

The Baptist Herald

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

Volume Five

CLEVELAND, O., FEBRUARY 15, 1927

Number Four



Roger Williams Monument at Providence,
Rhode Island

What's Happening

The Assembly of the Minnesota German Baptist Young People will be held at Mound, Minn., on July 12-17. A strong and representative faculty is being secured for this assembly.

Rev. Carl F. Stoeckmann, pastor of the First Church St. Paul, Minn., has resigned his charge and closes his pastorate the end of April. Bro. Stoeckmann has been minister of the First Church since 1907.

The Riverview church of St. Paul, Minn., Wm. E. Schmitt, pastor, will celebrate its fortieth anniversary on Sunday, March 20. General Missionary Secretary Wm. Kuhn, D.D., will be one of the speakers at this occasion.

Cedar Lake, Ind., has again been selected as the meeting place for the Annual Conference of the Jugendbund of Chicago and Vicinity. The dates are May 28-30. The program committee is busy and proposes to line up a fine group of speakers.

The Plum Creek, S. D., church has extended a call to Rev. A. Ittermann of Berlin, Cape Province, So. Africa, to become the successor of Rev. Chr. Dippel. Bro. Ittermann is serving three churches in Africa at the present time. He was formerly pastor in North Dakota.

Rev. E. Baumgartner, pastor of the Spruce St. church, Buffalo, N. Y., presented his resignation to take effect the end of March. Bro. Baumgartner felt that this step was necessary by the state of his health as well as that of Mrs. Baumgartner, which needs building up for both. He will enter another occupation a while in Erie, Pa.

It is reported that in New York State more than 70,000 Jews have become adherents of Christian Science. A Hebrew Christian offers the following reasons why this should be attractive to the modern Jew: "It eliminates Christ, makes startling claims of alleviating suffering, offers social life where the Jew can easily mingle with Gentiles, and yet it does not cut him off from the fellowship of his own people."

Rev. G. H. Schneck, pastor of our German Baptist Church at New Britain, Conn., is a member of the faculty in the Community School for Leadership Training, conducted under the auspices of the New Britain Council of Religious Education. The second semester of this school began Jan. 18 and closes March 22, meetings being held on Tuesday evenings in the First Congregational church. Bro. Schneck teaches a course on "The New Testament."

The church at Killaloe, Ont., writes Rev. C. Peters, pastor, held two weeks of protracted meetings, Jan. 10-21, in which Bro. A. E. Jaster, from the neighboring churches of Lyndock and Sebas-

topol, assisted. The splendid messages delivered, centered upon the Cross of Christ, were very helpful in the quickening of the spiritual life of the church. Ten Sunday school scholars became willing to follow the great invitation of Christ and to become his followers. May God lead others to the Cross where salvation is freely offered.

Rev. J. H. Ansberg of the Nottingham Church, Cleveland, O., issues a folder announcing "Twenty Practical Every Day Life Sermons" for 10 consecutive Sundays from Jan. 23, mornings and evenings. Some striking subjects for Sunday morning are: "The People who win;" "The Hand of God in my life;" "God's last pay day." Some of those for Sunday evening are: "Thinking Young People of today and their problems;" "Is the present age different from other ages?" "Is there another chance for salvation after death?"

The Tri-Borough Ministerial Association (New Kensington, Parnassus and Arnold, Pa.) has elected Rev. C. E. Cramer of the Union Church, Arnold, Pa., as their president for 1927. Bro. Cramer is also one of five teachers in the Community school of Religious education and has the course in the Life of Christ. Evangelist W. A. Cheeseman held meetings with Bro. Cramer's church from Jan. 30-Feb. 13. The B. Y. P. U. recently recorded an attendance of 50. Pastor Cramer preached a series of sermons in January on "The Second Coming of Christ" which aroused great interest.

The Editor of the "Baptist Herald" spent Sunday, Jan. 30, with the Grace Baptist Church, Racine, Wis., and enjoyed the fellowship with the saints of the "Belle City" of Wisconsin. Two good congregations greeted the visiting preacher as he brought the message. Rev. H. F. Schade, pastor, and Miss Lydia Dankert, missionary, are encouraged in their work and note evidences of deeper Christian life among many members. The Sunday school is prospering under the superintendency of Bro. Rohman. The attendance was 201 the day of our visit. The "Modern Hymnal" has been introduced as song book in the school.

The Ebenezer Church near Wessington Springs, S. D., Rev. S. C. Blumhagen, pastor, held two weeks of evangelistic meetings and the prayers of people and minister were answered. Twenty-one young people and children were won to Christ from the families of the Ebenezer and neighboring Congregational Church. The meetings were well attended and the spiritual life of both churches was quickened. It was a splendid example of co-operation. The Spirit of God permeated all the meetings. On the last evening an offering for benevolent purposes was taken, amounting to

\$28.85. The Ebenezer church surprised their pastor by a generous gift of money.

The pastors of six Bohemian Baptist churches were guests of the Chicago German Baptist Minister's Conference at their January meeting at the Humboldt Park church, Chicago, Jan. 31. It was a fine demonstration of Christian fellowship and brotherhood. The beginnings of Baptist work among the Bohemians were made by the First German Church, Chicago, and Rev. Jacob Meier. Rev. C. A. Daniel read a paper on "August Tholuck, Professor and Soul-winner." The pastor's wives and missionaries were also invited and all greatly enjoyed the gathering, especially the splendid supper furnished by the Ladies Society of the Humboldt Park Church.

The Chicago and Vicinity Jugendbund will hold an Institute during the week of March 27-April 1. Sessions will be in the First Church. The study periods will follow a supper every evening and a short introductory devotional period. Secretaries Mihm and Bretschneider will be the faculty and each will teach two forty-minute periods each night. The services in the churches on Sunday, March 27, will be connected with the Young People's work in a special way. Detailed program will follow later. Let all Chicago German Baptist Young People and Sunday school workers reserve this week for the Institute. President Walter Grosser is planning strong publicity.

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Trying to realize the spiritual significance of life is a noble goal for life.

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You are planning a very little life if there is room in it only for yourself.

The Baptist Herald

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The Baptist Herald

The following Call to Prayer for a Spiritual Revival, issued by the Finance Committee and directed to all of our churches and members everywhere, has the hearty endorsement of the Executive Committee of our Young People's and Sunday School Workers' Union. We pledge our Union to help in this movement and hereby call upon all our young people and Sunday school workers to share by prayer enlistment and prayer participation in bringing about the much needed and desired spiritual awakening in our churches.

Let everyone read and heed the prayer-call.

Prayer-Call for a Spiritual Revival

THE first condition for bringing about a spiritual revival has already been met in our circles by the admission that we need a spiritual revival and by the fact that not a few among us are sincerely yearning for it. Many have expressed this desire openly in words; others have only brought it in secret to our Father in heaven.

Jesus gives to us his own method for bringing about a spiritual revival. He says in John 14:12-14:

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto the Father. And whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son. If ye shall ask anything in my name, that will I do."

This word of our Savior may surely be applied fully and wholly to the bringing about of the spiritual revival, for a revival belongs to the "greater works" for the production of which Jesus gives us the method. A spiritual revival means the health recovery of the spiritually ailing, the awakening of those spiritually asleep, the transformation of those unlike Jesus, the stirring up of the lazy and inactive ones, the liberation of the captive ones, the unconditional surrender of the half-consecrated; it means to become active in soul-winning; it means the transformation of our dead and unfruitful churches into a veritable garden of God.

He who would participate in bringing about a spiritual revival must do one thing—he must believe on Jesus Christ. Nothing else counts here,—no talents, no eloquence, no high repute, no position in life; only faith in Jesus Christ can here accomplish anything.

With regard to this miracle the question arises in many minds: How can this be done? How does

this happen? Even though we cannot fathom this deep mystery, we know that by means of our faith we enter into a living fellowship with Jesus Christ. Jesus clearly states that he who believes on him will take refuge with him in prayer for the performing of greater works. Without any interruption Jesus adds: "And whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son." He emphasizes this and repeats: "If ye shall ask anything in my name, that will I do." Jesus himself promises to do the great works, which are supplicated of him in prayer. He never performs them for our glorification but "that the Father may be glorified in the Son."

Although the Master will accomplish the greater works upon our prayer in his name, he is silent about all details regarding the carrying out of these greater works. How and when he will effect this spiritual revival and what form it will take and much else, we must all leave to him. "And yet in his own time, the Lord will provide." "It may not be my way, it may not be thy way, and yet in his own way, the Lord will provide."

If the Lord is to effect the miracle of a spiritual revival in our midst, we do well to heed the admonition of the mother of Jesus at the wedding of Cana: "Whatever he saith unto you, do it."

On the Mount of Transfiguration God himself from heaven spoke in similar manner when he said: "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased; hear ye him."

Everyone who wishes to co-operate in bringing about a spiritual revival is invited voluntarily and yet with all determination to join the Prayer League by affixing his name.

Prayer League for a Spiritual Revival

Believing in the name of Jesus Christ and accepting his promise John 14:12-14, I will pray without ceasing for a spiritual revival. With my signature I declare myself a member of the Prayer League.

Name

Address

Church

This call is being published by the Finance Committee in the "Baptist Herald" and in the "Send-bote." All of our Young People's Societies and all of our Sunday schools are urgently requested to refer to this important matter on **both Sundays, Feb.**

27 und March 6, and to make it a subject of earnest prayer.

It will be of great benefit, if in the period between Feb. 27 and March 6 our young people and our Sunday school workers join this Prayer League by signature of their names. Prayer League cards are being sent to all of our pastors and the presidents of our young people's societies and superintendents of our Sunday schools can obtain cards from them. Get a supply from your pastor. If you need more, write to Forest Park.

Although our Father who seeth in secret, knoweth all who share in this prayer fellowship, it will serve to strengthen our faith to publish the names of groups in the various churches (not individual names) who are praying for this revival in the "Baptist Herald" from number to number. Individual members who are not able to fellowship in our church services can nevertheless assist in this great work by faithful prayer. The signed cards of the voluntary prayer league members are to be sent to The Finance Committee, Box 4, Forest Park, Ill.

To realize the miracle of a spiritual revival the mobilization of our praying members is necessary. Among our more than 32,000 members there should surely be a great number who will heed this call and enlist their names. Do you wish to co-operate? Then join with those who in faith and in the name of Jesus are asking him to effect this revival. He has promised "That will I do."

THE FINANCE COMMITTEE.

Editorial Jottings

WE BEGIN a series of sketches of native South African character and customs by Rev. L. Baier of Stutterheim, C. P. So. Africa. Bro. Baier is secretary of League (Bund) of German Baptist Churches of South Africa. His brother, Rev. J. A. Baier of King William's Town, is president.

WE ARE HAPPY to announce that we have secured a fine new continued story which will soon begin in the "Herald." It is "The Glass Window" by Lucy Furman. It is a thrilling story of the Kentucky Mountains. We know it will go over big after you begin it. Watch for more detailed announcement in the next "Baptist Herald." We deem ourselves fortunate in having secured the serial rights.

Our First Duty

JOHN LEYPOLDT

ONE of the saddest and most vivid pictures of an individual in the New Testament is found in Mark's gospel 5:1-20. The sacred writer depicts an unfortunate man on the Eastern shore of Galilee who probably once resided in the city of Gergesa but was now living in the tombs along the lake shore. This poor wreck of humanity preferred to live among dead men's bones. His only occupation consisted in freeing himself from the chains and

fetters with which he had been bound. He was a menace to human society because he made the way impassable for travelers. He was a menace to himself because he cut himself with stones. According to Luke's gospel he even wore no clothing, probably only having an undergarment on. The saddest part of all was that this demoniac could not be helped by any of his fellowmen. Mark says: "No man had strength to tame him." But one day Christ came to the Eastern shore and took pity on this tormented soul. He freed him from the unclean spirit.

What a marvelous change had been wrought! After Christ's commanding word, the demoniac became a normal man, no longer roaming around but clothed, in his right mind and sitting at the feet of Jesus. When the Master entered a boat to return to the Western shore, the healed man begged to go with him. He longed to be with his benefactor but Jesus refused to take him along. He rather sent him away, giving him this command: "Return to thy house, and declare how great things God hath done for thee" (Luke 8:39). His first duty was to be a witness for Christ in his own home and in his own city.

Ourselves

Our first duty as young people is toward ourselves. That may sound very selfish but properly understood it is fundamental and scriptural. If we are to be of any use to others, we must first of all take care of ourselves. Our own life must be right, before we can lead others on the right path. When Paul gave his farewell address at Miletus to the elders of the Ephesus church he said: "Take heed unto yourselves." As overseers of the church their first duty was to see that their own lives were in harmony with God and only then could they take proper care of their flock. Dr. Henry Howard, pastor of the Fifth Ave. Presbyterian Church, New York, addressing the graduating class of the National Bible Institute, said: "I arise at five o'clock every sabbath morning, and have done so for over fifty years, not to prepare my sermons, but to prepare myself for the service of the Lord's day."

Only when we are right with God, can we tell others how to get right with him. The biographer of Leonardo da Vinci tells us that while at work on his great masterpiece, the artist quarreled with a man and vowed to take vengeance upon him. When in this vengeful mood he sketched the face of Judas, but when he started to paint the face of the Master, he found that he could not give it the expression he so desired until he had gone to the man against whom he had vowed vengeance and sought his forgiveness. When this had been done, he was able to finish his famous picture "The Last Supper." The great artist had to get his own soul in the right attitude first before he could paint the face of Christ. We wish to say it with all emphasis possible that our primary duty is toward ourselves, not for selfish purposes but for the best interests of the kingdom of God.

Our Home

The healed demoniac's first duty was to be a witness for Christ in his own home. "Return to thy house." The first personal worker that Jesus had was Andrew. He felt it was his first duty to go home and tell his brother Simon about his great spiritual discovery. Andrew always remains an example for us in successful soul-winning.

A sick woman in India went to a hospital after having been pronounced incurable by the native doctors. She underwent a thorough examination, and the verdict was that she could be thoroughly cured if she stayed at the hospital for a month. During this time she received the kindest care and the most scientific treatment and daily improved physically. She was also made acquainted with the "Great Physician" who can heal, not the body only but also the soul. When the time came for her to leave the hospital she clung to the missionaries and implored them to let her stay with them. But the missionary said: "There's your husband; he is not a Christian. Go home to your husband and tell him how great things the Lord hath done for thee, and hath had compassion on thee." And she went back to her native town telling about the "Great Physician" with the result that not only her husband, but scores of her friends accepted Christ as their Savior also.

Our Christianity should show itself first of all in our homes. Our best should be given to those first who are nearest us. The wife of the late Dr. Griffith Thomas said after his death: "Dr. Thomas never gave others his sweetest cream and brought us home the sour milk." Christianity begins at home. Home influence usually makes or breaks a character. How many wayward souls have been ultimately saved because they could never forget the early influence of a Christian home.

Our Church

Our first duty is toward our own church. No Baptist church or any other church whatever the denomination may be, is perfect. We all bear the marks of imperfection. But sometimes this is forgotten by some Christians, who have been hurt by others or who are not satisfied with the spiritual life of their fellow members. They decide to go elsewhere expecting to find a perfect church in their new surroundings. How often have such well-meaning Christians been disappointed! More than once it has happened that just such people have in time become confused, spiritually indifferent and in some cases, unfortunately, even lost the faith they once possessed. They became grasshopper Christians, jumping from one place to another. Our first duty, our Christian duty, is to stay where we are and better the spiritual conditions by our presence, our prayers and our perseverance.

Our Denomination

Our first duty is toward our own denomination. The writer of these lines had in one of his former

churches a young lady of beautiful character, respected and beloved by all. While preparing for the foreign field, she had an eager desire to go to Korea. But there was no opening for her in our own denomination. The prospects were that she might go out under the supervision of another denominational board to Korea. As this consecrated young woman was willing to go wherever she believed the Lord would lead, the writer had a small share in interesting the Canadian Baptist Foreign Mission Board in her. They were glad to send her out to work among the Indians of South America and Bolivia.

Our own denomination should receive first consideration in our kingdom interests, in the disposal of our gifts and in the consecration of life. We are then only paying back some of the interest we owe our denomination which has done so much for us.

Our Nation

Our first duty is toward our own nation. Jesus felt that it was his duty to minister to those of his own nationality first. Did he not say: "I was not sent but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel"? He taught his disciples home missions before he gave them the final command to propagate the gospel everywhere. Our first duty is toward those who are within our own borders. We must Christianize our own people before we can expect to Christianize others.

A prominent Hindu said to Dr. Charles W. Gilkey while in India: "If you in America want to do something to better relations please tell your fellow-countrymen to show more of the spirit of Jesus Christ at home." We as a nation must face the question whether we dare be Christian. We must answer that question in our own land first. If we are loyal to Christ in our own land, then we shall make it easier for the missionaries abroad. The greatest obstacle which confronts the foreign missionaries of today is not heathenism but the lack of a vital Christianity in so-called Christian homes and nations. Today as never before Christians are being accused of not living like Christ by prominent non-Christians in foreign lands.

Thinking of ourselves, our own homes, our own churches, our own denomination and our own nation first, should not make us self-centered, proud and blind for the needs of others but rather equip us so that we can serve others better. All of our interests should be centered on the kingdom of God. A tree can only grow if it is deeply rooted and has nourishing soil. Only then can it develop normally, send out its branches and be of service to others.

Our young people can make a great contribution toward the upbuilding of God's kingdom by putting first things first. Christ's interests should be our guiding motive in developing ourselves and in giving first attention to those things which lie nearest at hand. If we by God's help endeavor to perform our first Christian duty faithfully, then the gospel of Christ shall make greater progress at home and abroad.



The Dorcas Society, Ableman, Wis.

The Dorcas Society of the Baptist church, Ableman, Wis., Rev. H. Rieger, pastor, meets every other Thursday to sew garments for the poor and raiment for the rich. One is astonished at the wonderful things the skilled hands of this society can accomplish.

The society works in close harmony with our Missionary Society and together they had the great joy to realize over \$400 at their annual bazaar. This amount was placed on God's altar for home and foreign missions.

We are thankful to our Master for the great opportunity.

MRS. EMMA STOECKMAN.

Revival at Scottsbluff, Nebr.

"The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon him in truth. He will fulfill the desire of them that fear him." Rev. and Mrs. Lippard conducted a revival meeting from Jan. 16-28 in our church. The Lord was with us. 49 souls confessed Christ as their Savior, and others are seeking him. The Lord also blessed the Mexican work that is carried on by Rev. Garcia in our church, so that he baptized 27 converts. Our missionary offering was \$33.02. Pray for us.

P. F. SCHILLING.

Fessenden Young People Present Cantata

Members of the Baptist Young People's Union of Fessenden, N. D., presented the Christmas Cantata, "Yuletide Memories" to an audience that filled the Baptist church to capacity Sunday evening, Dec. 26.

The cantata, by Ira B. Wilson, is rather long, but the chorus and soloists had spent much time and effort in preparation and the presentation was very good.

Fred B. Paul, who directed the young folks in this fine cantata, deserves a great deal of credit for the success of the program, and Mrs. Fred B. Paul, the accompanist, is also to be commended for her efforts.

A duet by Miss Alma Dippel and Fred B. Paul opened the program for the evening, and Miss Dippel also gave a piano solo. Rev. Dippel gave a short talk before the cantata started.

The solo parts were carried in a very able manner by the following singers: A. V. Zuber, tenor; Helen Zuber, alto; Mrs. Otto G. Krueger, alto; Chris F. Albus, basso; Mrs. O. L. Stabbert, soprano; Verna Rappuhn, soprano, and Lydia Krueger, soprano.

Other members of the chorus were Laura Pepple, Erma Rappuhn, Ella Fiebach, Minnie Baier, Ethel Burgstahler, Anna Strohmaier, Esther Pepple, Edna Burgstahler, Helen Krueger, Fred J. Bohnet, Emil Stabbert, Herwald Dippel, Walter H. Paul, Walter Burgstahler, Orlando Stabbert and Ernest Stabbert.

Tuesday evening the members of the chorus and a number of friends drove to Cathay where they presented the cantata to a large and appreciative audience. As an introduction to the cantata Miss Alma Dippel and Mr. Fred G. Paul sang a duet and Miss Dippel played a piano solo. Rev. Lohr also gave a short talk. Following the program, the Cathay young people served refreshments.

LYDIA C. KRUEGER, Sec.

Riverview and Riverside Sunday School Workers' Union

The Teachers' and Officers' Union of the Riverview and Riverside Sunday schools of St. Paul, Minn., began their work of the new year with a banquet in connection with their regular monthly meeting on January 7, 1927.

The committee in charge arranged for a very tasty menu and an inspiring program. Three addresses were given. Miss Ida Glewwe, vice-president of our Union, spoke on the subject: "Making the Snow Ball;" Mrs. Nielson, instructor in one of our week-day religious schools, on the subject "Building the Fort," and our pastor, Rev. Wm. E. Schmitt, on "The Winning Fight." These very interesting

and inspiring addresses led us to realize the tremendous task that is ours as workers in our Sunday schools and churches, and to resolve to do our very best for our Lord and Master in the year that is before us.

The Lorraine B. Y. P. U.

The Lorraine, Kans., B. Y. P. U. has a program the last Sunday of each month. We study the book of Revelation the other Sundays. The following program was given Jan. 30:

Song Service...led by Laverne Schmidt.
Scripture and prayer....Alfred Schacht.
Violin Solo.....Anna Tuebner.
"Others".....Letha Schmidt.
"The Nazareth Shop".....Emil Ploog.
"Peter".....Leland Janssen.
Song.....B. Y. P. U.
"The Higher Law".....Velma Stassen.
"Service".....Vera Schmidt.
Piano Solo.....Lorena Ehrlich.
"The Value of Self-Control".....
.....Anna Miller.

"Why Should I Belong to the B. Y. P. U.?".....Wesley Splitter.
Song.....B. Y. P. U.
Prayer.

LETHA SCHMIDT, Sec.

The Promotion Committee of the Eastern Conference, Rev. D. Hamel, chairman, arranged for meetings in Buffalo and Rochester in the interest of our unified denominational program and the awakening of deeper spiritual life.

Rev. Wm. Kuhn, D.D., preached in the Andrews St. Church, Rochester, on Jan. 23, Rev. A. P. Mihm in Bethel Church, Buffalo, on Jan. 23 in the morning and in High St. Church at night to a Union service of the three Buffalo churches. The meetings with the students in the Seminary in Rochester, Jan. 24-25, partook the nature of a spiritual "retreat." Speakers were brethren Kuhn, Mihm, Donner, Fetzer and Steiger. Tuesday afternoon and evening the meeting was again in the Andrews St. Church. Here Brethren Kuhn, Mihm, Donner and Steiger gave addresses. On Wednesday, Jan. 26, afternoon and evening, union meetings were held in the Spruce St. Church, Buffalo, with Brethren Kuhn, Steiger and Mihm as speakers. The ladies provided supper between the afternoon and evening meetings, both in Rochester and Buffalo. Several meetings of the General workers were held in between sessions in Rochester with regard to plans for summer visitation of conferences, associations, assemblies in order to have a full and worthy presentation of denominational activities at each.

Care for Your Body

Disregard of the welfare of the body is of no benefit to the soul. God gave the spirit a house for its earthly dwelling, a machine with which to do his work in the world, and to suppose that he could be honored by destroying the house or crippling the machine is a strange delusion. A willing and active mind in a body at its best is what we should strive to bring to our Lord's service.

The Sunday School

The Sunday School

JOHN GRANT NEWMAN

"This world is lost without Christ's touch,"

I hear one say. He told us much;
But not one word spake he to show
How this blind world its Christ might know.

God's Word is strong, it sets men free,
Its fruit we need. Then plant the tree!
And for this planting there's a tool:
The true, bright-shining Sunday school.

Use that! Nor seek "short cuts" to truth;
Can infants take "short cuts" to youth?
Watch bees; they gather sweets by drops!
And farmers toil, then wait for crops;
All faithful students keep at work;
While drones, alas! still try to shirk.
Why quit ye, then, the Sunday school?
If God's lamp dies, man lives a fool.

Come then! And sing God's praise aloud;
Learn prayer, where humble men have bowed;

The Bible points the higher way;
It giveth light, as sun gives day;
It wakens thought, it quickens deeds,
As yon round orb doth quicken seeds.
Truth's fount flows clear at Sunday school,
Drink there life's waters, fresh and cool.

For helping men the Christ to find,—
For building brotherhood that's kind,
For kindling hope in languid eyes,
For aiding all to seize life's prize,—
No earthly place has angel found
So like God's bush on holy ground
As is the sacred Sunday school,
Where shineth yet Christ's Golden Rule.

—S. S. Times.

The Teacher's Part in Tomorrow's Harvest

I was talking the other day with a successful farmer who has a large family of children. These children take a great deal of interest in the growing crops and other things that pertain to the farm. In the course of the conversation the farmer said: "Sometimes the children will ask how it is that I am not working so hard as I do at other times. They think that perhaps I am losing my enthusiasm, but they understand better when I tell them that I often lie awake at night planning to make everything work to the best advantage and that frequently, when I may seem to them to be doing the least, I am, by careful thought, mapping out the work for tomorrow. I tell you, it takes a lot of solid thinking on the part of some one to keep things moving on a farm like this." The wisdom of this was apparent.

As I looked out over the well-kept farm, which promised an abundant harvest during the months to come, I thought of the good lesson in the farmer's word

for the teacher of a Sunday school class, for the tomorrow of the class will depend to a great extent on the thinking and planning we are doing today. Our members may be working away, as were the children and hired help on the farm, but to make their efforts count for most in terms of tomorrow's harvest we must supplement it by our well-thought-out plans.

Are we willing to play the part of this successful farmer in order to give the class the best possible chance tomorrow? —Westminster Teacher.

The Birds of the Bible

Palestine is a land of birds. No fewer than 348 species of them either live there all the year or visit the country annually. Thirty varieties of birds are found only in Palestine, while others are visitors from Europe, India, or Africa.

About twenty kinds of birds are named as unclean in the laws of Moses—unfit for food. On the other hand, those favorite birds, turtle doves and young pigeons, are often prescribed for sacrifices. It will be remembered that at the circumcision of the child Jesus his parents offered in the temple two of these gentle birds.

The Bible mentions the following birds, the list being given in alphabetical order: bittern, cock, cormorant, crane, cuckoo, dove, eagle, falcon, glade, hawk, hen, heron, hoopoe (lapwing), kite, osprey, ossifrage, ostrich, owl, partridge, peacock, pelican, pigeon, quail, raven, sea-mew, sparrow, stork, swallow, swan and vulture. Many of these words, however, are of uncertain translation, and may not designate our birds of these names.

Many of these references to birds occur in some of the most beautiful passages of the Bible. For example, the Psalmist has a picture of the feathered dwellers in the temple.

Yea, the sparrow hath found her a house
And the swallow a nest for herself, where
she may lay her young,
Even thine altars, O Lord of Hosts,
My King and my God.

In another Psalm the sorrow of the singer is compared to the loneliness of a pelican of the wilderness, an owl of the waste places, and a sparrow alone upon the housetop.

Our Lord spoke often of the birds. He bade his disciples be wise as serpents and harmless as doves. He reminded them that though two sparrows were sold for a penny, yet not one of them fell on the ground without the Father's notice; and men were of more value than many sparrows. He sadly said that the birds had nests, but he himself had not where to lay his head. Birds entered into his parables—that of the sower, that of the mustard-seed. It is a tradition of his boyhood that he gave life to clay birds, and a fable of his crucifixion tells how the robin got his red breast at the cross.

The ravens were regarded as unclean birds, yet a raven brought to Noah his first news of the subsidence of the flood. Ravens fed Elijah in the famine. Jesus bade his followers "consider the ravens" as a lesson in trust, and both Job and the Psalmist instance God's care for the young ravens as evidence of his fatherly kindness.

The eagle is a swift and terrible bird, but three of the most exquisite passages of the Bible are associated with it: the Lord reminded Moses how he had borne his people on eagles' wings and brought them to himself; the Psalmist praised God for satisfying his people's desire with good things so that their youth is renewed like the eagles'; and Isaiah saw that they that wait for the Lord renew their strength, mounting up with wings as eagles.

Christ's pathetic reference to the hen will not be forgotten, nor how often he would have gathered the children of Jerusalem under the wings of his love as a hen broods her chickens. Two ominous birds are associated with the closing days of his life—the vultures ("eagles") whom he saw gathered about the carcass, the cock whose crowing marked the defection of his leading apostle.

The scientific study of the birds was unknown in Bible times, and is, indeed, of very recent growth, but the Bible is far too human a book to leave out our feathered friends. It is interesting to see how their wings flit through its pages, and how their songs lift its sentences from the first pages to the last.

A Sunday Epigram

This quaint epigram is older than the modern Sunday school. How much older is not known. It was known to Sir Matthew Hale (1609-1670), Lord Chief Justice of England, to whom some have ascribed it in its present form. It is well worth a large place in the minds and memory of the present generation. This is the form familiar in my childhood:

"A Sabbath well spent
Brings a week of content,
And joy for the work of the morrow;
But a Sabbath profaned,
Whate'er may be gained,
Is a sure forerunner of sorrow."

—S. S. World.

I cannot do everything,
But I can do something.
What I can do
I ought to do;
And what I ought to do,
By God's help,
I will do.

"And you say you guarantee these canaries?" "Guarantee them? Why, madam, I raised them from canary seed!"—Brown Jug.

Jessica of the Camerons

SYLVIA STEWART

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(Continuation)

Donald's plan for a Christmas tree for Pietro's flock was enthusiastically received by the club members, who invaded the Cameron home in a noisy "committee of the whole" the following evening for instructions from their honorary president. Mrs. Keith had evidently had extended experience in the matter of Christmas trees, for within an hour the work of preparing this one was so systematized and divided up among the willing workers that it seemed—as Marjorie observed—"half done already."

The "Boys' Auxiliary," as Don laughingly dubbed his mates on the avenue offered to furnish the tree, and three days before Christmas it was ready to be transported to its destination. The Home Amusement Club gave one entire evening to its arrangement, and a merry evening it surely was! The dining-room at the Cameron home was given over to the workers; and, with grandmother moving about among the busy groups, advising here and suggesting there, and Harry—who, for the first time was witnessing the growth of a Christmas tree—plunging about, wildly excited, in everybody's way, it was a pleasant picture.

So thought Mr. and Mrs. Cameron, as they sat together in the library, where they had full view of the young people through the open doors.

"What makes you look so serious, Dick?" inquired his wife, as she turned from her study of the merry decorators to surprise a grave look on her husband's face. "Your face looks almost out of place in this holiday joy-fest."

"Then I will hasten to fix it over at once, Madge," he smiled, soberly. "As nearly as I can trace my thoughts, I am returning silent thanks for the blessing that came to us last fall in the person of that nearly perfect woman yonder. Do you remember my prophecy then, in regard to her and that bunch of youngsters?"

Mrs. Cameron sighed deeply.

"So well that I never look at her lately without wondering what we will all do without her when spring comes."

"Don't cross your bridge until you reach it," advised her husband, philosophically. "She will never leave us again for long. That sort of thing is the breath of life to her; and if you think you would miss her, what about Jessica? Mother is the lodestar of the child's existence."

Mrs. Cameron's eyes followed his glance, and took in the scene. The tree was practically completed, and Jessica was standing by her grandmother's side, circled by her arm, the brown head tilted until it rested against the motherly shoulder. Their very attitude expressed the utmost love and confidence.

"If it were anyone else, Dick, I should be insanely jealous of her. But when I reflect what her wonderful personality

has done for our children these last few months, and for the other children also, I can only wonder and rejoice."

"Mamma, papa!" came Jessica's gay voice from the next room, "come see our tree. It is all ready for your inspection and approval." With a sudden swift glance at each other, which both understood, they obeyed.

Jessica had fastened a shining Christmas angel, with outstretched, glittering wings, laid aside from the home tree of the previous year, in the very top of the pretty little cedar. As one and another brought their quota of gifts for its further decoration, the angel message of peace and good will seemed to breathe in the very air about them. The tree was a marvel of beauty. There were substantial toys for the smallest boy, picture and storybooks chosen with an eye to quality, little articles of personal adornment for the two girls, and some gorgeous neckties and a warm cap for Tony, as well as a complete set of the best strings for his violin. There were apples and oranges galore, and strings of popcorn and red cranberries lent a vivid coloring to the tree. Here and there on its branches, in striking contrast to the gay toys and shining fruits, hung a number of long, brown rolls somewhat resembling cigars. These attracted Mr. Camron's attention, and he examined them with unfeigned curiosity.

"I didn't suppose this model bunch of kiddies would be guilty of tempting anyone to smoke, even at Christmas time," he jested. "But if those are not cigars," pinching one lightly with his fingers, "will somebody put me wise?"

"Those are dollar williams, dad," volunteered Don, "and their united aggregation means a new suit for Tony. They may be cigar-money," with a swift glance in Frank King's direction, "as they are all masculine contributions, ladies being barred. There's room for one more—like an omnibus. Want to chip in?"

"He ought to be required to, for that base insinuation about tempting Tony to smoke!" declared Marjorie. "Let's initiate him into the Royal Order of Goodfellows, and then he will have to!" Suddenly, as though by some prearranged self the center of a circling, laughing group, who, with clasped hands, danced around him singing merrily:

*"With Saint Nick you are doubtless acquainted,
For his name throughout Christendom's known;
But you may not be quite so familiar
With the subjects that bow at his throne.
His vassals are active and many,
Their ranks are increasing each day,
And, to let the world know what they're doing,*

"I think it would be best to let the boys take it down late at night," interposed Mrs. Keith, gently, "after making arrangements with Pietro to receive it. You would wish the children to see it the very first thing in the morning. Mamma is going to have Nora roast a small turkey for them, and when I take it down,

*They sing as they pass on their way,
Oh, we are the Christmas goodfellows,
goodfellows, goodfellows,
Oh, we are the Christmas goodfellows,
Though we're known as 'That Avenue Gang.'*

*"To the halt and the lame and the needy
We carry Saint Nicholas' cheer.
Go hunt up your purse and get busy,
And don't put it off till next year.
If you've never known sorrow or sadness,
If your pleasures seem frightfully tame,
Come, learn a new measure of gladness,
Get into the goodfellow game.
Oh, we are the Cleveland goodfellows,
goodfellows, goodfellows,
We are Santa Claus' Cleveland goodfellows,
Though we're known as 'That Avenue Gang.'"*

"There's nine more verses, papa," cried Jessica, as the circle paused for breath. "Will you have the rest?"

"I surrender!" he responded, when he could speak for laughter. "Nobody doubts that this aggregation means business. This is the most unique hold-up I ever experienced," and putting his hand in his pocket he drew forth a crisp dollar bill.

"Everybody comes across to the Goodfellows," was Marjorie's laughing acknowledgment, as she deftly wound this last donation with some dull, brown ribbon, and added it to the tree. "I have seen costlier Christmas trees than this," she commented, as she took in the well-laden boughs with approving eyes, "but for downright swell and pretty I never saw its equal!"

"There's only one drawback about the whole affair," began Jessica, and her voice was drowned in a chorus of, "What's that?" from the others.

"That we can't be there, to see its reception. I am just consumed with desire to see Pietro unroll a few of those bogus cigars, and I do want to see Tony and Carlo and little Guido fill themselves to the limit with nuts and candy without anybody to say 'quit.' I want to see Beatrice when she sees those cunning linen handkerchiefs which Kitty Leighton took from her own box and embroidered with a 'B' with her own—"

"Oh, cut it out, Jesscia," interrupted Kitty. "But why couldn't we all go down with it on Christmas morning, and sing a Christmas carol for them?"

"I'll bet you haven't seen the sun rise since you were born!" jeered Claude. "You and Margie would make good, healthy subjects to stand around in the snow at daylight, warbling Christmas carols, with the thermometer hovering near the zero mark, wouldn't you?"

"I think it would be best to let the boys take it down late at night," interposed Mrs. Keith, gently, "after making arrangements with Pietro to receive it. You would wish the children to see it the very first thing in the morning. Mamma is going to have Nora roast a small turkey for them, and when I take it down,

with a few additions for their Christmas dinner, as many of you as can do so might go too. Or we might postpone your going till evening, and all go down for a few minutes, following Kitty's suggestion of singing them a carol. You may be sure the children will not rob their tree of much of its beauty for a day, at least."

The latter plan was voted the better one, and the Helping Handers and their boy assistants reluctantly prepared to depart for home.

"This 'goodfellow' idea is spreading like a green bay tree!" asserted Don one morning. Certainly, in the few days now remaining before Christmas, its branches seemed to be pushing out from its avenue route into hitherto unreached localities where Christmas cheer was sorely needed. Other offices followed the example set by Mr. Cameron's firm. Indeed, so many inquiries were made of the employees concerning their plan that Mr. Cameron declared, one day at luncheon, that they might as well shut off business and give the remaining three days to the Goodfellow movement.

"It's highly contagious!" agreed Mrs. Keith, gayly. "If you could have been in Convention Hall in Kansas City last Christmas, at the municipal Christmas tree, you would have enjoyed a revelation. It is time you sleepy eastern people are waking up! You don't know what an enjoyable time at Christmas means until you have belonged to the Goodfellows a year or two."

Christmas eve came at last, and all went to the early Sunday school entertainment, in which Don and Jessica had a part in the program. Nine o'clock found every boy in the Avenue Gang, transformed into a temporary Santa Claus, lined up at Mr. Cameron's office, with a motor car apiece, and it was nearly midnight before the volunteer messengers completed the work of distribution for the various business firms who had joined the Goodfellow order.

When Donald took his seat at the breakfast table next morning, he was still too full of enthusiasm over the success of the evening's outing to give due consideration to the gifts surrounding his plate: the signet ring from papa to offset the pretty pearl one which already adorned Jessica's slim hand; the crocheted necktie of palest blue, his favorite color; the handsome sweater to match, which could have been wrought only by grandmother's patience and skill; the portfolio of "bones" of houses—which mamma had secured the same day she had received the tip from Harry as to what Don wanted for "Trismus." Its counterpart, a book of simple but excellent studies in oil and water color, lay by Jessica's plate. That happy mortal's first waking glance had fallen on the picture of the mountain which had hung over grandmother's desk since her coming, and which had possessed a deep charm for Jessica. It had been transferred to her own room over night, with a card containing grandmother's Christmas greeting.

"How did you know what would please me best of all?" asked Jessica, after the Christmas morning greetings were exchanged.

"I have seen you give it so many loving looks, as they say we should do our flowers when we wish them to grow well, that I fancied the picture would be an inspiration to you, as the real mountain was to me when I was where I could see it every day."

Descending to the dining-room they found Donald giving his father and mother a glowing account of his evening's experience.

"I changed my mind about seeing the deliveries made," he was saying. "We knocked at every door and shouted 'Merry Christmas,' and we found some at home every place we went. So we chucked the things inside as soon as the door was opened, and hiked out, singing our Goodfellow chorus as loud as we could yell, as we came away. We had so many thanks and blessings poured out on us, I am afraid it will make us sanctimonious for a whole year! It was sure some fun!"

While Don rattled on, papa was solemnly examining a couple of legal-looking documents which were connected by a ribbon, and which lay, one on his plate, and one on his wife's.

"This seems to be a joint affair, Madge," he ventured. "I dare you to open yours."

"After you," she replied, laughing. "Gentlemen first" in this case."

"I may as well 'fess up,'" put in their mother, "that this is a Cleveland Christmas gift with a Kansas string affixed. I hope it will receive due consideration."

"He either fears his fate too much," quoted Mr. Cameron, and unfolded the paper. It proved to be a deed, made out jointly to him and his wife, which made them owners of forty acres of land, upon which were Mrs. Keith's most valuable oil leases. He laid it down in bewilderment.

"I have always had the highest opinion of your levelheadedness, mother," he declared, "but with all candor, I fear this Goodfellow movement has turned your brain."

"If it has, there is 'method in my madness,' as you once remarked. Don't you see, Dick, that I am unloading my responsibilities before advancing old age gives them a chance to overwhelm me?"

"I am much afraid mother is guilty of boosting for Kansas immigration!" remarked Mrs. Cameron, who had been inspecting the papers. "With such inducements as these, the prospect for victims should not look discouraging to her."

"That's just what I hoped you would say, Madge!" cried her mother, triumphantly.

"This question is too serious to be considered on Christmas morning," decided Mr. Cameron. "I am sorry I cannot return the value of your gift, mother," taking her hand and slipping upon her finger a handsome diamond ring. "But when my ships come in from my oilwells I may be able to reciprocate further. I know you do not wear rings,"

with a glance at the hands unadorned save by the thin golden band on the third finger of her left hand, "but perhaps you will break over your rule occasionally in favor of this offering, which is a very slight expression of my appreciation of what you have been to me and mine since you came to us."

As papa was free for the day, the breakfast hour was extended; but directly it was over Jessica walked down the avenue to the handsome house where old Mrs. Jamison lived with her only daughter. Jessica found her alone in her own room, seated before an elegant breakfast. Her face lit up as she saw her young visitor.

"You're such a 'shut-in,' Grandma Jamison," said Jessica, after the first greetings were over, "that I have brought you something to look at, to make your Christmas a little more cheerful."

"The sight of your bright face alone would do that!" answered the "shut-in." "It is kind of a young girl like you to leave her pleasures to remember an old woman like me, on this morning of all."

She caught her breath as Jessica shook the glorious wealth of Christmas roses from their mossy wrappings, and looked about for something in which to arrange them.

"Let me have them, just for a little while," begged the old lady, holding out her hands, and Jessica laid the fragrant mass in her arms, with a feeling of reverence as she noted the effect of her floral offering.

"You will think I am a silly old woman, deary," she half sobbed, "but they take me back to the old home in New Hampshire that was nearly covered with roses. They were not such hothouse beauties as these, but sweetbriars and ramblers, and in the yard moss roses—all the old-fashioned kinds that I have not seen for many a year."

"You told me once that you lived in the mountains," said Jessica, softly, "so grandmother sent you a book of New Hampshire stories that she thought you would like. There is a dear Christmas story in it, about an old couple whose children had all gone to the city to live, and hardly ever came home to the old people except one at a time for a little while. But one Christmas they got ashamed of themselves, and made a plan to leave all their children at home, and play they were children again themselves. They planned to sneak into the old home and hang up their stockings, and give their father and mother a big surprise on Christmas morning. They made it all up with the old servant that had been with their folks for years, and the story of how well they managed it would make you laugh and cry both. Shall I read it for you now?"

She received an eager assent; so she helped make the invalid comfortable on the couch by the sunny window, arranged the roses in a vase on the table, and, sitting near in a low chair, read the interesting story. When she had finished Mrs. Jamison drew her to the couch.

"Thank you so much, dear child. My

Baptist Leaders

Roger Williams

A. P. MIHM

"Freedom of conscience, unlimited freedom of mind," says Jeremy Taylor, "was from the first the trophy of the Baptists." "The Baptists," says John Locke, "were from the beginning, the firm advocates of absolute liberty,—just and true liberty, equal and impartial liberty."

On the great theme of soul freedom and separation of church and state there never was a wavering note with the Baptists. Our doctrine of civil and religious liberty grows directly out of the direct relation of the individual Christian to Christ. Christ is the only lawgiver, the only Lord of the conscience. Baptists have ever denied the right of the civil magistrate or the state either to prescribe a form of religion for us or to punish us for not following any religion they may prescribe. Religious freedom means with us the inalienable right of every man, as far as human authority is concerned, to choose for himself in religion.

Baptists have ever resisted the right of the state to establish the church by law, to tolerate the conformists of that church and to put its non-conformists under pains and penalties or to interfere with the free exercise of a man's religion, be what it may.

The same liberty which we claim for ourselves, we are bound to claim for others, for if their rights can be taken away, ours may also. When a Baptist shall rob one man of soul liberty, by statute, penalty or sword, he will cease to be a Baptist for that reason. Baptists have ever sealed this great doctrine of soul-liberty with their blood. The young people in our churches ought to be familiar with these great facts.

Pioneer of Soul Liberty

Baptists gave to American civilization the complete idea of liberty. Roger Williams, the Baptist, was the Pioneer of Soul Liberty, the first assenter in America of the sublime principle of soul liberty.

According to Robert Southey's estimate, Roger Williams was the best and greatest of all Welshmen, who began the first civil government upon earth, that gave equal liberty of conscience, one of the best men who ever set foot upon the new world, a man of genius and of virtue.

Roger Williams was born about 1600 of Welsh parentage in Gwinear, Wales. While young he went to London and by his skill in reporting attracted the attention of Sir Edward Coke, the great lawyer who framed the bill of rights and defended the Commons in their contest with the Crown.

By his advice and patronage Williams entered the famous Charter House school

and afterwards the University of Cambridge where Coke himself had been educated and which was decidedly Puritan in tone. He had a great talent for languages. He took his degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1627. He taught John Milton Dutch, who in turn taught William Hebrew. For a time he is supposed to have studied law and this legal training undoubtedly prepared him for his later legislative career. His bent was, however, toward theology and he finally took orders in the Church of England. He had a parish for a time in Lincolnshire.

Influenced by Puritans

The seventeenth century into whose beginning Roger Williams was born, was one of the most remarkable centuries in the annals of England. It saw the rise, the struggles, the spread of Puritanism. It was resplendent with the names of Cromwell and Milton and Sir Harry Vane, all of whom were friends of Williams, friendships that bear testimony to his high character and noble spirit. Kings consort only with kings on equal terms.

By study, by reflection, influenced undoubtedly by the Puritan atmosphere he breathed and still more by the Spirit of God which breathed upon him, he became an intense, logically consistent, radical Puritan. He suffered for conscience sake. He was opposed to the liturgy and to the hierarchical ideas of Archbishop Laud who was then in power. He longed for a new country, and a new home, free from the oppressions and persecutions of a state church. Although, as he said, "it was bitter as death" to him to leave his native land, he determined to join the religious exiles in New England. He was acquainted with John Cotton and other emigrants to America and determined to make his home in Massachusetts. He embarked from Bristol with his wife Mary, in the ship *Lyon* on Dec. 1, 1630. For 65 days the ship buffeted stormy seas until they landed in Boston on Feb. 5, 1631. Governor Winthrop recorded Williams' arrival as that of "a godly minister."

Labors in Massachusetts

His ample fortune, learning, zeal and godly character commended him and he was invited to become teacher in the church in Boston under the pastoral care of John Wilson. But Williams was early and urgent outspoken in his denunciation of what he deemed the grave errors of the established church. In April 1631 he was invited to become teacher to the church at Salem, the oldest church in the colony. However, a number of the leading men deemed the ideas of Williams dangerous and hindered his going to Salem. Williams spent several years as minister in Plymouth colony, when he was again called to Salem, where he labored with great acceptance for a number of years.

Conflict With Prevailing Opinions

Williams, however, found the Congregational churches of Massachusetts Bay Colony put under the control of the magistrates and foresaw at a glance, that if this remained so, corruption and persecution would work out in America the same results they had wrought in England. As a strong-minded man, he protested that the magistrate might not punish a breach of the first table of the law, comprised in the first four of the ten commandments. Williams dared to question the assumption of religious authority on the part of magistrates outside of their proper sphere as civil officers. He was soon looked upon as an out-and-out Separatist. He was accused of holding and preaching views that "tended to Anabaptistry."

Banishment and Flight

For these opinions, which were really religious opinions, Williams was sentenced to be banished from the colony in October 1635, the sentence to be enforced in January. No wonder Artemus Ward said with more truth than humor: "The Puritans came over to worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences and to keep other people from worshipping him according to their'n."

A little while later, while Williams was just recovering from a serious illness, word came to him that he was to be deported on a ship ready to sail from the harbor. Williams then fled into the howling, unbroken wilderness and amid the severity of a New England winter, wandered for 14 weeks, knowing not bread or bed. Finally he came to the Indians on Narraganset Bay, who welcomed him; Massasoit, their king, taking Williams to his cabin as he would a brother. Williams had before this learned the Indian language and was able to write in it.

Williams and the Indians

It may be noted at this point, that Roger Williams was more than thirteen years ahead of John Eliot, commonly called "The Apostle to the Indians." He learned their language in their smoky hovels. He wrote a book, "Key to the Indian languages," published in London in 1643, bringing these studies to the attention of colonists and the mother country. This was the first attempt to reduce the Indian speech to a written language, and received honorable recognition among English scholars. He ever befriended the Indians and again and again averted war and massacres by mediation for peace, showing a most magnanimous spirit toward his persecutors. He always stood for their ownership of their lands as against mere royal grant. This was the first item in the charges against him at the time of his banishment.

Founding of Providence

Williams bought land of the Indians for his settlement. In memory of God's protection and care of him he called the

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town PROVIDENCE. About a dozen likeminded people had gathered around him and they entered into a covenant to establish there "a shelter for all persons distressed of conscience." This was in June, 1636. Soon after he obtained a charter in England for his colony of Rhode Island which grew rapidly.

With the founding of Providence there began a new era in man's spiritual history. Religious freedom, which now by general consent underlies the foundation principles of civilized government, was at that time looked upon by most statesmen and religious officials as a wild theory. Some said, Williams had a windmill in his head. That which is now the glory of our great nation was then an experiment, new, untried, derided, and in the judgment of the world, doomed to speedy failure.

Bancroft, the historian, says: "Williams was the first person in modern Christendom to assert in its plenitude the doctrine of liberty of conscience, the equality of opinions before the law. Williams would permit persecution of no opinion, leaving heresy unharmed by law and orthodoxy unprotected by the terror of penal statutes."

Judge Story said: "In the code of laws established by them we read for the first time since Christianity ascended the throne of the Caesars, the declaration that conscience should be free, and men should not be punished for worshipping God in the way they were persuaded he requires."

The General Assembly of Rhode Island decreed in 1647: "All men may walk as their conscience persuades them, every one in the name of his God."

Becomes a Baptist

In 1638 Williams and eleven others were Scripturally baptized and a Baptist church was formed under his lead. This mother church of American Baptists, the First Baptist Church of Providence, is still in existence and flourishing today. Before the end of the century there were at least eleven Baptist churches besides this one in Providence.

Of his own regeneration Roger Williams says: "The Father of Lights and Mercies in my childhood touched my soul with a love to himself, to the only begotten, the true Lord Jesus, to his holy Scriptures." He believed a Gospel church must be made up of regenerate men and calls them "actual believers, true disciples and converted, living stones, such as could give some account how the grace of God hath appeared to them and wrought that heavenly change in them."

Later Days and Death

Williams did not stay long with the Baptists on account of some views he came to hold concerning the ministry and joined a body called the Seekers. His withdrawal from the Baptists did not disrupt brotherly love between them to the end of his life. He never prized this brotherly fellowship lightly. He believed that the Baptists were in many respects nearer to the first primitive churches and the institutions and appointments of Jesus Christ than others.

Williams died in 1683, about 84 years of age after a long and useful life and was buried with all the honors the colony could show. In Roger Williams Park in Providence a monument 27 feet high, crowned by a statue 7½ feet in height, was erected to his memory in 1877. This statue is shown on the front page of this number of the "Herald." In Washington, D. C., The Roger Williams Memorial Baptist Church has been erected at a cost of over \$350,000. The Northern and Southern Baptist conventions as well as the Columbia Baptist Association participated in this enterprise with the local church in the building of such a worthy memorial.

His Personal Character

Of the personal character of Roger Williams there has been sometimes misunderstanding, not to say misrepresentation. John Fiske in "beginnings of N. E." speaks of him as "learned, quick-witted, pugnacious. There was scarcely any subject about which he did not wrangle from the sinfulness of persecution to the propriety of women wearing veils in churches. Yet with all his love of controversy there never lived a more gentle and kindly soul." That he was honest, generous, philanthropic, forgiving, his whole life would seem to bear testimony.

He was strong in his convictions and expressed them in strong language as was common at that time in discussion and controversy. But he was a man of lovable character both by the testimony of his friends and the reluctant concessions of his enemies. He had, as Prof. Tyler says, a large head, a warm heart, a healthy body; he was an optimist; his master passion benevolence; of a hearty and sociable turn; a man whose dignity would not have petrified us nor his saintliness given us a chill; a mighty and benignant form, always pleading for some magnanimous idea, some tender charity, the righting of some wrong, the exercise of some sort of forbearance toward men's bodies and souls."

Remember, that it was a group of Baptists from Virginia and Rhode Island that went before George Washington in behalf of Soul-Liberty and to whom he said: "I recollect with satisfaction that the religious society of which you are members have been, throughout America, uniformly and almost unanimously the firm friends of civil liberty, and the persevering promoters of our glorious revolution." In 1789 Baptists were instrumental in writing into the Constitution of the United States the first amendment, which guarantees religious freedom for all citizens of the Republic. What is now largely an American doctrine, was once exclusively a Baptist doctrine.

Roger Williams and his service, his doctrine and his influence, his spirit and his suffering, his example and his achievement, his name and his fame are the rich inheritance not only of Rhode Island and the Baptists; he belongs to the entire Nation and to the world. His life was bounded by a brief span of four-score years, but his soul goes marching on.

The Baptist who does not rejoice in

Daily Scripture Portion

Bible Readers Course

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

JANUARY.			FEBRUARY.		
<i>Joshua.</i>			<i>St. Luke.</i>		
1	1.	1-18	1	1.	1-17
2S	2.	1-14	2	1.	18-33
3	2.	15-24	3	1.	46-64
4	3.	1-17	4	1.	65-80
5	4.	1-14	5	2.	1-17
6	4.	15-24			
7	5.	10-15	6S	2.	18-35
8	6.	1-5	7	2.	36-52
9S	6.	6-19	8	3.	1-14
10	7.	1-15	9	3.	15-23
11	7.	16-26	10	4.	1-15
12	8.	1-13	11	4.	16-32
13	8.	14-23	12	4.	33-44
14	8.	24-35			
15	9.	1-15	13S	5.	1-16
16S	9.	16-27	14	5.	17-26
17	10.	1-15	15	5.	27-39
18	14.	1-15	16	6.	1-16
19	20.	1-9	17	6.	17-35
20	23.	1-16	18	6.	36-49
21	24.	1-15	19	7.	1-17
22	24.	16-33			
<i>Psalms.</i>			20S	7.	18-35
23S	78.	1-16	21	7.	36-50
24	78.	17-35	22	8.	1-15
25	78.	36-54	23	8.	16-25
26	78.	55-72	24	8.	26-39
27	79.	1-13	25	8.	40-56
28	80.	1-19	26	9.	1-11
29	81.	1-16			
30S	84.	1-12	27S	9.	12-22
31	85.	1-13	28	9.	23-36

(By Courtesy of the Scripture Union)

the glorious history of his great denomination must have ignorance instead of knowledge in his head, and ice water instead of good red blood in his veins. The divorce between church and state was not a lucky thought of certain Baptist philosophers and pioneers; it was the logical outcome of distinctive Baptist principles drawn from the New Testament.

God make all Baptists worthy of their noble sires and of their divine Master and Lord!

Many a player in the orchestra of life spends all his time merely in tuning up.

The maid was leaving, and her mistress said to her: "Now, Mary, I should like to give you a good reference, but my conscience compels me to state that you never got the meals ready at the proper time. Now I wonder how I can put it in a nice way?"

"Well, mum," retorted the girl, "you can say that I got the meals the same as I got me pay."—Boston Transcript.

Happy is the man who knows the thrill that comes from having done a difficult task well.

children are all in the home up yonder, except this one I live with, and she is very dear. But this fine home has never been to me what the old one was, and the sight of your roses, and the remembrance of your story, will help me to live the old days all over again today. Thank you for coming. I cannot tell you how much pleasure you have given me."

Jessica kissed her warmly, promised to come again soon, and went thoughtfully down the avenue, which was resplendent with the sparkle and glow of a perfect Christmas morning. Tears came to her eyes more than once as she thought of the sorrowful old lady she had left behind in her elegant loneliness.

"She has nothing to look forward to," she thought to herself, "except a well-cared-for old age, without anybody in it except her daughter. I wonder why all elderly ladies are not like gramsie, with lots and lots of things to do for herself and other folks."

The Cameron family had been invited to take dinner with the Sheldons, and Nora had been permitted to go home for the day, happy in the possession of a new dress and a handsome set of furs—the latter grandmother's gift—also some dainty remembrances from Don and Jessica, who were very fond of Nora. At the Sheldon's the day was given up to social pleasure. The late dinner was scarcely over, however, when a call came over the telephone, and the manager of the Associated Charities asked for Mr. Donald Cameron.

"Whew!" exclaimed Donald. "Can that be meant for me? It nearly takes my breath."

"The amount of turkey and mince pie you have just stored away will go far to account for your shortness of breath," remarked Jessica, wittily. "What is wanted, Don?—I mean Mr. Cameron?"

"A number of needy families have been found that were overlooked last night, and as there is a quantity of provisions left over, Mr. Leigh has asked me to distribute them. May I, papa?"

"Far be it from me to lay a straw in the triumphant path of the Cleveland Goodfellows," promptly replied Mr. Cameron.

"And will you go too, Claude?"

"Surest thing! I was just wishing for more worlds to conquer on the Goodfellows plan. Let's take the girls out with us, and show them just how it's done."

Permission was given, and the four went gaily away on their mission. Several trips were made from the supply center, and the sun was setting as Don deposited Claude and Margie on the Sheldon doorstep, and turned the motor homeward.

"This Goodfellow business is like an endless chain," remarked Jessica, as, having removed her wraps in her own room, she entered the library, where the family was assembled. "It just keeps going around and around."

"You should see grandmother's room, Don," she went on, mischievously. "It sure pays her to be a Goodfellow. Her table is piled high. I don't believe mamma

—Santa Claus—could have left another thing on it," with a sly glance at Harry, who was in the next room, apparently absorbed in a "really truly" electric engine, that was running smoothly on its shining track, temporarily laid on the big dining-room table. "Besides the family offerings there is a gorgeous sofa-pillow from the club, with everyone's initials in monogram, and a little 'personal remembrance' from every girl in the club besides, which is in direct violation of our agreement. What do you suppose Margie said when I got after her for breaking the rule?"

"It would be hard to guess. What was it?"

"That grandmother had been an adopted member of the Sheldon family since early last fall!" rejoined Jessica, laughing.

"I don't believe there is any 'really truly' Santa Taus," declared Harry, composedly, from the next room, suspending operations with the new engine for a moment. "It's dust your mammams and papas and ovver folks."

"What a silly idea, Harry!" reproved Don, while Jessica giggled. "Of course there's a Santa Claus! Didn't you see him yourself, at the church, last night?"

"Jimmy Smif said that was dust his own papa, dweessed up!" insisted the young skeptic. "Jessica made your necktie, and dranma knitted your sweater, 'cause I saw 'em bof workin' on 'em. And you made thos picser things for Jessica, out in the shop. All the girls made dranma's tushion, 'cause Jessica dust said so!"

"Little pitchers have big ears," laughed grandma.

"And wide open eyes," added mamma.

"Another of childhood's fond illusions swept away," was Mr. Cameron's comment, as he rose to open the door in response to a gay tumult outside.

"All aboard for Italy!" cried Margie's merry voice as the Avenue Gang poured into the warm library, putting an effectual check to Harry's observations on the reality of Santa Claus.

Don and Jessica hurried away for wraps, Jessica insisting on bringing Harry's also, and taking him along.

"Keep a sharp lookout for microbes, Margie," cautioned Mrs. Keith. "There might be a few left."

"I am taking along what you might call a 'deodorizer,'" laughed Margie, opening a large box she was carrying, and displaying a mass of carnations and roses. "We all robbed our Christmas bouquets, and are taking these to Beatrice."

"Hothouse blossoms for the 'Mafia!'" exclaimed Don. "Now, wouldn't you call that the limit?"

Ten minutes later a crowd of youngsters were storming Mr. Giovanni's door, which was immediately flung open, with the noisy chorus:

"Oh, we are the Christmas goodfellows, goodfellows, goodfellows,
Yes, we are the Cleveland goodfellows,
Though we're known as the Avenue Gang."

(To be continued)

† Miss May Beneditz

Miss May Beneditz, who for nearly three years was a patient at the Forest Lawn sanitarium, Jefferson, Wis., passed to her eternal reward January 20, 1927. Miss Beneditz was born in Wausau on March 11, 1895. At the age of twelve years she was converted and baptized by Rev. Tilgner. Since 1914 she had been at home in Watertown.

Miss Beneditz was highly esteemed for her sincere and upright Christian character. Not only did she take a keen interest in Christian work prior to her illness, but also during those three years of sanitarium life she was not idle. She pointed out the way of life to many indifferent and unconverted patients, not seeking her own glory, but the glory of him whom she loved. She realized her experience to be similar to St. Paul's, "rather unto the furtherance of the gospel" (Phil. 1:12). "I believe God has put me here for a purpose," she would often say. News of her death came very unexpectedly, as during her Christmas visit at home her condition seemed unusually favorable.

The funeral services took place on Sunday, January 23. Both the home and the church were filled to capacity with members and friends from in and out of the city. The many beautiful flowers testified to the loving tribute of many. A mixed quartet from Milwaukee, composed of A. W. H. Giesseke, Mabel Quade, Helmuth Wengel and Laura Weihe, sang two selections. In a brief address, Mr. Giesseke pointed out some of the many fine Christian qualities in the life of the deceased as he had learned to know her while she was secretary and he president of the Wisconsin Jugendbund. Mr. T. Bender of Chicago rendered a vocal selection which was her favorite and which she had hoped to hear him sing some day. Rev. Emil Mueller of Milwaukee spoke a few words of comfort at the home and led in prayer at the church. Rev. G. Wetter preached the funeral sermon on: "There is but a step between me and death" (1 Sam. 20:3).

From Watertown the remains were taken to Wausau where another service was held at the home of her brother, William F. Beneditz, Rev. J. F. Meyer officiating. Two duets were delivered by Mr. Adolph Gering and Mrs. Frank Gering. The mortal remains were laid to rest next to those of her mother's in Pine Grove Cemetery.

She is survived by her father, Miss Ruth Beneditz, Mrs. A. W. Krause, Mrs. B. V. Krueger and Mrs. G. T. O'Keefe of Watertown, Mrs. E. W. Krueger of West Allis and Paul, William and Frank Beneditz of Wausau. Her mother and one sister preceded her in death.

May the God of all comfort comfort the sorrowing hearts!
Watertown, Wis. G. WETTER.

The man who puts anything between himself and God is experiencing a moral and spiritual eclipse.

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

What Some Members of the Finance
Committee Say About the Prayer
League

St. Paul, Minn.
January 22, 1927.

I am satisfied that our church members pray. I often feel, however, that many seem satisfied that when they have prayed, they have fulfilled their duty. We must back up our prayer by some service on our part to help bring a realization of the wish we expressed in the form of a prayer. If we all pray, and no one attempts to render a service, I am somewhat inclined to believe our prayers will not avail us much.

We should pray that God arouse in each of us a desire for "service;" that he create in us a feeling of dissatisfaction with ourselves until our prayer is actually followed by some outward sign or act of service for the Lord, and that we continue this service each day until that which we have requested in prayer be fulfilled. Having accomplished one thing it is our duty to take up another, and thus keep continuously engaged in prayer and service.

We have our personal matters that we pray for; we must have our denominational matters that we pray for. As to the latter we should all join in united act or service to bring our large problems to a realization.

May God grant us success!

Henry Marks,
Ex-Pres. Y. P. and S. S. W. Union.

Philadelphia, Pa.
January 25, 1927.

I have great faith in prayer. I will pray for the success of the movement and for a "geistliche Neubelebung."

Reuben Windisch.

Lorraine, Kans.
January 24, 1927.

I am in hearty accord with your suggestion for a call for prayer and spiritual revival.

H. A. Schacht.
Racine, Wis.
January 22, 1927.

I thank God for the courageous stand you have taken. The need is not money, but back to God. Prayer is the only way back.

W. F. Hilker.
Detroit, Mich.
January 22, 1927.

I am in full accord that prayer is the only way and method. If we will unite, success is assured.

Otto R. Ernst.
Detroit, Mich.
January 22, 1927.

Glad to join the prayer group. I hope such a revival may be brought to pass.

Edw. W. Hoek.
Detroit, Mich.
January 25, 1927.

I am very much in favor of forming a prayer circle as suggested in your letter of January 21.

Frank A. Koppin.

Chicago, Ill.
January 28, 1927.

"Prayer is the hand, that moves the arm, that moves the world." If we can enlist our preachers to pray, we are paving the way for revival and quickening of new spiritual life.

C. A. Daniel.

Millburn, N. J.
January 26, 1927.

I have never been very keen about pledges gathered in a rather mechanical way. However, I am willing to sign one of the "Neubelebung" pledges to indicate my sympathy with the ideal.

W. A. Staub.

Milwaukee, Wis.
January 29, 1927.

I will endorse what you have outlined in your letter of January 21, 1927.

N. B. Neelen.

Milwaukee, Wis.
January 29, 1927.

I believe in the power of united prayer and wholeheartedly endorse your plan. I suggest that we combine this united effort with the suggestion of the co-operative Committee of Evangelism of the Northern Baptist Convention that all of us at the same time read the book of Acts.

O. R. Hauser.

Fessenden, N. D.
January 31, 1927.

A number of our churches in our immediate vicinity have had their mid-winter prayer and revival meetings since the first part of January. Germantown reports a goodly number of converts, Rosenfeld (near Kief) reports some fifty converts, here at home we have had twenty-one saved, and a general deeper spiritual life is manifest. Expect to have more meetings on the order of a Retreat as soon as roads will permit.

Permit me to become a member of the Prayer League. May the Lord give me the strength to encourage others to join in prayer for the furtherance of his Kingdom among mankind!

A. V. Zuber.

Wedding Bells and Ordination in Portland

Rev. Berthold Krentz, our present pastor, Third German Baptist Church, Portland, Ore., first came to Portland as an agent for the German Baptist Life Insurance. As our church happened to be without a pastor, we gave Bro. Krentz a call, which he accepted.

Shortly after Miss Martha Ritterbusch came to Portland from the East, and on Oct. 11 they were married in the church auditorium, Rev. Rutsch performing the ceremony. After the sermon we had the pleasure of hearing several good musical selections from our church orchestra. A very appropriate violin solo was played by Reinhold Sichau for this occasion. After this congratulations were offered to the newly married couple, and the different organizations presented them with gifts. Refreshments were served, thus ending a very interesting evening.

During the Oregon Convention, Nov. 10, when the pastors and delegates from the other churches all over Oregon were present, Bro. Krentz was ordained to the Gospel Ministry. After the Ladies Aid Society had served a dinner to the delegates, also to a number of our church members, the ordination service was held. Our prayer is that our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ may make our brother a power in the upbuilding of his great and glorious kingdom.

IDA BIENERT.

New Year's Eve Second German B. Y. P. U., Detroit

12 o'clock!! New Year's Eve. "Everybody ready? All right, let's go." Then off went a number of machines loaded with young people carrying with them many a word of cheer as well as a box full of good things for the dear old people in our church who are not able to attend the services, whether ill or due to infirmity.

This is the usual program of the Young People of the Second German Baptist Church in Detroit and it is always looked forward to by all.

The good Lord says, "It is more blessed to give than receive," and these words are in our minds as we give what little we can. It is such a small thing for us to do and it means so much to the old people.

After various homes were visited, breakfast in the "wee sma" hours of the morning was served in the parsonage and everyone went home feeling as if they had really started the New Year right.

JOAN NEWMAN, Sec.

Wherein Christianity Is Different

Speaking before the Washington Missionary Convention, Dr. E. Stanley Jones, of India, gathered together in graphic sentences the claims of the world religions. He said: "The finished product of the different faiths might be stated to be as follows: Greece said, 'Be moderate—know thyself.' Rome said, 'Be strong—order thyself.' Confucianism says, 'Be superior—correct thyself.' Buddhism says, 'Be disillusioned—annihilate thyself.' Hinduism says, 'Be separated—merge thyself.' Mohammedanism says, 'Be submissive—bend thyself.' Judaism says, 'Be holy—conform thyself.' Modern materialism says, 'Be industrious—enjoy thyself.' Modern dilettantism says, 'Be broad—cultivate thyself.' Christianity says, 'Be Christlike—give thyself.'"

Too True Too Often

That was a graphic glimpse of human nature portrayed in Mr. Alley's "Ham-bone's Meditations" sometime ago:

PAHSON WANT US TO GIT UP DAT CHUCH MONEY QUIET LAK, BUT SHUCKS! FOLKS WANTS A FUSS MADE WHEN DEY GIVIN' MONEY!

Too many are fond of noisy giving. They like to drop into the platter a coin that will make a sound and they like to put in the basket a bill that will be seen.—Kind Words.



Farewell Reception at Avon

Sunday evening, Jan. 23, marked the close of Rev. Olthoff's successful ministry in Avon, S. D. It was a very sad occasion in view of the fact that our pastor was about to leave us and still a happy one, in that it was the Reverend's and Mrs. Olthoff's twenty-fifth wedding anniversary.

At the opening of the meeting Rev. and Mrs. Olthoff were ushered to their places in the front of the church by two of the deacons while the "Lohengrin Bridal March" was being played.

One of the deacons then took charge of the meeting. There were several special musical numbers among them being a song by the Choir, a song by the Primary Department of the Sunday school, a vocal solo and a selection by the orchestra. Rev. A. W. Lang from our neighboring church in Tyndall gave the address of the evening, using 1 Sam. 7:12 as a text: "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us."

The talks that were given by the deacons of the church, the superintendent of the Sunday school, the vice-superintendent of the Sunday school, the vice-president of the Ladies Missionary Society, the president of the B. Y. P. U. all expressed the same spirit of sadness and regret in having our pastor leave us.

They were then presented with a set of Community Silverware and a Mohair overstuffed chair from the church. Mrs. Olthoff received a gift of fancy bed linen from the Ladies Missionary Society of which she had been President for the past thirteen years. The Mens Bible Class presented Rev. Olthoff with a leather traveling bag.

Following this Rev. Olthoff rose and spoke words of appreciation and thanks. A class of little girls then sang a song which had been written especially for the occasion.

After refreshments were served the meeting was closed by singing the song, "God be with you till we meet again," and all bade Rev. and Mrs. Olthoff farewell, wishing them much success in their new field of labor.

Following is the song which the class of little girls sang:

*We each suppose it's up to me
To speak our valedictory;
To make a speech we will not try,
So guess we'll have to say good-by.*

CHORUS:

*Good-by to you for Madison,
If that's where you must go;
God bless your work there to be done,
And cause his church to grow.*

*We all regret to see you go,
But if our God has willed it so,
We'll pray, O Lord, thy will is best,
And pray thy work by him be blest.*

*Your work in Avon has been blest
For thirteen years of toil, the best.
May he be with you where you go,
The love of Christ to sinners show.*

*Farewell to thee and thine we say,
God bless you all and us who stay;
God bless your work in Avon done,
And also there in Madison.*

*Farewell to you for just today,
It's not our wish that you go away;
Should we not meet on earth again,
God grant it be in heaven then.*

LAURA SCHROEDER,
Secretary of the Avon B. Y. P. U.



Rev. O. E. Schultz and his "kiddies"

Daddy Visits the Kiddies

"Dear Daddy:

I am happy and hope you are too.

Love and XXXXX

from Ruthie."

Thus wrote my little eight-year-old sweetheart in a letter from our own Children's Home in St. Joseph, Mich.

When I took my children there last August it was with a certain amount of fear and hesitancy. Long had I fought against the idea until it seemed the only way open in order to keep my little motherless brood together.

The word "asylum" sends a cold chill down one's back and when I announced my intention in Sunday school last summer a young mother, who had had the experience of being brought up in an institution, was overcome by an uncontrollable crying-spell.

Yes, I had heard the praises of our Orphanage before, but nevertheless, after spending a half day and a night on the train and riding from Detroit to St.

Joseph in my nephew's car and finally reaching our destiny, I seem to have been placed in a position which recalls that of the Queen of Sheba, who said: "Howbeit, I believed not the words, until I came, and mine eyes had seen it, and behold, the half was not told me."

There was a fine modern brick building surrounded by artistically arranged shrubbery, beautiful flower beds and neatly kept lawns, a building with comfortable living quarters for the parents, a cheerful dining room with round tables and a radio equipment, a kitchen with a huge gas stove, an electric refrigerator, a basement with play rooms, furnace and laundry with electric wash-machine and mangle, and a second floor with well ventilated bed rooms and baths. Attached to the outside of the edifice was a spiral fire-escape enclosed in a sheet steel casing, which would probably remind our agriculturists of their silos at home. In the rear of the building were to be seen swings, teeter-totters, a little merry-go-round, a sand pile, a slide and an equipment for basket-ball. These things soon became the center of attraction for the new arrivals. A vegetable garden and a bit of woods where the children erect tents for camping were also a part of the five-acre plot upon which the Home is built. Situated on an elevation that affords a glimpse of the river and Benton Harbor on the other side and within walking distance of Lake Michigan with a sandy beach comparing favorably with that of Atlantic City on the other it is unquestionably a place conducive to the health and physical welfare of the children.

Is it a wonder when I left the next morning my children were so enraptured in their new surroundings that saying "good-bye" seemed, on their part at least, so very little of a hardship? And is it a wonder that after two months had elapsed I should receive such a letter of contentment?

Although I left with a feeling of satisfaction over having done the right thing by my children, it will not seem strange to those who understand that when Christmas time approached I should be mastered by a strong desire to see them again, even though it meant spending two nights in the day coach. But in passing I desire to state that the financial end of the trip was considerably lightened by a Christmas gift from the members of the Wilmington church.

Long will the hours spent with the kiddies linger as a pleasant reminiscence to brighten the recurring moments of solitude. Long will the picture of the first evening in "Pa" and "Ma" Steiger's parlor hang on the wall of memory. Long will the sweet name that an American father delights to hear, "daddy," ring in my ears as again and again it was uttered by childish voices in an endeavor to relate their experiences at the Home.

And so for a while I forgot my ministerial duties and became a child playing with the children, a thing I hope never to unlearn.

But what shall I say about our beloved Rev. and Mrs. Steiger who take the place

of papa and mamma for 36 lusty and lively children ranging from 5 to about 17 years of age? For after all, it is not so much the external comforts that constitute a real home, but rather the prevailing spirit in it.

And a home it is, as near as it is possible to make it such. The words "orphan" and "asylum" had better be banished from our vocabulary when we think of St. Joseph. There are no long tables with pine boards and tin plates and stale bread, no uniformity of dress nor cringing fear on the faces of the children. The Home belongs to them. Rough play is, of course, relegated to the out-of-doors or the basement, but the dining room is also their social room where they gather for school work, table games, reading books or listening to radio concerts. Even the parlor is not a forbidden sanctuary, but the latch-string hangs on the outside to be pulled by the children whenever they desire to consult "Pa" or "Ma."

Those of us who have made an honest attempt at raising children know something of the problems connected with maintaining a semblance of discipline and in view of my own experience as the associate child-trainer in the home I am quite willing to take my hat off to Bro. Steiger as a disciplinarian of no mean caliber. To combine love with firmness, to allow a certain amount of freedom and still maintain order, to teach children to make beds, scrub floors or wield the hoe in the garden and yet grant them that necessary prerogative of childhood, play; to train a bunch of three dozen children with practically no use of that proverbial and supposedly efficient method, the rod, which after all requires the smallest amount of mental effort and follows the line of least resistance, is a task worthy of recognition in our denominational accomplishments.

Of course, I contribute toward the maintenance of my children in the Home, but if I were to pay what it actually costs, overhead expenses included, it would take every cent of my salary and I would have to dig in the sewer, or even sell life insurance during the week to keep body and soul together. And as most of the children are even less fortunately situated one can readily understand why the Home needs our pecuniary considerations.

The reason for this seemingly high pro rata expenditure becomes evident when all things are considered. The cultural and aesthetic side of a child's life needs to be nurtured as well as the physical and is there any one who would want a blush of shame to color his cheeks in view of a shabby treatment of those unfortunates whom the vicissitudes of life have left on our denominational shores?

But provisions are equally welcome as was evidenced by the relish with which the chickens in form of soup and meat were consumed which some of our kind farm folk from Dakota sent as their special Christmas present and of which I bear personal testimony that they were "ausgezeichnet." Eggs, butter, honey, fowl, etc., mean money to our rural

friends, but if we could get a glimpse of the healthy youngsters at dinner time a contribution to satisfy their appetites would afford an inner satisfaction worth more than the price of rubies.

And now I am back in the parsonage where I am "monarch of all I survey," but the pleasant impressions of our own Children's Home in St. Joseph, Mich., have left an indelible picture on the mind.

OTTO E. SCHULTZ.

Wilmington, Del.

Glimpses of the South African Native Character

L. BAIER

Stutterheim, S. Africa

I. TYALA

Ex-President Roosevelt says in his Autobiography: "Never make many promises nor make them easily, but if you make a promise keep it." This is a splendid ideal not only for Americans but for all men. Sometime ago I had an article in our "Baptist Herald" on "Marriage Customs Among S. African Natives," at the close of which I promised, if possible, to write for our "Baptist Herald" a brief article on the S. African witchdoctor. This promise I am now about to fulfill. But to guard against the danger of some of my friends in America getting a one-sided conception of the more inner life of the S. African Natives as a merely superstitious, slavish, ignorant and brutal lot, I shall precede the article on witchcraft with a few others showing also the more noble phases of the S. African character. This may perhaps be best accomplished by brief sketches of a few specific characters, the first of which is Tyala. My hope is that these sketches may serve to remind us that although the S. African natives are black they are nevertheless children of the same God as you and I, and our missionary zeal towards them ought never to cease.

One of the characters through whom, because of his many years, his central and intimate position with his people, we may get a glimpse at the more inner life of the S. African native is Grand Old Tyala. Tyala, beloved son and successor of his father Nteyi, the counsellor to Gaika, was chief counsellor amongst the Gaika tribes of this part of the country under Sandile, Paramount-Chief, the son and successor of Gaika, the First Paramount-Chief of the Gaika tribe after their differentiation from the other Bantu tribes. Grand Old Tyala was in the first place a noble man and fearless counsellor of peace, and in the second a very brave warrior. Tyala went with his chief and people through most of the wars against the white man in S. Africa.

From his youth up Tyala was convinced that Christianity and the civilization of the white man would continue to press on and win their claims against all the dearly cherished beliefs and native aspirations of his people. He saw that both Christianity and the rule of the white man were slowly but surely spreading

and making progress notwithstanding the most strenuous opposition from the native tribes. Farmers came with plow and spade to plant and sow. Traders came with merchandise to barter and to deal. Missionaries came with Bible in hand to preach and instruct. And all were under the aegis of the government. Treachery to the one or other meant an immediate display of force from beyond the sea, and the punishment of the offenders. Tyala saw and comprehended this—he always counselled peace. He foretold the consequences of each rebellious war, and with his splendid personality and all his great oratorical gifts he pleaded with his chief and people for peace and reasonableness.

But Tyala was a Gaika, a man of his people, and his personal convictions were not sufficient to dim his ardor or quench his patriotism when, regardless of all warning and pleading, his fickle-minded but nevertheless beloved chief Sandile plunged his people into hopeless conflicts. When the war song broke from the hills, when signal fire answered signal fire through the night, when the women were flying, when cattle were being driven to the mountains, when armed bands were gathering and when messengers ran in hot haste to and fro crying out the warcry "the land is dead, war, the cattle were being taken,"—at the first note of actual war, Grand Old Tyala like the man of action that he was rose to do battle for his people and his clan. Whenever the die had been cast he recognized that the time for entreaty had passed and the time for loyal action had arrived. And when the inevitable result, defeat as he had predicted, arrived, he bore his share of these defeats manfully and never indulged in vain regrets. He stood by his chief during all the varying fortunes of the tribe in the most honorable way.

So it went on through a number of wars with the white man. And ever the Gaika Kaffir tribes, the people of Tyala, were being pushed northeastward by the oncoming tide of white men from the southwest. Until no longer would the Buffalo and the Keiskama (rivers a few miles southwest from us here) give water to the flocks and herds of Tyala's people. The Gaikas well knew the value of these beautiful, meandering, splashing streams in this sparsely watered country. But that was not all. With this strip of country they would also lose the forest-clad "Amatolas" mountains, their natural fortress, wherein they had so often sought and found refuge and shelter when hard pressed. Often had the Gaikas roamed at will through those cool cloofs and forests, often had they gazed fondly at the purple summits of those beloved mountains as they pierced the sky and often had their cattle browsed knee-deep in the valleys at their base. But alas; the fair Amatolas could no longer be counted among their possessions. Armed white men and the Fingoes (an outcaste, despised Kaffir tribe that has always held with the white man) were there to keep them out with shot and shell.

Then Grand Old Tyala and his people settled about these parts, where now Stutterheim is. After some years came the great cattle-killing delusion, ending in a war with the white man. Tyala was now an old man, but once more he stood up for peace with all his eloquence and social influence, and this time he was absolutely determined for peace, even if he had to break with his old chief. By evil counsellors and much pressure from other chiefs Sandile was finally again persuaded for war. But Tyala, who would follow him, had now definitely promised the British Government to remain neutral. He therefore left his own people with a great number of followers and withdrew within the British zone. The end came again for the Gaika tribes as Old Tyala had predicted and warned them—they lost—Chief Sandile was killed—and the Gaikas were commanded to move northeastward across the Kei river. And to the eternal shame of the white man, Grand Old Tyala and his followers who had remained neutral were commanded to share the same fate—to move across the Kei.

The whole life of Tyala was a sort of continual tragedy which he bore with a stout heart in a noble way, but this was the climax of all his bitter experiences and more than even his great heart could bear. He died of a broken heart. The following poem by an anonymous author and abbreviated by me gives us a further glimpse into the soul of Grand Old Tyala, who, heathen though he was and wearing a red blanket as a dress, was nevertheless a real man!

THE LAMENT OF TYALA

Let me die; "The word" is spoken—
"Sons of Gaika! cross the Kei."
All is lost; the tribe is broken:
Leave me here, and let me die.

When false Umlanjeni muttered
Charms to shield us from the foe;
And when Umhlakaza uttered
Lies that wandered to and fro;

Then I raised the voice of warning,
Then my counsel was for peace;
And I waited, night and morning,
For the wild war-cry to cease;

Till my soul could bear no longer.
Seizing then an assegai—
"Though the white man be the stronger,
With my kinsmen I will die."

Woe is me! the people perished,
In the famine and the fight;
And the dreams of hope we cherished
Passed as shadows of the night.

How I cursed this sudden madness,
As I called to mind the slain;
And I vowed in shame and sadness,
I would never fight again.

Yet, as season followed season,
And our boys to manhood grew,
Near us blazed the fire of treason,
And the sparks about us flew.

O! the terror of the vision
Which was flashed upon my mind,
As I cried, amid derision,
"Sons of Gaika! are you blind?"

"Though the Fingoes know your power,
Though the English own you're brave,
You will meet in fatal hour,
Both the master and the slave.

Hear, then, Tyala's latest warning,
Heed me, ere it be too late;
Do not treat my age with scorning,
You are rushing to your fate.

Send back Keva to Sarili
Bid McKinnon's plodding cease;
Now be wise, my chief, Sandile!
Speak, and let the word be peace;

Ere thy sons, like sheep, are scattered
When the tiger rends the flock;
Ere, at last, the power is shattered,
As the pitcher on the rock.

O! Sandile—fickle-minded—
Feeble-hearted for a chief;
Ever by ill counsel blinded;
Drifted like a withered leaf;

Thou hast fallen, scorned, forsaken;
O! my chief, my heart is sore.
All our fatherland is taken,
And thy people are no more.

Once, where Amatola mountains
Rise up purple to the snow;
Where the forests hide the fountains,
And green pastures sleep below;

Sweeter far than song of battle,
On the breezes of the morn,
Came the lowing of our cattle
And the rustling of the corn.

Where our flocks and herds were feeding,
Now the white man's homestead
stands;
And while yet his sword lies bleeding
Lo! his plow is on new "lands."

Never more these kloofs and kranzes
Will ring onward to the stars
Our glad shout at marriage dances,
Or our stories of the wars;

Nor will Chumie's silver waters,
Or Kaikama, as it runs,
Hear the singing of our daughters
Or the laughter of our sons.

Prince of Gaikas, Nteya, father!
True in counsel, brave in fight;
Thou didst die at Debe, rather
Than betray thy chieftain's right.

I, like thee, for peace have striven,
I, like thee, have been defied;
I, like thee, to arms was driven;
Would that I, like thee, had died!

Now Tslangani, heed Tyala,
Take my people and depart;
Trust no Gonya or Umhala,
Doubt the men of double heart.

You must go to face new dangers,
I have done with hope and fear;

Go, my son, and live with strangers,
But let me be buried here.

Fare thee well! I hear them call thee;
Go! I cannot see the end;
But, whatever may befall thee,
Let the white man be thy friend.

I give thanks. The word is spoken—
Hark! I hear the battle-cry;
Nteya, father; chief Sandile!
O my God! my heart is broken—
"Sons of Gaika! cross the Kei!"
Let me die!

The Storm

ROBERT W. LAKE

A peaceful scene on a bright summer morning in July. The scene is laid in a small picturesque country village.

It is a Sabbath morn. The weather is ideal; all nature seems arrayed in her best. The church bell is tolling, calling every one to worship; people are seen going into church. The choir is singing a beautiful anthem, their voices rising in sweet harmony. Soon the church service is over. All are going home. All again is quiet.

The hour is slowly approaching three. From out the village, slowly wending its way, comes a funeral procession. A comrade going to his last resting place. Taps are blown, the service is over. In the distance is heard a faint rumbling of thunder. All the people beat a hasty retreat into the church as the storm breaks.

The storm seems to increase in violence, the whole earth seems to tremble. The wind is howling as if in great distress. Lightning flashes, thunder claps increase. The earth seems enveloped in great distress. As if by some great miracle the raging of the storm ceases. Thunder decreases. The wind is dying. Out of the darkness can be seen faint rays of sunlight beaming, birds are commencing to sing. In the village church can be heard the choir singing "Abide with me, fast falls the even tide." All the earth seems glad and rejoicing that the storm is over.

So with our life. Many storms come, many go. But let us always have faith in him who gave us strength to endure the storm, and let us not forget to thank him for his great love.

A Smile

Church notice in Manchester (Engl.)
Guardian:

"Services at 10.30 A. M.

"Subject: 'The Three Great Failures.'"

"Choir.

"Sermon.

"Pipe Organ Offertory."

* * *

"Are you a good cook?"

"Yes, ma'am. I go to church every Sunday."

* * *

Courtesy is the quality that keeps a woman smiling when a departing guest stands at the open screen and lets flies in.—Fremont Tribune.