

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., FEBRUARY 1, 1926

Number Three



*Rev. A. P. Mihm,
General Secretary German Baptist Young People's and Sunday School Workers'
Union, Editor of the Baptist Herald*

What's Happening

Eighty-two Sunday schools with 2420 scholars are in connection with our German Baptist churches in Poland. A movement is on to promote this important work to a greater extent than ever before.

Rev. J. Luebeck of Springside, Sask., has accepted the call of the McDermott Ave. church, Winnipeg, Man., to succeed the Rev. J. Leyboldt. He begins his new charge February 1. Bro. Luebeck has been pastor of the Ebenezer, East and West churches since his arrival in Canada about two years ago. At one time he was pastor of the Baptist church in Lodz, Poland.

Baptist Work among the Mexicans by the Baptists of the Northern Baptist Convention is making progress. In 1918 there were Mexican missions in but two states, now in nine. Then there were but 250 members in the United States, now there are 2500. Then there were nine pastors, now there are thirty-five. In 1918 they gave but \$500 for self-support; now more than \$12,000. More than 500 are being baptized each year. Large numbers of these Mexican Baptists return to Mexico and continue to propagate the gospel.

The choir of the Okeene, Okla., church rendered a Christmas cantata on New Year's eve in connection with the watch-night service to a large and appreciative audience.

The Emery, S. D., church, Rev. S. Blum, pastor, reported 41 subscriptions secured for the "Baptist Herald" before Christmas. They hope to increase the list. A fine achievement! Some folks have been busy and we would say: "Well done!" We hope the list has grown since. Go to it, friends.

The Union church, Arnold, Pa., had a Sunday school institute on Jan. 11-12 in their midst under the auspices of the Pittsburgh Baptist Association. A question and answer period from 8-8.30 each evening was a feature. We are glad to present in this issue a view of the new church and the pastor, Rev. C. E. Cramer, as well as a picture of the members of this enterprising church grouped before their former meeting house.

Rev. W. H. Buening, pastor at Stafford, Kans., has resigned. He takes over the church at Ashley, N. D., succeeding Rev. F. Dobrovolsky. Bro. Buening begins work with his new charge in April.

The Executive Committee of the Young People's and Sunday School Workers' Union of the Southwestern Conference met at Hillsboro, Kans., on Dec. 29 to plan for work in the Conference and to make arrangements for the next Conference meeting in August, probably with the Dillon, Kans., church. The Executive Committee is composed of Rev. Chas. Wagner, Charlie Zoschke, Miss Esther Kaufman of Hillsboro, Miss Anna Seifert

of Marion, Kans., and Mr. Brueckmann of Kansas City.

Rev. Geo. W. Pust of Dillon, Kans., was agreeably surprised by his good people on Christmas when he was presented with an envelope containing a check for a very substantial sum. Bro. Pust held protracted meetings in January, conducting them himself.

The Young People's and Sunday School Workers' Union of the Atlantic Conference will meet in Philadelphia May 14-16. The Young People's Institute of the Atlantic Conference is to be held this summer in Stony Brook, L. I., in the third week of August.

The Christmas offering of the New Britain, Conn., Sunday school amounted to \$100. It was devoted to our denominational Missionary and Benevolent work.

The Vice-President of our National Union, John G. Luebeck of New Britain, Conn., accompanied by Walter Marklein of Brooklyn, N. Y., planned to visit our society in Boston the end of January. In February they expect to visit Baltimore, Wilmington and some of the New Jersey churches. This is good promotional work.

New Year's Day in Hoboken, N. J.

For the last few years, New Year's Day has been the outstanding event in the life of the young people of our church. We meet about 5.30 P. M., tables are set and decorated with holly, evergreen and red candles; a light luncheon is served consisting of sandwiches, coffee, cake, fruit and candy. Naturally a great deal of merriment goes on during the luncheon. An offering after the luncheon takes care of the expense. A hymn sing follows, when we sing many of our favored hymns. Then follows the roll call. Those present answer with a suitable Bible verse, resolution or poem, and those of us who are talented with a musical selection.

Bro. Earl Traver, president of the New York Union, was in our midst and brought us an inspiring message on "The Four Dimensions," namely, Length and Breadth and Depth and Height." Miss Hilda Becker also was a most welcome guest, she sang for us that wonderful hymn of trust so appropriate for New Year, "My Father Watches Over Me." Our pastor followed with the reading of that lovely and touching story of Van Dyke, "The Keeper of the Light." We hope that all young people will read this story and like it as much as we do.

It only took a few minutes to clear the tables and wash the dishes. That finished we engaged in some of the finest games and stunts we ever had. Thanks to the untiring efforts of our pastor, our meetings are always interesting and usually have a little surprise

in store for us, but this New Year's Party was the best meeting we ever had. Our bulletins which our pastor issues are sent by mail several days before each meeting and are always awaited with great interest.

We love our pastor and to show how much we really do was revealed at the end of the finest Christmas Festival we ever had on the last Sunday night of the old year. Bro. Wm. Graafmeyer, president of the trustees, presented to our pastor, Rev. William L. Schoeffel, and his good wife a check for \$125. It was a complete and unexpected surprise for our pastor, who was almost overcome with joy, not to mention the joy that was in the hearts of his faithful and loyal flock. In this New Year we pray for God's richest blessings, loyalty to our Master and joy in his service, for our officers, members and readers of our "Herald" and especially for our General Secretaries.

MARIE ANDERSON, Sec.

World-Wide Fame of Lincoln

Bishop Fred B. Fisher, after a recent visit to Lincoln's grave at Springfield, remarked of him: "I doubt whether any historical character is as well known over the entire world as Abraham Lincoln. Wherever I have gone in the Orient I have seen pictures of Lincoln. In India, Burma, Siam, and every land in the East, Abraham Lincoln is the one American whose name is universally known and honored. I have gone into mud huts in the jungles, where the inhabitants are uncivilized and unable to speak a word of English, and seen Lincoln's picture hanging on the wall in mute testimony of the reverence in which he is held. I believe Lincoln's name is better known in India than that of any other American or Englishman."

The Baptist Herald

Published semi-monthly by the
GERMAN BAPTIST PUBLICATION SOCIETY
3804 Payne Avenue Cleveland, Ohio

Rev. A. P. Mihm, Editor

Contributing Editors:

Albert Bretschneider
O. E. Krueger

A. A. Schade
G. W. Pust

"The Baptist Herald" is a denominational periodical devoted to the interests of the German Baptist Young People's and Sunday School Workers' Union at the subscription price of \$1.25 a year.

(24 cents additional to foreign countries)

Advertising rates, 60 cents per inch single column, 2 1/4 inches wide.

All editorial correspondence is to be addressed to Rev. A. P. Mihm, 7346 Madison St., Forest Park, Ill.

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

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

The Baptist Herald

The Wonder of Personality

AN old riddle dating from mediaeval times asks the question, What is the greatest miracle of the creator? and answers, That he has created myriads of people, no two of whom are alike.

Botanists assure us that not even two blades of grass are perfectly alike. Scientists who have studied thousands of snowflakes under the microscope, tell us each one is different in form and publish beautiful enlarged photographs to prove it. If there is so much variety and peculiarity in nature, much more is this true of man. No two human faces are perfectly alike, even among twins.

Out of this difference there arises individuality. Closely connected herewith and resting upon it is the fact of personality. In personality is to be found the specific difference between man and the animal creation. Because man is the image and after the likeness of God, he is personality. The soul of man becomes personality in the full sense of the word when it reaches self-consciousness and attains self-determination. Personality is the imprint which the creator has given to the individual and which the individual has developed by use or abuse of the peculiar talents entrusted to him either for good or for evil.

Personality therefore is that which represents man in his peculiarity, that which belongs to him alone, that which represents his own self, that which he has made of himself through the opportunities of life and which differentiates him from others.

Personality in the moral sense is character. Character is the true man. What a man is more than what he says or does is the standard of his worth and power. The personality of a man more than his preaching or practice assigns to him his place as a moral power among his fellowmen. Our real problems are personal ones. The personal is the one thing that interests. In all spheres of thought and achievement science, art, religion, the thing upon which everything turns, the question of questions, is personality. The greatest power in the world is the power of personality.

Personality as a Power for Good

AS we measure the power of personality, it dawns upon us how important it is to possess such a personality that exerts a continual influence for good.

But to do good we must be good. To inspire others to see the beauty of holiness, we ourselves must steadily follow after it. If we would form character in others, we must reveal it in ourselves. If we would work efficiently and successfully for Christ, we must become one with him.

Truth finds its best expression through personality. Truth is best transmitted by personal contact. Truth has her strongest exponent not in books but in personalities that have absorbed her principles and incarnated them. Phillips Brooks once gave a great definition of preaching: "Truth through personality." Abstract truth can never save the world or even one soul. Truth is only mighty when it is clothed in flesh and blood and finds expression in self-sacrifice. Spiritual truth is never effective apart from human will and example in human conduct. Abstract principles do not touch us in the deeper regions of our soul unless they have been translated into some life.

In that wonderful address that Stephen made before the Jewish Sanhedrin, he asserted that the revelation of God to man was through human personality. The Jews talked about things; Stephen talked about persons. The Jews talked about Jerusalem and Mt. Sinai; Stephen talked about man. God appeared to Abraham. He was with Joseph. Before there was any tabernacle he appeared to Moses. In the days of Solomon he did not confine himself to any temple made with hands; and so at the end of the revelation, God revealed himself not in the temple but in the person and life of Jesus of Nazareth. When the fulness of time came, when God put his redemptive thoughts into execution, he used a personality for this highest of all missions. The Word became flesh and dwelt among us. The redemption of the world according to the plan of God is taking place through personalities, through Jesus Christ and by the agency of Christ, through you and me. "Like as the Father hath sent me, so I send you."

The Personal Element and Organization

WE are living in a time of multiplying organizations. We would not underestimate them. We think many people have not yet come to a worthy estimation of the value and power of organized effort. Yet in this time of increasing organization we must not make the mistake of underestimating the necessity of personal effort. Personal labor, personal interest, personal achievement is more needed than ever before.

In the business world of today we see great and successful corporations operating. Here the personal element seems to be eliminated. Yet a closer view shows the truth of the saying: "Every great institution is the lengthened shadow of some great personality." You can't think of Standard Oil without Rockefeller; of U. S. Steel without Carnegie and Gary; of Railroads without Vanderbilt and Harriman and Hill; of the Packing Industry

without Armour or Swift; of Banking without Morgan, or Baker, or Dillon. The history of the world at bottom is the history of its great men and women who have achieved.

In the work of the kingdom of God the personal element must be kept to the front. Organization will only be effectual and beneficial as far as there is personal interest. We may lay out beautiful and practical plans but they are useless if there is no forceful personality around who will carry them out. Methods are good but there must be powerful, pushing, plodding, persevering personalities behind them. Personal interest and personal work is the very soul of our organizations. If we have this in an increasing measure in our Sunday schools and young people's societies, they will be live and active and productive for God.

When the son of the Shunamite needed awakening from the dead, it could not be done by proxy. Gehazi with the prophet's staff could not raise the lad. Elisha must himself come and lay over the lad, mouth upon mouth, eyes upon eyes, hands upon hands, and then the lad opened his eyes. (2 Kings 4:31-37.) We must get in close touch with others. Where there is a bond of sympathy established there will soon be an awakening. We see it in the life of our Lord. He lived in touch with the people. He actually shared our life. It is the wonderful spotless yet sympathetic personality of Christ which justifies his call to man to come to him for life and to follow his example.

Editorial Jottings

THE TEACHER who embodies an ideal is best fitted to inculcate it.

NO ONE CAN argue away the glory of a sunset or the solemn splendor of a mountain. It is just as futile attempt to argue away the fact of transformed life.

RADICALS LIKE the prophets, Paul and Luther and Roger Williams make men uncomfortable while they are around. Later generations praise them from a safe distance, for they are responsible for the great advances of our race.

BRO. ZUMMACH'S article on "Church Tramps" was not written, he wishes to say, with any reference to conditions in his own church. He is dealing with conditions as he knows them to be in many churches. A writer in one of our leading journals agrees with Bro. Zummach in saying: "The religious tramp is a phenomenon of a serious nature for the churches. He travels around to the 'special services' which one church after another serves up to secure a crowd. The cure for church tramps is a serious attitude on the part of the church. When the church makes its appeal to truth-seekers and not to the sensation-seekers it will be a stronger church."

Church Tramps

CHAS. F. ZUMMACH

CHURCH tramps, or church tramping is the most insidious evil that can infect any church. There are a great many varieties of tramps in the world. Some have been unfortunate and the victims of circumstances, others are the victims of economic conditions over which they have no control. But the great majority are just plain lazy, shiftless parasites, who have lost all ambition and all inclination to work. To my mind the worst kind of tramp is the habitual church tramp, the man or woman, who Sunday after Sunday sponges on the churches of his community without affiliating himself with any one of them, or sharing in their common burden or responsibility. But I am not referring to them, but rather to the church member who, instead of attending the services at his own church, like a stray sheep runs from place to place, seeking pastures more green than his own.

Many such church tramps are merely thoughtless. They never give a thought to the consequences their acts may have. It is a simple matter to stamp out any disease when there are only a few isolated cases. After it has reached the epidemic stage the best authorities are helpless. Now like diseases, certain conditions in a church may become epidemic. Church tramping is one of them. Often the person responsible for the spread of a contagious disease is unconscious of it. Many people are apparently healthy, walking around, yet spreading typhoid or some other deadly disease, blissfully ignorant of the sorrow, suffering and desolation they are spreading. Some church members may be responsible for serious consequences in their church, without being aware of it. If you belong to that class, may God open your eyes so that you may repent and be converted.

Others are careless. They are selfish. They are like the class of people who break their quarantine, regardless of the terrible consequences this may have upon the community. They would not put any restrictions upon themselves for the sake of others; their selfishness rules supreme. Of all the variety of church tramps, this species is the most contemptible. He is not alone shirking his own responsibility, but compelling others to shoulder his burden besides their own.

Others are merely fastidious, squemish, prudish. They have abnormal, perverted tastes, that must be satisfied or catered to. They think it is "smart" to be seen consecutively in different churches. No doubt this conditions exists chiefly in city churches, yet I know enough of many country churches to know that even there similar conditions exist, which need to be guarded against.

Think of the unfairness of it! It is unfair to your own church. The strength of any church lies in its membership. The attendance of the members at the church services is a pretty fair index

as to the strength of that church. We put our own church in a bad light by absenting ourselves from the regular services. We are telling the world in deed, if not in words, that the services in our own church are not worth attending. Now, every church has invested a considerable amount of money in its church plant. The only return you or they will ever get from that investment will be your use of it. Unless you make ample use of your church that money is wasted.

It is unfair to the rest of the members. They have a right to expect your presence and co-operation in the service. On the other hand, they have just as much right to tramp around to other churches as you have. If a player on a team absents himself from the game to the detriment of his home team, he is treated with contempt. Is it fair to the rest of the members and the choir leader if they come to church and find the majority of the choir have gone somewhere else? Ask yourself: "Am I playing the game fair?"

It is unfair to the stranger who comes to your church. He has come because he believes the members of your church are interested in him. He may have come to hear the choir music, or for the sake of the congregational singing, rather than to hear the preacher speak. He may have come to enjoy your fellowship and to meet and greet you. So he comes and finds to his disappointment that you are not interested enough in your own church to be present at the service. Did you ever stop to think what you owed to the stranger? We ought to work to bring others into our church instead of going elsewhere to swell their crowd. But what shall we say of the Christian who attends the moving picture shows on Sunday evening instead of his own church? Who helps to swell the crowds at the "devil's church" instead of the living church of Christ? We are not so narrow as to condemn every form of amusement or recreation, but the so-called Christian who so debases him- or herself on Sunday has forfeited every claim to the name of a true Christian.

It is unfair to your pastor. This is put last, so as not to seem putting undue emphasis upon it, since I am a pastor myself. Your pastor is there because you called him. He came because he believed he could render you some service and impart some of his understanding of spiritual things. Naturally you expect him to be on the job every Sunday. You demand that he come prepared to give you a real message. He has faithfully performed his task, but finds that on Sunday you are not there to hear it. If I failed to show up for my meals time after time, my wife would soon cease cooking for me and perhaps look for some one else who would appreciate her cooking more than I did. Of course we all enjoy a meal elsewhere with our friends, but that must be the exception rather than the rule. There are special occasions when one may be justified in going to another church, but that too must be the exception rather than the rule. If I continually went elsewhere for my meals, it would not take the neighbors long to

find out that there was something wrong. So absenting yourself from the services at your own church, causes others to draw the conclusion there is something wrong, either with you or with the church.

Look at the evil effects of church tramping. First upon the member himself. You are robbing yourself of the most important contribution that religion makes to our lives, association with our fellow Christians. Nothing contributes so much to the family life as the common meal, and no one is so able to minister to the physical need as a good mother cook. The best nurtured animal in any flock is the steady feeder, not the one that runs from crib to crib. The most substantial Christians in any community are not those tramping from church to church, but those who from Sunday to Sunday get their spiritual nourishment in their home church.

Then there is the evil influence upon others. It reflects upon the integrity of your own church and so gives rise to suspicion and rumors that all is not well in your own church. As the church is not there to defend itself, it gets the blame. You thereby undermine the confidence of others in your church and the influence of your church in the community. But the evil does not even stop there. Just as one jumping sheep will soon spoil the whole flock, so one tramping member will soon infect the whole body of the church. If you have a right to absent yourself, why not others? By doing this you rob the church of its working capital. If you rob a tradesman of his tools, you make it impossible for him to earn a living. If you rob a church of its working members you sign her death warrant.

Some of our young people as well as the older folks, need a new sense of loyalty to their own church. No one likes to be called a traitor. In times of war treason is a crime punishable by death. But the church is never at peace; she is ever waging war against sin. Therefore to go back on your church is treason of the worst kind. Oh, but you say: "I have friends in other churches, I feel I should go with them." Exactly! And by so doing you admit that your friends have a greater sense of loyalty to their church and more backbone than you have. They would not sacrifice their church for you, but you think nothing of it. I would hate to think that the young people of my church had less backbone and loyalty than the members of other churches in the community.

We also need a new conception of religion. Religion as Jesus preached it spells SERVICE. The pool that only receives grows stagnant and its waters brackish. The church tramp interested only in what he can receive, with no outflow in his life becomes likewise. The word "sacrifice" has no meaning for him. Make no mistake, you cannot serve God except by serving your fellowmen in some capacity, and the best way to worship God is by taking some active part in the service of your own church. Try it and you will be surprised at the result.

For Bible Study

The Minor Prophets—Joel

A. P. MIHM

The book of Joel (Jehovah is God) is entitled "The word of Jehovah that came to Joel the son of Pethuel." We know nothing of Joel beyond this statement. His reference to the temple and its sacrifices lead us to guess that he belonged to Judah.

The question of the date of Joel is one of great difference among Bible scholars. Some place him in the period after the Babylonian exile. We agree more with those who hold to an early date and believe that Joel belongs to the time of Joash, king of Judah. (799-748 B. C.) The position of the book, ranking second among the twelve minor prophets, supports the theory of its early origin and reflects an ancient opinion that Joel was one of the earlier prophets, approximately of the same date as Hosea and Amos.

Some Characteristics

Joel evidently was a cultured man as he writes in a polished style. If there is any writing in the Old Testament which, more than another, has the air of freshness and spontaneity, of "antique vigor and imperativeness" (Ewald) it is just this little book of Joel. The German scholar Riehm declares—and there was no better judge of Hebrew style—that "the book of Joel is among the most perfect prophetic writings. Its language is copious, pictorial, its rhythm and parallelism regular." Joel is as much as Amos, the prophet-preacher; his periods move with the swing and glow of the popular orator and his pen has learnt its style from a practical tongue.

The absence of any reference to the kings and nobles is a feature of this book. He is priestly in his sympathies. The ritual appeals strongly to Joel. He dreads that through famine the daily offering in the temple might cease. (1:9, 13; 2:14, 17.)

While Joel values the cult, he is no mere ritualist. His general attitude is inward and spiritual. He was no believer in a hypocrisy which would combine iniquity with solemn assemblies. His "Render your heart and not your garments" (2:13) has become a classic protest against sin.

The Occasion of the Prophecy

The special occasion of the prophecy, says B. C. Taylor, was the severe devastation of the land by locusts as a punishment for the sin of turning away from Jehovah. Joel's mind, resembling that of Nahum's, is full of the images of battles. He describes the coming of the locust plague in chap. 2 under the figure of an invading army. The warning that a worse calamity would come unless the people repented was heeded. Then the calamity and the blessings

promised suggest the more terrible day of Jehovah and greater spiritual blessings. The great judgment of the nations is described in ch. 3:9-17 with vivid realism under the image of an unsuccessful siege of Jerusalem.

The Division of the Book

The book consists of two main discourses:

1. *The Summons to Repentance.* Chs. 1:2-2:17. The work of Joel was to induce people to repent. He summons them to repentance in view of the approaching "day of the Lord" of which the plague of locusts now devastating the land is a sign, foretaste and type. Note the three successive calls, the second and third commencing with the words, "Blow ye the trumpet in Zion" (2:1, 15). Note also the prayer the priests should use, 2:17. Ch. 2:18 is the historical link between the two addresses and the turning point of the prophecy. "Then was Jehovah jealous for his land and had pity on his people." (Rev. Ver.)

2. *The Assurance of Mercy for Jehovah's people.* Chs. 2:18-3:21. These were to be realized in temporal blessings, in the restored prosperity of the land (2:19-32); in the universal outpouring of the Spirit of God (2:28-32); and in the coming of the day of the Lord as a day of vengeance and destruction of Israel's heathen enemies. (Ch. 3.) The conclusion is: "And Jehovah dwelleth in Zion" (3:21).

Joel's Two Main Themes

The two main prophetic themes of Joel are The Day of the Lord and The Promise of the Spirit.

"The day—the day of the Lord—that day" rings through the whole of this book like the tolling of some great bell that warns the hour of doom. Joel looked around and saw the results of the locust plague. He looked ahead and saw the results of the locust plague. He looked ahead and saw the new judgment coming to his people. Then climbing a yet higher height he saw the things of the far distances. In each case, he recognized the activity of Jehovah and spoke of the "Day of the Lord." To him that day had always come and was always coming, says Campbell Morgan. The locust plague was the day of the Lord. The swift judgment coming upon his people would be the day of the Lord. The far distant vision was also that of the day of the Lord.

This note, which Joel is the first to strike in Scripture, as Findlay remarks, resounds through all subsequent revelation; in Amos, Isaiah, Zephaniah, Ezekiel, Zechariah and Malachi we shall hear it loudly again. Then New Testament prophecy takes up the strain, which reaches its finale in the awful voices and thunderings described in the book of Revelation.

The idea of a last conclusive battle between Israel and the united heathen

forces (3:12-14) reappears again and again in the prophecy concerning the final things. It is reproduced in John's field of Armageddon. (Rev. 16:16; 19:11-21; 20:7-10.) Here in Joel we find the beginning of the conception of a decisive duel between the powers of good and evil, the kingdom of God and Satan in this world which is to close the course of history. The final day of the Lord may be postponed but it is absolutely certain. That will be the day of his established victory.

The outpouring of the Spirit. Before the great and terrible day of Jehovah comes, Joel foresees an outpouring of the Spirit upon all flesh. This was most remarkable for a Hebrew prophet, because it foretold the outpouring of the Spirit upon all flesh (2:28, 29), not merely upon Israel, not only on the elect but upon all flesh; not merely upon the favored few, kings, princes, priests and rulers, but also upon bondservants.

The Christian fulfillment of this prophecy began with the day of Pentecost, when Peter quoted this prophecy with marvelous aptness and effect. (Acts 2:17-21.) We are living in the midst of the age of the outpoured Spirit.

Concluding Remarks

Joel taught the lessons that lie at the basis of all moral and religious teaching,—the certain reward of the righteous, the certain punishment of the wicked. Such lessons are eternally true. "They show," says Canon Farrar, "the hand of God laid amid the crushing wheelwork of history." The age was forgetting God and Joel stood in the midst of the devastation caused by the locust plague and declared it to be a direct act of God in judgment. Such judgments are for the purpose of teaching. (See 1 Cor. 10:11.)

The book of Joel makes us conscious of God on the throne and ever active in government. It insists on the presence and the activity of God.

Joel illustrates the fact of divine grace. (Ch. 2:12-14.) God will change his mind concerning judgment when men rend their hearts and not their garments and turn back to him. Note "even now" (2:12). There is always an "even now" in the true gospel. Our business is to urge men to call on the name of the Lord in the day of grace and thus be saved from the judgment of his immediate, his imminent and his final day.

There is no more beautiful contrast in Scripture, says Hutton, than that between the terror and consternation with which Joel begins and the peace and triumph with which he ends. The little book passes from the city of Destruction to the Celestial City.

A constructive critic is he who says, "You are wrong, but I will help you to get right."

The Sunday School

Saturated and Enthusiastic

Here are two words for the Sunday school teacher. They both describe him as he ought to be when he steps before his class on Sunday.

1. His brain and heart ought to be saturated with the Bible verses of the lesson. Whether he has studied the lesson helps or not, those Bible verses ought to be burning like a fire in his soul. Over and over and over he should read them and ponder them. But he should do more. He should read the entire chapter in which they are found, and the surrounding chapters, and get the entire setting. He must know those verses so well that he knows every word in them. He should live much in the verses during the week.

Some teachers do not read even once the lesson text, but merely the comments upon it. Let him read the lesson helps, but the Bible verses are his chief battle ground.

The teacher should see the passage as a whole. There should be one supreme message lighting up the entire passage with each verse contributing its own beam.

What a noble ambition it is for a teacher to determine upon a course of Bible study running through the years, one that will saturate his soul, more and more, with the Bible as a whole. Happy those students who, Sunday by Sunday, sit under a teacher whose soul is bathed in Scripture, who knows it in both the Old Testament and its New Testament portions, who is at home in the Psalms, or the Prophets, or the Gospels, or the Epistles.

I would suggest that the teacher plan a course of Bible reading and study, and that he build his reading around his Sunday school lessons. If the lessons, for a while, are to be in a single book of the Bible, then let him set forth to master that book. Let him breathe its atmosphere, and catch its spirit. Let him dig to the roots of it and climb towards the height of it. Let him read the book rapidly multitudes of times, and then begin to converge his studies upon the lesson portions themselves.

If the lessons are selected from different books, even then the more widely and deeply he can study the chapters surrounding the lesson portions, the richer will be his appreciation of the lessons.

2. His soul must be enthusiastic over the lesson. Yes, his soul must catch fire from the lesson. He must be so aglow with the beauty and wonder of it that he will be impatient for the hour to arrive and he will go with a bound to his class.

Alas for the teacher who has not discovered the wonder and marvel of the Bible. If he has not entered the precincts of the book with the feelings of one who is to tread the courts of the glorious temple; if he has not felt the

throb of the divine enginery of that mighty structure of Holy Writ; if he has not experienced the thrill of the divine presence in all its domain; if he has not gazed spell-bound upon its paintings and not felt the throb of the divine enginery of praise, and felt the fascination of its stories; yea, if he has not watched the heavenly drama as it is enacted on the vast stage of the Scriptures, then he has an undreamed-of privilege awaiting him. The Sunday school teacher must discover beauties and charms in the lesson during the week which set his soul aglow and make him eager to show them to his pupils. After all, the greatest contribution he can make to his pupils is the contagion of his own love and enthusiasm for the Bible.—Convention Teacher.

An Interesting Contest for Sunday School Use

The interest of growing children is oftentimes hard to hold. Sunday school teachers are frequently inclined to think that the interest of growing children, along Biblical lines, is impossible to hold! Very unfortunate, this. And very easily remedied if the teacher will only remember that the youngsters need variety, and only too soon rebel at hum-drum methods of teaching.

The following Bible review has been successfully used:

What maiden worked in the fields of wheat,
And her future husband there did meet?
Ruth.

To what great king did it come to pass
That he crawled in the fields and lived
on grass?
Nebuchadnezzar.

What Bible hero won renown
By pushing the temple pillars down?
Samson.

When Israel was a captive band
Who led them out of Egypt's land?
Moses.

Who brought a great man to despair
By cutting off his locks of hair?
Delilah.

Who was the great king, known by all,
Who saw handwriting on the wall?
Belshazzar.

Who won a place on history's page,
Because of his most wondrous age?
Methuselah.

Give me the name of a man of note
Who was known to have owned a fancy
coat?
Joseph.

Who had numerous troubles and toils,
And ended up with siege of boils?
Job.

Who was about to kill his son
When an angel came ere the deed was
done?
Abraham.

What boy had dreams that he told to
others
And was sold as a slave by his older
brothers?
Joseph.

What was the name of the man whose
wife
Through curiosity lost her life? Lot.
What man for a wife served seven years,
And when all the years were done,
Found that instead of the wife he
wished,
He'd married another one?
Jacob.

Of what noted couple is it told
That they had no son till they both
were old?
Zacharias and Elizabeth.

When an army once grew too defiant,
Who threw a rock and killed a giant?
David.

Who was the man with many a wife
Who was known for his wisdom all his
life?
Solomon.

Who was the man who commanded the
sun
And the moon to stop till a battle was
won?
Joshua.

What man, the son of a noted mother,
Grew angry and jealous and killed his
brother?
Cain.

What great king, when weary and sad,
Wanted sweet music to make him glad?
Saul.

Who was found in a boat in the water,
And raised to manhood by a great king's
daughter?
Moses.

Who was known above other men
For having stayed in a lion's den?
Daniel.

—Junior Teacher's Quarterly.

Seven Laws of Teaching

1. *The Law of the Teacher.* "The teacher must know that which he would teach."

2. *The Law of the Learner.* "The learner must attend with interest to the material to be learned."

3. *The Law of the Language.* "The language used in teaching must be common to the teacher and the learner."

4. *The Law of the Lesson.* "The truth to be taught must be learned through the truth already known."

5. *The Law of the Teaching Process.* "Excite and direct the self-activities of the pupil, and, as a rule, tell him nothing that he can learn himself."

6. *The Law of the Learning Process.* "The pupil must reproduce in his own mind the truth to be learned."

7. *The Law of Review and Application.* "The completion test and confirmation of the work of teaching must be made by review and application."—Gregory.

The highest ideals for life are set forth in the Bible.

Character is not brought down from the sky, but is wrought out of everyday experiences.

The Enchanted Barn

Grace Livingston Hill

Copyright, 1917, by The Golden Rule Company — Copyright, 1918, by J. B. Lippencott Company

(Continuation)

CHAPTER XIX

Since the pastor from the village had called upon them, the young people of the stone barn had been identified with the little white church in the valley. Shirley had taken a class of boys in Sunday school and was playing the organ, as George had once predicted. Carol was helping the primary teacher, George was assistant librarian and secretary, Harley was in Shirley's class, and Doris was one of the primaries.

Shirley had at once identified herself with the struggling little Christian Endeavor society and was putting new life into it, with her enthusiasm, her new ideas about getting hold of the young people of the community, and her wonderful knack of getting the silent ones to take part in the meetings. She had suggested new committees, had invited the music committee to meet at her home some evening to plan out special music, and to co-operate with the social committee in planning for music at the socials. She always carried a few appropriate clippings or neatly written verses or other quotations to meeting to slip into the hands of some who had not prepared to speak, and she saw to it that her brothers and sisters were always ready to say something. Withal, she did her part so unobtrusively that none of the old members could think she was trying to usurp power or make herself prominent. She became a quiet power behind the powers, to whom the president and all the other officers came for advice, and who seemed always ready to help in any work, or to find a way out of any difficulty. Christian Endeavor in the little white church at once took great strides after the advent of the Hollisters, and even the idlers on the street corners were moved with curiosity to drop into the twilight service of the young people and see what went on, and why everybody seemed so interested. But the secret of it all, Shirley thought, was the little five-minute prayer service that the prayer-meeting committee held in the tiny primary room just before the regular meeting. Shirley as chairman of the prayer-meeting committee had started this little meeting, and she always came into the larger room with an exalted look upon her face and a feeling of strength in her heart from the brief speaking with her Master.

Shirley was somewhat aghast the next Sabbath to have Sidney Graham arrive and ask her to take a ride with him.

"Why, I was just going to church," she said, half hesitating, and then smiling bravely up at him; "besides, I have a Sunday school class. I couldn't very well leave them, you know."

He looked at her for a moment thoughtfully, trying to bridge in his

thoughts the difference between them. Then he said quite humbly, "Will you take me with you?"

"To church?" she asked, and there was a glad ring in her voice. Would he really go to church with her?

"Yes, and to Sunday school if I may. I haven't been to Sunday school in years. I'd like to go if you'll only let me."

Her cheeks grew rosy. She had a quick mental picture of putting him in Deacon Pettigrew's Bible class.

"I'm afraid there isn't any class you would enjoy," she began with a troubled look. "It's only a little country church, you know. They don't have all the modern system, and very few teachers."

"I should like going into your class very much if I might."

"Oh, mine are just boys, just little boys like Harley!" said Shirley, aghast.

"I've been a little boy once, you know. I should enjoy it very much," said the applicant with satisfaction.

"Oh, but—I couldn't teach *you*!" There was dismay in her voice.

"Couldn't you, though? You've taught me more in the few months I've known you than I've learned in that many years from others. Try me. I'll be very good. I'll be a boy with the rest of them, and you can just forget I'm there and go ahead. I really am serious about it. I want to hear what you have to say to them."

"Oh, I couldn't teach with you there!" exclaimed Shirley, putting her hands on her cheeks and looking like a frightened little child. "Indeed I couldn't, really. I'm not much of a teacher. I'm only a beginner. I shouldn't know how to talk before any but children."

He watched her silently for a minute, his face grave with wistfulness.

"Why do you teach them?" he asked rather irrelevantly.

"Because—why, because I want to help them to live right lives; I want to teach them how to know God."

"Why?"

"So that they will be saved. Because it was Christ's command that his disciples should give the message. I am his disciple, so I have to tell the message."

"Was there any special stipulation as to whom that message should be given?" asked the young man thoughtfully. "Did he say you were just to give it to the boys?"

"Why, no; it was to be given to—all the world, every creature." Shirley spoke the words hesitatingly, a dimple beginning to show in her cheek as her eyelids drooped over her shy eyes.

"And don't I come in on that?" asked Graham, with a twinkle that reminded Shirley of his father.

Shirley had to laugh shamefacedly then.

"But I couldn't!" said Shirley. "I'd

THE BAPTIST HERALD

be so scared I couldn't think of a thing to say."

"You're not afraid of me, Miss Shirley? You wouldn't be scared if you thought I really needed to know the message, would you? Well, I really do, as much as any of those kids."

Shirley looked steadily into his earnest eyes and saw something there that steadied her nerve. The laughter died out of her own eyes, and a beautiful light of longing came into them.

"All right," she said; with a little lift of her chin as if girding up her strength to the task. "You may come, and I'll do the best I can, but I'm afraid it will be a poor best. I've only a little story to tell them this morning."

"Please give them just what you had intended. I want the real thing, just as a boy would get it from you. Will the rest of them come in the car with us?"

Shirley was very quiet during the ride to church. She let the rest do all the talking, and she sat looking off at the woods and praying for help, trying to calm the flutter of her frightened heart, trying to steady her nerves and brace herself to teach the lesson just as she had intended to teach it.

She watched him furtively during the opening exercises, the untrained singing, the monotonous prayer of an old farmer-elder, the dry platitudes of the illiterate superintendent; but he sat respectfully listening, taking it all for what it was worth, the best service these people knew how to render to their Master.

Somehow her heart had gained the strength she needed from the prayers she breathed continually, and when the time for teaching the lesson arrived she came to her class with quietness.

There was a little awe upon the boys because of the stranger in their midst. They did not fling the hymn-books down with the noisy thud, nor send the lesson leaves flying like winged darts across the room quite so much as they were wont to do. They looked askance at Harley, who sat proudly by the visitor, supplying him with Bibles, hymn-books, lesson leaves, and finding the place for him officiously. But Graham sat among the boys without ostentation, and made as little of his own presence as possible. He smiled at them now and then, put a handful of silver into the collection envelope when they would have passed him by, and promised a ride to one fellow who ventured to ask him hoarsely if that was his car outside the church.

Shirley had made up her mind to forget as far as she could the presence of the visitor in the class, and to this end fixed her eyes upon the worst little boy present, the boy who got up all the disturbances, and made all the noises, and was the most adorable, homely, sturdy young imp the Valley Church could produce. He sat straight across from her, while Graham was at the side, and she could see in Jack's eye that he meant mischief if he could overcome his awe of the stranger. So before Jack could possibly get started she began her story,

February 1, 1926

and told it straight to Jack, never taking her eyes from his face from start to finish, and before she was half-way through she had her little audience enthralled. It was a story of the Bible told in modern setting, and told straight to the heart of a boy who was the counterpart in his own soul of the man whom Christ cured and forgave. What Graham was thinking or looking Shirley did not know. She had literally forgotten his existence after the first few minutes. She had seen the gleam of interest in the eyes of the boy Jack; she knew that her message was going home to a convicted young soul, and that he saw himself and his own childish sins in the sinful life of the hero of her tale. Her whole soul was bent on making him see the Savior who could make that young life over. Not until the story was almost finished did any one of the listeners, unless perhaps Harley, who was used to such story-recital, have a suspicion that the story was just a plain, ordinary chapter out of the Bible. Then suddenly one of the elder boys broke forth: "Aw! Gee! That's just the man in the Bible let down through the roof!" There was a slight stir in the class at the discovery as it dawned upon them that the teacher had "put one over on them" again, but the interest for the most part was sustained breathlessly until the superintendent's bell rang, and the heads drew together in an absorbed group around her for the last few sentences, spoken in a lower tone because the general hum of teaching in the room had ceased.

Graham's face was very grave and thoughtful as she finished and slipped away from them to take her place at the little organ. One could see that it was not the teacher alone, but in her message as well, that he was interested. The boys all had that subdued, half-ashamed, half-defiant look that boys have when they have been caught looking serious. Each boy frowned and studied his toes, or hunted assiduously in his hymn-book to hide his confusion, and the class in various keys lifted up assertive young voices vigorously in the last hymn.

Graham sat beside Shirley in the little crowded church during the rather monotonous service. The regular pastor, who was a good, spiritual man if not a brilliant one, and gave his congregation solid, practical sermons, was on his vacation, and the pulpit was supplied by a young theologian who was so new to his work that his sermon was a rather involved effort. But so strong was the power of the Sunday school lesson to which he had just listened that Graham felt as if he were sitting in some hallowed atmosphere. He did not see the red-faced embarrassed young preacher, nor notice his struggle to bring forth his message bravely; he saw only the earnest-faced young teacher as she spoke the words of life to her boys; saw the young imp-faces of her boys softened and touched by the story she told; saw that she really believed and felt every word she spoke; and knew that there was something in it all that he wanted.

The seat was crowded and the day was warm, but the two who had looked over the same hymn-book did not notice it. The soft air came in from the open window beside them, breathing sweet clover and wild honey-suckle, and the meadow-larks sang their songs, and made it seem just like a little bit of heaven.

Shirley's muslin frills trembled against Graham's hand as she reached to catch a fluttering leaf of the hymn-book that the wind had caught; once her hand brushed the coatsleeve beside her as they turned the page, and she felt the soft texture of the fine dark blue goods with a pleasant sense of the beautiful and fitting. It thrilled her to think he was standing thus beside her in her own little church, yielding himself to the same worship with her in the little common country congregation. It was wonderful, beautiful! And to have come to her! She glanced shyly up at him, so handsome, standing there singing, his hand almost touching hers holding the book. He felt her glance and answered it with a look and smile, their eyes holding each other for just the fraction of a second in which some inner thought was interchanged, some question asked and answered by the invisible flash of heart-beats, a mutual joining in the spiritual service, and then half-frightened Shirley dropped her eyes to the page and the soft roses stole into her cheeks again. She felt as if she had seen something in his eyes and acknowledged it in her own, as if she had inadvertently shown him her heart in that glance, and that heart of hers was leaping and bounding with an uncontrollable joy, while her conscience sought by every effort to get it in control. What nonsense, it said, what utter folly, to make so much of his coming to church with her once! To allow her soul to get into such a flutter over a man who had no more idea of noticing her than he had for a bird on the tree.

And with all the tumult in her heart she did not even see the envious glances of the village maidens who stared and stared with all their might at the handsome man who came to church in an expensive car and brought the girl who lived in a barn! Shirley's social position went up several notches, and she never even knew it. In fact, she was becoming a great puzzle to the residents of Glenside.

It was good to know that for once the shabby collection-box of the little church was borne back to the altar laden with a goodly bill, put in with so little ostentation that one might have judged it but a penny, looking on, though even a penny would have made more noise in the unlined wooden box.

After the service was over Graham went out with the children, while Shirley lingered to play over an accompaniment for a girl who was going to sing at the vesper service that afternoon. He piled all the children in the back seat of the car, put the boy he had promised a ride in the seat beside him, took a spin around the streets, and was back in

front of the church by the time Shirley came out. Then that foolish heart of hers had to leap again at the thought that he had saved the front seat for her. The boy descended as if he had been caught up into heaven for a brief space, and would never forget it the rest of his life.

There was that same steady look of trust and understanding in Graham's eyes whenever he looked at her on the way home, and once while the children were talking in the back seat he leaned toward her and said in a low tone: "I wonder if you will let me take you away for a little while this afternoon to a quiet place I know where there is a beautiful view, and let us sit and talk. There are some things I want to ask you, about what you said this morning. I was very much interested in it all, and I'm deeply grateful that you let me go. Now, will you go with me? I'll bring you back in time for the Christian Endeavor service, and you see in the meantime I'm inviting myself to dinner. Do you think your mother will object?"

What was there for Shirley to do but accept this alluring invitation? She did not believe in going off on pleasure excursions on the Sabbath, but this request that she ride to a quiet place out-of-doors for a religious talk could not offend her strongest sense of what was right on the Sabbath day. And surely, if the Lord had a message for her to bear, she must bear it to whomsoever he sent. This, then, was this man's interest in her, that she had been able to make him think of God. A glad elation filled her heart, something deep and true stirred within her and lifted her above the thought of self, like a blessing from on high. To be asked to bring light to a soul like this one, this was honor indeed. This was an answer to her prayer of the morning, that she might fulfil God's pleasure with the lesson of the day. The message then had reached his soul. It was enough. She would think no more of self.

Yet whenever she looked at him and met that smile again she was thrilled with joy in spite of herself. At least there was a friendliness here beyond the common acquaintance, a something that was true, deep, lasting, even though worlds should separate them in the future; a something built on a deep understanding, sympathy and common interests. Well, so be it. She would rejoice that it had been given her to know one man of the world in this beautiful way; and her foolish little human heart should understand what a high, true thing this was that must not be misunderstood.

So she reasoned with herself, and watched him during the dinner, among the children, out in the yard among the flowers and animals, everywhere, he seemed so fine and splendid, so far above all other men that she had ever met. And her mother, watching, trembled for her when she saw her happy face.

"Do you think you ought to go with him, daughter?" she asked with troubled eyes, when they were left alone for a moment after dinner. "You know it is

the Sabbath, and you know his life is very different from ours."

"Mother, he wants to talk about the Sunday school lesson this morning," said Shirley shyly. "I guess he is troubled, perhaps, and wants me to help him. I guess he has never thought much about religious things."

"Well, daughter dear, be careful. Do all you can for him, of course, but remember, don't let your heart stray out of your keeping. He is very attractive, dear, and very unconventional for a wealthy man. I think he is true and wouldn't mean to trifle, but he wouldn't realize."

"I know, mother; don't you be afraid for me!" said Shirley with a lofty look, half of exultation, half of proud self-command.

He took her to a mossy place beside a little stream, where the light filtered down through the lacy leaves flecking the bank, and braided golden currents in the water; with green and purple hazy hills in the distance, and just enough seclusion for a talk without being too far away from the world.

"My little sister says that you people have a 'real' God," he said, when she was comfortably fixed with cushions from the car at her back against a tall tree-trunk. "She says you seem to realize his presence—I don't know just how to say it, but I'd like to know if this is so. I'd like to know what makes you different from other girls, and your home different from the homes I know. I'd like to know if I may have it too."

That was the beginning.

Shirley, shy as a bird at first, having never spoken on such subjects except to children, yet being well versed in the Scriptures, and feeling her faith with every atom of her being, drew out her little Bible that she had slipped into her pocket when they parted, and plunged into the great subject.

Never had preacher more earnest listener, or more lovely temple in which to preach. And if sometimes the young man's thoughts for a few moments strayed from the subject to rest his eyes in tenderness upon the lovely face of the young teacher, and long to draw her into his arms and claim her for his own, he might well have been forgiven. For Shirley was very fair, with the light of other worlds in her face, her eyes all sparkling with eagerness, her lips aglow with words that seemed to be given her for the occasion. She taught him simply, not trying to go into deep arguments, but urging the only way she knew, the way of taking Christ's promise on its face value, the way of being willing to do his will, trusting it to him to reveal himself, and the truth of the doctrine, and make the believer sure.

They talked until the sun sunk low, and the calling of the wood-birds warned them that the Endeavor hour was near. Before they left the place he asked her for the little Bible, and she laid it in his hand with joy that he wanted it, that she was chosen to give him a gift so precious.

"It is all marked up," she said apologetically. "I always mark the verses I love, or have had some special experience with."

"It will be that much more precious to me," he said gently, fingering the leaves reverently, and then he looked up and gave her one of those deep looks that seemed to say so much to her heart. And all at once she realized that she was on earth once more, and that his presence and his look were very precious to her. Her cheeks grew pink with the joy of it, and she looked down in confusion and could not answer, so she rose to her feet. But he, springing at once to help her up, kept her hand for just an instant with earnest pressure, and said in deeply moved tones: "You don't know what you have done for me this afternoon, my—friend!" He waited with her hand in his an instant as if he were going to say more, but had decided it were better not. The silence was so compelling that she looked up into his eyes, meeting his smile, and that said so many things her heart went into a tumult again and could not quite come to itself all through the Christian Endeavor service.

On the way home from the church he talked a little about her vacation: when it came, how long it lasted, what she would do with it. Just as they reached home, he said, "I hope you will pray for me, my friend!"

There was something wonderful in the way he said that word "friend." It thrilled her through and through as she stood beside the road and watched him speed away into the evening.

"My friend! I hope you will pray for me, my friend!" It sang a glory-song down in her heart as she turned to go in with the vivid glory of the sunset on her face.

(To be continued)

Christmas in Our St. Joseph Home

To the Friends of our Home:

Papa Steiger told us that on December 1, he sent out the annual letter to the churches and Sunday schools and to all of the friends of our Home. We are glad to say that many responded most heartily to those letters. We also are glad to remember the cash donations which we heard about, to brighten the Christmas of us children, and we are very thankful for the many and wonderful presents sent from Sunday schools and organized classes, such as playthings for the little ones and articles after the liking of us bigger ones and clothing, not to forget good things to eat, candy, nuts, chicken and all such good things we need and like.

The last two weeks were very busy days in our Home. We thought the postman and express man came oftener and left more than usual, but everything was stored away at once and we didn't see what was going on, so you understand we were full of anticipation of the things that were to happen. All this was a preparation for our Christ-

mas celebration. I am glad to let you know that we all had a wonderful Christmas.

On Christmas Day in the afternoon we all gathered in our big Sitting Room and heard the Christmas Story once more and sang and enjoyed a program consisting of dialogues and carols given by us children. The president of the board, Mr. Stock, who provides the stockings for us children throughout the year, was our honored guest.

We are now thirty-eight children and we didn't know if Santa Claus would remember all of us and if his sack would be big enough so that each of us would get something. Our little Evelyn was well prepared to sing a song for Santa if he should appear, but we had our doubts about our five little newcomers, but our doubts all vanished when lo and behold everyone of us got our full share with no exception and even more than we dared to expect.

I, as one of the children, thought it would be proper to give the above report in behalf of all of us children and to give an expression of our most hearty thanks to all our friends who so lovingly remembered us and contributed so that we may have a joyful Christmas Day.

ANNE PAQUET.

The Sunshine Class of Central Church, Erie

The Sunshine Class of the Central Baptist Church at Erie, Pa., has had numerous pleasant and instructive sessions during the past year. Judging from our name, your first impression may be a class of "little tots." Quite to the contrary, we have an enrollment of 25 girls, all over 19 years of age. We may still be "Sunbeams" though we are quite grown up.

Our class has been organized for some time, with Miss Bertha Baumgartner as president, capably presiding at our monthly meetings, and Mrs. R. R. Kubsch, as teacher, making our class sessions very interesting and instructive. The first Tuesday of each month we assemble at the home of one of our members for the class supper, followed by a social evening.

The average attendance throughout the year has been 14 scholars, our collections amounting to \$49.50. We found much pleasure in visiting the members who were ill, and cheered them by sending flowers.

One of the outstanding activities has been the Mothers' and Daughters' Banquet, held this month at the church. An appropriate musical program was presented after the banquet, then, gathering in a circle, each mother told of some interesting incident concerning the life of their daughters, and the daughters, in turn, related what had impressed them most in their relationship with Mother.

We are looking forward to the work for the coming year, during which we shall strive to do more for Him and for His Cause.

ALMA NETH, Secretary.

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

We have just paid the second installment of \$5,000 for the erection of a Mission House in Swatow, China. We quote the following letter from Missionary Speicher: "In our Mission our Christians have asked for larger administrative control, which we readily granted them, as we have been making provisions for this very thing, even before the anti-foreign movement set in. Hereafter the Chinese will do most of the directing of the work, and why not? It is God's approval upon our work. If we decrease and the spiritual church in China increase, what is that but Christ coming into his own again? Therefore we rejoice, and will rejoice."

It is a great blessing to look back and see what God has done in a single generation. About us are young men, college graduates, whose fathers and mothers I baptized when these men were babes. In due time these lads went to our Mission Schools at Kit Yang, then to college, then some went to America and got a better education than I was able to get. Today they are the leaders in Swatow. Why should I fear that my job is lost? It can never be lost; it is living in the lives of these young leaders. What of it, if I were to quit or to die tomorrow? The great work of the Kingdom would continue, and therein is my joy."

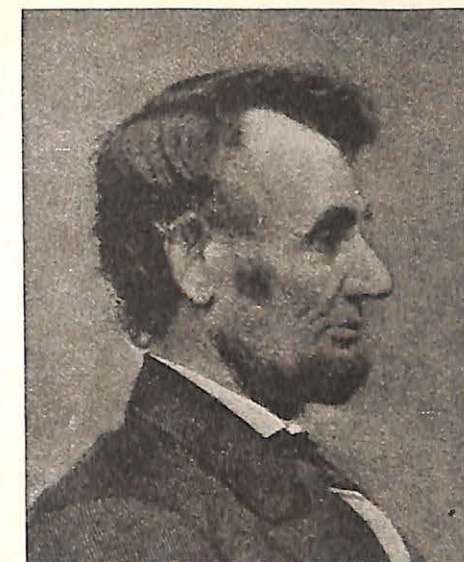
So-called "Junior Churches" are finding favor with us. Mr. and Mrs. Edward Hoek have achieved permanent success with a Junior Church in the Bethel church of Detroit. We understand that Mrs. Elmer Staub has organized another in the Ebenezer church, Detroit. Miss Ruth Doescher, missionary of the Fleischmann Memorial church, Philadelphia, writes: "Our Junior Church is certainly proving a success. We have an average attendance of seventy every Sunday morning. Bro. Charles Kuenne is sharing the work with me. We also have a large junior orchestra. At our watch-night service two days ago six were baptized."

Our church at Winnipeg is about to open a dormitory for Baptist girls who are temporarily staying in the city. After using the parsonage temporarily, they hope to rent a house for this specific purpose. Winnipeg being a congregating place for the outlying churches, offers special opportunities for such wide-reaching mission work.

Pastor George Ehrhorn reports ten baptisms at Parkersburg, Iowa. The pastor's brother, Rev. Julius Ehrhorn, assisted in special services.

Some of the Christmas offerings given by our churches and societies are reaching this office. We are encouraged to believe that many of our churches have responded and that the total of the Christmas offerings will reach a con-

siderable sum. Do not hold the Christmas offerings in your own treasuries, but forward them to the conference-treasurer.



Lincoln—Traits of Character

The rectitude and patience of the rocks. The gladness of the wind that shakes the corn.

The courage of the bird that dares the sea.

The justice of the rain that loves all leaves.

The pity of the snow that hides all scars. The loving kindness of the wayside well. The tolerance and equity of light.

—Edward Markham, Selected.

The Position of the Pastor

The pastor of the church is of course pastor of the Sunday school. As to his official relation to the school, Foster says: "The pastor is the chief officer of the Sunday school in the same way that the President of the United States is the commander-in-chief of the army. The President never takes command himself, but the commanding general, while paramount in the army, is nevertheless recognized as under the direction of the President."

And as to the relation of pastor and superintendent we quote from Hamill: "Though above the superintendent in authority as the general officer of the church, the pastor is rightly placed second in the executive management of the school.... He should not meddle with the superintendent's duties. His relation is official, not officious. The superintendent who does not honor his pastor as his superior officer, or the pastor who lords it over his superintendent, is unworthy the place he holds."—S. S. Builder.

How to Teach

Be simple.
Be enthusiastic.
Be thorough.
Be brief.
Repeat every truth presented.
Call for every truth stated.—The Heidelberg Teacher.

The First Lady of the Land

She was born of sturdy, hard-working Vermont country folk.

She went to college in her native State.

She became a teacher to support herself. She chose the hardest work in her profession—teaching the deaf.

She fell in love with Calvin Coolidge, a young lawyer of Northampton, Mass.

When she married, she knew history well enough to realize that no public servant can make money and that some of our best national leaders had been forced to retire to private life in order to pay their debts.

She has lived within the small income of a public servant. She has proved that life can be enjoyed and adorned without extravagance.

She has never owned a car and never wasted an hour envying people who do.

She has always had to live on a limited purse—and she has done it well.

She has done her own housework most of her life.

She is a good cook—and is proud of it.

She is one of the best-dressed women in Washington. And her husband helps her buy her hats.

Men like her. Women love her.

Men say, "She has a head on her and she knows how to use it."

Women say: "She is a wonderful mother. And she has no affectations."

She is the sort of woman who has old friends.

She has much charm, and beautiful eyes that soften with sympathy at the suffering of man or beast.

She has sat in high places for fifteen years, and it has not dizzied her head.

She meets life with the same enthusiasm, the same kindliness, and pure, unaffected manner that made the young teacher of the deaf beloved at Northampton nearly twenty years ago.

She believes fervently in her God, her country, and her family.—The Delin-eator.

Book Review

I have just finished reading a very interesting and stimulating book by Edna Dean Baker. The title is "PAR-ENTHOOD AND CHILD NURTURE." It is a keen analysis of child life during the first eleven years. It not only enumerates in an interesting manner the distinctive characteristics of child life during these momentous years but also shows by concrete examples how practically to meet the various physical, mental, moral and religious problems arising out of the often complex situations of a child's life. It is a very practical book for young parents and for teachers. It will greatly aid them in the training of their children in the moral and religious life. Published by The MacMillan Company and obtainable at the German Baptist Publication Society, 3804 Payne Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

ALBERT BRETSCHNEIDER.

Missions—Home and Worldwide

Letter From Dr. F. W. Meyer, Philippine Islands

Immanuel Hospital,
Capiz, Capiz, P. I.
Nov. 7, 1925.

Our dear Friends in the States,

Christmas greetings to one and all. May the coming New Year be brimful of blessings from on High!

More than a half year has passed since we left our home shores for the foreign palm strands. The "Philippians" have returned to their chickens and native greens, gorgeous tropical splendor of heaven and earth, to the rousing call of the gekko, the sting of the mosquito, to the bugs and pests, to their work in cleansing the ill of mind, body and soul. We "Philippians" have returned to our beloved Filipino friends, who greeted us with warm welcome. We are needed here.

Service in these Islands brings us into the tropic heat where the perspiration runs in streams. The doctor has lost twelve pounds in these months. That coming auto from the Atlantic coast young folks ought to put a stop to such a loss. As long as he continues in the one hundred forties, he will be satisfied. Mrs. Meyer is also on the downward trend in avoirdupois, the children are now gaining, especially Baby Bunting, our Milton. Frederick Jr., is inclined to follow in his daddy's leanness of his college days.

Our Pacific Ocean trip brought us in contact with nations who were not so pacific with foreigners. Japan still feels the exclusion insult. China is in a turmoil. Great Britain and Japan have had such an oppressive policy in the commercial world. What right has any nation to step into another nation with demand for extra-territorial rights, and then with a policy of suppression fill its pockets with native gold? But such is the way. And now with prospects of rubber in the Islands, the Filipinos will never be worthy of independence. Some folks do have their minds so in their cash pockets, that they cannot wiggle out of such a confining atmosphere. We have met a number of these Mammon minds of unsympathetic temper, getting every centavo of their upkeep from native sources, and then running the Oriental to the lower regions of Hades. Abao! as my brown friends would say, and that is only a mild interjection. China is awakening. China is right to insist on her own rights. Shanghai was bedecked with gunboats of all nations, we went ashore guarded by marines, as we valued our lives, we had to forgo the pleasure of visiting our Shanghai Baptist College friends. Several persons lost their lives during our brief stay. We did manage to pick up a few pretty things in a supposedly closed shop, through some Chinese influence. Had we gone to Hong-kong we would have been tied up for a

while, but we steamed to Manila, and reached our haven of Capiz in good time, towards the end of June.

Dr. Ramos was on duty throughout our entire furlough, and we are very thankful that he continued so faithfully in a greater service than his own private practice. Miss Adams had a very strenuous year, with illness, but is now regaining her strength rapidly. Miss Rufina Raz, who accompanied us to the States for postgraduate work at the Cook County Hospital at Chicago, returned with us to her own Emmanuel Hospital. She sends her special greetings to all her American friends. It is a great pleasure to see the young Filipinos giving their energy for the great Cause. You may recall our faithful co-worker, Elviro Albaladejo, now an ordained minister, in charge of the Pototan field, with over three hundred baptisms to the Master's credit and glory in less than a year. We miss our Elviro at Capiz, but others are coming along following in his wake. Seven teachers in the provincial high school are members of the church. Their influence accounts for the greater interest in the Sunday school, or for the attendance of three hundred in special C. E. meetings. You do not blame us for returning to the work. Shortly after our arrival, revival services were held, a number of young people were baptized, including the new class of nurses. Thus we are happy to do our bit in the Kingdom work in these Islands. We shall continue to "brighten the Islands where we are."

The Medico remembers the faces of horrified disgust, and your feelings of nausea, when he told of the hospital cases. Well, we still find those cases. Here is a little fellow with his ears full of maggots, a loathsome task to fish these things out. Another lad, whose intestines were plentifully pierced by a bullet wound, had his intestinal inhabitants, the worms, removed through the perforations, to allow better approximation. The bolo is still a mighty useful weapon in carving the anatomy of one's enemy. Here is a fellow with both sides of face chopped open, with split ears, through the skull bones, but he has now regained his normal contour. One little girl lost her life with intestines pierced by a knife in the hands of a superstitious youngster on a dark road. Pus cases of all sorts give the nurses plenty of activity. A rather severe form of influenza made its rounds, leaving a number of pneumonias in its wake. Tuberculosis still claims its many victims. Dysentery and typhoid may be found at any time.

Superstition reigns in many quarters. Folks run out to Panay to listen to a mighty oracle, who claims to talk to God through an open pipe; he blows into it, and then putting it to his ear, listens and expounds the voice of God. Of course it will take decades to drive out

the wakwak, the agta, the aswang and kindred pet superstitions, but real Christianity and public education will overcome dark beliefs. The young folks must and shall lead the way. When medicine and superstition are mingled, what a disgusting mix-up. Cat excrement is a powerful remedy for stomach ache. The spitting of blood calls for a replenishing with a delightful draught of goat's blood. But please don't get me started on my pet subject. The time is too short.

We ought to move into our new home by Christmas, it is a pleasure to plan and to superintend the building of our new home. Modesto, my handy man around the hospital, our carpenter and incidentally my barber, is the boss under direction. Labor is cheaper than materials.

Our second term of service has opened well under guidance from above. The Lord is blessing his cause at Capiz. Mrs. Meyer has her musical classes at the Home School, has subjects with the nurses, and soon a class of good voices from the higher society girls of the city, and the care of the children. The Hospital Sunday school is still attracting all the children of the neighborhood. Sister Alma and her husband, Rev. S. Feldmann, have become acclimated to the Capiz atmosphere and are caring for the evangelistic end of the provincial work.

The Capiz Meyer quartet wishes all its friends a New Year of greater happiness and prosperity. Let us all rely on that strengthening power of Philipians four, verse thirteen.

Cordially,
MILTON, FREDERICK JR.,
RUTH AND FREDERICK W. MEYER.

"Bees" and "Bears"

A C. E. society in a church in Iowa some time ago conducted a successful contest between the "Bees" and the "Bears." The names were suggested by the first word in the respective mottoes of the two sides: "Be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only," and "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ."

In five Sundays they increased the attendance from 25 to 65, added 24 new members, and brought back 20 former members. The goal of the society is one hundred members.

Pioneers

A Sunday school teacher asked a small girl the other day why Ananias was so severely punished. The little one thought a minute, then answered, "Please, teacher, they weren't so used to lying in those days."—London Post.

The part of an auto that causes more accidents than any other is the nut that holds the steering wheel.—Lineville Headlight.

February 1, 1926

Unique Meeting of Detroit Union

Who? 380 members and friends.

When? In December, 1925.

Where? Second German Baptist Church, Detroit.

What? Get Acquainted Meeting.

The above gives, in brief outline, the history of the last meeting of the Detroit G. B. Y. P. and S. S. W. Union which was planned by the presidents of the four societies, just as the meeting held in October was planned by the superintendents of the four Sunday schools.

A peppy song service, led by Vice-President Ed. Strauss and accompanied by Melvin Zeidler, began the meeting after which Mr. Gordon Ernst, president of the Burns society, read the Scripture lesson of the evening.

Mr. Fred Koppin, president of the Ebenezer society, in a few short words, asked our Heavenly Father to make this meeting an inspiration to all.

"All Germans like good music" was President Ed. Hoek's comment after Mr. Harry Teichert, who rendered a glorious violin solo, had been brought back for an encore, and this remark was reiterated after Mr. Arnold Bourziel, president of the Bethel Society, had given a delightful piano solo.

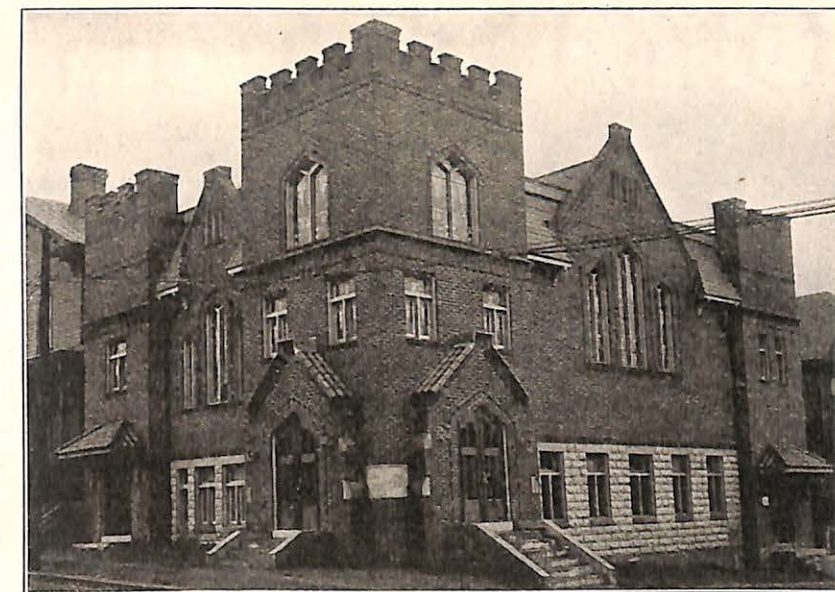
The "Welcome Message" was given by Miss J. Newman of the Second Church Society, after which the evening offering was taken.

The "surprise" of the evening was to be an original offering from each of the four societies depicting the work being done locally.

The Ebenezer young folks presented an original dialogue written by Eugene Koppin, in which Irwin Draewell, an eminent professor, who is to give a lecture on "Evolution," has just made his opening remarks when an electrician, Eugene Koppin, interrupts him and insists that the pulpit light must be fixed. In the course of the argument, which ensued, gradually turning to "Man and Monkey," everyone was given a good idea of the relationship of Evolution to Christianity. The dialogue was very well written and ably carried out, causing many persons to think seriously on a subject which had been given little or no thought formerly, as well as often making the church auditorium ring with laughter.

The Burns Society put on a sample Sunday evening prayer meeting, led by Gordon Ernst. Several hymns were sung, Bible verses recited, as well as a lovely selection sung by a mixed quartet consisting of Miss Ruth Graf, Mrs. Harvey Ernst, Mr. Albert Wolfe and Mr. Eagan Teichert. It gave a very good idea of what the society's meetings are and made all wish that their own meetings be real "prayer meetings."

The Bethel Society was represented by a group of young ladies who, although moving their lips, made no sound and one by one stole down from the platform and then, in contrast, returned once more to inform, in song, those present, that that was not the way the "Bethelites" did.



Union Baptist Church, Arnold, Pa.

May we all be those who make harmony when we open our lips and not just do so to appear occupied.

The Second young folks put on a wordless, although very demonstrative, representation of a young lady's temptation by Knowledge, Wealth, Fame, etc., but who places all these behind her for God and the Bible.

A desire rose in all hearts that these tempters might as easily be overcome so that the Christian spirits could reign in their hearts.

After these numbers had been completed everyone was invited to the basement of the church where a representative of the Recreation Commission directed an hour of exciting and mirth-provoking games.

The final touch was the tempting refreshments donated by each of the societies and served at the close of the games.

May He, who is greater than the greatest, bless our social as well as our devotional meetings so that our recreation may be more as He would wish it!

DOROTHEA ROSSBACH,
Acting Secretary.

Progress in Pekin, Ill.

Looking back over the past year we have much to be thankful for. It had long been the wish of the members of this church to have a basement under their church and at last that wish has been realized. The members and the various societies helped nobly to make the impossible possible by raising \$2,000 to start the work. We now have a fine basement, kitchen, two washrooms and a new furnace. The basement with all equipment will cost about \$5,000.

On Wednesday, Nov. 25, 1925, the members and friends of the church met and listened to a fine program. After the program the basement was opened for inspection and a delightful social hour followed with coffee and cake.

We also have reason to be thankful for the special blessings which the church

received after Easter. Bro. and Sister Lippard conducted evangelistic services with the result that twelve Sunday school scholars confessed that they accepted Jesus Christ as their Savior and later came into the church through baptism. Our prayer is that these young people grow up to become the pillars of the church.

H. G. BRAUN.

The St. Joseph-Benton Harbor Union

The St. Joseph-Benton Harbor Jugendbund wishes all other B. Y. P. U. Societies and their workers a blessed and prosperous year 1926.

As a Bund we have closed a pleasant year in 1925 and thereby celebrated our "Jahresfest" which was held in the St. Joseph church on the evening of Nov. 11.

The program consisted of two dialogues and musical numbers both vocal and instrumental were divided between and given by members of both societies. A large crowd was present to help make the evening more pleasant for us all. Mrs. Gus Achterberg, a very capable leader, has as president seen to it that the different meetings held during the year were helpful along missionary lines. We are also interested in the Siberia Mission and give it our support. May we as a Bund be able to give our time and talent for the Lord's cause for this coming year is our sincere wish.

L. KISSAU, Sec.

How Can I Expect Some One Shall Guide Me?

"Not until human nature is other than it is," says Henry Ward Beecher, "will the function of the living voice cease." Justin Martyr, desiring knowledge of God, sought it successively from Peripatetic, Pythagorean, and Platonist; but left them all as ignorant as when he came. Then while one day enjoying a walk along the seashore, he met an aged Christian who taught him the way to God.

Our Devotional Meeting

G. W. PUST

February 14

What Is Faith, and What Does It Do for Us?

Heb. 11:1-10

(Consecration Meeting)

The first verse of our scripture passage may be called a definition of faith, while the rest of the chapter illustrates what faith is.

A definition. "Faith is assurance of things hoped for, a conviction of things not seen." The English Revisers translated the latter half of the verse, "the proving of things not seen." Faith then is putting to the proof or test; it is acting as though the unseen were real. A writer states it thus: "A familiar figure is that faith is like a coiled spring. Yes, but it is not like the tight spring of a clock, which represents latent power, but gives out none, because the pendulum is still. It is rather like the mainspring which does something as soon as it is wound; it is not the spring as such, but the spring in action."

Illustrations. Noah did not simply believe that there was to be a flood; he "prepared an ark to the saving of his house." Abraham was not only convinced that Canaan was to be his, but he went out and dwelt in tents in the land of promise. The same applies to Moses and the others mentioned. Faith is belief plus action.

What faith does for us. It translates the possibility into actuality. What other heroes of faith, besides those mentioned in this chapter, whose faith is a proof of this statement, can you name? How has this been true in your own life? The greatest boon of faith is salvation. It bestows this by joining us to Christ, and thus he, as our Master, controls and directs our thoughts and actions, and we become increasingly like him. Faith is also reckoned unto us for righteousness. This is true, because faith is a moral act; it is righteousness in germ. This God accepts for what it contains of possibility as well as attainment.

February 21

Lives Transformed by Christ

Acts 9:1-20

Innumerable is the host that Christ has transformed through the centuries. And what surprises his followers have often experienced! Surely, no one could have imagined that Saul of Tarsus would ever bow before Christ's sceptre, and be "changed into the same image from glory to glory" (2 Cor. 3:18). Lives transformed by Christ are:

Christ-centered lives. The science of astronomy has recognized two centers, the Ptolemaic and the Copernican. In the Ptolemaic the earth was considered the center of the universe, in the Copernican the sun. These have become typ-

ical of man. Unregenerate humanity is viewed as revolving about this center; and everything is measured as it ministers to self. With Peter they ask: "What shall we have therefor?" (Matt. 19:27.) It is not so with lives that Christ transforms; at least, they do not want it so. Their system is Copernican, they find their true center outside of themselves. With Paul they inquire: "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" (Acts 9:6.) "Not I but Christ" is their aim. Is this absolutely true of all Christians? To what extent is your life surrendered to Christ? Is he the center of your thought and activity?

Lives of service. This is life's true object. To this we are all called, and such a life will always be successful. It may not be considered so by the world's standards; but Christ's judgments are not like men's. (See Matt. 25:35-40.) How this is exemplified by Paul's life! He was always about the King's business. His life was continually governed by that momentous question on the way to Damascus. (Acts 9:6.) He was constantly losing his life in service; but strange as it may seem, he was actually finding it.

Testifying lives. (Acts 9:20.) God does not call all of us to preach as Paul did; but a Christian should always be ready to speak a good word for the Lord. Above all, our lives must be living testimonies.

February 28

Neglected Areas in the Country

Isa. 35:1-8

(Missionary Meeting)

In the mountain regions of the west. Hundreds of people cannot attend a religious service, not even a Sunday school, without traveling 20 to 50 miles over mountain ranges with horses and wagons, because no service is held nearer. In one western county having an area of over 5,000 square miles, religious work is carried on in only four or five places. Out of 24 school districts in the county 21 are without religious work of any kind. Another county has an area of 4,600 miles, and out of 18 school districts only 3 have any religious work carried on in a regular work. ("Missions," June '25, p. 338.)

Montana. "This state is so large that it requires 24 hours for a fast train to travel from one end to the other. The churches are widely scattered. Work is largely done by district missionaries. Such men preach at from 6 to 18 points. The largest district has 35 school districts in operation and only one minister for the religious care of the field, 40 miles wide by 75 miles long." We have two district missionaries at work among the people in Montana, Rev. E. Niemann in the Eastern part and Rev. F. Dobrovolsky in the Western part.

Utah. "In southern Utah there is an area of 11,000 square miles with but one church. The great need is for men of the finest educational and spiritual equipment."

California. "Within the state are approximately 5,600 district communities, the majority of which are untouched by the gospel. Sixteen whole counties in Northern California, with a total population of 128,494, are inadequately provided for and have no Baptist work in the entire area."

Work among the Indians. "There are about 50,000 Indians in the United States as yet never visited by missionaries, and 100,000 more visited by non-Protestant missionaries only, and a large part of these only occasionally. To meet this need the Home Mission Society has under appointment 42 missionaries and teachers devoting their full time on Indian mission fields."

For more material see "Missions," July, 1924, and June, 1925.

March 7

Persevere! In What?

Acts 20:17-24; Heb. 12:1-4

(Consecration Meeting)

The apostle Paul was a true pastor; he had the heart of a genuine shepherd. This is obvious from his relation to individuals and also from his relation to the churches that he founded. He bore them all continually upon his great heart. We find this illustrated in what he thought would be his last visit with the elders of the church of Ephesus. (Acts 20:17, 25.) How great was his concern for the brethren! And how impressive and eloquent his appeal to persevere must have been!

They were to persevere in the faith. The apostle saw grave dangers ahead. Grievous wolves would enter the flock; even among them men would arise, speaking perverse things and "draw away disciples after them" (Acts 20:29-30.) What would the apostle have said, could he have looked clear down the centuries and beheld the apostasy that actually took place! But we too are beset with dangers. There are still false teachers in the world; we must not believe every one who claims to come in the name of the Lord. We ought to compare all doctrines to what the Bible teaches—not to isolated passages only—but to the Bible as a whole.

They were to persevere in teaching. Paul himself was their example. He had withheld nothing "that was profitable unto them" (20). We may apply this especially to ministers; and also to the Sunday school teachers. But why not also to the people as a whole? If the word of life is to be broken, should not all be present in order to be fed? Is not the neglect of the house of God one of the main reasons for the defection from the faith on the part of many?

They were to persevere in prayer. This is not definitely stated; but surely implied. Paul was a man of prayer; and, before he took his departure, "he kneeled down, and prayed with them all" (36).

We must apply all of this to ourselves, and laying aside every weight and sin run the race that is set before us. (Heb. 12:1.)

Lincoln

We need him now—his rugged faith that held

Fast to the rock of truth through all the days

Of toil and strife, the sleepless nights; upheld

By very God was he—that God who stays

All hero-souls who will but trust in him. And trusting, labor as if God were

not. His eyes beheld the stars; clouds could not dim

Their glory; but his task was not forgotten—

To keep his people one; to hold them true

To that fair dream their fathers willed to them—

Freedom for all; to spur them; to renew

Their hopes in bitter days; strife to condemn.

Such was his task, and well his work was done—

Who willed us greater tasks when set his sun.

—Thomas Curtis Clark, in "Lincoln and Others."

What Missions Have Done for Social Welfare

The Wilds of Africa.—When Dr. Cornelius H. Patton went to Umvoti, in Natal, to visit the missions there, the native chief planned a reception for him in their large stone church. He was brought immediately onto the platform through the pulpit-door, and found himself facing a well-dressed congregation, the men on one side with suits, collars, and even neckties; the women on the other, in well-starched calicoes and brilliant hued sunbonnets. He says, "Finally my eyes dropped to the seats immediately in front, and there was a row of the nakedest, dirtiest, most unutterable pagans I had ever seen." The men were nude, save for a bunch of monkey tails hung at the loins, and a headdress of feathers, and each carried a spear. The women, from head to feet were smeared with grease and clay. The chief, a Christian and a highly prosperous man, came forward attired with all the regalia of a gentleman, including starched shirt and tie-pin, and shouted to the row of savage men, "Stand up." They stood up, spears in hand, a dangerous-looking bunch. In a louder voice to the women, he shouted, "Stand up." Turning to Dr. Patton he said:

"Mfundisi (teacher), take a good look at these people. These are heathen, as

you see, just like the wild beasts; and, Mfundisi, we want you to know that all of us people were once like that, until Mr. and Mrs. Grout came among us to live. And, Mfundisi, we want you to know what a great change has come over us Zulus, and we want you to know how grateful we are to those who sent Mr. and Mrs. Grout among us. And, Mfundisi, when you go back to your people over the seas, we want you to tell them what a change has come over us, and how grateful we are."

We have become so familiar with such pictures of the changes in heathen lands that we must close our eyes a moment, and try to imagine ourselves as savages, in order to realize what missions have done, and are still doing, for the welfare of the world.

Abraham Lincoln

A log cabin and rough—
This was house and home enough
For one small boy; there in the chimney place

With glowing face
The eager young eyes learned to trace
Staunch old tales of staunch old men;
In the firelight there and then
The soul of Lincoln grew—
And no one knew!
Only the great and bitter strife
Of later days brought into life
Great deeds that blossomed in the gloom
Of that dim shadowy firelit room.

—Anette Wynne.



Rev. C. E. Cramer

The Key to Appreciation

"I followed your suggestion, Dr. Forsythe," said a young man to his pastor. "I have read the Bible every day now for weeks. I'm sorry, but to me it means just about as much as a message written in cipher. I can't get anything out of it."

The minister regarded the young man for a moment. "Richard," he said, "do you ever hear from your mother?"

"Yes, often."

"Do you enjoy reading her letters?"

"Yes, of course. How could I help it?"

"Why do you enjoy them?"

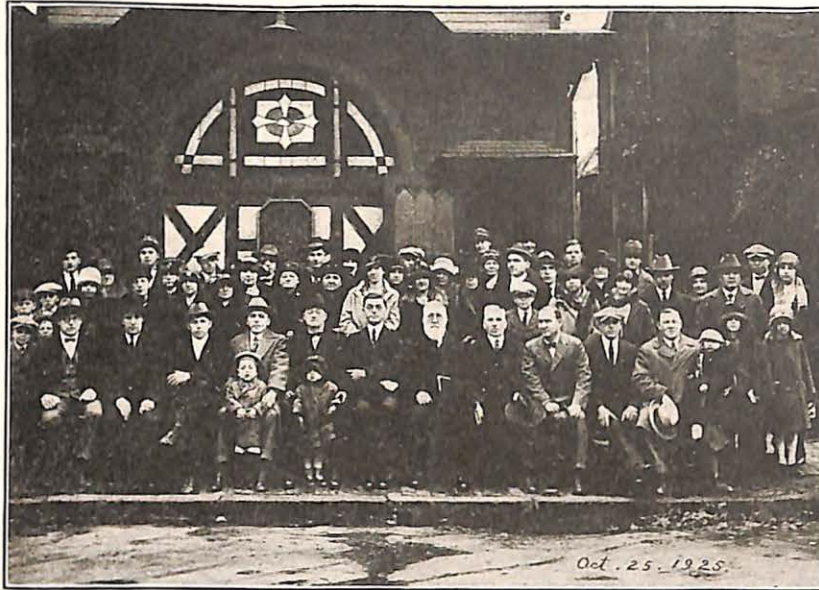
"Why? Because I love her. Anything mother writes is precious to me."

"Exactly. I thought so. You treasure her letters because you love her. Well, Richard, love of God is the key to an appreciation of his message. It is not a message written in cipher to those who love him. First give your heart to God and then read his Word, and I think you will have no difficulty in either understanding or appreciating it." —Forward.

In the attempt to "give thanks unto the Lord," we find many things for which to be thankful.

"Time is money," but it is in the form of a check; you must cash it at the Bank of Wisdom.

Sins hunt in couples; while one shoots from afar another stabs near at hand. Only the constant watcher is safe.



Union Church Group in front of old edifice

When Erastus Went to Church

Erastus was a boy who lived in Lexington in old colony times long before Paul Revere made his famous ride and the battle of Concord and Lexington was fought. Lexington was a part of Cambridge then and was called Cambridge Farms. So Erastus went to Cambridge to church, and had to walk eight miles. There was no road then, only a trail, that is, a footpath worn by Indians or wild animals. Such trails were very narrow and crooked, because if there were rocks or swampy places or fallen trees, one had to walk around them. The service began at 9 A. M., so Erastus had to start early. When he was nearing the meeting-house, he heard the drum beating instead of a church bell ringing.

The meeting-house was a plain wooden building without paint. It had no steeple or tower, to distinguish it from ordinary houses, and indeed was not so good looking as most of the barns of the present day. Inside, the walls were unfinished. Bare benches without any backs filled the center of the building, and the men sat on one side and the women on the other. By the walls were queer looking box-shaped pews where some of the richer families sat. The deacons were seated in front of the pulpit, and the boys in the gallery, with a "tything man" to see that they behaved well. There were no stoves or furnaces and when it was wintertime, the house was bitterly cold. People used to take dogs with them, to keep their feet warm.

When service opened, the minister made a very, very long prayer, and every one had to stand while it was in progress. There was no choir to lead the singing, and no instruments of any kind. One line of the hymn was read aloud, and then a man whom we may call a chorister "tuned the psalm" and the congregation sang that line, and another was read to be sung. Most congregations only knew five tunes, but I

think Cambridge people knew ten. The minister read a passage from the Bible, explaining it as he read, for the common people then had no books to read, to help them understand it. When the sermon began, the minister had no clock, and timed his sermon by an hour-glass that stood on the pulpit. It took an hour for the sand to run out of it. On special occasions, when he had more to say, the minister "took another glass." That is, he turned the glass over and went on preaching.

The service lasted till twelve o'clock. There was no Sunday school after the service. After a while, small houses called noon-houses were built, where fires were kept and people could warm themselves at noon and get fresh live coals for their foot-stoves for the afternoon sermon. But there were no noon-houses or foot-stoves when Erastus was a boy, and every one ate a cold lunch in a cold church. Erastus probably had Johnny cake with perhaps some salt meat, and maybe an apple. Houses were so far apart then that people could not see each other often, and they were glad of a chance to talk with each other. I think it would have been all right for Erastus and the other boys whom the "tything man" had kept still to have some good races to warm themselves up.

At two o'clock in the afternoon there was another service like that of the morning. In wintertime it must have been about dark when it ended, and the boys must have kept their ears and eyes wide open, when they were walking home, for there were wild animals about for many years, and sometimes hostile Indians hid in the woods. It must have seemed very nice to get home and build up a bright fire. People didn't have stoves then, only fireplaces. So if everyone went to church, the fire must be buried to keep it. The hot coals were all raked together, and well covered with ashes. When folks got home, the ashes were raked off and dry wood put on the coals. Soon the room was all aglow with

a bright warm light. If the coals did not keep, it was pretty hard, for no one had matches then to strike a light, and it was some trouble to do it with a tinder-box. If there were any neighbors near, Erastus would probably be sent over to borrow some coals, because it would be easier to get a fire that way. Then Erastus and his folks would probably have some more Johnny cake or perhaps some popcorn and apples, while they were warming up, and after talking over the day, they would go to bed in a cold, cold room, and gladly snuggle into a feather bed, which mother had heated with a warming pan.

How would you like to go to church in that way?—Boy's Weekly.

Afraid to Be Different

There is no harder thing to do than this—to be different.

We all wear the same style of clothes, comb our hair the same way, use the same slang, think the same thoughts. We are afraid to be different.

Yet God makes us different. You never saw two faces alike. You never heard two voices alike. It is the glory of our individuality that God made us all different.

Success comes to the man who is willing to be different. The world's fortunes have been made by those who were willing to walk in new paths.

Lincoln was not afraid of being called different. He earned the reputation of being "peculiar" as he studied before the fireplace instead of roistering with the boys.

Franklin owed his success to the fact that he broke with all those who were bound by the law of the fatal average. He determined to be a man bigger than the average. He wanted to be different.

If Roosevelt had not been different he would never have been President.

If Henry Ford had not been different he would have given up the struggle.

If Edison had not been different he would never have been heard of.

Each of these men made themselves different. The world pays it's highest tributes to the people who are different from the rest.—The Classmate.

* * *

A complaining conscience, even though it be only questioning and murmuring, must be honestly faced before there can be peace.

* * *

Christ will force his way into no life or heart. He knocks at the door in many a quiet hour, but it must be opened from within or he will never enter.

The Knights of Honor

of the
German Baptist Church
Tacoma, Washington

Extend a Warm-Hearted Invitation to all young men visiting the Pacific Coast to join the class of GOOD FELLOWSHIP.

SPLENDID LESSONS

9:45 A. M. every Sunday. So. 20 & J St.