

# The Baptist Herald

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

Volume Four

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*Iowa Institute at Aplington. June 14-18, 1926*

## THE CHRIST OF YOUTH

Do you want a Friend who knows youth, knows its problems and ambitions and perplexities, knows its ideals and ambitions? He is here and waiting; He is the young Man of Galilee, whose life and teachings have ever been the inspiration of young people all over the world.

# What's Happening

Rev. C. F. Zummach of the Immanuel Baptist Church, Kankakee, Ill., baptized three adults on June 20. Others are soon expected to unite with the church. A very successful Daily Vacation Bible school was held. The Bible study dealt with the Life of Christ and John's Gospel. The church unites with the other churches of the city in Sunday evening Union meetings during July and August. The pastor and family left on July 19 for a vacation motor trip which will cover points in Ontario, Western New York and Ohio.

Rev. J. Kepl and family of Durham, Kans., accompanied by Mr. K. F. Ehrlich and wife, also of Durham, are taking a auto vacation trip to So. Bethlehem, Pa., and various points east. Bro. Ehrlich is vice-president of the Kansas Young People's and Sunday School Workers' Union.

The newly elected officers of the B. Y. P. U. of the Immanuel church, Kankakee, Ill., are: President, Arthur Salzman; 1st Vice-Pres., Vernito Kimbro; 2nd Vice-Pres., Lucille Anderson; 3rd Vice-Pres., Minnie Camden; 4th Vice-Pres., Viola Schilling; Sec'y, Lenora Lockwood; Treas., Robt. Blatt; Junior Advisor, Lulu Krueger; Pianist, Helen Stewig; Librarian, Alma Salzman.

The edifice of the First Church of Dickenson Co., Dillon, Kans., church has been renovated and presents an attractive appearance. The Southwestern Conference meets with this church in the latter part of August.

The front page of the "Herald" gives us a view of the large and splendid group assembled at the institute of the Iowa Jugendbund at Aplington, Iowa. The photograph reached us too late to accompany the report of that meeting in the last number of the "Herald." Bro. H. B. Wiesley, the past president, and Bro. L. G. Johnson, the past secretary and treasurer, were prime factors in the success of this first institute this year. Both brethren have been faithful workers in the state young people's work for a number of years. The banquet on Friday night was surely a ten-strike. Miss Matilda De Beck scored a success as toast-mistress. The Aplington ladies outdid themselves in the kitchen art at this banquet. We say to all Aplington folks: Well done!

The Missionary Society of the Baptists of Germany have received permission and authority, according to Rev. F. W. Simoleit in the "Wahrheitszeuge," to again send their own missionaries to their old field in British Cameroons. This seems to have been brought about through the effort of the Secretary of the Baptist World Alliance, Dr. J. H. Rushbrooke. This news has caused great rejoicing among our churches in Germany and surely will evoke the same feeling in our hearts in America.

The Union Baptist Church, Arnold, Pa., in July voted to increase the salary of their pastor, Rev. C. E. Cramer, \$200 per annum. In spite of the many special demands made on the church by reason of their building enterprise, \$496.65 was given for missions. A special morning service in English will be held in future every second month for the benefit of the children and young folks of the Sunday school. The Lord's supper will be observed in connection with this service.

On Friday evening, June 25, the members of the First German Baptist Church of Folsomdale, N. Y., held a house warming for their new pastor, Edward Stevener, and his wife. After a community sing and some games, refreshments were served to about 75 by the Ladies' Aid. The church presented Mr. and Mrs. Stevener with a sum of money, and the Ladies' Aid gave a rug. The work here is going forward with great spirit. The meetings are well attended and everyone expresses a great interest in the work of our church. We soon expect to be able to add some members to the list of the Faithful, through conversions.

## Evangel Baptist Church, Newark, N. J.

The Lord has been with us, fulfilling all our needs according to his riches in Glory and giving us an able leader in Mr. W. F. Kettenburg, Jr., who is superintendent of our Sunday school.

Our Junior Church held Sunday mornings, led by Mr. Timothy Hoops, is well attended.

Souls are being won for the Lord, four-teen were baptized recently.

Many of the children do not come from Christian homes; God grant that the Christian atmosphere here will help them grow in grace and knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Our Daily Vacation School began on July 6. Miss Priscilla Hoops, Director of Religious Education, is principal.

During Rev. F. Niebuhr's vacation the pulpit committee is providing speakers; may he return with new joy and strength to continue his work for the Lord!

LYDIA NIEBUHR.

## Anniversary at Trochu

The Baptist Young People's Society at Trochu, Alberta, held their 11th anniversary on Sunday, June 27, 1926, with great success.

We were privileged in having many visitors from all the town churches and from our neighboring Baptist churches in Knee Hill and Freudental. Our church did not nearly hold all the people and many could only hear what was rendered through opened doors and windows.

We were especially glad to have a visitor, namely, our former pastor, Bro. A. Kujath, who after great sufferings feels much better but is not fully enjoying health yet.

The program was opened by the usual devotionals. A song of welcome was sung to our guest of honor, Bro. A. Kujath. This was to show our happiness in having him in our midst. A welcome was then extended to all present by our president.

The following numbers were well rendered by the young people. Numbers from the choir, two ladies quartets and duets, one soprano solo, a number of dialogues and recitations, music by the band of our Y. P. U., also two good selections from an instrumental quartet consisting of two violins and two guitars.

We then had the pleasure of hearing a short talk from Bro. Kujath, who organized our society eleven years ago.

The collection which was designated for missions amounted to \$19.50.

We were all real happy in having received a blessing and look forward to still greater blessings in the future. Lord, send them in "showers!" is our prayer.

IDA HALLER, Sec.

## He Knows Others

We saw a beautiful story the other day of a little child who, after she had offered the children's prayer, "Now I lay me down to sleep," added, "God bless mama and papa and auntie and Maggie and poor Jake and good Miss Lucy and—" as the curly head nodded she closed with fervor—"Lord, if you know any folks that I don't, please bless them!"

Isn't that fine? How few of us in mature Christian life have often prayed so fervently or so effectually?

## All the Time

Jesus Christ is the same yesterday and today, yea and for ever. A dear friend of mine put the words "Christ is Lord" on the dial of his watch in place of numbers, and when he looked at it in his times of trial he would say to himself, "Well, Christ is Lord, whatever time it is," and it brought him peace.

# The Baptist Herald

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# The Baptist Herald

## Give the Young People a Place

A YOUNG man in a young people's conference remarked: "You want to hold the young people to the church. Well, you've got to give us something to hold to." It is apparent that those churches which fail to offer a place in their program to their young people are failing to hold their loyalty.

Young people will go where they find opportunity to develop initiative and where they have a chance to bear recognized responsibility. We cannot save unless we can interest. To say as a pastor once admitted: "I have nothing to do for my young men but pass the hymn books," is a confession of inefficiency. We know some churches where young men are not given an opportunity to do even that.

The local churches as well as the denominations at large which provide a place and a part for the young people will find coming from them a loyalty and devotion which will gladden the hearts of their leaders and help to enlarge the borders of the kingdom. "We have not touched the thousandth part of an inch of what these young people can do," said a man who gives all his time to work with young people and who knows them as few know them today. "They constantly surprise me."

We would endorse and reinforce that statement. Our young people are worthy of our respect. They will justify our confidence. In them is wonderful promise and mighty power of achievement for Christ and his church.

It would do some of our churches good to get an acute attack of information on the brain concerning young people's work, followed by an intense application of the heart.

## Steadfastness

LEADERSHIP that is worth while, must be characterized by more than a splurge and spurt now and then. It must cultivate and exercise the quality of patience, perseverance and steadfastness. When the leader in his work runs up against the objectors, the lazy and the indifferent, the hinderers and those who are satisfied to have things remain as they are, then the testing time comes. Something more than a spine of spaghetti is needed just then. There is need for grit and grace, need for the enthusiasm of patience, need for plodding, need for a display of the perseverance of the saints.

When Edison was perfecting the phonograph, he found it very difficult to make the diaphragm sound the letter "s". He would say into it "special," but all the response he could get was "pecia." It was enough to try the patience of a saint. But Edison kept at it for sixteen hours a day for seven long

months and at last he conquered it. Such courageous patience and energy would guarantee success to many of our society enterprises, that are abandoned too soon because of hindrances.

The leader who gains success is the one who manifests the will that persists. Patiently and perseveringly he will hold up high ideals. He himself will stay persistently in the presence of the best. Because he knows the best is only good enough in the Lord's work, he will unflinchingly advocate the best and make the most of it in and through his young people's society or organized class.

He will be steadfast but not stuckfast. When at any time there is a disposition to falter, he will pray like the colored brother, who cried out: "Brace us up on the leaning side, O Lord."

Steadfastness is a virtue no leader should be without.

## Some Anti-Rut Suggestions

Is your place a small place?  
Tend it with care!  
He set you there.

Is your place a large place?  
Guard it with care.  
He set you there.

Whate'er your place,  
It is not yours alone,  
But His who set you there.

—John Oxenham.

## Editorial Jottings

WHEN THE WESTERN INDIANS race their ponies, they tie bags of sand to them to keep them from jumping too high. Fasten proper tasks upon young people and you will drive them to their knees.

"CARRY ON!" is the command each morning brings to us as it puts new duties into our hands.

TOO MANY PEOPLE drop out of the Christian race for the same reason the child assigned for falling out of bed—because she went to sleep too near the place where she got in.

THE CHURCH never commits a greater sin against one of its members than when it gives him to understand that the church expects nothing of him—no offering, because he has little money; no time, because he has little leisure; no service, because he has little talent.

"THE BLUES" are not the reflection of heaven's own color, because the man who has them is not looking in that direction.

**Caleb**

AMOS R. WELLS

Caleb was a lad of mettle,  
Caleb was a man.  
Ten spies said they couldn't,  
Caleb said, "We can."  
Ten men babbled of the giants,  
Chattering like apes;  
Caleb told of milk and honey,  
Caleb showed the grapes.

Four decades in the desert  
Swallowed up the ten.  
Forty years had toughened Caleb  
To try it again.  
Stoutly, he trod the Jordan—  
"Over we must go!"  
Stoutly then he marched and shouted,  
Down fell Jericho!

For his guerdon, he had Hebron,  
Rocky, bare and stern.  
Nothing now for honest Caleb  
That he did not earn.  
Why, even heaven, I fancy,  
Still somewhat shocks  
Good old Caleb's valiant conscience—  
Lacking the rocks.

**Enthusiasm for Difficulties**

PROF. F. W. C. MEYER

THE distribution of inheritances was going on in the land of Canaan, according to the report in the 14th chapter of the Book of Joshua. Up stepped Caleb, the one-time undaunted spy, and asked Joshua for his allotment in the mountain region of Kiriath Arba, that is, the City of Arba, named for Arba, the greatest man among the Anakim, a race of ancient giants.

Caleb did not consider himself a grosshopper in the presence of these giants, as did his faint-hearted associates 45 years previously. Some people are 85 years old,

**Caleb Felt 85 Years Young**

He said: "As yet I am as strong this day as I was in the day that Moses sent me: as my strength was then, even so is my strength now, for war, and to go out and to come in." He was not asking for an aged man's pension. He was looking for an able man's job. He did not crave the pleasant plains which he might merely tickle with his hoe in order to have them smile forth in self-growing harvests. He chose rather the hill-country with all of its obstacles and hardships. For these are his recorded words: "Now therefore give me this mountain, whereof the Lord spake in that day; for thou heardest in that day how the Anakim were there, and cities great and fenced; it may be that the Lord will be with me, and I shall drive them out, as the Lord spake." He wanted an arena to fight in, and not a nest wherein to find ease and comfort.

Strong men look for a field and not for a hole. The desire the tonic of a great task, and owe the grandeur of their lives to their tremendous difficulties. They have been graduated from the University of Hard Knocks which has produced more men of ability than Harvard or Yale or Princeton. Their diploma reads: "Now give me this mountain."

I think I understand Caleb of old who did not shrink from the arduous task of subduing the giants in their hilly strongholds.

**How glorious to possess the mountain world!**

How indescribably beautiful are those natural altars rising into the azure curtains of the sky! I know when I first ascended the Rigi, climbing from eight in the morning until twelve at noon, and from Rigi Kulm looked out upon the magnificent panorama of what seemed like all of Switzerland, with its sapphire lakes and emerald slopes and diamond peaks. Especially to the south where rose the Bernese Alps, each giant counsellor upon his throne of rock and in his robe of clouds and with his diadem of eternal snow! A scene never to be forgotten, but to be obtained only after one had ascended the mountain altitude.

I shall also ever remember my experience in the Canadian Rockies setting out from Lake Louisa and after breakfast hiking along the winding mountain path, near the timber line, until I reached the Valley of the Ten Peaks and Moraine Lake, and hurrying back and reaching the hotel just hardly in time to snatch my bag and catch the train and take both noon and evening meal on the Pullman diner. My friend, who had held the car for me, had gone back to the hotel when in the morning we set out for the climb and the mosquitoes in the wooded slopes proved too pestiferous. He said: "I shall go back to the hotel and write a letter to my wife." Which he did. But I had seen and made the

**Personal Acquaintance of the Mountains**

the mountains in all of those delightful details of Alpine flora and of ancient rock and of glacial brook, and in the magnanimous reaches of scenery which is to be had only at the end of an up-hill, cumbersome and exacting climb.

And similarly was my innermost soul affected when, after vainly having tried to see Mt. Hood, I set out twice from Portland, Oregon, to view the elusive monarch, once on the Columbia Highway, when I was rewarded only by seeing the uppermost part of the peak like a glistening chunk of roseate quartz in the last glow of the setting sun, and on a final trip when only the base of the mountain was visible, until, almost despairing of seeing the mountain on the mountain itself, the veil was lifted from the icy peak, and I, very scripturally, said: "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen this mountain!"

Yes, I think I understand the valiant Kenizzite in his predilection for the lofty altitudes of his desired inheritance. And I think I understand the psalmist when he voiced the consciousness of the pious throng on its approach to Jerusalem singing:

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the mountains, from whence cometh my help," or:

"They that trust in the Lord  
Are as mount Zion, which cannot be moved, but abideth forever.  
As the mountains are round about Jerusalem,  
So the Lord is round about his people,  
From this time forth and forevermore."

Or perhaps, less piously, do I understand the colored woman, who in her shanty surrounded by hills, remarked: "Yah sa, you hab to look up in order fa' to look out." O give me the mountains to look up to and to look out from!

**Life's Greatest Achievements**

and richest enjoyments lie at the top of the winding hilly road. There are those who do not care to climb, who do not elect to over-exert themselves. They like the crutch-age we are living in, the "brief explanations," the "keys to knowledge," the "short term courses," and "short cut methods," and "outlines of history," and "helps," and "aids," and "labor-saving devices," and "twenty-minute sermons," and abridged and abbreviated everything—down to the abbreviated apparel—so characteristic of our day.

Life's problems are not worked out by "letting George do them." We are not attaining wisdom by "making a bluff at it." The grandest music is not that which is "canned" for us in the Victrola. The radio is no supplement for reading and intense study. Mountains may be looked at in the movies, but they can only be "taken" by those who care to climb. And they are worth taking.

The grand things of life are worth the effort. Said Beecher: "Victories that are easy are cheap. Those only are worth having which come as the result of hard fighting." In fact all of our real achievements are the results of conquered difficulties. Our brightest outlook has been given to us from the steepest slope we have scaled. We must make even those blessings we have inherited from our fathers our own by earning them. For Goethe is quite right when he avers:

"Yes, to this thought I hold with firm persistence,  
The last result of wisdom stamps it true:  
He only earns his freedom and existence  
Who daily conquers them anew."

**Things of Worth are Things of Struggle,**

of difficult attainment, of strenuous effort, of a mountain climb of persistency and sacrifice.

There is the mountain of unflinching devotion to duty.

There is the mountain of personal achievement in the mental, moral and spiritual realm; a personality to develop, a life of the spirit to live, a fight against the lower self to win, a hope of Christlikeness to realize, a God of infinite resources to serve.

There is the mountain of social efficiency; of not only being good, but being good for something in this world of ours, a salt to season and preserve, a light to illumine and warm, a Christian who like Abraham shall be a blessing to mankind.

There is the mountain of a grand old age like Caleb's, a rounding out of a sturdy character, a ripening into perfect manhood.

Do you think these lofty peaks worth attaining? I do. They bring out all there is within us.

**A Good Baptist****A GOOD BAPTIST**

has the logic of a Presbyterian,  
the freedom of a Congregationalist,  
the research of a Unitarian,  
the cheerfulness of a Christian-Scientist,  
the fortitude of a Pilgrim,  
the zeal of a Methodist,  
the optimism of a Universalist,  
the faithfulness of a Jew,  
the devotion of an Episcopalian,  
the conscience of a Quaker,  
and attends church like a Catholic.

Bulletin of First German  
Baptist Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Those who spent their time in doing good have the best time.

\* \* \*

Our wasted minutes will appear against us in the judgment.

\* \* \*

Earth's greatest heroes are those who have sacrificed most.

**After Hearing the Editor's Story**

Last night as I lay on my pillow,  
Last night as I lay on my bed,  
Last night as I lay on my pillow,  
I dreamed of the church that was dead.

There were deacons and elders and preachers,  
Lay leaders, and others who led;  
There were stewards, superintendents and teachers,  
And millions of members—all dead!

There were buildings of marble and splendor,  
And preaching far over my head;  
There was music I never could render,  
But the organist even was dead.

There were fields that were vast as creation,  
For the heart-hungry world must be fed;  
All was ripe for the birth of a nation,  
For the pessimist also was dead.

I asked, then, of one who was living,  
Why all was thus seemingly dead.  
He answered with little misgiving,  
"CHURCH PAPERS — UNMENTIONED — UN-  
READ."

J. H. Noland.

# For Bible Study

## The Minor Prophets— Habakkuk

A. P. MIHM

In this book we meet the writings of a man concerning the details of whose life we know absolutely nothing. He lives in his message and in his message alone.

The name Habakkuk means "embraced." He was a prophet of Judah, probably a resident of Judah. The musical setting of the final "prayer" or psalm (Chap. 3) has been urged in support of the view that its author was a Levite. This, however, is by no means certain.

Habakkuk can be dated somewhere between 625 and 600 B. C. This was the period of the rapid rise of the Babylonians. Although they did not actually invade Judea until the year 601, it is probable that the prophecy was uttered in view of the time expectation of their coming somewhat before that year. (A. C. Zenos.)

A modern title for the book might be "The Victory of Faith." The ancient one is "The burden which Habakkuk the prophet did see."

### Habakkuk and Nahum

Davidson compares Habakkuk and Nahum, saying: The two prophets have several points of agreement.

1) While Nahum makes no reference to the sin of his own people, the reference in Habakkuk occupies a subordinate place. In both it is the cruelty and inhumanity of the oppressor that occupy attention.

2) The view of both prophets is universal, embracing the world.

3) Both prophets have the same lofty conception of Jehovah, God of Israel. His rule embraces the world and the destinies of the nations and mankind universally are in his hand.

The prophet's command of imagery is eminently brilliant and forceful. The character and message reveal distinct individuality and in him may be recognized to a noble degree the union of the philosopher, the poet, the man of faith and the speaker for God.

### Outline of Contents

The book of Habakkuk is mainly concerned with the menace to the national existence of Israel presented by the rapid development of Chaldean power. Its three chapters emphasize the reality and greatness of this danger and its meaning. In the first, the prophet expresses his personal distress upon realizing the condition of things. The thought is cast into the form of a complaint to Jehovah (1:2-4) to which Jehovah is represented as making the reply that the Chaldeans are raised up by himself. (1:5-11.) This satisfies the prophet, for it can mean no permanent evil and the explanation of the evil conditions must be found in the sin of Judah which demands a visitation of judgment. (1:12-27.)

The second chapter opens with the preliminaries of a new vision (2:1-3), pro-

ceeds to a description of the Chaldean's pride, greed and violence (2:4-6) and records five woes or lament songs each beginning with the word "Woe." G. A. Smith gives them the title, "Tyranny is Suicide." Tyranny is intolerable, it cannot endure, it works out its own penalties. All injustice inevitably leads to decay.

Davidson says: The Woes denounce

1. Lust of conquest. (2:6-8.) The spoiler will be spoiled.

2. Rapacity and self-aggrandizement. (2:9-11)

3. Oppression to gratify architectural pride. (2:11-14.)

4. Contemptuous humiliation of others. (2:15-17.)

5. Irrational idolatry. (2:18-20.)

The closing chapter of the book differs widely in style and character from the two which precede. It is called a "prayer" but with the exception of the second verse, is rather a psalm or hymn of praise. It is written "upon Shigionoth," that is, "after the manner of a stormy, martial and triumphant ode." There are few more brilliant or powerful odes in the Old Testament. It is a lyric ode of remarkable beauty and grace. It expresses confidence in Jehovah's purpose to deliver his people. Whatever they may lose through calamity, God remains. What the people have left, is a strong God and faith rests in him with joyous trust. (3:1-19.)

### The Perplexed Prophet

Habakkuk is remarkable in that he cannot accept things as they are or feel that when you have said, "It is the Lord" you have said all that you ought to say. He asks why things happen. He cannot understand why God allows lawlessness to prevail among his people. He cannot understand why a just and righteous God does not do something. (1:2.) He is greatly troubled that God should use one evil nation to put down another. This seemed to him no advance in righteousness, only evil triumphing over evil.

The sceptic and the prophet, widely as they differ, are alike in this, that they both honestly face facts. They are both seers; only the one sees more, the other less. The sceptic sees the facts at his feet; the prophet, while not blind to these, also sets his eyes on the far-away. The sceptic sees the confusions and is perplexed, perhaps provoked into sarcasm; the prophet sees the order behind and beyond and is comforted by it.

Even the greatest prophets were sometimes perplexed and they spoke to God in words of passionate remonstrance. It was so with Habakkuk. To answer the question why wickedness seems to triumph and to vindicate God's righteousness the prophecy is thrown into the form of a dramatic dialog between Habakkuk and Jehovah. "God is boldly and reverently challenged to defend his action in the

government of the world." It is the complaint of a serious mind.

Habakkuk is not so much a sceptic or doubter as a deep and highly ethical thinker who refuses to accept any explanation that is not consistent with a holy and righteous God. It is a hard moral problem with him that God looks on in silence while men commit their deeds of violence on the earth. It is the same question that Job, the writer of Ecclesiastes and some of the Psalms (73) dealt with. With them the problem was individual, here it is national. With all reflective minds in Israel the problem of problems was God.

### The Prophet in the Watchtower

What does the prophet do? In the tumult of his soul, he resolves to climb his tower. As a watchman looks out from his watchtower into the distance, Habakkuk will look out for the answer or message from heaven. (2:1.) Down among the noise and confusion, he can see and hear nothing, nothing at least that steadies and inspires him. He must be above the crowd and the confusion. He must be like God "high and lifted up." There must be in the life of the true prophet a certain detachableness. He will not see much if he is ever rubbing shoulders with the crowd. He must sometimes be above them.

There is a vision for the man who will climb. As the prophet went up, Jehovah came down. "And Jehovah answered me" (2:2). What is the divine answer? God is not a mere onlooker. He is surely and deliberately organizing and directing the forces of the Chaldeans. He uses them for the purpose of correcting and reproving his people. But there is only one great world-Ruler and it is not the Chaldean. It is the everlasting Jehovah, who will not permit Judah to perish utterly before this heathen tyrant.

The deification of might has been the age-long folly of man. The downfall of such nations as the Chaldeans is their pride and lack of faith. "Behold his soul is puffed up, it is not even within him, but the just shall live by his faithfulness" (2:4). By keeping steady and faithful, the just will be vindicated.

### An Impregnable Principle

These words (2:4, "The just shall live by faith") have been acclaimed as among the greatest in Holy Writ. They are the bedrock of Christian life. Paul uses them in his letter to the Romans and Galatians; also the writer of Hebrews. They were the inspiration of Luther. So Habakkuk has been called the father of Protestant freedom.

This then was Habakkuk's vision: "The just shall live by his faith." The words express a moral distinction and the distinction carries with it the different des-

(Concluded on Page 10)

# The Sunday School

## Making the Most of Your Primary Department

"Give me a child until he is seven," say the Catholics, "and we care not who has him after that." Have we, as Protestants, interested in the Sunday school, given as much thought to the Primary Department as it merits? Have we realized that the little child, with his wonderfully delicate and sensitive organism, susceptible to every impression, good or bad, with neither sufficient intellect nor experience to rationally refute the bad, like a sponge, absorbs all he sees and hears?

Have we realized that these first impressions, these first paths worn in the nervous system, are the most vivid and last to fade? It is at this age, before the paths in the nervous system become worn too deeply for easy eradication, that undesirable habits and impressions can be counteracted. What a wonderful privilege here for the teacher to discover and weed out the inhibitory tendencies, planting instead those ideas that will make for the development of a Christian character!

How can the Primary teacher make the hour in the Sunday school one of the most attractive in the whole week?

In the first place, the room itself should be one of the largest, sunniest and prettiest in the building. Curtains and flowers at the windows, rugs on the floor, and pictures on the wall, all add to the attractiveness of the room and appeal to the child, especially if the picture is one from his home or the flower one grown by himself. The wise teacher will do well to develop this sense of ownership in the room, particularly in those who care little for Sunday school.

In the one-room country church, it is essential that the children be protected from the attractive counter-simuli of the other classes. Factory cotton curtains hung on wires and drawn back or removed for church service, quite effectually accomplish this.

A musical instrument is a great attraction and invaluable for singing and marching.

A blackboard and colored chalk are absolutely essential. Every child loves bright colors, and the successful Primary teacher will capitalize this instinct by letting the children take turns in choosing the chalk and marking collection and attendance, or, better still, this can be a reward for good behavior, attendance at church, or what not.

Another never failing source of interest is watching the teacher illustrate the lesson, either originally or using "Little Jetties." The previous dotting in of the lines to be later traced in class is helpful to the teacher who feels she can not easily draw freehand.

A maxim in pedagogy is, "Use as many appeals to the child's mind as possible." He will remember the lesson text, for in-



Daily Vacation Bible School, Avon, S. D.

stance, much longer if he sees it, hears, colors, and cuts it out, or builds it with letters cut from advertisements and reinforced with cardboard. This last feeling, or kinesthetic sense, used in conjunction with the visual and the auditory senses, is considered by modern psychologists one of the most effective means in teaching.

Little tables, or in a large room a long kindergarten table, preferably with folding legs, around which the children may gather to do their handwork, is a great aid in developing that freedom and sociability that teachers in the day school are striving for.

Another medium for the expression of the kinesthetic sense is a sand-table,—the larger the better. It can be made of any oblong-shaped, shallow box, preferably of or lined with zinc, mounted on secure legs at the proper height for the children. Whether it is an instinct or not to dabble in the sand, the sheer physical delight of it has a universal appeal to the little child. There are countless ways to use a sand-table. The class can make the topographical setting of the lesson, can use cardboard boxes for houses and crossed toothpicks for people. Happy is the one chosen to impersonate a character and to manipulate himself, or in prosaic terminology, the toothpicks, up hill, across rivers, or wherever the lesson takes him!

The very word "make-believe" is magical to a wee tot. The wise teacher will capitalize this instinct as well and let every lesson be acted out, every character be impersonated. Thanks to the blessed imaginative sense of the child, the length of the room becomes ten or a hundred miles, a chair a throne, and a playmate in his ordinary clothes a king or queen in wonderful robes. To avoid any unnecessary confusion, it is well for the teacher to have with her a clearly defined plan of the day's dramatization.

## Daily Vacation Bible School, Avon, S. D.

We had our first experience with our Daily Vacation Bible School, which we held for four weeks. When most of the Sunday school scholars live in the country it is difficult for the children to come, but some of our pupils who came 5 miles never missed a day. The school was a success. Both teachers and pupils enjoyed it. J. F. OLTHOFF.

## Vacation Bible School at Second Baptist Church, Pekin, Ill.

On Sunday morning, July 4, we enjoyed a program given by the scholars of the Daily Vacation Bible School. During the month of June, the Sunday school scholars from the ages of six to twelve met three mornings each week and were given instruction in the Bible.

This school was in charge of our pastor, Rev. H. G. Braun, and three assistants. The program rendered was a review of the school work, and the dramatization of such stories as "David, the Shepherd Boy" and "Ruth and Naomi" was very interesting.

There is no doubt but that the result of this teaching will be far reaching and the Christian training received by these boys and girls will be a wonderful help to them. The Scripture passages memorized in youth will not be soon forgotten.

This was the second year for our Daily Vacation Bible School, and we hope to make it a permanent feature of our church work. LUBENA ZIMMERMAN.

Only as we work in harmony with God can we make any real progress. We cannot overturn his plans, but we may have the joy of a share in them if we will accept the great partnership that is offered us. However lowly our lot or place, we can be "working together with him."

# Jessica of the Camerons

SYLVIA STEWART

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(Continuation)

"Margaret," said Mrs. Keith the next afternoon, as she sat with her son and daughter on the veranda while the children exhibited the jack rabbits to the groups of curious passers-by, "why do not you and Richard break up your children's sporting habits?"

Mrs. Cameron looked inquiringly at her mother, and her husband asked gravely, "Such as what?"

"The matinee fever, the moving-picture craze, and the taste for too much light reading," promptly replied Mrs. Keith.

"I knew something of great weight was on your mind, mother," laughed her son. "I never knew you to exclaim 'Margaret' in that impressive tone of voice, that it was not the prelude to important revelations. If I may be excused for saying so, however, I think it is most unfair to fire such a gun as that at us, at close range, when we are both entirely out of ammunition."

"I am very much in earnest Dick," assured his mother.

"So am I. Madge and I have discussed this question many times, but we have never yet been able to find a remedy for our children's 'minds diseased.'"

"Turn the currents of the diseased minds into new and more healthful channels," she suggested.

"I believe we could do that with Jessica," agreed Mrs. Cameron, "if it were not for Marjorie. She seems to have a passion for picture shows and juvenile theatricals. Jessica can scarcely be shut away from companionship with her mates on Saturdays, and the fad seems to be more pronounced this fall than usual. Nothing else seems to fill the bill."

"Will not the painting lessons you so kindly offered to give her, fill the aching void for Jessica?" inquired Mr. Cameron. "Might they not be made to serve the double purpose of instruction and amusement?"

"That is why I planned them for Saturday afternoon," returned his mother. "And now, if I may have your permission and Madge's to include Miss Marjorie in the lessons, the first step in a needful crusade will have been taken."

Both son and daughter gave a hearty assent to this proposal. "I notice Don has not been patronizing the Saturday theatricals lately," added Mrs. Cameron, hopefully. "He says they are not interesting any more; and I am hoping that when Jessica gets a little older she will see them in the same light."

"As Don says sometimes, 'Don't get it in your head that way,' Madge," returned her mother. "Even if she does, there will be, by that time, some fellow of Don's size but perhaps not his good sense, to make it interesting for her. Take my word for it, children, the only thing to do

phere of excitement, how can she have time or strength for healthy mental activities?"

"I know that she has been out, and has read a great deal more during the past vacation than I wished her to do," sighed Jessica's mother. "But when school began, I put the ban on evenings out during the week, and have checked it as much as possible on Saturdays. She is allowed but one library book a week, which she gets Friday evening and manages to finish by Saturday night."

"It is my opinion that mother is right, and that we did not put the strings on these evils soon enough, or pull them often enough," said Mr. Cameron, decidedly. "But it is never too late to mend; and now for your reform measures, mother mine. It goes without saying that Madge and I are yours to command; also, the storehouse."

"You are too absurd, Dick," declared his wife. "What can mother possibly want with that old storehouse?"

"Only Heaven and mother knows," answered her husband, solemnly, "and neither one has vouchsafed me any information on the subject, as yet. But I am not disposed to be curious. If she sees fit, mother may inveigle the whole restless mob of juveniles into it at one P. M. on Saturday, and turn the key until late bedtime. She even has my permission to use the edifice to start an opposition show of her own—one with a sound moral attached—which I have no doubt she is competent to do. By the way, mother, where will you have this advance agent of your reform measures delivered; for I think the workmen will be ready to begin on the new garage within a week?"

"I intend," answered his mother, with emphasis, "to have it moved down the street two blocks, and around the corner, and set in front of that shack which the Italian fruit vender shelters himself and five children in, and calls home. I wish first, however, to see the owner, lease the place for a year, also the two lots adjoining, and then present the lease to the present tenant. With two additional lots for his gardening ventures and no rent to pay, he will, I think, be self-sustaining by that time. Before the building is moved, the laddies of Donald's manual-training class will ceil it, put in some windows for me, and do whatever else is necessary to make it fit to live in. When this is accomplished, the matinee circle of young ladies will, if I am not mistaken, furnish it with cast-off furniture from their own wealthy homes. Then they will get busy and fit out those half-naked children with winter clothing—all with my assistance, of course. In performing this labor of love for the poor, which we seem to have in our midst even in Cleveland, I hope they will find pleasure in something higher than impossible picture romances of western life, or juvenile reproductions of sensational French plays. This is as far as my plans are laid at present," she added, with a little laugh at her own earnestness, "but I wish them kept secret until I am ready for their further execution."

Mr. Cameron thrust his hands in his

pockets and whistled softly. "Poor Pietro Giovanni is our neighborhood problem," he said. "But it is rather tough on us, isn't it, Madge, that its solution should have been deferred until Kansas brains and energy had to come to the rescue?" Then, laying aside all jest, he continued, "I have thought for some time that something should be done for him; but I am a very busy man, with many problems of my own to solve. I think the Municipal Aid Bureau, or some such organization, tried to extend the helping hand when his wife died, but their efforts did not pan out, somehow."

"Yes," replied Mrs. Keith, with as near an approach to sarcasm as her kindly nature permitted, "I understand from Jessica that they offered to clean his dirty house for him, and transfer one or two of his children to an orphan asylum—proposals which any man of spirit would naturally resent. He is a hard-working and intelligent man," she added, "and with a little encouragement will make a first-class citizen."

"I am afraid mother thinks we have been a very careless set of neighbors," said Mrs. Cameron to her husband, "as indeed we have; and I am glad she has roused us to a sense of our responsibilities to these poor people, as well as to our own children and their companions. I am sure your plan will work out perfectly, mamsie dear," she added, "and you may use the house for your fellow-workers any time, and count on my assistance whenever you wish it."

The children appeared at that moment, and begged for a motor ride, so the subject was dropped. But Mrs. Keith lost no time the next morning in seeking an interview with the owner of Pietro's "shack" whom she found to be an Italian of some means, quite kindly disposed toward his countryman. Her interest and her gracious manner soon secured his consent to her plans, and he also offered to move the addition to its new location free of charge. In view of the new building, a low rent was agreed upon, which Mrs. Keith paid in advance, and the lease was promptly made out which was to lift the first burden from the shoulders of the unfortunate forger.

## Chapter V

### GETTING BETTER ACQUAINTED

"I have what I think is a very fine scheme to propose to you, girlie," said grandmother to Jessica the next night, after lessons were over, and the bedtime chat was well under way.

"You are a great schemer, gramsie," returned Jessica, gayly. "But I am a lot more stuck on your schemes than I supposed, a month ago, it was possible to be. So spring it."

"Thanks for the compliment. Well then, how would you like to have Marjorie share your drawing and painting lessons this winter?"

A sudden flush came over the girlish face. Did grandmother know or guess half how vexed and jealous Marjorie had been over that one blissful Saturday

afternoon, when she had been left alone to choose her own pleasure, while Jessica, joyfully, and all forgetful of her chum, delved at grandmother's side into the mysteries of "washes" and "tints," of "chromes" and "madders," "vanishing point and perspective"? And when, as the result of the afternoon's painstaking, she had taken for her teacher's inspection the following Monday a half-blown wild rose with two pink-tinted buds and a few perfect leaves, and had received unstinted praise from Miss Dunn, who was no inferior artist herself, neither a flatterer—did grandmother realize the triumph of her granddaughter's secret heart that perhaps here was something, something really worth while, that Marjorie could not crow over her about, something in which she had no part, and could boast no superior knowledge?

"I—don't know. I—hadn't thought about it. Why?" she stammered, with a look of doubt.

It was perhaps as well that the questioner could not know, just then, how skilfully her companion interpreted that doubtful look and tone.

"It can be easily managed, if you care to do so," replied Mrs. Keith, in a matter-of-fact tone, as she took up her tating from the table. "As your lessons would be alike, it would give you the benefit of comparison and interchange of ideas, as well as companionship, and perhaps be a pleasure to your chum. I think you said she had artistic tendencies."

"But she learns everything so much faster than I do, and knows so much about water color already, don't you suppose she will do so much better than I, that we will not get on together, that is, not keep together in our lessons at all?"

Mrs. Keith gave a fleeting glance at the downcast, wistful face. "I cannot imagine how any one could 'get on' any faster than you have done so far," she replied.

"But Marjorie is a real artist, gramsie," still protested Jessica. "She gets the highest grades in our room in water color and drawing, and once last fall, when we went to a trial shorthand lesson, just for fun, Marjorie made two copies of hers, and on one paper she had the funniest things—goblins and kewpies, and everything you can think of, that she had made by adding a few strokes to her shorthand characters. Miss Dunn said she should study 'caricature illustration'—whatever that is."

Mrs. Keith recalling Marjorie's gay, girlish quickness, and aptitude for mimicry, mentally approved Miss Dunn's judgment; but she said nothing, and presently Jessica continued:

"And one day Miss Dunn was standing by her table, and Marjorie drew her face on the blackboard, a profile view, and it was so natural that we all recognized it when we came in; but instead of being cross, Miss Dunn praised the drawing, and said she 'was proud to have been an inspiration for a budding genius,' and everybody laughed, but she meant it."

Still the busy worker opposite remained silent, quietly counting threads, and Jessica sighed softly.

"I know she would like it, though, even if she did have to give up her Saturday matinee," she said after a moment, as though in answer to some argument of her inner self. "She was real fussy last Saturday when I said I did not mind missing the Cinderella operetta, for my painting lesson was so interesting. Then she said she had missed me dreadfully, and didn't care if she never went to a matinee again!"

"It would be a good thing for Marjorie," commented Mrs. Keith, "for it would take her mind partly away from things of lesser importance, and perhaps be the first step toward her future success as a real artist."

"Is it to be as I say, grandmother?" inquired Jessica, doubtfully. "About taking the lessons, I mean."

"Certainly. You did not think that I would invite her to share your lessons without your approval, did you?"

"Then may I have till tomorrow to think it over?"

"Have as long as you like, dear. Don't think it over at all, if it does not seem that it would be a pleasure to you."

Jessica's bedtime visit was cut short that night. She went away to her own room presently, to "have it out with herself," as she said to herself; but her mind was in turmoil of uncertainty, and she was glad when her mother appeared, and she could make known to that dear counsellor her doubts and misgivings.

"It would be awfully selfish in me to want to keep them all to myself, when gramsie is willing to teach Margie, too, wouldn't it? Margie would be so pleased too; but she does so much better than I in all our studies, that I simply could not bear to have her ahead of me all the time in this."

"Don't let her get ahead then," advised mamma, smiling. "Grandma thinks you have much talent yourself, little daughter. If competition is the life of trade, why should it not be an inducement to excel in matters of art? Think, too, if you can forget your own feelings in the matter, of the advantage to Margie of contact with such a friend as grandma every Saturday afternoon this winter. You have her all the time."

This remark seemed to bring a sudden fear to Jessica's heart. "She says she may have to go home the first of March. Do you suppose she will?" she inquired, anxiously.

"Not if we can pull the strings hard enough to hold her," was mother's decided response. "But if she must, that need not prevent our enjoying her while she is with us, or giving others a chance to do so. Remember your class motto, little daughter."

"In honor preferring one another," murmured Jessica, sleepily. "That's just awfully hard, sometimes, mamsie."

But with the drowsily murmured prayer, "Bless my friends and make me a comfort to them," Jessica evidently conquered herself. For as Mrs. Keith turned from the window the next morning, after taking a last, long breath of autumn air, a sunny face, from which all the shadows of the previous night had fled, was raised









**Ambitious Family**

The children of the family were, according to their respective accounts, all first in something at school. Tommy was first in reading, Alice was first in arithmetic, Sammy in sports, and so on. Janet alone remained silent.

"Well, Janet, how about you?" her uncle asked. "Aren't you first in anything?"

"Yes, uncle," said Janet. "I am first out of the building when the bell rings."

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