, and she went to the evening practice of her music without demur.

Outside the music room Don was whistling cheerfully as he put the final touches to the lawn preparatory to putting the lawn-mower away for the winter. Harry, content as always with his big brother for a companion, was making heroic efforts to rake the dry grass as fast as Don cut it. He gave up the effort in a short time, however, and he and Don engaged in a merry war with the armfuls of dry grass for ammunition.

October 15, 1926

Her lesson finished, Jessica leaned from the window to watch the mimic battle. "What are you going to do this evening, Don?" she asked, finally. "Anything special?"

"Going over to Claude's to work up our point discussion for next Friday's debate," her brother replied.

Jessica's eyes widened. "Well, I must say you have your nerve!" she exclaimed. "Do you suppose he will care to see you?"

Donald grinned. "Don't know. Nothing like finding out. We can't both be on the same side of a debate without consulting each other, that's certain. He called me after school and told me it was my turn to 'come across,' so I'm going, and I'll run the risk of finding the latch-string out. Don't you want to go along?"

"Not I," returned Jessica, decidedly, though somewhat sadly. "I haven't been invited yet to 'come across,' and from what I heard today it will probably be some time before I am."

"Just go anyway," suggested her brother. "Let on you haven't heard anything, and if Margie's been in bed all day she will be ready to be amused by your account of the play last night. I don't suppose she could give you a very entertaining account of her trip," with a grin, "but it wouldn't hurt you to play Good Samaritan and cheer her up a little."

Jessica shook her head sorrowfully. "I can't, Don. I am sure you would not care to go either, if you had heard the message she sent me this morning. I shall not tell you what it was, but it nearly broke my heart!"

Harry was turning somersaults on the pile of half-dried grass, and Don strolled nearer the window and glanced within, before replying. Then he said, "Now, look here, sis, you girls are sillier than I take you to be, if you don't wipe this business right off the slate and forget all about it. Claude and I have had it all out—didn't take ten minutes, either—and he don't blame either of us a bit. Catch boys holding a grudge, and making themselves miserable for weeks, over a little thing like that!"

"It is not a little thing," replied Jessica, spiritedly. "Such things often affect a person's whole life."

"Well, your part and mine was a very small part of it, anyway, thanks to papa," persisted Don, "and it won't do a bit of good for you and Margie to go on an endless warpath over it. Mamma told me, since supper, that she cannot go out with us in the car next Saturday morning, but she will come out on the carline after luncheon. So Margie and Claude might go with us as well as not, if you two girls bury your imaginary hatchet before that time."

Jessica secretly welcomed this opportunity of reconciliation with her chum, but she only replied demurely, "Perhaps with such an inducement as a trip to the country for chestnuts, with you for chauffeur, she might forget her fancied injuries. I am certain I have no grievance I could not overcome by Saturday. You might invite them, if you are going over tonight, and see what they say."

"I thought I would," answered Don, bluntly, "that is, if you don't object."

"What did mamma think about it?" "She suggested the plan, and grandmother seconded it; so neither one is likely to kick. Mamma is going over to see Margie tomorrow, if—"

"If what?" queried his sister, as Don suddenly stopped.

"If she has time," he finished. "I must be off now, but I will be back early, and let you know what they say about going."

Jessica went to grandmother's room. The evening lessons were daily growing easier and more pleasurable. Those for the next day having been carefully gone over, grandmother, who had declined to discuss Jessica's troubles at the noon hour, pointed to the low rocker with the invitation, "Now, let's talk things over," and Jessica gladly availed herself of the opportunity. Curling herself cosily at grandmother's side, she laid her brown head against an inviting knee, and as she talked played absently with the bright folds of the now nearly completed afghan.

"I don't see how I can help feeling badly about it, gramsie," she began, sadly. "It is the very first time Margie and I have had the least bit of hard feelings toward each other since she came to Cleveland; except once, and that wasn't much. And now she has sent me word that she doesn't want me for a chum any more. You see, such terrible things happened to her, and she feels that Don and I are partly to blame. Mamma says we are not in the least, for how could we go, when papa said we could not?"

"Mamma is quite right, dear," returned grandmother, taking the restless fingers in her own for a moment. "You will find that Marjorie will view the matter in a more sensible light when she has gotten over the mortification of it all. Tell me about it."

"Why, don't you know?" queried astonished Jessica. "Didn't Don tell you all about it at luncheon?"

"Something of it, but I want to hear your side of the story."

"Well, you see, Frank had taken too much wine at supper, so he said afterward—for they have it at home all the time, and his folks were not there to limit him. They had gone to Columbus, so he took the car without their knowing it. Claude and Margie went over to their house to start, so Mrs. Sheldon wouldn't know but that they'd gone with us. Frank acted silly all the way over, and said some dreadfully improper things to Margie, till Claude made him sit by Helen, and ran the car himself. When they got to the garage in Niles, Claude says that a man that knew Frank there gave him another drink, and it was whisky, and finished him for having any sense at all! He made up his mind right away that he wasn't going to any tame debate. As Claude thought they could get him away from town easier, and the folks from here wouldn't know what condition he was in, they agreed to go to a 'movie,' and then go home. He was so

noisy and impolite to some strange girls there that the manager threatened to have him arrested if he didn't leave, so they all went and got the car and started for home. Frank insisted on driving—I don't see whatever made Claude let him—and before they got out of town he was going so fast that a policeman took him up for speeding. Then, too," she added, in an awkward tune, "he had a revolver; and of course the cop wouldn't let him carry that around, and him drunk, too!"

"So Claude had to leave the girls at a hotel, and go with Frank to police headquarters, and it was a long time before they could get the right persons to fix up his fine so he wouldn't have to go to jail. And all that time, gramsie, poor Helen and Margie had to sit there in the hotel parlor in their evening dresses. Everybody walked in and out and looked at them as though they were the ones that had been 'drunk and disorderly,' as they said about Frank. Claude couldn't get anyone Frank knew at home to arrange for his fine over the 'phone; so he finally gave his own father's check for it, and the judge took it, after Claude had signed it, and let them go. The policeman that arrested Frank said that it was getting too common for young swells from Cleveland to run out there in their cars evenings, and 'paint Niles red,' and it had to be stopped; and the only way to stop it was to arrest everybody who violated the city laws. It seems awful hard, gramsie, that two nice girls should be exposed to such insults and rudeness, just because a young man ran his car a little too fast, or was noisy at a ten-cent show!"

Mrs. Keith was silent for a moment. Then she answered, "You remember the sorrowful fate of 'Old Dog Tray,' Jessica. Nothing was proved against him, or even charged, except the one fact that he was in bad company; yet he was punished with the others. Instead of sympathizing so deeply with these unfortunate young people, I hope you will come to see the matter as Donald does, and try to persuade them to avoid such mistakes in future. Take grandmother's advice, girly, and forget this sad affair as soon as possible. At the same time, do your best to influence your chums to find saner and more enjoyable amusements. A bright, sensible lot of young folks, such as you have in your 'Avenue Gang,' as you call it, ought to be the nicest, happiest set in Cleveland. It seems to me that if all the rest do their part, one young fellow like Frank King couldn't find it so easy to go to the bad."

"He's been pretty wild for some time, Don says," said Jessica, gravely. "But we all overlooked his fast ways because he is Helen's brother, and she is so nice. Margie is awfully stuck on him though, gramsie," she added, with a sigh. "She thinks it is cute of him to be just a little 'gay,' as she calls it, and she goes with him whenever she gets a chance."

"You don't mean to say that her father and mother allow her to go out alone with him?" laying down her knitting in surprise.

"Well, they don't do it exactly that

way," explained Jessica. "You see the girls go out together to a picture show, or for a walk in the park. The boys are 'on,' and follow around, and they meet somewhere and maybe pair off, and each couple goes where it pleases for 'treats.' They have some place fixed up where they all meet later, and then go home together. Papa does not allow Don and me to go out with the bunch that way after night, but Margie has told me how they work it." After a moment, she added, as though her revelations had not been quite complete, "Two or three of the girls have their regular steadies, fellows, you know, who take them out once or twice a week, besides coming to see them Sunday nights."

Mrs. Keith's hand paused in their flitting among the bright-colored wools on her lap, and her sweet, kind eyes had a very serious look, as she said, "How much better it would be for them all, Jessica, if they would meet at each others' homes when they wish to be together, and amuse themselves with music, and games, and other home entertainment, such as would really fit them for first-class society later. Such pleasures would leave no sting behind, as diversions like that of last night must certainly do. It would also make unnecessary the wholesale deception of their fathers and mothers, which happens when they meet their friends without their parents' permissions."

"Some of the mothers and fathers don't seem to care very much," commented Jessica. "Most of our crowd think papa and mamma are entirely too strict for the way everybody does nowadays. I am so glad, now, that papa did not let Don and me go to Niles last night, that I cannot tell it in words."

"Then I may infer that you have not yet told him so." Grandmother's remark sounded like an interrogation.

Jessica looked up quickly. "Do you think he would like—do you think I ought to, gramsie?" she asked, with a slight diffidence.

"I am sure it would give him a great deal of pleasure. Donald returned thanks very bravely and manfully at the table today, and you would not hesitate to do the same, if you could have seen your papa's face when Don said he 'guessed somebody's dad had a vote of thanks coming for being so hard-hearted yesterday,' or words to that effect."

"That sounds exactly like Don," said Jessica, smiling. Then she fell thoughtfully silent, after a fashion of her own when deeply stirred, and Mrs. Keith was not surprised when she slipped from the room a few minutes later, with a parting "I'll be back directly, gramsie."

Papa was reading the evening paper alone in the library, while he waited for mamma to return from a call on a sick neighbor. He was somewhat surprised when he felt a pair of soft arms steal around his neck with a tangle of fluffy brown hair in his eyes as a pair of lips sought his, and heard the voice of his one girl-treasure in his ears, saying shyly, "Papa, I have come to tell you that I am glad you did not let Don and

me go to Niles last night, and I am sorry that I was pouty and fussy about it. I shall always believe that you know best after this."

Mr. Cameron drew the slight girlish figure swiftly into his arms. "Jessica, my precious girlie," he answered, and his voice was not quite steady, "if papa can save you in the future from the many evils which beset the paths of sweet young girls like you, until you are safe in a home of your own, under a good man's care, I will cheerfully risk your being 'pouty and fussy' occasionally. What you have just told me more than makes up for your show of displeasure in being deprived of an outing which might have been a bitter memory to you also, in some way, as it will always be to Marjorie."

They had a long talk together after that, father and the little daughter who had never been so near to each other in heart as they were to night; and when mamma came in Jessica still lay closely folded in his fatherly arms. Her cheeks were flushed, there was a suspicious moisture in her bright eyes, but mamma's intuition told her that all was well.

Don returned a few minutes later, and gave an odd look at his sister, as she slipped from her father's embrace. "I thought you would be in bed, kid," he said.

"I was, almost," she answered, laughing. "I waited to see what you found out about the nutting party."

"They will both be delighted to go, if Margie is well enough by Saturday," he said shortly. Much pleased at the information, though slightly puzzled by her brother's manner, Jessica suddenly remembered her promise to grandmother to be "back directly," and she hurried away up stairs. Donald then gravely informed his father and mother that Margie was threatened with pneumonia, and that the doctor had enjoined absolute quiet, with no callers!

Mr. Cameron laid his arm lightly across his son's shoulders as he rose from his chair. "You were a thoughtful lad, die to spare your sister that extra sheaf of bad news tonight, son," he said. "She has certainly had excitement enough for one day."

"So I thought," replied Don, soberly. "Margie has been feverish and flighty all afternoon, and has often asked for Jessica; so Mrs. Sheldon may send for her to go over tomorrow."

"I hope it will prove to be nothing serious," said his mother. "I will walk over with Jessica tomorrow evening, and Margie can see her if her mamma thinks best."

Papa's loving counsel was supplemented by a brief but very satisfactory mother-talk at Jessica's bedside, and she sank to sleep with her mother's hand closely clasped in her own. Don's report reestablished her serene content, and, as she had no hint of her chum's danger, she went to Slumberland feeling that all was well.

Poor Marjorie's troubles, however, had not thus been wisely smoothed away by

gentle counsellors. While Mr. Sheldon had the welfare of his children deeply at heart, he was inclined to be exceedingly stern in matters of discipline, when violations were brought to his notice. His wife, after hearing Claude's frank confession of their wrong-doing, and dreading the effects of her husband's displeasure on Marjorie's overwrought nerves, smoothed the matter over lightly to him the following morning. But later in the day, when Mr. Sheldon learned the real seriousness of the affair, he insisted on a complete history of the escapade from Claude. He was very much displeased, though he praised Claude's handling of the difficult situation, and endorsed the giving of the check for Frank's fine. He "read the riot act," as Marjorie afterward told Jessica, to both Claude and herself, for their disobedience. His decision that until further notice neither of them was to be allowed to be out for the evening without his permission had a disastrous effect on Marjorie, aggravating the fever and nervousness which had followed the chill caused by exposure, until her symptoms were really alarming enough to justify the doctor's decree of rest and quiet.

(To be continued)

Does This Ever Happen in Your Society?

A certain group captain studied her program that she might be able to glorify God and inspire her listeners. And she called her members together and assigned them their parts and said unto them, "Study these till B. Y. P. U. time." But some of them secretly said, "We will not do as this girl has said."

And it came to pass when B. Y. P. U. time was come, having joyfully anticipated the program which she had assigned to these members, the captain called together her group a second time, that she might know what they learned by their study.

And some stood up before the B. Y. P. U. and delivered their speeches without quarterlies, saying: "We have studied the topics assigned us, and we have used other material also." And the Group Captain said unto each of them, "Well done, thou good member, because thou wast willing to study thy part, have thou the assurance of the close attention of your listeners and a larger place in the Kingdom of God."

And yet others stood, reading their topics from the quarterlies and saying: "Here is the topic as you gave it to me; I read it, for I have been too busy to study it." And the Captain said unto the listeners, "Take away from these your attention and give it to them that studied their parts for the Master's sake, for these lazy members say nothing worth while."

And when she had thus spoken, she gave the responsibility for the rest of the meeting to the President.—B. Y. P. U. Assembly.

From the General Missionary Secretary's Desk Rev. Wm. Kuhn

On Friday, September 17, the Finance Committee met at Detroit, Mich. One of the most important items of business was the revision of the percentages of distribution of the co-operating societies in the Missionary and Benevolent Offering. Since our denominational income has decreased, it has become advisable to provide more funds to carry on our denominational work in our own country at home. The following table will show the revised percentages effective August 1, 1926:

Home Missions	25.00%
Foreign Missions	13.00
Chapel Building	6.00
Superannuated Ministers	7.00
Relief	5.50
Young People's and S. S. Workers' Union	5.00
Seminary Rochester	13.50
Widows and Orphans	8.50
Chicago Altenheim	3.00
Philadelphia Altenheim	2.00
Portland Altenheim75
Chicago Deaconess Home75
Reserve Fund	5.00

100.00%

The departments of our work that are most affected by this revision of percentages are the following: Foreign Missions will receive 10 per cent less than formerly. The following departments will all receive more: Young People's and Sunday School Work 1.60 per cent; Seminary at Rochester 3.33 per cent; Support of Widows and Orphans 1.66 per cent; Altenheim at Chicago 1.19 per cent.

The Finance Committee also passed the following resolution: "That \$4,000 be appropriated out of the reserve account to the Seminary at Rochester to enable that institution to meet all existing current obligations and give it sufficient working capital to carry on."

Receipts for the Missionary and Benevolent Offering

August 1, 1925, to August 31, 1926
(Period of 13 months)

Home Missions	\$ 42,826.24
Foreign Missions	37,349.41
Chapel Building	9,972.88
Superannuated Ministers	7,867.86
Ministers' Pension	11,706.24
Relief	13,490.32
Young People's and S. S. Workers' Union	6,109.44
Seminary Rochester	16,404.53
Widows and Orphans	11,992.87
Chicago Altenheim	3,165.42
Philadelphia Altenheim	2,974.33
Portland Altenheim	1,022.52
Chicago Deaconess Home	1,265.06
Reserve Fund	8,534.85

\$174,681.97

The Finance Committee decided that three men be secured in each of the nine conferences to promote the interest of our combined budget on the respective fields

by practical and inspirational propaganda. These committees are to be known as *Conference Promotion Committees*. A two-day conference on October 19 and 20 has been arranged at Forest Park at which the chairmen of these nine *Conference Promotion Committees* together with other members of the Finance Committee will meet for information and inspiration.

The Finance Committee further decided that a plan of *Denominational Days* similar to the following table be adopted and recommended to our churches for adoption:

Young People's Day—January.
Bible Day—March.
Home Missions—Easter.
Seminary—May.
Chapel Building—June.
Foreign Missions—October.
Publications Day—November.
Beneficences—Widows and Orphans—December.

It is hoped that our pastors will present from their pulpits on some Sunday that particular department of our denominational work assigned to the given month. The "Baptist Herald" and the "Sendbote" will also give attention to these *Denominational Days*.

The Northwestern Conference at Buffalo Center, Iowa

Sept. 5 to 12

Buffalo Center was the Mecca of the German Baptists of the Northwestern Conference this year. A thriving little city Buffalo Center is, surrounded by a great farming country. Of special interest there is the institution of learning. Surely the community may well be proud of its magnificent school building. Our church at Buffalo Center also is a credit to the whole community. It deserves to be commended and admired for its preparation and arrangement in accommodating the guests. The beautifully decorated auditorium and dining hall of the basement were in themselves an expression of welcome to all. The spirit of love, fellowship and hospitality in the homes of our Buffalo Center people was second to none. God bless the "Center!"

All meetings were well attended. The evening services, with the exception of the opening service, were held in the large auditorium of the school house, in which the acoustic properties are almost perfect. The opening sermon was delivered by Wm. E. Schmitt of St. Paul. "Going up to Jerusalem with Jesus" according to Matt. 20:17 was the subject of his discourse. H. F. Schade of Racine, Wis., brought the message Wednesday evening from John 3:3. The truth was emphasized that a passion for missions will be the result of the new birth. Rev. Wm. Kuhn delivered a stirring message in which he pictured the different phases of the work fostered by our denomination. C. A. Daniel of Chicago preached on John 3:16 in a most unique and touching way.

The addresses and sermons on the Lord's day were momentous. Bro. A. Bretschneider, secretary of Young Peo-

ple's and Sunday school work, H. P. Donner, H. Steiger and Miss Baudisch, missionary of Milwaukee, spoke to the Sunday school. Rev. C. M. Knapp preached the doctrinal sermon Sunday morning. His theme was: "The Person of Jesus Christ." Three thoughts were made very plain: The divinity of Christ, the purpose of his coming and our attitude toward him. Rev. Bretschneider and Bro. Donner spoke in the afternoon in the meeting for young people and Sunday school. Rev. Bretschneider gave us "Three essentials in the development of the young Christian life." They are: Right attitude, right attachment and achievement. Bro. Donner followed with a stirring address. Prof. L. Kaiser brought a great message in the closing service. His topic was: "What is meant by following Christ?" It is to love him, have fellowship with him and to labor with him.

The business sessions of the Conference commenced Wednesday morning, being preceded by a worship service, conducted by G. F. Ehrhorn. The following morning devotional services were led by the brethren H. Rieger, J. J. Abel and W. J. Appel. The general topic of these services was "Our Life in Christ."

A detailed report of the business can hardly be given in this report. But suffice it to say that all reports, excepting the financial, gave evidence of progress. The following officers of the conference were elected: Chairman, C. F. Stoeckmann; Vice-Chairman, H. W. Wedel; Secretary, G. Waldvogel; Assistant Secretary, L. B. Holzer. Wm. E. Schmitt was re-elected secretary of the Mission Board, and H. W. Wedel representative to the General Mission Committee. Hans Keiser of Elgin, Iowa, was re-elected treasurer, and F. H. Heinemann was re-elected superintendent of the orphans of the conference.

Rev. O. R. Hauser gave a stirring address on: "A Unified Program of the Church." The following essays were read: "The cause of our unfavorable financial situation," by H. Marks; "The value of denominational periodicals," by H. Hirsch, and "Nourishing prayer life in the church," by Phil. Lauer.

Special mention should be made of the splendid singing rendered: The local mixed choir, Ladies' trio and duet, minister's quartet, men's duet and a mixed trio. It all redounded to the glory of God.

The conference accepted the hearty invitation of the North Ave. Baptist Church of Milwaukee. With a vote of thanks to Almighty God and all who helped in making the conference a success and a blessing we parted to meet, God willing, in Milwaukee, next year.

J. E. EHRHORN, Reporter.

A Corker

Pat went to the drug store for an empty bottle. Selecting one that answered his purpose, he asked: "How much?"

"Well," said the clerk, "if you want the empty bottle it'll be five cents, but if you have something put into it we won't charge you anything for the bottle."

"Sure, that's fair enough," said Pat. "Put in a cork."

White Garments

(Ecclesiastes 9:8)

W. A. LIPPHARD

In order to keep cool during the hot summer days it is customary for many men, women and children to wear white garments. A certain preacher in California appears in his pulpit every Sunday dressed wholly in white. In the apostolic age the candidates for baptism stepped down into the water dressed in white garments. The main reason for doing so, was perhaps the fact, that white is the symbol of purity; and since they had experienced the cleansing power of the blood of Christ which made their souls and lives whiter than snow, they wanted to show forth this innermost experience by their outward appearance.

In Ecclesiastes 9:8 Solomon exhorts us to let our garments be always white. But these words have no reference whatever to the garments which we wear on our bodies. It is immaterial to God, what colors the garments have which we wear on our bodies. They can be white or black, red or green, yellow or blue. But the words of Solomon refer to the garment of our soul and they must and should be always white. In our days we are very apt to forget and neglect our soul and its needs.

There are four main reasons why the garments of our soul should be always white:

1. *Because the garments of God are always white.* In Psalm 104:1. 2 we read: "O Lord, my God, thou art very great, thou art clothed with honor and majesty; who coverest thyself with light as with a garment." There are various lights known to science, which are extraordinary white; but who can imagine and describe the whiteness of the light where-with God covereth himself as with a garment? Whose eyes will be able to behold him dressed in these white garments?

2. *Because the garments which Jesus wore at the time of his transfiguration were white.* In Matt. 17:1. 2 we read: "And after six days Jesus taketh Peter, James and John his brother and bringeth them up into an high mountain apart, and was transfigured before them; and his face did shine as the sun and his raiment was white as the light." Why did Jesus not always appear among men dressed in that white raiment? I am certain his enemies would have never dared to lay their hands on him and crucified him. Yes! but I am also quite sure that no sinner would ever have ventured to come near him to be saved by him.

3. *Because the garments of angels are white.* At the resurrection of Christ a great earthquake took place and according to Matt. 28:23, the angel of the Lord descended from heaven and came and rolled the stone from the door and sat upon it. His countenance was like lightning and his raiment white as snow.

At the ascension of Christ, there appeared two men which were two angels in white apparel to the apostles, while they were looking steadfastly toward heaven. (Acts 1:10. 11.)

4. *Because the garments of the saints*

in glory are always white. The great multitude, which no man could number, according to Rev. 7:9, were all clothed with white robes. To the church at Sardis in Asia Minor, the glorified Lord sent a letter in which he praises some of its members, because they had not defiled their garments; and then he adds the following promises: "They shall walk with me in white: He that overcometh the same shall be clothed in white raiments" (Rev. 3:4. 5.)

The foregoing scripture passages are enough to convince us that the garments of God, the garments of Christ, the garments of the angels and the garments of the saints in glory are always white. They should also convince us that if we expect to be found among that heavenly company at last, our garments must also be always white, or else we would never be fit to mingle with them or feel at home among them.

Those who wish their soul to be clothed in white garments and desire to always keep them white must comply with the following four conditions:

1. They must come humbly and penitently to the Lord and allow him to take off the filthy rags of their own self-righteousness. They can then unite in the testimony of the prophet Isaiah where he says in chapter 61:10: "I will greatly rejoice in the Lord, my soul shall be joyful in my God; for he hath clothed me with the garments of salvation; he hath covered me with the robe of righteousness, as a bridegroom decketh himself with ornaments, and as a bride adorneth herself with jewels."

2. They must constantly abide in the Lord according to his own words in John 15:5: "Abide in me and I in you; as the branch cannot bear fruit of itself except it abide in the vine, no more can ye except ye abide in me." The following illustration may help us to see the point: Some years ago I was crossing a bridge over a canal in one of our Eastern cities. Looking down into the filthy water of the canal, I noticed that something was moving around in the water? What could it be? No fish, nor any other living thing could live in that black water. After watching the moving object a few minutes, it came nearer to the surface and when it was brought fully out of the water, I saw that it was a man in a diving suit, who had been engaged in laying gas pipes across the bottom of the canal. It would have been utterly impossible for the man to work in the poisonous water without the diving suit. This protected him perfectly from the dirty water and its evil effects. So will those be absolutely protected from defiling their garments by sin, who abide in Christ.

3. *They must keep away from places where their garments may be defiled.* A great many Christian young people can not see any harm in visiting places of worldly amusements, such as dance halls, theaters, card parties, movies and so forth. But if their spiritual eyesight is normal, they will see much harm by frequenting such places. A group of tourists engaged a guide to take them down into

a deep coal mine. Among them was a young lady with a white dress on. Several other ladies in the group warned her not to go down with her white dress on. She finally asked the guide if she could not go into the coal mine with her white dress on. He answered and said: "Yes, you can; but you will see how it looks when you come out." If some of the Christians could only see how their white garments look, after they come out of the coal mines of worldly amusement places, they would never enter them again.

4. *They must diligently hear, read and study the word of God;* because it has a purifying effect upon our soul and character: In the 119th Psalm, the 11th verse the Psalmist testifies to this truth in the words: "Thy word have I hid in my heart, that I might not sin against thee." Our esteemed Editor of the "Herald" preached a fine Children's Sermon to the Sunday school of the Gross Park Immanuel Baptist Church in Chicago one Sunday, of which the writer had the honor to be pastor at that time. The following three excellent points in that sermon deserve to be mentioned here and to be remembered by every reader of this article viz: The word of God is the best thing in the world; 2. in the best place in the world (in the heart), 3. for the best purpose in the world ("that I might not sin against thee").

Nothing will stain the white garments of a true Christian so much as sin; viz: the sin of commission and the sin of omission; the sin in thoughts, words and actions. It is therefore absolutely impossible to keep our garments always white if any sin is tolerated in our life. The prayer of the poet should be the prayer of every Christian in the words:

"Jesus, keep me white."

Things That Cannot Fail

WASHINGTON GLADDEN

When the anchors that faith has cast
Are dragging in the gale,
I am quietly holding fast
To the things that cannot fail.

I know that right is right;
That it is not good to lie;
That love is better than spite,
And a neighbor than a spy.

I know that passion needs
The leash of sober mind;
I know the generous deeds
Some sure reward will find.

That the rulers must obey;
That the givers shall increase;
That duty lights the way
For the beautiful feet of Peace.

In the darkest night of the year,
When the stars have all gone out,
That courage is better than fear,
That faith is truer than doubt.

And fierce though the fiends may fight,
And long though the angels hide,
I know that Truth and Right
Have the universe on their side.

October 15, 1926

Young People at Northwestern Conference, Buffalo Center, Iowa

Sunday afternoon of September 12 was devoted to the young people. The fine meeting held on this afternoon was enjoyed by a full house. After a song service, led by Rev. L. B. Holzer of Milwaukee, Wis., Frederick Lauer, son of Rev. P. Lauer of Elgin, Iowa, played a piano solo.

The meeting was opened by the president, Rev. W. J. Appel of Minneapolis, Minn. Richard Mulder, president of the Iowa Jugendbund, read the Scripture, while Jack Frey of Buffalo Center lead in prayer. After enjoying a ladies' quartet, Dick Beekmann, president of the local society, extended a hearty welcome to all. Rev. W. J. Appel responded.

After the appointment of the nominating committee by the president, reports of the Jugendbunds held in Iowa, Wisconsin and Minnesota were given by Richard Mulder, Miss Marie Baudisch and H. Marks. The reports were very encouraging and showed the interest taken by the young people in the Lord's work.

The nominating committee next submitted the following names which were accepted as officers for the coming year: President, Mr. E. C. Quade, Milwaukee, Wis.; Vice-President, Mr. Arthur Stoeckman, St. Paul, Minn.; Secretary, Mrs. E. B. Wengel, Wauwatosa, Wis.

The meeting was continued by a vocal duet sung by Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Pease of Buffalo Center, Iowa. We were fortunate to have Rev. Albert Bretschneider, General Secretary of the Y. P. and S. S. W. Union, with us at this convention. His address, "Essentials in the Development of a Young Christian's Life," made a deep and vivid impression. The three sub-topics, Attitudes, Attachments and Achievements, of this splendid address brought to all the possibilities of a life fully yielded to the Master. May it truly be our desire as young people to be linked to and abide in Christ!

After Rev. Bretschneider's address the closing address was given by Mr. H. P. Donner, the business manager of our German Baptist Publication Society at Cleveland, Ohio. His topic was, "The Tragedy of Partial Obedience." How much success or failure of a true Christian's life depends on obedience to the Lord!

Both addresses brought manifold blessings and higher aspirations to the audience. May Christ ever become more of a reality to all the young people of the Northwestern Conference in the coming year.

"To plow a straight furrow on Monday or dust a room well on Tuesday or kiss a bruised forehead on Wednesday is worth more than the most ecstatic thrill under Sunday eloquence. Spirituality is seeing God in common things and showing God in common tasks."—Maltbie D. Babcock.

Organization of B. Y. P. U. at Carrington, N. D.

Sunday evening, Sept. 12, was a gala day for the young people of the Baptist church at Carrington. The neat little church was filled with young and old to its capacity. The meeting was opened with a song service by Rev. Albert Alf, followed by the organization of a new Baptist Young People's Society, with Bro. Reinhold Seibold as chairman. The society was organized with 24 charter members; a constitution was adopted and officers were elected. Arthur Albus was elected president and Dorothy Albus, secretary.

The pastor, Bro. Albert Alf, is doing splendid work in this little city of Carrington. There is no English-speaking Baptist church in this city of about 2,000, and the young people are mostly unable to understand the German language, so that Bro. Alf found it necessary to use the American language in this church. When he came to Germantown in the spring of this year, he cast his eyes toward Carrington and saw a good opening for missionary work. He proved that he saw correctly and has since then had very good success. All meetings are well attended and quite a number of English-speaking people expect to unite with the church in the near future. We will no doubt hear from this splendid new organization as the time goes by.

A SPECTATOR.

God's Dreams

Dreams are they—but they are God's dreams

Shall we decry and scorn them?
That men shall love one another,
That white shall call black man brother,
That greed shall pass from the market place,
That lust shall yield to love for the race,
That man shall meet with God face to face—
Dreams are they all;
But shall we despise them—God's dreams?

—Thomas Curtis Clark.

He Knew

Walter, the six-year-old son of the sexton of a certain church, frequently assists his father after Sunday school in arranging the Sunday school room for the young people's meeting, which is held there a few hours later.

Walter is usually rather restless in Sunday school; but one Sunday the teacher noticed that he sat very quiet and seemed very much interested in the lesson, which was about the child Samuel in the Temple. After the teacher had told the lesson story she asked:

"What do you suppose Samuel could do in the Temple to help Eli?"

Immediately Walters' hand went up, and he burst out most emphatically:

"Oh, that kid had plenty to do! There were chairs to straighten and the books to distribute. That kid had plenty to do!"—The Officer.

Daily Scripture Portion Bible Readers Course

ENDORSED BY YOUNG PEOPLE'S AND SUNDAY SCHOOL WORKERS' UNION

SEPTEMBER.	OCTOBER
St. John.	Leviticus.
1 10. 19-30	1 1 1-14
2 10. 31-42	2 2 1-13
3 11. 1-16	3S 4 27-35
4 11. 17-31	4 8 10-24
	5 9 22-24
5S 11. 32-46	5 10 1-11
6 11 47-57	6 14 1-18
7 12. 1-19	7 16 1-10
8 12. 20-36	8 16 11-19
9 12. 37-50	9 16 20-34
10 13 1-17	10S 19 1-18
11 13 18-39	11 25 1-17
	12 26 3-18
12S 13. 31-38	13 26 40-46
13 14. 1-14	1 1 St. Peter
14 14. 15-31	14 1 1-12
15 15. 1-17	15 1 13-25
16 15. 18-27	16 2 1-12
17 16. 1-15	17S 2 13-25
18 16. 16-33	18 3 1-12
	19 3 13-22
19S 17. 1-12	20 4 1-11
20 17. 13-26	21 4 12-19
21 18. 1-14	22 5 1-14
22 18. 15-27	Deuteronomy.
23 18. 28-40	23 1 1-17
24 19. 1-16	24S 3 18-29
25 19. 17-30	25 4 1-13
	26 5 1-15
26S 19. 31-42	27 5 16-29
27 20. 1-18	28 6 1-12
28 20. 19-31	29 7 1-11
29 21. 1-14	30 8 1-9
30 21. 15-25	31S 8 10-20

(By Courtesy of the Scripture Union)

What Does Bible Reading Mean to You?

The Bible drill in the B. Y. P. U. ought to whet our appetites for reading the Bible daily, and also cause us to study the Bible more as we read it.

Every period of daily Bible reading ought to be a period of genuine devotions. Several things are necessary to make this true.

First, it is usually best to be alone. Shut out all distractions and listen intently while God speaks in his word.

Second, do not hurry. We miss many things when we hurry. In this we will miss the still small voice.

Third, meditate upon the truth. Let it sink deep into the soul.

Fourth, pray. God speaks to us in his word and we speak to him in prayer.

Fifth, resolve to follow his leading. Every new decision, followed by action, adds new power to the soul.—B. Y. P. U. Magazine.

It is impossible to be happy unless we forget some of the things that are behind.



Walodia Kashook and Andrew Grasmoff—two boys will be 7 years old on July 4. Neither of these boys had a birthday when they came to the Mission and as they were supposed to have been born in summer I gave them this date for their birthdays.

Alaska . . . Land of the Midnight Sun

HILDA D. KRAUSE

IV

On the eighth day after embarkation at Seattle we again sight land and we look eagerly forward to going ashore and "shake off our sea legs;" for, while it has not been exceedingly rough in the open, it was not as calm as in the Inland waters, and we welcome the sensation of feeling solid ground beneath our feet once more. A surprise awaits us here too. We are startled by a snorting and puffing which sounds altogether like a railroad engine, which it really is, as we discover when we head for the center of the town that lies stretched out along the water-front, at the base of huge mountains. We never knew that an old engine and railroad could stir such a variety of emotions as this one does. When we boarded the ship we dismissed all the familiar sights from our mind to enjoy the new glories which presented themselves daily. But this animated iron horse strangely has the power to recall our homes and friends, and we regret they can not all be here to enjoy God's great wonderful world with us. This is the Copper River and Northwestern Railway which leads into the rich copper region to the northeast and connects with the government stage trail leading into the interior to Fairbanks and the Yukon. The picturesque Copper River with its banks and valleys covered with lupine and other wild flowers, where large herds of cattle are grazing, is truly wonderful to behold.

From there we go on to Valdez, the most northerly port we visit. It is also the most northerly sea-port of Alaska that is open the entire year. Towering mountains and glaciers abound here too. The precipitation here in winter is snow instead of the rain of south-eastern Alaska. If we remained here during the

winter we would have need of a fur coat and snowshoes in order to get through the immense snowdrifts. Here too we would make use of a sled and a good team of malamutes, for there are no streetcars here, and the snowdrifts make the use of automobiles impossible.

Returning to our steamer we continue our voyage westward to Seward, an attractive little town, ideally located on the flats of Resurrection Bay. Here again we see the switching of railroad trains, for Seward is the terminus of the Alaska Northern Railroad which runs through rich coal fields to Fairbanks and to the "North American Giant," Mt. McKinley, which towers over 20,000 feet into the air. The scenery stretching away to the westward is unparalleled in the world. Those who have left the beaten trail and gone into the unexplored regions tell us that "the splendor of scenery surpasses the most vaunted of the Old World. Within a few miles, one passes from luxuriant forestation to lovely lakes, bits of green valley; and then of a sudden, all unprepared, into the most sublime snow-mountain fastness imaginable, surrounded by glaciers and many of the most majestic mountain peaks of the world."

We can not tarry long enough to visit some of these more distant splendors now, but while our ship is discharging her cargo we shall take a walk to the phanage which was recently moved here from the barren wastes of the Aleutian Islands. It is located two miles out of the city and the highway which leads to it runs through the woods, a veritable "Garden of Eden," we find, for the delicious malina berries are ripe and we feast on them along the way. Presently road. We presume it is occupied by natively twelve years old and looking like a white child, comes up with a pail full of the berries. We stop to talk to her and she tells us that her mother is dead and she with her father live all alone here. Her father has a mail contract for delivering mail to the outlying villages and he is at the post office now getting it. When he returns he will saddle his horse to make the circuit of the villages, and may be gone a week or more, depending upon the number of calls he has to make and the condition of the trails. In the winter he travels by dogsled,—no doubt the six huskies which we see basking in the sun near the house are the trusty team. One of them, probably the leader, looks at us rather inquiringly, so we bid our little friend adieu,—and promise to a lonely existence it must be for her, without the companionship of human beings most of the time!

Before long we come in sight of the orphanage. We hear the happy voices of the children floating toward us, even before we can see them as they frolic in their playground. The older ones are engaged with household duties, making preparations for the Lord's Day on the morrow. What a contrast these children

THE BAPTIST HERALD

present to some of the little natives that we saw in several villages. Who can estimate the value of rescuing such helpless waifs? The workers extend an invitation to remain to luncheon which we gladly accept, and afterward we return to the city.

In town we enter a drug store where we find a picture of Mt. McKinley by the great Alaskan painter, Sydney Laurence, on display. We need not look at the price tag which gives the valuation of \$5000 to inspire us with awe and wonder at this magnificent scene of the highest peak on the North American continent and the second highest in the world. Seward also has good physicians and a hospital in which patients from hundreds of miles away are cared for, as there is not another one until Nome is reached on the extreme west coast.

When we return to our boat we find that there are very few passengers left, and our captain promises us that in about eighteen hours we too shall reach our destination. "I'll get you to Kodiak in time to go to Sunday school," he pledges. So we also begin making preparations for Sunday. Our packing must be done. Letters must be written to friends in the homeland telling of our safe arrival, which should go back with the steamer. There is great excitement while the necessary work is being done, and then once more we go to rest in our cabin to be "rocked in the cradle of the deep."

What a glorious Sunday morning greets us upon awakening the next day! The bright sunshine, the gentle stirring of the sea-breeze, the mountains tinted in shades that artists never dreamed of, the shallow waves of the sea murmuring to one another—a Perfect Day!

*"O day of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright,
On thee, the high and lowly,
Bending before the throne,
Sing Holy, Holy, Holy,
To the Great Three in One."*

At the breakfast table the captain informs us that Kodiak Island is now visible, so we hurry on deck as soon as our meal is finished. There it is all spread out before us,—a veritable emerald gem of the ocean! Another half hour, and then to the left we see beautiful Wood Island, and by and by on the near shore we can distinguish the U. S. Naval Radio Station and the buildings of the Kodiak Baptist Orphanage farther back among the trees. At the right we see the little town of Kodiak, and we are thrilled to think that in a few minutes we shall be on the wharf among the throng of people who have come to welcome us. If the population of Kodiak is 400, there must not be any but those who are bedfast that remain at home. Even the youngest citizens have come out in state, riding in their carriages. And dogs—Dogs—DOGS—a dog to a man it seems.

At last the lines are cast and the ship secured to her moorings. Our baggage is gathered up and we say farewell to the "Admiral Watson." On the dock we are

October 15, 1926

met by Superintendent Rickman and others workers from the orphanage who came over from Wood Island on the Mission launch to take us home. Mr. Rickman waits for the mail at the Post Office, for it would be a great disappointment to the Mission family if he came home without it. When mail is received only once a month as in Kodiak it becomes an important event. For the next twenty minutes then we are stowed away in the "Kabeo," the Mission boat, which takes us to our destination, the Kodiak Baptist Orphanage, which will be our home for a while.

Landing at the beach, we are met by a large group of boys and girls who welcome us home in song, and each one is eager to relieve us of our baggage as we walk the quarter of a mile distance from the beach to the Home. Here we are welcomed by other workers and then make haste to get ready for Sunday school, for little Simmy informs us that "the first bell just rang, and the last one rings in half an hour." We are prepared for it when it rings and together with the boys and girls who come marching from their respective cottages we go into the little white church where the services are held.

All join in the opening service of song, the happy children's voices blending with the older ones. "Who has a special song we shall sing?" the superintendent asks, and little three-year-old Stanley calls out, "Sing 'Praise Him, Praise Him,'" and he does not feel happy unless all the stanzas are sung, especially the "Thank Him" verse. This is his favorite song. Each night when the boys' housemother tucks him in his little bed this is his request, "Please, sing 'Praise Him' in the morning."

Following the opening service in Sunday school is a short sermon by Rev. Rickman, and then the various classes separate for the teaching of the lesson, some remaining in the church, and others meeting in the cottages. The noon-day bell calls the family together again at the church,—this time to dinner, for, since the destruction of the main building by fire in March, 1925, the church must be used for a kitchen and dining room as well as the regular services. At three o'clock in the afternoon the boys and girls meet again in their respective cottages for Junior Meeting, and later, as the weather is pleasant, each housemother takes her family for a walk through the woods where forget-me-nots, lillies of the valley, iris, wild roses, lupine, Alaska cotton, delicate and lacy ferns and a great profusion of many other wild flowers grow. A botanist discovered more than 400 varieties of plant life on Wood Island. And Simmy, who is also called the "Reporter," informs us that there are nine fresh-water lakes and one salt lake on the island, and "it's just fine to go swimming in them."

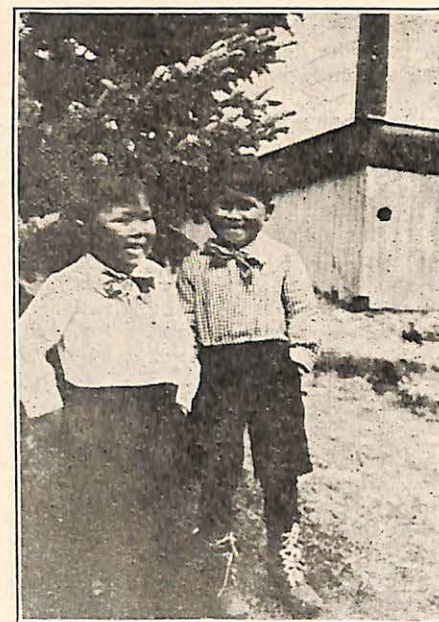
When we return home it is time for supper. Twenty-two boys and twenty-seven girls come filing into the dining room, "hungry as a bear," says Joseph, who brought the cows home from the other side of the island, so that they could be milked after supper. The meal

finished, the boys go out to milk, feed calves and pigs, while the girls wash the dishes, and by seven o'clock all are ready for the evening meeting, which usually is a story hour. One of the workers either reads or tells the story, at the conclusion of which the children return to their cottages, and by nine o'clock all are in their beds, until the rising bell calls them the next morning at six o'clock. It has been indeed a Perfect Day of physical and spiritual refreshment.

As the days come and go we notice the striking contrast between the children at the Mission and the natives round about. We see the clean, healthy looking children going about their daily duties, some in the gardens, helping to raise vegetables for the large Mission family; some taking care of the cattle which provide them with milk and butter and meat; others in the woodshed, sawing and chopping the necessary wood for fuel needed at each cottage, and within are still other groups, some washing, sweeping, scrubbing and helping with the cooking;—all of them learning the art of real home making under the guidance of the Christian workers. To show you the effect that the home life at the Mission has upon these native children let me give you a few examples:

The natives have little appreciation for matters of cleanliness. Soap is conspicuously absent in their cabins and even in their *banyas* or bath-houses. These are built of sod or driftwood, having a small door at one end and an opening in the roof for the smoke outlet. In one corner is a stove built of stones, and on the opposite end is a barrel of water. On bathing days they build a fire in this stove and heat it red-hot. Water is then poured over it to create a vapor in which the bather remains until he perspires freely. He then takes alder switches and beats himself until he is clean. Next he anoints himself with fragrant (?) whale or seal oil, and his ablution is completed. This is the kind of bathing that six-year-old Luka and his four-year-old brother Walodia Kashook had been accustomed to when they came to the Mission to live. The conditions in their home were so vile that we hesitated about admitting them to the Orphanage, but, as the parents were both taken to Kodiak jail we took the children in. It was winter at the time, but they were barefooted, and all they had on were the remains of some overalls and thin blouses which I had given them some time before. Neither of them could speak English, and I understood very little Aleut, the language used in their home, so I had to use the "sign language" for a while, which was not always expedient. The K. B. O. "Initiation Ceremonies" consist of a close haircut, after which the head is saturated with a germicide. The bathtub is then filled with water and a disinfectant solution added, into which the "applicants for admission" step and scrub themselves until their natural skin appears.

When these two boys were shown the bathtub—this happened before the fire when we still had one,—they at once commenced to scream at the top of their



Andrew and Walodia posing in their new Sunday suits which a church in the states sent them after the fire.

voices. All measures used to convince them that they would not be hurt, proved fruitless, and force had to be used to get them in. After a few minutes they became more calm, and finally stopped crying altogether. Walodia was covered with scabby sores which had to be dressed after his bath, and when they received their new clothes the smiles appeared on their faces and their fears of the wash-tub were forgotten. About six months later when they had learned to speak English, Luka explained why they had cried so the first time they saw the bathtub. They had never heard of one, much less seen one before, and to them it looked like a coffin in which they had seen Mission children placed and taken to the cemetery near the beach. Of course they were not ready to be buried, so they protested. Their attitude toward the bathtub is quite different now. When the main building, in which the boys lived, burned down, the erstwhile "coffin" was destroyed too. We then moved into a tiny cottage in which there are no bathing facilities outside of the ordinary washtubs, which call forth such expressions as these every time they must be used: "I wish we had a bathtub!" "When will we have a bathtub again?" "Please, tell the friends in the States to send me a bathtub for Christmas," this from Walodia who was so frightened at his first sight of one. The children learn to appreciate cleanliness and the effect it has upon health; and when they leave to make their own way in the world they carry these new ideals with them.

Anita, one of the older girls, has aspirations to become a teacher, but there were no possibilities for the Mission to educate her beyond the grammar grades, as there is no High School within 300 miles. Assisted by some of the Mission workers she studied at home for a year. Two years ago when the fall term of school opened the teacher of the lower grades could not come, and as there was

no one else available, Anita was offered the position, doing very creditable work with the children. The following spring one of the matrons went to the States and took her along to give her the opportunity she so much desired.

Stephen and James also were anxious to go to High School. Formerly some of the Indian schools in the States admitted Alaskan pupils, but to my application for the admission of these two boys the Commissioner of Indian Education replied that no more Alaskan pupils could be admitted, as Congress made no appropriations for them. When that door was closed we turned to the Sheldon Jackson School at Sitka, which is maintained by the Presbyterian Home Mission Society. The Superintendent replied that they would be glad to have us send the boys. It was the middle of September then, but we sent them so they could start school in October. The frequent reports of the instructor regarding their work and conduct made us very happy, and to my delight the steamer on which I returned to

the States took a cargo of coal at Seward for Sitka, so I was privileged to visit the school and the boys, who, although they enjoy their school work, are loyal to their old home on Wood Island. I am glad for the opportunity which these boys have, but at the same time I can not but feel sad that we as Baptists must ask other denominations to educate our children.

Musical Whistle for Milwaukee Locomotives

*"Casey pulled up that Reno hill
And tooted for the crossing with an awful shrill."*

The immortal Casey Jones, according to the famous song of a decade ago, has "gone to the Promised Land with his orders in his hand." And Mrs. Jones has "got another papa on the Salt Lake Line."

But the sudden and lamented departure of that brave engineer did nothing to abate a nuisance that has set millions

of sets of teeth on edge and caused the cold shivers to ripple up and down countless spinal columns.

Thousands of Casey Jones' compatriots have carried on where he left off and have been "tooting for the crossings with an awful shrill." The raucous shriek of train whistles has made night hideous for millions. Needless, it seems.

The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, after a series of tests, is installing on its engines a new chime whistle which, according to its designer, L. K. Silcox, is as "soft as the woodwinds of a symphony orchestra." It has a baritone mellowness that not even a saxophone can surpass, it is said.

The new musical whistle was first installed on engines pulling the "Southwest Limited," between Chicago and Kansas City. So many communications were received regarding it from passengers and on-line towns that its general use over the C. M. & St. P. system has been approved. Passenger officials of the railroad state that the new "bassoon whistle," while extremely soft and pleasing to the ear, carries fully as far as the rasping screech of the older type.

* * *

A young woman motorist stopped at a service station and asked for a quart of red oil.

"A quart of red oil, miss?" was the astonished question.

"Yes," she replied, "my tail light has gone out."—Sunset.

* * *

It is better to give our bit and be glad, than to withhold it and be bitter.



Berthold W. Krentz

William Schweitzer Walter O. Makowsky John L. Hartwick

Nine Out of Ten Men Won't Take the Safe Way

Statistics show that NINE out of TEN men who live to old age become either dependent or are poverty stricken. This tragedy falls across the end of the journey, not so much because there is no way to avoid it, as because of the lack of attention to prevent such a catastrophe.

At the time when the world seems chockful of sunshine and roses, when life runs easy and health gives vigor and there is a rose-colored tint to all our plans, it is pretty hard to ask a man to consider seriously the time of his life when the rain-drops may begin to patter from his roof. It is still harder to get that man to give attention to the "old man he has in his care."

THAT IS WHY YOUR INSURANCE ASSOCIATION ASKS YOU TO BE THE TENTH MAN—THAT FORESEES



Paul Zimbelmann

Our Old Age Benefit (Endowment) Certificates offer you a means of protecting your future by setting aside in small monthly payments part of your savings of your working years. There is a sense of mental comfort in knowing that your declining years are provided for; that if bad investment or ill health carries away all that you have laid by, you are still safe from the county poor farm or from being a burden on relatives. That in itself is worth the cost.

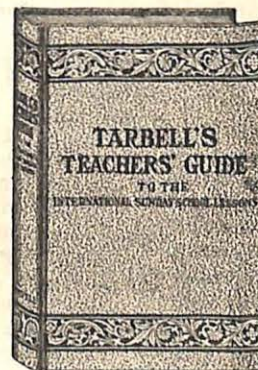
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