

# 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., SEPTEMBER 1, 1926

Number Seventeen

## Worship

When the great sun sinks to rest,  
His golden glories thrilling me,  
And voiceless longings stir my breast,  
Then teach me, Lord, to worship thee.

If roaming by the ocean's shore,  
The murmuring waves sing low to me,  
Or thundering billows hoarsely roar,  
Then teach me, Lord, to worship thee.

Or if in solemn forest shades,  
The calm of nature steals o'er me,  
And silence all my soul pervades,  
Then teach me, Lord, to worship thee.

Not in the sacred shrines alone,  
Which chime their summons unto me,  
Would I look to thy heavenly throne,  
But everywhere would worship thee.

—Source unknown.

# What's Happening

Rev. O. Eymann at Linton, N. D., received 13 new members through baptism and one sister by confession into fellowship of the church on Sunday, Aug. 1. At the same time the pastor and his wife were taken up in the church. The most of those that were baptized were converted during the evangelistic meetings conducted by Rev. E. Bibelheimer who also preached the baptismal sermon.

Gustav E. Friedenbergs was ordained July 28, 1926, at Meriden, Conn. Rev. G. H. Schneck was moderator, Prof. Otto Koenig delivered the sermon, Rev. B. N. Timbie led in the ordination prayer, Rev. E. Berger extended the hand of fellowship, Rev. G. H. Schneck gave the charge to the candidate and Rev. J. Kaaz gave the charge to the church.

## Mount Zion Honors Pastor

Forty years had elapsed since the nuptials were performed that united Bro. C. F. Tiemann to the Baptist ministry. His worthy people had quietly planned a surprise for him on that occasion, July 25. Four of the neighboring pastors with their people had been invited, and, instead of Bro. Tiemann preaching his own anniversary sermon, as he had planned to do, Bro. R. Klitzing, another veteran of thirty-nine years service, kindly performed that task for him. He chose for his text Ps. 84:5, preaching a strong and appropriate sermon, which became especially impressive when he addressed himself directly to his friend and brother in the ministry. After the sermon Bro. Tiemann related some very interesting experiences that he had had during those forty years, expressing the desire to be young again, so as to be able to devote his life anew to the great and noble calling of the Christian ministry.

In the afternoon the Brethren Pauler, Pust and Dalquest (the latter of the Swedish Bapt. Church) made appropriate addresses.

The evening service was of an evangelistic nature, the undersigned preaching the sermon and Bro. Pauler leading the after-meeting.

Plenty of good music—choir, solo, instrumental—as well as an oration on stewardship by Mrs. R. Zernickow embraced this festive day and occasion. And we certainly tried to do justice to those tables in the undercroft of the church so heavily laden with good things.

Bro. Tiemann has served the following churches: Warner, N. D., where he was ordained; Montague, Mich.; Joliet, Ill.; South Chicago, Ill.; Allegheny, Pa.; Ellinwood, Kans.; Stafford, Kans.; Higginsville, Mo.; Okeene, Okla. From 1916-1918 he was State missionary of Kansas. Since 1920 he is with his present church, Mt. Zion, Geary Co., Kans.

To our brother we might apply what is related of Moses, his eye is not dim nor his natural force abated—at least, we do

not notice it when he is in the pulpit. May the Lord grant him the joy of service in his vineyard for yet some years to come, blessing his labors abundantly!

G. W. PUST.

## Ebenezer B. Y. P. U. Detroit

**E** is for Esther whom everyone likes,  
**B** is for Bill who is fond of our hikes,  
**E** is for Elsie who comes every Sunday,  
**N** is for Norma who starts planning on Monday.

**E** is for Engel like those in the skies,  
**Z** is for Zänger the choir supplies.  
**E** is for everybody that comes and takes part,

**R** is for rapture we all do impart.

**Y** is for young folks who sing and who play,

**O** is for officers who make us all gay.

**U** is for union to keep us together,  
**N** is for Norman who comes in bad weather.

**G** is for Grace who'll give you kind greetings,

**P** is for people who come to our meetings.

**E** is for Evelyn who testifies there,  
**O** is for optimists we sometimes compare.

**P** for our pastor we can't do without,  
**L** for his love, we know without doubt.

**E** is for everyone whose name is not mentioned,

But they're all fine co-workers, filled with action.

We know that we have a fine B. Y. P. U.  
But we want you to know it, as well as we do.

So we bid you to come to our young people's meeting,

You'll have a good time and enjoy the whole evening.

R. M. K.

## Portland, Ore., B. Y. P. U.

"B. Y. Picnic, Thursday night, June 10. Come and bring a smile." Thus read the poster on the B. Y. bulletin board of the First German Baptist Church, Portland, Ore. Those who followed out the suggestion by bringing a smile went away with a still broader one and those who failed to bring a smile soon acquired a bigger one than they were accustomed to wearing.

The beautiful Laurelhurst Park was the scene of our picnic, and the sloping hills of green grass, the tall fir trees and the lake with its snowy white swans added much to the pleasure of the evening.

The first part of the evening was spent in playing games. Volley ball teams were organized and those who could not play joined in the merriment by rooting for their side. A nail driving contest followed in which the women had an op-

portunity to show their skill in driving nails and—well, yes—some of them were driven in quite straight.

Next came the pie eating contest in which five of our prominent young men participated. When they had emerged from the ordeal their faces were so completely transformed that even their closest relatives could not claim them.

This over, and we all joined heartily in the ring games until the whistle blew calling us together for the evening refreshments. Wafers and Dixies were served while music was furnished by the Ukulele Chorus.

After refreshments were over we had a rousing song service until the growing darkness of the night broke up our circle. With a "God be with you 'till we meet again," we all parted feeling that the evening had been well spent in profitable fun.

Our Young People's Society held their annual business meeting June 22, 1926. After the necessary business was disposed of the following officers were elected: President, Otto Boehi; Vice-President, Lenore Ritter; Secretary, Gertrude Beltz; Assistant Secretary, Alice Knispel; Treasurer, Naomi Pfaff; Pianist, Esther Schappert; Second Pianist, Ruth Rocks; Librarian, Herbert Bileter. Three other members elected to serve on the Executive Committee were Ed Urbigkeit, Lydia Frey and Henry Bertuleit.

We have outlined a group system for the new year and are planning on following the course given in the Young People's Leader. With this new program, the wise counsel of our assistant pastor, Bro. Dymmel, and the help of God we are looking forward to a very successful year of service for our Master.

## The Baptist Herald

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# The Baptist Herald

## Hearing and Doing

ONE day the Master told a story about two men who built houses for themselves. This is a good thing. One of our first needs is shelter, and what shelters a man covers also his wife and his children. The houses were both good, as it seems, and they were alike good. Probably the same kind of stone was used in both, and the workmanship was the same. When they were done they looked much alike, and both men moved in with a comfortable feeling of home life and happiness.

But there was a difference in them, after all: one was built on sand, while the other was founded on rock. Violent storms are sure to come, and when the tempest struck these houses the one built on sand went to pieces, while the other stood fast.

The Lord said that this illustrated the difference between wise men and fools; and this, to us, means the difference between a Christian and an unbeliever. We are always discussing the question, "What is it to be a Christian?" and there are many answers given. There are various interpretations of this parable. Some think that the man who built the house on rock was a church member; others, that he was orthodox in his opinions; others, that he observed all the ceremonies of the church, and so on.

But there should be no puzzle in the story itself, for the Master interpreted it very clearly. He said that the wise man stood for him who heard his words and did them, while the foolish man stood for him who heard his words and did not do them. His emphasis was wholly on obedience. The mere listening to the words of the divine Teacher counted for nothing; only the listener who went out to do as he had heard was approved.

Religion is a very practical thing indeed. The emphasis of the Master is that of the Bible throughout. The true Christian is the one who follows Christ and does his will. "By their fruits ye shall know them," said the Master, in close connection with this story. Those whom he won were bidden to follow him. In the upper room he said to his disciples, "If ye love me ye will keep my commandments." The parables of the sower, the pounds, the talents, the good Samaritan, and the judgment, are all striking examples of this fundamental demand of his gospel.

It has always been the tendency of religionists to run to feelings; but Jesus never enjoined emotions. Nor did he require professions nor even experience. A real Christian experience is a blessing, but it is not all of religion. And there is so much that is mistaken and deceptive and transient about our experiences that it is not strange that we are not rating them as high as we once did.

A good man, a physician, said to us that when he was converted he saw Jesus standing by him as plainly as he ever saw any person. We did not deny this, neither did we believe it. Under strong excitement phantoms appear to some, as evidently in this case. Too many ecstasies have burned out without affecting the subsequent conduct to make them very impressive.

Jesus Christ was intensely and supremely interested in bringing men to God and enlisting them in hastening the coming of his Kingdom; and in this we see the essence of personal piety, according to him.

Paul says, "We shall all stand before the judgment seat of God," and "So then each one of us shall give account of himself to God."

What kind of an account? What we have done. God will "render to every man according to his works." This is what will count at the judgment, and no question of profession, or creeds, or baptism, or any other forms, or even of experience, will displace this. The great inquest will be, "What have you done with your life?" And the only sufficient answer will be the life consecrated to the Master's love and service.

One of the last words of the New Testament is the solemn admonition: "Behold I come quickly; and my reward is with me, to render to each man according as his work is."—E. S. Lewis in Classmate.

## The Reality of the Spiritual Life

CHARLES H. SPURGEON, in one of his sermons, in speaking of the reality of the spiritual life, said: "Have you ever heard the argument used by a good old Christian against an infidel doctor? The doctor said there was no soul, and he asked, 'Did you ever see a soul?' 'No.' 'Did you ever smell a soul?' 'No.' 'Did you ever taste a soul?' 'No.' 'Did you ever feel a soul?' 'Yes,' said the man, 'I feel that I have a soul within me.' 'Well,' said the doctor, 'there are four senses against one; you have only one on your side.' 'Very well,' said the Christian. 'Did you ever see a pain?' 'No.' 'Did you ever hear a pain?' 'No.' 'Did you ever smell a pain?' 'No.' 'Did you ever taste a pain?' 'No.' 'Did you ever feel a pain?' 'Yes.' 'And that is quite enough, I suppose to prove that there is a pain?' 'Yes.' So the worldling says that there is no Holy Ghost because he cannot see him. Well, but we feel him. You say that is fanaticism, and that we never felt him. Suppose you tell me that honey is bitter. I reply, 'No, I am sure you cannot have tasted it; taste it, and try.' It is so with the Holy Ghost; if you did not feel his influence, you would no longer say that there is no Holy Spirit, because you cannot see him."

### The Gate of Neglect

JERUSALEM was a city of many gates. The Fish Gate, The Horse Gate, The Fountain Gate, The Old Gate and The Sheep Gate were some of them.

There are other gates mentioned in the Bible, gates of interesting and varied associations.

In the sixteenth chapter of Luke we read of the Gate of Neglect. A rich man was given the chance to help the beggar who lay in sore distress at his very gate. The man who had everything gave nothing. When he died his wealth was all left behind, and he found himself in the sight of God most miserably poor.

So often in the Bible we find that the people who did nothing were accounted blameworthy.

The bridesmaids who neglected to take the necessary oil for their lamps were shut out from the wedding feast.

The priest, who was supposed to be about God's business, but who would not lift a finger to aid the unfortunate traveler who had fallen among thieves, by his neglect placed himself below the kindly Samaritan, whom he heartily despised.

It is said that Paganini left his violin to his native city of Genoa, with the request that it should never be played on. Kept in a grand glass case the wonderful instrument gradually crumbled to dust.

No effort at all is required to pass through the Gate of Neglect, yet it is a gate leading to deadly peril.

The writer of the letter of the Hebrews asked a question which no one has ever been able to answer: "How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?"—S. S. World.

### Editorial Jottings

YOUR LITTLE JOB is not small if you put your whole self into it.

PEOPLE ARE BEGINNING to see that a living church for tomorrow depends on an instructed Church for today.

HOLD TO HIGH IDEALS. The way to hold up high ideals for the class is to have high ideals for yourself—like the artist, who, when asked, "What do you consider your masterpiece?" replied, "My next."

WHEN DOUBTS creep into your soul, go out and minister to a sinful world and see how quickly your faith will be restored.

THE MOST TALENTED TEACHER in the world cannot make you a good student. It is not his reputation but your determination that must settle the matter in the end.

THE GREATEST WORK that is given us in this world is the building of character, which is all that we can carry with us when we move on.

### Will a Church Prosper Under Conditions Where a Business Would Fail?

E. UMBACH

THE pastor the other day in a Young People's meeting raised the following questions:

First: Would a business concern have any chance for success if its employees would be habitually late for the day's work? Could a General Merchandise Store do any business if at the opening its different counters were not properly manned? If a business cannot afford to see its working staff late can a Sunday school, can a Church afford it? Or can a Sunday school or a Church prosper under conditions under which a store or any other business would fail?

Second: Would not a business court failure if its employees could come on days when it pleased them and stay away when it pleased them? The answer is self-evident. But can a Church prosper, or a Young People's Society, or a Choir, or a Sunday school if people simply absent themselves from the regular meetings on Sunday or weekday just as they please? Does the success of religious organizations depend on other than the common sense principles which we employ in our business activities?

Third: Could a business exist and prosper if those connected with it would speak contemptuously of its affairs or belittle its wares or doubt their values? If business needs boosting, does a Church or an organization in the Church need it too? Or is a Church exempt from the law that makes for success in other lines of human endeavor?

The pastor would like to add a few more questions.

Fourth: Could a business prosper that does not show any concern when its old customers stay away and buy its goods no longer? Does not a live business man try to keep in touch with them and go after and humor them in order to keep their trade? Can a Church or a Sunday school Class or any Church organization afford to do otherwise? Or is common sense applicable in worldly affairs and negligible in spiritual concerns?

Fifth: Has any business a ghost of a chance unless it advertises its goods and is anxious to get new customers constantly? Will a business long survive that simply relies on the old good name of the concern and does not incessantly try to interest new people in its wares? Can a Church then be satisfied to hold its own and glory in its past achievements and not make any attempt to gain new members? Or can a Class afford to sit down and merely hold what it has? Can any religious society make progress by such a policy?

The pastor simply has raised these questions of common sense. Let every officer of the Church, every Sunday school teacher, every leader in any of the Church's organization and let every member of the Church carefully ponder them. They are vital for our welfare. What are you doing? Boosting or roosting? Sticking or kicking? Enlisting or resisting? Christ says: "He that is not with me is against

me. He that gathereth not with me scattereth abroad." What work are you doing in the Church? Are you filling your place on Sundays and in the prayer meeting? For whom are you praying and whom are you trying to win for Christ? It ill behooves anyone to speak disparagingly about the Church and those who are faithful in the work when one is not an encouragement but an embarrassment, not an asset but a liability to a Church. One member's shortcoming means that much shortcoming of the Church, one member's failure means that much failure in the Church. Ponder it carefully, my brother, my sister. You are accountable to God for your respect or your neglect of the Church, for the help or the hindrance you are, for the example you are setting. God sacrificed the life of his blessed Son for the Church. How much of your time, your prayer, of your money, of your life are you giving to the Church? Answer these and the five questions above honestly, thoughtfully and prayerfully and then resist not the Spirit but let him have his way with you, and you will be a happier man or a happier woman and your Church, your Class, your Sunday school, your Society will prosper and God will be honored and Christ will be glorified.

### What a Student Should Know

THERE are a good many things which a student should know beyond what he finds in his textbooks in the classroom or the thousands of volumes open to him in the library. A dozen things are given in "The Baptist Student" as quoted from an educational exchange, and we commend them to your consideration.

1. What he wants to do for a living.
2. That his health after thirty years depends largely on how he lived before he was thirty.
3. How to take care of his money.
4. The advantage of being neatly and sensibly dressed.
5. That habits are mighty hard to break after twenty-one.
6. That things most worth while require time, patience and hard work.
7. That the harvest depends on the seed sown; sow wild oats and one is likely to reap tares of bitterness and unhappiness.
8. That a thorough education pays in the long run.
9. That education should not stop with the school years.
10. That father is not such an old foggy as he may at times seem.
11. That mother is generally the greatest practical idealist.
12. That the doors of opportunity in this country are still open.

### Facts to Remember About the Church

"THAT a church is a school for instruction, a hospital for moral invalids, a headquarters for service and a home for the family of faith."

"THAT every reform worth talking about has its roots in the church."

"THAT the church has no money, and yet every good cause is after it for money, and it gives and gives."

"THAT the church labors for spiritual results, and yet there is more material progress where church-bells ring and its spires point to heaven than anywhere else."

"THAT the church has had much tribulation and many sorrows, but it has sent songs of joy around the globe."

"THAT God loves the church, and what God loves lasts."

### Choose

GOD will never fail us. He does not fail the universe; how can he then fail his children? Everything rests upon the character of God. The alternative for man is either to go on getting his food, clothing and other things in the best way he can—fighting, scheming, robbing, and so reducing society to endless confusion, or to "get right with God," trust him, love him, serve him, reduce all life to a single service and so eliminate anxiety and animal struggles for place and power. Between these two things men must choose.—Frederic C. Spurr.

### That Radio Religion

Now whether folks are Methodists,  
Or Baptists, it's the same;  
Or whether they profess to faiths  
Of any other name—  
If they elect to stay at home,  
To churches never go,  
Whatever be the creed they own,  
They've swapped for—Radio.

It's nice to loll in easy chairs,  
In comfort when it rains,  
And listen in to cheerful songs  
And distant organ strains;  
And not be worried by the fact—  
The passing plate is due  
To pause a second at your place  
For "sustenance" from you.

This Radio Religion may  
Fort shut-ins do a heap;  
But for those well enough to go—  
There's little good to reap;  
And whether folks are Methodists,  
Or Baptists, here or there,  
No church on earth can be replaced  
By "service"—on the air!

William Ludlum.

# For Bible Study

## The Minor Prophets—Zephaniah

A. P. MIHM

This prophet is remarkable for giving us his genealogy to the fourth generation,—a rare occurrence with the prophets. In no other case does the record of lineage extend beyond the grandfather of the prophet. (Zech. 1:1; compare with Zeph. 1:1.)

Zephaniah wished to distinguish himself from others of the same name, but mainly to point out his relationship to the great monarch Hezekiah, for the Hizkiah of 1:1, the fourth of the prophet's line, is identical with the king. Zephaniah was therefore of royal descent, of the house of David. He could all the more impressively denounce the sins of the princes. (1:8.) But outside of this genealogy, his biography is an absolute blank.

### His Time

He prophesied during the reign of Josiah. (1:1.) Some date this from 630-608 B. C., others put it somewhat earlier.

From the prophecy we gather, Nineveh was in a state of peace and prosperity. The notices of Jerusalem touch upon the same tendencies to idolatry and crime which are condemned by Jeremiah. All the great Hebrew prophets have certain great fundamental ideas in common.

Two corrupt and idolatrous kings, Manasseh and Amon, preceded king Josiah on the throne. Jerusalem became a hot-bed of evil. The book of Zephaniah reflects as in a mirror the character of the times.

Josiah was a good king and the leader in a noteworthy reformation. Some think Zephaniah must have written before this great reformation under Josiah took place, otherwise the dark picture he draws of the conditions in Jerusalem would not have been justified. Others think Zephaniah never referred to the reform under Josiah, because it was a reform brought about by the popularity of the king and not by heart repentance. These assert Zephaniah took no account of the reform, knowing as he did that the hearts of the people were still in rebellion and sin.

### His Design

The design of Zephaniah, says W. G. Morehead, is twofold: First, to announce God's judgment, and second, to disclose the moral conditions which necessitated it.

The revelation of judgment is very full and explicit. The prophet's name seems to indicate the character of his mission, "the watchman of Jehovah." He is on the outlook for wrath and indignation to be poured out on the guilty and impenitent.

This appears in the description of the great and terrible day of the Lord, 1:14-16. This prediction formed the basis of the great Latin hymn of the Middle Ages, the "Dies Irae."

The key to the book of Zephaniah, says G. Campbell Morgan, is the phrase "the day of the Lord." Zephaniah uses this phrase more frequently than any other prophet.

### Emphasizes Judgment

Judgment for sins is announced in chapter 1. The idolaters (1:4, 5), the waverers (1:5), the apostates (1:6) shall perish and this in spite of their unbelief. (1:12.) The sins that provoke the judgment are idolatry (1:4-6), oppression, rapacity, cruelty and treachery (3:1-5).

The nations that are the object of this judgment, Judah, Philistines, Moabites, Ammonites, Ethiopians and Assyrians, are brought before us in chapters 2-3:1-6.

There is a day of Jehovah, a day in the history of humanity when God's patience will be at an end and when he will bring to pass his act of judgment. The desolation of Israel is made by Zephaniah the image of a far wider judgment still to come, i. e. the judgment of the whole earth. The day of man is the day of Jehovah's patience. The "day of the Lord" is the day of man's judgment. God is dealing in judgment, directly, absolutely, finally. (See 2 Pet. 3:4-10; Zeph. 1:12-18.)

### God's Loving Purpose in Judgment

What is the intent of this terrible activity? There is a loving purpose even in God's severest judgments. Zephaniah gives us in Chap. 3:7-20 a prediction of future restoration and blessing for Israel. The safety and glory of the purged and purified remnant is described. The day of the Lord is the day of destruction of the things that destroy. The day of the Lord will also be the beginning of a new era. So the prophet after the frightful picture of wrath, changes to a sweet and triumphant theme, a song of gladness and victory in which the glory of Zion, favor to the Lord's people, God's delight in his redeemed are set forth. The last picture is that of the enthroned Jehovah, the picture of a new order; songs instead of sorrow, service instead of selfishness, solidarity instead of scattering.

The style of Zephaniah is forcible. See the fine passages in 2:13-15; 3:14-17; the striking phrases of 1:12; 2:11; 3:5-9.

What is new with Zephaniah is especially the extended survey of all lands and nations and the general review of the spiritual affairs and prospects of the while earth. The destruction of Jerusalem is only incidentally foretold.

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### "Child Management"

This is the title of a bulletin prepared for the Children's Bureau of the United States Department of Labor by Dr. T. A. Thom, an authority on mental hygiene.

From this bulletin the "Adult Leader" has culled the following suggestions:

As Doctor Thom says, "There is no finer or more important job than being a parent." His advice to parents can be summarized as follows:

*Don't be oversolicitous.* Children may become self-centered and develop imaginary complaints simply because illness is looked for.

*Don't baby your children too much.* The child who is closely tied to his mother's apron strings is deprived of the chance of learning how to live with his neighbors.

*Don't try to give your children everything they happen to demand.* Very early in life the child must learn that things cannot be his simply because he desires them.

*Don't bribe.* So often we hear, "Now, Johnny, be a good boy and mother will give you a penny." Soon Johnny will no longer be satisfied with one penny and must have two or three.

*Don't cheat.* Frequently parents will misrepresent or lie to keep a child quiet or gain a desired result. Suddenly they waken to the fact that their child has no regard for the truth, and wonder why.

*Don't make meaningless threats.* "Be good or the doctor will cut your tongue out," or "Be quiet or I'll lick you," may do one of two undesirable things: control the child through terror, which is disastrous, or breed contempt for parents whose threats are never fulfilled.

*Don't talk about or laugh at children in their presence.* Self-consciousness is harmful and quickly developed.

*Don't be cold and repelling.* A parent who is too busy to bother with a little child's nonsense will never be bothered by his real problems.

*Don't be discourteous.* Children have their own plans, which are frequently utterly disregarded by adults. If you must interfere, show consideration.

*Don't disagree over discipline in front of the child.* Settle differences in private.

*Positive "Do's" to parents* are summed up by Doctor Thom in the following:

"To the child the parents should be companion, friend and confident. The mental ability of the parents, their control of their emotions, their interests, particularly their interest in the child, their ambitions or lack of them, their moral standards—these all determine what the child shall make out of the endowment that nature has given him. Some parents who read to their children or tell them stories and answer their questions in an interesting and intelligent manner, though they do not alter the children's intellectual equipment, do furnish a rich soil in which the children may develop, and thus affect very much the point which their development may reach. Parents can even determine what kind of atmosphere the child's mind shall grow in—an atmosphere of discontent, wrangling, deceit and hate, or an atmosphere of cheerfulness, sincerity and love."

# The Sunday School

## Is Yours a Bible Class?

"What course of lessons are you studying?"

When the writer asked this question of a member of a large "Bible class" of men only, he said in reply, "What do you mean by a regular course of study?"

"I mean do you study any of the regular Bible study courses prepared for adult Bible classes by the men who prepare lessons for the Sunday school? Do you study the Bible in any way in the class?"

"Oh, no!" he said in a tone of surprise. "I don't believe you could find a Bible in the class."

"What do you study, if I may ask?"

"Oh, we take up different topics each Sunday. Last Sunday we had a lively discussion on the question of immigration. Next Sunday we are going to discuss the League of Nations. Isn't it all right to take up such topics in a Bible class?"

"It is well enough to be interested regarding such vital issues, but why not study them in their relation to the Bible? There is no question of vital interest to the human race that cannot in some way be related to the Bible. Why call a class a Bible class if it makes no pretense of studying the Bible?"

"I don't know as I ever thought anything about that," was the only reply vouchsafed to this.

The reply was as vague as those which other men have given when asked why some large organizations in our Sunday schools are called Bible classes, when, as a matter of fact, the Bible is entirely ignored by them. Some of these organized Bible classes" can hardly be said to be "in the Sunday school," so remote are they from any actual contact with the real life and purpose of the Sunday school. When the writer said this to a member of one so-called "Bible class," he said, "Well, isn't it a lot better for the men to meet for nothing more than the discussion of topics of general interest than not to be there at all?"

It most certainly is, and many a class that makes no study at all of the Bible serves a good purpose, and the men are, directly or indirectly, helped by coming together in the house of God. Of distinct value is the Bible class, whether the actual study of the Bible obtains in it or not; but the fact remains that all of the topics usually discussed in these classes could easily be related to the Bible because all human life and experience have to do with the teachings of the Bible. There could be found in the Bible chapters or passages of Holy Writ bearing upon every topic discussed. However, the writer is old-fashioned enough to feel that, when all is said, no class can do better than to take up the regular Sunday school lessons from Sunday to Sunday and relate them to the daily lives of the men in the class. It can be done, and the pity of it is that the doing of it is not universal.—Adult Leader.

## Sing the Best

JENNIE E. STEWART

There are still Sunday school officers who think boys and girls want something simple lively, and even jazzy in the way of Sunday school singing. This is a mistaken idea. Children of junior age are being taught the best songs in the public schools, in many cases the easier parts from splendid classics and from grand opera. Many children of junior age are taking lessons on the piano and violin: why should they not be capable of using the very best in hymns? They are, and they should be fed upon the best even though they do like jazz for every day.

It is possible so to explain and interpret the language of a good hymn that a junior can comprehend enough of it to see and appreciate its sublime beauty. It is possible to use some of the best hymns by eliminating the more obscure passages and using only such stanzas as can be explained sufficiently.

In addition of singing the best hymns the children should be given systematic instruction in the history and authorship of the best-known and most inspiring hymns. Have them memorize one or more hymns each year.

It is a splendid thing to have stirring music in the Junior Department occasionally. It is permissible to use what is termed "pep" songs at the right time and place, but these have no place in the worship period of the department. Save them for week-day sessions, when class and department spirit is at its height. Use the sweetly sacred and deeply spiritual hymns for the worship period. The right sort of hymns will help to build character.—The Officer.

## Having the Class Look Up References

There is one method I use almost invariably in teaching. I have found it so helpful in all kinds of classes—from an adult Bible class to a group of riotous boys—that I thought I would mention it.

I have numerous references in connection with the various points to be taught in the lesson. In addition to writing these on my own notes beside the point to be brought out, I write (typewrite) each reference on a slip of paper and hand these slips around before lesson time. They are looked up and the slips left in the place, extending past the edge of the Bible leaf, so that when the particular reference is called for, each member of the class may find it readily.

Being unable to take a permanent class I have been supplying in the place of absent teachers. Often when I go to Sunday school I have no idea what class I shall be called on to teach; but I find it a fact in all classes that the members like to take part, and this gives them something to do that even the most backward can do.

Even a group of riotous young imps will usually pay attention until after their references have been asked for, in order that they may not miss them. And the additional benefit is that I am thereby feeding them the Word itself. The texts for the most part suggest themselves to me, and I look up in the concordance to find their location.—Mrs. E. O. Jolley in S. S. Times.

## How to Help the Superintendent

1. Pray for him.
2. Boost for him.
3. Work with him.
4. Help him to learn.
5. Smile at him.
6. Do better teaching.
7. Attend the conferences.
8. Take more training.
9. Defend him when he is criticized.
10. Be on time at the meetings.
11. Help him to think through the problems of the school.
12. Give him a birthday reception.
13. Remember him at Christmas.
14. Tell him how you appreciate something he has done or said.
15. Participate intelligently in the worship programs.
16. Speak out in the conferences, and say what you think.
17. Stand courageously for measures of progress.
18. Believe in the other workers, and show that you have faith in them.
19. Listen intelligently and sympathetically to all that is said in the conferences.
20. Keep your faith in the school, and the Bible, and the Christ.

## Babies Wanted for the Cradle Roll

Babies short and babies tall,  
Babies big and babies small,  
Blue-eyed babies, babies fair,  
Brown-eyed babies with lots of hair,  
Babies so tiny they can't sit up,  
Babies that drink from a silver cup,  
Babies that coo, babies that creep,  
Babies that can only eat and sleep,  
Babies that laugh and babies that talk,  
Babies quite big enough to walk,  
Dimpled fingers and dimpled feet,  
What in the world is half so sweet  
As babies that jump, laugh, cry and crawl,  
Eat, sleep, talk, walk, creep, coo, and all wee babies?

## The Souls of Little Children

The souls of little children are marvelously delicate and tender things and keep forever the shadow that first falls on them, and that is a mother's or at best a woman's. The first six years of life make us; all that is added is veneer.—Olive Schreiner.

# Jessica of the Camerons

SYLVIA STEWART

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(Continuation)

"Gramsie," said Jessica, the next afternoon, as together they turned the pages of a portfolio of Italian landscapes from which Mrs. Keith had taken several studies, "I had an idea yesterday."

"She is having two or three a day, regularly now, grandmother," supplemented Donald, from the library couch. "I think she absorbs them from you, for she is at your elbow, morning, noon and night."

Mrs. Keith smiled, though she shook her head reprovingly at her facetious grandson. "What was the idea, Jessica?" she asked.

Jessica turned the pages rapidly until she came to a view of Lake Sorrento, which Mrs. Keith had copied before coming to Cleveland.

"You remember you said you did not like your copy of this study, that it did not look finished, somehow; and I thought yesterday, when we were down to Pietro's for lettuce, that it might make it prettier to put that little boy's figure on the beach, picking up shellfish, as you say the Italian children often do, or even just playing in the sand. He is so round and smooth, he would be really handsome if he were not so dirty."

"It would be necessary to paint the dirt, you know. That is a very good idea, and shows that you have artistic perceptions, as we say. If I could get little Guido to 'stay put' long enough to get a few sketches of him, I think it could be managed."

"If we could get Pietro to let us bring him up here some night after school, we might wash him up and put him out in the sand pile to play with Harry, and you could make some sketches of him while he played, couldn't you?" she asked, doubtfully.

Donald clapped his hands approvingly. "Put them both in the picture," he suggested. "Harry's tow-colored Scotch pate would make a swell contrast to Guido's black mop and 'dark, rich beauty,' as they say in novels. Then, rename the picture, 'Italy and America.' I wonder if they would be harmonious?"

"In the picture?" suggested Jessica, slyly. "That is what we are discussing, isn't it?"

Don's only response to this criticism was to thrust his tongue into his cheek, and subside again into *Heroic Deeds of Great Americans*; but grandmother evidently found Jessica's suggestion a pleasing one, to the extent of making it serve some purpose of her own regarding the "Giovanni tribe," as Don called Pietro's household. The next afternoon, as soon as the children had returned to school, she walked down to the Italian's house.

It was a perfect day in late September, and, after a few minutes' chat with Beatrice, Mrs. Keith asked that she might borrow little Guido and take him up to play in Harry's sand pile, adding that

Jessica would bring him back as soon as she came from school.

The sister's reception of this proposal astonished and dismayed her visitor. The two were getting quite well acquainted, Mrs. Keith having made several visits to Beatrice unaccompanied, that she might more easily win her confidence. The girl had accepted, with broken but sincere thanks, the slightly worn gingham which Jessica had outgrown, and, as the girl was much more careful of her appearance since this addition to her wardrobe, Mrs. Keith had felt that she was making decided progress in her friendly efforts.

But today the girl had scarcely waited for the lady to make her request before breaking forth in a storm of dissent. Snatching up her little brother, who was playing near the visitor's feet with a wonderful spinning top which she had brought him, Beatrice thrust him hastily into the only room which afforded a lock, hurriedly turned the key in spite of his loud protestations, and, returning, broke forth in another volume of Italian invective.

It was well that Pietro himself came into the house for a moment, for poor Beatrice, thinking the proposal to borrow her brother only part of a plan to get possession and deliver him over to the dreaded "Society," was still pouring fourth a passionate, one-sided argument, when her father appeared, noted the perplexed expression on the visitor's face, and quieted his daughter's tirade. Mrs. Keith gently explained to him the object of her visit.

"You know Sorrento, beautiful Sorrento?" he inquired, eagerly. "I lived, I was born, near it."

Pietro soon succeeded in quieting his daughter's fears that her brother was in victim of the misunderstanding, who was still screaming in the next room, and apologized for Beatrice's rudeness.

The next morning Mrs. Keith took the little picture down to show to Beatrice and her father, also a fine print of the same beautiful alike, which she gave to Beatrice to put on the wall. In response to the artist's repeated invitation, the girl Cameron home the following afternoon, in a dreamy day in Indian summer, carrying out Jessica's suggestion they turned clean sand near the garage, to disport himself as seemed good unto him; while Mrs. Keith, seated on a near-by garden bench, with Beatrice an interested on-looker, made several sketches of his graceful body, and round, expressive face. This done, she persuaded Beatrice to go into the house to inspect some of her pictures, and the two went upstairs together.

They had been within for some time, and the children were arriving from school, when a mingled wail and roar

came up from the back yard. This revived Beatrice's fears, and sent Mrs. Keith scurrying to the rear hall window.

The sound of Donald's hearty, boyish laugh, echoing from the back porch, quieted her alarm, and the scene from the upper window had the effect of causing her to join in the laughter. Growing weary of the sand pile, little Guido had turned his attention to the jack rabbits. The latter were making pantomime performances for the early supper which Harry was allowed to give them only under Donald's direction, as he often overdid the matter of rations. Knowing nothing better to do to check their mute appeals, such as standing on their hind legs, or scratching the ground violently with their forefeet, the small Italian shied a handful of sand at them with so much skill that they immediately retreated into the garage, their ready refuge when frightened.

This was too much for Harry. An affront to the bunnies was an insult to himself; and almost before the second rabbit had disappeared into the covert, a handful of sand, hurled by the small owner, smote the offender full in the face.

There was no further waiting for a declaration of war, as Don declared afterward, he having come on the scene just in time to witness the first act in the breach of peace. Within a minute, the sand fort which the two had erected, was a mass of ruins from Guido's sudden, backward fall therein. As soon as he could recover his feet and his wits, the air became filled with flying sand, vigorous Italian and shrill-voiced American protests, as the opposing forces hurled the stinging sand at each other as fast as their childish fists could gather it up. This soon became too tame; and the respective sons of Italy and America were pounding each other with vigor and venom, when Donald, laughing until he was almost incapable of effort, reached the small combatants, separated them, and led them away to the house to wash the sand from their eyes and ears.

In the brief but fierce close of the engagement, Guido's little cotton blouse, under the rapid action of Harry's fingers, suffered as many rents as a battle flag at the close of a fierce charge. A truce was patched up by means of an outgrown jersey of Harry's, which Jessica hastily produced and had Beatrice put on the small warrior at once. Beatrice herself showed no concern after the first spasm of fright; it was evident that at home she was accustomed to discords.

With a handful of cookies to further cement the bond of peace, Beatrice hurried her young charge homeward, after assuring the assembled family that they had both a "verra good time," which was too much for Don, and he retreated into the house to indulge in another spasm of laughter.

On the Monday evening following the matinee party Marjorie was invited to take dinner with Jessica. When the meal was over, and the two girls curled up together in the bay window for a cozy chat until Jessica's lesson hour had arrived, the plan for the joint painting lesson was

finally unfolded, Mrs. Sheldon having preserved silence until further notice, and grandmother having advised Jessica to wait a few days before asking her chum, to be sure she would not decide to change her mind.

"I've got something splendid to tell you, if you think you would like to do it," she began, "but it would spoil your Saturdays with the other girls."

"What is it?" queried Marjorie, expectantly.

"Grandmother said she would like you to share my drawing and painting lessons this winter, if you don't mind giving the time," returned Jessica, going straight to the point. "She got your mother's consent last week, and she didn't have to wait long for mine," with a loving glance at Marge's pleased but doubtful face.

"You don't mean it!" was the incredulous response. "Sure thing, I'd like it better than anything else I know. Did your grandmother really mean it?"

"Of course; but they will be from two to four every Saturday, and that won't let you go to anything at all on Saturday afternoons."

"I don't care. Those old shows are getting tiresome, anyway. Did Mamma say I could? You know I'd rather be with you, even if I do like a matinee. Say, kid, you don't know how much I envy you your lovely grandmother, and so do all the other girls!"

Jessica laughed gayly. The process of widening the painting lessons to include her chum did not promise to be so very painful after all. "Well, she seems to be big enough to go around part of the time at least, and you may have half of her at least two hours every Saturday afternoon. Let's go upstairs and find her, and have her tell you about the lessons."

They sought grandmother's room, where they found her in the western window transforming the colors of a gorgeous autumn sunset as rapidly as possible to a block of water-color paper. When the last rosy tints had vanished, the artist, having secured a very credible outline of the sky coloring and cloud formation, the three had an interesting talk on art in general; and before Marjorie took her leave plans for the art lessons had been fully completed, and it was arranged that she was to begin on the following Saturday.

## Chapter VI

### DAYS OF LONG AGO

It was Saturday evening in early October, and a drizzly autumn rain was falling. Mamma Cameron was still busy with Norah, completing preparations for the Sabbath-day meals; papa had returned to the office on some important business matter; and the trio of Cameron juveniles had settled in the library to make the most of a rainy evening, when the door opened and grandmother appeared in the doorway, her arms full of skeins of crimson wool.

"I am looking for someone to help wind up my ball of yarn," she announced. "And as this is Saturday night and no lessons, and the weather man has put a ban on going out, I am wondering what we can do to kill time till bedtime."

The children scoffed gayly at this. Since grandmother's coming they had had no difficulty in making time pass quickly. There was a hurried scramble between Jessica and Harry as to who should install gramie in the most comfortable chair in the cosiest corner. Then Jessica brought a hassock to her side, and, settling upon it, held up her arms for the wool, while Harry sprawled on the rug in front of the fireplace, a picture of childish content, and watched the bright ball as it grew larger and larger in his grandmother's hands.

Donald was at the library table, busily engaged with his drawing. He was very much interested in architecture, and spent much time on his favorite hobby.

Ten minutes later the needles were clicking merrily on the beginning of an afghan for the library couch, while from time to time Mrs. Keith gave Jessica direction for the shaping of a tam-o-shanter she was making for Harry.

"Tell me a dreat long tory, dranma," begged Harry, bringing his small chair as closely as possible to grandmother's, and laying his cheek against her knee. "Bout when you was little, like me."

Don looked up from his drawing. "I second the motion, grandmother. You must have had many an odd or funny experience when you were a girl. Papa says times are so changed, even since he was a boy, that it is hard to imagine what they were when you were young."

"Yes, do, gramsie," entreated Jessica. "It seems so strange that Don and I scarcely knew a thing about your life until you came here, and now it seems as if we had known you always."

"I am afraid pictures of my childhood days would look very dull to you children, with your many sources of pleasure and amusement nowadays," replied Mrs. Keith, "but looking back on them I cannot think they were dull or monotonous, though they were entirely lacking in the pleasures which seem most to appeal to the youngsters of today."

"I had six brothers, all older than myself except one, and one sister three years older. We lived in a large house a half-mile from the little town of Lanark, in northern Illinois, on a farm of two hundred acres, a big farm for those days. A half-mile from our house, down a long hill and up a short one, lived Nell and Raymond Graham, and never did four children have 'gooder' times than we. We went to school together. As Harry made the first request for a story, this one shall be for him, though you older ones may find it amusing. It is an experience we four chums had, just the summer before emigrating to Kansas."

"It was one Friday in early fall that the big threshing-machine, which traveled over the country and threshed for the farmers, finished threshing for my father. There were no steam threshers in those days, horse power serving the purpose."

"I saw one of those old-fashioned machines at a farm exhibit not long ago," commented Don. "I wonder the farmers in those days ever got anything done."

"Well, this machine threshed thirteen

sacks of wheat and oats for my father in two days, that fall," returned grandmother, "so you see it was good for something after all. We children were almost sick because the threshing was going on while we were at school, but we comforted ourselves with the thought that the strawstack was growing larger every hour, and Saturday was coming."

"I remember that Saturday as well as though it were yesterday. It was a perfect October day, and that immense strawstack seemed beckoning us all the forenoon, as we did our various tasks; for the children of those days had to help as long as there were odd jobs to be done, and they were certainly numerous on a big farm like ours."

"On this particular Saturday it was potatoes to pick up; and not long after sunrise brother Dannie, sister Ruth and I were following an older brother with the horse and plow, as he turned over the potato hills. Dannie was too little to do much, but every little helped, and he was encouraged to do all he could. He was just a little bigger than you are now, Harry," with a smile at the bright face against her knee.

"Afternoon came at last, but as we were rising from the dinner-table father put something of a damper on our plans."

"If you children go in the big barnyard to play in the straw," he said, "you must keep your eyes open for old Sukey. She is very cross, and you must not go near her. If she gets after you, the thing to do is to run as fast as you can."

"Old Sukey was the largest, crossset mother-pig we had ever owned, and we children were very much afraid of her. At this time she had a large family of little spotted porkers, barely old enough yet to follow her about; and, as she walked very slowly to guard them more closely, we felt certain we could keep out of her way."

"As soon as our playfellows arrived, away we hurried to the strawstack. Father had had a large harvest that year, and as he had all the straw put into one long stack, twice the length of the big barn, we saw no limit to our prospects for fun."

"Jack, our shepherd dog, knew as well as we what was ahead, and came bounding to go with us. Remembering father's caution, we skirted around the fences first to locate Mrs. Sukey and her family. But we could not find any signs of her presence about the big straw pile, the long hog shed in the barnyard, or the small orchard father had spoken of; so, concluding she had taken her babies for a stroll in the west meadow this bright afternoon, we climbed the fence where it joined the stack, and were soon chasing each other around on the top."

"You poor children never had the pleasure of sliding down a freshly made strawstack, did you? It is certainly fun. Choosing the highest place, we put the dog in the midst, and, holding to him and to each other, away we went, pell-mell, over the side. Over and over again we climbed the fence and the stack, and scudded to the bottom again, until our

sliding place became worn and we decided to choose a fresh one.

"Come on!" cried Nell. "Let's go over here where the machine stood last, and slide down into the chaff. It's awful deep, and we can shut our eyes and make believe we are on a ship at sea, and are going down into the water."

"We looked carefully around our change of base, as we recalled father's warning, but saw nothing more alarming than an old Dominique rooster on the fence; so we surrounded the dog, and proceeded to carry out Nell's suggestion. But we did not slide into the chaff but once, and we did not need to imagine the danger of drowning, with a much nearer and more real danger threatening us. Neither did we shut our eyes for long, for we all needed them very much at that time, to see which way to run to put the most possible room between us and therossest pig-mother I ever saw!

"Mrs. Sukey seemed to have taken a fancy to be drowned, too; for she had burrowed into the pile of straw and chaff until she was entirely out of sight, babies and all! Plump down upon her and all her piggies we four children and the dog came in a body!

"For one moment it was a mass of screaming children, squealing pig-babies, and terrified grunts from the mother; and then we hastily gathered ourselves up and ran as we had probably never run before in our lives. Nell and Raymond reached the back door of the barn, which was in two parts, and, the upper half being open, they climbed quickly and safely over. But Mrs. Sukey was giving me a close chase, and, as I had Dannie by the hand and was dragging him along, I passed the barn and reached a gap in the picket fence which separated the barnyard from the chicken-yard. Pushing Dannie through so forcibly that he fell on his face in the dusty yard, I burst off another picket and tried to follow, but by this time Mrs. Sukey had caught me firmly by my short skirts, and if Jack had not come to the rescue at that moment it might have been a serious affair for me.

"He jumped at the angry mother and nipped her savagely in the hind leg; and, as she turned furiously on him, I succeeded in following Dannie through the fence, Sukey being too fat to follow us. She attacked Jack in real earnest; but at our call he gave up the battle, jumped lightly over the low fence, and we all retreated into the granary to collect our scattered senses. But you may guess we did not venture into the strawstack yard again until we knew Sukey was on the other side of the fence."

(To be continued)

### Crumbs in a Bed

Some one has said that worries are like crumbs in bed—the more you wriggle, the more they scratch you! But what is the remedy? Some people lie still; some get up and sit up; some change beds; some brush out the crumbs; and some keep on wriggling! Alas, for the wrigglers!

### The Northern Conference of German Baptists, Freudental, Alberta, Canada, July 6 to 11

The first sight of Freudental, nestling in the rolling, sun-caressed prairie, under the glorious and brilliant sky typical of Alberta, gives one an inkling of the pleasures awaiting a sojourner in the land. One is almost forced to believe that the spirit of divination which enabled Adam to find a name for all things created lingered in those of our brethren who gave the district its name, for never was a name better deserved. It is a veritable "Pleasure Valley." However, to those of us acquainted with the previous homes of those first-comers at Freudental, near Odessa in South Russia, a less romantic explanation suggests itself; in the whole of Canada there cannot be a region more similar to that previous home than this. Here one feels the unutterable charm of peacefulness and that nearness of God which grows into the soul of the dwellers in the steppes of Russia: the far-off horizon, the tang of the air, the sounds, the breath and the very touch of the soil remind one, as in old Russia, that God Almighty created the earth, and behold, it was very good.

It was here at Freudental that the delegates and members of the three prairie provinces gathered to hold their twenty-fourth annual conference. The list of some ninety delegates hardly gives an idea of the numbers present, as probably almost tentimes that number attended the latter meetings. If the "Leitmotiv" of last year's conference could be said to be "We praise thee, O Lord," then this year well might we be glad, entering as we are, on the jubilee year of our conference.

We were glad the first evening in witnessing that God still performs miracles; our tried and trusted Brothers F. Bloedow and A. Kujath who have both recently sojourned in the valley of the shadow of death, have been miraculously raised and given to us again. The latter, chairman of last year's conference, was able to express the thanks of the delegates and visiting members of the hearty welcome extended to them by the church of Freudental through their minister, Rev. J. Koschel.

The following days of the conference proved that this hearty welcome was not a matter of mere words, as every member of the church gave of his best towards the entertainment of the visitors, and gave gladly. Surely if in giving one church at Freudental were greatly blessed during those days. In any case would be small recompense for the really splendid hospitality shown by their hosts, at their homes and at church, where most satisfying meals were provided free of any charge. Comparisons are invidious things, but it almost seems as if the sisters bore the greater onus of the hospitality. God bless them!

The business session of the conference

commenced Wednesday morning; indeed one might mention early Wednesday morning, as our brethren at Freudental made laudable efforts to have their visitors recognize the beauties of early morning nature, and were greatly helped by the medicinal properties of the drinking water. The business session was ushered in by worship service, conducted by our pioneer preacher Rev. F. A. Mueller in his usual impressive manner, using the 23rd Psalm for his theme.

It is hardly within the scope of this report to give a detailed report of the business of the conference, but all reports concurred that we are growing, in numbers, financially and, most important, in grace. The conference recognized the great opportunities for mission work already existing, and those which will be created by the active immigration policy entered upon by our denomination. A new church, that of Regina, Saskatchewan, was added to the list and the hand of fellowship extended to its worthy pastor, Rev. A. J. Milner.

The treasurer's, Rev. R. E. Reschke, report drew attention to an increase of \$586, making the total income \$10,176. A resolution was passed to the effect that all efforts will be made to celebrate the jubilee year of the conference by offerings to the extent of \$25,000 during the present year, and a committee, consisting of Brethren F. Dojacek, G. Jaster, E. Fenske, J. Holland and F. J. Bertsch, was appointed to take charge of the organization of this matter.

The following officers of the conference were elected: Chairman, J. Luebeck; Vice-chairman, F. A. Bloedow; Secretary, A. Kraemer; Assistant Secretary, Phil. Daum. The following members of the Mission Board were elected to replace retiring members: A. Kujath, A. J. Milner and F. A. Bloedow. E. P. Wahl was re-elected Secretary of the Mission Board, and, together with A. Kujath, representatives to the General Mission Board, with F. A. Bloedow as their deputy. R. E. Reschke was re-elected Treasurer and F. A. Mueller was unanimously re-elected Pater of the orphans of the conference.

The conference was happy to greet and hear Rev. Wm. Kuhn, D. D., representing the General Mission Board, Prof. G. A. Schneider, representing the Rochester Seminary, and Rev. G. Fetzer, representing the Publication Society, whose reports and addresses were gratifying and uplifting. The colporteur of the conference proffered a report on his work since the commencement of his services in this capacity. Bro. J. Litke has been engaged as colporteur only a short time, but has covered a great territory. The conference was also happy to greet several students from the seminary at Rochester, namely Bros. Erion, Fenske, Giessler, Husmann and Weisser, all of whom were made welcome in our midst.

Thursday morning brought sad news from our well-beloved Bro. A. Hager, who was sitting at the deathbed of his wife, who is awaiting the call of her Heavenly Father from this earthly pilgrimage to heavenly bliss. We rejoice

with Sister Hager, but our whole hearts go out in sympathy to her husband. May the Holy Spirit comfort him fully!

Rousing and enlightening sermons were delivered during the course of the conference by the following: Rev. J. Ittermann, Rev. A. J. Milner, Rev. S. J. Fuxa, Rev. Wm. Kuhn, D. D., Rev. O. Ratschkowsky, Rev. A. Kraemer and Rev. J. Toyne. Bros. C. Giessler, W. Jaster and A. Husmann led the prayer meetings at the beginning of each morning's session, which were times of spiritual gain and enjoyment.

The conference was privileged to hear instructive and interesting addresses and lectures on: "The Doctrine of the Prophets and Its Importance" by Prof. Schneider; "How to Educate All Our Members to Give Gladly for the Work of the Kingdom of God" by Rev. J. Luebeck; "The Duty of the Church to Organize the Sunday School for Fruitful Work" by Rev. F. Benke; "The All-embracing Work of a Christian Church in Our Time" by Rev. J. C. Schweitzer; "The Fullness of the Spirit" by Rev. G. Fetzer. Special thanks are due to these brethren for the careful preparation of these really delightful addresses and the conference was not backward in expressing its appreciation during the debates which followed.

On Sunday, the last day of the conference, the delegates and members were able to count a few of the milestones towards their goal of a total offering of \$25,000 during the present conference year. Several offerings were raised, and results are: \$5079.68 for Mission purposes, \$165 thank offering to the local church for their hospitality, \$78 for the Students' Quartet, \$144.50 for the Union of Ladies' Aid Societies, \$73 for Young People's Societies. May God bless those who subscribed and return their gifts hundred-fold according to his promises!

This report would not be complete without special attention being paid to the wonderful musical items that were heard. All did their best, and it was a good best: the local mixed choir, the ladies' quartet from Edmonton, the Student Quartet, Bro. Benke's mixed brass and string band and all the individual singers and musicians poured out their great gifts in musical offerings at the throne of grace, delighting the ears of their hearers.

The conference accepted the hearty invitation of the Winnipeg church to accept their hospitality next year, and the hearts of all present went up in earnest prayers for the richest blessings of the Almighty during the present jubilee year of the conference. THE REPORTER.

### A Beautiful Cradle Roll Chart

A very unusual Cradle Roll chart was found in a Southern Sunday school. Hanging on the wall was a large card decorated with a dozen bluebirds, holding in their beaks tiny envelopes. Each of these envelopes contained a list of the names and birthdays of children. There was a bird for each month of the year, and the name of the month was printed on the envelope.



Bethany Home, Winnipeg, Man.  
See "Baptist Herald" No. 14, page 15.

### How a Dollar Became a Missionary

ESTHER STEINFELD

My first recollections of life were very sad, though eventful. When I was but a few days old, a group of my relatives and I were tossed into a train and whizzed away, not knowing where nor why. We were very frightened and huddled against one another for comfort. We whispered far into the night and had almost dozed when a loud crash was heard. Amid pistol shots and muffled screams, our bag was rudely sized, tossed into a car of some sort and hurried away. After some time it was opened and its contents examined. We could see bandit faces in the dim light and could hear their curses as they roughly separated us and divided their loot. I shall never forget that night nor the blood-thirsty robbers. I was but a dollar bill, but my relatives were worth more and were almost torn to pieces in the struggle.

I managed to slip down from the greedy hands of one of the thieves and fell down into a dark crevice. There I lay hoping and praying that I would not be found by the same villains. At last, after morning had dawned, I was found by someone who thrust me into his pocket and carried me somewhere. I imagined that it was his home for I heard the joyful cry of the children as he entered the door. I was not allowed to see, however, for I was again thrust into a dark and dismal box and locked up. I was very sad, for I wanted to be used of the Lord, and felt as though my life was to be useless. After many weary days had elapsed, a bright light shone in my hiding place and I found myself lying in the palm of a crippled girl. She gazed at me with tears in her eyes and whispered, "I should buy medicine with you, but I'm going without my medicine this week so I can give you to Missions."

The next Sunday she took me to church and carefully laid me in the Mission box. I was happy, but my heart

ached for the child for I knew her sacrifice and what it cost her.

Her minister found out about her gift and sacrifice and soon it was widely known and people far and near came to visit the little crippled girl and brought their gifts to the Mission box.

I am on my way again, but this time to Africa, praying that I may be of some blessing there and to help some one to find Christ.

### The Story of a Dollar

ALBERTA ARGOW

Mr. Henry Dollar Bill started out from the mint at Easter time. Dressed in a brand new suit he was prepared for a long journey out into unknown regions. On Friday morning he left the mint at Philadelphia and took the train for New York City.

New York was a strange sight to Mr. Bill. The seething metropolis fairly astounded him. As he was walking down the street inside of a man's pocket, he was taken to see the latest movie hit, "For Heaven's Sake."

From this place his next move was to the Girl Scouts' Benefit program. Here he was delighted to go for he had helped a tenement girl to enjoy a week of good, clean vacation on the shores of Lake Eve.

After this he left New York and traveled to Seattle where Mr. Bill found bad company. He fell into the hands of a young man most of whose money went up in cigaret smoke.

The next stop for Mr. Bill, I'm sorry to say, took him into the hands of a supposedly good man. In fact this man was prominent in the politics of the city. But alas! Good apples are often rotten at the core, and so with this man for he was a bootlegger. Mr. Bill went down this man's throat in liquor.

Mr. Bill in the meantime was on various other excursions where we do not care to look at him, but finally he got into the hands of a good man who gave abundantly to charities. That's where Mr. Bill went to help build the St. Joe Orphans' Home. Good for Mr. Bill! He is again in the hands of good people. From this place Mr. Bill took a long, long ride clear across the waters to China where he helped to found a colony to cure lepers. So now that our friend is in good company once more, we'll leave him to enjoy his life doing good for the many people of China.

### Vacation School in South Chicago

A Daily Vacation Bible School was conducted for a period of three weeks in the month of July. About 25 children from 9 to 14 years of age attended. The lessons included a course in the life of Christ and a daily story supplementing the lesson. Every child used its own New Testament. We learned by heart the 1st and 23rd Psalm, the Beatitudes and 4 hymns. After the religious instruction a period of handwork followed.

The school was brought to a close with a well rendered program. In a Bible drill the children surprised the Sunday school by the quickness with which they could find Scripture verses.



These are not girls but boys, dressed in clothes which the girls loaned them after the fire which destroyed the boys' home March 1, 1925. Back of them among the fire ruins are: H. D. Krause, boys' matron or housemother, Mrs. and Rev. Rickman, superintendent of the Mission.

### Alaska . . . Land of the Midnight Sun

HILDA D. KRAUSE

#### II

Here then the Baptists started their work under most unusual circumstances. Is it not interesting to think that an influence originating in far-off Russia should finally produce fruit in Alaska?

An aristocratic young lieutenant of the Russian navy, Nicholas Faradoff, was converted in Petrograd and finally exiled to a monastery on the White Sea for his persistence in preaching the gospel. One Christmas morning a number of monks, maudlin with drink, threw Nicholas out of an open window, laughing at his faith and crying, "Does it not say in one place that if you fall angels will guard you and bear you up in their hands, lest you dash your foot against a stone? Now, let us see if the angels will catch you!" Fortunately he landed fourteen feet below in a snowdrift. Unhurt, he ran to an Eskimo camp on the sea shore where he was hospitably received and taken to Finland. From there he made his way to Sweden where he entered a theological seminary and learned the Swedish language. Later he journeyed to America and continued his studies in Chicago. There he married a Russian girl with whom he went to San Francisco to labor as a missionary among his countrymen, and in 1889 he was commissioned by the Baptist Home Mission Society to serve as part time missionary in Alaska. Mrs. Faradoff, at the same time was commissioned by the Woman's Board. Both began teaching in a new school erected by the government on Kodiak Island.

The moral, social and industrial conditions of the natives on Kodiak Island in 1889 were appalling. The ships that touched the island were mostly whalers manned with the riffraff of San Fran-

cisco's water-front. Mr. Faradoff discovered that a Russian priest was supplying native girls to the crews of these vessels at twenty dollars each. He learned that these Indian slaves were not brought back to Kodiak at the end of the cruising season, but were put off at the most convenient points on the islands or the mainland. He was deputized as a U. S. Marshall and waged relentless warfare against this iniquitous business, and also against an illicit liquor traffic that was undermining the industrial life of the natives as well as their morals. As government teachers they gained an intimate knowledge of the home life of the children in the village. The wretched condition of the orphans drew heavily upon their sympathy. Most of them were so undernourished as to lack strength or ambition even to attend school let alone to arrive on time. In order to induce them to come on time, the teachers fed them on tea and hard-tack and kept them alive during the first winter. They appealed to the Mission Society for funds to build an orphanage, and the following summer Mrs. Faradoff went to the States to present the cause to the Baptist churches. Four thousand dollars were finally secured, and building materials were bought and transported to Wood Island which is separated from Kodiak by a two and a half mile channel. Here the orphanage was finally erected and the first child admitted to its shelter on July 4, 1893.

The institution is still maintained by the Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society, receiving the highest commendations from government officials. Mr. Faradoff, who laid the foundation of the Mission, Prof. Roscoe and Rev. Learn, who spent fifteen years on this field, together with the loyal women missionaries, who have mothered the children, all have made distinct contributions to the moral and economic life of Alaska.

However, this is only one small spot we as Baptists are touching. The field which at first did not seem big enough has proven greater than was imagined. Since we as Baptists have been unable to do anything toward the development of the Prince William Sound region and around Cook Inlet, the Methodists are going in to work the field. Since 1924 they opened two Mission Stations in Baptist territory. Their orphanage at Unalaska was removed to Seward, the "Gateway to the Interior," where the children have better opportunities for development than they had on the barren island. But their removal leaves the whole Aleutian peninsula without a single Christian worker. The American 'round-the-world-fliers were impressed with the awful condition of the Aleuts who inhabit these islands, when they visited Attu in 1924 while they were detained by bad weather. They considered the inhabitants as "the lowest breed of human life belonging to North America." Maj. Gen. Greely, an Arctic explorer, who has been in military command of the Territory for a number of years and knows the conditions, says, "Degraded as are the Aleuts of the present day, that they have spiritual aspirations is shown by their attendance at their dilapidated Russian church. Yet the United States leaves these people, practically an alien no-land folk, scattered over the Aleutian chain some 800 miles in length, as not of us. They are without doctors, without nurses, without medicines, without schools, without any vocational training, without any semblance of law or organized government, without any aids for moral or spiritual uplift. It would be incredible, if it were not true, that rich Christian America thus neglects its own people—everyone of whom was born in a nation flying an emblem of democratic freedom—the Stars and Stripes."

"Shall we, whose souls are lighted  
With wisdom from on high,—  
Shall we, to men benighted,  
The lamp of life deny?"

I have given you just a small picture of the condition of the people and country that we shall visit. There is so much that cannot be told, that you must see for yourself;—so we shall away then! Our steamer is ready! But be sure that you are properly equipped! No, you need not take your fur coat, nor your ear muffs, but be sure to have a raincoat and boots, if possible, for you will want to go ashore at some of the ports of call, and you may have need of them.

Our ship is not the large trans-oceanic type, but still large enough to carry a multitude of supplies,—from hairpins to houses—in its cavernous hold, besides several hundred passengers in comfortable staterooms. At the wharf we are met by a white-liveried cabin boy who conducts us to our stateroom, which we find open on the deck, from which we may watch the passing scenery. This will be our home for about twelve days, so we arrange our things comfortably, and soon we hear the last blow; the gang-plank is hoisted on board; there is a straining at the cables; a churning of

the water below; the dock seems to be moving away from us; the crowd on the wharf is cheering and waving farewells,—we are really off to the "Land of the Midnight Sun" and the "Aurora Borealis!"

We pass through Puget Sound's calm waters and were it not for the passing shore line and the increasing distance between us and Seattle which is fast receding into the background, it would be difficult to tell that the steamer is moving. It is morning when we leave Seattle, so we have a whole long day to watch the ever-changing scenery before nightfall. As the steamer goes northward the days grow longer. Sunset is anywhere from ten o'clock to midnight, and the man whose boast is "up at sunrise in the morning," finds he must needs rise about two A. M. After sunset and until sunrise there is a long twilight during which one may read ordinary print without the aid of artificial light. We are taking the Inside Passage, winding in and out among the thousands of islands which dot the ocean. On either side are mountains several thousand feet high, some of them snow-capped; there are cascades which seem to tumble from the sky itself, and densely wooded shores where solitude reigns supreme. We are so charmed with the scenery that we hardly hear the "first call to luncheon" of the genial waiter until he is close beside us. After having satisfied the "inner man" in the spacious dining hall, we return to the deck to join the promenade, making new friends and acquaintances, some of whom are real "sourdoughs" who went "outside" to visit old homes and friends, but the call of the wild was irresistible, and they are returning to the

... "Land where the mountains are nameless,  
And the rivers all run—God knows where;  
There are lives that are erring and aimless,  
And deaths that just hang by the hair;  
There are hardships that nobody reckons;  
There are valleys unpeopled and still;  
There's a land—oh, it beckons and beckons,  
And I want to go back—and I will!"

Thus passes our first day at sea. Long after the sun has dropped below the horizon, weary but loath to leave the panoramic scenes and wishing it were not necessary to sleep, we finally hunt up our cabin and go to rest. "Rise and shine for the Admiral Line! Hef an hou' befo' breakfas'!" comes a voice floating toward us and awaken us from our slumbers the following morning. It is accompanied by the musical xylophone which we recognize having heard the day before, so we promptly hasten to obey the summons and to revel in the sunshine of another day.

As we look about us we notice that the sea in which we now are sailing has widened, we are entering Queen Charlotte Sound. For about three hours our seamanship will be tested while we

ride the waves of the open sea, but we are "good sailors" and don't object to the pitching and tossing of the boat. We stand by the rails and watch the thousands of seagulls, screeching and diving for their breakfast, and the schools of porpoises following us and playing in the waves. Before we are aware we are again hemmed in by towering mountain walls, forested down to the water's edge with coniferous trees; the sea is calm once more, and we hail the news that on the morrow we shall again enter American waters, for, after leaving the Washington boundary we sailed in Canadian waters.

### Will You Help?

Benjamin Franklin once said, "God helps those who help themselves." While this is a fact, it is also true that God helps those who cannot help themselves, and he does it through you and me. Will we let God use us to help those who cannot help themselves? I refer to the inmates of our Old People's Home in Chicago.

We can do this by contributing something toward the annual bazaar which the Women's Union of Chicago and Vicinity expects to hold early in October.

Because of your generous spirit in the past we are again counting on your co-operation, for which we sincerely thank you.

Please send goods direct to the Home, in care of Miss E. Hendricks, 1851 North Spaulding Ave., Chicago, Ill.

IDA KUHN, Secretary.

### The Glass Eye on Guard

An English paper tells a rather amusing incident in connection with the visit of a gentleman from that country to India. The weather was warm, and he hired a servant to fan him all night according to local custom. Some of the servants were in the habit of fanning their masters only until they fell asleep, beginning again when they were about to awake.

This gentleman, however, had a glass eye which he used to take out every night and put on the table. The next morning he heard his servant telling another that he could not steal any time between his master's naps, for he always took out one of his eyes and placed it on the table to watch him, so he was compelled to fan his master all night until the other eye woke in the morning!

Laugh with the amused Englishman at the simple Indian menial. But remember that there is an eye upon you which knows neither slumber nor sleep!—Kind Words.

### The New Weight

The head of a coal firm, irritated beyond endurance at a driver's blunders, discharged him and told him never to come back to the firm for a recommendation.

"You are so confounded thick-headed you can't learn anything," said the manager.

"Begorra," said the Irishman. "I've learned one thing since I've been wid ye."

"What is that?" asked the manager.

"I've learned," answered the Irishman, "that sivinteen hundred make a ton."

### Daily Scripture Portion Bible Readers Course

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

SEPTEMBER.		OCTOBER	
St. John.		Leviticus.	
1	10. 19-30	1	1 1-14
2	10. 31-42	2	2. 1-13
3	11. 1-16	3S	4 27-35
4	11. 17-31	4	8 10-24
		5	9 22-24
5S	11. 32-46	5	10 1-11
6	11. 47-57	6	14 1-18
7	12. 1-19	7	16 1-10
8	12. 20-36	8	16 11-19
9	12. 37-59	9	16 20-34
10	13. 1-17	10S	19 1-18
11	13. 18-30	11	25 1-17
		12	26 3-18
12S	13. 31-38	13	26 40-41
13	14. 1-14	1	St. Peter
14	14. 15-31	14	1 1-12
15	15. 1-17	15	1 13-25
16	15. 18-27	16	2 1-12
17	16. 1-15	17S	2 13-25
18	16. 16-33	18	3 1-12
		19	3 13-22
19S	17. 1-12	20	4 1-11
20	17. 13-26	21	4 12-19
21	18. 1-14	22	5 1-14
22	18. 15-27	Deuteronomy.	
23	18. 28-40	23	1. 1-17
24	19. 1-16	24S	3. 18-29
25	19. 17-30	25	4. 1-13
		26	5. 1-15
26S	19. 31-42	27	5. 16-29
27	20. 1-18	28	6. 1-12
28	20. 19-32	29	7. 1-11
29	21. 1-14	30	8. 1-6
30	21. 15-25	31S	8. 10-20

(By Courtesy of the Scripture Union)

### From Black to White

In one of his most striking sermons, Billy Sunday gave a very fine illustration of how one who is black with sin may through Christ become white as snow.

He told how the Standard Oil Company years ago was trying to refine petroleum. There was in it a black sticky substance which they could not use at the time, and they could not dispose of it. If they burned it, it made a stench. If they drained it into the river, it killed the fish. What could be done with it? The Company offered a big reward to any chemist who would solve the problem. One day a chemist walked into the office of John D. Rockefeller and laid down a pure white substance which we know as paraffine. He had solved the problem and he earned the reward.

So Christ solves the greater miracle of changing our spiritual natures from black to white. In no other way can we get rid of the stench of sin. In no other way can we become whiter than snow. Christ is the divine chemist. The blood shed on Calvary precipitates the blackness of sin. Through his atonement we are permitted to walk with him in the light forever.

# Our Devotional Meeting

G. W. PUST

## September 12 What Is the Church and What Should It Be Doing?

Eph. 2:17-22; Matt. 28:16-20

It is important that we have the right conception of the church and its duty here in the world. There are those who are prone to think of it as an organization existing solely for social and benevolent purposes. Such a conception is minus the most vital element.

1. Definition of the church. 1) *In its largest significance.* The church of Christ is the whole company of regenerate persons in all times and ages, in heaven and on earth. It is also called the invisible and universal church. 2) *The visible church.* It should be composed solely of those who have been regenerated by the Spirit of God; but some belong to the organization whose nature has never been changed. This will continue to be so, because we are unable to look into the hearts of those who apply for church-membership. Even Jesus had a Judas in his circle. 3) *The church Christ's body.* It is "the organization to which he gives spiritual life, and through which he manifests the fulness of his power and grace." "As Christ was the image of the invisible God, so the church is appointed to the image of the invisible Christ." 4) *The church a building.* (Eph. 2:19-22.) It is built of living stones quarried from many races and tribes.

2. The duty of the church. 1) *It should proclaim the Gospel of Christ in every land and tongue.* All men are to be brought to the saving knowledge of God. The church has seriously neglected her marching orders. Surely in nineteen hundred years it should have been possible to preach to every race and tribe upon the face of the globe. But the most serious question for us just now concerns ourselves. What are we doing about it? 2) *The church should always stand for righteousness.* She ought to be like a limelight turned onto all that is wrong, thus rousing the conscience of men to the existence of these evils, and then to a sense of their responsibility in dealing with them.

September 19

## Missionary Advance in India

Isa. 11:1-10

An abundance of material may be found in "Missions," July 1924, from which the following is taken.

### Burma

When a Baptist thinks of Foreign Missions, his mind turns first to Burma, for the land of Judas is the oldest and largest mission of Northern Baptists. With 1109 churches totaling 83,283 members with nearly 900 schools giving instruction to 35,000 pupils, with 80 per cent of these institutions self-supporting, with converts taking leading places in

political, educational and religious life, Burma stands a great witness to the blessing of God on Baptist foreign mission efforts. The work in Burma is unique in that it really comprises ten missions among ten different races—Burmans, Sgaw Karens, Pwo Karens, Shans, Kachins, Chins, Indian, Talangs, Anglo-Indians and Lahus—each with their own language, customs and missionary problems.

*The Karen Missions.* Baptist work among the Karens, who number about 2,000,000, forms one of the most glorious chapters in the history of Christian missions. These people were hunted and persecuted under Burman rule. Under British protection and through acceptance of Christianity they have risen to every sphere of life. Prepared for the preaching of Christianity by native traditions, the Karens have accepted the Gospel eagerly. The total membership of their churches is 57,784. The Karen Theological Seminary is the pride of the churches who show their deep interest by their contributions which care for five-sevenths of its expense. Founded in 1845 it is probably the oldest theological seminary in the Orient.

### South India

This field in Southern India covers an area of 38,600 square miles (about the size of New York State) with a population of over 6,500,000. Missionaries and native helpers work out into the surrounding country from 28 stations. The magnitude of the task is revealed in that the field for which each station is responsible averages 1800 square miles, nearly twice as large as Rhode Island. There are 193 Baptist churches with over 75,000 members. This mission is notable for its work among the lowly and despised outcasts, who form such a large part of the population. . . . Now the Sudras, the great middle caste, are listening eagerly to the Gospel story and a mass movement of Sudras to Christianity seems near at hand.

September 26

## What Shall We Plan This Year?

1 Cor. 3:6-17

Our answer is somewhat dependent upon local conditions and circumstances. But we should strive to have as full a program as possible for the winter days ahead. This program should include:

*Bible Study.* We should aim to become intelligent Christians, knowing what we believe and why we believe. Peter admonishes us: "Be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you" (1 Pet. 3:15). A person whose faith is not rooted in the Scriptures is easily swayed by every wind of doctrine.

*Mission Study.* Our Lord has kept his word with those men and women and he is still with them who went forth into all

the world to preach the Gospel to every creature. The work of his missionaries is still his work. He is continuing "both to do and teach" as he began. (Luke 1:1.) Then we should be interested in this work

*Other study courses.* Teacher training, a personal workers' class, stewardship, Baptist principles and history. We may be sure that there is no dearth of subjects nor material for those who are willing to work.

*A closing thought.* In all that we do let us humbly explore the help and blessing of our divine Lord. And may he make of us the kind of workers that need not be ashamed! (2 Tim. 2:15.)

October 3

## What Is Education? How Get It? How Use It?

Rom. 12:1-3; 2 Tim. 2:15

(Consecration meeting)

Our topic contains three questions which we shall endeavor to answer consecutively.

1. What education is.

Education, according to Webster's International Dictionary, is "a drawing forth." "It implies not so much the communication of knowledge as the discipline of the intellect, the establishment of the principles, and the regulation of the heart." It is "a drawing forth" of that which would otherwise be latent within us. It multiplies our capacities so that we can be more in the world than we could be without it. Real education, of necessity, includes "the regulation of the heart." This can be adequately accomplished only by the Christian religion through which the right principles of life are brought to bear upon the source of action, the heart.

2. How education may be gotten.

*By reading and study.* Our high schools and universities are rendering a great service. But not only people who attend high schools and universities become educated. Many who have not had such privileges have acquired a good education without the assistance of a college professor. Likewise a man who is skilled in his profession (a mechanic for instance) may be called educated.

*By observation.* Whoever wishes to ascertain a present fact, must exercise this power. "Facts, diligently sought for and firmly established, are the only foundation of sound reasoning." What a debt of gratitude we owe the great host of men and women who had eyes that actually saw!

3. How education should be used.

Education is for the purpose of giving us the best possible use of our powers. But these are to be exercised in behalf of others. True education should lead a man out of himself, it should enlarge and quicken his sympathies for others. Our Lord ever remains our example.

# A Page of Games

## For Class Games

MARY S. STOVER

The class that always has good times is the one that plans for them; and a fine way for everybody to help is by keeping a big envelope in which you may put cards or sheets of paper containing the description of games and stunts which the different members have enjoyed.

A card with just the name is enough where all the class knows how to play a certain game; but every member should be on the look out for new pastimes.

Get the rules of the game that cause so much fun at Cousin Fred's birthday party in another town, and when you reach home write them out on a piece of blank cardboard or paper. The card will be lots easier to use later.

The envelope containing these games should be kept among the class archives, and you need to have a special custodian to see that it gets to every meeting, party and picnic.

Then whenever the fun lacks, or there is a disagreement about what to play next, let somebody choose a game from the class envelope. Sometimes have the whole affair a grab-bag party. To start this one member reaches into the big envelope and draws out a game sight unseen. You all play that, say for ten minutes; then the next puts in his hand, and you play that one, and so on.

See if that doesn't act like a charm whenever the enthusiasm begins to lag.

## A Trip Around the World

The players sit in a circle. The leader begins the game by naming a city commencing with the letter A, and asks the person what he shall do there. This player answers in words beginning with A, and he in turn mentions a city commencing with B.

Each player must answer the question of his neighbor, and mention another place. For instance, "I'm going to Alexandria; what shall I do there?"

Next player, "Ask for apples. I am going to Burlington; what shall I do there?" "Buy bananas," is a good answer for that one—and so on through the alphabet.

## Initials

There is an opportunity for ingenuity, graceful compliment, and humorous rally in the game of "Initials." One person gives out his initials. Then all, provided with pencil and paper, are given a certain time, perhaps three minutes, in which to write a three-word characterization of the person, the words beginning with the initials in the order given. For instance, Mr. A. B. C. is described by one as "a beneficent creature," by another as "awkward but courageous," by a third as "always buying cheese," and so on. At the end of their time allotted, all

the descriptions are read aloud, and then the initials of the next person are used in the same way.—Youth's Companion.

## Potato Golf

Lay out a golf-course by means of small dishes or saucers of various sizes, placed from one foot to two feet apart. A tablespoon, a dessert-spoon and a teaspoon are given each player, together with a medium-sized, smooth potato. The object of the contest is to toss the potato from one dish or "hole" to the next, using as few strokes as possible, the spoons serving as golf-clubs. Four from each group may contest, the score being kept. Count the strokes around the "course," those making the fewest number being the winners.

The prize may be awarded to the group having the best score.

## A Newspaper Race

Choose from the group a girl and a boy, and to each give two newspapers.

At a given signal, they each place one newspaper in front of them, and step on it with their right foot. Then they place the other paper on the floor, and step on it with the left foot.

Repeating this, the contestants race until they reach a certain mark, and then go back to the place from which they started.

A record should be kept of the time in which each one covers the ground. After all have tried the girl or boy who covers the ground in the shortest time wins the race.—Forward.

## "The Ridiculous Handkerchief"

Form your party into a circle. Choose a leader—a jolly person with a hearty, contagious laugh. The leader goes into the center of the circle. He is given a white handkerchief.

When the leader throws the handkerchief as high into the air as he can, this is a signal for the players, and everybody must laugh just as heartily as possible, and keep it up until the handkerchief touches the floor. If anyone continues to laugh after the handkerchief touches the floor, he must drop out of the happy circle. When all but one have dropped out, that one is the winner of the game, and receives the prize.

If the leader has lots of pep, and laughs heartily himself, he will get the crowd to laughing so that it will be hard for them to stop when the handkerchief touches the floor.

## Who Knows that Nose?

Suspend a sheet in a doorway between two rooms.

Cut a small V-shaped hole in the sheet. Divide the company into two groups, one group to stay in each room. Arrange the players in a line and have each one in turn put his nose through the opening

for those on the other side of the sheet to guess whose nose it is.

After the players in one room have all had a turn, those in the other room must stand in line and go through the same performance for the first group to guess.

## Bean-Bag Jerusalem

Bean-bags are placed in a circle on the floor, there being enough bean-bags for all but one player. Guests form a circle just outside the bean-bags, and when the music begins they start to march around the bean-bags. The music gets faster and faster, which means that they will have to march faster and faster, and finally run as fast as they can. Suddenly the music stops short. Instantly there is a wild scramble for a bean-bag, and the slowest in the group will be left without one. He is invited to sit on the floor in the center of the circle. However, he will not be lonesome for long, for one bean-bag is removed, and at the next scramble another player will find himself among those missing when it comes to acquiring a bean-bag. One bag is taken away each time. When it comes to two players sparring to get the one remaining bean-bag, it is to laugh. Indian-clubs may be used instead of bean-bags. When the music stops, all players except one grasp an Indian-club and hold it high in the air.

## A Novel "Ad" Party

An "Ad" party is just about as interesting an entertainment as you can have, and at the same time all the details of it are quite easy to get and to arrange. The first thing to do is to go through the advertising pages of some old magazines and cut out the pictures you want, being careful to cut away the names or any reading matter that would tell what was being advertised. Number them and pin them around the wall, on the curtains and other places.

After the guests have all arrived and talk begins to subside, give each one a pencil and a piece of paper and have them start around the room in a line. On the papers they are supposed to write the number of each picture and what product it represents. This is a great deal of fun, and some of the "ads" are much harder to recognize than you'd think, even though the most familiar are selected. When all guests have finished writing their answers you must take your correct list and read out the names that should be opposite each number. The one having the nearest correct list wins, and for a prize you might give one of the inexpensive things advertised.

For refreshments use other things that were advertised, such as Jello, Hershey's Chocolate, or Welch's Grape-juice, which fit in with the advertising idea very well. A contest for the best written advertise-



ment on a selected subject affords great fun. After you get started on your preparations for this "Ad" party, you'll possibly be able to add many ideas of your own to make it even more interesting.

**A Newspaper Trick**

Take a common newspaper or handkerchief and request anyone of the company to place it on the floor so that two persons can stand upon it at the same time and neither be able to see or touch the other.

Answer: Place it across the door-mat and let one stand upon it in the entry. Then close the door and ask the other to step upon the other end in the room, and neither can see nor touch the other, for the door prevents.

**This Is Station KYH Giving Its Daily Healthgrams**

For those of you who talk the radio language, the following healthgram, broadcast from station KYH (Keep Your Health), issued by the Onondaga Health association, is full of information worth listening in on:

(Directions: Use any wave length suited to your age. If you fade out, lose your breath easily, or sleep poorly, your wave length is wrong. You need to reset your health dial.)

"Good evening, friends. I hope you are feeling fine and have lots of pep. If not, you need to tune in with some sound health rules, for the human body is like a radio set. We must be properly equipped and adjusted all the time. Otherwise our apparatus works poorly and all we hear is static. Here are seven helpful rules to observe::

"1. Keep your instrument properly set up. Stand upright, with your chin in, your chest out and up, and your stomach in.

"2. Keep your battery working well. Take care of your heart. Don't let it get short-circuited by rheumatism or any other infection.

"3. Don't shut yourself in an airtight cabinet. Tune in with the oxygen outdoors. Keep your window open.

"4. Spread out your antennae. Swing your arms and legs in the air every day.

"5. Keep your loud speaker clean. Use a tooth brush at least twice a day and go to the dentist at least once a year.

"6. Keep your tubes in good order. Don't abuse your digestive tract or let it get clogged up. Eat wisely. Drink plenty of water.

"7. Finally, see that your instrument is given all round inspection often enough to prevent trouble. Have a health examination by your physician each year.

"Good night."



Berthold W. Krentz



William Schweitzer



Walter O. Makowsky



John L. Hartwick

**WHEN YOU ARE SEVENTY**

(Life Experience of 100 Men)



Paul Zimbelmann

A recent report issued by the American Bankers' Association makes a direct appeal to every member of the Order who is planning for a safe and independent old age.

We reproduce a part of this report and ask you to study its meaning as applied to your own problem.

The report is based on the experience of 100 men, who at age 25, are strong, vigorous and of good mental and physical capacity. Note the change as age advances.

At age 35—5 are dead, 10 wealthy, 50 have moderate means, 35 have saved nothing.

At age 55—30 are dead, 1 wealthy, 8 self-supporting, 61 are partially dependent.

At age 70—63 are dead, 3 are wealthy, 34 are wholly dependent.

**AT 70—THIRTY-FOUR OUT OF THIRTY-SEVEN ARE WHOLLY DEPENDENT; THREE ARE COMFORTABLE.**

Old-Age Benefit or Endowment Insurance provided by your German Baptists' Insurance Association will solve your problem. When you are seventy years old you can have an income of from \$10 to \$100 per month for ten years.

Ask your local clerk-agent, or any of our five 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.

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