

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., MAY 1, 1927

Number Nine

Appointments and Appropriations for 1927-1928

Voted in the Annual Session of the General Missionary Committee
Forest Park, Ill., April 5, 1927

Resume of Appropriations Made

For Home Missions

76 Pastors and Women Missionaries,
2 General Evangelists, 1 Tent Evangelist,
5 State Missionaries, 2 Colporters \$ 51,795

For Superannuated Ministers and Ministers' Widows

55 Appropriations 12,515

For Chapel Building 500

For Relief in America

13 Appropriations 2,522

For Foreign Missions

137 Appointments in Burma, India, Germany,
Austria, Switzerland, Hungary, Jugo-Slavia,
Bulgaria, Roumania, Poland, Latvia, Lithuania,
Russia, Far Eastern Siberia 34,099

For Relief in Europe

30 Appropriations 1,757

\$103,188

Officers of the General Missionary Committee



Rev. S. Blum
Rec. Sec'y.

W. F. Grosser
Gen'l. Treas.

William Kuhn
Gen'l. Sec'y.

Rev. J. Kratt, D. D.
Chairman

Rev. Wm. E. Schmitt
Vice-Chairman

What's Happening

"The Baptist Herald" to new subscribers to the end of 1927 for 50 cents. Read the extraordinary offer on page 16. Take advantage of it at once. Help Somebody today!

Rev. J. G. Rott, pastor of the Spring Valley and Unityville churches, S. D., was ordained to the Gospel ministry on March 23.

Rev. Leo. F. Gassner of Streeter, N. D., has accepted the call of the Plum Creek church, near Emery, S. D., and begins his work there June first.

Mr. Carl Gieser of the Senior Class of our Seminary at Rochester, N. Y., will be the new pastor of the church at Martin, N. D., as successor to Rev. O. Lohse.

Rev. C. F. Stoeckmann closes his pastorate with the First German Church, St. Paul, Minn., the end of April and begins his new work as State Missionary with this month.

The church at Pleasant Valley, N. D., which includes the station at Carrington, has called Mr. Albert Krumbein, a member of the senior class of our seminary at Rochester, N. Y. Bro. Krumbein has accepted the call.

A correction is to be made in the report of the King's Daughters Society of Goodrich, N. D., given in "The Baptist Herald" of April 1 as to the amount of money raised by them for missions through their sale. It was \$175 instead of \$25. That looks and sounds better.

Rev. E. P. Wahl, formerly pastor at Leduc, Alta., and recently district missionary for Saskatchewan, has been called to assist in the German Baptist immigration work in Canada. He and Rev. F. A. Bloedow will act as Immigration Secretaries. Their headquarters are in Winnipeg.

Rev. Wm. E. Schmitt, after a pastorate of nearly ten years, has resigned at the Riverview Church, St. Paul, Minn., to become pastor at the Evangel Church, Newark, N. J., as successor to Rev. F. Niebuhr. Bro. Schmitt leaves his present field June 1 and begins with his new charge in July.

The church at Lemberg, Sask., Can., has called Mr. Charles B. Thole of Stafford, Kans., a graduate of the 1926 class of our seminary, to be its pastor. Bro. Thole began his work with his new charge on April 1. He has been supplying various churches in Western Canada since last fall.

Rev. R. Klitzing, who has been in the ministry since 1888 and serving our churches in Missouri, Nebraska and Kansas during this period with faithful and honorable record, has retired from active

service and is making his home in Dickinson Co., Kans. His last pastorate was with the Herington and Tampa churches in Kansas.

The Sunday school of the Bethel church, Buffalo, N. Y., is showing a steady growth. The attendance on March 27 was 110. Pastor E. Umbach has started a class for a number of young people, who have recently come from Germany. Rev. F. H. Willkens addressed the "Builders of Bethel" on the fascinating topic: "How to keep young."

Palm Sunday was a great day at the North Ave. Church, Milwaukee, Wis. In the invitation that was given at the close of the service six splendid young people came out for Christ and in the Sunday school twelve responded. A baptismal service was held by Pastor L. B. Holzer on Easter Sunday and another is planned for Children's Day.

Rev. Herbert A. Meyer, formerly pastor at St. Louis, Mo., and Marion, Kans., and who has been recuperating his health the last two years at Ingersoll, Okla., will be the new pastor of the Immanuel church, near Okeene, Okla. This church has recently had a fine number of additions as a result of the revival meetings conducted by Rev. and Mrs. Wm. A. Lippard.

Vice-President Gordon Ernst of the Central Conference Y. P. & S. S. W. U. is on the job through the promotion committee to boost the objectives of the Union, viz. Support of the Siberian Mission work, Personal Evangelism and increasing the circulation of the "Baptist Herald." He points out that a minimum of 23 cents from each Sunday school scholar and 96 cents from every Y. P. Soc. member is needed to reach the goal of \$2500 for Siberia. It can be done. Let every Bible school and Young people's organization get behind this effort and push it to victory.

A wedding of more than usual interest in our denominational circles took place in River Forest, Ill., on April 16, when Wilbur R. Herschelmann of Cleveland, O., and Myrtle D. Grosser of River Forest, Ill., were united in matrimony, the Rev. A. P. Mihm officiating. The groom is a son of J. W. Herschelmann, one of the trustees of our Publication Society, and a grandson of Rev. G. A. Schulte, our former General Missionary Secretary of honored memory. The bride is the daughter of our well-known General Treasurer of the Missionary Society, Mr. Wm. F. Grosser. The young couple will make their home in Cleveland.

The General Missionary Committee held its annual session at the Missionary headquarters in Forest Park, Ill., April 5-8. Rev. J. Kratt, D. D., of Portland, Ore., was elected chairman of the committee; Rev. Wm. E. Schmitt of St. Paul, Minn., vice-chairman and Rev. S. Blum of Emery, S. D., recording secretary. Much important business was transacted. We refer to General Secretary Kuhn's column on another page for some important resolutions adopted. The Oak Park church entertained the members of the committee in royal style. Rev. R. T. Wegner of Boston, Mass., and Rev. J. Luebeck of Winnipeg were the speakers at the public union meeting of the Chicago churches on the night of April 7.

Members of the North Freedom, Wis., church read during the month of March the Acts of the Apostles, one chapter a day. All the sermon topics and the prayer-meeting talks during the month were taken from this book. Sermon topics were as follows: "Birdseye View of the Book of Acts;" "Pentecost and Its Meaning;" "Such as I Have I Give;" "A Thing that Cannot be Put Down;" "The Conversion of Paul;" "Paul the Prisoner of Jesus Christ." Topics for prayer-meetings: "The Church on Its Knees;" "Philip Preaches;" "Prayer and Prison-doors—Obstacles;" "Prayer and the First Missionaries." This proved a very profitable reading and study and might be followed with blessing by other churches. Different books of the Bible could be treated in similar manner.

The Baptist Herald

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The Baptist Herald

Mothers' Day

ONLY less than two decades ago, "Mothers' Day" was inaugurated in many churches and Sunday schools, but no special day has reached such popularity and met with such responsiveness in the hearts of all as the second Sunday in May.

President Wilson in 1914 upon recommendation of Congress directed that on the second Sunday in May the Stars and Stripes be displayed publicly and in the homes by way of showing love and reverence "for the mothers of our country." Mothers' Day has not only become a national institution; it has become almost a world-wide movement.

"Honor thy father and thy mother." Honor to whom honor is due. We need to be reminded of what we owe to our mothers, what great sacrifices they made for us, their children. Mothers' Day ought to help make our young people more thoughtful, considerate and reverential to their mothers; more heedful of their good counsel and advice; more mindful of their prayers; more to be influenced and guided by their precepts in the hour of indecision and temptation, when the world and the flesh would lead astray.

To our mothers we owe the most important part of our education. They control the mind in infancy, they have charge over the tender years of life when the mind is wax to receive and marble to retain. Religious and moral training is part of the great task, the joyous task of the teacher-mother.

Nothing clings to a young man more tenaciously and helps him more tenderly than the memory of a mother's piety and prayers. Some years ago, a famous infidel orator addressed a large audience in Chicago. Two young men heard him and as they walked home together, one said: "Well, he swept everything before him tonight, didn't he?" The other replied: "He did not touch one thing." When asked what that one thing was, he replied: "My old mother's religion." Yes, there is one argument no unbeliever has never answered,—a godly life. Thank God for godly mothers! The devil never reckons a man to be lost so long as he has a good mother alive.

Mother and the Home

NO word strikes our heart-strings in any language like the word "Home." The mother creates and dominates the home. Home is the best place for boys and girls and men and a good mother is the soul of the home.

Home is her kingdom, love her dower
She seeks no other wand of power
To make a home sweet, bring heaven near.
To win a smile and wipe a tear,
And do her duty day by day,
In her own quiet place and way.

"The mother," said Theodore Roosevelt, "is the one supreme asset of national life. If the mother does not do her duty, there will be no next generation or a next generation that is worse than none at all. We cannot as a nation get along if we haven't the right kind of home life."

Mother's Love

A MOTHER'S LOVE! Few have not known its lavish tenderness, its sacred intensity, beginning with the cradle and ending only with the grave. It is the strongest and most enduring of instincts. It begins with the birth pangs. It lingers unquenched over the tomb.

Mother love is unique. A mother will do more for a child and complain less than any other human being we know anything about. It was mother who suffered most when you went wrong or got into trouble. Even when you were wrong and everybody stood out against you, mother found the something good to think and the something comforting to say. It was mother who suffered for you, prayed for you, loved you, sacrificed for you and championed you year after year. If you have forgotten her, you are a selfish, mean person.

What is a mother's love?
A noble, pure and tender flame,
Enkindled from above
To bless a heart of earthly mold.
The warmest love that can't grow old,
This is a mother's love.

Being good to a mother is something of which God takes notice. Forgetting a mother is a mark that the devil recognizes and he knows he will not have a hard time handling that man.

God's Love

MOTHER'S love is like God's love. But with all its strength it is but a faint echo of his. We may eulogize and apostrophize mother's love to the utmost and then we may not have told half the story and yet it is but a faint shadowing and pale replica of God's love. "Far more than all that is my love to thee,"—so speaks God to his people Israel, to the church of the new covenant, to the individual soul. "I am all that and more to thee."

Can a woman forget her nursing child? Yes, they may forget. The almost unthinkable, the unnatural has happened. To cover shame, to hush up a guilty secret, in the midst of a siege or famine to satisfy the rage of hunger, at the altar to propitiate a bloodthirsty deity—they have forgotten. A mother may be untrue to her high calling, may prove herself unworthy of the sacred name, but God says: "I will never forget thee. Behold, I have engraven thee upon the palms of my hands." The divine affec-

tion is constant, inviolable, and everlasting. "He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not also with him freely give us all things? Who shall separate us from the love of God? For the mountains shall depart and the hills be removed; but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall my covenant of peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee."

What will eternity be but God loving his glorified church with more than a mother's love!

Fading and Interference

CHAS. F. ZUMMACH

RADIO fans recognize the two above mentioned terms as the greatest bug-bears of radio reception. The owner of a receiving set has tuned in some favorite D X station and settles down to the enjoyment of the sweet music that comes to him from over the air. Suddenly however the music begins to fade and then ceases altogether. The amateur feverishly twirls the dials, but without results. He pokes his head inside the set to see if all the tubes are burning. He tests his batteries, examines his leads and connections and finds that all are O. K. He is baffled.

Perhaps something has gone wrong with the broadcasting station! He selects another station whose program appeals to him. This time there issues forth from the loud-speaker such a bedlam of noise, roars, squeals, howls, etc., that he is almost driven mad. Out of the bedlam he finally succeeds in "getting something," but instead of the music he wants it is some powerful station belching forth a mess of jazz and vaudeville songs that jarr his sensibilities, and cause him to wonder if radio is worth while after all.

The Seasoned Fan

however does not get excited. When the music fades he calmly sits back and waits, knowing that sooner or later the music that faded so mysteriously will return, perhaps only faintly at first with gradually increasing volume, or it may burst in upon his loud-speaker with a crash and greater volume than ever before. The first trouble was caused by a "fading," a phenomena radio engineers are unable to explain, except that it is due to atmospheric conditions over which we have no control. Various reasons have been assigned for its appearance, but so far it remains a mystery. Perhaps it is due to some powerful influence from some far off planet, who knows. The second trouble is due to "Interference." It is man made. True you cannot control it, but we know what it is, and methods have been devised to eliminate it, if the remedies are applied and the rules obeyed.

Two thousand years ago there issued forth from **God's Broadcasting Station, HEAVEN,**

the sweetest, most wonderful music that ever fell upon the ear of man. True, there was but one set tuned in at the time to receive it, and that belonged to a small group of shepherds upon the hills of Judea around Bethlehem. But

"It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold:
'Peace on earth, good will to men
From heaven's all-gracious king!'
The world in solemn stillness lay,
To hear the angels sing."

It soon faded away in the distance and was completely drowned out by the screams of terrified children and mothers whose babies were slaughtered by the mercenaries of Herod.

Thirty years later it was again heard, this time falling from the lips of one who walked among men, but called himself the Son of God, and pronounced a blessing upon the meek, the merciful and the peace makers. But again the

Voice Was Drowned Out,

this time by the shrieking of the blood-thirsty mob who howled, "Crucify him, crucify him!" Since then it has been heard at various intervals, sometimes fading away for centuries, but returning again and again at stated periods, only to be drowned out each time by the innocent victims of cruel wars, the curses of the soldiers upon the blood-soaked fields of battle, the shrieks of the wounded and the dying, the mad shouts of the preachers of hatred among the nations, the apostles of greed, and the exponents of a selfish nationalism.

Once a year on the birthday of the Prince of Peace the world imagined that they heard the strains of that heavenly song, even over and above the din of battle, but it faded away so soon, that men said it was only a delusion.

"Still through the cloven sky they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled,
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world:
Above its sad and lonely plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing."

Early in the Twentieth Century

the whole world seemed to have caught the song, and sincere efforts were made that it might not be lost. But the roar of the cannon, the shrieking of the shells, the whirr of the aeroplane, the bursting of the bombs, mingled with the agony of the wounded and dying millions, and the fierce battle cries of the nations enflamed with a fury unknown to the world's history completely drowned out the music of the heavenly spheres for almost five years.

At the peace table at Versailles it was again heard, but the fury and hatreds of war succeeded in all but completely drowning it out again. Now that these have died down, men are again beginning to listen for it, and a world torn with strife, weary of war and bloodshed is determined that stern measures shall be taken to deal with the disturbers of the world's peace.

True, there are still jarring notes, not all the interference has been overcome; the tread of martial feet, the rattle of the sabre, and the bark of the dogs of war are still heard in the land, but the world is determined that they shall be stilled, for the

angels song must not again be lost, the sweet strains of that heavenly song must never again be drowned out by the jarring notes of war, for

"Lo, the days are hastening on,
By prophet bard fore-told,
When with the ever circling years
Comes round the age of gold;
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendor fling,
And the whole world give back the song
Which now the angels sing."

Is Religion an Expensive Luxury?

ROBERT W. LAKE

THE spiritual life of an individual rises no higher than the level of his beneficence

A man said to me not long ago: "Religion is expensive. Every time one goes to church there is always a cry for money, money all the time."

Let me ask, What do you tell your landlord when he comes for the monthly rent? Or the butcher or baker? What kind of a complaint can you make to these men?

You yourself must pay these bills. No one else will pay them for you. Well, you don't have to have salvation or the things that the grace of God stands for. Why don't you save your money as the unbelievers do? You don't have to pay.

When I see a thing that is not worth the price I do not buy it. I do not buy it and then grumble at the price.

You can ignore God and the needs of his kingdom though he asks you to give liberally, cheerfully and regularly for the upbuilding of his kingdom.

Or you can have your church and all its privileges and all it stands for in time and eternity at the expense of others. You may ease yourself that others may be burdened. You may be a shirk or a parasite if you prefer to be.

Or—and this is more Christlike, more like a child of God,—you may take your place among the cheerful givers whom the Lord loveth. (2 Cor. 9:7.)

Editorial Jottings

ONE CANNOT PRAY, give and work for missions without becoming a more vigorous factor in his home-church. Such a living interest in missions is the finest training for all lines of service.

Bro. H. P. DONNER, our business manager, states that in the contest awards for "Herald" subscriptions, the church at Bismarck, N. D., deserves honorable mention and second place. They report 37 members and 25 "Herald" subscribers, which gives them a percentage of .67 in the churches of the first group under 100 members. Well done, Bismarck! Next time you ought to win the prize.

WE CALL ATTENTION to the highly interesting report of Mrs. Underhill on another page of the "Baptist Herald" about the work of Brother and

Sister Geis in Burma. Dr. Underhill, who was a major in the medical department during the war, visited the Philippine Islands about six years ago and for a while took charge of the Baptist Mission hospital in Iloilo, relieving another of the heavy burden for a while. At that time, he became acquainted with Bro. Geis, who talked so much of his former field and the Kachins that Doctor Underhill had a strong desire to see these people. Now visiting the East with his wife, he stopped on to see Bro. Geis, who had in the meantime returned to his old field. During their stay Dr. and Mrs. Underhill had exceptional opportunities to see the work and both have rendered much helpful service. Mrs. Underhill belongs to the Cheney family, well known in Connecticut as pioneer silk weavers, where they employ several thousand men and women.

The Watcher

MARGARET WIDDENER

She always leaned to watch for us,
Anxious if we were late,
In winter by the window,
In summer by the gate—

And though we mocked her tenderly
Who took such foolish care,
The long road home would seem more safe
Because she waited there.

Her thoughts were all so full of us,
She never could forget,
And so I think that where she is
She must be watching yet.

Waiting till we come home to her,
Anxious if we are late,
Watching from heaven's window,
Leaning from heaven's gate.

An Exceptional Offer

"The Baptist Herald" for the Balance of
1927 for 50 Cents

WE WANT MORE NEW SUBSCRIBERS

Send it to some **Friend.** Order now.

Teacher, Order it for your Class.

Pastor, Announce it from your Pulpit.

Place it in your local Public Library, Hospital and other Institutions.

Booster, Go after these prospects once more with this offer.

For Particulars, See Page 16



Dorcas Girls, First German Baptist Church, Chicago, Ill.

Christ in America

Twenty-four girls of the First German Baptist Church, Chicago, brought credit to themselves, honor to their church and inspiration to an audience of at least 250, when they presented the pageant, "Christ in America" on the last evening of the Chicago Jugend- and Lehrerbund Institute.

Perhaps few of us realize how immigrants observe the speech and actions of Americans, whether native or naturalized. They want to see how the Christianity which America professes as a nation affects our character and relationships. Representatives of different nations made a plea in the pageant, not only for missionaries for their home land, but for the "Christ of America in America."

The participants in this beautiful pageant presented their speeches in a dignified and compelling manner while the audience listened sympathetically and seriously to the appeal. Many were deeply stirred and many expressed sincere appreciation of our efforts. Perhaps we shall give the pageant again in a neighbor church. The fine offering of \$75 will be used for mission work in Siberia.

Those who took part are: Columbia: Alice Leuschner; Representative: Mrs. C. Lange, Jr.; China: Hildegard Wuttke; Japan: Ruth Fuetterer; Hungary: Ruth Pfeiffer, Anna Pfaff; Poland: Aurelia Borschel; Italy: Natalia Domke; Jewess: Louise Neusitzer; Indian: Eleanore Clauder; Negro: Bielda Fehr; Mountain: Marie Leuschner; Armenia: Minnie Dickau; India: Augusta Martin; Church: Lillian Dietz; Choir: Emma Stockfish, Winifred Baum, Wilma Holtz, Dorella Eitermann, Hertha Blum, Marjorie Brederhorn, Ruth Leuschner, Lillian Domke, Dorothy Franke.

The photograph introduces these girls to the readers of the "Baptist Herald." All of them are members of the Dorcas Society of the First German Baptist Church and take part in many phases of the church.

A. C. B.

"Do you like Kipling?"

"Why, I don't know. How do you Kipple?"—Life.

German Baptist Girls Training for Nursing

The Mounds Park Sanatorium and the Midway Hospital in St. Paul, Minn., under the direction of the staunch Baptist Doctors Robert Earl and George Earl, are well known to many of our German Baptist people, especially in the Northwest. Many of our pastors and Christian workers in times of illness and breakdown have found help and healing there and are deeply appreciative of the Christian spirit prevailing in these institutions and in the ministry of the physicians and nurses.

It may interest our readers to know that nine girls from our German Baptist churches are at present in training in the Mounds-Midway school of nursing. Miss Marie Schuenemann of Steamboat Rock, Iowa, is a Senior. The following are Juniors: Miss Annie Hirsch, Turtle Lake, N. D.; Miss Dorothy Kampfer, St. Paul, Minn., a niece of Rev. Geo. R. Kampfer of Assam, now at Pekin, Ill.; Miss Esther Lang of Tyndall, S. D., daughter of Rev. A. W. Lang, pastor there; Miss Lorraine Seils, North Freedom, Wis. The following are first year students: Miss Ruth Dallmus and Miss Miriam Dallmus, daughters of Rev. C. F. Blumhagen, Bison, Kans.; Miss Amanda Blumhagen, daughter of Rev. S. Blumhagen of McIntosh, S. D.; and Miss Carolyn Krueger, Kankakee, Ill., a cousin of Rev. O. E. Krueger of Cleveland, O.

It is striking that four of these girls are daughters of the manse and several others related to ministers. The ideal of service to suffering humanity has no doubt been nurtured early in their minds and seems to be one of the fruits of a Christian home. It is surely a comforting and restful thought to one in critical illness to know that behind the skill and knowledge of a trained nurse taking conscientious care of her patient, is also the Christian motive and mingled spirit of Christlike service. The more that girls of this type give themselves to the profession of nursing, the higher the standard will rise and the more will confidence be strengthened in the character of the service they render. A. P. M.

My Mother

THOMAS CURTIS CLARK

Of all the words of tongue or pen,
Of all the thoughts of mortal men,
There is no word, there is no thought
So dear to me as that one taught
At childhood's dawn,
Long years ago:
That precious word, with visions fraught,
Is "Mother."

The days are many since she pressed
My baby head upon her breast;
The months have gone with flying feet—
Our youthful years are all too fleet:
But calm and clear
I still can hear
The voice of her—than life more sweet—
My Mother.

Not always have I walked the way
She taught to me, from day to day;
Sometimes I may have scorned her care,
And made her burden hard to bear;
But here, this hour—
God grant me power!
I'll walk her way, I'll heed her prayer—
And make her glad—
My Mother.

Ordination of Wm. A. Mueller

A council called by the High Street Church, Buffalo, N. Y., convened on the afternoon of Wednesday, March 30, 1927, to consider the ordination of Brother Wm. A. Mueller. In the absence of the clerk of the church, E. O. Fischer, the meeting was called to order by F. W. Godtfriing. Upon motion, the Rev. E. T. Dahlberg and the Rev. W. S. Argow were elected as officers of the council, after the reading of the list of delegates disclosed 18 churches represented by 40 delegates.

Rev. F. Friedrich introduced the candidate. Bro. Mueller then told of his conversion and call to the ministry and proceeded to elaborate upon his doctrinal beliefs. After an exhaustive presentation the candidate retired and the council expressed itself as satisfied with the presentation of his views, and moved that the church be advised to proceed with the ordination service in the evening.

The following program was carried out in the evening: Invocation, J. P. Brunner; reading of scripture, Ed. Stevener; ordination sermon, Prof. L. Kaiser; ordination prayer, F. Friedrich; charge to the candidate, E. Umbach; charge to the church, W. S. Argow; welcome to the ranks of ministers, F. H. Willkens. Bro. Friedrich presented the candidate with a beautiful basket of flowers as an expression of appreciation from the Young Men's Bible Class. This impressive service came to a close when Bro. Mueller pronounced the benediction. May the Lord bless our brother as he endeavors to serve him!

WILLIBALD S. ARGOW.

Yankee: "Have you ever noticed that successful men are usually bald?"
Doodle: "Certainly, they come out on top."—The Cornelian.

The Sunday School

Mothers' Day

EDGAR GUEST

Let every day be Mothers' Day
Make roses grow along her way
And beauty everywhere.
O, never let her eyes be wet
With tears of sorrow or regret,
And never cease to care.
Come, grown-up children, and rejoice
That you can hear your mother's voice.

A day for her? For you she gave
Long years of love and service brave,
For you her youth was spent.
There was no weight of hurt or care
Too heavy for her strength to bear.
She followed where you went,
Her courage and her love sublime
You could depend on all the time.

Alphabet of Bible Names

A is for, he was the friend of God.
B is for, in evil paths he trod.
C is for, he a good report did bring.
D is for, he was Israel's royal king.

E is for, the prophet of the Lord.
F is for, who trembled at the Word.
G is for, he Midian's host did slay.
H is king, o'er Judea he held sway.

I is for, on an altar he was laid.
J is for, by Judas was betrayed.
He on the cross did shed his blood from sin to set me free.
Now life eternal through his name is offered you and me.

K is for, she was Abram's second wife.
L is for, whom Jesus raised to life.
M is for, by him the law was given.
N is for, he was taught the way heaven.

O is for, in a cave he prophets hid.
P is for and, what noble works they did.
Q is for, Paul's brother in the Lord.
R is for, under flax the spies she stored.

S is for, he was martyred for the truth.
T is for, trained in the Word from youth.
U is for, by David's order slain.
V is for, before Esther she did reign.

For W, X and Y no matter where we look,
Beginning with those letters there's no name in God's own book.
Z is for, of old he did foretell,



Fort Harrison at Sadon with Civil officer's house in the foreground

The glorious advent of our Lord, as King on earth to dwell.

"Who are they?", the Bible question list in the "Bible" number of the "Baptist Herald" aroused much interest and brought many answers. Here is another. Send your list of answers to Rev. A. P. Mihm, Box 4, Forest Park, Ill.

Mother

CHRISTEL HASTINGS

To me your love is like a rose
Whose perfume fills the air;
It's like the song of birds that skim
On swift wings here and there.
It's like the golden thread that shines
In dulled old tapestry
And smoothes the roughened seams of life.
It sets my own heart free
To meet your love half-way. It's like
The winds that cross the sea;
Your love is more than all the world
For it means life to me.

Mothers' Day

- 5.30 Rise, start fire.
6.30 Father has breakfast.
7.00 Start father to office, helping on coat, etc.
7.30 Minnie and Frank have breakfast.
8.00 Start Minnie and Frank to work, finding side-combs, hats, gloves, etc.
8.30 Mildred and Henry have breakfast.
8.50 Start Mildred and Henry to school, finding caps, books, lunch, etc.
9-11.30 Fix furnace, make beds, clean rooms, sweep parlor, cook, wash dishes, feed hens, get lunch.
12.00 Lunch for Minnie and Frank.
12.30 Press dress for Minnie, mend gloves for Frank.
1.00 Start Minnie and Frank back to work.
1.30 Wash dishes, mend clothes, entertain father's mother, press Frank's suit and neckties, feed chickens, fix furnace, discussion with gas and coal man, prepare supper.

4.30 Mildred and Henry home from school. Get Henry a change of clothes, get lunch for Mildred and Henry, help Mildred with studies and start Henry for an entertainment.

5.30-7.30 Suppers for Father, Minnie and Frank.

8.00 Get Minnie and Frank dressed for evening, fixing hair, tie, dress, etc., also get Father dressed and started for lodge, finding everything for him.

8.30 Wash dishes, lock up chickens, wind clock, etc.

9.00 Put Mildred and Henry to bed.

9.30 Retire after getting lunch ready for Father, Minnie and Frank.

*Her working day has hours sixteen,
Outside the union ranks,
No salary she's ever seen;
Her pay's a careless thanks.
Yet night and day she slaves away
For Minnie, Frank and Mike,
And mother in the kitchen doesn't strike.*

Report from West Ebenezer, Sask., B. Y. P. U.

Another year has elapsed, and as we look back upon the pleasant and interesting gatherings we've had during the past year, we thank God for his fatherly helping hand with which he has guided us.

The meetings which we held every second Sunday evening are opened with songs, scripture reading and prayer, by one of our members.

In the past year we have held 14 meetings. One of business, two prayer, one debate, five lectures, one question box, one Bible course and three literary meetings.

Our membership roll is 53. We are all looking forward to a year of much profitable endeavor in our society.

May we have the sympathy and prayers of our people, young and old, that worrisome experiences may not interfere with our earnest plans to do our best in the great work for our Lord and Master, entrusted to our hands.

EDITH LANGE, Sec.

The Glass Window

A Story of the Quare Women

By LUCY FURMAN

(Copyrighted)

(Continuation)

On their arrival, Uncle Ephraim, wearing the flax shirt and trousers and moccasins in which he had been working, was mounted on a log, saying:

"Folks has been a-faulting me and Lot severe for mustering so many here on the birth of our nation and not having no speaking or glorifying, like we had last year. I hain't minded to be contrarious, and sence hit's the feeling of this gathering to speak, let 'em speak. Hit is everly human natur' to ruther speak than do. Still, a leetle talk can't hurt nothing, if everybody bears in mind this here house has to be raised by sun-down, and talks quick and to the p'int—the p'int being this: that instid of fighting over old dead-and-gone battles, and scandalizing the British and the Rebels and the Spanish, let every man tell what he'll do here and now for his country by giving more timber and labor for tother houses the women aims to raise here, so's not only our young uns at The Forks, but them out in the county that has will to come, may set here in the light of knowledge. I have fit in two wars—in Mexico, and again' the Rebels; but I allow I am doing a better job for my country when I roll up my sleeves and raise this here schoolhouse than ever I done, or could do, with my rifle gun.

"Now you, Tutt, being the main-oldest man here next to me and one of the talkinest, lead off—but ricollect: timber, not Gettysburg, is where you headed for!"

The fires of oratory were somewhat damped by this exhortation, only two or three old men having to be called back from ancient battlefields to the business in hand, old Riley Clemm, the County School Superintendent, among them. The younger men, a number of whom had fought in the Spanish War a short while before, needed no reminders, but came forward with offers of timber or labor or both. Giles was the last of these.

"All the poplar timber in our boundary of land, and any other they want, I and my brothers and sister are glad to give to the women," he said.

He dropped modestly back into the crowd. But there were cries of "Speak, Giles—you speak! You allus had a tongue in your head. Tell us about what you seed in the level land!"

Mounting the log, Giles began, quietly: "Friends and kindred: I am proud to be home again, even for a day. My heart is always here with my own people. Yesterday, when I walked across from the railroad, following the ridge-tops mostly, was to me from rosy morn till misty moonlight a day of remembrance. Tomorrow, when I take the back trail, will be another. But today, when I see my dreams for the young of this country come true, this fine schoolhouse raised for them, these good women here to lighten their darkness, is a greater day

—the very best of my life. It's a terrible thing, friends, to starve for knowledge, as many of you know, but none better than me. You all remember how I started in here at seventeen in the first-reader class. You know too, how when I went to teaching three years later, I never felt anyways equal to the task, and how I rejoiced when, in answer to my grandsir's prayers, these women came in. And now they are here to stay, and start the school, where our children will get training for mind and hand, and learn to make better homes, and to go out as teachers in dark corners, it is rightly a day of thanksgiving, and of praise to God that windows in heaven have been opened for us.

"You ask me to tell you about the level land. I used to follow standing on one of these ridge-tops, friends, gazing out over these steep hills and valleys, and picturing in my mind the world beyond—a world where, because everybody had knowledge, everybody was virtuous and law-abiding and God-fearing, a Kingdom of Heaven on earth. When I went out, I never found that Kingdom, that city which hath foundations, whose maker and builder is God. It's not in the level land, or anywhere in our great country. I had to learn that it is not knowledge, but righteousness that exalteth a nation. Everywhere men are seeking riches, success, pleasure, more earnestly than the Kingdom of God, forgetting the Hand that led them to these shores, the purpose for which they came.

"We mountain people, shut away here for so long in our rugged hills, knowing nothing but hard work and plain living, never tendering ourselves with ease and pleasure, have been freer from temptation, better able to keep the faith of our fathers. We never forget that some day we must give account to the Judge of all the earth. The wickedest man among us believes and trembles. Our good Old Primitive preachers—all honor and love to them—may not have had learning and the word of God, but they had what was better, hundred years and more to hold it up before us. And not because of the written Word only are we a believing people. Like the patriarchs of old, we listen for the Voice of God, and hear it. We call upon him and he answers. In the gray mists to hoe corn, in the cool of the evening when work is done, he meets with us, and blesses us. In dreams and visions of the night, too, he makes himself known to us. We are men of faith in the Living God.

"Looking through the length and breadth of this great land of America, reading and inquiring about all sections, it seems to me that maybe the people of these mountains are more like the founders of this nation, the old Pilgrim Fa-

thers, than anybody else now in it. You know the Pilgrims were plain, honest, hard-working men who sailed across the wide sea from Old England two hundred and eighty years ago, in a little boat called the Mayflower, and other boats, and settled on a wild bleak shore, that they might have freedom to serve God according to their conscience."

Christine started. A forefather and foremother of her own had come across in that "little boat." Looking at Giles, she thought he might well have sat for a portrait, either of one of those young Pilgrim Fathers or of a young prophet of Israel.

"Who knows," continued Giles, "but that some day plain rugged men like us may again be needed to make the nation safe—that we have been shut away here so long for some divine purpose? My prayer and hope is that we may be ready when our time comes, may be to our country in our day what the Pilgrims were in theirs: bulwarks of truth and righteousness, haters of sin, builders of the Kingdom of God in a backsliding world.

"And now, since work is waiting and everybody worried of talking, I will say no more, save that my prayers rise daily for these good women who have cast in their lot with us, and whose lives aim to reflect back into the lives of our children the light of knowledge and the love of God."

As Giles stepped down from the log, his hand was seized by little Lowizy, who gazed at him for an instant in a kind of rapture. Then, still holding his hand, she drew him in the direction of Christine, saying when they stood before her: "Here's the woman aims to be my new teacher. Christeeny is her name; she come from the land of New England, beside the briny deep."

Giles put out a hand to Christine. "I'm proud to meet you," he said, gravely. Then he looked earnestly, searchingly, even a little anxiously into her face, as Lowizy had done earlier in the day.

"You are wondering whether I shall be worthy of my task," said Christine. "I must tell you I feel quite unequal to it, being just out of college, with no experience in teaching. I shall try my best, however, though I can never hope to do the splendid work you have done here."

"I?" questioned Giles. "I was n't able to do much. I could n't give what I never had. But you," wistfully, "you have the bread of knowledge to break to them; you can lead them into green pastures."

They stood looking into one another's eyes for a moment. Then Giles smiled—a smile surprisingly kind and beautiful, melting all the austerity of his countenance. "You will be a good shepherd to them; I feel it," he said.

A pause fell, which was broken at last by Lowizy.

"Giles," she said, in an anxious tone, "her hair hain't red, is it?"

Giles gazed at the log-pen, and seemed not to hear.

"Hit's jest goldy, hain't it?" demanded Lowizy.

Giles looked still more sternly at the pen, and made no reply.

Lowizy jerked his hand vigorously, and insisted, in a sharp voice, "Hit hain't red, now, is it?"

Thus cornered, he glanced desperately about, as if seeking a way of escape, but seeing none, flushed darkly, and replied, in the tone of one from whom the truth is being extracted by torture, "Yes—it's red."

Christine broke the awful tension by laughing pleasantly. "Don't feel so sorry for me," she said, "I don't mind it a bit—I really don't."

He breathed a sigh of relief, "I'm glad," he said. Then gravely, with a shy glance at her hair, "It's sightly, anyhow."

"Thank you," she said. "In your talk you spoke of the Pilgrims who came over in the Mayflower. I wonder if you would be interested to know that a forefather and foremother of mine were in it—the foremother dying from the hardships of that first winter?"

Embarrassment all gone now, his fine eyes glowed, and a strong and beautiful light shone again in his face. "It's a noble 'heritance," he said, "and I'm not a bit afraid you won't live up to it."

If a Pilgrim Father or a prophet of Israel had expressed faith in her, Christine could not have felt more cheered and heartened.

III

LITTLE LOWIZY

Twice after the school raising little Lowizy Rideout rode in to beg Christine Potter, her prospective teacher, to "take the day" with her, but for weeks various things prevented. There was so much social work of all kinds on week days, and Sunday school and Bible class on Sundays. Then the usual typhoid epidemic broke out at The Forks, and the women had to abandon the social work and put in their time nursing.

As the schoolhouse neared completion, —and very handsome it was, with the four classrooms and wide hallway below, and large assembly-room above, the big shining windows and the white mortar used for chinking between the logs giving it a peculiarly immaculate appearance,—more of the teachers came in. Christine and Susanna had to relinquish their bed at the cottage in favor of two older women, the school principal and the domestic science teacher, and go across Troublesome to a room offered by Uncle Ephraim Kent.

The large foot-log, thirty or more feet long, hewn flat at top and bottom and suspended ten or twelve feet above the creek-bed, which The Forks people crossed as calmly as if on solid ground, was impossible for the girls until Uncle Ephraim cut two strong sapling-poles for them to steady themselves with. Even then, Christine never stepped upon it without a strong exercise of will-power.

Their room, with its thick log walls, was big and cool, and the old man and his old wife—"my second woman," he

explained to the girls; "she was a widder-woman and me a widder-man, and both lonesome, so we j'ined up"—were very solicitous for their comfort.

"If things don't pleasure you, jest speak the word," said Uncle Ephraim, coming in while Susanna and Christine were putting some of the women's sheets on the huge feather-beds. "You got a bed apiece to lay in, and we got all manner of blankets and kivers for you, come cold weather. Them books on that-air shelf, they belong to Giles. Here was where he stayed—him and Lafe and Ronny—they four year' he taught; hit was too far for 'em to go home every day. But they'd go in the spring and summer and make a crap. Idy she stayed yander with me and my old woman. Now Giles is down in the level land at law college, and Lafe's at Berea, and Idy is with the school women, and the loft's good enough for Ronny, so I'm proud to have you gals here.

"That-air leetle table and lamp is where Giles allus sot of a night a-study-ing. He would walk sometimes thirty mile' and back to borry him a book, and then set up maybe till day-light a-read-ing on it. I would counsel him not to kill hisself, but he would say, 'I already lost so much time, grandsir', I got a bound to make it up. I hain't fitten to teach the young, not knowing no more than I do; some of 'em, like little Lowizy Rideout, pyorly hungers and thirsts atter knowledge, and I got to give 'em bread, not stones.' He read law too, and got licensed to practise hit last fall, but allowed he wa'n't fitten for that either till he had got him some rael education.

"This here's the fine Bible the women give me atter they taught me to read last summer. I allus had one—a old, yaller, crumbly one, handed down from my grandsir', old Cap'n Giles Kent that fit under Washington and got a big land-grant out here, and fotched his woman out from Old Virginny. I mind hearing him read in hit when I were jest a leetle set-along child. He was a scholar, and could read and write good; his boys, my daddy and tothers, put in their time a-hunting and fighting Indians, and never missed the larning they could n't get. I had craving for it, but I was raised sixty mile' from a schoolhouse or church-house. When the women come in last summer, they allowed there was still time for me to get it, which I done, and now I can read most anything in big print, and will die a knowledgeable man.

"You gals must be at home, now, and ax for what you lack. The fleas is a-hopping kindly bad, the hogs being so mean about laying under the house. I hope they won't pester you much. I don't never know they're around, myself, I'm so broke to 'em. Soon as we get the schoolhouse finished for the opening—hit won't be a week now—me and Ranny'll pen up that-air old breachy sow and them shoats, and likewise put a handrail on the foot-log for you, so's you won't get narvious a-crossing."

The fleas began their work promptly, even before night, and three times in the night the girls had to light the lamp

and have a flea-hunt, each sitting in the middle of her enormous feather-bed. They had already, at the women's cottage, become somewhat expert in catching the little torments and cracking them between their thumb-nails.

Next morning Uncle Ephraim said to them, "I heard you up a-fleaing in the night. My old woman she'll sand the floor today; hit keeps 'em from hopping so bad. And if you gals could settle in your minds to lay in a blanket instid of a sheet, the fleas would get tangled up in the wool when they tried to hop away, and you could catch 'em a sight easier."

That night the fleas hopped much less, thanks to the sand on the floor.

The second morning, when the girls crossed the foot-log to their breakfast at the women's cottage, an old man they had met at the school raising, Uncle Tutt Logan, was there, begging that someone come up to nurse a family of five—renters on his place, down with typhoid. "I hain't got ary woman to my name," he said, "and a man-person don't know no more'n a sheep when hit comes to tending the sick."

It seemed impossible for anybody to go, with school opening on Monday and so very much to be done; but to everyone's surprise—and probably her own—Susanna Reeves, the visitor from the Blue Grass, who had intended returning home the day after school began, volunteered. Half an hour later Uncle Tutt rode off with a canvass cot before him and Susanna and various supplies behind; and the kindergarten, who had been sleeping on that same cot in the dining-room, took her things across to share Christine's room.

The following day was Friday,—mill-day in the mountains,—and Christine prepared as usual to take the women's corn and Uncle Ephraim's to mill on his sorrel mare. As she started off, with the two pokes across her sidesaddle, Amy said to her, "Ride up a mile beyond the mill and take this bottle of disinfectant to Susanna and see what else she needs. And while you're that far, why not go on and visit Lowizy Rideout, and have dinner at her house?"

Leaving the pokes at the water-mill a mile up Troublesome, where half a dozen men and boys were already waiting for their turn, she rode on along the beautiful, winding creek, with its steep green sides, until she came to Uncle Tutt's old house, with a smaller one behind it, in a kind of hollow, where the renters lived. Uncle Tutt was sitting on the porch, and at Christine's call he came down to the palings.

"The typhoids is all doing about the same, but I don't know how long hit'll last," he said with a shake of the head. "First thing that-air woman did when she come up was to strip all the clothes off'n every last one, and wash 'em all over; ef hit don't kill 'em hit'll be a meracle! And then she put gyarments on 'em that favors shrouds,—nightgowns, she calls 'em; I'd feel like I was a-laying in my coffin ef hit was me,—and then she stripped the beds, too, and put on them sheets the women sont, and washed down

the walls, and washed the ceiling and jists, and the three well young uns, and the pots and kettles and deeshes, and now she's a-washing the floor. She's the most washingest woman ever I seed. She even biles the drinking-water! Quare woman has quare ways."

Susanna herself came to the door, head tied up, scrub-broom in hand, and called, "Everything's all right! Don't bother about me!"

A mile and a half farther up Troublesome, Christine came to the "shut-up, lonesome house" described to her by Lowizy as belonging to Giles. It was a comfortable house, surrounded by large apple trees, but had that desolate air common to deserted houses and ownerless dogs.

Christine knew that the branch emptying into Troublesome just beyond the house must be Bee Tree, and she turned up, coming in a few minutes to the Ride-out home.

In response to her knock at the open door, a small, mild-faced woman, carrying a large, fretful-looking baby and followed by two near-babies and little six-year-old Dovey, came through the house.

"If hit ain't the woman aims to be Lowizy's new teacher!" she exclaimed. "I'd know you by the color of your hair. Lowizy she's been keen for you to come, but has nigh give you out now. Fetch a cheer for the woman, Dovey. I allow she'll take the day with us."

"I'll be glad to," said Christine. "I have wanted to come ever since the Fourth of July, when I first saw Lowizy, but I have been so busy that the only real visit I have made was to spend a night with Aunt Ailsie."

"Maw she's mighty tuck up with the quare women," said Phebe. "I hain't seed none of 'em myself sence last summer, when they lived in the cloth houses. I liked 'em fine then. But this here last least-one is so mean and puny and colicky, and a-teething too now, I don't never get nowhere."

"Where is Lowizy?"

"She's up the branch a piece, teaching her school she holds for young uns up there—she allus starts hit up soon as the crap is laid by. Hain't she never named it to you?"

"No, I think not," said Christine.

"Well, she's been at it about three year' now. What possesses her to squander her time on them ign'ant, feisty young uns passes knowledge. But she allus was quare-turned."

"She is the most remarkable child I ever saw."

"She is that, woman. I hain't disputing hit. She takes larning easier than any young un I ever seed; 'pears like from birth she were marked for hit. I lost my first two babes, and when Lowizy come along seemed like she could n't no-way make out to live, neither, and had to be packed on a pillar for nigh a year. But she lived on somehow or nother, and was the leetlest and pycertest young un ever I beheld, in spite of them risings in her hip-j'int, and all the rest of her punning. And from the time she sot in a-

talking, hit would be, 'Maw, pappy, I aim to get me a big-grain of larning some day!' Where she kotched hit from I never knowed, lessen hit was from Giles Kent. He lived down yander at the mouth, and allus had craving for larning, though no show to get hit till he were nigh a man, his paw being kilt in the war betwixt the Kents and Fallons when he were jest a leetle chap, and Sary, his maw, bed-rid up'ards of eight year' atter, from falling back'ards off'n a clift onto her spine one day when her and the young uns was a-hoeing corn.

"Sary she had heired a big scope of land up here, and her man had raised a good house on it, and they allus had lived well, and Sary was a up-headed woman, I hain't denying hit, and her pride maybe needed some setback. But look like the Lard raelly overdone it on her—he does, sometimes, you know. Anyhow, they seed a turrible time, and everything fell on Giles, the main-oldest. He had to tend the crap, and make the gyarden, and feed the property, and milk the cows, and clean up, and cook, and dishwash, and be paw and maw to tother young uns, and most of all, wait on his maw, and her plumb fractious at first under her visitation, and minded to run things there from her bed, and a-scolding over them going wrong. Hit was a hard road for a chap to travel—and him so good and patient hit would wring a body's heart. I follered going down frequent, and taking 'em butter and things I would cook. Giles he made tother young uns go down to The Forks to school every day there was school; but there he stayed hisself, working from daylight to pitch dark, and waiting on Sary as kind and tender as a gal, and never naming no desires of his own. From the time Lowizy come along, he tuck a sight of pleasure in her, and he would say, nigh from her birth, 'Phebe, you got a pyore scholar there—you'll see, some day.'

"At last, atter eight year' of laying, Sary up 'n died. One springtime hit was; and atter Giles had made the crap, he sot in to school at The Forks, in the first reader. He wa'n't in it long, though. In three schools he was ready to start teaching hisself. Then he shut up the house—he allowed he would n't have no renters tearing down and messing up what his maw had loved—and went down, him and tothers, to stay at Uncle Ephraim's coming back allus in the spring to make the crap.

"The very first day Lowizy heard Giles had started in to get schooling, though she were n't but three then, she tuck on scandalous, wanting to go too, and kep' hit up from then on. Me 'n her paw would jest laugh at sech a leetle scrap a-talking so biggotty, and would n't pay no rael attention. So one day, when she had jest turned four, we missed her round the middle of the morning, and when we could n't find her and I was skeered stiff, David he says, 'That air little Lowizy has jest about lit-out atter larning; she's liable to be down yander at The Forks at school.' And shore enough, when he rid down, there she sot, as big as life, a-studying on the

A B C's, having walked them four mile' all by her lone, on that leetle short leg of hern.

"David he said that night, 'Tain't no use, Phebe; that-air young un craves larning same as tother babes their mother's milk. Hit's the Lord's work, and who air we to stand out again' it?' Then we would let Giles or Ronny or Lafe pack her down every day, till court-time, when her pappy could trade around for a' old safe nag for her to travel on. And long as the weather lasted go she would, every day, getting in anyhow three good months every school, afore November come and I would have to keep her home. But she allus larnt more in three months than tother scholars in five; and atter that first school she could read most anything. And along in the second, she says to me 'n David, 'I hain't noways happified over getting all this larning by myself, maw and pappy. I crave for you to have some too. I aim to teach you larning of a night.'

"Never having had no sooner chancet, —for my paw he is strong again' larning for females,—I was glad and willing. David, man-like, naturally balked some at being taught by a leetle splinter like her; but he could n't hold out long; and of nights she would larn us to read and figger. And as tother young uns got sizable, she would take them behind her to school, and teach 'em going and coming. But 'peared like that weren't enough to satisfy her. Up this here branch, Bee Tree, though it hain't more 'n three mile' long, is jest scores of fighting, drinking, cussing young uns, that never so much as heard of knowledge, let alone set in a schoolhouse; and they begun to lay heavy on Lowizy's mind. 'Maw,' she would say, 'hain't hit a scandal for young uns to grow up like them, and nobody to do nothing?' And next thing I knowed, she had the whole b'iling, several dozen head, rounded up of a Saturday and Sunday, larning 'em books and civility. Three year' now she's been at it. Summers she holds school under a big rock-house about half a mile up the branch; winters, when she is shet in the house with them risings in her bones and that cough, she has 'em here. Hit's hard on a body with sech a mess of 'em underfoot; but, law! seems like me 'n her pappy can't deny her nothing. If she was jest well and stout, we would n't have nothing left to desire."

"She looks very, very frail," said Christine. "I suppose you do all you can to build up her health?"

"My Lord, yes! We've tried every yarb-tea and salve and charm we ever heard of, and oncet David he rode plumb to the railroad to get her a bottle of physic we had knowed folks to brag on."

"Did the nurse who was here with the women last summer see her?"

"She did, too; and she said give her a lavish of milk; and David he got a extry cow straightway. Then, too, Lowizy had follered laying in bed of a night with tother young uns, and sometimes of a morning she would be all bruised up from the a-wallowing over her in their sleep,

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

Administration Costs

It is with sincere pleasure that we can report that the cost of administration of the Missionary Society's office at Forest Park for the fiscal year closing March 31, amounted to only \$9,216.75. This included the salary of the General Missionary Secretary and three other appointed workers, the traveling-expenses of the General Missionary Secretary, office rent, furnishings and postage. It can very readily be seen that this office administration costs but 3.3 per cent of our total receipts. It may make it clearer to say that but 33 cents of every \$10 received by the General Missionary Society was needed for the cost of office-administration. We are ready to compare our cost of office-administration with any other Missionary Society.

Missionary Contributions

During the past fiscal year from April 1, 1926, to March 31, 1927, the churches of our nine conferences contributed for all denominational purposes to the Missionary and Benevolent Offering \$218,903.96. Striking an average in our present membership that will give us \$6.29 per member.

Immigration and Colonization

Unless unforeseen circumstances prevent, we will doubtless receive a large number, possibly a few thousand, German Baptist immigrants from European countries coming to Canada during the year 1927. The General Missionary Committee in annual session here on April 5, took the necessary action to make possible the bringing forward of hundreds of immigrants, many of whom cannot pay their own transportation. *It can be said with strong emphasis that the missionary funds of the denomination will not be requisitioned to defray the expenses of our immigration and colonization.* The General Missionary Committee appointed two Colonization Secretaries to care for this work. Rev. F. A. Bloedow will have charge of receiving the colonists and Rev. E. P. Wahl will be in charge of settling them after their arrival in Canada. Both Colonization Secretaries will live at Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada. We believe that the influx of so many colonists into Canada will bring increased missionary opportunities to our Northern Conference.

"Mind the least-one, now," directed Phebe, trading with Dovey, baby for chicken, and forever silencing the poor bird's cries by a deft twist of its neck. "Maybe you'll get lonesome whilst I pick the chicken and cook dinner," she said to Christine. "If you feel to, you might go up the branch to Lowizy's school; hit hain't far, and time's ample."

them being stout as mules; and the nurse allowed hit was too hard on her. And David he tuck and made her that leetle 'stead yander, so she could rest more peaceabler."

Christine looked at the little hand-made "'stead," with its feather bed, patchwork quilt, and dark-blue calico pillow-slip, to match the two large beds in the room.

"And that-air's the shelf he made for to hold her pretties," continued Phebe.

The "pretties" on the small shelf were two little stacks of books, apparently school books.

"You say she has to stay in the house all winter?"

"Lord, yes—from November to Aprile I don't never let her poke her nose outside! Of summers she pycertens up a right smart; but come cold weather her risings start up, and she gets a hacking cough, and hain't never off my mind a minute, I'm that consarned to keep a breath of air from getting to her."

"But it must be very dark in here in winter time with the doors shut—I see you have no windows."

"We allus have a good fire-light. And David he'll go miles to get fatty pine for her to read by."

"But she needs sunshine—it is the best possible medicine. I tell you what I should love to do: the school women have just brought in a lot of small windows to trade off to people who have none in their homes. I'll give Lowizy one if your husband will cut out a hole in the wall there by her bed for it. Do you think he'll be willing?"

"Sartin he will—there hain't nothing he wouldn't do for Lowizy. And I allow a glass window would pleasure her a sight."

"All right, I'll send it up early in the week."

"Thank you kindly. Dovey, you and tother young uns go out along, now, and run down a chicken for dinner."

Dovey and the two near-babies disappeared, and soon there was a sound of wild squawking, as the children brought the loudly protesting captive into the room.

"Mind the least-one, now," directed Phebe, trading with Dovey, baby for chicken, and forever silencing the poor bird's cries by a deft twist of its neck.

"I shall love to," said Christine. (To be continued)

May I pass on to someone else the ten suggestions that were given to me and have helped me so much?

- Be Present
- Be Punctual
- Be Prepared
- Be Polite
- Be Patient
- Be Progressive
- Be Practical
- Be Persevering
- Be Positive
- Be Prayerful.

pressed itself willing to co-operate under the following conditions:

1. We will co-operate in supporting either white or native missionaries, assuming the entire support or only part.

2. We will remit our part of the support direct to our missionaries in Kamerun.

3. We will expect to receive reports from our own supported missionaries in Kamerun.

4. All publicity measures in the interest of Kamerun Mission shall be conducted through our own office, using our own organs. In no case shall the Missionary Society at Neuruppin agitate direct.

5. We will expect to receive recommendations for the appointment and support of missionaries in Kamerun from the home office at Neuruppin.

6. All missionary contributions specifically designated for Kamerun Mission will be applied by us in strict accord with the wish of the contributor.

7. All contributions for the Kamerun Mission shall be sent through the Conference Treasurers to the General Treasurer. In no case should money be sent direct to Neuruppin.

Mother

BERTHA DODEN

When I stop to think of the past,
Which has fled so fast—so very fast;
My mind's eye seeks out the beauty spots,
That came along the way in dots.
The one bright dot was mother dear,
Who with her loving smile did cheer
Me so, on the pathway of life
Which seemed so full of envy and strife.
When heavy laden with toil and care,
That seemed, Oh! so hard to bear.
'Twas mother, who taught me to look to

God,
Who help'd to carry the burden hard.
Mother it was who kissed me first,
Who loved and petted and pitied me best.
When I was sick, needing comfort and cheer,
She forgot all else to be always near;
She taught me to fold my hands in

prayer,
And look up to God for help and care,
Which he promised to give to all of such,
Who seek his face and the grace we need
so much.

I'll never forget the look on her face,
When I told her I had accepted God's
grace.

Her heart was o'erwhelmed, her face
overflowed,

With tears of joy that can never be told.
Then down on her knees she thanked God
For his mercy and wonderful love,
For the gift of his son, for redemption
of sin,

That to all such is given that accept of
him.

Now do you wonder that I praise God in
heaven

That to me such a mother was given?
She has filled my life with the things of
real worth,

Which count before God more than
riches on earth,

Thank God if you have—such a mother.



A Group of Chiefs and village Elders with present given to Dr. and Mrs. Underhill at Sadon

A Visit in the Kachin Mission, Myitkyina, Burma

EDNAH CHENEY UNDERHILL

The Kachin Mission in Myitkyina is well-known to your readers, as Mr. Geis has already written you accounts of the work done here. But you may be interested in hearing more about it from one who had the privilege of spending two months in it, although not in any way connected with the mission work, and who can tell of many things that Mr. Geis's modesty would prevent his writing. He and Mrs. Geis have given their lives and strength to the Christianizing and helping of the Kachins for 35 years, and it is no wonder that they are loved by these people and that the British authorities regard them as their best friends and greatest help in settling and civilizing Upper Burma. The story of their experiences in the early days is a thrilling one, and it is greatly to be hoped that Mr. Geis can be persuaded to write it.

The Mission Compound of Myitkyina is on the banks of the Irrawaddy River, looking towards the Kachin Hills (huge mountains, 10,000 to 12,000 feet high, some of them snow-capped) which are the boundary between Burma and China. The compound is extensive and very well ordered. Besides Mr. Geis's house it contains one dormitory for the girls and three for the boy students, a sewing-school, a cook-house, a carpenter-shop and smithery, a paddy (rice) house and an infirmary, as well as an excellent vegetable garden. The children are all taught useful trades as well as Christianity, hygiene, sanitation, right-living and the ordinary school work. The Wednesday and the Sunday evening services are conducted by the boys themselves, who do it remarkably well.

But Mr. Geis's activities are not confined to his work in this school. He has to visit his widely scattered parishes in the jungle and mountain villages; 230 miles north to the border of Tibet, which means traveling many miles by train, motor, boat, pony or on foot; and it is of these expeditions that I wish chiefly

to write, as my husband and I were permitted to take some of them with him. Our first was to

Kaplang, a Jungle Village

of perhaps 20 houses. We left Myitkyina early in the morning and had two hours to let us off at a collection of huts used by railroad coolies. We had expected to find an oxcart from Kaplang there to meet us, to carry our bedding-rolls and foot, but it was nowhere to be seen. After a wait of a half hour or so it came and we started on our three-mile walk through the jungle. It was a real tiger and wild elephant jungle, but the three men from Kaplang were armed with "das," the great knives all Kachins carry, which they use for everything from felling trees, killing tigers or cutting splinters from their own feet. We did not see a live tiger, though we did see traces of one and brought home the beautiful skin of a tigress that our host had trapped and shot not a mile from his house; and in the month since we were there they have trapped and killed two more. The Government still offers a bounty of 40 rupees a hide for them.

Kaplang has a headman, a minister and a teacher, our host was the preacher and had at one time been Mrs. Geis' cook. He was a very intelligent looking man, far above the ordinary Kachin, and his house was very clean. It was larger than any of the other houses except the headman's, and had three rooms. One was rather a large one and was used as church, schoolroom and general meeting place for the village; a small one opening from it served as kitchen, the fire being built on an earthen hearth in one corner. The third room was the family bedroom.

The house was built like the others of bamboo and thatch. The walls are of woven bamboo matting, the floors of bamboo laid in rows across it, with cracks between large enough to see through and observe the chickens under the house, for it is built up one story as a greater protection from tigers and snakes. Our party of four, consisting of

Mr. Geis, Mrs. Rowland, my husband and myself, all slept in the large room. A partition of woven bamboo being put down in the center to make two rooms of it, one for the men and the other for us ladies. We slept on heaps of clean rice-straw piled on the floor.

There Was a Service

that evening and another one the next morning, followed by a feast cooked by our host, after which we departed. The entire village attended both services. They had somehow secured a table and three chairs and a bamboo stool for us to sit on, but the congregation sat on the floor or on long stools facing us; the men on one side of the room, the women and children on the other. The hymns were all sung sitting to make it easier for the women, as each one had a baby tied on her back or in her arms. The service was all in Kachin, which Mr. Geis speaks fluently, and they listened eagerly to every word. At the end of the service each man and woman stood up in turn and made a confession of his or her misdeeds, or told of anything to be especially thankful for. They were all very much in earnest and their faces were interesting to watch though we did not understand what they were saying. We each spoke briefly to them, Mr. Geis interpreting, which seemed to please them, and they gave us a rising vote of thanks and, when we left, with true Kachin generosity, they made us presents of eggs and live hens, and nearly all the men of the village escorted us through the jungle back to the train.

Our next expedition was on Christmas Day, a short motor trip to hold a service in a Lisu village and to join in a barbecue at a neighboring Kachin town. Next we crossed the Irrawaddy in a native dug-out canoe, landed in a town two miles down the river and walked three miles to a village where Mr. Geis was to hold service.

Then Came the Durbar,

when the Governor of Burma invited all the Kachin chiefs to meet him in Myitkyina for a durbar, or conference, as the British Government had decided to abolish slavery in the Unadministered Territory. Two weeks before the great event the chiefs began assembling, and as the houses being erected for them were not finished, many of them camped in the Mission compound with their retainers, Christians and non-Christians alike, all regarding Mr. Geis as their real friend and advisor. They came to him with all their ills and problems; there was a constant procession of them coming to the house, or sitting in a solemn row waiting their turn to see him; or in the evening coming to hear the victrola, of which they never tired. Their faces as they listened were a fascinating study. They gave absorbed attention to the story of the Prodigal Son in Kachin, but what seemed to please them most were some laughing records. The most solemn old chiefs would burst out laughing and laugh with the record. It seemed like stepping back a generation, at the Durbar, to hear



Christians from Kaplang village who came to meet us

An Emancipation Proclamation Read The Kachins, of course, do not like giving up their slaves (one chief alone had 80) although they receive compensation; but they know that although they protest they are powerless, and it is not thought that there will be any serious trouble over it.

The Durbar gave us a good opportunity to see something of the rites and customs of the non-Christian Kachins and to realize what Mr. Geis has rescued his people from. Altars were erected to their gods, the Nats, and 40 cows and buffaloes were sacrificed. These animals were supplied by the British Government and formed part of the food allowance of their guests, for the Nats want only the spirit of the animal and the faithful eat the flesh. The Government also gave each guest 2 quarts of rice and 8 annas a day, as well as a handsome present to each chief, a gun, a gong or a turban. It was a perfect orgy of over-eating.

Mr. Geis has been able to make use of Dr. Underhill here in the school, as he told any of the pupils and teachers who wished to consult him to do so, and he has held quite a clinic mornings, being able to help many, possibly preventing serious illness in several cases.

Sadon in the Kachin Hills

Our most interesting trip was our latest and longest one; a walk of 43 miles up into the Kachin Hills to Sadon, one of the border stations. We went up a few days in advance of Mr. Geis, going with the Civil Commissioner and his wife who had come down to attend the Durbar. It took us 4 days to walk up, as we did not make long marches. We spent the nights at the Dak Bungalows, small shacks which the Government has constructed a day's march apart, for the use of traveling officials, and which, when not occupied by officials, may be used by any traveling white people for a rupee a night.

We had a chance to see some of Mr. Geis's villages without warning, and observe the great improvement he has made, by the obvious difference in neatness, cleanliness and prosperity of the Christian over the non-Christian villages. We attended church on Sunday at Sa-

don. The pastor is a very intelligent man and spoke fair English. The service was, of course, in Kachin. There were about 40 present. Mr. Geis arrived two days later and held service the following day. Word had gone out that "The Great Teacher" was coming, and fully 200 came in from the hill villages to meet him. Too many for the little chapel to hold, so the service was held out in the sunshine, and after it Dr. Underhill held an open-air clinic, Mr. Geis, as usual, interpreting and encouraging. Sadon has a good schoolteacher, as well as pastor, and there is a very promising school garden.

Influence of Mr. and Mrs. Geis

It is impossible to exaggerate the good that Mr. and Mrs. Geis have done for the people, and it must be a great satisfaction to them, in spite of many heartbreaking disappointments and failures, to see so great a success in only 35 years. Such a real and obvious improvement in their people, mentally, morally and physically as well as spiritually.

Industry has been one of the chief aims, and the pupils as well as the Christian Kachins have helped in erecting most of the buildings on the compound, and two wells have been sunk. Many of the former pupils have gone out into the world and taken good positions; in Government service there are 2 forest rangers, a number of forest guards, 3 are Ka-aing okes, 3 are village headmen, a number are interpreters, 19 are teachers in school and one girl is a nurse in the Myitkyina Hospital; some are petty traders and the vast majority have returned to their villages where they are bringing about a great betterment and change by introducing the modern ideas and methods of cultivation.

In one village where Mr. Geis had held service on his way to Sadon he had urged the people to put in the foot-pounders for hulling rice and so save their women from the more fatiguing method, and he had the satisfaction of his return trip a few days later to find one being installed there.

Mr. Geis is now planning a long trip into the mountains, taking three young Mission helpers with him, to be gone

Daily Scripture Portion Bible Readers Course
ENDORSED BY YOUNG PEOPLE'S AND SUNDAY SCHOOL WORKERS' UNION

MAY.		JUNE.	
1S	22. 1-3	1	Hosea. 6. 1-7
2	22. 21-30	2	11. 1-12
3	23. 1-17	3	14. 1-9
4	27. 8-23	4	Joel. 1-14
5	28. 1-14	5S	2. 21-32
6	28. 15-28	6	3. 9-21
7	29. 1-18	7	Colossians. 1. 1-17
8S	32. 1-13	8	1. 18-29
9	33. 14-30	9	2. 1-15
10	35. 1-16	10	3. 1-11
11	38. 1-18	11	3. 12-25
12	38. 19-38	12S	4. 1-18
13	40. 1-14	13	Judges. 1. 1-15
14	42. 1-17	14	2. 1-16
15S	49. 1-16	15	4. 1-13
16	91. 1-16	16	4. 14-24
17	92. 1-15	17	5. 1-16
18	93. 1-7	18	5. 17-31
19	94. 1-11	19S	6. 1-10
20	94. 12-23	20	6. 11-24
21	95. 1-11	21	6. 25-40
22S	1. 1-14	22	7. 1-14
23	1. 15-23	23	7. 15-25
24	2. 1-10	24	13. 1-14
25	2. 11-22	25	13. 15-25
26	3. 1-13	26S	14. 1-11
27	3. 14-21	27	14. 12-20
28	4. 1-16	28	16. 4-17
29S	4. 17-32	29	16. 18-31
30	5. 1-16	30	Psalm. 96. 1-13
31	5. 17-33	31	
	6. 1-12		
	6. 13-24		

(By Courtesy of the Scripture Union)

about six weeks, and covering something over 300 miles. During the 6 weeks he will be gone Mrs. Geis will carry on the school, solving all the many problems that will come up. She speaks Kachin easily and well and understands all the needs of the pupils. They all turn to "Mama Geis" when ill. Each day she has temperatures to take, medicine to administer, and keeps track of the health of that hundred or more of boys and girls; superintends and instructs the girls sewing-school, teaches them housework and personal cleanliness. She gave one girl, on her arrival here, clean clothes, soap and a towel, told her to wash, put on the new clothes and come back, and the girl asked if she would be white all over, like Mama, if she ate the whole cake of soap.

It is impossible to imagine the state of un-washedness of the non-Christian Kachin, so it is wonderful the change a short term in the school makes, though, according to American standards, there is still room for improvement. But soap and the toothbrush are making steady progress in Burma under the untiring, never faltering, vigilant care of Mr. and Mrs. Geis, and the better health of the Christian villages is visible and tangible reward for their efforts.

Our Devotional Meeting

G. W. PUST

May 8

Elements in Ideal Home Life

Eph. 6:1-9

The Bible sheds light upon every path of duty. (Ps. 119:105.) Having explained the duties of husbands and wives in the previous chapter, the apostle in our Scripture passage, proceeds to explain the duties of children and parents (v. 1-4); then those of servants and masters (v. 5-9).

1. The duty of children to their parents.

Obey your parents. This is a requisite of natural law, since parents are the authors of their being. They are also responsible for their livelihood, up-bringing, good behaviour and well-being. Such obedience will be for their own good as well as that of society. It is understood that Christian parents will not demand anything that is contrary to God's laws. No parent has a right to forbid a child to pray, to read the Bible or worship God.

Honor thy father and thy mother. Matthew Henry: "Which honor implies reverence, obedience, and relief and maintenance, if these be needed."

2. The duty of parents to their children.

"Provoke not." This may be done by vexatious commands, unreasonable blame and uncertain temper. Parents should manifest patience and prudence. "Happy is the family where serene rule in the parents diffuses serene conduct through the whole."

But bring them up, etc. Children are to have the kind of training that is conducive to Christian character.

3. *The relationship of master and servant.* This must also rest on high and noble principles, each bound to serve the other in Christ.

May 15

How to Become a Leader

2 Tim. 2:1-7

To become a leader is quite a legitimate passion of man. But comparatively few realize such an ideal. To become a leader one must be willing to pay the price.

Believe in yourself. By this we do not mean that one must have an inflated opinion of himself. That would be a grave mistake. True faith in self is based on faith in God. It is a belief that the Creator has endowed you with certain talents that are capable of expansion. It matters not even if you are of lowly birth. Lincoln, Franklin, Columbus, Copernicus, Bunyan, Livingstone and Luther belonged to the laboring class.

Make the very best of your youth. Your future will largely depend on your preparation during your non-productive

years. Men who neglected to prepare themselves intellectually and otherwise and still became great leaders, would, no doubt, have been greater, had they been better prepared. We may be sure that Paul urged Timothy to constantly prepare himself for better leadership. He himself had taken some pains to instruct him. (V. 2.) And Paul did not allow himself to become rusty either. (2 Tim. 4:13.) This will mean nothing less than enduring hardness as a good soldier.

Be strong. We receive strength through partnership with Christ. We need to be morally and spiritually strong, if we desire to lead others the steep ascent of purity and holiness. To this, Christian leaders in every department of the church are called.

May 22

Bible Guide-Posts

Ps. 119:9-16

These are needed on the pathway of life. There are many perils lurking in ambush or hiding in the dark for those who step aside from the straight and narrow way.

Take heed. This is the first guide-post here mentioned. (V. 9.) Study the Word of God, make it the rule of your life. Let it be to you a chart and a compass. Study yourself in its light. "The ruin of young men is either living at large, or by no rule at all, or choosing to themselves false rules; let them ponder the path of their feet, and walk by Scripture rules."

Seek God. This the psalmist claims to have done with his whole heart (v. 10); but realizing his own weakness he prays that he may not wander from God's commandments. He knew that only they who do God's will can truly find him. But having God as a constant companion, he is safe. And how true that has been for all who longed for the living God! In his presence it is easy to obey his precepts.

Hide God's Word in your heart. (V. 11.) The psalmist looked upon it as a treasure which was to be carefully guarded. He is, indeed, rich who lays up the Word in his heart that it may be within him a power controlling and stimulating. "Evil cannot flow from a heart in which God's law is lodged. That is the tree which sweetens the waters of

May 29

How Have Missions Helped China?

Luke 4:16-31

The following excerpts are from the "Literary Digest" for March 12, 1927, which contains much valuable material on China. We would also refer the reader to valuable articles in "The Baptist

Herald" of March 15 and succeeding numbers by Emanuel H. Giedt.

"Millions of Americans have spent millions of dollars in founding and maintaining Christian missions in China, and, on the face of some reports, it appears that the whole Christian structure, erected at the cost of so much willing sacrifice in blood and treasure, is about to be destroyed. . . . But Christian churches . . . face the present chaos undismayed, believing that Christianity will remain when the revolution is done."

"It is pretty generally conceded that the missionaries contributed much of the leaven now in ferment, and it was inevitable . . . that the Chinese should awaken to the rights of self-government."

"The missionaries have sowed the conceptions of brotherhood and justice which are partly responsible for the uprising of the Chinese against what at least appears to them to be injustice and exploitation."

"The aim of the Christian missions from America, we are told, is to establish a self-supporting, self-governing, self-propagating Chinese Christian Church. Toward this end there has been a systematic effort to gain intelligent, strong Christian leaders. The influence of thousands of Chinese, trained in mission schools, shows how far this aim has been successfully carried out."

June 5

Our Christian Duty to Maintain Health

1 Tim. 4:8; Rom. 12:1

(Consecration meeting)

Man is fearfully and wonderfully made. (Ps. 139:14.) No machine can begin to compare with the human body. Think of that marvelous little engine, the heart, which never stops beating, day or night, as long as we live. How wonderful the organs of sight and hearing and breathing! And that intricate network of nerves throughout the whole body!

The body a living sacrifice. In the Old Testament dispensation, the animals offered for sacrifice were to be without blemish. Then should we not offer our bodies to the Lord in the best possible condition? Have we a right to defile and to abuse them? And certainly much ill-health is due to such abuse. We overwork, overeat and overdo in many things.

The body a temple of the Spirit of God. (1 Cor. 3:16.) Then our treatment of our bodies ought to be consistent with the value of its indweller.

The body an instrument of service. The better the instrument, the better it can serve. Impaired health often is a hindrance in our work; therefore, in order to maintain the highest efficiency of body and soul, we must not break the laws that pertain to our bodies.

May 1, 1927

Wisconsin Young People's Institute

A goodly number of young people and Sunday school workers attended the Institute which was held in our Milwaukee Immanuel Church on the first three days of April. We were fortunate in having in our midst both Rev. A. Bretschneider and Rev. G. R. Kampfer, whose messages were much appreciated by young and old.

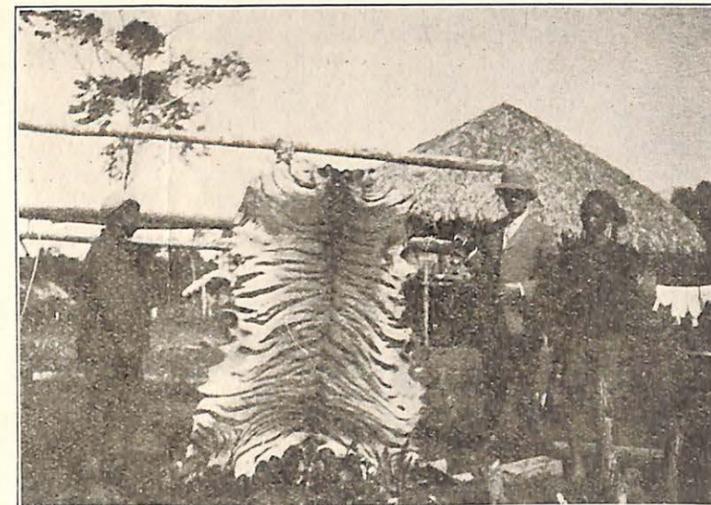
The Institute was opened on Friday evening with a devotional service led by Miss Pearl Vilhauer, president of the Immanuel Church B. Y. P. U., after which Rev. A. Bretschneider spoke in a practical and helpful manner on "The Purpose of a Young People's Society" and also on "The Christian's Secret of a Happy Life." On the following evening the devotional period was in charge of Mr. George Heisel, president of the North Avenue Church B. Y. P. U. Bro. Bretschneider conducted an interesting and instructive discussion of that very important subject, "How to Secure Attention." A somewhat unique topic, designated as "Taboos," was then treated by Rev. G. R. Kampfer, whose thrilling experiences on the mission field served to illustrate important Biblical truths.

The following Sunday was a day of great spiritual blessings. In the forenoon Rev. Bretschneider served the people of the North Avenue Church, while Rev. Kampfer preached in the Immanuel Church. The members of this church were thus furnished with an opportunity to renew their acquaintance with Bro. Kampfer, who years ago, when a Seminary student, served them as a pastor during the summer when Rev. F. W. C. Meyer visited the "Fatherland." One is strongly tempted, in this connection, to touch upon some interesting personal reminiscences, but space forbids.

The Sunday afternoon meeting of the Institute was a worthy successor to those that had preceded, the visiting brethren speaking to large and appreciative audiences. In the evening a great gathering witnessed the pageant, "The Twenty Christian Centuries," which was presented by the young people of the Immanuel Church under the capable direction of Miss Marie Baudisch, the church missionary. Like a panorama there was portrayed the wonderful story of Christianity, beginning with the babe of Bethlehem and progressing through the centuries with increasing power and widening influence. Attention was also called to the important contribution which our own Baptist denomination has made to the cause of religious freedom and spiritual religion.

Inquiries have been made as to where the pageant given at the close of the Institute can be obtained. It should therefore be stated that the pageant has not appeared in print, but that a limited number of typewritten copies can be supplied by Miss Marie Baudisch, whose address is 1190 Eighteenth St., Milwaukee, Wis.

H. J. WEIHE.



Dr. S. G. Underhill and the skin of the tiger at Kaplang

25th Anniversary of the Trenton, Ill., Baptist Church

Former members and pastors were invited to come and help celebrate the above named occasion. Some of them were permitted to respond in person, others not so fortunate sent their regrets and congratulations.

The festivities began Sunday morning, March 13, and lasted till Wednesday evening, the 16th. The former pastors present, J. P. Brunner, C. F. Zummach and A. F. Runtz, addressed the Sunday school, telling the lively second generation of the works of the fathers.

Our General Secretary of Missions, Dr. Wm. Kuhn, was present by special invitation and preached the anniversary sermon in the morning service and at the evening meeting he pressed home the burden of his heart: "The revival of the spirit of true Christian service." The afternoon session was given over to the neighboring churches in the town and nearby villages. The entire Sunday revealed a spirit of joy and thankfulness toward God for his grace manifested through 25 long years. The orchestra, male and mixed quartets and choir did their share in making the day one of rejoicing.

Monday night was reserved for the young people. Bro. H. R. Schroeder, pastor of the mother church at St. Louis, and Bro. A. F. Runtz, former pastor and now of Pittsburgh, brought inspiring messages. Tuesday night the Ladies Missionary Society had the right of way. Bro. J. P. Brunner of Buffalo, N. Y., and Bro. C. F. Zummach of Kankakee, Ill., tried to encourage both women and men to continue in the work for the Master. Wednesday night belonged to everybody, to tell of bygone but not forgotten blessings. Bro. Aug. Steffens, his sainted mother and many others were remembered and letters of former pastors and members were read. Many sacrifices were brought in years gone by but the feeling was that they were well worth while, and the prayer and hope of all present and absent is that under the leadership of the present beloved pastor, Rev. Theo. Frey, this group of God's

children will continue to grow in grace and good works. J. P. BRUNNER.

The J. O. Y. Class of Marion, Kans.

I am very much interested in reading the fine reports of other Sunday school classes. Now I shall try and tell you something about the girl's class of the German Baptist church at Marion, Kans.

About six years ago, under the leadership of Mrs. Elizabeth Beltz, this class was organized. At the time of the organization there were ten girls. It was from that time on until now, the different sets of girls have added new ideas and ways to make our class a modern class.

We are now a fully organized class with a president, vice-president and secretary and treasurer. We are now fifteen in number, still having Mrs. Beltz as our teacher. We have given ourselves the name J. O. Y., meaning Jesus first, others second and ourselves last.

Once a month we meet for a business meeting, where plans are made for class activities, socials, etc. We meet at the homes of the different girls.

Each Christmas we do something to help make some poor, unfortunate children happy. We have at various times sent garments, stockings, candy, blankets, etc., to our Children's Home in St. Joseph, Mich. We also have given money to hospitals for crippled children.

On Thanksgiving we have made baskets for needy ones of our town. At the present time we are conducting a Sunday school for the colored children of our town. These folks are too poor to have Sunday schools and churches. We had a small house given to us by a brother of our church and we fixed up a nice Sunday school room. We have eight colored children enrolled. The children enjoy it very much. To us it is a privilege to be able to do this for our Lord.

We also observe Mothers' Day every year by having programs or banquets. We can truly say the Lord has blessed us the last year and our one aim is to become more like our Master.

BERTHA EHRlich, President.

Another Tribute to † Fred Rauscher †

"One thing have I desired of the Lord, that I will seek after, that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord and inquire in his temple."

This may well be said of Fred Rauscher who departed this life on March 5, 1927.

He will be sadly missed at the Walnut Street Baptist Church of Newark, N. J.

Though only 37 years of age he has been a faithful member for 30 years, having given his heart to Jesus at the age of 7 years and baptized by Rev. Carl Schenk, then pastor.

Humanly speaking he departed this life too early. It was our belief the Lord still had a great work for him, but the Lord's will be done.

His influence among all who knew him revealed itself by the large assembly of friends both at the home and church where services were held as also by the numerous floral pieces which were offered.

He had an admirable ambition for undertaking big things which, however, undoubtedly contributed to his untimely end.

He is now singing unto the Lord a new song for he loved to sing. Not only at services, but at home, the workroom, and everywhere he was always in a cheerful mood.

Children loved him, and at our rallies and outings flocked around him, for he loved and mingled with them.

He was always on the job, giving the older folks a lift to and from the church with his auto.

Being vice-superintendent of the Sunday school, he also had a class of boys. He also held the office of church clerk.

His activities in the Y. P. U. of New York and vicinity on the executive committee, also as a trustee of the Bradley Beach Home and the S. S. W. U., are well known.

His desires to do a still greater work for his Master have not been granted him, but our thoughts of him should be an inspiration for us for greater activity, more cheerfulness and brotherly love.

Married less than sixteen months his loss is keenly felt by his beloved wife, Josephine M. Neuchaefler-Rauscher, and infant child who has already been making itself heard by its presence at our services, as well as Mother Rauscher, a sister and brothers.

AUGUST BUERMANN.

Program of the Oklahoma Jugendbund

Meeting with the Gotebo Society,
May 26-29, 1927

Thursday evening: President's message by Rev. A. Rosner.

Friday: 9-10: Devotion, led by Rev. F. W. Bartel. 10-11: Sunday school and Young People's Work, by Rev. A. Bretschneider. 11: Paper on "William Carey," by Bessie Society. 11:30: Paper on "Adoniram Judson," by Gotebo Society.

2-3: Sunday School and Young People's Work, by Rev. A. Bretschneider. 3: Paper on "Roger Williams," by Okeene Society. 3:30: Paper on "Johann G. Oncken," by Shattuck Society.

7:30: Song service. 8: Sermon by Rev. A. Bretschneider.

Saturday: 9-10: Devotion, led by Rev. F. W. Bartel. 10-11: Sunday School and Young People's Work, by Rev. A. Bretschneider. 11: Paper on "The Lone Star Mission," by Ingersoll Society. 11:30: Business session.

2-3: Sunday School and Young People's Work, Rev. A. Bretschneider. 3: Recreation.

7:30: Song service. 8: Program.

Sunday: 10: Sunday school. 11: Worship and sermon by Rev. C. F. Tiemann. 2:30: Sermon by Rev. A. Bretschneider.

7:30: Song service. 8: Closing and consecration service, led by Rev. F. W. Bartel.

Program of the Kansas Young People's and Sunday School Workers' Union

at the Ebenezer Church, Dillon, Dickinson County, Kans., May 31 to June 2,
1927

Tuesday Evening: 15-minute song service, Bro. Boehm. Opening address, Rev. A. Bretschneider. Address of Welcome, local president. Response, president of Union.

Wednesday Morning: 9-10: Devotional service, "The Influence of Prayer on the Christian Life," Chas. Zoschke. 10-12: Organization; enrollment; roll-call. Each society present to respond with a Bible verse or song. Election. Special music, Marion. Address, Rev. A. Bretschneider.

Wednesday Afternoon: 2-2:30: Devotional service, "The Influence of the Bible on the Christian Life," Alfred Schacht. Special music, Stafford. 15-minute address, "The Relation of Religion and Education," Rev. E. Fromm. 15-minute address, "An Ideal B. Y. P. U.," Rev. Geo. Lang. Special music, Ellinwood. Address, "What Are You Worth?" Rev. J. G. Draewell.

Wednesday Evening: Song service, Bro. K. Ehrlich. 7:30: Mixed program by the Kansas Y. P. Union, under direction of the president.

Thursday Morning: 9-10: Devotional service, "The Influence of Soul-winning on the Christian Life," Rev. K. N. Wiebe. 10-12: Sunday school reports. Special music, Bison. 15-minute address, "My Bible and I," Walter Schmitt. 15-minute address, "My Pupils and I," Mrs. Mabel Wirth. 15-minute address, "My Savior and I," Marie Thole. Special music, Lorraine.

Thursday Afternoon: 2-2:30: Devotional service, "The Influence of Church Attendance," Luella Scheufler. Special music, Durham. Address, "Evangelism in the Sunday School," Rev. W. A. Lippard. Special music, Geary County. Address, Rev. A. Bretschneider.

Thursday Evening: Song service, Bro. Alv. Brenner. 7:30 Chalk talk, Prof. A. Ebel. Closing address, Rev. A. Bretschneider.

The Ebenezer Church of Dickinson County, Kansas, invites the delegates and visitors of the Y. P. & S. S. W. U. very cordially for the annual session from May 31 to June 2 inclusively. Let us come with a spirit desirous of receiving something that will make us more useful in his Kingdom. An early report of your coming to the undersigned would be greatly appreciated.

A. J. PAULER,
Box 1,
Dillon, Kans.

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