

The Baptist Herald

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

Volume Five

CLEVELAND, O., JANUARY 15, 1927

Number Two

I AM YOUR GERMAN BAPTIST CHURCH

I AM YOUR CHURCH. All I am, all I aspire to be and to do, I can achieve only through you. I live through your faith and in your prayers and by your devotion.

I AM YOUR HOME. You are the maker of my spirit of good-will and all the genuine hospitality that men find in me. Here, with all the children of the Father, you share the joys and peace and inspiration of the fellowship of Christ, your Savior and your Lord.

I AM YOUR HAVEN. Here you may renew your strength for life's struggles and be made brave to play the man.

I AM YOUR PRECEPTOR. Come unto me and I will teach you to see and to love your own best and God's best for you. I point you the Way, the Truth and the Life in Jesus Christ.

I AM THE FRIEND OF YOUR CHILDREN. Like as a hen gathereth her brood under her wings, I would gather all your children unto him who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and do not hinder them, do not make it hard for them to come, for of such is the Kingdom of heaven."

I AM YOUR ARMS, YOUR FEET, YOUR TONGUE AND YOUR WISH. I am your agency by which you dispense the healing grace of Christ to all the world. By me, your feet travel to the nations with the gospel; by me, your healing hands touch the sores of mankind; by me, your tongue telleth the goodness of the Lord to the children of men.

I AM YOUR CHURCH. I am what I am, because you have made me what I am. I am weak, I am strong, I am efficient, I am a blessing and a hope, or I am a failure because you have made me so. What I am, you have made me to be.

I AM YOUR GERMAN BAPTIST CHURCH

What's Happening

Rev. G. Bornschlegel, pastor of the church at Bessie, Okla., has resigned to take effect the end of March. Bro. Bornschlegel has been at Bessie since 1919.

Rev. Christian Peters has resigned his pastorate at Killaloe, Ont., to accept the call of the church at Jamesburg, N. J. Bro. Peters begins his new charge March first.

Rev. C. H. Edinger, pastor of the church at Wasco, Cal., had the joy of baptizing five Sunday school scholars on Dec. 12. He expects others to follow in the spring.

Rev. Wm. J. Derksen, pastor of the Salt Creek church, Oregon, has resigned because of ill health and closed his work with his charge on Dec. 1. He will live in Lodi, Cal.

A Junior Choir of 16 voices, organized by Bro. Hans Keiser of the Elgin, Iowa, church a few months ago, now sings regularly in the Sunday evening services to the glory of God.

Rev. E. P. Wahl of Leduc, Alta., closes his pastorate there on the second Sunday in February. He takes up the work of District Missionary for Saskatchewan, living, however, in Winnipeg.

Rev. R. T. Wegner, pastor of our Jamaica Plain Baptist Church, Boston, Mass., has undertaken a trip to Palestine. After his tour of the Holy Land he will return the latter part of March.

One of our popular Canadian Baptist pastors in Alberta is preaching on Sunday evenings on "The Adventure of Youth." The sub-titles of this sermon series are The New Freedom of Youth, The Dreams of Youth, The Resources of Youth, Youth and War, The Courage of Youth, The Religion of Youth, The Pleasures of Youth, The Vital Decisions of Youth, The Supreme Passion of Youth.

The "Herald" Subscription Contest closes on Jan. 31. There still remain a few weeks to do some more intensive work, to glean the field a bit more carefully, to once more go after the prospect you did not land the first time you approached him. Let every booster have his complete and final list in Bro. Donner's hands by the end of January. Do not forget to send the money with your list.

There is still time to get the folders, either for personal distribution or for your society members, containing the en-

tire list of Scripture Portions for 1927. They will further the cause of regular Daily Bible Reading which is needful for the Christian life of our young people. You can obtain them post paid at 2 cents per card, singly or in quantities. Order from Rev. A. P. Mihm, Box 4, Forest Park, Ill.

Rev. Charles W. Koller of Seminary Hill, Tex., is the new pastor of the Clinton Hill church, Newark, N. J., and will enter on his pastorate in March. Bro. Koller entered the Southwestern Baptist Seminary from our church at Waco, Tex., and after graduating has been a fellow of the Seminary. He supplied the Clinton Hill church a part of last summer. The Clinton Hill church has been without a pastor since Rev. A. Bretschneider entered the young people's work as General Secretary.

We students of the Rochester Theological Seminary experienced some special joys during the past Christmas time. The Schwesternverein of the Pittsburgh Church presented us with 33 pairs of excellent quality socks, and the Stafford, Kans., church sent us a barrel with chickens that gave us a real Christmas dinner. While sitting around the Christmas tree on Dec. 23 we could remember, not only God's love that gave his Son for our redemption, but also his love that manifests itself and continues in his believers.

B. LUEBECK.

Secretary Bretschneider in the Pacific Conference

General Secretary A. Bretschneider is planning to do field work in the Pacific Conference during the months of February and part of March.

His itinerary for this period is as follows:

- Feb. 4-6: Anaheim, Cal.
- Feb. 7-8: Los Angeles.
- Feb. 9-10: Wasco.
- Feb. 11: Fresno.
- Feb. 12-14: Lodi (Stockton).
- Feb. 15: Franklin (Sacramento).
- Feb. 16-17: San Francisco.
- Feb. 18-22: Portland, Oregon.
- Feb. 23: Salem.
- Feb. 24: Salt Creek.
- Feb. 25: Stafford.
- Feb. 27-28: Tacoma.
- March 1: Startup.
- March 2: Odessa.
- March 3: Lind.
- March 4-6: Spokane.
- March 7: Colfax.
- March 8: Freewater.

Attention! Y. P. & S. S. W. U. of the Central Conference of German Baptist Churches

This is the season of the year when everyone is imbued with the spirit of giving, and it is timely to suggest that the Sunday schools and Young People's Unions send in their contributions for the Siberian Mission Fund.

We are now far behind in our schedule of giving, and it will be necessary for every Sunday school and every Young People's Society to co-operate to get together the quota of \$2500 which the young people pledged at the Conference at St. Joe.

It is needless to bring before you any facts which point out the great necessity for helping the people of Siberia to receive the Gospel, as you no doubt have gone over this many times. Please, therefore, take up this important matter at an early date and forward your contributions as promptly as possible.

Also, the Conference dues of \$1 for each Sunday school and each society in the Central Conference are payable at this time. Would appreciate receiving your \$2 in payment of these dues, together with the large amount for Siberia. Address any communication to the undersigned at 4149 Burns Ave., Detroit, Mich.

CECIL F. LAYHER, Treasurer.

(We are glad to publish the appeal recently sent by the treasurer of the Central Conference Union to all the local societies of the Conference just before Christmas. If you have not yet heeded the appeal, let it be a reminder for speedy action. Editor.)

The Baptist Herald

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The Baptist Herald

For Young People's Day in January

IN the calendar of months in which some particular phase of our denominational work is to receive special consideration in the churches, January is the month specified for stressing our Young People's and Sunday school work. It may be therefore a desirable thing and an opportune time to say something about our Young People's and Sunday School Workers' Union, its aims and objectives, what it has set out to do and what our young people have done.

The Young People's and Sunday School Workers' Union is the crystallized interest and the organized expression of the denomination in the young people's and Sunday school work.

It originated in the deep desire of the forward-looking young people to help each other in spiritual development to the end that their service for Christ and his church might be made better and more telling.

It is sponsored and carried on by the young people and Sunday school workers. It is backed up and endorsed by the denomination. It is one of the component organizations of our General Conference.

The constituency consists of over 8000 members in the regular young people's societies. There are undoubtedly several thousand more young people in such organizations as the intermediate and junior societies, the mission bands, the world wide guilds, the King's Daughters, the various organized classes, etc. There are about 35,000 pupils and teachers enrolled in our Sunday schools.

These two vigorous and vital departments of our churches form our hope for the future and out of them will come the future leaders and the strong pillars of our churches. These departments form our field and furnish our force.

Our Union encourages fellowship; promotes organization in the local church, the association, the state and the conference; stimulates interest, gives inspiration and above all emphasizes and stresses the need of consecration and educational training for devotion and efficiency in the young people's society, the church school and the general church life.

Two General Secretaries devote their entire time to furthering the objectives of the Union. They seek to accomplish this by visitation and field work in the churches; by participating in the programs of the young people's leagues and the conferences; by organizing, planning, guiding and teaching in institutes and assemblies. A special Sunday school committee of the Union publishes and distributes pamphlets bearing on important phases of the work from time to time. One of the strongest means of stimulating and invigorating all these things is our "Baptist Herald." It is the organ of the Union and

voices its interests. One of the General Secretaries of the Union devotes the major portion of his time to the editing of the "Herald."

From the foregoing it will be seen that the Union by the spoken and printed word endeavors to promote Bible reading and study; teacher training for Sunday school workers; courses in missions; courses in Baptist principles; stewardship of life, time and means; life service; evangelism and personal work; better and more comprehensive organization; deeper interest in German Baptist missions, benevolent and educational institutions and a more worthy prayerful and financial support of the same.

Our Young People's work is in its very nature principally educative. Results are not always immediate. The work is often seed-sowing or foundation-laying. We believe fruitage will result and stronger edifices reared on these foundations. In our last "Herald" we referred to the progress which has been made since the inception of our Union. We have already been privileged during these years to note some fine results, to see a growing fervor and enthusiasm for our goals, to observe a serious and holy determination to do greater things for God and the coming of his kingdom among the youth of our land.

We say to all of our German Baptist churches: We need your prayers. We need your good will, your approval, your co-operation. We need your active, sympathetic help. We need your aid in furnishing the Union through the support of the denominational budget the means necessary to carry on this important and promising work.

Have you had a young people's Sunday in your church this month? If not, arrange one, before it passes by. It will fit in well with your evangelistic program.

Idle, Idol and Ideal

F. L. STROBEL

AN idle person is one who keeps his hands and mind unoccupied. His eyes see but do not perceive. His mind is normal but dormant. His hands like another's, are just so much dead weight dangling from the shoulders. The idler is a hindrance and drawback to the remainder of humanity. He stands motionless on ground another could advantageously use. His vision as to life's purpose is seriously impaired. Idleness like numerous other evils soon becomes an idol. The afflicted worship it unknowingly. Instead of diagnosing this disease as a destroyer of muscle, mind and spirit, its patients generally disregard its symptoms. The chronic stage is quickly reached. The germ of idleness is fatal to all that which is good and Christian.

Methuselah reached the ripe age of nine hundred and sixty-nine years. That completes his biography. Apparently, that was all the recorder could find. As far as we know, Methuselah's idol was to idle away nine hundred and sixty-nine years. His life had but one dimension, namely, length. A good cause, a worthy enterprise, seemingly, found Methuselah an idler.

Contrast that life with the life of Jesus. Thirty-three years he went about doing good, and then they put him to death. What a difference to the life afore mentioned! Thirty years of Jesus' life were spent in preparation. Ten years of training for every year of service. Ten days of thought and prayer for every day of redemptive action. Ten hours of meditation with the heavenly Father for every hour of speech to his listeners. How he occupied his time, ministering to the needs of humanity, contributing to its welfare! His was a life filled with action, it had more than length, it had breadth, depth and height.

An idle person merely exists; an active person forgets that he is alive, his usefulness vouches for that. He is completely absorbed in some worthy enterprise, so wholly taken up by his work that life for him is means to an end.

Is it not high time for some of the Rip van Winkles of the Christian church to awake and arise? It may be that our talents, like old Rip's gun-parts, lie strewn about, coated with rust. If so, let's remelt the metal, mold and shape it into usefulness for the Master. If we would be his true followers we will unceasingly endeavor to be like him.

A New Leaf

He came to my desk with a quivering lip.
The lesson was done.
"Dear teacher, I want a new leaf," he said,
"I have spoiled this one."
In place of the leaf so stained and blotted,
I gave him a new one all unspotted,
And into his sad eyes smiled—
"Do better now, my child."

I went to the throne with a quivering soul.
The old year was done.
"Dear Father, hast thou a new leaf for me?
"I have spoiled this one."
He took the old leaf, stained and blotted,
And gave me a new one all unspotted,
And into my sad heart smiled—
"Do better now, my child."

—C. R. Shaw.

"Take Care of Me"

YOU had better take care of me. Perhaps you don't think much of me at times, but if you were to wake up some morning and realize you did not have me, you would start that day with an uneasy feeling.

From me you get food, clothing, shelter and such luxuries as you enjoy. If you want me—badly

enough—I'll get you a twelve cylinder automobile and a home on the Main Line.

But I am exacting; I am a jealous mistress. Sometimes you appear hardly to appreciate me at all. In fact, you make slighting remarks about me at times and neglect me. Considering the fact that you need me not only for the material things of life, but spiritually as well, I wonder sometimes, that you neglect me as you do. What if I should get away from you? Your happiness would flee, for a time at least, and your friends would worry and your bank account dwindle. So after all I am pretty important to you. Cherish me. Take good care of me, and I'll take care of you. **I am your job.**

The Dreamer

"HE is a dreamer" one often hears it said of some individual who has failed to "make the grade," whatever that grade happens to be, and the matter rests there. But dreamers succeed when **they are willing to work** and make their dreams come true.

Every great success, whether it is building up a great store, a great manufacturing business or writing a great book, was first a dream, but it did not end as a dream. The dreamer worked, persevered, refused to harbor doubt or self-distrust, and finally turned his dream into a reality.

To succeed we must have mental discipline, we must do things at certain times, at regular times, not just when the spirit happens to move us, because if allowed its own sweet will the (human) spirit will not move us at all.—Polly Pen.

Our Call and Motive for Life Service

H. F. HOOPS

"I must do the works of him that sent me, while it is day; the night cometh when no man can work." John 9:4. "Wherefore we labor . . . for love constraineth us." 2 Cor. 5:14. 15.

WE can never be grateful enough to our Maker for the love and wisdom he has shown in not only enabling, but in constraining us to work. The spiritual exercise of prayer and devotion is as sweet and refreshing to the human soul as dew and sunlight; and to every active, energetic mind there is an intense delight in earnest work.

Work Gives Scope

to those powers within us which rejoice in action. It reacts upon our soul, and strengthens and develops us in direct proportion to the efforts put forth or the sacrifice made. It is moreover impossible to do good to others without receiving back great good to ourselves. God thus frequently blesses us with such an immediate and gracious return for our labors that we are repaid tenfold, even in this life, for all that we may do in his service. We hear a great deal about

The Ingratitude of the World,

its grasping at privileges and concessions and always clamoring for more. Some clever writer has

called its hollow thankfulness "a lively sense of favors to come." But every person who has been engaged in truly useful work will be able undoubtedly to affirm that his experience contradicts the cynical assertion. The truth is that many people quite overestimate the value of what they do, and expect a great deal of gratitude for every small service.

Indeed, gratitude cannot fail to please nor ingratitude to pain us; but to let the hope of one or the fear of the other influence our work in any permanent way is a dishonor to the work itself. So, also, it is pleasing and cheering to see the immediate result of our labor; but results long delayed are no excuse for lasting discouragement. Higher motives and richer rewards can always be ours. We never find the great workers of the world complain of unthankfulness or of failure. If they encounter it, as they often must, it seems to produce no effect upon them. They labor on in patience, quite undisturbed by the praise or the censure of mortals—quite undismayed by the long deferred fruition of their desires. They work on indefatigably because they love their work, and we cannot imagine such giving it up in discontent for want of immediate success or for lack of human applause.

A Blessing Accompanies Every Good Work

We may be assured that there is a blessing not only following, but accompanying every good work. And we may be equally certain that there is such a rewarding work for every one of us to do. God has bestowed on all his creatures a diversity of gifts. He has appointed each different lots, but in every sphere, and for every man, there is a work waiting to be done. Not one of God's children, however young, ignorant or feeble, may dare to say there is no work for him to accomplish.

We have reason to believe that God is pleased to have us exercise the numerous attributes of mind and body which he himself has bestowed upon us. They are all his gifts, talents not to be tied up and buried away out of sight, but to be used to the very best of our ability.

Do Your Best at All Times

It is a very trite saying that "what is worth doing at all is worth doing well." Many have written it in their copy books at school; more still have heard it said dozens of times. Everybody assents to it as a matter of course, yet not one person in twenty, perhaps, puts it in practice. It should be written in letters of gold in every house, in every school, in every shop, office and factory. To slight our work is to despise the task God has given us to do, and to refuse the use of those powers he has given us to work with. If we have nothing but the most menial of tasks to perform, it should be done as carefully as if it were the most important work in the world. "He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in that which is greatest;" one naturally grows to be so from fidelity in small things. But neglect of the present work unfits for future usefulness.

Today is all we can call our own; nobler work or wider spheres may never be ours. But today, with its appointed task belongs to us, and the conscientious fulfilment of its duties brings a heart of contentment and the Master's commendation: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things."

The Constraining Motive

However, untiring activity exercised in the interest of and for the highest good of others must have source in something infinitely greater than natural endowment and technical training. Let us consider in this connection the great Apostle and High Priest of our profession as the outstanding example. What magic spell had possession of the mighty mind of Jesus! What unceasing power is it that draws him on through all discouragements! What indifference alike to the world's dread laugh and the fear of man, which bringeth a snare! What is the secret and the explanation of his countless labors with God for man? Simply, but ultimately, this: Love!—The constraining love of God for his creatures. And this is the ever-present, ever-abiding, ever-moving power, which forms the mainspring of all real work with God in the life of godly men. Take that away, and their energies are gone, and they have become weak as other men. And unless we possess that master principle, and that motivating power, we shall lack the greatest of all qualifications and equipment for usefulness in life. And if, despite this constraining

Motive to an Unselfish Endeavor,

we remain cold or indifferent, or idle, the inference is almost inevitable that our religion is but an outward and lifeless form; that our hearts have never been warmed by the fervent love of God—that we have in fact, like the Christian Church at Sardis, a name that we live and are dead. May God in mercy deliver any who bear his name from such a state and fate! Only the divine power that turns from death unto life can enable us to dedicate that life as a thank-offering to God and our fellowmen. Let us, too, work the works of him that has sent us while it is day, for the night cometh when no man can work—the night of death to mortal bodies, the night of doom to mortal souls who trifled with life and God. Whether at home or abroad, in weakness or strength, in grief or gladness, may we ever be inspired and impelled to live unselfish lives and not grow weary in well doing.

What mighty deeds could we not accomplish in our united strength, if every one who has named the name of the Lord were but a faithful co-working servant! Against the forces of unrighteousness we should go forth as an invincible host, as an irresistible phalanx of "more than conquerors, through him that loved us." And together with God we shall finally achieve what he, and mankind in its highest aspirations, desires to have achieved, when man's work is done.

The Gift of Silence

RUBY WEYBURN TOBIAS

The forest has it. If a sermon lives
In trees, they do not shout it in your
ear;
I wish that I might learn how a forest
gives
Sweet counsel, so that people love to
hear!

The calm stars have it. Silently they
sweep
Their searchlight on the faulty human
heart;
I would that I might half as surely reap
The rare reward of their consummate
art.

The mountains have it. Yet how stern
they stand,
Dwarfing earth's meanness, and it's
shallow pride;
If only I might such a faith command,
Knowing the patient heaven was on my
side!

We fuss and fret, we criticize and scold—
Dear God, we do not do the good we
might,
Because we know not how our tongues to
hold,
And in sweet silence, set our own lives
right.

Bethany Baptist Church, Lincoln Co., Kans.

We have not sent in a report of the doings of the Lord's work for a long time of this little country church. We are still on the map, striving to build the good Lord's work in the open country. We had some fine meetings from the 10th to the 20th of November. Bro. Geo. Lang, the new pastor of the Lorraine church, did the preaching. These meetings were a great blessing to young and old in our church. His interesting talks to our children and young people were well received and also fascinated the old as well. The plain, good gospel sermons fell upon good ground and will bring forth fruit to the glory of God. Weather conditions were not good at the time for the meetings.

The young men of our church got busy a few weeks before our special meetings began. They met at the church with teams, plows and scraper to grade up the church yard. Others that could handle the paint brush treated the parsonage to two coats of paint, which was greatly needed. Our sisters, who are always willing workers, would not be outdone by the brethren, renovated the church inside and gave the brethren a fine dinner at the parsonage. All had a willing mind to work. In addition part of the church and out-buildings were treated to a coat of paint. Bethany will soon have a store, conducted by one of our enterprising young men. A brother will start a country store across the way from the church. The pastor started on his eleventh year with this good church. We are trying to do our best for the Lord's work.

G. O. HEIDE, pastor.

Ordination in Dayton

In response to the invitation of the Fourth Street Baptist Church, Dayton, O., a council of churches met on Dec. 9 to examine and if thought advisable to ordain to the Gospel Ministry Bro. Paul Zoschke, a graduate of our Seminary in Rochester, and who has been our pastor since July 1. All Baptist churches of Dayton as well as the German Baptist churches of Cincinnati, O., and Indianapolis, Ind., were invited.

Rev. DuPuy was chosen moderator and Rev. Fosnight clerk. A roll call disclosed that 10 churches were represented with 27 delegates. Prof. L. Kaiser, Bro. Zoschke, the father of our pastor, and several visitors present were also accepted as delegates. The candidate was presented to the council by Prof. H. von Berge. In clear and convincing words the candidate placed before the council his Christian experience and call to the ministry. He also gave free a definite statement of his doctrinal views. After a lengthy questioning upon same the council went into executive session.

In private the council declared itself very satisfied and heartily recommended Bro. Zoschke's ordination. At 6 o'clock the Ladies Aid Society served a dinner to all delegates, a number of our church members also participating.

The ordination service was held at 8 o'clock. In absence of the moderator, Prof. von Berge presided. Although the weather was unfavorable a large meeting of eager listeners heard the impressive sermon given by Prof. L. Kaiser. The ordination prayer was offered by Prof. H. von Berge. The charge to the candidate was given by Rev. O. Brenner in English and by Rev. P. C. A. Menard in German. The charge to the church was given by Rev. Scruby. Bro. Zoschke pronounced the benediction.

Our prayer is that our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ may make our brother a power in the upbuilding of his great and glorious kingdom.

HENRY KNORR.

Reception to Newly Married Pastor and Wife

Rev. Helmut Dymmel, our junior pastor, First German Baptist Church, Portland, Ore., becoming weary of being all alone in the far western city of Portland and realizing that leading the life of a benedict was much more advantageous than that of a bachelor, took himself to the city of Philadelphia and on Nov. 27 at the Second Baptist Church married Miss Mildred Berger. Mrs. Dymmel is active in church work, having been secretary of the Atlantic Baptist Young People's Conference, and possesses a pleasing personality.

To commemorate this event and to welcome Mrs. H. Dymmel in our midst, an interesting and impressive program was presented on Dec. 15 with Revs. Hoffmann, Kratt, Rutsch and Krentz giving interesting and appropriate five-minute talks. Solos and quartet numbers added

to the success of the program. After the completion of our program in the church auditorium we went to the reception room where the second half was to be held. Here congratulations were offered to the newly married couple. After a few songs and instrumental numbers, they were given gifts by the different organizations of the church. Small children representing the future B. Y. P. U. and co-workers of Rev. Dymmel formed a long line of gift bearers.

Refreshments were served, thus ending with a fitting climax the otherwise interesting and entertaining evening.

H. T. BILLETER.

Good Fellows Club of Kankakee, Ill.

Our motto: The Golden Rule. Our Aim: Goodfellowship.

This club consists mostly of young men of the Immanuel Baptist Church, Kankakee, Ill.

The club meets once a month, at the home of one of the members, and each year we have a special meeting, which we term "Our Annual Stag Party."

This year on Tuesday, Dec. 28, we met at the home of W. E. Stewig, and 25 of us sat down to a sumptuous meal provided by Second Vice-President Arthur Salzman and his assistants. President Earl Lane opened the meeting and our chaplain asked the divine blessing.

After partaking of all the good things to eat, we arose and sang America and other appropriate Good Fellow songs.

A program prepared by First Vice-President Albert Salzman and his committee was then rendered.

Two of the members delighted us with a dialogue which was full of humor and created many a hearty laugh.

A monologue was given by one of the members which was crammed full of wit.

W. E. Stewig, who makes magic his hobby and who could become a professional, entertained us for an hour with his mysteries, making things disappear and doing the impossible. He even changed water into wine and back again, but he assured us that it was not real wine, as one of our members is sheriff of Kankakee County and was present. Bro. Ed. Hoennicke was elected at the last election, of which this club is justly proud.

We might say in closing that this club is and has been a great success, and if there be any Good Fellows in other churches who would like to know more about our meetings, ritual, by-laws and initiations, that information may be had by writing to the club secretary,

OSCAR T. WICHERS,
1205 So. 5th Ave.,
Kankakee, Ill.

Success Symptoms

The men whom I have seen succeed have always been cheerful and hopeful, who went about their business with a smile on their faces, and took the changes and chances of the mortal life like men.

—Charles Kingsley.

The Sunday School

The Teacher

LESLIE PICKNEY HILL

Lord, who am I to teach the way
To little children day by day,
So prone myself to go astray?

I teach them knowledge, but I know
How faint they flicker and how low
The candles of my knowledge glow.

I teach them power to will and do,
But only now to learn anew
My own great weakness through and through.

I teach them love for all mankind
And all God's creatures, but I find
My love comes lagging still behind.

Lord, if their guide I still must be,
Oh, let the little children see
The teacher leaning hard on thee.

What Makes a Cradle Roll?

The church which cherishes the distinction of having had the first Cradle Roll used to point with pride to the names of the parents of her babies and say, "These came into our church because of the Cradle Roll." Truly, "a little child shall lead," but Cradle Rolls are not important solely as a means of winning parents for church membership. The Cradle Roll is the visible sign of the belief of the church in the importance of the child's early years. By organizing a Cradle Roll she claims both her right and her responsibility to stand beside the parents as they seek to make of their home a place where tiny bodies and souls may grow. If this is the purpose of the church the first essential is—

The Babies

The church has a responsibility beyond the people who appear on the roll of membership. She serves the community. Children of the neighborhood and the children of church members make up only the nucleus of a Cradle Roll. The door swings wide in friendly welcome to babies, regardless of color, race, condition, or the religious professions of their parents. All children under four years old should be enrolled. If this is the goal set, to serve the community, the second essential is—

Publicity

How easy it is when once it is started! The Beginners swell with pride as they tell of the new baby at home or next door. Older children bring messages, too. The church bulletin carries messages into the home. Teen-age girls "just love" to make posters that appeal to the eye and tell of Cradle Roll events. And these do not have to be placed in the church vestibule, if the doors are closed from week-end to week-end. The corner grocery will prove a more advantageous spot. Junior boys

like to deliver notes if they are made to feel that such service is important. Parents thrill with pride over an invitation "for baby and I," and those who never cross the threshold of the church will venture to a party when the invitation is personal. To do all this one must have—

Equipment

Certainly the right thing to use at the right time is an aid in any piece of work. The publishers supply these—invitations to membership, enrollment cards, certificates of membership, record books, and birthday cards. But more important than these "things" is—

The Superintendent

Everything depends on the superintendent. A membership certificate may be handsomely lithographed, but it is not worth the paper it is printed on unless it is the symbol of the church's interest in the little new life. "God's way of making men is through men," and it is only through the superintendent that the Cradle Roll becomes warm and personal and vital in its influence. An institution cannot love a baby and advise a mother and answer an emergency call and give inspiration except through an individual who is willing to devote time and talents to the task of meeting folks where they are. The superintendent who goes into her homes personally eliminates some of the equipment thought to be necessary, and both church and home are the richer for the experience. But the superintendent cannot work without—

The Mothers

"Train the mother and you train the child," said Froebel. Much has been done—sometimes well done, sometimes badly bungled, sometimes left undone—when the church gets the children whom she calls "Beginners." Through the mother she may begin with the tiny child. To this end mothers' meetings and parents' classes will be held under the auspices of the Cradle Roll. Even parties and social hours have their place for the interest and happiness of the mother reacts upon the child. The Cradle Roll superintendent may also guide the mothers' reading and make suggestions as to materials to be used with the child.

Bible Stories for Juniors

Many of us are familiar with a number of Bible stories, yet would be embarrassed if asked to quickly locate certain ones. In one Junior Department the superintendent prepared a list of twenty Bible stories that all of us should know familiarly. This list was typewritten, and every pupil had a copy. As a Bible drill they proved quite popular. Sometimes the superintendent would ask for the story to be located, the one first finding it to stand. Another time the reference would be given and the pupils would name the story.—Junior Teacher.

Startling Results of a Special Study

At the annual convocation of the Boston University School of Religious Education, Dean Walter S. Althearn gave out the surprising figures of a study which he has made during the past year, concerning the average age of conversion and joining the church in five of the principal Evangelical denominations—Methodist Episcopal, Congregational, Presbyterian, Baptist and Disciples. In 43 states in a given calendar year, 6194 persons were traced by exact methods. It was shown that the median age of joining the church was about 14 years.

There are as many below this median age as above it. One-fourth of those joining the church are under twelve, one-half are between eleven and twenty-one. Therefore, the chances are 3 to 1 that the person who has not joined by the time the legal age of twenty-one is reached, never will join at all. Earlier studies made in 1900 placed the average period of conversion between sixteen and seventeen. These later studies show the surprising shift to a much earlier period.

Results of other similar studies at the university will be released from time to time. The School of Religions, under leadership remarkably competent, is pursuing research work in church statistics and measurements that is practically new. A large number of college graduates are drawn to its valuable and practical courses. These studies give us a hint of the scope of their processes.

A Poor Teacher

What is teaching? A gifted writer says it is lighting a lamp and not filling a bucket.

In other words, the real teacher kindles a flame in the heart and mind of the pupil. While the poor teacher simply regards the pupil as a rigid receptacle capable of holding only so much knowledge which straightway the teacher pours in mechanically.

There is a world of difference between the two. One awakens enthusiasm and the other kills it. Under the tuition of one, the pupil yearns to learn! under the tuition of the other, the pupil actually despises knowledge.

After all, the art of teaching is possibly the greatest art in the world. Still it is more a matter of spirit than of skill.

* * *

The crown of life is not for the self-seekers, but for the self-sacrificing.

* * *

"The near-success, that half-interested, the indifferent, and the indolent are on the outside trying to look in, but are not willing to pitch in and, in this way, to get in and stay in."

Jessica of the Camerons

SYLVIA STEWART

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Chapter XII

THE GIOVANNIS' THANKSGIVING

Jessica, in the daintiest of party attire, had scarcely left her home for the Leightons' on that eventful afternoon, when Grandmother Keith went out also, taking, however, a different direction. From the aristocratic home of the Camerons to the squalid shack of Pietro Giovanni was scarcely a five-minute walk, and she soon paused on the rude step. Knocking lightly at the door and meeting with no response, she confidently lifted the latch and went in.

Little Guido lay asleep on an old cot near the window; and, at first glance, Mrs. Keith saw no one else in the room. But a moment later Beatrice rose from the floor by her brother's side, and the visitor noted at once that she had been crying. In her heart, as she took in the girl's cheerless surroundings, she did not wonder why. All the dreariness and gloom of the dull November day seemed to pervade the miserable room.

She went straight to the drooping figure, and took the reluctant hands in her own ungloved, compassionate ones. This was not by any means her first visit, unaccompanied, to the Giovanni home; but she had never before met on Beatrice's part anything but the most cheerful indifference to the wretchedness of her surroundings.

"Something is troubling you, Beatrice," she said, in her gentle, direct way. "Is the little brother sick?"

The girl shook her head, with a weary glance in the direction of the cot.

"Sit down, then, and tell me just what is the matter," continued the visitor, seating herself, and drawing the young girl to a chair by her side. "I came on purpose to have a long talk with you this afternoon, and I have something very nice indeed to tell you."

The sweet face, which Beatrice had already learned to love, the sympathetic tones, the warm clasp of the kind hands, overcame the girl's reserve, and five minutes later she was sobbing out all her pain and discouragement on the motherly shoulder, as freely as Jessica would have done had that fortunate young lady had any troubles worth mentioning. Her ignorance of her work and its ever increasing burdens, the poverty of her home and its surroundings, the lack of clothes for her brothers and sister, that they might go to school and "look-a like the others," and, last but not least, her father's discouragement with her management of the home. It had been so much better under his wife's superior knowledge, and his discouragement had grown into impatience until, that morning, he had done what he had never done before in her life, he had struck her and called her "a good-for-nothing lazy bambino!"

Mrs. Keith was nearly in tears herself

when the child—for she was scarcely more—finished her sorrowful story, and gave way to a fresh burst of sobs. As Beatrice's present condition of mind, however, was most favorable for the success of her well-matured plans, the kindly visitor sat for a few minutes with her arm laid tenderly about the girl's shoulders, letting the tears flow unchecked. Then she said gently, "You will let me help you, will you not, Beatrice, to change all this, and make you and your brothers and sister comfortable for the winter?"

The poor girl lifted her head dazedly. There was much confidence in the kindly tones, and new hope sprang suddenly in her heart. This gentle stranger had never crossed the threshold of her cheerless home that her coming had not brought some added measure of comfort to its inmates.

"How?" she queried, directly.

"That is what I have come to tell you this afternoon," answered the lady. "In a way that you will understand and enjoy, I am sure. But I must count on your help, too."

Then, in the simplest language at her command, Mrs. Keith explained to the poor Italian girl the arrangements, now fully completed, for a better home, and a fuller measure of comfort therein for the coming winter. Beatrice could hardly believe her senses. Mrs. Keith readily obtained her promise to say nothing of the new arrangement to her father until the building should be made ready to be moved, as it would be very shortly. The heart-to-heart talk lasted until the shadows began to lengthen in the little room, and then, leaving the occupant of the cheerless home with bright, dry eyes, and had at her coming, Mrs. Keith recalled her promise to be at the Leightons' at five, and hurried away. She met the Giovanni brood—at the door, coming noisily in from an afternoon in the street; and, giving them a handful of pennies to buy cakes at the corner grocery on the street below them, she went on her way to her later appointment.

In the Leightons' handsome library, where they might be secure from interruption, she found the members of the Helping Hand Mission eagerly waiting the unfolding of her secret.

"It's something awfully solemn," whispered Jessica to Marjorie, under cover of the pleasant greetings of the others. "I never knew Gramsie to look like that her mind!"

Jessica was quite right. Mrs. Keith's womanly heart had been stirred to its depths by what she had heard and seen that afternoon. Though her western experience had accustomed her to the sight of comparative poverty, the conditions prevailing in the Giovanni home, located

so near the abodes of wealth, were a revelation to her, and in her fairness of mind she resented these conditions.

She was not long, therefore, in unburdening her mind. Having congratulated the possessor of the new birthday, and replied to the merry greetings of the rest, she settled herself in the big, easy chair Kitty brought forward, and drawing from her handbag her tating shuttle, "to point her remarks," as Jessica said, she began. Without any preliminaries, she rehearsed the scene through which she had passed just before coming to them. The sight of the happy, care-free girls, children of luxurious homes with every normal wish gratified, coupled with the memory of what she had heard and seen within the hour, gave her added eloquence. Why should they have so much, and that poor girl, in her need, so little? Before she had finished her graphic word-picture of conditions at the Giovanni home there were tears in more than one pair of bright eyes.

"I am very glad I feel so well acquainted already with the Helping Handers," she concluded, glancing around over the quiet group, "for I know there is not one heart here this afternoon that does not ache with mine over Beatrice's troubles, and not one pair of hands that will not work cheerfully in odd minutes, until her more serious difficulties are relieved."

Marjorie was first to speak. "Tell us what we can do, Mrs. Keith," she begged, "and let us get to work at once. It seems so strange; but when we planned this 'shower' for Kitty, we girls got to talking about our general uselessness, and hoped you would wake us up some way."

"I have never thought girls were either useless or careless from choice," replied Mrs. Keith. "But they often fail to do, because their attention has not been called to the outside duty, as we might call it, and because their own pleasures or duties crowd out the less obvious ones."

"You are mighty nice to look at it in that way," said Hazel. "But you are smothering the truth. Every one of us knows, and has known for some time, just what kind of life that poor Italian girl has to lead; and while any one of us would have been glad to have it otherwise, we have been too indifferent to put out a hand to help her."

"Well, there's nothing like knowing our shortcomings, Hazel," answered Marjorie, "or being told of them in an upright, downright fashion. So, if Mrs. Keith has some plan for us to help her carry out, as I imagine she has, I would like somebody to move that we resolve ourselves into ten pairs of Helping Handers to do as she wishes. Though I doubt if my mother will consent to my going near Pietro's domicile. She is as afraid of Italian microbes as I am of a mouse."

"It will not be necessary for you to go to their house at present," replied Mrs. Keith, "and before it is I think you will not recognize the place. Mr. Cameron has a discarded storehouse which I have obtained his consent to add to Pietro's house. It is to be fitted up into two com-

fortable rooms, a kitchen and a living-room. The laddies of Donald's manual-training class will remodel it. Before it is moved I shall call on you Helping Handers to ransack your garrets for discarded furniture, any of which, I imagine, will be better than what the Giovannis possess at present.

"Just now, I shall make no more demand on your time or patience than to ask you to forego the pleasures of your Saturday vacation for a couple of weeks, and meet with Mrs. Cameron and myself to help replenish the little Giovannis' wardrobe. It is sadly lacking in comfortable garments for the coming winter and I am certain you can interest your mothers to the extent of giving you cast-off or out-grown clothes that can be made over to meet their needs. I have also quite a little new material promised, which we will make up. So, if you wish to resolve yourselves into a temporary sewing circle of ten, we will work something larger than doilies with our needles. One thing more, dear girls, I wish to say nobody is under obligation to take part in this work, if she does not find it easy or convenient to do so. I am sure there will be enough volunteers to put it through in a short time at the farthest; for I shall not stop until the Giovanni tribe is warm for the winter."

Kitty Leighton rose suddenly.

"I move you, Madame President," she said, "that Mrs. Keith be tendered the position of Honorary President of this club during her stay in Cleveland; and that we, as a club, pledge ourselves to work under her leadership in any way she may see fit to use us."

Ignoring the gentle protest which came from the visitor, Marjorie promptly put the question, and it was carried by a chorus of "ayes," and a vigorous clapping of hands.

"That motion makes me feel as though I have just been made queen of an unlimited monarchy," said Mrs. Keith, when she was allowed to speak. "I do not see how I can do less than accept its honors, with the promise that I shall try not to exceed my authority. Your really overwhelming acceptance of my plan is most grateful to me, and will be appreciated still more by those for whom we labor."

"We have a fund, Mrs. Keith," suggested Mabel, "which might be used for more material, if necessary. We girls pay dues of ten cents a month, which amounts to quite a sum in the course of a year. As we have not been very active in dispensing it the past summer, I think there is quite a sum in our treasury."

"Perhaps you would do better to keep that for an emergency fund for Christmas time," replied Mrs. Keith. "What is needed more than anything else, at present is willing hands to use a needle."

A few general arrangements were completed, and the Helping Handers went to their homes in a very different mood, it is just to them to say, than that in which they had come together for a social afternoon. Mrs. Cameron had stopped for mother, with the car, but Jessica pre-

ferred to walk, and she and Marjorie strolled home together.

"Wasn't that the funniest ending of a party that you ever experienced, kid?" asked Marjorie, after they had separated from the others at the Sheldon corner. "Some surprise all along the line. I feel as solemn as though I had been to church!"

"I never knew anybody that could get more awfully in earnest over people like the Giovannis than grandmother can," replied Jessica, thoughtfully. "She makes you feel, somehow, as though you *must* do something for them, or you would not dare to say your prayers at night. She was talking about the Lord's Prayer the other night, and she said some people pray, 'Thy kingdom come on earth,' every night of their lives; but they never do anything to help to make it come true."

"I had never thought about it that way either," admitted Marjorie. "What about our painting lesson Saturday? I suppose it will have to be laid aside for the sewing bee, too!"

"No, Gramsie said we were to have it at nine-thirty in the morning, if that would suit you. But I hope everyone will come in the afternoon to sew, for I can't help feeling that our letting those Giovannis so long that way is a sort of slam on our neighborhood; and I want to get them off my mind."

"Oh, we'll all come," responded Marjorie, as she turned the corner and waved "good-bye" to Jessica. "Even if we didn't care for that dirty tribe, which we do now, I hope, we'd all get good and busy for your grandmother's sake."

The ball of mission work once started, it was wonderful how rapidly it rolled. Not only every one of the club members, but five volunteers of mammas and big sisters were on hand in Mrs. Cameron's sewing-room on the following Saturday—"an overflow meeting," as Marjorie remarked. As Mrs. Keith was provided with the length, breadth and thickness of all the young Giovannis, and with a small bundle of paper patterns, it was also wonderful how fast the partly worn garments brought in by the members, as well as the big bundle of new material which had been paid for by Mr. Cameron and a few of his neighbors, grew into warm garments of varying sizes. Three of the busy girl workers looked with special pride on their share of the afternoon labors—twelve pairs of warm stockings, all mended, as Jessica expressed it, "with neatness and despatch."

It was decided by a committee of the older ones that the new house was to be rebuilt and furnished on its present site, and moved to its new location afterward. Accordingly, on the next Saturday morning, shortly after daylight, there was an invasion of Mr. Cameron's yard by a small army of Manual training students, headed by a keen-eyed, alert young man of twenty-five years. This force of workmen took possession of the old storehouse, and before night it was reconstructed within and without.

Not wishing to take any chances on her forces diminishing, Mrs. Keith and her

daughter served luncheon to the busy workmen in the Cameron dining-room. Jessica and Marjorie, their painting lesson finished, proudly added themselves to the kitchen force, making most acceptable waiters. Not a boy "flunked," until, just at sunset, the last nail was driven and the teacher declared the work completed. It is safe to say some of the boys had probably done the hardest day's work of their lives.

The house had been divided into two rooms, which were ceiled throughout. Several windows and a couple of doors had been added; and a plain, but roomy and attractive, porch converted the barn-like structure into a very homey-looking dwelling.

Promptly with the afternoon had come the sewing club, with still larger accessions of interested workers. Garments which had been taken home to be completed were returned finished. Additions were made which had been overlooked at the previous meeting. And the great basketful of clothing, which was to be taken to its destination in time for a Thanksgiving surprise, was a source of much satisfaction to the girl workers, as they inspected it and chattered over it before leaving the Cameron home that evening.

Mrs. Keith's arm went lightly about Marjorie's waist as she still stood after the others had departed, looking thoughtfully at the array.

"Which is more fun, going to a Saturday matinee, or sewing for your neighbors?" she asked archly; and for answer Marjorie turned suddenly and flung her arms about her questioner's neck.

"Do you know what I was thinking, Mrs. Keith?" she asked.

"No; but you looked so very serious, for you, that I think I should like to know."

"Well," answered the girl soberly, "I was thinking what an utterly selfish, hard-hearted set of girls we were, until you came here and showed us our shortcomings in such a beautiful way. And I don't think I shall want to go to another matinee, until I know that there is not another cold, half-starved child in Cleveland!"

Mrs. Keith bent to kiss the earnest face upturned to hers.

"Matinees are alright in their place, dear, and it will be many years, if ever, before there will be no poverty to relieve in your beautiful city, Margie. But I am sure you will not regret any self-denial your part in this work may have cost you, when you see the reception of your Helping Handers' good deed next week. The text which may oftenest occur to each one of you might well be, 'She hath done what she could,' for such generous response to an appeal was never known to me before. And now, as you are to take dinner with Jessica, we have just time to run down to Pietro's, and notify him of the change which is about to be made for the comfort of his flock. Mr. Hall tells me that the house is ready to be moved, but I think we will put in the furnishings first."

"May I really go with you?" cried Marjorie. "Oh, won't that be jolly! I can't think of anything I would like better! Won't it be funny to see how surprised he will be?"

Mrs. Keith did not answer, but calling Jessica she set out with the two girls. Beatrice had kept her secret well, and "surprised" Pietro certainly was. The family were all at home, sitting over a very scanty supper of black bread, boiled macaroni, and stale fruit. Mrs. Keith at once made known the object of her call.

"I have just run in to tell you, Mr. Giovanni," she said, "that Mr. Pantello has bought a new house for you. He will have it moved early next week, and set in front of this one, which you can still use for sleeping rooms, after he has made some changes in them."

The poor Italian did not understand.

"I cannot pay for more house!" he exclaimed. "I cannot now but pay the rent—it is so much—and a new house, it would be more, much—a more."

"There will be no rent to pay at all," assured Mrs. Keith. "Your neighbors and friends have arranged with Mr. Pantello that you are to have the use of this place, and the two lots next to it, for a year without rent; and the new house will have such things in it as you will need. This will give you all you earn, for a while, to feed your family. See, I have brought you the lease," taking a folded paper from her muff, "which you should keep in some safe place, or let Mr. Cameron keep for you. It says you are to have the free use of this place until a year from next January. Perhaps by that time, since you are so saving and work so hard, you may be able to buy a little home of your own."

Still half dazed, Pietro reached out his hand and took the paper she extended. Then he broke forth into a torrent of grateful speech—a broken mixture of English and his mother-tongue—and a moment later turned his back upon the trio, and burst into tears!

Mrs. Keith turned to Beatrice, whose face was glowing with a joy that transfigured it. After a few pleasant words for her and the others, she drew her companions outside, and the three walked some distance in silence. Marjorie's eyes were bright with tears, but she broke the silence at last by saying impetuously, "I never want to see anyone surprised that way again, as long as I live! I don't know how I could think it would be funny!"

"There are more tragedies than comedies in such lives as those of the Giovannis," replied Mrs. Keith gravely, "when we take pains to look behind the curtain."

"I never realized before how much good people can do with a little money," remarked Jessica. "And brains," she added.

"And a desire to be of service," said Mrs. Keith. "You girls are realizing the truth of the divine declaration that 'it is more blessed to give than to receive.'"

The following Monday there was a great ransacking of garrets and store-

rooms for furniture for the new house. Once the entire neighborhood was interested, it was wonderful what a serviceable collection of useful articles was gathered at short notice, and how a half-day with paint and varnish put the donations in harmony with one another. Mrs. Keith herself supervised the furnishing of the room intended for the joint kitchen and dining-room. Every article in it was selected for the especial use of the young housekeeper, who was to receive a fresh inspiration for cleanliness and order in its spick-and-span tidiness.

The new house was moved the following day, and, as soon as the family could vacate the old house, the proprietor, true to his promise, had the rooms rearranged to make three comfortable sleeping rooms.

A short time before dark, on the evening preceding Thanksgiving, the Helping Handers, with Mrs. Keith in the lead, and the "Boy's Auxiliary" bringing up the rear, invaded the Italian's home. With the boys to manage the great baskets of clothing and of needed provisions, the girls popped gaily in and proceeded to take possession. Paying no attention to Pietro's broken American protest, they put him in a corner and held him there, while others of the party speedily emptied a well-filled basket upon the table. Assembling the astonished children around it, they led the father to the head of the table, while Mrs. Keith waved her hand for silence and made a little speech.

"We are put into the world to help one another, Mr. Giovanni," she began gently, "and as these girls had but little to do they wish to help you and Beatrice, who is just about of their age. The warm clothes they have brought you for your motherless little ones have been made by their own kind hands. They wish you to take them and use them through the cold winter, feeling that they, too, are your warm friends, who will be glad to help you more at any time. We will bid you good night now, and hope you will enjoy your new home, and what we have done, as much as we have enjoyed doing it."

Poor Mr. Giovanni tried to speak; he opened his lips, but the words refused to come. When the addition to his uncomfortable little home had been put in place, already furnished with plain but substantial furniture from the homes of his well-to-do neighbors, he had gone to Mr. Cameron and poured out thanks both profuse and earnest. But tonight, as he saw the smiling faces of his children, and took in the possibilities of the great basket of clothing, this last measure of generous kindness was too much for his feelings. He could make no response to the words of this kindly woman who had realized for him, in so short a time, his only ambition—home and comfort for his motherless children.

Mrs. Keith saw and understood. Beckoning to the group, she went quietly out, closing the door softly behind the last one. Outside, her eyes swept with a tender glance over the circle of half-tearful but happy faces, turned to hers in the soft glow of the Thanksgiving twilight.

"My blessed Helping Handers!" she breathed, tenderly. "Never doubt that of you it was said long ago, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.'"

(To be continued)

The Kind of B. Y. P. U. Member I Like

1. Arrives in time to see the rest come.
2. Is weather proof.
3. Prays before, at and between meetings.
4. Praises God in his singing.
5. Studies before giving his part.
6. Thinks during the program.
7. Has reverent spirit.
8. Finds his place and fills it.
9. Considers the preaching service more important than the training service.
10. Puts first things first.

— Pioneer, Blue Mountain College.

WHAT KIND OF A MEMBER ARE YOU?

Starting Out Right

The other Sunday a bride and groom from the East arrived in a mid-Western town at ten o'clock in the morning. At eleven o'clock they were at church. They were getting started right. Nothing seemed to them to be more important than to find their way to the place of worship.

They were Christian young people, and the church had a part in their home-making quite as important as getting a house to live in.

People often get lost who do not follow the same principle. When Jesus spoke the parables in the fifteenth chapter of Luke, he told about lost sheep, lost coins, and lost men. Now, the coin in a crevice has no purchasing-value, though it may be a good coin. People come to the city today and get lost in social crevices, in a variety of organizations, or in the crowd itself. It is always hard to find people in a crowd. It is easy to lose your identity, as well as your principles, in the mass. Many pastors and church people are eager to meet folks who come to the city and wish to get acquainted. Oftener it would be possible if they found their way to church promptly, like that young bride and groom.

When you get married, do you expect to lose your religion? Are you going to give it some definite chance to function? Will you say grace at table? Will you find your way to the church, and seek out a church home quite as earnestly and consistently as you find a house to live in?—C. E. World.

"Rebible"

An Indian boy, whose zeal and love were better than his English, wrote to Dr. E. Stanley Jones about a great awakening they were having: "We are having a great rebible here." "Not a bad mistake," wrote Dr. Jones, "we need to be rebible—especially at the place of the Acts of the Apostles."

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

Not quite a year ago the General Missionary Committee authorized the General Missionary Secretary to inaugurate an Immigration and Colonization project. Through this agency we hope in a systematic way to bring German Baptists from a number of countries in Europe and settle them in Western Canada. It will doubtless be in order and of interest to give a brief account of what has been accomplished. During the latter half of 1926 we have brought about 270 persons to Canada. These have come from Russia, Poland, Germany and Roumania. Almost all except the children were members of German Baptist churches. Many of them have been placed in existing German Baptist churches, thereby strengthening such churches and at the same time giving the newcomers the advantages of Christian fellowship. Some of the immigrants have been taken into the homes of friends and relatives. Rev. F. A. Bloedow, who has been acting as our Colonization Secretary, has been most successful in settling the newly arrived immigrants. At this place we are glad to express our sincere appreciation for the indefatigable efforts of Bro. Bloedow. A large share of credit is due him for our success in this new undertaking.

It is of interest to note that more than two-thirds of the new arrivals have paid for their own transportation. For many of our credit-passengers, friends or relatives living either in the United States or in Canada have paid for the transportation or have obligated themselves to repay such costs later. At the annual meeting of the General Missionary Committee last spring the General Secretary was authorized to use a large credit granted by the Canadian Pacific Railway Company. It affords the writer much joy to be able to report that it has not been necessary to use even one-third of that credit. Our financial obligations in this undertaking are really insignificant. We do not in any case obligate ourselves for the purchase of land. We have earned in commissions on the steamship tickets of the arrived immigrants more than \$1000.

A few weeks ago we called a special committee consisting of some fifteen pastors from Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta to meet at Regina, Saskatchewan, for the purpose of developing the immigration and colonization plans for 1927. The work for the new year is opening up most auspiciously. We have completed a colonization organization in Western Canada, which we believe will function very satisfactorily. We already have on our lists considerable over 1200 people, who are coming to Canada during the early months of 1927. All of these people are financially able to pay their own transportation. At the time of this writing we are sending full information to many hundred names in our files concerning colonization opportunities for newly

arrived immigrants in Western Canada. Unless something unforeseen intervenes, we are looking forward to a great influx of people during 1927 from such European countries, where living conditions are really unbearable.

We believe that our work of immigration and colonization is true philanthropy of the highest type. There are thousands of our Baptist brethren in Europe who are struggling under most abject poverty, without any prospect of ever improving their economic situation. It will surely mean much if we can provide them with a home and with a livelihood. Then many of our Baptist brethren are living at such places where the powers of darkness are ruling in undisputed sway. How they do rejoice when they get into this atmosphere of unhindered religious liberty! No one will charge us with selfishness when we rejoice in the fact that our churches in the Northern Conference will be greatly enriched and strengthened by so many newcomers from Europe. It is true, their coming will also multiply the problems and responsibilities, but if we endeavor to evade and shirk these, we will never accomplish anything.

News from the Baptist Deaconess and Girls Home

The Baptist Deaconess and Girls Home of Chicago had planned very seriously to erect a beautiful and commodious building, providing for about 56 girls on the lots corner of Cortland St. and N. Spaulding Ave. We were assured at the outset that the building would not exceed in cost over \$75,000, but when we finally opened up our specifications we discovered that the building would cost well-nigh \$100,000. Though our lots are free from encumbrances and we had a little over \$20,000 on hand to build, our building committee and the Society did not feel warranted to proceed with building. So this new and necessary project is held in abeyance till more capital is available. Our heavenly Father is rich in houses and lands, he holdeth the wealth of the world in his hands! Of rubies and diamonds, of silver and gold, his coffers are full, he has riches untold. We are grateful to him for all his goodness and kindness too. The Lord, whose we are and whom we serve, is able to supply every need of ours according to his riches in Christ Jesus. He can touch the heart of God's children whom he has entrusted with riches to come to our rescue.

There are at present 15 girls in our Girls Home almost as many as we can accommodate. Under the efficient leadership of our superintendent, Miss Margaret Wagner, a beautiful Christian spirit is cultivated in the Home. Some of the girls are students at the Northern Baptist Seminary, some are employed in offices or otherwise and a few are deaconesses or nurses. On Christmas eve the girls of the Girls Home gave a Christmas program at the Old People's Home. On Christmas night, after their fellowship meal, at which Rev. C. A. Daniel led the devotions, the girls all gathered around the Christmas tree, where the

packages and bundles were piled up, and waited to hear their names called, to receive their gifts from their own folks and friends in the Home and to open them in the presence of the whole Home family and thus share their joys together. There was merriment and joy, surprise and gratefulness and a happiness of "Home, sweet home." Singing of Christmas carols followed. Friends showed their kindness by sending something that would cheer the superintendent and cook; a very appropriate gift also arrived for the laundry, namely a Bock Centrifugal Extractor, which will be not only a time but a labor saver. There is a great need for just such homes as ours here in Chicago. In our immediate neighborhood there is a Norwegian Methodist Deaconess and Girls Home with about 40 girls and a Norwegian Lutheran Mission Home with at least 60 or 70 girls. Both Homes are doing a grand work and are a blessing to many girls in this great city. We too can be an untold blessing to many and have already been one to many girls in various callings. Information is always gladly given by the superintendent, Miss Margaret Wagner, or the president, Rev. C. A. Daniel, 3264-3266 Cortland St., Chicago, Ill.

C. A. DANIEL.

Grief and Joy

F. L. KNOWLES

It takes two for a kiss
One by one for a sigh;
Twain by twain we marry,
One by one we die.

Joy is a partnership,
Grief weeps alone;
Many guests had Cana,
Gethsemane had one.

Hunt Until You Find

The New York woman who unwittingly threw away a parcel containing a diamond ring worth \$23,000 started a search. Shovelful by shovelful, forty tons of garbage on a river scow was carefully examined. The ring was not found, and it was at last decided that it must have been in another scow load that had been dumped into the ocean. The incident reminds us of Christ's parables of the Pearl of Great Price and the Lost Piece of Silver. When enormous values are at stake, men will go to enormous trouble. There is no lack of energy in such cases, but there is often a sad lack of wisdom in choosing the object of our search. Thousands of tons are often turned over in pursuit of a worthless bauble, while the same persons will not sink a shovel in search for the vast treasures of eternal values.

An Overdose

"Mother, is it true that an apple a day keeps the doctor away?"

"Yes, Jimmy. Why?"

"'Cause if it is I kept about ten doctors away this morning, but I'm afraid one'll have to come soon."

Baptist Leaders

John Bunyan

A. P. MIHM

"Though there were many clever men in England during the latter half of the 17th century," wrote Lord Macaulay, "there were only two great creative minds. One of these minds produced the 'Paradise Lost,' the other the 'Pilgrim's Progress.'"

"In the character and history of John Bunyan the great head of the Church seems to have provided a lesson of special significance and singular adaptedness for the men and strifes of our own time. Born of the people and in so low a condition that some have thought he was the offspring of gypsies, bred to one of the humblest of handicrafts, and having but the scantiest advantages as to fortune and culture, he yet rose under the blessings of God's word and providence and Spirit to the widest usefulness and to an eminence that shows no tokens of decline." (W. R. Williams.) The lot of Bunyan was cast in an age of great changes, dire perils and heroic men.

Birth and Early Life

Bunyan was born at Elstow, near Bedford, England, in 1628, 12 years after the death of Shakespeare, 21 years after the birth of Milton. His education was next to nothing. For a while he attended a grammar school in Bedford, but how long we do not know. At best, his educational attainments were quite scanty. His father, a tinker, brought the boy up in his own trade.

He early feared God and longed to love him, but his giddiness and love of fun drew him into sin, until he became addicted to wrong doing, principally lying and swearing. Profane and rude, he was perhaps a roysterer, as the age called it, rather than a vicious lad. At 17 he drifted into the army, whether that of the King or of the Parliament is to this day a matter of debate among his biographers. At the siege of Leicester, Bunyan was to have occupied a sentinel's place. From some delay another was sent in his stead, who was shot dead at his post. Bunyan always afterwards regarded this as a special deliverance of God's good providence that he had been spared from occupying that post.

Drifted back into civil life, Bunyan was in his old haunts, a violent and profane swearer, but it scarcely seems he was either a libertine or tippler, what would now be regarded as thoroughly vicious. But his fluent and fierce cursing provoked the censure of a neighboring woman, herself lightly regarded. The sharp check of those rude lips smote his heart.

About this time, at the early age of probably 18 years, he married a poor but godly orphan girl. She brought to her husband but the dowry of two pious books, Dent's "Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven" and Bayley's "Practice of Piety."

His Conversion

His conscience seems to have been disturbed and his overhearing the conversation of some poor pious women, who described their own religious experience, aroused in him a sense of his wanting that inner religious life of which they testified.

As he searched and read and prayed, his feelings became those of intensest anxiety and often of overwhelming despair. His agonies and soul conflicts continued for months until his sufferings became unbearable. He concluded that he must be too wicked and must be lost. The scenes of the Slough of Despond, the beetling sides of Sinai, the gloom of the Valley of the Shadow of Death and the terrible speculations leading on to the cavern-dungeons of Giant Despair,—all



are but reverberations of his own personal story. The slime of the morass had hampered his steps; the chill gloom of the prison house and its rusty iron had entered into his soul.

One day when walking alone in the country, a flood of light broke upon his mind with these words: "He hath made peace through the blood of his cross," when, he says: "I saw that the justice of God and my sinful soul could embrace and kiss each other."

Soon after this, in 1653, at the age of 25, Mr. Gifford immersed him in the River Ouse, when he became a member of the Baptist church at Bedford. Encouraged by his fellow-Christians, he became a laborer for Christ, soon an exhorter and finally a preacher. This was in 1655.

Arrest and Imprisonment

Charles II., when placed in power at the Restoration in 1660, had given his word of honor to protect all his subjects in their religious freedom. Then, like a true Stuart, he sold that honor to his lust of power.

Among the first victims of his tyranny

was Bunyan. Bunyan's plain speaking, his downright sincerity of character and the popularity of his ministry among the people made him obnoxious to the authorities.

Bunyan was cited before court and charged with "devilishly" and "perniciously" abstaining from going to the Established Church, as a common upholder of meetings contrary to the laws of the king and with teaching men to worship contrary to law.

He was obliged to listen to such words as these, uttered in the name of English justice and coming from the lips of a drunken magistrate: "Hear your judgment: you must be back to prison and there lie for three months, and at three months end, if you do not submit to go to church to hear divine service and leave your preaching, you shall be banished the realm. If after such a day as shall be appointed you to be gone, you shall be found in England or be found to come into it again without the king's license, you must be stretched by the neck for it. I tell you plainly." Bunyan replied: "As to this matter, I am at point with you, for if I were out of prison today, I would preach the gospel tomorrow, by the help of God."

Bunyan had counted the cost and was ready to face the result. The loss of friends and home, and the means of providing sustenance for his wife and four children, one of them blind, who lay especially near a fond parent's heart,—all were considerations to have made many men pause. But Bunyan was Steadfast and Valiant-for-the-Truth and Great Heart all in one. Bunyan was hustled off to prison.

In Bedford Jail

The jails of that day were very different from those of this age. Instead of being castles in miniature, they were magnificent pigsties, where pollution courted disease and incipient wickedness was nourished into crime. The dungeon into which Bunyan was thrust at this time was 12 feet square and built between two arches of the old bridge of Bedford. Being for the most part below the water level, the walls were continually damp and sheeted with mildew. In this den Bunyan was detained for the greatest part of 12½ years. The jail sometimes thronged with prisoners. Bunyan preached to his fellows there; learned to make thread-lace for the bread of his household; studied the Bible and his Foxe's *Martyrs*. Bunyan's judges were harsh with him, but his real oppressors for these 12 weary years were the king and parliament who made it a crime for any one to preach but a priest of the Church of England. Bunyan, however, found favor in the eyes of his jailer and sometimes in disguise visited his family and resumed his preaching. At times, he was disguised, it is said, as a ploughman, but everywhere and in all events and

perils he was Christ's true witness, retaining his people's hearts and sustained by their prayers.

However, in this case also, the wrath of man was made to praise God. For had not his zealous servant been compelled to solitude, we should not have that masterpiece of literature—"Pilgrim's Progress." Seated in his moist dungeon with the slime beneath his feet, Bunyan drew upon the Scriptures for his doctrine and upon the memory of his own experience for his pictures and reared on this mixed soil the grandest allegory known to human letters.

Pastor and Preacher

After Bunyan's final release in 1672, he became pastor of the church in Bedford and so threw his life into Gospel labor that his fame as a preacher increased, until he was perhaps the most famous minister of his day. The few sermons, which have come down to us, show that he spoke as he wrote. So great was his success as a preacher that on his visits to London the largest buildings to which he had access would not contain the crowds that flocked to hear him. One of his early biographers says: "I have seen about 1200 at a morning lecture by 7 o'clock on a working day in the dark winter time."

John Owen, the greatest of the Congregationalists, heard him preach and when King Charles expressed wonder that a man of his learning could bear to listen to the "prate" of a tinker, he answered that he would gladly give all his learning for the tinker's power.

In 1688 Bunyan went to London on a mission of mercy, to reconcile an alienated father and son and succeeded. But on the journey a violent storm overtook him and he contracted a fatal illness which after 10 days took him to Jesus.

Bunyan the Baptist

Bunyan died just as the day dawned on England, when the second great Restoration was to make her a free nation in which Baptists could breathe freely. Froude, the English historian, says: "In the language of the time Bunyan became convinced of sin and joined the Baptists, the most thoroughgoing and consistent of all the Protestant sects. If the sacrament of baptism is not a magical form but is a personal act in which the baptized person devotes himself to Christ's service, to baptize children at any age when they cannot understand what they are doing, may seem irrational and even impious."

Bunyan held that immersion on a man's personal faith in Christ is the duty of every man who believes in Christ; that when men receive water-baptism, they should be immersed.

The English poet and writer Southey, one of Bunyan's biographers, has said: "Both the world and the church are indebted to the Baptists for the ministry of Bunyan. But for them, he might have lived and died a tinker."

Monuments to Bunyan

Bunyan is buried in Bunhill Fields, London. His grave has been since a place of growing interest. In 1874 the Duke

of Bedford presented a most costly and beautiful statue to the city of Bedford in Bunyan's memory. The statue is of bronze, cast of cannon balls and bells brought from China and weighs 2½ tons. The figure of Bunyan is 10 feet high. This same nobleman has also given bronze gates, adorned with scenes from the "Progress" to the enclosure of the chapel occupied by the church of which in former times Bunyan was the pastor.

One of the results of the Baptist World Congress at London in 1905 was a movement to place a stained glass window in Westminster Abbey to the memory of John Bunyan. 1500 pounds were collected and at last the inspired tinker has come to his own place amongst the great men of England. What a worthy vindication of the persecuted Baptist! At last the Anglican Church which hunted him as a partridge in the mountains and immured him for many years in Bedford Jail, offered hospitality to his memory in its noblest church. One wonders what the rectors and squires of the reign of Charles II. would think of it? Nay, what would Bunyan himself think of it? He was a farsighted man and he could see Beulah land and the Celestial City right beyond the river but he never saw a window to his memory in the Abbey at Westminster. History has vindicated him, literature has enthroned him and now the church which imprisoned him enshrines his memory in Westminster Abbey.

The Pilgrim's Progress

Bunyan will always be famed as a fighter for religious liberty and as a mighty preacher of the Word, but his most enduring monument for all time is his immortal "Pilgrim's Progress." Bunyan wrote about 60 books, among which are his "Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners" and his "Holy War." But the greatest and most popular of all his books is his "Pilgrim's Progress." In earlier times, some treated this book with sneer and scorn, but in later days critics have vied with each other to exhaust upon it the language of eulogy. Dr. Samuel Johnson, Coleridge, Arnold, Macaulay and Froude have pronounced it equally fit for the plowman and the philosopher, the peer and the peasant. Macaulay says that as an allegory it is the only work of its kind which possesses a strong human interest. Other allegories only amuse the fancy. The allegory of Bunyan has been read by many thousands with tears. While it obtains admiration from the most fastidious critics, it is also loved by those who are too simple to admire it. Bunyan is almost the only writer who ever gave to the abstract the interest of the concrete. The style of Bunyan is delightful, a well of pure English, undefiled. The vocabulary is that of the common people. Some pages do not contain a single word of more than two syllables. Yet no writer has said more exactly what he meant to say. "There is no book in our literature," says Macaulay, "on which we would so readily stake the fame of the old unpolished English language, no book which shows so well how rich that language is

Daily Scripture Portion Bible Readers Course

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JANUARY.		FEBRUARY.	
1	Josua. 1. 1-18	1	St. Luke. 1. 1-17
2S	2. 1-14	2	1. 18-33
3	2. 15-24	3	1. 46-64
4	3. 1-17	4	1. 65-80
5	4. 1-14	5	2. 1-17
6	4. 15-24		
7	5. 10-15	6S	2. 18-35
8	6. 1-5	7	2. 36-52
	6. 6-19	8	3. 1-14
9S	6. 20-27	9	3. 15-23
10	7. 1-15	10	4. 1-15
11	7. 16-26	11	4. 16-32
12	8. 1-13	12	4. 33-44
13	8. 14-23		
14	8. 24-35	18S	5. 1-16
15	9. 1-15	14	5. 17-26
16S	9. 16-27	15	5. 27-39
17	10. 1-15	16	6. 1-16
18	10. 1-15	17	6. 17-35
19	20. 1-9	18	6. 36-49
20	23. 1-16	19	7. 1-17
21	24. 1-15		
22	24. 16-33	20S	7. 18-35
		21	7. 36-50
	Psalms.	22	8. 1-15
23S	78. 1-16	23	8. 16-25
24	78. 17-35	24	8. 26-39
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27	79. 1-13		
28	80. 1-19	27S	9. 12-22
29	81. 1-16	28	9. 23-36
30S	84. 1-12		
31	85. 1-13		

(By Courtesy of the Scripture
Union)

in its own proper wealth and how little it has been improved by all that it has borrowed."

Its Great Popularity

No book except the Bible has been so widely read and its hold upon the popular heart is probably as deep as it ever was. This is because "Pilgrim's Progress" is a thoroughly human book. The men and women it portrays are not personified abstractions, dry as the bones of Ezekiel's vision, but real flesh and blood, with human affections and desires and emotions. We know them,—the whole trooping throng of them. Obstinate, Hopeful, the motley crowds of Vanity Fair, and all the rest. Their talk is rasy, their humor quaint, and yet it deals directly and searchingly with the deepest emotions and experiences of the soul. Again, much of the perennial popularity of this wonderful book may be ascribed to the masterful English in which it is written. Because it is written in English at its best and strongest, in the clear, downright speech of the old sturdy Saxons, vigorous as the blow of an athlete, but capable of most exquisite melody in the hands of a

(Continued Page 16)

Yohama in America

(PLAYLET)

Scene—Living-room of Mrs. Ambrose, an American lady of wealth.

Mrs. Ambrose—Yohama, our Japanese girl, leaves us today. She will be down in a few minutes now. It must have been a pleasure for her to have had the Christmas holidays in a real American home. I cannot think of anything I could have done more than I have to make her stay here a happy one indeed. I am so glad I decided to give her this privilege. (Yohama enters in traveling costume, Mrs. Ambrose continues speaking.) Yohama, I have tried to give you a happy time. I hope that you have enjoyed the holidays.

Yohama—Oh, yes, Mrs. Ambrose, very happy. After much studies at college this was very delightful. So carefree, something always pleasant to do. Theaters, car rides, clubs, dinner parties, dances, all—so very good, my honorable lady. (Pause.) But, my most honorable lady, there is something I missed so much, every day, something I have at home.

Mrs. Ambrose—Why Yohama, I do not understand. I have tried to give you everything heart could wish. What is it you missed?

Yohama—The god in the house—most honorable lady. You know, in my country, each house has a god-shelf. On this god-shelf are many gods—we worship every day. We must have a god in every house to keep away the evil spirits. But you have no god in your house. I mean no hurt, honorable lady, for you have so much, so many other things, you do not need a god in your house. Maybe with so many other things, you have no time to worship a god every day. I have had good time, and I thank you very much. You have been beautiful, very, very beautiful to me. Good-bye, most honorable lady. (Bows profusely and passes out. Mrs. Ambrose stands silently for a moment and then begins to walk the floor.)

Mrs. Ambrose (speaks with sadness)—No god in the house! (Quoting Yohama) "Each house in my country has a god-shelf—we worship every day." Gods of wood and stone! O! Yohama! such a rebuke, such a well-deserved rebuke. What an opportunity I have lost, what a privilege I have missed, I thought I was giving you all to make you happy, and I failed to give you the ONE THING you needed most. No God in my house! And I a Christian mother! Oh, what have I done! What have I not done! My own children—too—Oh, it cannot be! No God in my house! "You have so many other things, you do not need God!" Oh, Yohama! I do need God, and I need him now. I thank you for bringing me to see myself as I am. (Prays as if in despair) O God, have mercy and forgive this sin, this sin of neglecting—not Yohama only, but thee, dear Lord. All these years when I might have been glorifying thee, I have put the pleasures of the world first. I have failed in my home, I have not brought my children to thee. They have never heard their own mother pray. Forgive, Oh, forgive, and if thou wilt give

me strength, I promise that from this day forth, neither my children, nor any visitor who comes into my home can say there is no God in the house, for we will worship thee in our family every day. O Father, forgive and bless, for Christ's sake, Amen. (She sings softly)

"Jesus calls us, from the worship,
Of the vain world's golden store,
From each idol that would keep us,
Saying, 'Christian, love me more.'"

Only a Nail Scratch

"The World's Strongest Man" has for years been the billboard title of a German, Sigmund Breitbart, who died a few weeks ago at the age of forty-two. He could pull against two horses, and his mighty muscles could bend iron bars and tear horseshoes in two; yet this modern Samson died from blood poisoning caused by the scratch of a nail. Little things have a power in this world far out of proportion to their size, and especially is this true of little sins. In fact, measured by results, there are no little sins; every sin is big enough to ruin the biggest life. The only safe way to deal with sin is to let it entirely alone.

The Ups and Downs of a Mite Box

MRS. W. T. EDWARDS,
Kankakee, Ill.

They gave us a mite box once each year, Though I never could learn just why; For we took them home and laid them On a shelf or a desk near by.

I said, "Now my pennies I'll put right in
And each little left over bit,"
And I looked to see if there wasn't some
change
That I could make a start at it.

But I'd scraped it all for the offering
And car fare home again,
So I said, "Well, there's lots of time
A whole year yet remains."

"I'll start it agoing tomorrow,
Or perhaps some other time."
Then the grocer came and when I had
paid
I found I could put in a dime.

A day or two later I sold some rags
And I put in twenty-nine.
"Well, if I keep going like this," I said,
"I'll have my offering fine."

But next week came, 'twas canning time,
And ev'rything ripened together,
And I canned and I pickled and jellied
each day,
I thought it would last forever.

And I clean forgot that little box,
Setting there on my cup-board shelf,
Till the weeks passed by into a month
And I felt ashamed of myself.

Now I was trying to make enough change
To buy a present for Laddie,

And I lacked a few cents, till I thought
of the box
Setting there by the old tea caddy.

And I said: "Well, I'll put it back real
soon,"
And I took out twenty-seven,
But I felt so sneaky at the thought,
So next day I put back eleven.

A few days later I went to hear
A lecture on generous giving,
And I gave up a hat I didn't need,
To prove the good I was living.

But somehow 'twas spent for this or for
that

And I had forgotten my plan
Till a day or two later I emptied that box
Making change for the insurance man.

And now our vacation was here again,
And we must be off for pleasure.
But the little box lay forgotten at home
And emptied of its treasure.

Then we returned, and the work began
Each club and social attending,
Getting the children ready for school,
Cleaning and sewing and mending.

Time just kept flying and winter came
With holiday gifts and cheer,
And money for presents just seems to fly,
And thus came in the New Year.

Husband said, it would take six months
To plump up our bank account.
Clothing and groceries came so high,
Oh, how the bills did mount.

And one day I thought of the tiny box
Lying empty and forlorn,
And I said, "If we weren't in such a
pinch
I'd fill you this very morn."

Summer came and time flew by,
Till at the missionary meeting one day
Our president said: "A year has gone,
Our mite box offering must be sent
away."

The day was set for the coming week,
Hurrying home I flew to the cup-board,
That box was empty and so was my
purse!
I felt just like old mother Hubbard.

I fretted and fumed and scraped and tried
To get a few dimes together.
"Oh, how I wish it would rain," I said,
"I could stay home because of the
weather."

But the sun shone bright, and I tried to
forget
The few pennies that in that mite box
hovered,
And I thanked my stars that no one
could see
The failure that it covered.

I'll never endure such anguish again,
In sack-cloth I'll do my part.
For our leader prayed: "Lord, it's not
what we give,
But thou knowest the heart."

The Path

EDITH D. OSBORN

Blest be the man who makes a path
For weary feet to follow—
A path that finds the shortest way
O'er hill and dale and hollow.

Now winding through a leafy grove,
A shy, secluded by-way,
Now plunging headlong down a bank
To meet the traveled highway.

A slender path, a gipsy trail,
Half hid by purple shadows,
Of friendly, overarching trees,
That girdle the green meadows.

In sun and rain, each day I go,
O'er hillside and through hollow,
And bless the man who made the path
For homing feet to follow.

Christ and Money

J. G. DRAEWELL

Read Mark 12:43. It is in the temple. The offering is being taken. Christ is present watching the proceedings with interest. He is profoundly concerned with what we do with our money. He is ever attentive to our financial programs. He watches with deep concern what we do when we face the collection plate. Church people sometimes say: "I wish our pastor would preach the gospel and stop talking about money." But it is impossible to preach the Gospel and not talk about money. Christ had more to say about money than he had to say about repentance, as vital as that subject is. According to the Gospel of Matthew Christ spoke only once about repentance and at least twenty-five times about money. He had more to say about money than he had to say about the new birth. He had more to say about money than he had to say about heaven or hell. It is impossible therefore to preach the gospel and not deal with the vital subject of money.

Money Is Power

Money can be used for the defeating of justice. It can be used for the wrecking of character. It can be used for the retarding of the progress of the Kingdom of God. It can also be used for the promotion of that kingdom. It can be used for the purifying of society and for the rebuilding of shattered and broken lives. Jesus Christ is therefore profoundly interested in what we do with whatever financial power comes into our possession.

Money an Index to Character

A man's attitude toward money, his handling of money, tells what he is. Whether a person is honest or dishonest can easily be determined by the money test. In "Scribner's" of Dec. 1924 the following appeared: "A group of boys were to be employed as messengers for a large company. They were submitted to tests for honesty in the following manner: Each boy was given a dollar and told to get it changed at the corner drug store. The druggist had previously been instructed to give each boy ten cents too much in change. The manner in which

the boy acquitted himself was a significant index to his character. He would give the extra dime back to the druggist immediately, or he would return the entire dollar and ten cents to his employers, or he would pocket the dime himself. If he failed to notice the incorrect change he would be set down as not alert. Most of the boys in question returned the dime to the druggist. A few of them who were tempted to let that extra dime slip into their own pockets, were regarded as dishonest from the start and had no chance whatever of getting a position."

Christ is interested in the collection because what we do with our money is an index to our character. The man who invests largely in books is a lover of literature. The man who invests largely in the Church of Jesus Christ is quite likely to be a Christian. Of course, a man may give liberally and yet not be a saint. But it is impossible to be a saint and be niggardly and stingy in giving. What a man does with his money is a good indication of what he is.

A Judgment Occasion

The giving of money for religious and benevolent purposes is a kind of judgment occasion. The plate that receives our offering becomes a throne before which we are tested. He who is complaining, who is offended when asked to give, is not a lover of Jesus Christ. Not only do we judge ourselves in the presence of the collection plate, but Christ also judges us. He sees what we give. If our gifts are sweet with the sacrificial breadth of Calvary, he knows it. And if we are stingy, he knows that too. Therefore, when we face the collection plate we either sadden or we gladden him; we win his approval or his disapproval; we call forth his commendation or his condemnation.

Jesus Saw Much that Was Commendable

He saw many rich people cast their gifts into the treasury. There were rich men who supported the temple services with their means. These rich men did not give niggardly. "They cast in much." They did not say: "Well, I will give my mite." Stingy men have read this story and have found in it only an excuse for increased stinginess. But these givers in the temple were not of that sort. They gave liberally. But there was one giver who did not cast in much. "There came a certain widow." She had suffered. She knew the pinch of poverty and knew it right now. She felt no uneasiness lest her home should be burglarized while she was at church. There was no money at her home. All she had in the world was in her hand, and that was so little that she was half ashamed to give it. But she gave it. And Christ says: "This poor widow hath cast in more than all they which have cast into the treasury." Notice, he does not berate and condemn the rich who cast in much. But he praises the widow who had given all she had.

Did She Really Give "More"?

Yes! What she gave represented more fidelity. The two mites, humanly speaking, couldn't mean much to God. But the

two mites meant something to her; she could at least buy a few slices of bread with them. But she didn't argue that way. She did not say: "O let the rich give!" That was exactly what a woman, a member of one of our churches in Detroit, said a few years ago. The members of the church came together on Thanksgiving Day evening and brought their gifts into God's house. The sister in question, who told me the story herself, had at first planned to bring \$5. But the tempter whispered into her heart: "Why, you fool! Let the rich give! Keep your five dollars!" And she kept her five dollars and came empty-handed. But right after Thanksgiving Day she lost \$20 in a downtown store. Not so this poor widow.

She gave more because her gift was more expensive to herself. The rich men gave liberally, but they did not give sacrificially. They gave of their abundance. They did not have less to eat nor less comfortable homes in which to live. They only gave what they did not readily need for themselves.—But the gift of the widow was costly. When those two mites slipped from her fingers she had absolutely nothing left. Her gift was a real sacrifice, therefore she gave more.

God's Money

Many years ago, a lad sixteen years old, left his home to seek a fortune. He met the captain of a canal boat. He said to the boy: "William, where are you going?" "I don't know," answered the boy, "father is too poor to keep me any longer and says that I must look out for myself." "No trouble about that," said the captain. "Be sure you start right and you'll get along fine." The boy knew the soap and candle business, and the captain continued: "William, some one will soon be the chief soap maker of New York. It can be you as well as any one else. Be a good man, give your heart to Christ, make good soap, give the Lord all that belongs to him and I am certain that you will become a prosperous man." William came to the big city. He sought and found Christ, was baptized and joined a Baptist church. Of the first dollar he earned, he laid 10 cents into the treasury of God. He soon became a partner of the soap firm and when the other partner died, he became the sole owner of the business. He made an honest soap, gave a good pound, and instructed his bookkeeper to open an account with the Lord and carry one-tenth of his income to that account. He prospered. His business grew, his family was blessed, his soap was sold and he grew rich faster than he had ever hoped. He then gave the Lord two-tenths, four-tenths, and then five-tenths. Finally, having settled all his life plans and having made suitable provision for his family, he gave all his income to the Lord. That's stewardship! And the name of this particular steward is William Colgate.

The Baptist denomination is foremost in doing missionary work among the Indians. And it is worth while. A deacon in one of our Indian churches said: "I am an honest Indian. I do not keep God's money."

John Bunyan

(Concluded from Page 13)

master, it has so vigorous a hold upon the affection of the plain people. Happy in being like his Master in so many things, Bunyan is happy in this like his Master also, that the common people hear him gladly. But the chief reason for the Pilgrim's abiding popularity consists in its appeal to the deep underlying spiritual nature that all men possess by inalienable birthright. It has stood the test of time, of heart experience, of close companionship with the Book of Books. It points alone to that one name which is above every name, to that one star from which Christendom takes its reckoning. It pictures manhood, penitent, religious, mindful of the Fall, but wistful of the new Jerusalem, and with eyes bent to the welcoming Father and the waiting heavens.

Wide Circulation

The Bible tells us that the righteous dead, though resting from their labors, yet have their works following them. This is marvellously true of Bunyan's great book. Next to the Bible, perhaps no other book has had such a wide circulation. The Lenox Library in New York City some years ago possessed copies of 258 different English editions and 74 translations. In how many languages which Bunyan could not understand or had never even heard of is his *Pilgrim* now proclaiming the old gospel! During the persecutions some decades ago that came over the Christian converts in Madagascar during the reign of a fanatical heathen queen, the natives had manuscript copies of a version of the "Pilgrim's Progress" in their dungeons and cheered each other in approaching the final tortures and sacrifice by citing passages of this book. Sarkis, an Armenian, translating Bunyan's "Pilgrim" into his Asiatic dialect, rejoiced when dying, at the thought that he should go to see Bunyan, the writer of that book in heaven. Joseph Wolff distributed copies of it in Arabic in the territories of Arabia. It has been given in Hebrew at the gates of modern Jerusalem. Not only in the languages of Europe, but in Bengalee, Hindu, Telugu, Burmese, Karen, Samoan, Tahitian and other dialects too wearisome to enumerate, has God's providence caused this volume to be rendered. Verily the once despised persecuted Baptist preacher has become a great, polyglot teacher, the substance of whose lessons is the old unworn, untorn gospel of the crucified and risen Son of God.

Bright and Breezy

"Your remedy has worked wonders in my case," wrote a grateful woman to the patent-medicine concern. "When I began taking it six weeks ago I was so weak I could not spank the baby; now I am able to lick the stuffing out of my husband. May heaven bless you, sirs."—Railroad Telegrapher.

* * *

"The grapefruit is a lemon that had a chance and took advantage of it."—Jayelin.

Some Further Testimonials to the "Herald"

Miss R. M. Kohnke of Detroit, Mich., is no doubt a careful and appreciative reader of the "Herald" and tells us what she thinks of the "Herald" in this bit of verse.

"The Baptist Herald"

I'd like to travel all around
And reach the goal for which I'm bound.
I ought to be in every home
Especially where there's one alone.
Because I cheer and make you glad
When sometimes you feel sort of bad.
Not only do I give you cheer
But lots of news in me appear.
I tell of folks and missionaries,
And of their work in other countries.
Of Sunday schools and churches too,
Some information I give you.
For Bible study you will find,
Some helpful hints carefully outlined.
You'll find some more good things in me,
Just try me once and you will see.
The inspirations that you get
Are such that you will never forget.
I'm worth far more than emerald
And so I'm called "The Baptist Herald."

The pastor of the Folsomdale, N. Y., church puts it in this way:

"I have been a reader of the 'Baptist Herald' from its very first issue and enjoy reading it more than any other paper. I would like to congratulate you on the paper you are putting out. The 'Herald' is surely voicing the interests of the German Baptist Young People's and Sunday School Union. With much success in the coming year." Your co-worker

REV. EDWARD STEVENER.

Ten Stingy Men

No. 1 took off his cow-bell each night to save the wear on it while the cow was in the lot.

No. 2 stopped his clock on going to bed because he did not need its service while he slept.

No. 3 used a wart on the back of his neck for a collar button.

No. 4 made his children climb the yard fence to keep from wearing out his yard gate-hinges.

No. 5 crossed his bees with lightning-bugs so they would gather honey of a night.

No. 6 put green goggles on his cow so he could feed her wooden shavings for green grass.

No. 7 put muzzles on his ducks to keep them from drinking too much branch water.

No. 8 cut off his dog's tail to keep him from switching it and knocking off his huckleberries.

No. 9 sang through his nose to save wear and tear on his false teeth.

No. 10 would not subscribe for his church paper, but depended on borrowing one from his neighbor.—Selected.

Why the Leader of the Meeting Failed

He had no older worker who took interest enough to start him right.

He got to the prayer-meeting room only five minutes before time to begin the meeting.

He failed to study the topic early enough in the week to make it a part of his own thinking.

He called upon the pastor for the opening prayer instead of preparing to make it himself.

He had made no plans for the more experienced members to lead off and to fill up the gaps.

He tried to read his Scripture lesson without having become familiar with every word and phrase in it.

He gave no attention to the songs that were to be sung at the meeting.

He tried to do his part while others (thoughtless ones) were whispering, instead of waiting until they were courteous enough to be quiet.

Only one thing can be done at a time and done well.

He had made no plans to be in either the morning or the evening worship of the church.

He tried to imitate all other previous leaders, instead of having some initiative of his own.

He forgot to co-ordinate his daily life, habits, and conversation with his public appearance before his fellow Endeavorers.

He was heartless in his manner, reading, and remarks.

He had offered no prayer that he might be prepared and that he might be fully consecrated for the service of the evening.—C. E. World.

The Errand and the Chores

We read the other day the pathetic story of a boy, a farmer's son, who was asked by his father to transact some business in a nearby town. Returning late at night, the lad found that none of his usual chores had been done and that his father was resting.

Tired with his day's labor and with the errand just concluded, his first impulse was to complain about having so much to do. However, he controlled himself and did his usual tasks before retiring. As he came into the house on his way to his room, his father said to him: "George, you are the best son a father ever had."

The next morning the father was too ill to speak and he died during the day.

The long years passed and the farmer's boy grew to manhood and as he told the incident one time he said: "Whenever the temptation to say angry things arises, I think of my sick father and I feel his hand."—Kind Words.

Easily Accounted For

Teacher: "How many senses are there?"

Pupil: "Six."

Teacher: "How is that? I have only five."

Pupil: "I know it; the other is common sense."