

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., JUNE 15, 1926

Number Twelve

A Teacher is one
who has Liberty
enough, and Time
enough, and Head
enough, and Heart
enough to be a Mas-
ter in the Kingdom
of Life.

Thring

What's Happening

Rev. August Kramer of Fessenden, N. D., has resigned to accept the call of the church at Edmonton, Alberta. He begins his new work early in July.

The Oak Park, Ill., church, Rev. H. Kaaz, pastor, has voted to purchase two lots at Bellwood, each 25x125 feet, on which a chapel will be erected at once. The initial cost will be about \$3000. Bellwood is a new and rapidly growing village adjoining Maywood, in the west suburbs of Chicago. A German Mission Sunday school has been carried on by members of the church with growing prospects, but uncertain rented quarters have interfered with the work. A permanent home will strengthen the mission and encourage the workers.

Rev. Wm. Kuhn, our worthy General Missionary Secretary, received the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity from the Northern Baptist Seminary, Chicago, at their graduation exercises, May 21, held in the Tabernacle Baptist Church. Congratulations to Doctor Kuhn! The honors have been conferred upon a deserving man.

Rev. Martin Heringer, who was pastor of our church in Meriden, Conn., for eight years and who resigned there some months ago, is now the new pastor of the Warrenville Baptist church in the same state.

Fred Rudolph Daehler of the Immanuel Gross Park Church, Chicago, and George Adam Lang of Tyndall, S. D., were two of six speakers selected from the class of 44, which graduated from the Northern Baptist Theological Seminary, Chicago, May 21, 1926. Mr. Daehler spoke on "The Transforming Power of a Vision." Mr. Lang's topic was "The Invincible Faith." Both addresses were of high order and well delivered. Mr. Lang is the new pastor of our church in Lorraine, Kans. Mr. Daehler goes to a church in Washington State.

Miss Frieda Louise Weisser of the Camrose, Alberta, church was one of the members of the Class of 1926 of the Northern Baptist Seminary, Chicago, who received a Christian Worker's Certificate.

Rev. E. G. Kliese baptized four persons into the fellowship of Christ at Passaic, N. J., on Sunday, May 30.

Wm. Graafmeyer, one of the constituent members of the Hoboken Church and for several years Treasurer of the Atlantic Conference, will shortly be identified with our Publication House at Cleveland. He is retiring from the printing business in Hoboken to enter upon a larger field of service. Kingdom work has a greater fascination for him and it is his deeper interest in his denomination that has persuaded him to bring this sacrifice. He will be directly responsible for the conduct of the Book and Mail Order Departments.

Our Young People's and S. S. Workers' Union is again in a position to supply Scripture Union Bible Reader's cards for the balance of the year to all who apply. Write Rev. A. P. Mihm, Box 4, Forest Park, Ill.

Fourth Annual Young People's Assembly German Baptist Young People's Societies of Minnesota Mound, Lake Minnetonka, July 13-18, 1926

Conducted by Jugendbund of Minnesota

Dean

Henry Marks

Faculty

Prof. Lewis Kaiser, German Theological Seminary, Rochester, N. Y.

Rev. Albert Bretschneider, General Secretary Young People's and Sunday School Workers' Union, Rochester, N. Y.

Rev. Emil Mueller, State Missionary for Minnesota and Wisconsin, Milwaukee, Wis.

Rev. W. S. Argow, Pastor Baptist Church, Madison, S. D.

Prof. Edgar Heineman, Superintendent of Schools, Wayzata, Minn.

Rev. C. F. Stoeckman, Pastor German Baptist Church, St. Paul, Minn.

Rev. W. J. Appel, Pastor First German Baptist Church, Minneapolis, Minn.

Rev. W. E. Schmitt, Pastor Riverview Baptist Church, St. Paul, Minn.

The Courses

There are ten courses. All are under competent instructors. Each student is expected to take three courses. The students will be expected to take notes, and the notes form a basis of grades at the end of the week. Failure to attend classes will be excused only in case of sickness.

Text books will be required in each course.

Daily Evening Program

Tuesday, July 13, 1926, 8 P. M.

Opening service, Rev. Albert Bretschneider.

Wednesday, July 14, 7.45 P. M.

Rev. W. S. Argow.

Thursday, July 15, 7.45 P. M.

Prof. Lewis Kaiser.

Friday, July 16, 7.45 P. M.

Annual Business Meeting of the Assembly and election of officers.

Sunday, July 18, 10.30 A. M.

Rev. W. S. Argow.

Sunday, July 18, 3.00 P. M.

Rev. A. Bretschneider.

Sunday, July 18, 7.30 P. M.

Closing service, Prof. Lewis Kaiser.

Expenses

Registration	\$1.00
Meals per day	1.00
Lodging per person without linen..	.50
Lodging per person with linen....	.75

The Baptist Assembly Grounds at Mound, Lake Minnetonka, offer a won-

derful opportunity to spend a vacation. In conjunction with your vacation it will give you an educational opportunity.

Boating, fishing, bathing and other sports under recreational leaders will give you the needed change.

Good food to eat, and good sleeping quarters.

Breakfast in Dining Hall each morning at 8.00 A. M.

8.30-8.45 A. M. Devotional service in Dining Hall in charge of young people.

9.00- 9.40 each day, First Period.

9.45-11.30, Second Period.

10.30-11.00, Recess Period.

11.00-11.40, Third Period.

11.45-12.30, Fourth Period.

1.00 P. M., Dinner.

Each afternoon will be devoted to recreation in charge of a Recreational Leader.

6.00, Supper.

Ministers' Institute

Directed by Prof. Lewis Kaiser.

2.30-3.30 P. M. each day.

Recreational Leader

Harold Stassen

Music

Opening Service, Minneapolis Society.

Second Evening, First Church, St. Paul.

Third Evening, Minnetrista Society.

Fourth Evening, Riverview Society.

There will be a story telling hour each day for the children on the grounds, conducted by competent teachers whom we will provide.

Parents, come to the Assembly and bring your children. Spend a vacation with them where they can also acquire food for their future life.

For further information write Henry Marks, 314-315 Exchange Bank Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

The Baptist Herald

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Contributing Editors:

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O. E. Krueger G. W. Pust

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The Baptist Herald

The Northern Baptist Convention

THE Convention at Washington, D. C., has passed into history. It will be noted for the remarkable number of delegates and visitors in attendance. The Bible Union agitation of the past year among Baptists turned the eyes of thousands to Washington this year. The question of defining the membership of the Convention and the issues involved, which were to come up for settlement, brought everybody to the Capitol City, who could make it possible to go. No doubt the multitude of attractions and the historic places which Washington offers to visitors presented an additional urge.

The Convention was orderly in comparison to scenes at Seattle last year. All rulings of President Rhoades were eminently fair to all. The guidance of the Holy Spirit was sought. The great debate between the advocates of the two resolutions voted on in the Session of Wednesday morning was conducted without the spirit of bitterness and malice by those contending for what they thought was right. The more moderate view (not modernistic) advocated by the moderate fundamentalists and "Middle of the Roaders," as J. Whitcomb Brouger called them, prevailed two to one.

Baptists of the North are no doubt tired of strife. They wish to emphasize the things on which they agree. They wish to use their strength and power to do the great work of the Lord at home and abroad. They desire to lay greater stress on fulfilling the task of the great commission of Christ. They wish to work in harmony, unity and co-operation. They would give themselves prayerfully to the supreme work of evangelism. An armistice of controversy is the need of the hour. May the harsh voices of incrimination be hushed in the new convention year, so that all Baptists may hear and obey the voice of the Lord commanding his people to go forward in his name. Then will the Convention keynote be realized: "Victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Read the Report of the Washington Convention in this issue.

Young People and The Daily Vacation Bible School

CHRISTIAN SERVICE is an ever challenging ideal and appeal for young people. Many are willing to respond and ready to say, Have thine own way, Lord. We serve our Master by serving our fellowmen through the church. The work among the children is an inviting field. Summer, with its freedom from other duties, is a splendid

time for this service to be offered. The Daily Vacation Bible School may serve as the instrument for such service. The service may be of different kinds, thus using all the talent that your group has.

First you may help persuade the church that a Vacation Bible School is needed. While many churches have conducted them in past years, there are still many that have no knowledge of the fact that such a school might be a desirable part of their programs. Young people may secure Daily Vacation Bible School literature and help to persuade the pastor and others that such a school would be a good thing for the church. Of course, if the young people will say that they will help put the proposition across, it will be easier to secure interest and co-operation.

Again the young people may help to advertise the school when it has been planned: Posters need to be made; letters must be written; news items may be prepared and news space secured; calls must be made to explain the whole matter to parents and to secure the enrollment of their children. In many cases these calls must be made generally in the neighborhood, without regard to Church connections, so as to bring the school to all the children that can be reached. Young people can bring to this work their helpful enthusiasm and render real service.

When the school begins there is also a place for those young men and young women who are willing to study and work. Talents of all sorts are needed, whether it is ability to play the piano or sing, to sew or handle a saw, to keep records or just to manage a bunch of boys. There is need for all these gifts in making this school a success. One young man found a real place in service last summer for his skill in manual training. From the school he took the joy of service and the sense of having proved his ability.

Or perhaps your group knows of a neighborhood that has no church and no agency serving it. If so your Young People's group might plan and conduct a school there this summer as your service to "neighboring peoples" less fortunate than yourselves. Such a school was the project of a group from one church not long ago, and left an impression on the life of the community.

The Daily Vacation Bible School is not only for children, it is a service opportunity for young people.—Adapted from Forward.

LIFE WAS NEVER more strenuous than today for eager young lives. It is add, add—add studies, add pleasures, add opportunities. But of what value is the adding save as they add Jesus Christ?

Analogies of Nature

PROF. F. W. C. MEYER

"The Seed is the Word of God." Luke 8:11.

IN his explanation of the parable of the sower the Master begins by telling his disciples that "the seed is the word of God." He pictured the seed falling into various kinds of soil: by the wayside, on rocky parts of the field, among encumbering thorns, but also on good ground where it promises a hundredfold return. Even if here and there the confident efforts of the sower are unrewarded, there is no cause for dismay. There is fertile soil somewhere in the extensive field. True, the progress of the kingdom, Christ came to establish on earth, depends on the receptivity of the hearers of the word. Yet there are receptive hearers, even "they, which in an honest and good heart, having heard the word, keep it, and bring forth fruit with patience." The great Preacher of Parables wishes to stress the lesson that it is worth his disciples' while to be sowers of the word. They will not be greeted everywhere and everywhen by astounding results, but they may be assured of the kingdom's final success and a rich reward of faithful labor in spreading the truth of God's reign among men. Is not that a heartening thought for the gospel worker of our day?

Permit me to enlarge upon the

Master's Figure of the Seed

You have undoubtedly noticed in God's colorful out-of-doors the various natural methods and means of seed dispersal. Take our all too familiar dandelion. Splendid little propagandist! After his golden glow on our lawns has changed to a silvery grey, each tiny black seed is seen attached to a tuft of pappus, ready at the slightest beck of the May breezes to carry off the adventurous flier to other lawns and distant fields. The airship-like contrivance, invented long before the day of Count Zeppelin, permits the enterprising fellow to establish a sort of earthly omnipresence, for everywhere the golden wealth disseminated by the minute parachutes is manifest. But the pappus parachute is not the only flying apparatus in plantlife. In late June or early July you may have watched the cottonwood disperse its fluffy flakes, filling the air and covering the ground with a snow of aggressive new life. And in the Dakotas you may have seen the Russian thistle loosen its hold on the green sward, roll up into a dry ball, so that the wind might speed it across the prairies, scattering more than two hundred thousand seeds whithersoever it rambles. The key fruit of the maple descends with a swirl that takes it far beyond the parent tree and helps it to gain a new footing. Other so called dehiscent fruits simply split and allow the escape of their seeds. The capsule of the jimson weed and evening primrose, the pod of the bean and pea, the follicle of the milkweed split along the edge of one valve, and out

comes the treasure of floral promises for the next season. It was a German inventor who observed how the poppy capsule, closed as you know at the top and with wide openings under the lid, prevented its thousands of minute seeds being dumped on a single heap by the rattling wind, and accordingly patterned his laboratory powder-shaker after nature's ingenious device. Some seed enclosures burst with quite an explosion, like the witch-hazel, a specimen of which I had on my study desk one fall, and which surprised me by suddenly shooting its seed against the window-pane with a startling pop. The wild geranium splits along the edge of its five-fold capsule, snaps back, and throws the seeds for some distance. Jewelweed burts open in somewhat the same manner. I had a orange-masked representative of this touch-me-not growing in my garden-bed near the house, and found its offspring the next season on the other side of the cement walk. These hurlers and slingers must have learned their lesson from David in his encounter with Goliath!

Then again there are

Enterprising Navigators

among the members of the plant world. They journey down the brook and stream-ward. The coconut in its fibrous husk is like an ocean liner carrying the treasure of its life to distant islands of the sea. Other seeds collect in the mud along the banks of ponds and rivers. Birds arrive to feed, and carry these seeds in the mud attached to their feet. Darwin raised eighty-two plants from seeds thus carried by a bird. You yourself may have walked through the meadows or woods in fall and noticed to your chagrin the beggar-like cockleburs, burdocks, bristly trefoils, hound's-tongue nutlets covered with barbed prickles, and similar disagreeable companions of your hike, fastening themselves to your clothing to be carried to other realms. Nuts are often carried away, buried, and forgotten by blue jays and squirrels, and thus obtain a new foot-hold. Examine the fruit of wild strawberry, wild cherry, huckleberry, black haw, wild grape, blackberry, tomato, current, and see how hard the coatings of the seeds are. And notice that in most of the edible fruits the fruit remains green and sour until the seeds are ripe. And when the tempting morsel is eaten, the seeds are passed off undigested. Birds are responsible for much seed planting of berries and other small fruit. I have seen rows of cedars veidently planted by feathered minstrels perching on the telegraph wires. Certain grains begin to move in the grass with the inducement of the rain or dew. Other fruits contrive to push and creep away from the mother-plant by movements strange and surprising. And still others just simply roll down the slope by reason of their rotundity.

In fact, there seems to be

No End of Modes and Methods

for natural seed dispersal. Aerial transportation, water conveyances, transfer by adhesion to fur and feather and flounce of moving objects, cross-bow

and sling-shot and hurling-machine contrivances, restitution of luring morsels, movements by the aid of friendly agencies, and what not else in the line of biological and botanical mechanism are all called into play in fitting the plants to scatter their seeds and thus preventing the extinction of the new life in the shade of the parent plants and trees. In reflecting thereon I have often asked myself, as I now ask the interested reader, whether we are productive in devising ways and means for the spreading of the word of God which our Master likens to the seed. If the kingdom's progress depends upon the receptivity of the hearers of the word, it also depends upon your efforts and mine to scatter and sow the seed of regeneration. Sings James Montgomery:

"Sow in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed;
Broadcast it o'er the land.

Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garnerers in the sky."

Common-Sense "Hows"

JOHN F. COWAN

XII.—How to Live Long

BARRING accidents and provided one has a rugged constitution, the secret of scoring against "three-score and ten" may be told in few words. The first of these words is—

Moderation. In eating, drinking, exercising, enjoying, feeling, the over strenuous life wears us out prematurely. Jazzing the emotions is like piling too much fuel on and opening all the draughts just to enjoy the blaze. The winter's fuel is consumed before Christmas and the furnace lining burned out in the bargain. The simple, normal life lasts longest. A 200-horse-power airplane vibrates itself to the junk pile in about 400 hours of flying, while a gristmill lasts for generations. We dig our graves with our dessert spoons, overeating proteids, fats, starches, sugar. Or, we burn out our vitality in hectic pleasures. We seem to think that we may wear our nerves out and still have them.

Worry is another destroyer of life. By secreting poisons in our systems it brings grey hairs, wrinkles, canes and doctors' bills. A fit of anger secretes as much adrenal as the "poison squad" would shy at. The milk of a hatred-drugged mother may poison her babe. One who lives long must keep the soft pedal on the emotions. Hysteria is as bad as the hangman.

Optimism is one of the best life-prolongers. Pessimism dries up the springs of life as a sirroco from Sahara. When life isn't worth living, the mainspring has been broken. The doctor depends more on the patient's desire to get well, than on medicines. More folks than we realize live just as long as they want to.

Love of work is a strong factor in prolonging life. General Grant defied a fatal cancer for months after given up by physicians, because he was determined to complete his memoirs. Green finished his "History of the English People" because he would not die until it was done.

One whose heart is strongly enlisted in good work for his community, church, family, or some good cause, often bids the messenger, "Wait until I can be spared," while he who has nothing to do but twiddle his thumbs, passes away prematurely.

Faith in God is one of the best promoters of long life. The psalmist, believing his bread and water sure, eliminated wasting worry. Faith in Him who clothes the lily and notes the sparrow's fall keeps one in a tranquil frame, and insures a longer life.

GET OUT OF DOORS

Get out of doors! 'tis there you'll find
The better things of heart and mind.
Get out beneath some stretch of sky
And watch the white clouds drifting by,
And all the petty thoughts will fade
Before the wonders God has made.

Go wade a trout stream in the spring
And brother with the birds a-wing;
Know what it means to wander far,
Your guide the sun or evening star.
Who sleeps beneath the open sky,
Soon will grow too big to tell a lie.

Get out of doors! The fields are clean,
The woods will teach you nothing mean.
Who toils beneath the summer sun
Sleeps soundest when his work is done.
If splendid manhood you would know
Get out where you've a chance to grow.

Read deeply kindly nature's books,
Familiarize yourself with brooks
And with the majesty of trees,
The constant industry of bees,
And all that shapes the Master's plan—
They'll teach you how to be a man.

Edgar A. Guest.

The Teacher and the Scholar

THE teacher must be ready to impart! the scholar must be ready to receive; teacher and scholar must combine for the transfer. Neither party can complete the work without the other; nor can the two parties complete the work without conjoint action. To begin with, the scholar must be attentive to the teacher who would cause him to learn. Then the teacher must make clear what he would have the scholar learn. Then the twofold work of the teaching-process, which is also the learning-process, can go on by the combined endeavor of the teacher and the learner.—Henry Clay Trumbull, in "Teaching and Teachers."

Boston Celebrates May Festival

On April 27, the Y. P. S. C. E. of the First German Baptist Church of Jamaica Plain gave an excellent entertainment for the benefit of the annual May festival.

The program consisted of humorous sketches, readings, vocal solos and duets, also musical numbers by a stringed instrument trio and two very good numbers



Male Quartet Y. P. S. C. E. First German Baptist Church, Jamaica Plain, Boston

by our Male Quartet, whose singing has been a great spiritual asset to our church during the past year.

There was also a splendid rendition of "The Prologue to the Opera Pagliacci" by Mr. Walter Bluhm, baritone, accompanied by Mr. Walter Felch at the piano.

MRS. E. WALDSMITH.

Get a New Member

Tell me not our present numbers
Are all the members we can get;
That the time has come for slumbers,
No, my sisters; no, not yet.

Not for you and me alone
Did our organization have its birth;
There are thousands in this nation
Who must learn to know its worth.

In this great and growing land
All of us have friends and kin;
Extend to them the fraternal hand,
You must help to bring them in.

Trust no future, use the present,
Work at once and do your best;
We will try to make it pleasant;
Bid them come and join the rest.

Let us take no recreation,
Let us work with all our might,
And each secure an application
By our next meeting night.
(With apologies to Henry W. Longfellow)

—Janet Gilchirst.

As She Heard It

My four-year-old daughter was in the Beginners' Department of a Sunday school where a favorite song was "Brighten the Corner." She was heard singing as one line of the refrain: "Someone far from harbor you may drag across the barn."

Young People's Society, Camrose, Alta.

Situated here in the bonniest part of "Sunny Alberta" we are in the happy position of enjoying most of the good gifts provided by God for mankind without their having been improved out of existence by the wiles and artifices of men. Our society, under the capable leadership of its chairman, Bro. B. Link, can again look back on a period of blessings. God's greatest gift was his Word, and we have spent happy hours in examining it and making it our own.

Another gift was the privilege of telling the world of our joys. This we have carried out in the way of a concert evening at the local rural schoolhouse. We garnered expressions of keen pleasure, appreciation and fraternal well-wishing. We have now prepared to exploit the great gift of music by organizing a small string band, for whose success we are striving and praying and from which we hope great things. All of our members are active and, if unity goes for strength, then we are strong beyond our number which is not great.

One of our members recently suffered a serious operation for tumor of the bone, but our prayers have been answered and she is on the way to recovery and we are all rejoicing in God's gift of healing.

Nature has long taken on her verdant cloak of spring and we have been blessed with warm, balmy days with occasional refreshing showers. Our young people are generally very busy now with all that appertains to seeding operations, but our regular meetings are well attended. Preparations are being made for the coming 6th of June when the 25th anniversary of the birthday of our church will be celebrated.

The heartiest fraternal greetings of our society members are extended to all kindred societies.

FRED WEISSER, Sec.

Distinctive Anniversary at Waco

For a long time our B. Y. P. U. members have been talking about and planning a program in celebration of our Fourteenth Anniversary; and should you have visited our Union some Sunday night during the past two or three months, you would have heard the following expression, not once but again and again: "Let's have something different."

In view of this desire, the chairman of the program committee, Miss Marie Heusi, arranged a most unusual program and on Friday evening, April 30, this program was rendered, not by the members of our Union, but by our dear friends of Baylor University and different churches of this city.

Mrs. J. M. Dawson, wife of the pastor of the First Baptist Church of this city, spoke on "Building a Life"—her message was one that is long to be remembered by all who heard her. A vocal solo by Miss Gail Hamilton of Baylor University and several chalk talks by Mrs. Geo. Miller of 7th and James St. Church were very impressive. Especially worthy of merit were the beautiful violin selections, "Liv-

ing for Jesus" and "He lifted me" by Anton Goebel, also of Baylor University. A choir song and a piano trio by our own members concluded the program. After the program refreshments of cake and coffee were served to a large number of friends from Gatesville, Cottonwood, Crawford and Brenham.

The offering was designated as a Memorial for the girls dormitory at Baylor University.

The secretary's and treasurer's reports showed that much had been accomplished in the past year. We received nine new members into the Union, among which were our dear pastor, Bro. Becker, and family.

We are especially grateful to our president, Mrs. J. N. Kittlits, and Miss Heusi for their splendid co-operation in making this program a success.

We praise our Heavenly Father for his many blessings and ask a continuance of same in the future. G. B. H.

The Lord's Prayer

(Table chant. Mel.: "Dankt dem Herrn, denn er ist freundlich, gnädig.")

God, our father, thou who art in heaven,
Hallowed be thy name by every one!
Let thy kingdom come! And like in heaven
Here on earth thine holy will be done!

Give to us our daily bread, our father!
In thy mercy all our sins forgive,
Just as we forgive our sinning brother,
All those who in sin against us live!

And lead us not into some temptation!
But deliver from the evil one!
Thine the kingdom is in every nation,
Power, glory, ever and anon.
Amen!

F. A. B.

Mother's Day at St. Louis Park Church

St. Louis Park Young People held a Mother's Day Program Sunday evening, May 9, in the main church auditorium.

All the mothers of the church were invited to this meeting at which our president presided.

Talks on their childhood days and advice to young people were given by several of our dear old mothers of the church, after which one of our dear mothers favored us with a recitation. We then had the pleasure of listening to several vocal and musical numbers, rendered by members of the society.

The evening came to a close with each mother present being presented with a small pot flower.

Every one voiced the opinion it was one of the best programs they had ever heard.

A greater interest is being shown in our society's meetings than has prevailed for many years and we are now out to attain the Standard of Excellence of the Southern Baptist Young People.

A MEMBER.

If all the neighbors were faultless,
what a dearth of conversational topics
there would be in some quarters!

The Sunday School

Character and the Sunday School

A remarkable illustration of the value of the work of the Sunday school is found in the recent experience of a home mission worker. On Sunday he had spoken in a rural church which had a small Sunday school that had been in operation more than half a century. Of the many who had attended during their childhood and then moved away to other parts of the world, one thousand had been traced in one way or another. Of the entire thousand not one had ever been arrested for crime, and many of them were occupying high places in religious, educational, and political life.

The following Tuesday the same worker spoke to the men in a great state reformatory. By an unusual coincidence, one thousand young men—there were no old men in the institution, they being cared for elsewhere—faced him as he spoke. After the service he was invited to look over the chaplain's record. This record showed that of the thousand men who had heard the speaker that day in the great penal institution, only three had ever been regular attendants at Sunday school, and they for only a short time.

Workers in weak Sunday schools are frequently discouraged over small attendance, apparent lack of interest, and the apparently meager results that are attained. Such workers should clip this record and keep it for ready reference. When we work with God we built better than we know. Paul and Apollos may sow and never see the increase, but God gives it, nevertheless.

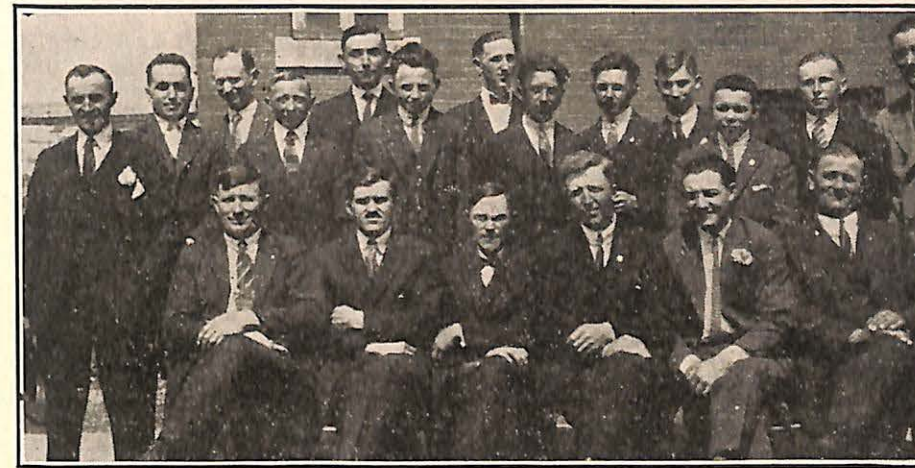
Roger W. Babson, the famous statistician, has said: "The religion that we talk about for an hour a week on Sunday is not only the vital force that protects our community, but it is the vital force that makes our communities." This, he adds, is proved by statistics.

The more Sunday schools and Christian Endeavor societies we have, the less will we need reformatories and penitentiaries. As one has well put it, "It is better to have a railing around the edge of the cliff than to have an ambulance line in the valley."—S. S. Times.

The Second-Mile Teacher

Do you know what custom Christ referred to when he spoke of the second mile? A Roman could compel a conquered Israelite to go with him and assist him for a mile. But there his authority ended and if the Jew went of his own accord to assist him for another mile then he was returning good for evil, and making the Roman feel that he was less a man than he whom he regarded as a slave.

Today we need more second-mile teachers in the Sunday school. Not alone a teacher who will prepare the lesson carefully in advance—instead of giving a



Young Men's Class S. S. Edmonton, Alta.

brief five-minute glance at it just before starting for Sunday school—but a teacher who will try to put over the carefully prepared lesson to the scholars.

The place at which most teachers stop is the place at which the worth-while teacher will keep right on considering his job as only half done, and the biggest and best half still to do. What becomes of your pupils once the Sunday school hour is over? Do they stay for church? In church after church over the land may be seen regular Sunday school scholars, faithful in attendance, and old enough to stay for church, leaving regularly as soon as the lesson is over. They are growing up to young manhood and young womanhood without knowing anything about the church service.

The honest one must admit that many Sunday school teachers fail to encourage church attendance. The Sunday school is, after all, only a training school in religion, designed to lead into the fuller life of the Church, and it cannot be complete in itself. When it fails to lead scholars into the Church it is doing less than its duty.

How to solve the problem is going to depend on the teacher as an individual and as a teacher. Too many forget about their responsibility for the second mile, as soon as the lesson is ended. Example will help. Talks and requests will help. And a second-mile responsibility that takes in seven days in the week in each pupil's life will help a great deal more. If it is your business as a teacher to bring religion and Christ into their lives one hour a week, why not make your responsibility last throughout the week?

Are your pupils securing the proper sort of recreation and play? How about the reading-matter in their homes? What is the attitude of their parents toward church and good things in general? Are you co-operating with them, or unconsciously fighting some of them? There are opportunities here for a broader service. The class may meet for hikes and social hours. You can organize Boy

Scout troops and Campfire Girls circles. The second-mile teacher who is a teacher all the time, going all the way, will have an influence with the pupil that the one-mile teacher may never even hope to have.—S. S. World.

Advertising the Rural Sunday School

The city Sunday school has entered the realm of advertising, but it rarely occurs to the country school to adopt the same plan. Yet why not? Visitors to the country school add to the interest, especially for the young people. There is nothing unnatural in this, nothing culpable.

There are a number of ways in which the rural Sunday school may be advertised. Board signs may be prepared at small expense and placed along the roads. A pointing finger may be the form of the sign showing the direction and having the name of the Sunday school upon it. It should be very plain that the visitor is welcome. An atmosphere of simple friendliness will cause him to want to come again. Like the country youth, often the city folks are seeking for something different than their own mode of life. Many may be attracted by the charm of the Sunday school in the country where they would not attend the city school.

A sign across the front of the building stating that visitors are wanted, and that discussion may be enjoyed will attract attention to the building and lure in the passers-by. Doubtless some will come out of curiosity, but many will come again from sheer enjoyment and friendliness. Knowing that there are to be visitors will put the members of the Sunday school upon their mettle.—M. N. Faye in the Workers' Council.

This earthly life would be a meaningless thing if there were no other life to follow it, the fragment of a story with no concluding chapter.

Jessica of the Camerons

SYLVIA STEWART

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(Continuation)

Chapter II

THE ARRIVAL

For Jessica, the next few days went by on wings. If she had any further misgivings regarding the personality of the expected guest, she kept them to herself and, outside of school hours and duties, threw every waking minute into the plans for her grandmother's reception and entertainment.

After Marjorie's frank, offhand apology, which came as promptly next morning as Marjorie herself, the subject of the expected guest was scarcely mentioned between the two girls; but, though Jessica had graciously extended the desired forgiveness, a shadow of reserve remained between them for the remainder of the week, and prevented Jessica from admitting her chum to her confidence during the time of the home preparations.

"I'll forgive her, of course," she had thought to herself, "for if I didn't, however could I say 'forgive us our debts as,' when I say my prayers; but I just hope, I do, that I will have such a lovely grandmother to surprise her with that she'll be ashamed she talked that way."

Though the time passed quickly, bringing at last her mother's birthday anniversary and the day of grandmother's coming, the anxiety of the waiting was almost too much for the sensitive little girl, and even her father noticed her attitude of strained expectancy.

"Jessica seems to be all worked up over mother's coming," he remarked to his wife. "I do not remember ever to have seen her so excited."

"I am afraid I have allowed her to over-interest herself in arranging mother's room, without intending to do so," rejoined Mrs. Cameron. "She is not given to overwork, as you know; but she has seemed so enthusiastic over the furnishing and arrangement that it was hard to refuse her help. I do not know what she anticipates, Dick," with a gay little laugh, "but, from some of her remarks and suggestions, I fancy she expects to find mother a decrepit, half-invalid octogenarian. She kept at Donald until he gave up his favorite hassock to put under mother's writing desk, which, by the way, is a great puzzle to her because of its size and businesslike appearance. And today I discovered her examining the hot-water bottle, in the medicine chest, to make sure it was ready for service."

Mr. Cameron laughed heartily. "Well, her suspense is about over; but, from the little I saw of mother when I made that flying trip to Kansas with Don three years ago, I imagine Jessica will have the surprise of her life when she comes."

"I am hoping much from mother's influence on the child this winter," con-

tinued Mrs. Cameron. "I have tried in every possible way to encourage in Jessica a spirit of industry—I am afraid I have almost nagged her at times—but my efforts seem to be of little avail. Miss Dunn tells me she is doing very indifferent work at school this fall, and she certainly does not exert herself at home. If she were anyone else's daughter than yours and mine, Dick, I fear I would look on her as downright lazy."

"She'll come out all right," declared her husband, indulgently. "She has a tender conscience and mother will reach her somehow, through that. She was always working the 'duty racket,' as Don would say, to keep me in the path of rectitude," with a laugh. "Jessica is growing; and a girl of fourteen is a sort of Chinese puzzle, anyway."

Late that afternoon Jessica was in the library, her mind and body in a turmoil of feverish expectation, when she heard the humming of the motor which was bringing the guest from the station. She slipped quietly into the hall in time to see her father whirl a lady in a plain traveling dress from the car to her mother's waiting arms, and she dashed a sudden tear from her eye as she heard the glad exclamation of mother and daughter in this long-deferred meeting.

"I'll just have to like her, for mamma's sake," she instantly confided to herself, "even if she is as homely as Hans Andersen's ugly duckling."

She was scarcely conscious what happened in the next few minutes. She saw Donald go forward and bestow an awkward kiss and a bearlike hug on the newcomer; saw her mother lift her little brother Harry up to be most warmly greeted; and then, in response to her father's surprised inquiry, "Where is Jessica?" she caught her breath in one swift spasm of fear and hope, and went forward to look into the sweetest face, it seemed to her just then, that, next to her mother's, she had ever seen, the face of her Kansas grandmother.

"Why, she looks just like you, mamma!" was the girl's first surprised exclamation, as she felt herself folded in a pair of warm arms; and, looking beneath the odd remark, Mrs. Cameron thought she detected something of the cause of her daughter's uneasiness the past week.

"Not so young by twenty years, nor yet so good-looking!" was the gay rejoinder from the new arrival. "But if I 'look like mamma,' I hope that is an indication that I shall find an unoccupied corner for myself somewhere in her Jessica's heart. How very like you, when you were her age, she is, Margaret," holding her at arm's length for a tender look, then gently encircling her again.

"Three of a kind!" exclaimed Mr. Cameron, gayly, attempting to take them all in his arms at once; but his efforts failed, for grandma was a well-rounded matron,

THE BAPTIST HERALD

mamma was no featherweight, and Jessica promptly wriggled out of the group. So papa whirled grandma off to the living-room, divested her of her wraps, and installed her in a great, easy chair, amid her laughing protests.

"I am not in the least tired," she insisted. "I slept like a baby both nights I was on the road, and have eaten every meal as though I never expected to see another!"

From her favorite perch in the deep bay-window, where Don was wont to say his sister did most of her daydreaming, Jessica shyly inspected this addition to the Cameron family. Her heart swelled with pride and triumph as she sent timid glances grandmother-ward. The new arrival might be sixty years of age, or she might be fifty; she certainly did not look much older than Jessica's own mother, for her eye was not dim to the point of wearing glasses, and her natural force did not appear to be in the least abated, as she sat in the big chair and conversed easily and interestingly concerning her journey. The removal of her traveling hat, a turban of soft, gray silk, showed but few gray hairs among the brown and still abundant tresses that were parted in light waves, coiled in a dainty coiffure, and confined by an amber comb and a few handsome gold pins. Her costume was quite such a one as Jessica saw frequently on the ladies of her mother's acquaintance, and she noticed that the silk shirt waist, with its plain but elegant gold buttons, was immaculate and matched the perfectly tailored skirt.

Jessica's spirits rose as she looked and listened. She breathed a long sigh of relief as she took in the ladylike figure, and heard the refined speech of the new arrival, who seemed scarcely past the prime of beautiful womanhood.

"I'm going to tease Margie a whole lot before I give her a chance to inspect my Kansas grandmother," she thought, secretly. "As Don says, I'll just 'put one over on her' for thinking she is so smart!" These thoughts, alas, showed that in Jessica's girlish heart her chum had not yet been quite forgiven.

"You may show grandmother to her room, Jessica, if she wishes to freshen up before dinner"—her mother's voice recalled Jessica from her own reflections—"while I help Nora out a little." Jessica proudly led the way to the well-appointed room, and shyly called her guest's attention to the fact that it was adjoining her own, but that there was a lock on the door connecting the two rooms, to make use of whenever she wished.

"We will make arrangements to hide the key, or lose it altogether, before we go to bed," declared the newcomer; "and the good times we shall have in these two rooms this winter will go down in history—the history of your life and mine, eh, Jessica?"

Jessica smiled a shy assent. "I'll show you about the bathroom and the hot- and cold-water faucets, if you would like me to," she said. "They are a kind of puzzle if you are not used to them."

"But I am, though," responded Mrs. Keith. "We have hot and cold water

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over the whole house at the ranch, and gaslights even in the cellar."

"But I thought you lived in the country!"

"So we do. But plumbers and gas-fitters and gas wells are not far away, so we manage to have most of the modern conveniences. Kansas it not the wilderness eastern people are sometimes led to believe; as you will find out, when I carry you off out there some of these days."

With her grandmother's appearance at the dinner-table half an hour later Jessica's last misgiving vanished, to return no more. Nothing could be more becoming than the soft, gray silk, with its dainty frills of soft lace at neck and wrist, and nothing more charming than the newcomer's graceful ease of manner and ready flow of small talk.

"She's what you might call almost handsome, for one of her age," decided Jessica, "but more than that, she's got a face you just love to look at," watching the play of expression on the refined features, "just as though she's had a lot of experiences, and every one has made her just a little nicer."

Donald was early drawn into the conversation. Jessica, listening from her place at her father's side, and answering only in shy monosyllables when addressed, wondered at this, as her brother was somewhat awkward and ill at ease with visitors. The family circle became almost hilarious, as he and Mrs. Keith exchanged reminiscences of his visit to the ranch three years previous. Their lively banter so pleased and astonished the youngest scion of the family, that he forgot to eat his dinner, but sat with spoon upraised, and mouth and eyes wide open in fixed attention. Jessica, noticing his absorption, exclaimed so loudly in her enjoyment of his attitude, that he promptly slipped under the table—his usual way of avoiding undue attention—and was with much difficulty persuaded to appear again above the board!

In the flow of merry recollections the family learned, for the first time, of the posse of bold cowboy bandits which Donald had organized in the staid little village near his grandmother's home, and of how he trained them in the ways of the plains after the pattern set forth in Buffalo Bill's Wild-West show. It also developed that his temporary guardian had smiled encouragingly on this imitation of "the wild and woolly West" until the unfortunate day when the band was caught in the act of lassoing a prize calf belonging to a neighbor, and several of its members, including the leader, were treated to a ducking in a pond of very dirty water, by the said neighbor's indignant hired man! The band, by Mrs. Keith's orders, was immediately disbanded, and Donald narrowly escaped being banished forthwith to the effete East.

It also transpired that the would-be plainsmen, finding their cowboy tendencies frowned upon, had descended to honorable labor; and, as captains of industry, had hired out in a body to a neighboring farmer, to pick blackberries

through the stress of the season. With the funds thus acquired they had purchased the village grocer's entire leftover stock of Fourth-of-July fireworks, and one immense Roman candle. In the celebration which followed such an acquisition of material they had succeeded in setting fire to a small barn belonging to the father of one of the boys. The structure had been saved from destruction only by the most strenuous efforts of the young patriots, who formed themselves into an efficient bucket brigade which did valiant service.

Donald himself was the narrator of this bit of history of that strenuous summer, and his grandmother hastened to soften the horrified looks of the family circle by adding that he had purchased for all the boys immunity from the wrath of the barn's owner by offering his entire allowance of pocket money—which was generous—for two months, to make good the loss, a concession which the owner generously declined.

Donald was somewhat embarrassed by this information, as he was later when grandmother informed him that the debating society, which he had organized soon after the fire, had not been discontinued, but was still flourishing, and had been named, in honor of its founder, The Cameron Debating Club.

It was still midweek, but all thought of lessons was abandoned, and the Cameron family circle gave itself up to the pleasure of entertaining the new arrival. It was a cool evening in September, and a light wood fire was laid in the library, in the only wood grate which the gas-warmed house afforded; and in its genial glow they all gathered, as soon as dinner was concluded.

"You don't look a day older than you did ten years ago, mother," declared Mr. Cameron, as he leaned on the mantel and approvingly surveyed the newcomer. "How have you succeeded, all these years, in staying the relentless hand of Father Time?"

"I am afraid you have just come from a fresh smack at the blarney stone, son," replied the foster-mother. "I have had no time, however, to attend to such an unimportant matter as growing old. I was with Horace, you know, for nearly five years after Kate's death, and while there I took up painting in oil and water color, which I had a long-standing desire to learn. There is so much inspiration in the scenery out there, and so many good teachers, that my opportunity was only bounded by my ability. Then, as Horace had a fine housekeeper and I seemed to have few duties save to keep him from absolute melancholy, I obtained the position of assistant at one of the public libraries, and reveled in a course of literature during the remainder of my stay. When he remarried, I decided that he and his wife would be best left to themselves, and I returned to my Kansas dug-out again. It seemed necessary, too, as the oil and gas leases which had just been made needed looking after."

"Horace wrote me that he was indebted to you for his second wife. I had never regarded you before in the light of a matchmaker."

"It is not good for a man to be alone" was never truer than in his case. The lady he married was an assistant in the city library, where I was employed. She was one of the sweetest women I ever met. I took her up with me to dinner one night, and I saw at once that they were, or could be, affinities. I spent a month with them last summer, you remember. They have a lovely little daughter, and she is the living image of the little Lucy that was lost. I think I never knew a happier home. Come here, Harry," added Mrs. Keith, coaxingly, to the bashful three-year-old, who was shyly regarding her from the vantage ground of his father's legs. "Pretty soon the big express wagon will come rumbling up here, and what do you suppose it will bring you from Kansas?"

"Anuvver dranma?" queried Harry, doubtfully.

"Heaven forbid!" laughed grandmother. "Papa and mamma would certainly consider that an embarrassment of riches. Guess again."

"Is it somefing good to eat?"

"It is, but it is also safe to say that you will never eat it," returned grandma, and Jessica and Donald looked mystified.

"It has very long ears (papa suddenly looked wise), four feet, no tail to speak of,—"

"Oh, a donkey! a mountain burro, perhaps!" cried Jessica.

Papa shook his head, laughingly. "The only tailless donkey I ever saw was one made of cotton cloth, which you children worked all one evening to affix a paper tail to," he commented. "This seems to be a guessing game for the whole family. Mamma, it is your turn."

"I think I could guess, but I am not going to venture yet," she said. "Harry, if I were to tell you that the something is a furry ball, probably either gray or white, that is not so large as your kitty, and hops about in the grass at night to find something to eat, could you guess what it is?"

"Oh, a wabbit! a wabbit!" cried the little boy, his shyness of the stranger suddenly forgotten. "Dranma, show me to it, twick!"

"Mamma is 'away off,' as the boys say," declared grandma. "When it is grown this something will be twice as large as your kitty, unless you have a whale of a cat. There are two of them, and they are quite small yet, or I could scarcely have brought them."

The rattle of wheels on the driveway sounded at that very moment, and papa and Don went, to return in a few minutes with a box the size of a cracker box, which had numerous holes bored in its sides, and was fitted with a sliding glass cover.

There was scarcely room for the group of heads which bent eagerly over the box, but the same exclamation came in unison from all but Harry, who could only gaze in wonder—"Jack rabbits!"

Looking up at the faces above them, half in fear, half in curiosity, were a pair of half-grown jack-rabbits, their silky ears laid along their backs, their soft

eyes blinking in the glare of the gas jet overhead.

"Where did you get them, mother?" exclaimed Mrs. Cameron. "Or, rather, how did you get them? I had not supposed a jack rabbit could be captured alive by any means."

"One of the men was doing some late plowing this summer," answered Mrs. Keith, "and he ran over the mother with the plow, injuring her so badly that it was necessary to put her out of her misery. As he was sure she had young ones near, he hunted till he found her nest in a shallow hole in the ground, and sure enough, there were two baby jacks in it. He brought them to me in his coat pocket, saying he would rather see the cat eat them than think they were starving to death. But puss adopted them at once, in place of four little ones of her own which she had recently lost. She proved an excellent mother, and cared for them until they were old enough to forage for themselves. It was a crazy experiment, perhaps, to bring them so far from their native heath, but they seem to be all right."

"Are they tame?" asked Donald, bending over the box again, his eyes and voice shining with all the enthusiasm of a boy with a live pet.

Grandmother Keith slipped to the floor by the side of the box, and slid the glass cover ajar. "Do you want some cabbage, Jack?" she asked, and one of the gray beauties thrust his nose into her hand, rooting it impatiently when he found it contained nothing.

"They are hungry. I fed them well before starting, and furnished the expressman an abundance of food for the trip; but a jack rabbit will scarcely touch wilted or stale food, and, too, they have missed their fresh milk, of which they are very fond."

"Let us take them down to the basement where there is lots of room for them to run and give them something to eat," proposed Don, so the entire family followed him and the rabbit box to the roomy basement. Mamma went on a foraging expedition in behalf of the hungry strangers, and returned with some fresh bread, some cabbage leaves, and turnip tops, and a generous dish of milk.

Mrs. Keith opened the box wide and the rabbits hopped lightly out, stretching their long legs, much to Harry's delight. They eagerly appropriated the new milk, and, though they were somewhat shy of so many strangers, whom Mrs. Keith's presence, however, seemed to offset, they ate a hearty supper before a delighted audience.

"This one is Jack," explained Mrs. Keith, indicating the larger of the bunnies, "and that one is Jill. We had a wire enclosure for them, but, as they could dig under it and soon grew large enough to jump over it, they were often out. A neighbor's greyhound has been chasing them lately. Jill seldom strays far enough from the house to give him a chance at her, but Jack has several times led him a merry chase around the house and barn. When he gets tired, Jack hops in at the storehouse window, which is always left open for them."

"Do they ever get sick?" inquired Jessica.

"They 'dump' occasionally, just as children are apt to do when they have had an overdose of dainties," laughed grandmother. "But they have been very healthy, except that Jack nearly died after eating too much green corn when the first roasting ears were harvested this summer."

Donald had disappeared while the others were admiring and discussing the young jacks, and he now returned, carrying an armful of half-dried grass. Turning the box on its side, he stowed the grass within it, and before the family returned to the upper room the travel-worn bunnies were cosily nestled upon it.

Harry was exceedingly reluctant to leave them. "I want to take the wabbits to bed wiv me," he insisted. "I dot lots of woom in my bed."

"We will make them a nice home out in the big yard in the morning, Harry," comforted the big brother, tossing the little boy on his back for a ride to the upper regions; "and you may watch them eat grass all day. I believe he would sleep down here in the basement with them, if mamma would let him," he added aside to Jessica.

"Is 'em Harry's wabbits?" questioned the small boy, standing by his father's side after they had returned to the living-room. "Dranma said she bringed 'em to me."

That had, indeed, been grandma's intention, as she had fancied Don too old to care for a pet of that sort; but now she answered gently, "One is for you, Harry, and one shall be brother Don's for helping take care of both. They will have to be well cared for, if they live so far from their prairie home."

"I have often heard that jack rabbits will not live long in confinement," remarked Mrs. Cameron. "These two seem to be an exception."

"You could scarcely call it 'confinement,' if they had the run of a section of land, and were regularly exercised by a greyhound," laughed her husband.

"Then, too," added Mrs. Keith, "they were carefully cared for when they were little, and not handled at all. Old puss made them an excellent mother, and kept them properly licked and fed. When they were older I scattered green feed where they could get at it at night, when rabbits do most of their eating, so they were soon self-supporting. Their only difference with mamma puss seemed to be when she would bring them a tempting young mouse, and they would reject it, and insist on foraging for themselves in my lettuce bed."

"They will be a seven-days' wonder here," remarked Jessica. "I never saw one myself, before, outside of a picture, and I doubt if there are many children in Cleveland who have."

"They will certainly be a novelty," agreed mamma. "You will have to give a reception for them tomorrow after school, and invite your friends to come and inspect your Kansas acquisition."

"We must be sure, then, to have Margie come over," commented Jessica, in a

mischievous aside to Don. "She has been very much interested in 'Kansas freaks' recently. I wonder if the jack rabbits would come in that class?"

"If they don't, I'm afraid she'll be disappointed in seeing any," returned her brother, with a swift, half-admiring glance at his grandmother, who had taken Harry on her lap and was charming him with her perfect rendition of an old nursery rhyme. That neither Don nor Jessica was disappointed in the arrivals from Kansas, was quite evident from their high spirits.

It was late that night before Jessica could compose herself to sleep. Her last conscious remembrance was of a white-robed figure that had slipped to her bedside through the open door of the adjoining room, of a face, serene and sweet, bending over her—a face that was like her mother's, yet different—and of a tender good-night and a gentle kiss; and she had put her arms about the stranger's neck and drawn the already dear face closer to whisper sleepily, "I am so glad you have come, my dear Kansas grandmother!"

(To be continued)

Cleveland Union

The Young People's and Sunday School Workers' Union of Cleveland held its annual meeting in the First Church. The meeting downstairs after supper was devoted to business. The annual reports from the Young People's organizations and the four Sunday schools showed a very prosperous year.

We are looking forward to an even more prosperous year with new ambitions and a new cast of officers. Mr. Elmore Berneke of Second, president; Mr. Alfred Hasse of Erin Ave., vice-president; Mr. Wilfred Tensch of Nottingham, treasurer, and Miss Bertha Heidel of First, secretary.

A very inspiring song service was followed by an address of Rev. D. R. Sharpe, Executive Secretary of the Cleveland Baptist Association, on "The Sort of an Individual the World Demands," which surely made us all desire to be that sort.

B. HEIDEL, Sec.

* * *

With the increase in the United States from a population of 24,000,000 in 1850 to more than 105,000,000 in 1920, there was a notable lack of uniformity in the increase of many occupations. Some entirely disappeared. In 1850, there were 1323 wheelwrights to every 1,000,000 inhabitants; today there are very few left. In 1920 there were 7587 machinists to every 1,000,000 people, as compared with 1039 in 1850. In 1850 3044 of each 1,000,000 inhabitants were sailors, but only 519 to each 1,000,000 existed in 1920. The proportion of clergymen has remained very nearly the same. In 1850 there was one clergyman to every 949 persons; in 1920, one for each 912. The relative number of physicians and surgeons has decreased. Electricians numbered 2014 to the million in 1920 and steelworkers 8006.

Notes from the Northern Baptist Convention Washington, D. C., May 25-30. Reported by the Editor

¶ The meeting place of the Convention is the Washington Auditorium. It is a building expressly erected to house conventions. It is not far from the White House. It seats 6000 persons.

¶ Secretary Davis of the Department of Labor made an address of welcome and brought the greetings of President Coolidge. Mr. Davis, who is a Baptist, emphasized the importance of religion in the life of a people and stressed the religious training of the young. "When you lose the religious part of a child, you lose the best part of his education."

¶ Secretary Davis in the course of his address made a strong plea for old-fashioned home religion and in reminiscent vein told of its preserving power for righteousness in his own early career. "Many a time when I was in a place I ought not to have been, some old hymn that my mother sang came into my mind and I put on my hat and coat and went home." Of the church he said: "I think of the church as a place where on Sunday I get inspiration for the week." He said there are so many modernists in our day that they would even modernize God.

¶ Rev. S. J. Porter of the First Church gave the welcome address on behalf of the Washington Baptist churches, of which there are 27 white churches and, at the last report, 74 colored churches. "Our issues today," he said, "touch eternity." He referred to the "Zero Milestone" in Washington, from which distances are reckoned. "We have come to take our bearings, to find out where we stand and to advance the banner of the King."

¶ The president of the Convention, Edward H. Rhoades, Jr., in his response said: "This is not a commercial gathering, not a pleasure gathering. We are here to climb the highways of service, perhaps of sacrifice. If we just meet each other here, our meeting is a failure. If we meet God here, we will win the victory we seek. Jesus,—sing aloud the name, till it sets all hearts aflame."

¶ The main address of the first session was the keynote address by Rev. J. Whitcomb Brougher of California. He spoke on "Our Common Denominator." Dr. Brougher asserted there were four distinct groups among Baptists; a few extreme modernists and a few extreme fundamentalists, each of whom wish to have their way, even if they have to disrupt; a larger group of moderate fundamentalists and the fourth group, the middle of the road Baptists. He would like to put the two extreme groups in a room, lock the door and throw the key away. But at least 95% of our people desire a harmonious agreement. Is it possible to find a common denominator for all these groups? The common denominator for all true Baptists is Jesus Christ.

¶ The recognition of the deity of Jesus Christ is absolutely necessary to the harmony of Northern Baptists, continued Dr. Brougher. We must not pussyfoot or make a detour around the deity of Jesus Christ. We must join Thomas in saying: "My Lord and my God." This recognition is not only necessary to our unity but also to our success. We recognize Jesus Christ as our sole authority in religion. As Baptists we go direct to the New Testament for our rule of faith and practice. The Bible has always been our campaign document. We must have a common Christ as a common Savior. Evolution will never take the place of the statement of Jesus Christ: "Ye must be born again."

¶ President Clifton D. Gray of Maine presented the report of the Social Service Committee of the Convention. It referred to the death of Dr. S. Z. Batten and the election of Rev. J. W. Elliot as his successor as Director of Social Education for the Publication Society. One of the important passages of the report says:

In increasing measure the churches are formulating and undertaking a common social program. But the main task is before us. The world is not yet organized for peace. The spirit of war and empire was never apparently so dominant in the life of the American people. The nation confronts the temptation of power in a manner new to its experience and has not yet learned how to resist that temptation. For its task the churches need the flaming social passion of the prophet, the constructive wisdom of the social engineer and the self-sacrificing devotion to the redemption of the individual that filled the spirit of Jesus.

¶ William Green, president of the American Federation of Labor, who is a Baptist, made a great address on Tuesday afternoon. He is a strong, forceful speaker. His address was carefully prepared and compelled the attention of every thinking auditor. His opening words were: "I feel as much at home in a gathering of Baptists as I do in a gathering of laboring men. The Baptist denomination has ever made a strong appeal to the masses of the people. Why should there be understanding between the churches and labor? They are both of the people. Both are idealistic in character. Both seek to promote the spiritual and moral culture of the people. Both are seeking to solve industrial problems. Both are seeking to lift." President Green revealed an understanding of the problem of missions viewed in the light of industrial development. It is good to know that at the head of the great labor organization of America is a man who said in his address: "The teaching of the church and the Baptist denomination

have been good enough for me as a boy, as a student, as a developed man and as president of the American Federation of Labor."

¶ Percy S. Foster of Washington is the song leader of the Convention. His choir of 25 mixed voices from the Immanuel church sang Tuesday night, also the male chorus of the church. Prof. Foster is an inimitable song director, who gets a convention to sing. Singing by the great audience of thousands of "Love lifted me" varied into "Christ lifted me" and "John 3:16" in the chorus, after repeating the "little Bible" verse, was wonderful. He led the evening audience again and again in singing old-fashioned Southern hymns like "I'm bound for the promised land" and "On Jordan's stormy banks I stand."

¶ The Ohio delegation presented President Rhoades of the Convention with a lovely basket of roses. Mr. Rhoades has also been president of the Ohio Baptist State Convention for a decade or more. He is a lovable man. His rulings from the chair have been eminently fair.

¶ Eleven women missionaries from foreign fields of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society spoke on Tuesday evening. Some were in native costume. It was a colorful group on the platform and the stories were actual experiences from the work.

¶ The session on Wednesday morning filled the auditorium. The matter of the Amendment to the By-laws of the Convention was up for transaction and the air was electric with expectancy. Prospects for a so-called "scrap" always draws a crowd. Big issues were involved and epochal decisions about to be made. The song service was deeply devotional: "When I survey the wondrous cross" was sung with fervor and deep feeling.

¶ The amendment proposed at Seattle last year (Hinson resolution) was by vote laid on the table. Dr. J. W. Brougher presented for adoption the "Chicago Conference" resolution, as follows: "The Northern Baptist Convention recognizes its constituency as consisting solely of those Baptist Churches in which the immersion of believers is recognized and practiced as the only Scriptural Baptism; and the Convention hereby declares that only immersed members will be recognized as delegates to the Convention."

Dr. W. B. Riley proposed an amendment to this resolution as follows:

"The Northern Baptist Convention recognizes its constituency as consisting solely of those Baptist churches in which the immersion of believers is recognized and practiced as a pre-requisite to membership."

A debate of several hours followed on the resolution and the proposed amendment.

Dr. J. W. Brougher, J. C. Masee, H. W. Virgin, A. W. Beaven and Corwin S. Shank spoke for the Chicago Conference resolution.

Dr. W. B. Riley, Earl Pierce, John R. Straton, F. R. Goodchild and Max Schimpf spoke for the amendment. The vote was 1084 for the Riley amendment and 2020 against. The Brougher resolution was then adopted by practically a similar vote.

The President of the Southern Baptist Convention was introduced and made a brief address. In view of the preceding debate and referring to some similar happenings about points at issue in the South, he said: "We have said 'Two and Two make four.' But some folks were not satisfied. They wanted us to say: 'Two and Two don't make five.' Well, we have said it and now everybody seems happy."

In the Wednesday afternoon session, Dr. Chas. W. Gilkey paid a loving tribute to the memory of the fallen leader of the Board of Missionary Co-Operation and the New World Movement, J. Y. Aitchison.

Executive Secretary W. H. Bowler presented the report of the Board of Missionary Co-Operation. He said the average church is maintained by approximately 51 per cent of its membership. On the average only 32 per cent of the members are recorded givers to the funds for missions and benevolences. Dependence on minority giving is a handicap, not alone to the missionary enterprise, but to all that the individual church does in its local field. There is but one panacea for apathy in religion and that is the spirit of the Lord Jesus Christ.

The future of our missions depends absolutely upon increasing the proportion of our membership that is truly active in church service. There has got to be a spiritual sense of stewardship, a spiritual awakening to God's prior claim upon the life and possessions of every human being.

The donations for the work under the direction of the Board of Missionary Co-operation for the fiscal year ending April 30 were \$4,904,000. Receipts fell \$720,000 below the operating budget of the year.

The American nation spends 22 per cent of its income for luxuries and appropriates three quarters of one per cent to religion.

Mr. W. A. Staub, chairman of the Finance Committee of the Northern Baptist Convention, presented a recommendation for a unified budget for the year ending April 30, 1927, of \$8,543,338. It is estimated that \$2,183,338 of this will come from non-donation sources, leaving the rest to be raised by churches and individuals.

When a church thinks first of itself and generates power only for its own machinery, it is a mighty useless thing. Put your church on the world map. Rev. A. W. Beaven.

On Wednesday afternoon the dele-

gates visited the Roger Williams Memorial Church on Columbia Road and 16th St. The Northern and Southern Baptist Conventions have united in building this national memorial to Baptist Liberty. It is a splendid building approaching completion. Appropriate exercises were held, prominent Baptists from North and South making short addresses.

The B. Y. P. U. of the District of Columbia presented their work in Junior, Intermediate and Senior departments by a fine tableau on Thursday afternoon in the Auditorium. Nine out of every ten of the members are giving for missions through the local church. It was said, they are making primary the discipling program. This is a splendid record and worthy of emulation everywhere.

This was the first N. B. Convention in which the B. Y. P. U. of America had a place on the regular program outside of the regular Sunday afternoon meeting. The Convention appropriates \$25,000 per year to Young People's work.

Dr. W. E. Chalmers of the Department of Religious Education of the American Baptist Publication Society reported that 42 summer assemblies will be held this year with an attendance of 16,000 young people. It is the greatest year in this kind of work.

Dr. S. G. Neil announced the completion of a new chapel car which will be used in evangelization work in Porto Rico this fall. He said the number of colporters and chapel car missionaries employed by the Publication Society ought to be doubled.

One of the high points of the Convention was the address of Dr. J. C. Masee of Tremont Temple, Boston, on "Evangelism and an Evangelistic Ministry." It grew out of the evangelistic ministry of the speaker and culminated in the following proposals:

That the Northern Baptist Convention from October first give itself for six months to a soul-winning ministry.

That the Convention declare a six-months moratorium of money raising. An armistice of six months on all controversies.

That an immediate rededication of all societies, secretaries, machinery, books, hospitals and schools, etc., be made to the work of winning men for Christ.

That meetings of planning and preparation be held the first week in October for this work and then everyone begin it. A cold, passionless church will never reach an indifferent world. Tell the story again and again. If you get busy chasing sinners, sinners will come to you to be chased.

The total enrollment on Thursday afternoon, May 27, of the Convention was: Delegates 3669, Visitors 1603, a total of 5272. One of the largest Conventions in years.

President Calvin Coolidge was photographed with 5755 delegates and visitors on the White House grounds on Thursday noon. On his right and left were standing Pres. E. H. Rhoades, Jr., of the Convention and Dr. J. W. Brougher,

the new Convention president. This is said to be the largest delegation ever admitted to be photographed on the Executive Mansion grounds. President and Mrs. Coolidge accompanied by their two famous dogs greeted the delegates later from the White House porch.

In attendance at the Convention from our German Baptist churches we noticed and greeted the following: Prof. L. Kaiser, Rev. J. Leyboldt, Rev. F. L. Willkens, W. A. Staub, Mr. and Mrs. Edw. B. Glanz, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Koppin, Rev. August Runtz, Rev. R. A. Schmidt, Rev. G. Schmidt, Rev. S. A. Kose, Rev. F. P. Kruse, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Schmidt and Mrs. Walters of Buffalo, Rev. E. G. Kliese and Mr. Joseph Conrad, Rev. F. Orthner. We were informed that Rev. Cramer of Arnold, Pa., was present, but must have missed him in the crowds.

The American Foreign Missionary Society reports for the last year 22,460 baptisms, the greatest number in any year of its history. Last year more baptisms occurred on the Telugu field in India than in any year since the great ingathering in 1878 under Dr. Clough.

When the nominating committee of the Convention reported the nominees for the officers and managers of the Foreign Missionary Society, another list of nominees was presented to the Convention by the Bible Union forces. The vote was by ballot. The nominating committee's ticket, headed by Carl E. Milliken of Maine, received 1708 votes out of 2413 cast, defeating that of the Bible Union adherents, headed by Chas. R. Brock.

Rev. E. H. Giedt of South China was one of the returned missionaries speaking on Friday afternoon. He gave a very succinct story of the situation in South China, which received the commendation of Secretary J. H. Franklin.

Twenty-five newly appointed missionaries going to foreign fields were presented to the Convention on Friday night.

The Rochester Seminary Banquet was held at the Calvary church on Friday evening at 6 o'clock. It was, as Dr. Clarence A. Barbour stated, the largest Alumni dinner in the history of the Seminary. About 300 were there. Reference was made to the negotiations under way of consolidating Colgate and Rochester seminaries. It was an enthusiastic, loyal gathering and a fine spirit prevailed.

Wayne B. Wheeler, General Counsel of the Anti-Saloon League, addressed the Convention on Saturday morning on "The Wet Objective and a Dry Defense." We have a dry aggressive to meet the wet objective. Our enemies are not going to get a single wet bill through this Congress. They have no more chance than a crippled grasshopper in a pen of hungry turkeys. They want a referendum. They ever had one before on any other national question? There is no authority for such a referendum and it would mean nothing after we had it. We must create a greater respect for God's law and the law of government. Otherwise we will

sink back to chaos. Attorney Wheeler's address received great applause.

The presentation of a gavel of olive wood, made by the boys in Nazareth, to President Rhoades by the Near East Relief was a pleasing feature. It was made by a little girl, who was a mere bag of bones picked up by relief workers in an Asia Minor city 4 years ago. She also sang a verse of "My country, 'tis of thee" and a verse of a song of appreciation. The Convention endorsed the work as long as it will be needed.

The next meeting of the Northern Baptist Convention in 1927 will be in Chicago.



North Dakota Group

The above picture was taken at the home of Ludwig Wagner, Denhoff, N. D., a member of the Lincoln Valley church, when Rev. Albert Alf was holding revival meetings there. Those at the top row are Rev. G. Eichler of Anamoose, Ludwig Wagner of Lincoln Valley and August Kessler of Cathay, N. D. Lower row, Rev. A. Alf, Arthur Albus and Rev. A. P. Schulz of Carrington, N. D.

Association at LaSalle

The West Nebraska and Colorado association held its annual meeting with the LaSalle, Colo., church from May 12-16.

As this association consists of only two churches, there was no hope for a large delegation. But from Scottsbluff alone five cars started and landed safe with about 20 delegates and visitors. It was a wonderful trip of about 175 miles. The church in LaSalle was crowded from beginning to the end. The prayer-meetings, led by layman brethren, business meetings and especially the evening services were all well attended.

Rev. O. Eymann was elected chairman and P. F. Schilling secretary.

The reports of the various departments of the churches convinced everyone that there is a great work before us, and that every department tries to get a

Daily Scripture Portion Bible Readers Course

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

Prayer before reading: Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law. Ps. 119:18.

Table with columns for months (April, May, June, July, August) and rows for various Bible books (St. Matthew, Numbers, Acts, St. John, Amos, Jonah, Psalms, etc.) with corresponding verse numbers.

(By Courtesy of the Scripture Union)

good hold of its own part in that work. May everyone succeed!

Rev. C. Wagner of Ellinwood, Kans., was invited to come and assist us. He was so kind and accepted the invitation, and the association was greatly blessed through his work. Once more, Bro. Wagner, thank you, come again!

As there are only five or six churches in Nebraska and one in Colorado, the association expressed its desire to unite, if possible, with the association of our German Baptist churches in the eastern part of the state. What say you, brethren? There were no meetings on Saturday, and a good part of the delegates took a trip to Denver.

The missionary offering was \$86.69. If the Lord helps, the next meeting will be held with the church at Scottsbluff, Nebr. P. F. SCHILLING, Sec.

Why Some Students Fail

A prominent professor was asked why some students fail. His reply is interesting. "Too little sleep, too much play, not enough study, too much leisure, fast eating and diversified thinking are factors that devitalize students and are responsible for the 'delinquent groups' found in every university."

The Bible the Best Guide

A recent editorial from the "New York Herald" is worth reading. Of course, the Bible does not need the endorsement of the "New York Herald," or of any paper—and there is no paper in the country but would be better if guided more completely by Bible principles—but this editorial is true, even through its contrast between the period in which the Bible was written and our own is overstated:

BIBLE THE BEST GUIDE

More and more it is realized that the Bible is the only book in the world which can be applied to all classes, all conditions, and all times.

Written and compiled thousands of years ago, when the world was in its infancy, and when humanity was groping its way out of the darkness into the light, its wonderful images, its inspiring stories, and its uplifting spirituality make it as valuable an agent of civilization and as powerful a factor in the uplift of humanity as ever it was.

In fact the Bible is found to be the best-known guide for social progress, for political construction, and for industrial peace.

Missions—Home and Worldwide

The Open Door Into Assam Villages

REV. G. R. KAMPFER

For some months news has been reaching me of the activity of little groups of Kachari Christians sent out by their churches to bring the gospel to non-Christian villages. Other duties kept me from the field, but finally I was free to go, just before the rains broke. Such travel! By steamer, railroad, jitney, buffalo-carts, on foot, and in hip boots through rivers.

Now it was my privilege to see how "God had opened the door of faith unto the Gentiles." Again and again I met with these wandering preaching troupes, usually accompanied by a *deori* (a former animistic priest) who now, as a demon-driver, broke the spell of superstition as he slashed the sacred siju tree or tore from the house wisps of rice-stems, betel nuts and eggs—the charms that were supposed to hold the evil spirits in check and protect their homes—and burned these, together with the "satan-house." The people were done with heathenism, booze and opium. A new day had dawned upon them. It was Christ they wanted now.

We enjoyed the trip as we roamed over God's wild, wide out-of-doors, with the mighty Himalayas, those dark, gigantic spectres, before us, traveling by night, with the bright full moon smiling down upon us. It was the open season when most of the village work is done and the people wait for the heavens to open and the rain to come, so they may begin the plowing. It was somewhat uncanny to go out in the morning and, in the wet, sandy paths not fifty feet from our huts, find fresh tiger tracks of immense size.

This field, notorious for its unhealthfulness, has seen a phenomenal growth of Christian churches. Twelve years ago we had but a handful of twenty-eight members. Last Christmas more than 2,000 were reported. In the last few months so great an ingathering took place that no one thinks of taking stock of our gains any more. I counted fourteen main centers where we either camped or stopped but a few hours, in which groups of villagers met for instruction, examination and preparation for baptism. This was all new work, which I had never seen before.

The problem was to place men as leaders in these centers. The best we could do in many places was to station boys as teachers and pastors, most of them still in their teens and some of them hardly able to read. They tend the sick and have prayer with them, for sacrifice to evil spirits for the sake of the sick can no longer be tolerated. They show the new converts how to sing, pray and read the Word of God. They also teach the three R's to the young boys by day and to the young men by night. Many of these "teachers" never got beyond the

third or fourth class in our mission school. Their usefulness, however, is all too often underestimated. They "serve the Lord with all humility of mind, and with many tears and temptations which befall them." They stick to their task for years on a meagre salary and think and live on the level of the average villager. They become the spokesmen for their little groups.

I went to a place called Junglepara. It was spoken of as a village, but it took a whole day just to meet all the people in their courtyards. This was a region of villagers scattered over a large area. Truly, "a great door and effectual is opened unto us."

It is too much to say that this ingathering goes on without disturbance. There are some village riots, adversaries in the form of headmen and petty officials, family quarrels and broken bones. Our new Christians learn literally "that we must through much tribulation enter into the kingdom of God."

The great *Domai* (New Year) festival was near at hand, celebrated by non-Christians in drink and dance. Many villagers, aware that they too would be seized by the spirit abroad in the land and that they too would have to yield to the new religion, were holding back, but wanted to be Christians. The movement is on and village after village is entering the kingdom of a more sober and a more glorious day.

And what of the responsibilities of our churches at home for these new Christians across the seven seas? This is the day the Lord hath made. "Take heed therefore unto yourselves, and to all the flock, over the which the Holy Ghost hath made you overseers, to feed the church of God, which he hath purchased with his own blood" (Acts 20:28).

God's Transforming Grace

Two priests of the Russian church met on a river steamer in Siberia. One warned the other against the Baptists, but the second retorted that he feared them not. His church-members were such drunkards and ruffians that the Baptists could never make proselytes of them.

"But, dear colleague," answered the first, "that is the very material out of which the Baptists make their most devoted adherents."

It is like making white marble out of ditch mud; yet the Creator made all marble out of mud, all aqueous rock out of sediment and slime.

Paul and the Spirit of God made saints of the dissipated, corrupted, vain, "foolish," as he calls them, Corinthians.

* * *

There is no surer path to a noble life than willing service. Whatever your work, do it "heartily, as unto the Lord, and not unto men," and it is at once ennobled.

There are said to be approximately 6,000,000 radio receiving sets in the world. Of these about 4,000,000 are in use in the United States, about 900,000 in England, an equal number in Germany, and the rest scattered. A significant feature of this distribution, to which attention is called by the "Dear-born Independent," is that the average European government actually discourages the ownership of a radio set by needless red-tape requirements. The object is thus to control the means of communication not only in time of war but also to censor efforts to influence public opinion.

* * *

A Grain of Iodine

We need not wonder that the simple test of the forbidden tree led to the expulsion of our first parents from the garden of Eden, which seemed a trivial matter only to the unthinking. It was sin specific, direct, wilful, deliberate. And it brought "death into the world and all our woe."

There is no such thing as a little sin. Even a vile thought will corrupt the whole nature. One single sin may blacken and blight a whole life. Beware of the little sin, and the big iniquities will never bother you.

Go to the laboratory and learn from the chemist that a single grain of iodine will color seven thousand times its weight of water.

It is the little things that affect us through and through. Their tinge and taint abides with us as long as we live.

* * *

The fact that we make a bad mistake does not mean that we are not Christian. We are Christian as long as we try to know what Christ taught us to do and desire to follow out that knowledge. Being a Christian does not consist in having a spotless record; it consists in having the spotless personal and social objectives that Christ established for his followers. A failure to realize these objectives does not take from us the right to bear the name derived from our blessed Lord. On the other hand, if the objectives are sufficiently real to us, if we offer ourselves opportunities for growth and discipline, we should find ourselves less and less often failing the more obvious tests of our discipleship.

* * *

Learn to Co-operate

Your job is to fit yourself into the mechanism of your organization. This is called co-operation. Co-operation is the ability to do the thing that is always for the interest of the organization rather than for the interest of particular department or individual. When all the members of a business organization are working together harmoniously . . . success . . . is assured. That is co-operation.—Roger W. Babson.

A Communion Hymn

(A translation of the German hymn: "O Liebe, wie gross.")

C. A. DANIEL

Oh Lord, do prepare
Our hearts now to share
The glory and love of our Savior.
'Tis God, who revealed
His great love and sealed
Our pardon in Christ, our Redeemer.

And while we commune,
Our hearts, Lord, attune
As thy bride to tell the glad story.
The roll call to hear,
When thou dost appear
To gather us round thee in glory.

This and That at Ebenezer, Detroit

The first "Mothers and Daughters" banquet took place recently in the dining hall of the church under the sponsorship of the Priscilla Class.

A pleasant surprise awaited the 220 diners when informed that the men of the church had arranged every detail of the palate-tickling host of good things spread upon the daintily decorated linens. The atmosphere was one of joy and gladness amid the pink and white streamers which graced the ceilings and the varied hued blossoms that enhanced the tables.

The swift service of the young men waiters resplendent in neat white coats and black bow ties, was faultless. The male menu which caused so much favorable comment was prepared under the direction of Robert MacIntosh of this church and beloved of all boys of the local Y. M. C. A. with which Mr. MacIntosh is associated. The joyous selections of the Ebenezer Orchestra again won enthusiastic approval.

After the men were energetically cheered for their successful efforts, they withdrew from the room and Mrs. John Leypoldt assumed position of toastmistress. The program which followed was richly varied with special music, short talks and recitations of mother and daughter love. This was followed by the feature of the evening the inspiring address so interestingly delivered by Margaret Sheppard of the Detroit Salvation Army Hospital.

The Young People's Society reports the close of their very richly blessed Missionary Campaign, an annual Mission Offering. This year the sum of \$640 in cash (no pledges) was raised among the some 100 members. The money is designated by the society for various missions, home, foreign and special.

The recently organized "Gospel Band" under the leadership of Church Missionary Alfred Engel, and composed of young men and women desiring to do special personal work, is working earnestly. The weekly plan meeting is held in the church on Monday night and Saturday night finds them on a busy street intersection holding a Gospel service. Prayer is the controlling factor in this organization.

To facilitate the pastor's work and to save time, the congregation presented the

Rev. John Leypoldt with a new Dodge Deluxe Sedan at the morning service Sunday, May 16. The surprise and gratitude of the pastor amply repaid the donors. To travel other than by auto in the motor city consumes much time and we are promised that he shall make good use of his gift.

The popular among Detroit churches Ebenezer Orchestra is ready for its annual "Musical," which takes place at the church early in June and which again promises to be a musical feast. The 15-piece orchestra, under efficient direction, will be assisted by soloists of merit.

The Linwood Park (Ohio) Institute is finding much favor at Ebenezer and we hope to be well represented at those gloriously anticipated days of learning, playing, resting, reconsecrating and re-creating. "N. J. B."

Farewell Service at Gladwin, Mich.

We seldom think how fast time passes, but when we look back, we can say that time, especially the last five years have passed too fast!

When we say the last five years we mean the five years during which Bro. P. F. Schilling has served this church and Sunday school at Gladwin. As a token of appreciation and thanks, the church and Sunday school united and gave a small farewell program on Sunday, April 25, 1926, the last Sunday that Bro. Schilling spent in Gladwin.

Bro. Schindler, our faithful Sunday school superintendent for over twenty years, asked Rev. and Mrs. Schilling to come to the front. He then addressed them in behalf of the Sunday school thanked them for what they had done in Gladwin. Then the male choir sang a song. Bro. A. Rinas then read a poem. Another song by the male choir and then all the children of the Sunday school sang "God be with you till we meet again," the congregation joining in the chorus. The program was then ended and refreshments were served. Bro. and Sister Schilling were presented with a beautiful name-blanket containing the names of all members and their children.

Bro. Schilling is now serving as pastor of the German Baptist church at Scottsbluff, Neb. May the Lord bless and be with Bro. Schilling in his work!

SECRETARY OF S. S.

Young People's Society of Forestburg, Alta.

After a period of inactivity our society has been reorganized and is going forward with new vigor. It is already proving an attraction for young people of the neighborhood not otherwise connected with the church and, as the district offers good facilities for immigrants, we hope to increase in strength numerically as time progresses.

We are engaged in developing the gifts that were lying dormant and the results are becoming surprisingly pleasurable. The team-work displayed by members of the society in reviewing the proofs of the Sonship of God of our Lord Jesus Christ

in a recent meeting was a source of inspiration and uplifting for the whole of the members and visitors.

The various committees are doing great work and we trust in the Lord for success. In Bro. J. Brickman we have an earnest and worthy chairman and Bro. F. Sorge is indefatigable in providing the musical entertainment and worship. Through the debates included in our program we hope to allay and dispel sundry doubts on questions of doctrine and ceremony and thus retain the strength and power of unity with our Lord.

We recently had the pleasure of a visit from our Conference Colporter, Bro. Julius Litke, and are thankful for the instruction in verbal and printed state he provided.

It was the privilege of our society to conduct one of the series of evangelistic gatherings held during February and we were blessed in blessing.

Whilst heartily greeting all other G. B. Y. P. S.s we would ask your prayers for increased strength and life.

J. TOYNE.

The Romance of Fanny Crosby

F. W. GODTFRING

Truly it was a romance; ninety-five years old when she died. Christendom acknowledges her life work. "Fanny Crosby Envelopes" are distributed in tens of thousands of churches of all denominations—Catholics and Protestants. All the money received in these envelopes will go towards a national fund to erect a memorial building for aged people, in honor of the well-known hymn writer. The building, a truly imposing one, commemorate of her gigantic work, will be erected in her old home town, Hartford, Conn.

Her life overlapped every president of the United States except Washington. She was a personal friend of many presidents, an honored co-worker of Moody and Sankey, an intimate friend of Henry Clay. She wrote her first poetic work as a little child of eight, and composed her last hymn on the day of her death.

She would deserve our gratitude if only for the tremendous volume of her work. She sold 5700 hymns to one publishing firm, Biglow & Main, and she added 2700 other hymns through other publishers. She used at least one hundred assumed names, and we sing many of her best poems and compositions without recognizing her. Just think: About 8400 hymns—what does it mean? Take your age. Sing four of her hymns every Sunday; how old will you be when you have sung them all?—Her own works alone would make 13 complete hymn books, and large ones at that. The Rev. Theodore Cuyler truly said: "She has set more voices to praising God than any woman in the world."

Yet the outstanding fact about her is that she was blind. A little baby girl, she was crudely treated by a doctor, and a hot poultice seared out her sight; they hoped to restore it, but when she was eight years old, specialists said that she

was never to see daylight again. She went home and wrote her first poem that day:

Oh, what a happy soul I am,
Although I can not see,
I am resolved that in this world
Contented I will be.

How many blessings I enjoy
That other people don't!
To weep and sigh because I'm blind
I cannot nor I won't!

It is this terrible circumstance which gives peculiar poignance to her priceless hymns. How children do love to sing them! While chorister of a large Sunday school for ten years I never had difficulty to arouse enthusiastic and sincere heart-felt singing of her hymns; the mere mention of her name—Fanny Crosby—was sufficient. Yes, she was remembering how it felt to be a blind baby, cuddling into protecting caresses, when she wrote "Safe in the arms of Jesus." She was recalling her girlhood experiences when she clutched at the garments of her parents for guidance, and penned the hymn we sing so often, "Savior, more than life to me, I am clinging, clinging close to thee." The memory of voices which died away into

silence before she could reach and identify them was in her mind as she composed "I am thine, o Lord, I have heard thy voice." She was recollecting footsteps which sped past her without stopping, when she stepped to her piano and sang "Pass me not, o gentle Savior." And her life of darkness, with thousands of lovely scenes described, but, alas! never witnessed, was the background of her beautiful stanza:

"Some day when fades the golden sun
Against the rosy-tinted west
My blessed Lord will say 'Well done,'
And I shall enter into rest;
And I shall see him face to face
And tell the story 'Saved by grace.'"

Songs in the nights of disappointment are the songs which really tell. Who does not sing them? Words of faith which arise from the sobs of pain, carry conviction.

Perhaps similar trials, which seem so hard for you, dear reader, now, are part of God's plan to also make your testimony worth while. Just hear this withered old and blind woman, as she walks tremblingly out over the horizon of life into eternity, singing in her feeble voice:

"Lead me, O my Savior, lead me;
What have I on earth beside:

While a pilgrim and a stranger,
Be thou still my faithful guide.
Lead me, lead me, all my journey here
below,
If thy gracious hand uphold me,
Then how gladly will I go."

* * *

You

To whom is the Sermon on the Mount addressed? To many? To others?
"Verily, I say unto You," said Christ.
"Let your light shine before men," he said.

Not their light. But your light!
Yes, you say. But how?
Listen:
"Ask and it shall be given you."
"Seek, and you shall find."
"Knock, and it shall be opened unto you."

Always You.

Just You.

Believe that, and the world is—
Yours.

Because he said:

"Ye are the light of the world."

YOU!

—Edward W. Bok in Scribner's
Magazine.

* * *

The Bells of Cologne

This is an amusement that children enjoy, that their elders can share with pleasure, and that diverts even those who are too deaf to hear ordinary sounds.

Take a silver tablespoon and tie it just above the bowl to the middle of a string about five feet long. Wrap each end of the string three or four times round a forefinger and then insert the forefingers gently in the ears. The spoon will swing free on the string. Lean forward a little and let the spoon strike a wooden surface, as the edge of the table. The blow will produce a beautiful musical tone.

By tying three or four spoons at intervals on the same string you can produce a set of chimes.

Brief Broadcasts

A pessimist is an individual who blows out the light to see how dark it is.

Things begun in prayer end in power.
The State that tolerates disrespect of any law breeds defiance of all law.

Life is not a goblet to be drained. It is a measure to be filled.

Jesus was God's character lived out in the midst of human affairs.

A man wrapped up in himself makes but a small parcel.

Easily Explained

He: "I'm ashamed of my failure to keep abreast of modern science. Take the electric light, for instance. I haven't the least idea how it works."

Sweet Young Thing: "Why, it's very simple. You just press a button and the light comes on."—Good Hardware.

* * *

Mule in a barnyard, lazy and sick;
Boy with a pin on the end of a stick
Creeps up behind him quiet as a mouse—
Crepe on the door of the little boy's house.
—Exchange.



Berthold W. Krentz
Rochester, N. Y.



William Schweitzer
Rochester, N. Y.



Walter O. Makowsky
Rochester, N. Y.



John L. Hartwick
Rochester, N. Y.

Ready to serve our German Baptist people, we send out our brethren from the Seminary with the request to welcome them with true Christian hospitality and to listen patiently to what they have to say when they visit you in your homes.

LOOKING AT LIFE

You hold a hearty grip on life today. But,—unless you have planned for the unexpected, your failure to meet the problems fairly will bring crushing burdens upon your family. Your obligations will be met if you live. You know your earning power and you feel that you will be well able to meet every one of these obligations. But you need time to meet them—and time may not be given you.

Take the problem of the mortgage on your home—think about it. Ask one question about it—will your wife be able to shoulder that debt and at the same time support herself and the children? She would have to face the problem immediately and at a time when she would have the least strength to perform.

It is a deep satisfaction to any man to know that he has given unfailing protection to his family; that he has adopted and generously and thoughtfully conceived to free them from care—a guarantee for their future comfort and happiness. In German Baptist Insurance you will find all those splendid provisions which guarantee your family's welfare, enable them to lift the mortgage, to educate the little ones and to provide the comforts of life.

The solution of the problem to most men is a low-cost membership certificate issued under Ordinary Life Plan, or straight life, because it provides the greatest amount of protection for the lowest price.

Ask your local clerk-agent, or any one of our four Rochester Seminary students visiting our churches during these summer months, or write direct to the home office of

THE GERMAN BAPTISTS' LIFE ASSOCIATION,
860 Walden Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.