

The Baptist Herald

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GERMAN BAPTIST YOUNG PEOPLE'S AND SUNDAY SCHOOL WORKERS' UNION

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The Young People's Society of the Baptist Church,
Blagovestschensk, Siberia

What's Happening

Rev. R. Vassel of Kyle, Tex., will devote himself to evangelistic tent mission work during the coming summer, beginning with May 1. His church has granted him leave of absence for several months for this purpose.

Word has been received that Mrs. Henke, wife of Rev. G. Henke, of Ijuhy, Brazil, has passed away. She is the mother of Student Paul Henke of our Seminary at Rochester. We extend sympathy to the bereaved ones.

Rev. W. A. Zeckser, formerly of Pound, Wis., is now living in Gillette, Wis., and serving the little church there full time on Sundays. Recently he has been holding a series of sermons on the Lord's Prayer. During the week Bro. Zeckser is employed in a veneer mill as inspector of veneer and crating.

Evangelists Bro. and Sister W. A. Lippard had a very encouraging beginning in their meetings with our church in Scottsbluff, Neb. On Sunday, Jan. 16, they opened their campaign and 17 gave their hearts to Christ, mostly young people from 18-20 years of age. The next night 10 others requested prayer.

Watchnight services at the German-town, N. D., church were signalized by special blessings. The meeting began at 7 o'clock on New Year's eve and closed at 2 A. M. New Year's morning. Pastor Albert Alf baptized 21 converts on this happy occasion, ranging from 8 to 65 years of age. This is the second baptismal service since Bro. Alf began his pastorate. Others are seeking and have requested prayer.

Rev. Ralph T. Wegner sailed from New York on the S. S. Doric of the White Star Line for the Mediterranean and the Holy Land on Jan. 21. He conveys fraternal greetings to the "Baptist Herald" readers. Bro. Wegner will be glad to send to any of our young people writing him a letter with their address a souvenir postal from Egypt or Constantinople. Address him at 440 Centre St., Jamaica Plain, Boston, Mass., from whence letters will be forwarded to him.

A new German Baptist church has been organized in São Paulo, Brazil, with 42 members. Last summer, evangelistic meetings were held by Rev. Borkowski of Santa Rosa, followed by three weeks of further special effort by Rev. G. Henke of Ijuhy. As a result 16 souls were converted and baptized and an independent German Baptist church organized. There are about 30,000 German-speaking people in Sao Paulo. The new church needs a pastor-missionary to cultivate this promising spiritual field.

The picture on the front page of the "Herald" this time introduces us to the young people of the Baptist church at Blagovestshensk, Siberia. These young Russian Baptists in distant Siberia are

a fine looking group. Rev. J. J. Wiens, our leading missionary worker out there, is the fourth one in the second row from the right end. Our young people in America greet their young compatriots in Christ across the sea. The young people of the Central Conference, who have made the support of the Siberian mission work one of their main goals, will be especially interested in this picture.

Rev. and Mrs. John Kepl of the Durham, Kans., church were given a splendid surprise by their congregation at the Christmas festival of the church. After all the scholars of the school had received the usual gifts, Mr. and Mrs. Kepl were called to the front to receive a gift. Bro. Karl Ehrlich made an address, looking about for the gift in the course of his presentation speech, and told the dominie it must be near the window. He took him by the hand, led him to the window, opened it and told him to look out. There, outside stood the gift, a new Ford Sedan! Pastor and wife were overcome with emotion but recovered and expressed fitting gratitude.

Progress Planned for Watertown, Wis.

For some time we have felt the need for a better house of worship, as the present one is old, unpractical and not properly located. Under such conditions the renovation of the old building is not considered feasible, as was originally supposed. Some progress toward the new building has actually been made through the mobilization of a building fund and the purchase of a new, centrally located building site. A conveniently arranged parsonage adjoining the building site has also been bought. The old parsonage is sold, but the old church edifice is still on the market. The financial matters connected with the acquirement of an adequate building have caused much anxiety, nevertheless the members are enthusiastic and refuse to lose heart. We believe that through the prayers and help of others our plans will soon materialize in a building that will meet present-day needs.

G. WETTER.

Nottingham Church, Cleveland

We are grateful to God for all the blessings of the past year. God has been good to us and has blessed the work. Souls have been saved and added to the church. We had the privilege to receive 19 new members on the first Sunday of the year. Our Sunday school, under the faithful leadership of Mr. Ewald and his staff, is making progress. The Junior Church, which is in charge of Mrs. Prill and her co-workers, is growing very rapidly. We praise God for the past and take new courage for the future.

J. H. A.

Offensive and Defensive

A salesman who traveled in the mountain district of Kentucky employed an intelligent colored man for a driver over roads that were impassable for an automobile. This driver was unusually skillful in the use of the whip. He could tap a fly on the horse's neck, pick off an apple from a tree, or snap a bloom from a plant. The salesman saw a hornet's nest down the road. "George," said the salesman, "see if you can cut down that hornet's nest."

George fixed his eyes on his employer. "Lemme tell you something," he said. "Flies and apples and hollyhocks is all right to play with, but hornets is different. They're an organization."—Christian Register.

Why He Gave a Million

The man who recently gave a million dollars to Ohio Wesleyan University was prompted to make his gift by the beautiful character of a neighbor's daughter who had graduated from that institution. Your life may not be so productive in dollars as was the life of this graduate, but you can be of untold service to the Kingdom if you try to pattern your life after the Christ from whom the Wesleyan girl caught her character.

The American Citizen

The man who looks up to nobody,
Who looks down on nobody,
But who looks straight into the eyes of
everybody.

—Thomas R. Marshall.

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The Baptist Herald

Do You Think?

THE head is the seat of the brain. The brain is the organ with which people think. That is, some people think, but many really act as if they had no thinking apparatus or never made much use of it. They muddle through, they blunder along, making all sorts of mistakes and getting into all sorts of difficulties, and if anything is said about it they reply, "I didn't think."

A boy at school was asked the question from the Westminster Catechism, "What is the chief end of man?" He did not know the catechism (his misfortune), so he replied, "I suppose the end with the head on." Which is very true. Yet this is the end that is very often left uncultivated. The average brain is naturally lazy and tends to take the line of least resistance. The one thing everybody thinks he can do and the one thing extremely few in fact can do, is think.

It does not follow that because some one we are with suddenly looks serious, hangs his head and stares that he is "thinking." Startling as it may seem, very few of us ever think—certainly not long at a time. This is partly true because we do not know how and partly because it is a too strenuous task. When one really thinks he does it by making a special effort and by being aware of it. Merely permitting a stream of thoughts to run through our mind is not thinking. The "thoughts" which rush through our minds are nothing more than evidences that we are alive.

Education Helps Thinking

TO think well, think hard and think correctly is a great achievement. This is the result of training. That is what schools are for. Education trains our ability to think. Education is to teach men and women how to think, not to make encyclopedias out of them, not to make them merely a bundle of facts when they graduate from school. It is to teach you to analyze, to think, to observe, to combine and bring things together, to make a real sentence out of life itself, to think fairly, to help you to know more about logic than rhetoric.

A little Polish girl of ten explained that an educated man was one "who does his thinks for himself, while an uneducated man gets some one to do them for him." If you do not learn to think in school your education has been a failure.

It is said that Louis Agassiz, the great Harvard naturalist, was accustomed to turn his students into a room with nothing but turtle or oyster shells on the table. They were given no instruction, but were told to study those shells and write down what they discovered. It was truly a heroic method of teach-

ing. The pupil who had learned how to use his brain as well as his eyes learned many things from the speechless shells. But many of them never learned anything at all because they had not learned how to think. They seemed to use their heads only for hat racks. What is your head being used for?

What a blessing if our schools could get hold of this and teach students how to think and to use all the faculties with which God has endowed them.

Other Aids to Thinking

THE commonest bar to correct thought, says Dr. Frank Crane, is egotism. One who is not anxious and willing to learn from anybody at any time, is hopeless. Genuine humility of mind is absolutely essential.

A good way to clear up a subject that is confused in your thought is to write down clearly and plainly the various things that occur to you about it; then go over your written sentences and see how much is truth and how much is fancy. To put away aimlessness and to begin to think with purpose, is to enter the ranks of the strong ones who are on the pathway of attainment. As the physically weak man can make himself strong by careful and patient training, so the man of weak thoughts can make them strong by exercising himself in right thinking.

During the lull that comes over a shop at midnight, a young Russian in America was seen reading a portion of Thucydides. When asked why he was reading, he replied: "I read him because he makes me think. He helps me to understand what is happening today."

"What good will that do you?"

Tapping his lathe, he said, "I can shape steel with this, and with this," holding out the book, "I can shape men."

Dr. Cortland Myers tells of a man he knows who said once that if his son was to be a mule driver, he would want him to have a good education. Another asked him what he meant by that. He said, "To make just as much difference as possible between him and the mule."

The power to think is what distinguishes man from the brute creation.

Thinking and Character

THE thoughts we have affect our character. All of us have experiences like those of the boy who looked upon the Great Stone Face. Unfortunately, however, we do not always chose the right kind of face to look upon. Our thoughts, whether expressed or kept to ourselves, affect our acts. We imagine, we do, we become. For this reason we

should be careful about the kind of thoughts we have, the kind we allow ourselves to think about. Good thoughts bear good fruit, bad thoughts bad fruit. We must be careful how we think, for as we think we live or die.

"You can't prevent the birds from flying over your head," we are told, "but you can prevent them from building nests in your hair." So it is with thoughts. We may not be able to prevent all kinds of thoughts from rushing through our minds, but we can prevent their remaining there. We can determine very largely what kind have the privilege of doing the rushing.

Why Thinking Matters Much

WHAT do you think about? Remember your thoughts, your dreams are patterns which you yourself are cutting by which you are to shape your life. Picture yourself and think of yourself as being what you would really like to be.

The Bible tells us, "As a man thinketh in his heart so is he." A man is literally what he thinks. His character is the complete sum of his thoughts. A noble and God-like character is not a thing of favor or chance but is the result of continued effort in right thinking, the effect of long-cherished association with God-like thought.

One good thought leads to another and makes it easier. Thoughts are like food for the mind. Whenever you feed it life-giving food it will thrive; whenever you feed it poison it will die. "Whatever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, **think** on these things" (Phil. 4:8).

You are born with the ability and capacity to think. Whether or not you do it rests with you. Your thoughts, yes even those that simply run through your mind, will eventually shape the kind of man or woman you will be.

In the armory of thought man forges the weapons by which he destroys himself; he also fashions the tools with which he builds for himself heavenly mansions of joy and strength and peace.

What you think matters a good deal.

Why He Failed

There's many an industrious man
Who never gets ahead,
Because he does not think or plan,
But trusts to luck instead.

He's not a slacker or a shirk,
This plodder in life's grind;
But though he always minds his work,
He never works his mind.

What Makes Life Valuable?

WM. E. SCHMITT

WE have often heard the expression: "He is worth his weight in gold." How much would a person weighing 165 pounds be worth if he were worth his weight in gold? At the present time an avoirdupois pound of gold is worth about \$301. A person weighing 165 pounds would be worth about \$49,665. Our lives, however, should be worth far more than any amount that can be stated in dollars and cents. We should strive to be of greater value than our actual weight in gold. A few ideas on "What makes Life Valuable" might be suggested:

A Clean Body

Scientists tell us: "We have more than 600 muscles in our bodies, and there are about 1000 miles of blood vessels with over 500 important arteries. In the 16 square feet of skin which covers the body there are more than two and a half million sweat glands. The lungs contain over seven million tiny cells similar to those of the honeycomb, and the nervous system contains about three billion nerve cells. What a wonderful machine is man! It is up to us to some extent, not only to keep this human machine in the best of running order, but also to keep it clean. How careful we should be not to defile this handiwork of God of which he says: "It is the temple of the Holy Ghost." If we fail to keep our bodies pure and clean, it will be said of us as was said of the clothes that hung swaying in the breeze at the side of a window: "Slightly soiled. Greatly reduced in price."

Pure Thoughts

The beneficial habit of creating thoughts that will help build up a useful Christian character should be formed early in life. Sinful, harmful, degrading thoughts should be barred from our minds. Thoughts are creative. We are constantly making conditions through our thoughts. A loving thought is a constructive force while a hateful thought is destructive. The one who thinks he is unfairly treated is treating himself unfairly. A wise old writer said: "The pleasantest things in the world are pleasant thoughts, and the great art of life is to have as many of them as possible." What you think about God and men determines to some extent your degree of health, happiness and prosperity. Your thoughts about God do not change God, but they have a mighty effect upon you. If you think loving thoughts about people, you will naturally become more loving. Hateful thoughts will make you sick and unhappy. You cannot "get even" with any one by thinking unkind thoughts about him. Such thoughts hurt you and greatly reduce your value. The only way to "get even" with any one is to think the best thoughts that you are able to think about him. You grow by raising the standards of your thoughts about God and man. "Hold fast to that which is good" can also be applied to

good thoughts, for they leave us almost as quickly as we have created them.

I thought a thought, but the thought I thought
Was not the thought I thought I thought;
And so I think—if again I think—
I'll write it down with pen and ink.

Kind Words

If we would have a valuable life we must strive to use only such words that will help ourselves and our fellow men. Words are the incarnation of thought, purpose and feeling and reveal the person. After all, words are living things. They represent a God-given gift to man. By our words we may lift up or tear down; bring life or death; give the world a high faith or a dark despair. Words of gossip, slander, false witness against one's neighbors, misrepresentations, deceptions and untruths should not be used by one who would set any value on his life.

If I knew that a word of mine,
A word not kind and true,
Might leave its trace on a loved one's face,
I'd never speak harshly, would you?

Solomon tells us: "A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver." Gold is the material from which most of the beautiful things are made. There are very few things more beautiful than the golden word. Gold is genuine, so our words should ring true. The Master Teacher said: "By thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned." We need often to pray with David: "Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips." And again: "Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my Redeemer."

Loving Deeds

In an Italian proverb we are told: "Happy is the man that does all the good he talks of." It is true: "It's Deeds, not Words that count." If our pure thoughts and our kind words are not followed up by loving deeds our life will fail to have the value it should have. Most folks in their youth look forward to the time when they will not need to work. The idea of retiring and taking life easy is very evident, but it should never take possession of the man who places any value on his life. We should begin early in life to perform loving deeds and continue until the end of our days. Benjamin Franklin said: "The noblest question in the world is: What good may I do in it?"

We meet many busy people in this world. Busy with the common things of life, but often times neglecting the things worth while. Christian service, loving deeds should come foremost in the life of a true follower of Christ. He said: "I must do the works of him who sent me while it is yet day, for the night cometh when no man can work."

Many years ago a South American firm purchased in the United States the first printing press that was sent down to that country. After it had been set up it was discovered that for some reason it would not work. No one in the employ of the company could

remedy the difficulty. A message was sent to the manufacturer, asking that some one be sent there who could fix it immediately. Realizing how important this matter was in connection with future sales in South America, the firm called in the man who had been most instrumental in making the machine, and asked him to undertake the trip. He was a young man and when he reached his destination, the company that purchased the press felt it did not dare to trust such an important job to a man so young. After a little conversation they told him they would do nothing in the matter until the next day. Immediately they sent another cablegram to this country saying: "The man you sent is too young, send us one more experienced." Back over the wire came this significant answer: "He made the machine. Let him fix it."

Christ will make our lives valuable.
St. Paul, Minn.

The Dangerous Hour

ROY L. SMITH

A CERTAIN young man had come down from the country to the big city to find a job.

Now his mother was a very wise woman who knew the way of the world and the heart of a boy. Being anxious for the welfare of her son she thought first of his most dangerous hours.

At the bottom of each letter she added a simple postscript—always the same, never omitted: "Son, what do you do with your spare time?"

That mother knew that more boys are ruined during their leisure than during their work. She knew that play can either make or damn a boy.

It is a terrible thing to have leisure and not know how to use it.

If American youth would spend one-half as much time in night schools as they spend in moving pictures, ours would be the best-educated nation in the world.

The same amount of time that is spent in joy rides, would, if invested in the mastery of one of the fine arts, make us the most cultured of all the nations in the world.

The average stenographer or shop girl could become the best-informed woman in her establishment if she spent as much time in the public library as she does over her own dressing table.

It is during play that we surrender to temptation. It is then that we let down the bars for the sake of a good time. It is then that we pay the highest price for our thrills.

Watch your leisure. Remember that anything that weakens will-power, makes vulgarity acceptable, or indecency tolerable, is absolutely wrong.

What do you do with your spare time?
* * *

A clear conscience and a clean record are invaluable possessions with which to close the day.
* * *

Life is a dark mystery until one knows Jesus, then it becomes a pathway on which the light shines.

Think
 It's a little thing to do,—
 Just to think
 Anyone, no matter who,
 Ought to think.
 Take a little time each day
 From the minutes thrown away,
 Spare it from your work or play,
 Stop and think!
 You will find that men who fail
 Do not think.
 Men who find themselves in jail
 Do not think!
 Half the trouble that we see,
 Troubles brewed for you and me,
 Probably would never be
 If we'd think!
 Shall we journey hit-or-miss,
 Or shall we think?
 Let's not go along by guess,
 But rather to ourselves confess,
 It would help us more or less
 If we'd THINK!

The Holiday Time at Folsomdale

For the first time in a number of years the residents around about our little white church, the Folsomdale Baptist Church, N. Y., were greeted by the voices of the young people in carol singing. Rev. Edward Stevener inaugurated a "Carol Fest," whereby the hearts of our shut-in brothers and sisters and friends had the joy of listening to the Savior's birth in sweet song. After visiting every shut-in within a radius of five miles, light lunch was served at the parsonage.

Attendance has not been up to par on account of the diphtheria quarantine; therefore we could not have any Christmas Program. We had instead a Watch Night Service. The choir rendered several numbers, the Quiet Hour Girls, newly organized under Mrs. Stevener, presented a playlet, "The Bright Sweater;" several children spoke, refreshments were served, after which the pastor spoke on "Reminiscences of the Past." Quite a few gave testimony of the Lord's good will and guidance during the past year.

EDWARD E. STEVENER.

Christmas Joys in Our Big Family in Chicago

We are over eighty in the Old People's Home and each one here had every reason to feel the truth of the song: "Joybells, joybells ringing in my heart."

Who set the joybells ringing? Of course we know the chief reason—it was the birthday of the Christ-child, the Savior of the world, and he was in our midst. It is so true wherever he has come to stay, real joy abides.

However, because this joy giver also dwells in the hearts of many others, our joy was increased, for gifts of love came to us from far and near.

Those near at hand who gave of time and talent, are the B. Y. P. U. of the Second German Baptist Church and the B. Y. P. U. of the First German Baptist Church—both of Chicago. The splendid programs presented by these organizations added much to the holiday festivities.

We wish that each one who gave so gladly and lovingly could at least have had a glimpse into our Home during the Christmas season. Had you been here you would have noticed a heavily laden mailman come to our door twice, yea sometimes thrice daily; and oh, the cards, letters, little parcels, big parcels, fat parcels, thin parcels that found their way to us, and how much joy they brought!

Anticipation reached its height on Christmas eve. Our dining-room had donned its holiday-dress. At every plate stood a quaint place-favor: charms dressed like little grandpas and grandmas and each in a different color. These gifts were made and sent by the Anna Judson Society of the Bethel Baptist Church of Buffalo, N. Y.

On every chair sat a real grandmother or grandfather with happy hearts and beaming eyes. A look into these glad faces would have repaid you for your kind remembrance of them.

Following the evening meal, the Christmas message was given in song by the young girls of the Deaconess and Girls Home. Very fitting remarks on "Love never faileth" were made by our president, Rev. C. A. Daniel. Good things are always better for being shared and we were glad to have the girls as our guests on this happy occasion.

The entire evening was full of joy. Gifts were given to each one and good wishes were exchanged on every hand. A well laden table, a bedecked tree and bright lights add to the Christmas joys, but the greatest joy was ours because the Light of the World was in our midst. The joy of his presence, which fadeth not.

The delicious dinner served on Christmas day was the result of a generous gift presented by the Oak Park Baptist Sunday school.

New friends were added to our list during the holidays. A very practical gift came to us from the Bluebird Club of Trenton, Ill., Baptist Church. We appreciate these handmade gifts as well as other donations. There is much to be grateful for.

The holidays are busy days, but they are happy days. Much planning and preparation is necessary for the success of the season, but all was well managed by the matron of our Home, Miss Ethel Hendricks. Of her it can indeed be said: "Truehearted, wholehearted, faithful and loyal." We are glad and thankful for all that every one of our friends did for us. May the New Year which has already been ushered in bring you God's richest blessing! is the wish of our entire family.

FRIEDA M. RIEKE.

Sunlight

Sunlight consists of seven distinct colors. Blended together they make pure white; separated by falling drops of water they form the beautiful rainbow.

The Christian character, composed of many virtues, is purity. It shows its beautiful colors when separated into useful deeds of a noble life.

Thanksgiving at Mount Zion

(Delayed report)

Thanksgiving time fills our hearts with a spirit of love and thankfulness. After Thanksgiving we as Christians often ask ourselves the question, "Did I spend Thanksgiving in a way acceptable to God?" The members of the B. Y. P. U. of the Mount Zion and Ebenezer Baptist churches, Kansas, I think can truthfully say Thanksgiving was spent in a way which served to glorify God's name.

On Thanksgiving Day we all arose with a spirit of thankfulness for the beautiful day in which our two societies were to worship in a joint Thanksgiving service.

Mount Zion being without a minister, Rev. Pauler was asked to conduct the morning service in both English and German.

The service was well attended. But owing to perverse circumstances the hour of opening became late. After the sermon the children of Mount Zion sang a song very appropriate to the occasion. The benediction was spoken and all assembled in the basement to partake of a bounteous Thanksgiving dinner.

The dinner was indeed a joyous hour and everyone felt equal to joyous outing to a beautiful spring near the Lutheran Camp. All enjoyed the sights until time arrived for a joint program of the societies.

The program rendered by Mount Zion consisted of a duet, two dialogues, two recitations and a song by the children.

The Ebenezer program consisted of a duet, a male chorus song, orchestra number, mixed choir song and a recitation.

A special feature was a contest essay on the subject "An Ideal Thanksgiving." The essays were written by Miss Zernichow of Mount Zion and Miss Eisele of Ebenezer.

Three judges were chosen and the decision, though very, very close was rendered in favor of Miss Zernichow.

At a late hour in the afternoon all returned to their homes with thankful hearts for the blessings of the day.

D. M. S.

Led By a Child

It may be many years before we shall become ministers or even deacons; yet many a Christian girl or boy has preached a sermon that guided some one to Jesus. The little son of a gentleman of high literary standing sat before the fire in his father's study one day, seemingly in deep thought. Suddenly looking into his father's face, he asked, "Papa, how old are you?" "Fifty-six, my son," was the reply. "How old was grandpa when he died?" "Sixty, I believe." "Well, papa, are you a Christian?" "I don't think I am, my son." "Hadh't you better become one now, dear papa? You haven't much time to wait before you will be as old as grandpa was when he died." The little fellow came close to his father and begged so earnestly, that the father was won by the little boy's pleadings, although he had never been reached by the most powerful sermons.—Selected,

The Sunday School

Goals of Advancement for Sunday Schools in 1927

Goal I—Evangelism

ALBERT BRETSCHNEIDER

During the next three months we shall all be thinking more or less of how we can win our boys and girls, our young men and young women, our friends and acquaintances to Jesus Christ. Our pastors will certainly be thinking along these lines. Our superintendents will be planning with the pastors to make some concerted effort to win the unconverted members of the Sunday school to God and the church and officers and teachers together ought to be praying for and speaking to their boys and girls urging them to accept Christ and to unite with the church.

The Winning of the Unconverted

of our Sunday schools to a definite personal acceptance of Jesus as Savior and a public acknowledgement of Christ as Lord culminating in baptism and union with the church ought certainly be the ultimate aim of every Baptist Sunday school.

There are, however, only too many schools that are losing the evangelistic goal altogether. It is true, of course, that teachers must first of all do the necessary preparatory work of imparting knowledge that may serve as a foundation for the spiritual life of boys and girls and a background for genuine religious experience. And they will also be imparting that especial knowledge which their boys and girls can immediately put to practice in their every-day life.

Week by week, too, they will endeavor to

Cultivate Certain Attitudes

in the life of their pupils, for so much in life depends on our attitudes toward life and in religion everything depends on our attitude toward God and our fellowmen. Teachers will, therefore, strive to cultivate the attitude of faith in young people, faith toward God as our heavenly Father and toward Jesus Christ as Savior and Lord. And they will seek to develop the attitude of worship together with the spirit of prayer. Loyalty toward God and home and church and country will not be forgotten and gratitude for all of God's manifold blessings. All of this will be done with loving concern on the part of the teacher for the spiritual enrichment of each individual member of the class.

But the teacher will look beyond all this for

Right Conduct

in the life of the pupil. For, unless the knowledge, that is imparted, finds expression in life, it becomes so much useless rubbish in the attic of our religious consciousness. Right habits must, there-

fore, also be developed, habits of prayer and Scripture reading and church going and giving and, likewise, habits of cleanliness in thought and speech as well as kindness of manner and chivalrousness of spirit.

But if, even though all this be done, the teacher fails to get the boy or girl definitely to commit himself or herself to Christ and unite with the church, then after all the ultimate aim of the Sunday school has been missed and the teacher's task only partially fulfilled.

It is, therefore, of vital importance that our teachers have the

Evangelistic Point of View

in their teaching and that they know how and when to make their appeal and how to move their pupils to decision to accept and follow Christ.

But many of our teachers do not really know how to win their boys and girls to Jesus. In a class of 80 teachers whom the writer had the privilege of teaching for two hours each evening for a week, 22 rated themselves according to George Herbert Betts' character chart in "How to Teach Religion." Almost without exception these teachers were exemplary Christians. But in studying their self-ratings I discovered certain facts which revealed a basic weakness in the work of the Sunday school. More than 50% of the teachers were inefficient in winning souls to Christ. Of the 22 who rated themselves one marked herself 100 in soul-winning, one 90, two marked themselves 80 and four marked themselves zero. The total average for power to win souls was 48.6%. These splendid teachers, of high moral character and for the most part devoted to their task, were, nevertheless, only 50% efficient in the major business for the Sunday school.

In scrutinizing these ratings still further I discovered that the four who had no power to win others to Christ had some

Moral Blemish

which they admitted incapacitated them for soul-winning. In marking themselves on "Triumph over sin" they confessed to "too frequent falling before temptation" and rated themselves at only 45% strong in resisting evil.

Another important fact also was manifest. Those who had little or no success in winning boys and girls to Christ had no warm prayer life. One did not pray at all; two prayed indifferently and seven without purpose or glow of soul.

From the above facts it seems to be clear that the goal of soul-winning ought to be put before our teachers and officers again and again. But not only so. They should also be given

Definite Instruction

as to how to do it. And they should be told again and again that unless their own spiritual life is rich and warm and

God near and real and their faith deep and pure, they cannot win others to Christ.

It would be a splendid thing, if, in our efforts to attain the evangelistic goal of the Sunday school, many of our pastors, superintendents and teachers would give up one evening each week for five weeks during the month of February and March and would make a careful study of Gage's little book on "The Evangelism of Youth" or Brown's book on "Plans for Sunday School Evangelism." If our Sunday schools will take this matter seriously and begin to plan and pray for a spiritual harvest and in addition will study at the feet of Jesus to learn how to win souls for him, then in a few months from now we will begin to hear from all churches what great things God hath wrought. May God grant every teacher the joy of having led at least one pupil to Christ.

Your secretary will be glad to give further information and to send literature if you will ask for it.

Memorizing the Primary Song

How little we realize how much repetition is necessary for the little child before a new song really becomes a part of him.

We who are teachers are prone to discard a song because we are tired of it when it is only partly memorized by the little ones. Children really enjoy our song service only when the songs are truly familiar to them. How clearly this comes home to us when we ask them to enter into the singing of a song most of them have known since babyhood. How joyfully they sing and how many times comes the request, "Sing it again."

Why not try fewer songs in our Beginners' and Primary Departments and use them frequently through both the departments, even though they may prove monotonous to teachers and superintendents. Our pupils will then have sweet song memories to carry with them and will not have occasion to reply, "I can't sing all of it," as they so many times do when mothers and fathers ask to hear their Sunday school songs.—Primary Teacher's Quarterly.

Write a Book

MARGERY ISABEL

Life is a book, write kind things in it, Doing your best each passing minute. Filling your mind and heart with truth In the wonderful chapter known as "Youth."

Setting the story, brief or long, To the melody sweet of love and song. Let duty done make the pages bright, And bind the story in gold and white. In spite of a few mistakes 'twill be A beautiful book for God to see.

* * *

When you find that you do not like to hear another praised, it is time to stop and ask yourself some questions,

Jessica of the Camerons

SYLVIA STEWART

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(Continuation)

Chapter XIII

CHRISTMAS "GOODFELLOWS"

The flutter and excitement of the Thanksgiving festivities were scarcely past when the Cameron children began to look forward to the coming Christmas holidays. This anniversary was now but two weeks distant, and the note of preparation for it had been sounded for some time. It was part of the unwritten law of the household that there were to be no "peekings" or questionings at this time, and the rule was strictly observed by all but Harry. With his faith in the good patron saint still unquestionably firm, and with encouragement from Don and Jessica, for the fun of it, there were sometimes absurd complications.

"What you makin', dranma?" he queried one evening, as grandma's fingers slid swiftly in and out of a somewhat shapeless tangle of bright wool. Bent on counting stitches at the time, Mrs. Keith answered abstractedly, "A pair of bedroom slippers, Harry, woolly ones, like Jessica's, to slip on at bedtime, you know."

"You goin' to wear 'em?"

"No, dear; I am going to send them to a friend of mine out in Kansas, for a Christmas present."

"You goin' to be Santy Taus, dranma?" pursued the small questioner, so earnestly that grandma suddenly waked up.

"Oh, bless you no, darling; but Santa is so busy this time of the year, and grandma's friend is grown up and has five little folks for Santa to look after, so I shall send her these slippers when I get them done, to tell her that I love her yet, and think of the things she likes. She was once a little girl who went to school to me, and I taught her to read and write." Noticing that Jessica was listening interestedly, she added, "This friend was very fond of pretty trifles when she was a girl, and her mother indulged her tastes in that direction as long as she was at home; but she is the wife of a ranchman now, with a number of little ones, and has but little leisure for making such things, and not any too much money to buy them."

The question of Santa Claus' personality seemed safely sidetracked for the time; but a few days later Jessica turned Harry's ideas topsy-turvy again, by a careless remark.

"Do you s'pose Santy Taus will bwing Jacky a Trismus present?" he asked, as the two sat together in the garage, where Jackie had his winter quarters, watching him enjoy a dish of bread and milk.

"We'll have to get him some lettuce at the hothouse," answered his sister, "and give him some extra fine cabbage leaves. Maybe we might dig down under the snow, and find him some grass that is not quite spoiled yet."

"Why don't Santy Taus bwing him dust what he wants?" insisted the child, "Mamma says he always knows."

"Maybe he will," responded Jessica, catching him in her arms, and bestowing a kiss on the red lips. "What would you like him to bring you, Muggins?"

"Anuvver Jill," come the prompt reply. Harry's heart had been sore since the chilly November morning when the children, coming to the garage to feed their pets, had found Lady Jill unresponsive to their morning greetings, two baby bunnies, also still and cold, nestled against her soft fur.

"They're sure all gone to rabbit-heaven," Don had murmured softly, and had gone hastily away to make arrangements for their burial. That had been a month before, and papa had predicted the same dire fate for Jackie before the winter was past, but though he seemed lonely without his mate he was still thriving.

Donald had transferred his claim in the rabbit to Harry at once, for his small brother's grief was pitiable to witness. If tender care could avail, Jackie seemed likely to survive to welcome the spring. No little animal could receive more careful attention than Donald bestowed on Harry's pet, and his kindness was having its effect in the added devotion of the child to his older brother.

"I wote a letter ton Santy Taus, and papa put it in the post office, to have him bwing me a mate for Jackie," continued the little boy.

"I don't believe it will do any good, Harry boy, for Santa Claus could hardly find a jack rabbit this time of year. Grandma got yours in the summertime you know."

"But he might buy one somewhere."

"I am afraid not. Papa would buy you one for Christmas, if he could get it, and not wait for Santa Claus to bring it."

This remark evidently set a new train of thought in motion in Harry's active mind.

"Mamma," he asked, later, as he watched his mother run up the seams in his new flannel sleeping-bag, "does Santy Taus bwing everybody evwything they want?"

"Bless you no, Harry! He couldn't do that, if he had twice as much money and time for Christmas gifts. Why?"

"Cause I asted Don what he wanted Santy to bwing him, and he said a dreat big book of picers of houses, that's down town—but 'bones' of houses, like Don makes when he draws. He said he wanted that worse'n anyfing; and I thought if Santy Taus didn't know about it you might take the pennies from my bank and det it for him."

Mrs. Cameron's eyes beamed a world of mother-love on the upturned face, but she only answered, quietly, "I thought you wanted those pennies to get some new tin soldiers, Harry."

"I did, but I'd ravver Don'd have 'em for a book of house picers."

His mother bent and kissed him.

"You are a dear, kind boy, Harry, to think of Don; but I think Santa will bring him the book he wants without your pennies having to go for it."

"Oh, I fordod!" he exclaimed. "Don told me not to tell anybody. I'm sorry I fordod!"

"Never mind," comforted mamma. "I won't tell anybody you told, and we'll try to get word to Santa Claus about it before Christmas." And Harry went away to his play to reflect seriously on this last statement.

"What do you suppose you have put us Helping Handers up to doing now, you blessed grandmother?" asked Jessica that night as she toasted her feet at grandmother's fire before hopping into bed.

"Nothing wrong, I hope, or nothing you do not wish to do," in a tone of mock anxiety. "May I be enlightened?"

"You are making us forget ourselves again, as you did when we gave up a matinee and a painting lesson to sew for your Italians," laughed Jessica.

"You might do a great deal of that sort of 'forgetting yourselves,'" replied Mrs. Keith, seriously, "without injury to your moral well-being. Will you explain?"

"Well, we talked it over at Marjorie's last night, and we have agreed not to get a single Christmas present this year for any one outside of our own folks; and, with the money we save that way, to get some really needy person the thing we think she would like best or need most."

"But where do I and the 'making' part come in?"

"Why, you see," she said, flushing shyly, "I was telling the girls about those slippers you were making for that friend who likes things so well, but cannot have them easily. And then we talked, and concluded we would try this plan. Do you like it, gramsie?"

"I think it is a charming one," she answered, earnestly, "and I am proud to have been, even indirectly, the moving spirit of the thought."

"I have often wondered why well-to-do people bestow such expensive gifts on their friends and acquaintances at the holiday season, and, as often, ignore altogether the claims of the poor and needy who should be remembered at this time. My Helping Handers will love each other just as much for this mutual self-sacrifice, and when you reflect that your efforts have made ten other people happy, you will not regret this change in your usual Christmas plan. It is not a new one to me, but is being followed more and more by sensible people who see the folly of extensive present-giving. Then, too, you will no doubt find much pleasure in securing a suitable 'subject' for your Christmas remembrance, and in finding one who will doubtless find more. Have you any one in view?"

Jessica hesitated a moment, then answered, "Yes, gramsie, I have. It is that old lady Jamison who lives in the block just east of us. I know her daughter that she lives with gives her everything she needs; but the other day, when I was coming home from Margie's, I had a couple of hothouse roses which Margie had slipped from the dining-room (they had had a swell guest for dinner), and as I came past Mrs. Jamison's she was sitting in the window, and she looked so longingly at my roses that I ran in and gave them to her.

February 1, 1927

"She cried, gramsie, she actually did, and then she laughed a little. She said she loved flowers, especially roses; but her daughter didn't care for flowers around to muss up the house, and her rheumatism didn't let her get out much, and so she seldom saw any. I would like to carry her a whole bunch of American Beauties Christmas morning, just for her to look at until they spoil. Would that be a silly thing to do? I have two dollars for my special 'subject,' as you called her. That would pay quite a few, wouldn't it?"

"With a small reinforcement from gramsie's purse, it will buy enough to make a flower-loving woman's Christmas a very happy one," was the satisfactory reply.

This would be Mrs. Keith's first Christmas with her daughter since her marriage. Her presence and merry good humor lent an unusual zest to the preparations for the coming anniversary, and her suggestions and advice were in demand by every member of the family; her many "experiences" enabling her to be of infinite service.

She had brought with her a photograph of a rustic bridge near Mrs. Cameron's early home in Kansas; and with her assistance Jessica was making a very creditable copy of it in water color for her mother's Christmas gift. The young artist had spared no pains to deserve the extra time she had given to her art work by close attention to her lessons at their appointed hours; and when her school report came in at the end of the second quarter it was a surprise to everyone but grandmother, who had seen much of the girl student's efforts, and had aided them so intelligently that Jessica's gratitude was unbounded.

She slipped the report into her papa's hand after the family had gone to the library for the evening, the day it was received. He looked it over carefully, then turned to her with much show of indignation.

"I have already received an intimation that you have astonished your family by bringing home a report without a 'medium' on it. May I inquire what you mean by robbing your brother of his prestige in the matter of reports, in such an outspoken—no, overwritten—fashion? I shall see that his wounded feelings are soothed by a double portion of Christmas turkey. As for you, I think that your name should be cancelled on all Santa Claus' orders for such an unheard-of proceeding."

There was a suspicious brightness in papa's eyes as he returned the card, and Jessica saw, as she had not seen before, how much interested he was in her advancement, and how proud of her recent progress in her studies.

"You should give grandmother the credit, papa," put in Donald. "She has kept at the 'family half-wit' (Jessica had given herself this name) from rosy morn to dewy eve, with the same old text, 'Get knowledge, and with all thy wisdom get understanding,' or words to that effect, until even a rock would have absorbed instruction!"

"The seed was sown in good ground," affirmed grandmother, "and if I read the signs aright no one is more delighted than 'the family bookworm,' (this was Jessica's nickname for her brother) that he is obliged to look sharply this winter to his educational laurels."

Donald bowed gravely in grandmother's direction.

"Thank you crediting me with such a generous disposition! I will confess that the reflections cast on the family occasionally by the low rating, educationally speaking, of one of its members have been more or less painful to some of her more ambitious relatives; and this marked improvement is—is—mother, will you please hand me that eraser?"

"Well," rejoined Mr. Cameron, when the laugh had subsided, "I am loth to change the subject, but I have been expecting for several days to be held up for Christmas funds—donations, if you prefer—and I have concluded to invite the fatal blow. How much will it require this year, Jessica, to remember the dear five hundred friends? I need scarcely add that in the light of the recent rise of educational stock I am inclined to be extremely liberal."

Jessica laughed gaily at her father's comments.

"I am making all my Christmas gifts this year, papa. I have them nearly all done already, so I will not need money to buy with."

"Making them? And don't 'makings' cost anything?"

"Not nearly so much as 'buyings,'" returned Jessica, demurely. "Then, too, as Don and I have not been attending many entertainments this fall, we have saved quite a good deal of our allowance," with a roguish look at her brother, who grinned responsively.

Mr. Cameron whistled softly.

"My son notified me some time ago that he would not require his usual 'hand-out,' for goodness knows what reason. 'Making his own,' too, I presume. My family is a continual surprise to me. Mother, I am inclined to lay much of this irregularity of action at your door. It seems to be more pronounced this year than usual. I notice, also, that my daughter has caught the contagion of your excessive industry. Have you been giving her a few lessons in Scotch thrift, also, and the conservation of time, as well as 'readin', 'ritin', and 'rithmetic'?" This he said as he watched Jessica's slim fingers shaping the cover of a gaily colored worsted ball intended for Harry's Christmas stocking.

"According to the latest advices your son and daughter have, all unknowingly, joined the Royal Order of Goodfellows," answered his mother. "This necessitates a change in their usual Christmas pro-

gram, which may be something of a disappointment to their intimate friends, but which is a favorable one for your purse and their own holiday happiness."

The entire family looked somewhat mystified.

"Who or what is 'The Royal Order of Goodfellows,' gramsie?" asked Jessica, presently. "If we belong to a secret society we want to know it, don't we, Don?"

"False accusation!" declared Donald, concisely.

"In a large city out West," continued Mrs. Keith, "there has been for several years an organization of well-to-do business men, calling themselves 'Goodfellows,' who make it a point to hunt up some particularly needy or deserving person or families, and see to it individually that their needs are supplied at the holiday season. The number of Goodfellows has yearly grown larger, and last year they co-operated with the mayor and the donations ran into the thousands of dollars. The motor cars of wealthy men, with the owners themselves as chauffeurs, dispensed this holiday cheer in many instances, and several hundred families were made happy and comfortable at the Christmas season. Clothing, provisions, and toys were carried to the homes, and it was the proud boast of the city, after Christmas had passed, that, so far as known, not one poor or destitute person in the city had been overlooked."

"That would be a good scheme to set in motion on a small scale in our office," said Mr. Cameron thoughtfully. "I have in mind one subject, already. Meyers, our janitor, had his foot crushed early in the fall, by a box of castings. As he has quite a family, and his wife had been sick, we have made up among the office force several little purses which we have had some trouble in getting him to accept. He is about again, now, with the aid of a crutch, and with the help of his oldest boy is again on the job. But if you are chief of this royal order, mother, as I imagine you are, I think I must take you down to the Meyers' home some morning, to find out just what is the best Christmas help we could offer. They are both too proud to accept help at any other time, without protest."

"If your office force is half as enthusiastic in the matter of giving as Jessica's club was in the case of the 'Mafia,' it will give me much pleasure to assist in pulling the strings for their Christmas cheer," replied the mother.

"As my family is so independent this year in the matter of finances, I can be unusually generous myself, in the way of outside donations; and as our office force numbers about twenty, I think I can assure you liberal contributions. This will give you and the motor a job on Christmas eve, Don," he added, "as chief dispenser of the—What did you call them, mother?—Goodfellows?"

"That will be O. K.," agreed Donald, "if I can dump the stuff outside, toot my horn, and fly. Since Thanksgiving eve I draw the line at delivering my bounty, or anyone else's for that matter, inside the door and waiting for thanks to be returned for it."

"By the way, with the janitor's case disposed of, what are we to do for our Italian band in the way of Christmas cheer?" inquired mamma. "Or shall we rest on our laurels so far as they are concerned, and leave them to chance and the tender charity of the Mission Sunday School?"

"The word 'charity' was forbidden by grandmother long ago in connection with our Italians," remarked Jessica. "We had a special meeting of the club after school last night to consider this very question. We decided we must do something, but did not make up our minds exactly what."

"I think we ought to put them up a Christmas tree," declared Don. "Nothing on it but goodies and pretties and knick-knacks—just a small one—so they won't begin to think that everything we do for them is plain charity."

"That is a good idea, Don, and one that would be easy to carry out," agreed Mrs. Keith. "It can be made ready two or three days beforehand, and set aside, so we would not be so crowded with work at the last minute. Why not use your club evening for decorating? You might propose it to the others tomorrow, Jessica, and be sure to give the boy 'Goodfellows' a hand in the game."

Saturday morning Mrs. Keith presented herself at the breakfast table in street costume.

"Is not this the morning we are to interview the janitor's lady, to ascertain her Christmas needs?" she inquired.

"I declare, I had forgotten all about Meyers!" exclaimed Mr. Cameron. I spoke to a number of the force about him, however, and they are ready to be at least accessory to the 'Goodfellow' stunt. Donald, you may take grandmother and me down in the car, and then you can use it afterward for your shopping, if you wish."

The morning was a perfect one, crisp and sharp, but sunny; and there were so many errands that Donald and the motor were kept busy until luncheon time.

Before their return home Mrs. Keith made her report at the office—not a very cheerful one, however—and the interest it awakened among the office workers showed that the Christmas spirit had infected even the business houses.

"They seem to be fairly well supplied with clothing, except shoes," she reported, "but they are short on bedding, and have but little ahead in the house to eat. It seems Mrs. Meyers was sick in fruit season, and failed to secure her winter fruit as usual. As he has not been at work until recently they have had little to buy provisions with."

Business was suspended for a few precious minutes, and it was arranged that a donation of canned fruit should be gathered from the homes of the force, and a collection taken to buy several pairs of warm blankets. Arrangements were made to have the supplies brought to the office the day preceding Christmas, and there was almost a strife among the employees as to who should deliver the goods.

Much to Don's delight, the matter of delivery was finally left to him and his boy friends on the avenue. Before the arrival of the appointed time, such an accumulation of necessities had been donated for the janitor there was scarcely room for all in the motor car.

(To be continued)

New Books

(Order all books through German Baptist Publication Society, Cleveland, O.)

Bible Object Book. By Clarence H. Woolston, D. D. Publishers, The Judson Press. 263 pages. \$1.75.

No one is so eminently fitted to write a book of this nature as Dr. Woolston, who in his ministry of more than 30 years in the East Baptist church of Philadelphia has made children's meetings a specialty. As Homer Rodeheaver says in his introduction: "His new methods of reaching children and adults through their eyes has given him the highest place among gospel illustrators." There are 61 object lessons in the book, different from the usual run offered in similar works, and they are written in plain English and in common words. They aim to fill the eye as well as the ear. This is an invaluable book that offers many suggestions to the Junior church leaders, to pastors for children's sermons, to teachers and superintendents of Bible schools.

Can We Believe? By Frank M. Goodchild, D. D. Publishers, F. H. Revell Company, New York. 187 pages. \$1.50.

This popular discussion of fundamental Christian truths is by the doughty and stalwart champion, who was for many years pastor of the Central Baptist church, New York City, and who now writes the Fundamentalist page in the "Watchman-Examiner" from week to week. The chapters of this book were in substance first delivered as sermons and have also been given as addresses at various Bible Conferences. Dr. Goodchild discusses such questions as Can we Believe in God? In the Bible? In the Virgin Birth? Deity of Christ? Miracles? Atonement, Resurrection of Christ, Future Life? etc. The spoken style, which is adhered to, is popular, permeated with Scripture, illuminated by apt illustrations and incidents and makes good reading, bracing and stimulating to one's faith. We gladly commend this book.

Things That Matter Most. By John Milton Moore, D. D. Publishers, The Judson Press, Philadelphia. 121 pages. \$1.25.

Dr. Moore is a well-known figure in Baptist circles, his last pastorate being at the Marcy Ave. Baptist Church, Brooklyn, from whence he goes to the Federal Council of Churches as one of their secretaries. Most of the material in this book was presented to the public in the form of radio sermons. While Dr. Moore believes nothing pertaining to the Christian religion to be insignificant, he holds there are major matters that ought to receive major emphasis. With these he

would deal in this book. Some of the chapters are, "Civilization's Balance sheet;" "The Religious Basis of Social Work;" "Religion as Service;" "Fellowship First," etc. Dr. Moore enumerates the triumphs of civilization but show us there are also distinct offsets to these seeming great gains. There is no profit in bigness and speed if goodness and guidance are lacking. Efficient spiritual life is the only solution of every social problem. The author's modernistic position crops out rather discordantly in spots but aside from that the discriminating reader will find an earnest attempt made to apply the principles of Jesus to the social problems of our time. One of the best chapters is the one: "When you pray, say 'Father.'"

Illustrative Anecdotes for Preachers, Sunday School Teachers and the Family Circle. By Henry M. Tyndall, S. T. D., Pastor of the People's Tabernacle, New York City. Published by the author, 56 E. 102nd St., New York City. 616 pages. \$2.50.

This is one of the largest and best collections of anecdotes and telling religious stories that has come to our notice. There are 1229 such in this large, well-printed book. The author has spent thirty years gathering the best stories. It affords valuable material for the presentation of Gospel truth. A good topical index as well as a Scripture text index enhances the value of the book. The wide ranges of subjects covered will be a great help to the sermonizer and wisely used will brighten up the teaching of the Sunday school worker. We wonder that a book like this of good size and contents of value can be offered at the price. Real value for the money. A. P. MIHM.

The Urbanite

He fights for the privilege of being packed into subway, elevated and street cars like a lowly sardine.

He battles with the best of them for six square inches in office-building elevators.

He juggles his own tray of food in restaurants and eats it standing up.

He walks up five flights of stairs to his miniature apartment.

He is sore all over at night because of jostling crowds.

He is manhandled trying to get into theaters and ball parks.

He is bulldozed and robbed by taxi drivers.

But—

When he sees a picture of a farm, with endless stretches of rolling ground and a well-fed family in the foreground, pity wells up in his heart.

"The poor hicks," he sighs. "What a life they must lead!"—Robert Hage.

* * *

"Most Americans trust in God; you can tell that by the way they drive."

* * *

The triumphs of faith are man's real achievements.

Christmas in the Children's Home

Do you believe in Santa Claus? If not, you must come and spend one Christmas in the Children's Home in St. Joseph to have your faith in the kind old saint re-established. And do you know, I have a strong suspicion that Santa Claus is a Baptist or at least has Baptist leanings from the way he treated this Home. He honored us with personal visits, employed a whole host of special messengers, and chartered Uncle Sam's mail service and the American Express Company besides. Oh yes, he's real and just as good as they say he is, any of our children will tell you so.

It was a novel and interesting experience to spend the month of December in the Baptist Children's Home and be invited to all the mysteries that fall to the lot of Santa Claus' privileged helpers in such a place. Perhaps I should explain how this came about. It was in November, quite a while before Thanksgiving, that "Mamma Steiger," the efficient house-mother, began to feel the inevitable results of continual overdoing. She did not recover her strength, in fact she lost ground as soon as she attempted to attend to her duties again, and the doctor advised as complete a rest as possible. I have been living in St. Joseph with my children after Mr. Smith went back to the foreign mission field and the local board engaged me to assume the role of matron's assistant pro tem., till such a time as my sister should be fully recovered and able to continue her work. I took up my job early in the month and was soon plunged into this fascinating business Santa Claus must perforce entrust to willing assistance. Boxes and parcels and letters with cash and checks began to arrive at once and kept us busy from early till late with the happy task of unpacking, sorting, putting away and then writing letters to the senders. Often there was only time for a hasty note, perhaps just to let the good friends know their gifts had been received. If we could not then write as fully and appreciatively as you deserved, please let this report mean to you an expression of personal and heartiest thanks for all you have done to bring Christmas cheer to this Home.

From all I have heard, this year seems to have been one of the best in regard to the gifts sent and the needs met. Several boxes came with individual gifts for each child, beautifully done up. Our house needs were not overlooked in this cold weather as several friends sent woolen blankets and comforts, also towels for bathroom and kitchen. Then just as our Thanksgiving supply of chicken and meat was exhausted came the first Christmas boxes, and with careful planning, we had enough to last through the month. Candy too came in abundance in all grades and kinds, cookies, nuts, oranges and apples arrived from far and near. Another very special treat for all the children was a gift for the library of about thirty new books by popular authors. Mr. Stock of this city again stocked us up with stockings.



Sunday morning congregation in front of chapel in mountain station of Kityang field

On Christmas Eve our children took part in the cantata given by the local Sunday school, while the older ones put the finishing touches on the Home's Christmas trees. Our Christmas dinner was in every detail as fine as the Thanksgiving feast, which was described in this page some weeks ago. The afternoon sped quickly and everybody was ready to rush to the dining-room when the assembly bell rang at four P. M. After singing an appropriate hymn and hearing the wonderful and always new story of the nativity once again, the big tree was lighted and a loud peal at the door bell announced the arrival of Santa Claus on his last and most important round. He was loaded down heavily with any number of gifts for each child and oranges and candy as well. With some help all the things were distributed and the jubilation began with the opening of the parcels. For once, supreme disorder reigned in that immaculate dining-room. Everybody was happy trying out all the new gifts at once and Santa Claus himself was glad to beat a retreat from that racket and confusion. It was a wonderful Christmas everybody agreed, but to the grownups there is consolation in the thought that "Christmas comes but once a year."

HULDA K. SMITH.

If the Birds Should Quit

A French naturalist has estimated that if the birds were all to disappear, man could live on the earth only nine years. For without the birds, all plants and trees and vegetables would disappear; the worms and bugs would eat them root and branches. When that happened, the cattle and the sheep would not have enough to eat and they would all die. So man, deprived of all the other things he had long been in the habit of eating, would have to live on fish, which would be very bad for him.

* * *

There is no comfort like that which comes from comforting others.

Which Is Your Town?

Abraham of the dusky face and crinkled white hair was ninety years old. For years he had been a familiar sight around the railroad station, picking up odd dimes and nickels, carrying luggage and doing errands.

One day, after a heavy snow, the west-bound express stopped at the station, and the passengers, warned of a long wait, left the cars to stretch their legs. One of them spoke to Abraham.

"What community is this, uncle?" he asked.

Old Abraham scratched his woolly head.

"What am a community, mister?"

"A community," said the stranger with a smile, "is a town or village where folks are sociable, where everybody knows everybody else, where people are made welcome, where the boys and girls and men and women get together for enjoyment and recreation."

Old Abraham solemnly shook his head. "Ah guess dis heah ain't no community," he said. "Dis heah am jest a place."—Dorothy H. Ernst.

It Is Fatal

In one of Guido Verbeck's notebooks is jotted down the following illustration: An owl perched on a high roof. Two men were to kill or knock it down. To make sure, one of them was to shoot an arrow from one side of the house, while the other was to throw a big stone from the opposite side. Result: the stone killed the archer, and the arrow killed the stone thrower; but the owl sat still and winked its eyes.

This is another way of saying that when a man tries to undermine the reputation of another, he harms his own character. Meanness always reacts. We cannot even think ill of another without deepening the furrows of evil in our own minds and hearts. Stone-throwing is fatal to the spiritual life.



Language students eating Chinese food with their teachers

A Mission Revolution in South China

EMANUEL H. GIETD

In reviewing the chief difficulties encountered in the evangelization of China I pointed out that the unavoidable foreign character of Christianity was a serious handicap in its propaganda. To overcome this obstacle, we as a mission had been agonizing for years over the problem of how to transfer an increasing amount of authority and responsibility in mission work to our Chinese co-workers. But we found ourselves very much in the frame of mind of the young lady who was trying to learn how to dive. There she stood on a rock about two feet above the water, everlastingly taking the position of the diver but always hesitating to hop off. And the more she hesitated the more she became afraid to let go, until finally she slipped and just fell into the water. Our South China Mission was also preparing to dive off into the mild adventure of giving the Chinese Convention a more direct share in the administration of our mission work, when, in the midst of our hesitation, the foundation simply slipped out from beneath our feet and we launched off on a much more radical enterprise than the boldest amongst us had ventured to dream of.

God Manifest in the Storm

It may be true in individual experience that God is not always in the storm, and the earthquake, and the fire, but it is certainly true in the larger experience of mankind that God is just as manifest in storm, earthquake and fire as he is in the still small voice. Nor has the latter been lacking; we believe that God has been speaking to the people in China, and they have heard his voice. Tennyson has well said:

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new;
And God fulfills himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world."

And so it happened that when the storm of resentment, ushered in by the Shanghai shooting affair (May 30, 1925), fanned the fire of anti-foreign and anti-Christian agitation, and the earthquake of awakening national consciousness shook the very foundations of our mission work in China, that indigenous Christianity was born in South China.

When that storm swept the fire of anti-foreign and anti-Christian feeling over hitherto tranquil China, the missionaries—with the possible exception of those from Great Britain—were not the first to be attacked or persecuted. They were our Chinese co-workers, the teachers and leaders in our Christian schools and churches who were first singled out for intense persecution, intense because humiliating. They were called the hunting dogs and slaves of the foreign imperialists. They were

Denounced as Unpatriotic

and they were charged with detaching themselves from their fellow countrymen and selling their country for foreign gold. It will be difficult, if not impossible, for most readers to appreciate the sting in those denunciations and charges. The Chinese are a proud race, and our Baptist teachers and leaders certainly not less self-respecting than their non-Christian brethren. On the contrary, just because of their Christian training they were keenly sensitive to those unjust charges.

It was therefore but little surprising to most of us missionaries, when, true to their Baptist training, those young leaders of our schools and churches rose to the occasion and asserted themselves. "No," they said, "we are not unpatriotic; we are not the hunting dogs of the foreign imperialists; we are not selling our souls for foreign gold; and we are going to prove it to the world!" Accordingly, when our South China Baptists met in annual convention on July 14, 1925, we had a revolution on our hands. One of the first things they did was to

Declare Their Independence

of our American mission society. But most of us welcomed this declaration of independence with rejoicing. We felt that, as loyal Christians, our Chinese brethren could not have done otherwise. In fact, it was eloquent testimony to the good foundations laid by the missionaries, whose work was now coming to fruition.

The same convention then proceeded to reorganize our entire mission work in accordance with Chinese genius for uniformity and symmetry. All work of the Convention was placed under five boards, namely, evangelistic, educational, finance, philanthropic, and social service. Each board has an average of thirteen members, some more, some less, elected by the Convention. The sixty-five members of those five boards constitute the Council, which functions for the Convention. At the same time fifteen missionaries were elected by the Convention and added to the five boards as advisors only without power to vote. An Executive Committee, made up of the chairmen of the five boards and four members elected at large, functions between sessions of the Council. For the sake of uniformity the Convention recommended the same form of organization for the several co-operating Associations, and at the time of their annual meetings in the autumn, the five associations speaking the Swatow dialect adopted an exact miniature of the Convention organization. They also elected the local missionaries as advisory members of the several association boards.

We Gave Them a Free Hand

in the allotment of all mission funds to the churches and institutions of each association, and they in turn availed themselves of whatever information and advice the missionaries could give. In no wise were we ignored. Nor were our Chinese brethren inexperienced in these matters. For some years prior to the new regime each association had a committee of from five to seven men assisting the missionaries in the administration of their fields, as well as in the allotment of mission funds, and in recent years the latter was done chiefly by those committees.

It should not be assumed, however, that the movement for autonomy in South China is proceeding without encountering any difficulties. Such has not been the fate of any movement of its kind in history, and

The Indigenous Baptist Church

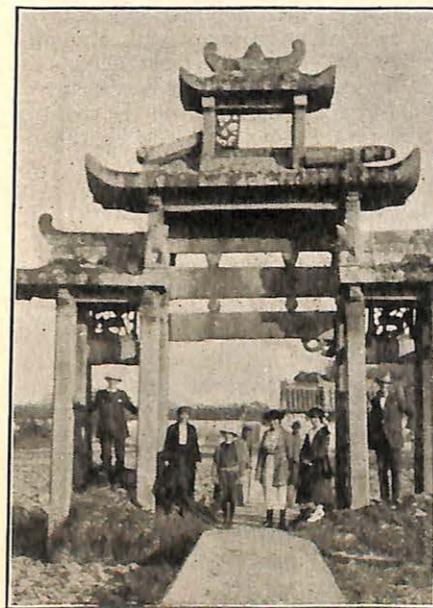
in South China is no exception to the rule. But, on the whole, the new organization has thus far functioned efficiently and without any serious friction. During its first year the movement was handicapped for lack of a full-time convention secretary. At the first regular meeting of the Council in August, 1925, Mr. K. I. Tai (now Ph. D.), who studied in America four or five years, was elected Convention Secretary, while Mr. H. C. Ling, likewise pursuing studies in America, was elected Evangelistic Secretary of the

Convention. Doctor Tai returned to China in March of this year, and Mr. Ling, who received the degrees of B. D. and M. A. from American schools, followed him later in the summer. With these two specially trained men and a strong force of capable men (many of them graduates of mission colleges in China) in the schools and churches giving their lives to the task of establishing the kingdom of God in South China, we are justified in having absolute confidence in the success of the movement.

In my last article I named as one of the difficulties in reaching the better classes with the Gospel message the lowly character of our inland churches and their preachers, and I added that this condition was rapidly changing because of progress in education in general and in Christian education in particular. Now, lest the preceding paragraph should lead some to conclude that we are beginning to have college trained preachers in our Chinese churches, I hasten to correct such an impression. Although we now have a considerable number of college trained men in Swatow Academy, Kaying Academy, and Swatow Christian Institute, we are still a very long way from having even full high-school and seminary trained men in the ministry. But

The Standard is Constantly Rising

and with the aid of Convention heads like Dr. Tai and Mr. Ling, as well as of splendid Christian teachers in the schools, it is obvious that the new organization, freed largely from the taint of foreignism, can make a much more effective appeal to the intellectual classes, in fact to all classes. The type of leaders of whom we now have a considerable number can approach the people sympathetically by assuring them that they are quite in harmony with China's nationalistic movement and that they are just as eager as anybody else to rid China of "foreign imperialism," "foreign exploitation," "unequal treaties," etc. At the same time



Memorial arch at Kityang

they can firmly assert their faith in Christianity as the only power on earth to save and transform China, provided it becomes an indigenous and widespread religion. They can do more than all the missionaries together to

Remove Prejudice Against Christianity

and win the confidence of just the kind people we need so much in our churches. They can frankly say: "We know that we have in Christianity the remedy for China's ills, but we do not believe in slavishly accepting the foreigner's interpretation and application of Christianity. We are confident that we can do that better for ourselves. But in order to dispense with the missionaries and to accomplish the task of making Christianity indigenous in China we need you. Whether you know it or not you need the Christian religion. We know that we are selling the article you need, that China needs, and you have the means to make the article available to every man, woman and child in the country. Won't you come in and share this great enterprise with us?"

Meanwhile there is still need for the missionaries to work quietly and tactfully behind the scenes. We may no longer hold the steering wheel nor fill the office of chief engineer, but we stand by ready to help with friendly counsel and loving service as the King's business in a foreign land may have need of us. There is work enough and to spare for both native and foreign Christians, and relief from administrative burdens has only freed us for more intensive evangelistic efforts. May we be found equal to the task!

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What Is Sin?

We know in a kind of theological way something of the meaning of sin. Even more clearly we know from a look into our own hearts the significance of evil. And yet how few of us have any conception of the heinousness and the deadliness and the corruption of sin!

It is the one thing which alienates men from God. It alone is responsible for the expulsion of our first parents from the garden of Eden. Upon it we must lay responsibility for bringing upon us death and all our woe.

There is much in the Bible about sin. A writer in the "Sunday School Times" some years ago made a word study of the original Greek in order to get a Scriptural answer to the question "What is sin?" Here are twenty definitions:

1. Sin is failure. (Romans 6:1.)
2. Sin is ungodliness. (Romans 1:18.)
3. Sin is lawlessness. (1 John 3:4.)
4. Sin is unrighteousness. (Romans 1:18.)
5. Sin is heedlessness. (Romans 5:19.)
6. Sin is transgression. (Romans 2:23.)
7. Sin is lapse. (Matthew 6:14.)
8. Sin is ignorance. (Hebrews 9:7.)

Daily Scripture Portion

Bible Readers Course

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

JANUARY.		FEBRUARY.	
Joshua.		St. Luke.	
1	1. 1-18	1	1. 1-17
2S	2. 1-14	2	1. 18-33
3	2. 15-24	3	1. 46-54
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
8S	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	14. 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
Psalms.		21	7. 36-50
23S	78. 1-16	22	8. 1-15
24	78. 17-35	23	8. 16-25
25	78. 36-54	24	8. 26-39
26	78. 55-72	25	8. 40-56
27	79. 1-13	26	9. 1-11
28	80. 1-19		
29	81. 1-16	27S	9. 12-22
30S	84. 1-12	28	9. 23-36
31	85. 1-13		

(By Courtesy of the Scripture Union)

9. Sin is loss. (Romans 11:12; 1 Corinthians 6:7.)
 10. Sin is debt. (Matthew 6:12.)
 11. Sin is worthlessness. (John 3:20.)
 12. Sin is impurity. (Romans 1:24; 1 Timothy 1:9.)
 13. Sin is depravity. (Romans 1:29.)
 14. Sin is wickedness. (Romans 6:19.)
 15. Sin is selfishness. (Romans 1:29.)
 16. Sin is deceit. (Ephesians 4:22.)
 17. Sin is wandering. (Romans 1:27.)
 18. Sin is enmity. (Romans 8:7.)
 19. Sin is discord. (Numbers 18:9.)
 20. Sin is unbelief. (Hebrews 3:12.)
- Did you realize that sin has so many different phases and meanings? And who of us does not want to be delivered from the power, the corruption and the consequences of sin? "Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Happiness

ROBERTA SYMMES

The time to be happy is now
If ever true joy you would know—
The place to be happy is in your heart,
And the way is to make others so.

Our Devotional Meeting

G. W. PUST

February 13

Expressing the Missionary Spirit

Matt. 9:35-38

Christians are called to be missionaries. "As my Father hath sent me, even so I send you" (John 20:21). That does not mean that we must all forsake our daily tasks through which God bestows upon us our "daily bread," but it means that apart from them, we must be doing something to help win this world for Christ.

We can tell the good news of the Kingdom. Every Christian ought to do that. Can we imagine the Christians of Jerusalem or Antioch keeping this news for themselves? It was too good for that and they felt impelled to tell it. Thus many churches have sprung into being without any special evangelistic campaigns. If we fail to tell the good news, it is very likely because it has ceased to grip us. Good news somehow opens the lips. And that is what our Lord expects the Gospel to do for his followers in every land. (Mark 16:15.)

We can distribute religious literature. Tracts are especially adapted for this purpose. They are silent messengers that often find their way into hearts that seem to be closed to every other manner of approach.

We can invite and bring people to the services. "How shall they believe in him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher?" (Rom. 10:14.) Many never go to church of their own accord, and, consequently, they do not hear the Gospel. But are there not a great many that would go if they were invited? Let us not answer in the negative unless we have faithfully tried it out.

We can give of our substance. While we are working for our Master, our money can also be busy for him. But we ought to give in proportion to our income if the missionary spirit is to be adequately expressed. It is so easy to nullify many of our otherwise noble efforts by the stinginess of our gifts for the Lord's cause. Jesus gave himself. Ought we be stingy with him?

February 20

Our Duty as Christian Citizens

Isa. 62:6-12

A citizen has many privileges. He is given protection by our police force. When his home is in danger of being devoured by the flames, firemen will do all in their power to extinguish them, even at the peril of their lives. But the citizen also has certain duties, and especially every Christian citizen ought conscientiously fulfill them.

He ought to obey the laws of his country. "Let every soul be subject unto the

higher powers, for there is no power but of God," says Paul. (Rom. 13:1-7.) Only when these laws come into conflict with the laws of God, are we excused from this obedience. (Acts 5:29.) Paul's admonition gains in weight when we remember the autocratic government of his own country. But Paul must have seen—as a little reflection ought to convince all of us—that without such obedience, anarchy and chaos must result. Are there not a great many in our own land who ought to heed Paul's counsel? They will gladly obey the laws that are to their liking, but just as readily transgress any other. The lawlessness in our own blessed land has taken on alarming proportions. All the more should every Christian citizen obey and, if possible, assist in apprehending the evil-doers. Our laws are the foundation upon which the security of our country must rest.

He should use the franchise. This is not only his privilege but his duty. In our own country every citizen may thus share in the government of the land. We can elect good men to represent us in the federal and state governments—men that stand for right principles and just conduct. Christians have often refrained from using this privilege, thus giving the unrighteous elements every advantage. There is much carelessness on the part of our citizens even now, inasmuch so, hat we have heard suggestions to the effect that the franchise be taken away from all who will not exercise it. Every Christian should look upon this privilege as a sacred trust and faithfully do his duty.

He ought to pray for his country. Read 1 Tim. 2:1-3.

February 27

Practicing World-Brotherhood

Mark 3:31-35; Rev. 7:9. 10

The Bible tells us that all men are the descendants of one original pair. (Gen. 1:27; Acts 17:26.) This is substantiated by various facts. We discover a relationship between the different languages, indicating the same source. All men, in spite of their differences, are strikingly alike. Man is "the upright looking one." All men love, hate, experience pain, and in some form or another worship a higher being (religion). But in spite of these similarities the various nations have treated each other as enemies and strangers. Only the Christian religion has insisted that it must be otherwise, and we are beginning to learn that, indeed, all men are brothers. We put this truth into practice:

When we send missionaries to other lands. Many of our choicest young men and women have gone forth to all parts of the world. They feared neither cannibals nor their fever-infested lands. Like the apostle Paul they faced all sorts of

dangers and trials. (2 Cor. 11:26-28.) Many were called upon to bring the supreme sacrifice, only to be followed by others who gladly carried forward their work. It is a noble army of which we are thinking—the missionaries of India, China, Japan, Africa, South America and the islands of the sea.

When we spend our money for their welfare. It requires money to send forth missionaries; but besides that the Christians of America have sent vast sums for the erection of churches, school-houses, hospitals and other institutions. Not only has that been the case in the so-called heathen lands; but, since the World War, also in many countries of Europe.

When in time of calamity and disaster we give relief. Thus we help India in time of famine, China, after a terrific typhoon has wrecked everything in its path, and every other nation according to its special need.

March 6

Stewardship as a Rule of Living

Matt. 25:14-30

(Consecration meeting)

Our Lord here clearly teaches that we are stewards of the manifold grace of God. (1 Pet. 4:10.) Yet how slow we are in learning this lesson! Selfishly we would claim all that we are and possess as our very own, and, consequently, also the right to do as we please. But God, nevertheless, is true owner and to him we are responsible.

Honesty demands the practice of stewardship. Our talents, our time, our energy, our possessions belong to the Lord. "As I live, saith the Lord, behold all souls are mine." Christians recognize this fact by voluntarily accepting Jesus as Lord and Master. Is it not then our duty to live our lives in harmony with his will? Has not the owner the right of control over his own property? Are we honest when we ignore our Lord in the manner in which we use our time, energy, talents and possessions? Should we not face these question in all seriousness? "Will a man rob God?" (Mal. 3:8.)

Love demands the practice of stewardship. "If ye love me, keep my commandments" (John 14:15). One of these is that we evangelize the world. (Mark 16:15.) Real love does all that is in its power. Can we say that of our love for Jesus when we withhold what he so urgently needs? Should a Christian not also love his fellow-men? And should this love not be a compelling force that rescues the perishing and cares for the dying?

Stewardship, if faithfully practiced would fill us with wonder and amazement. Think of it! Every Christian using his talents, his time, his opportunities, his energy and his possessions just

as the Lord wants him to! Everyone desirous of doing God's will in every sphere of activity! No lack of workers, no making of false excuses, no lack of funds! How long would it take such an army of Christians to conquer the world?

The practice of stewardship bestows peace. There is absolute peace in doing the will of God. And that our Lord demands of all his followers

Early Conversions

A Study

C. A. DANIEL

The greatest and most promising work is the work among the children. The teacher has the opportunity to train the mind and shape the character. The Bible school teacher has the opportunity to touch the heart and shape the life of the child for time and for eternity.

We are told in 1 Sam. 3, that Eli perceived, that God called the child. If we read that story carefully, we will be convinced that God does call the boys and the girls and reveals himself to them. Fathers and mothers, teachers and preachers should perceive it. They should be mindful of this fact as they go to their classes on the Lord's day or train the children in the home.

Childhood days are the most impressionable in life. They are the most important in view of the early conversion and instruction of the child. We, as churches, Bible schools and individual Christians, should realize, that it is our duty to be on the outlook to win the boy and the girl for the Kingdom of God. The training of the boy and of the girl should be planned in view of this year of grace 1927. But not only for 1927, but for 1937, 1947 and 1957.

The writer has made extensive studies in his ministry of 38 years and desires to emphasize the adolescent period of life as the most impressive, important, promising and prospective in the life for God. Early conversions are scriptural, practical and lasting.

The Scriptures Teach Early Conversion

Samuel was but a boy, when the Lord called him in the temple, an adolescent boy at that. From that meeting with God in the temple the whole future career of Samuel was molded and directed. Joseph was known for his early piety, his peculiar dreams, but after-years taught that they were not merely dreams but visions, which the boy in manhood truly realized and carried out. King Josiah was an adolescent lad of 16 years of age, when he found the Lord. Timothy knew the Scriptures from childhood and learned his early piety at his mother's knees. Even the grandmother had an influence upon the boy Timothy.

Jesus was the greatest friend the children ever had. He would not have any one prevent or hinder their coming to him or being brought to him. He would not have their enthusiasm disturbed, when on that memorable Palm Sunday they hailed him as he made his triumphal entry into Jerusalem. "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast per-

fect praise." "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of God." This word of Jesus is conclusive proof of the importance of early conversion. "Except ye repent and become as little children, ye cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven." Thus the Scriptures would impress it upon our hearts and consciences to look for early conversions with the children.

Parents and Teachers Should Perceive that God calls the boys and girls in the adolescent period of their lives.

In these later days science has been trying to enter into the realm of religion with its research. It has studied the soul-life in the light of exact science. We call it the new psychology.

Science has ascertained that certain fixed laws and order govern the universe. The planets are subject to the law of ebb and tide, the streams, the seasons, i. e., summer and winter—also the laws in the animal and vegetable kingdom are fixed and well-known. Does any such law obtain in the realm of religion? Does it exist in the soul of the boys and the girls?

Extensive studies have been made in psychology by such men as Prof. Starbuck and Geo. Coe and their conclusions are valuable.

Certain characteristics of adolescence are well worth our most serious consideration and study. There is evidently a transitional period in this adolescent time of youth between the years of 12 and 20.

Life is throbbing and bubbling over, ideals are opening up and you note a restlessness, a tremendous appetite, an inquisitive attitude, conscientious scruples, correctings of detail, peculiar temptations in this period of the youthful life. These are some of the characteristics of the adolescent period. The boy is receptive, active and positive in his religion. He is scrupulous in his work and study. The farmer-boy, who was mowing his father's grain was angry when the machine left some stalks of grain stand uncut along the path. The boy is not content, he must go back with his machine and cut those remaining stalks in order to be absolutely correct. The girl is writing her composition and tears up three or four sheets of paper just because some trifling mistake has been made.

Then we note also that they are subject to peculiar dangers and temptations at this time and are apt to be carried away by the gang. Therefore this is

The Time of Training and Teaching, the time to safeguard, instruct and to watch the child. In this time children are peculiarly ripe for early conversions and we ought to look for decisions for Christ.

Many parents sadly neglect to understand their children in these years. They lose their confidence and sometimes they are apt to accuse them falsely. Just because a boy or girl is bubbling over with superfluous energy and reslessness, they are accused of inattention, irreverence or even wickedness. A father asked his boy after the morning service if he knew the text of the pastor and the boy said, "No."

The father then said, "Now, next Sunday you must pay attention." When the Sunday came the boy was at church and seemed very much interested. When the father asked him in regard to the sermon he was able to give the text and a good part of the sermon too. The father was much pleased and commented on the fact. But the boy continued and told his father how many people were in the church, how many pews, rafters, windows and chairs and then he said: "And that is more than you can do, dad."

Some glibly say: "Let them sow their wild oats in their youthful days." That's like saying at the sight of a burning house: "Let it burn! Do not extinguish it." What will be the result? Only wreck and ruin. " whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Let the boys and girls give vent to their superfluous energy, but watch them.

Experience and Observation Teach the Value of Early Conversion and Piety

I have made an extensive study of three former charges that I served as pastor. I have some interesting figures from two of the churches, namely the First German Baptist Church of Buffalo, N. Y., and the First German Baptist Church of Detroit, Mich.

From the First German Baptist Church in Buffalo, N. Y., with a membership of 282 at the time:

69	converted	between the ages 10 and 15
110	"	" " " 15 " 20
60	"	" " " 20 " 30
23	"	" " " 30 " 40
15	"	" " " 40 " 50

4 converted after their 50th year of age From the First German Baptist Church of Detroit, Mich., now the Bethel Church, at a time when the church had a membership of 439:

27	converted	before the age of 10
160	converted	between the ages 10 and 15
126	"	" " " 15 " 20
68	"	" " " 20 " 30
46	"	" " " 30 " 40
10	"	" " " 40 " 50
1	"	" " " 50 " 60
1	"	" " " 60 " 70

I am certain that these same conclusions would obtain in the First German Baptist Church at Rochester, N. Y., which I served for 12 years. This was indeed an interesting study and taught me to put the emphasis where it belonged—in the early period of boyhood and girlhood. Notice, that out of a membership of 282 in Buffalo 179 were converted before they were 20 years of age, and if we took the 60 who were converted before they were 30 years old, you have 239 out of 282 members.

Out of 439 members in the Detroit church 313 were converted before they were 20 years old, i. e., three-fourths of the membership. And 381 out of the 439 had come to Christ before they were thirty. Thus there is conclusive proof from these figures that the greatest work is among the children.

Now this may not be the experience of all the pastors and is not the experience of my pastorate in New York. Here out of 100, who were baptized, only 25 were under the years of 16, but the majority

were under 40. This was perhaps due to the fact that many of the converts were from the newer immigrants.

What we have said is enough to encourage us all in our effort to

Reach the Children for Christ

We should bend all our efforts to win them. We are often astonished at the spiritual capacity of the children, at their deep thoughts, their clear experiences of the things of God. As Paul wrote to Timothy, "From a child thou hast known the holy Scriptures." He had known them, their saving power.

Little children cannot understand theology, but they can enjoy religion. They cannot understand entomology, yet they admire a butterfly. They know little of botany, yet they love the daisy. They are ignorant of optics, yet their heart leaps up when they see a rainbow in the sky. Let us go to them at once with the spiritual appeal, and expect the spiritual effect. We never fail with the children. Oh, may we have a rich harvest of children!

They are the hope of the future. Our churches have no bright future before them, unless they have among their members and prospective membership many children. A childless church may coddle the saints, but it cannot grow and train the children. God grant us great success among the children.

Some Be's

Be a lifter. Progress is forward movement only as it is lifted on its way by willing hands. Think what would happen to "Progress" if we were all "lifters" instead of so many of us being "leaners." Yes and some of us are worse than that. We not only insist on riding but we drag our feet.

Forty men gather to watch two other men help a fallen horse to its feet. A bridge full of folks watch one stripling endeavor to rescue a drowning man. Two dozen "leaners" stand and watch a team of horses struggle with a heavily loaded coal wagon on an icy hill. Get into the game. Lift your end. It may be a heavy, disagreeable end where no one can see you and applaud your efforts. It may be a difficult, unappreciated end—but if you drop it and become a "leaner" you may cause a wreck. Grit your teeth and lift hard.

Be happy. "No one wants to associate long with an animated vinegar jug." Ella Wheeler Wicox says:

*'Tis easy enough to be pleasant
When life flows by like a song,
But the one worth while
Is the one who can smile
When everything goes dead wrong.
For the test of the heart is trouble,
And that always comes with years,
And the smile that is worth
All the praises on earth
Is the smile that smiles through tears.*

Being happy is the "master key" to a successful life. In large hotels and office buildings, certain folks carry a master key that will admit them to every room

and closet and cupboard in the building. Life, too, has many doors that lead to all sorts of opportunities and privileges and duties and the "master key" of a happy disposition will admit you into all of them. Without the "master key" one is surely destined to miss much that is best and most worthwhile.

Your smiles are among your greatest assets. In Japan they teach smiling—with regular practice periods, too. In the Philippines they deliberately teach children how to be agreeable and pleasant on the public roads. There is a funny thing about smiles and acts of good cheer that we should think more about—the more of them we give away the more we have left. Someone has suggested that we ought to "take our faces in hand and see that the crop they raise is not only whiskers (they come whether we want them or not), but a large supply of helpful, gloom-dissolving smiles. "Remember that while it's the face that shows the smile, it is the heart that makes it."

Be decisive. Life is made up of an endless chain of decisions. We have to decide to get up; decide which clothes to put on (and that is some job when it comes to neckties and socks); decide whether we will take our cereal with or without cream, our toast with or without butter and our eggs soft or hard, turned over or straight up. So it goes on all day from the time we waken till we decide to go to bed. The boy who cannot make quick and ever increasingly decisions is lost. He uses up all the time he has, making up his mind, and then gets left.

I once saw an undecided man on a dining car. He had read the menu a dozen times, inside and out, back and forth. He was just starting to read it again when the conductor came through and said, "We drop the diner at Portsmouth—you have only three minutes." All he got for breakfast was a toothpick.

The president of a great corporation recently said, "I would rather have a man who makes instantaneous decisions and is right seven times out of ten than a man who fusses around and calculates and puts off making up his mind—and then is right ten times out of ten."

Be decisive. The world revolves around choices. You choose what sort of an education you will get, what your life work is to be, whom you will marry, what you will do with your money until your life is actually the result of your decisions.

Being decisive, however, does not mean continually going off half-cocked. There is a great deal of difference between decision and impetuosity. Educate your decisions to be accurate and reliable.—Boyland.

"Do you realize what wonders there are in a drop of water?"

"Yes. My wife and I spent our honeymoon looking at one."

"What! Gazing at a drop of water?"

"Uh-huh! Niagara Falls!"—Boston Transcript.

A "Sick" Committee

I happened to sit the other day with a group of workers who were planning for the future, and the president read a list of committees who were to serve for the work. Among others mentioned was a "sick" committee! My mind immediately went off on a tangent, and I reflected upon the fact that a great many committees are "sick" today. Some of them are sick of their job, and do not attend to it. Some of them are a little feverish, and attend to it in a rather excited way. Some of them are subnormal, and pay very little attention to their task. Their names are in the printed list, but one hears nothing of them throughout the year. Some committees are "sick" because of indigestion; they are not clear as to their task, and have not taken time to digest the facts available regarding it. I have known committees which were seriously "sick" because they had lost their head; the chairman was not a leader, and the members felt that it was not their business to call the committee together and indicate the work. Upon considerable reflection I am prepared to affirm that there are a great many diseases which affect committees, and there seems to be no known cure for them. I wonder whether we could not get some Rockefeller Institute for Religious Diseases to put a group of experts at work upon these diseases to which committees are subject.

And, in any case, what sort of a committee-man are you? Do you understand the task which you are expected to help in working out? If every member of the committee was of as much service as you are, would the work be accomplished? When you permit your name to be mentioned on a committee, is it simply because you like the publicity or because you really expect to do your share of the work?

Probably we shall never get beyond the stage where committees are needed. I have a friend who says that "life is just one committee meeting after another." Some committees waste a great deal of our time, and this is due to a number of causes, the inefficiency of the chairman, the lack of co-operation by members, the tardiness in attending meetings, or a failure to realize the importance of the task. There are societies and churches where fewer committees would render better service. Some committees are too large to get real action in a reasonable time. Let us look over our committee assignment and task, and see whether we are "sick."—Dr. E. B. Allen in C. E. World.

Explained

Professor (in poetry class): "Do you know why I flunked you?"

Hopeful Student: "I have no idea."

Professor: "That's why, my lad."

Demonstrated

Teacher: "Define 'density.'"

Student (scratching his head).

Teacher: "That's a very good example. Sit down."