

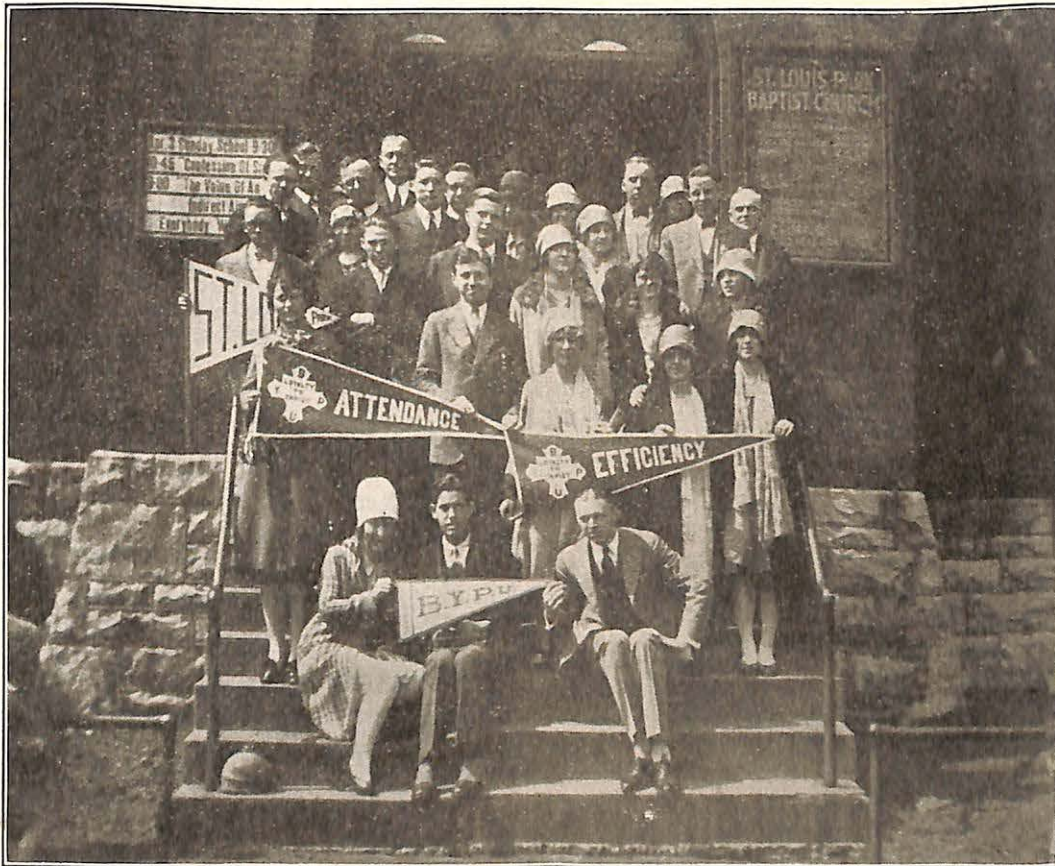
The Baptist Herald

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

Volume Five

CLEVELAND, O., MAY 15, 1927

Number Ten



St. Louis Park Church B. Y. P. U., St. Louis, Mo., with Prize Pennants won by Society

What's Happening

Rev. J. E. Ehrhorn of George, Iowa, will be the new pastor of the German Baptist Church at Okeene, Okla. He will begin his new pastorate in June.

Rev. Wm. Ritzmann, pastor of the German Baptist Church, San Francisco, Cal., has resigned and will close his work with his charge by the end of June. Bro. Ritzmann is retiring from the active ministry after long and faithful service.

Rev. W. H. Buenning of Ashley, N. D., had the honor to preach the baccalaureate sermon at the graduating exercises of the Ashley High school last year and the graduating class of 1927 has requested him to serve in the same capacity this year.

Rev. E. Bibelheimer of Eureka, S. D., who was compelled to relinquish the pastorate several years ago on account of ill-health, is now again restored and ready to accept a church as the Lord may lead. Bro. Bibelheimer held former pastorates with the Nottingham church, Cleveland, O., Monroe, S. D., and North Freedom, Wis.

Publicity Literature for the Linwood Park Baptist Assembly is out and informs us that the Assembly will be held Aug. 2-7. Rev. O. E. Krueger is dean; E. A. Hasse, secretary, and Mr. E. Glanz treasurer of the Assembly. A poster contest has been started. Prizes for the best posters advertising the assembly will be awarded. The posters will be exhibited in Linwood Park.

The South Chicago church, Rev. G. C. Schwandt, pastor, is grateful for many blessings received during the last six months. The choir, directed by a student from the Moody Institute, has added much to the attractiveness of the Sunday evening services. The Young Women's Guild has raised \$500 to the building fund. The first Sunday in April was a day of rejoicing, for the pastor baptized eleven happy followers of Christ.

The Alpine Club of the Clinton Hill Baptist Church, Newark, N. J., had 150 men present at its meeting on Monday evening April 18, when the Sheriff and the Preacher spoke on Crime. The Sheriff was Sheriff Conrad Deuchler of Essex County and the Preacher the new pastor, Rev. C. Koller. Nifty entertainment was provided by John A. Scott and surprising refreshments by the club. This was the first of a series of special public meetings that have been planned.

Winfred H. Buermann, M. D., the oldest son of Rev. F. Buermann, pastor of the church at Stafford, Oreg., has entered the practice of surgery in Portland, Oreg., May 1st, and will also be assistant to the chief surgeon of the S. P. and S. R. R. with offices in Portland. Dr. Buermann graduated from Linfield College, took up medical studies in the University of Oregon and later pursued studies at Columbia University in New

York where he took his degree in 1921. Since 1922, he was a Fellow in Surgery under the Mayo Foundation and the Mayo Clinic, Rochester, Minn. He will receive the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in Surgery from the University of Minnesota Graduate school through affiliation with the Mayo Foundation at Rochester, Minn., in June. We congratulate Father and Son on these honors. Yet some people say, minister's sons do not amount to much!

Come Now! Take Notice! North Dakota Young People

The reporter of the gathering in Ashley, N. D., last fall of Young People and Sunday school workers failed to report and the proceedings of those meetings are known to those only who were present. Lest we forget, I take this opportunity of making known to the Young People and Sunday School Workers of the Dakota Zentral-Vereinigung that a Young People's and Sunday School Workers' Union was organized at that meeting and that besides other very important business transacted, it was unanimously decided to have a Summer Assembly this coming summer.

The officers of the Union are now at work and to us it seems that things are moving along nicely and in due time a season of great blessings for our Y. P. and S. S. W. will be ushered in. The park at Linton with its large pavilion has been secured, a very strong faculty being engaged, whose names will be published soon, and a program is being arranged, which will be of great benefit to all.

Now won't you please plan your spring work accordingly and make up your mind RIGHT NOW to "take in" our Summer Assembly at Linton from June 28 to July 3. Arrange to bring a tent and camp on the grounds. Watch the "Herald" for further announcements.

Would be glad to hear from folks who are planning to attend.

W. H. BUENNING,
Pres. Y. P. and S. S. W. U.
Ashley, N. D.

New Haven Church Celebrates Seventieth Anniversary

The church in New Haven, Conn., celebrated its 70th Anniversary on the 10th and 11th of April. Prof. William Lyon Phelps of Yale University, Dr. Theo. Fischer and Rev. Julius Berger were the Anniversary speakers. Dr. Wm. L. Phelps is the son of Dr. S. D. Phelps who baptized the first 11 persons who became charter members of the church. From this small beginning the church grew till it reached 217 members in 1900. New Haven became the mother church of six German Baptist churches. She also sent 10 workers into the greater work of our denomination. The Sunday school at present numbers 100. The

Young People's Society has 46 members and the Ladies Missionary Society counts 40 active members. During 1926 the church raised \$4044.19, an average of \$28.48 per member.

As the present pastor has been here for the last ten years, the church presented him with ten \$20 gold pieces. We are looking forward with hopes of future service for our fine city and for our denomination. Dr. F. W. Meyer, a member of this church, is doing a great work among the Filipinos. JULIUS KAAZ.

Temple Church, Pittsburgh, Pa.

The pastor, Rev. Arthur A. Schade, who had been under quarantine for five weeks for scarlet fever has been fully restored and has taken care of his work since the first Sunday in March. The sympathy and kindness of his people took the keen edge off the suffering which was involved.

Bro. J. Leypoldt of Detroit, Mich., spent two weeks with the church in protracted meetings, which were continued another week and reached a grand climax on Easter Sunday when the church was packed to the limit in both morning and evening services and the pastor baptized 33 converts. These with other additions bring the number of accessions to the church since the first of March to 42. All honor and praise goes to the Lord who so abundantly blessed and helped.

* * *

Young people will save themselves many a heartache if they remember that they will be old some day, and treat old folks as they would themselves be treated by and by.

The Baptist Herald

Published semi-monthly by the
GERMAN BAPTIST PUBLICATION SOCIETY
3734 Payne Avenue Cleveland, Ohio

Rev. A. P. Mihm, Editor

Contributing Editors:
Albert Bretschneider A. A. Schade
O. E. Krueger G. W. Pust

"The Baptist Herald" is a denominational periodical devoted to the interests of the German Baptist Young People's and Sunday School Workers' Union at the subscription price of \$1.25 a Year.

(24 cents additional to foreign countries)
Advertising rates, 60 cents per inch single column, 2½ inches wide.

All editorial correspondence is to be addressed to Rev. A. P. Mihm, 7346 Madison St., Forest Park, Ill.

All business correspondence to German Baptist Publication Society, 3734 Payne Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

Entered as second-class matter January 9, 1923, at the post office at Cleveland, Ohio, under the act of March 3, 1879.

The Baptist Herald

"Pep" and "Power"

"PEP" is a quality very much desired in all our public work. A meeting without it we count a failure. A meeting with it we call success. At our young people's gatherings we plan for our half hour or hour of a daily "Pep Assembly." We like certain leaders so much better than others because they are full of "pep." And that is "all right." Anybody likes, and anybody ought to like, in ordinary circumstances, motion better than stillness, variety better than monotony, speed rather than slowness, "life" better than "death." Only some times the real value of "pep" is misunderstood and the real value of some things called "pep" are overestimated. Often people are asking for more "pep," when what they and the cause needs is more "power."

"Pep" is liveliness, speed, interest, a certain kind of force. It may be almost or wholly artificial, it may be wholly natural or spontaneous. Often it is the overflow of "animal spirits," the uprush of mere youthful vigor stimulated by something in the air, in the circumstances, in the company, and irresistibly bubbling over. No normal mind can help having a good deal of pleasure in it. Did you ever see a young lamb gambol in the exuberance of its vitality and simple joy? That is fine, so far as it goes. Often, probably much more often, "pep" is the result of deliberate planning and work. It must be, in many cases. We simply can not leave our religious work to the chances and fluctuations of people's animal spirits and good feeling. This kind, any kind, indeed, is mostly a matter of energetic manner, quick speech, exciting topics, variety, rapid movement, novel thought, methods. The observer thinks he sees, and usually he does, the movement of vigorous life. "All right," if in, and under, and beyond, this "pep," there is "power."

And What Is "Power"?

It is the force that actually moves things, not on the surface, nor for the moment, but at their depths, and to permanent results. It comes, partly, from real, substantial human thought, the utterance of weighty truth, the push of a feeling that is stirring the real depths of the heart. It comes, partly, from the deliberate pressure of human will, pushing in the direction of the idea, controlling the thought at the time. There is nothing we know of, in this present world of ours, mightier than this power of the human will, really pushing, especially when vitalized by love: nothing but one, the power of God. And, at the depths, that latter, using the others, is the source of all moral and spiritual efficiency. Only the power of the Spirit of God can produce true moral and spiritual fruits, and especially, transform and build up souls. "That which is born

of the flesh is flesh; that which is born of the Spirit, is spirit."

"Pep" At Its Worst,

is simply the religious sister of "jazz," a short-lived and injurious superficial excitement, intoxicating in its immediate, and deadening in its ultimate, effect. "Pep" at its best, without "power," is "the crackling of thorns under a pot," the moving and clanking of ingenious machinery with no life in it, and no ability to produce life.

"Power" Without "Pep"?

Sometimes. There are moments of divine grace like the tide Tennyson wanted to bear his life's shallop out into God's boundless deep, "too strong for sound and foam," when you do not hear even a "sound of a mighty rushing wind," and hardly "a sound of gentle stillness," but down in the depths of all hearts the heart of God is moving along the hearts of his children. Nobody wants any noise then. "Be still and" feel "the salvation of the Lord." If such moments are becoming rarer in the lives of God's older servants and of his younger servants, if we are losing their secret, let us get down on our knees with the oldtime prayer: "Send the power, send the power, send the power, JUST NOW!" But it may come only after much petition and a lot of readjustment. Our nerves may have been too much stirred and then stilled by "exceeding pep."

"Power" Against "Pep"?

Not at all. Real "power" will produce real "pep." It will produce just the kind of it which that particular occasion needs, and just as much as it needs. Once swept along on the tide of God's love and our own devotion, our hearts once inflamed with the burning desire to serve Jesus better and bring souls to him, our eyes open to see the needs and situation of men and women at home and abroad, our minds eager to know the "why" and the "what" and the "how" of Christian work, the best ways of getting at people, and there will be no lack of animation, enthusiasm, life, variety, force, appeal, speed.

But "pep" will never of itself produce "power." The whirling dervish spins around and around at first by force of his own will, and then, under the momentum and intoxication of his own "whirl," he loses his senses and falls in a swoon. You can work up intoxication and insensibility by spiritual jazz, but you can not work up power. At no moment will these wheels of self-generated nervous exaltation get going so fast that they will lift you up into the higher air of spiritual might on wings of spiritual flight. All day long the priests of Baal can shout their frenzied, "Hear us, Baal, Hear us, Baal," till

they grow crazy in their zeal, but only Jehovah can answer by the fire that consumes the sacrifice upon the altar, that is, by **power**. No amount of "Swedish movement" machinery, nor injection of human "glandine," can "put a soul within the ribs of (spiritual) death." Only God's Spirit's power can.

"Pep" or "Power"? Both

Christian ingenuity will use every means to make the work of God full of movement, variety, enthusiasm, human vitality. For, very largely, it is through such means the Spirit works. But Christian wisdom will recognize also that unless "power" impels us in the first place, guides us in the second place, imparts wisdom and real "unction" in the third place, works with us in every place, and unless, to crown all, in the supreme place, he gets down into the fibers of the inmost heart and works his changes there, "pep" is only a surface stimulant, a mere human product, a mechanical imitation, a "tinkling cymbal," which in the long run the Christian world would be infinitely better without. Seek "pep," by all means, but seek "pep" through "power."—P. W. Crannell in Convention Teacher.

The Common Level

OSCAR WARGA

DEMOCRACY is supposed to secure equal rights to all its members. A state or a church organized along democratic lines regards all of its constituency of equal value having equal rights, at least in theory. It is an idea but not a fact. Even a church has its classes of different values. They do not, in all respects, stand on the same level. Civil rights are guaranteed by the constitution. The poor and the rich, black and white should receive equal treatment and advantage in their fight for life and liberty. But money and color does make a difference. Equality in human society has always been an ideal. It appeals to everybody because of its inherent justice and fundamentally sound principles. But our sinful and selfish nature will not suffer its establishment.

There is a Democracy and Equality

which must be accepted by all. There are no exceptions, of that I am certain. God almighty established it, furnished the constitution, the laws, the judges, provided the penalties and a strict enforcement is promised. No wire pulling, "fixing" or bonding is possible. God's laws, whether physical or spiritual, work equally for the poor and rich, wise or ignorant, white or colored. No delays or favors are shown. Upon such unchanging and immovable foundation rests the democracy of God.

Everybody enters life through the same portals, in the same manner, of equal value in quantity and quality. The chances of development may differ but the starting point is the same. I am glad of that, because if it were otherwise, my neighbor's ancestors may either be beasts or angels. In the eye of one I would appear an inferior and to the other superior. However, I am positive that both of us have the same democratic start of life, because that is the constitution in the kingdom of life.

The Aquirement of Wisdom

is attained by all in the same manner. No royal road or exceptions are provided. We all start with nothing and finish life's journey according to our efforts. No legacy or devise is possible. No free passes are granted. I am glad of that, because if the opposite were possible, the attainment of knowledge (education) would be monopolized by one certain class or the ability to learn given to a superior being. But our gracious God equipped us all equally in the race for wisdom. Even the material of study, its quantity and relative value is the same. If it is wisdom in one, it can't be foolishness in the other. It is either one or the other. It is either correct or incorrect—mostly incorrect. Such an impartiality toward all persons in the equipment for the most valuable treasures—wisdom and knowledge—must call forth the admiration for God who made it so.

Life is sustained from food grown in a common soil. The same natural process, rain, sunshine and nutrition develops them all. Its preparation and consumption is made in the same manner and the ultimate effect upon the human body is the same. Some eat from a golden plate and others from a tin pan, but if it is a well prepared chicken they eat, it tastes good to each of them. The king and the pauper may look across the table into each other's eyes and have perfect understanding. There is a common ground, a level upon which all mankind meets.

I could go on and enumerate other things of life to show you how God has established his democracy among men and how he enforces it and keeps them all on the same level. To mention a few, e. g. health, sickness, the language, clothing, etc. But I want to call your attention to another phase of democracy.

Sin is a Common Disease

Contemptible and condemnable in one as in the other. If it is a moral degeneration and stain in one, it can not be a virtue in another. Its disastrous effect is universal in all souls. It designates the same decay and turpitude in all persons. Death is the wages of sin, says God. He is no respecter of persons. In the presence of his bar we all stand on our merits. We either have the qualifications for admittance or we haven't. We are either clean or unclean. The holy and just God can not be persuaded that sin is a mere weakness; it is a positive poison. Not only in some of us. It can not be used as an excuse, but must be the reason of mediation in the prodigal son.

Read the ten commandments or the Sermon on the Mount. They certainly are impartial and direct. The language of God through his laws, besides being uncompromising, impartial and commanding, is also humbling. The accusing finger singles me out. Indeed it makes me feel so democratic that I feel ashamed of myself to be found in such worthless company. Isaiah is so overwhelmed by this feeling, that he cries out: "Woe unto me, I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips." How many of us good people realize

that in the sight of God we all stand on a common level?

Salvation, if ever experienced by a person, is the same in everybody. In its finality it symbolizes the same status. It is the expression of a universal act.

One Portal Only Leads Into the Kingdom of God

The poet and the peasant stand on common ground when within the gates of heaven. Their qualification to enter into that profound spiritual unity with God requires the same severe discipline of purification. No degree of fineness or superiority is recognized in the human makeup at its final disposition. All humans begin the race of life at a common point. At the finish, material differences and intellectual developments may well exist, but their spiritual development and life must blend perfectly with that of Christ, their common Master. Life's journey may lead every one of us through different scenes but at the end we are no more nor less, neither higher nor lower than our neighbor and brother in Christ.

Society has created inequalities, differences and classes. In some quarters of the globe these are insuperable. But as soon as you touch upon life, its creation, development, purpose and ultimate destination—things all beyond the jurisdiction of man—you will discover man's equality and common level. Deep within the soul of man lies the common contact. Their common yearning for a happy, eternal life of peace, love, justice and sinlessness identifies them as of a common origin and destination.

True Christian Religion Is Not an Opiate but a Dynamic

D. HAMEL

A young college student stood for a long time studying a master painting entitled: "The Man of Galilee." Finally, in the spirit of surrender, he exclaimed: "O Man of Galilee, if there is anything I can do to help you save the world, **count on me.**" There you have the heart beat of real religion. It is looking to Jesus, the author and perfecter of our faith, and saying: Count on me. Count on me in the home, in the school, in the office or shop. Count on me in my professional life and in my business relations, at the polls and in the great battle for peace and righteousness. Count on my talents and time, on my money and on my life and all.

This sort of religion is the comfort and joy of the soul, the beauty and power of the church, the hope of the world and the glory of God. This was the religion of the prophets and apostles, the religion of Jesus and the religion of our Christian mothers and fathers. We want this to be the religion of our children. This old-time religion with its personal experience and venturesome faith in a living God and divine Savior, with its sacrificial love and victorious hope, is the only kind that will satisfy the deeper needs of the soul; sustain amid the trials and reverses of everyday-life and inspire for the greatest conquests for Christ and his kingdom.

The World's Only Hope

ROBERT W. LAKE

IT is not very long since many entertained the hope that if woman suffrage could be brought about, most of the world's problems would be solved. But the problems are as grievous as ever.

Following the desire for woman suffrage came the conviction that prohibition would accomplish what yet remained to be done. But the results have been disappointing in some respects, to say the least.

Earth's troubles are too deep-seated to be removed by any remedy which does not get at the cause and the cause is the selfishness of the human heart.

But God has promised that the human heart shall be purged of its selfishness and sweetened by the spirit of love brought in to take its place. From a stony heart will be made a heart of flesh. (Ezek. 36:26.)

The statement is made that this will be done in the days of the Lord's kingdom, "when I shall take away their sins." This is the desire and hope of all nations.

But why cannot this longed for event take place immediately, without a moment's further delay? The answer is that there are to be associates with the Lord in his kingdom of blessing and these associates are not yet all made for their places.

Until they are made ready the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain. (Rom. 8:19-22.)

The Greater Need

A parson wrote to his bishop asking him to come and hold a "quiet day." The bishop declined, saying, "Your parish does not need a quiet day; it needs an earthquake."—Christian Register.

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



Father and Son Banquet, First German Baptist Church, Cleveland, O.

Father and Son Banquet at First Church, Cleveland, Ohio

Recently about 50 fathers and sons met in the dining hall of the First Church, Cleveland, for the annual Father and Son Banquet. It was a hungry, but happy bunch that met, and that they did full justice to the splendid meal prepared and served by the young women of the church, goes without saying.

After the dinner, we listened to a number of addresses, interspersed by songs and instrumental music. One of the addresses was by Deacon Henry Nau, who spoke to us as the representative of the fathers. William Voth spoke as the representative of the sons. Bro. C. W. Stute, a former member of our church and also a former teacher of the Baraca Bible Class, honored us with his presence and, of course, was called upon for a few remarks. Our good neighbor, Rev. O. E. Krueger, pastor of the Second Church, was with us as special guest, and he, too, gave us some good and timely counsel.

The main speaker of the evening was the Rev. J. P. Hendershot, pastor of the Bedford Baptist Church, who brought a timely address on "Four Things Young Men Ought to Build Into Their Lives." Taking the Master himself as pattern, our speaker urged us to follow the Lord's example by building into our lives the following characteristics: Simplicity, Serenity, Sympathy and Sincerity. The special music was furnished by our "Philharmonic Trio," consisting of "Phil" Orthner, cornetist; Bernard Hohns, violinist, and Walter Boehm, pianist. Arthur Schurdell sang: "When My Paw Was A Boy," a song written especially for Father and Son Week, and very appropriate, too. The banquet was fostered by our Baraca Bible Class, one of the "live" organizations of the church.

Its present officers are: Fred Freiter, president; Otto Schinke, vice-president; Herbert Funk, secretary, and Herman Hahn, treasurer. C. F. Lehr, the pastor, is the class teacher.

Easter Experiences and Expressions in Erie, Pa.

Easter Sunday was the climax in a series of services beginning March 9. We began praying: "Lord, send a revival and let it begin in me." 45 signed the Prayer League pledge. Two cottage prayer meetings were held several nights simultaneously in different parts of the city. For two and one-half weeks evangelistic services were held in the church. A week was omitted in which the quarterly business meeting was held and the financial reports given, showing a renewed interest in the Central Baptist Church. Passion Week was observed under the topic: "His Last Days." We followed the plan outlined in the little booklet: "His Last Week." Special music was rendered every night. Friday evening—The Day of Suffering—the story was simply and effectively told in scripture and song.

Sunday morning, after a thunder storm had cleared the air and sky, we were jubilant to know that Christ arose and liveth evermore. An early prayer-meeting prepared the hearts and minds for the day. The church was decorated with palms and flowers. The attendance was the largest at all services, including the Sunday school, since our coming. Mr. A. J. Durbin of the Y. M. C. A. addressed the young people at their evening service. The choir rendered several beautiful selections under the efficient leadership of Prof. Albert Mehnert. The pastor spoke on: "How readest thou?" and a man, two girls and three boys followed the Lord in baptism.

We are continuing in prayer and looking for the conversion of a number of young people. WILLIBALD S. ARGOW.

Our Baptist Sunday School

VIOLET HETHERINGTON. 10 YEARS OLD
Member Irving Park Sunday school,
Chicago
Fifth Prize

From my point of view
I like our Sunday school best, don't you?
The members do the best they can do,
And they smile about it too.

It is near Bernice and on Leclaire—
The finest school I do declare,
You'll find its scholars here and there,
Doing good everywhere.

I love to call the Sunday school "mine";
But to call it mine, I must sinful ways decline.
The songs that we sing are fine.
When we sing them, people cast off sorrows and don't whine.

Of all the Sunday schools I like my own.
It the longest I have known.
To me, many things they have shown;
If they do you a favor they never moan.

When I get in Sunday school I feel at home.
Never again to another Sunday school do I want to roam. I never feel alone,
Because in my heart the seed of love they have sown.

Then, three cheers for our Sunday school!
It alone can hold my heart.
And I hope that from it
I shall never have to part.

The Sunday School

The Ideal Sunday School, From the Viewpoint of the Scholar

At the recent meeting of the Sunday School Teacher's Association of the German Baptist churches of Chicago and vicinity held at the Second German Baptist church on April 28, the main topic of the evening was "The Ideal Sunday School." It was treated by various speakers in 10-minute addresses from the viewpoint of the pastor, the superintendent and the teacher.

A prize essay contest had been previously announced in the various Sunday schools on the topic: "The Ideal Sunday School from the Viewpoint of the Scholar." They were to be written by pupils from the ages of 10-15 years. Fifteen essays were submitted and the five which were awarded prizes by the judges were read at the meeting and aroused great interest. The prizes consisted of books and subscriptions to "Everyland" for a year. We are glad to publish these five essays. They give the older workers in the school an insight into the things that the children emphasize and think important.

My Ideal Sunday School, From the Viewpoint of the Scholar

WINNIFRED HAHN, 13 YEARS
Humboldt Park German Baptist Church,
Chicago, Ill.
First Prize

In thinking about Sunday school it must not be forgotten that it is a school. While the week-day school educates our minds, Sunday school is to educate our soul.

Our Sunday schools would be a great deal better than they often are, if some of the rules of the week-day schools were practiced more.

In schools, the children must be punctual in order to receive full benefit of the instructions. In Sunday school this must also be practiced because when a straggler comes in, he not only disturbs the people, but also he doesn't receive much good.

Another good point is good behavior. What would the teacher say if the children would laugh, talk and eat candy during the school-time? She wouldn't allow it! When the children come to Sunday school they must be as well behaved as they are in day-school.

The third point I would like to mention is the preparation of lessons. I am sure each scholar can afford at least ten minutes daily toward the study of his Sunday school lesson. No matter how well the teacher is prepared, it will do the pupils no good if they don't study the lesson.

In week-day schools we learn about earthly things, but in Sunday school we learn about God and what our behavior toward him should be.

We cannot learn anything unless we are willing to think. This is especially true in Sunday school. We don't go to Sunday school to be amused as some people think, but we go to learn. We cannot learn unless we think.

When in Sunday school we should be reverent. It is God's house and is no place for amusement.

If everyone would live up to these things, our Sunday schools would be better.

An Ideal Sunday School

MYRTLE CHRISTIANSON. AGE 14
Second Church Sunday school, Chicago
Second Prize

An ideal Sunday school should have a superintendent who is cheerful and wide-awake and who can always greet the scholars with a smile, no matter how low he feels in spirits. This is one of the many important things an ideal Sunday school should have, because if the superintendent is a person who cannot keep a smile on his face and be cheerful, the scholars will probably be disgusted and soon drift away from the Sunday school. Teachers also play an important part in the Sunday school. The teachers should be able to sympathize with the scholars and be able to advise them if necessary and altogether be chummy with them.

Punctuality is what counts and a Sunday school should always start on time, regardless of the number of scholars present. The scholars who have not been coming on time will soon join the ranks of the punctual scholars. The superintendent and teachers should never be late, for they set an example for the scholars. The scholar takes more notice of the way a teacher acts than she ever suspects.

If it is at all possible the Sunday school should have separate rooms which only one class occupies at a time. When they are all together the scholars do not get much out of the lesson, but if they are where it is quiet, they can put their thoughts on the lesson and not look around and listen to anyone but their teacher.

There should be some point which the scholars hope to attain. Their chief aim, of course, is to learn the joy of bringing souls to Christ and after they have done this once, they will most certainly enjoy it most of all their work. These points are just a few of the things an ideal Sunday school should have.

The Ideal Sunday School

MARY SCHINKEL. AGE 14 YEARS
Member Second Church Sunday school,
Chicago
Third Prize

The ideal Sunday school should have a live wideawake superintendent. One who encourages the teacher in her work and

is always ready to help the boys and girls in any way.

Each class should have a trained, energetic, truly Christian teacher. A teacher that can stay with her class so that the boys or girls can grow with their teacher. And if she leaves her class, to have the joy to know that all belong to Christ.

Punctuality counts a great deal in a good Sunday school. The superintendent should always be on time. Better be the first one there so that the children learn from him the most how to be on time. The teacher should always be punctual, so as to encourage the scholars when they are on time. It is a good idea to give them a present or medal for being on time the year round.

If possible, the Sunday school should have separate class rooms; should be bright and cheery; be full of nice pictures on the walls about some character in the Bible.

It should be a place where boys and girls can be led to Christ through their teacher. A place where boys and girls like to go every Sunday morning to hear about God's Word. A place for the development of their Christian character, where the scholars can see from their teacher how to live a pure life in Christ and how to follow him more earnestly. It should be a place where the teacher makes the children see the way clear to Christ.

Our Sunday School

DOROTHY CHAPIN. AGE 10 YEARS
Member Oak Park Sunday school,
Chicago, Ill.
Fourth Prize

I think that our Sunday school is doing pretty fine. But couldn't we make it more popular by having everybody come at 10 minutes to nine, with our Bibles and not leave them at home?

Let's try not to talk about things that we should keep to after Sunday school, as baseball, our dolls or our baby brother and sister or other such things.

Let's try every one of us to know our lesson, if there or not. Let's try everybody to improve on at least one of these things.

The man who realizes his weakness has made a step toward achieving strength of character.

Jesus is the great Teacher, and no one who has not sat at his feet can be called truly educated.

The jest that touches on sacred subjects is not harmless. The lessening of reverence is always injury.

The Glass Window

A Story of the Quare Women

By LUCY FURMAN

(Copyrighted)

(Continuation)

Walking up the beautiful, wild branch, its sides rising sometimes in rocky, moss-hung cliffs, sometimes in steep slopes covered halfway with tasselled corn, Christine came at last upon a memorable sight. Under an overhanging cliff that made a deep and perfect shelter, forty or more children sat in rows on the ground, all with eyes fixed upon the small figure that stood, stick in hand, pointing to a sum done in chalk upon a rough, propped-up slab of slate.

The pupils were so intent upon the words of their young teacher that nobody saw the visitor until she was almost upon them. Then Lowizy's happiness shone in her face.

"Here, scholars," she said, "is the woman aims to be my new teacher, down at the women's school, where they have rael larning. Christeeny Potter is her name. If you'll be civil and mind your manners, I'll leave you come up by and shake her hand. Line up now proper, and see you don't do no scrouging, less 'n you want to be sent home!"

The "scholars" began to file past in perfect order, forty-odd small, dingy hands being poked forward to Christine. Many of the boys wore nothing but long-tailed flax or cotton shirts, while the girls were usually clad in but one garment, a faded cotton dress. They were dirty and unkempt; they may have been as Mrs. Rideout said, "ign'ant and feisty," but there was not a stupid face in the lot.

"Now," announced Lowizy, importantly, "we aim to have a speaking. My new teacher will now speak to this school."

Christine had never made a speech in her life, except to reply to toasts at college; but gathering her wits as best she could, she praised the pupils for their eagerness to learn, congratulated them upon having such a teacher as Lowizy, and also told them of the chance there would be in another year for some of them to come down and live at the women's school, when the big log house of twenty-four rooms, and smaller buildings, should be put up. "The first child we shall want when we get into the new big house is Lowizy," she said, "and the next ones will be those most highly recommended by her."

Lowizy then commanded her pupils to choose-up for a spelling-match; and, with Webster's old blue-black Speller in her hand, she put words to them that would have staggered many a college graduate, their response being wonderful. Christine was amazed.

"Now you young uns can sing that-air song the quare woman teachd me last summer on the hill, and I passed on to you," said Lowizy; "and when hit's done, you can go home. And ricollect Monday's the opening of the women's school, and I'm a-starting in there, and can't

hold no more school up here except Saturdays and Sundays, till cold weather comes and I get down in bed. Now, sing out — don't be afeared!"

As the words, "My country, 'tis of thee," rose shrilly from the forty small throats, Christine's heart contracted painfully; the quick tears sprang to her eyes at the thought of how shamefully "my country" had forgotten and neglected these little citizens, capable of so much, entitled to the best it could give, but left to grow up in ignorance and evil, save for such chance ministrations as those of little Lowizy.

The school having been dismissed, Christine and Lowizy went back down the branch, Lowizy stopping once or twice to gather wild flowers.

As they reached the house, Lowizy's father and brothers were just coming down from the field. Under Lowizy's supervision there was a grand washup on the back porch, out of Christin'e sight, but not out of hearing, some of the near-babies protesting plaintively. Seeing the look of concern on Lowizy's face as she fitted back and forth between porch and kitchen for the next half-hour, — for in spite of her short leg she could move very fast, — Christine almost regretted that she had come.

At last she was called out to dinner and seated at one end of the oilcloth-covered table, David Rideout occupying the other. The six younger children, little Dovey still holding the heavy baby, were all lined up against the wall in solemn silence, while Phebe and Lowizy stood by to hand dishes back and forth between guest and host. But first there was something else. Lowizy poked her father with a sharp little elbow, and he gravely requested the visitor to "wait on the table." She was nonplussed for an instant, till, seeing Lowizy's head bowed, she guessed it must mean to ask a blessing, which she proceeded to do.

The chicken, beans, potatoes, cucumbers, biscuits, corn bread, coffee, milk, honey, and preserves were then passed. Seeing the expressions of the little faces against the wall, Christine begged that the children be permitted to eat, too. But Phebe was adamant. "Hit hin't proper," she said. "Let 'em wait for the second table, like young uns ought when there's company."

By Christine's plate was a little folded square of printed paper — it looked like a page from an almanac — which puzzled her for a moment. Then, remembering the paper napkins the women had had at the working, and doubtless also in their tents on the hill, she opened the square and spread it on her lap, being encouraged as she did so by the satisfaction in Lowizy's eyes.

In a bottle in the center of the table were the wild flowers Lowizy had picked on her way home. "Lowizy she seed the women have posies on their table last

summer, and sence then she follers gathering a flower-pot for ourn," explained Mrs. Rideout.

When Christine spoke of the glass window, Lowizy's eyes shone with excitement.

"Yes, I want hit," she said. "I want hit wusser than anything I ever hearded but larning. Hit'll holp me to get more larning. Of winters then I can lay here with the sunball a-shining in all day, and study on my books, and teach my scholars. Now hit's so dark, and fat-pine light so smoky, we can't half see. Pappy, I aim to have it quick; you got to set it in right off."

David Rideout smiled in his slow, kind way. "Anything to pleasure you, Lowizy," he said. "You know I don't never hold back nothing from you I can get. I'd ruther pay for the window myself as to have the women pay for it, though."

"Whichever way will suit you best," said Christine, "though I should love to give it to her. My idea is to have two sashes, so they can be raised and lowered, and Lowizy can always have fresh air as well as sunshine, — fresh air, you know is the great healer in cases like hers, — if you can make that kind of window-frame without too much trouble?"

"Hit hain't nothing to make," said David.

But Phebe was regarding Christine with an expression of disapproval, her small mouth rigidly set. "Fraish air hain't bad of a warm summer's day," she said, slowly, "but time out of mind folks has knowed that cold air was dangerous and night air pyore pizen, even to well folks, let alone a puny young un like Lowizy. The nurse that was with the quare women last summer she allowed, the same as you, that fraish air ought to be turnt-in on Lowizy. But I told her no, not while breath was in my body; that I loved my child too good for any sech; that hit allus had been and allus would be the business of my life to keep the air from her."

Christine was too taken-aback and shocked for a moment to make any reply. Then she considered it best not to argue the matter, merely saying, "At any rate, the sunshine in the winter time will be good for her."

As she rode back down Troublesome, she tried to persuade herself that this prejudice of Mrs. Rideout's would not be insurmountable; that her mind must in time be open to persuasion and reason. But all the time a cold and strange foreboding tugged at her heart.

IV

UNCLE TUTT'S TYPHOIDS

It was three days before the opening of the women's school in mid-August that Susanna Reeves, their visitor from the Blue Grass, rode off behind Uncle Tutt Logan as volunteer nurse for the family of five, renters on his place, down with typhoid. Uncle Tutt was an old man who lived by himself about two miles up Troublesome. He had been, as he expressed it, of a "rambling natur" in his youth, had somewhere acquired a taste for reading, and now came down

frequently to get books from the women's library.

When Susanna stepped into the door of the tumbledown cabin up the hollow from Uncle Tutt's house, the five sick persons, a man and a little boy in one bed, a woman and two little girls in the other, lay in their soiled day-clothing among the dingy quilts — there were no sheets. A boy of seven sat on the floor, trying to pacify two dirty, wailing babies. A piece of fat meat dripped over a meal-barrel in one corner, and flies swarmed everywhere.

"Hit's beyand a man-person," said Uncle Tutt, with a gesture of despair. "I never knowed where to begin at. A woman is called for."

Susanna's heart was in her shoes, but she made no sign. "The first thing," she said, "is to fill the washkettle there in the yard and build a fire under it. While you do that, I must try to find a place where these babies can be taken care of. Is there no woman in the neighborhood?" "Milly Graham is the most nigst," he replied. "She lives about two-whoops-and-a-holler up Troublesome, and is as clever-turned a woman as ever I seed, with no mor 'n nine or ten of her own."

Susanna quickly washed some of the dirt off the faces, hands, and feet of the babies, one of whom was two years old, the other less than one, sought in vain for clean things to put on them, and then, with the help of the small boy, George, took them up the creek.

Milly Graham who was lifting clothes out of a steaming kettle by the water's edge and battling them on a smooth stump, laid down her battling-stick and came forward, barefooted and kind-faced, followed by a train of towheads.

"Sartain I'll take 'em in, pore leetle scraps," she said, when Susanna had explained the situation, "Two more hain't nothing to me, nohow, with sech a mess of my own." Gathering both babies in her arms, she sat down on the battling-stump, opened her dress, and offered a generous breast to each. "I allow the biggest hain't beyand taking the teat," she said. It was not indeed — both sucked as if they were starved.

"I hearded about Uncle Tutt's typhoids," continued Milly, "and I would have went right down; but that-air next-to-least-one of mine is croupy and chokes so bad I'm afeared to leave hit a minute, and all is jest a-getting over measles. Onliest time I been off the place in a year was to the quare women's Working, the Fourth of July. I mustered the whole biling and tuck 'em down-along and seed as fine a time as ever I seed. But that was where they all kotched them measles. I mind you a-being there that day—I allus remembered you from them pretty black eyes and that lavish of black hair."

"Next thing I hearded, you women was all helping with the typhoid down at The Forks—'pears like hit strikes 'em reg'lar as summer. Hit was right sensible for Uncle Tutt to go down atter one of you women. Pore ole widder — what could he do? A lone man's the most helplesseset creetur on top of the earth. What possesses him to live that

a-way, cooking and washing and even milking for hisself, the Lord only knows; no wonder he's a leetle turned. Hit's a pyore pity, and flying right in the face of Scriptor, too. Not that Uncle Tutt keers for that — he's a master hand to rail at the Scriptor and the preachers and the Lord — Eh, law! if he did n't cuss God Almighty hisself when a big wind blowed down the most of his corn a year gone! Said there wa'n't no dependence to put in him nohow!

"Them renters of his'n I hain't never got acquainted with; they hain't belongers here — jest blowed in one day about corn-planting time in Aprile. I seed 'em go down one morning about sunup, the man big and stout, with a poke on his back and a babe on his arm, the woman pore and puny and all drug-out from packing tother baby. Most people in these parts don't confidence strangers and furriners, but Uncle Tutt, though he's hard on the Lord, allus was saft-hearted to folks; and he tuck pity-sake on 'em and allowed they could stay and crap for him, and give 'em 'steads and kivers and cheers and sechlike gear. They allowed their name was Johnson, and they come from Magoffin. Hit's quare, folks being that fur from home; hit's quare, too, they don't never put foot off'n the place. But maybe hit's right. I'll lay the woman's right anyways — she's as good-countenanced as ever I seed."

Returning to the cabin with the little boy, who seemed old and quiet beyond his years, Susanna found the water boiling in the big kettle, and in the teeth of of Uncle Tutt's solemn warnings, and dire prophecies, — "Hit'll sartain kill 'em to wash 'em when they're sick; I never in all my life and travels hearded of sech doings," — and with his very reluctant assistance, bathed the five patients and got them into the nightgowns the women had sent, then cleared away the soiled covers and put the women's sheets on the lumpy shuck mattresses. Then, after meat and meal-barrel had been removed to Uncle Tutt's, the joists and walls were washed down with strong suds, and the floor scrubbed, first with a broom, then with the scrub-brush Susanna had brought.

Uncle Tutt went home to get dinner for himself, Susanna and little George, and to bring milk for the sick ones, and he was then sent back to The Forks after mosquito netting — which the women had brought in at the beginning of the typhoid — and the doctor; for a Forks boy, Doctor Benoni Swope, had just come back from medical school to be the first physician in his community.

When at last the day was almost over, and Uncle Tutt was leaving the cabin to get supper, he said, looking back through the net-courtained doorway to the two white beds, "Looks pine-blank like a passel of corps laid out in yander. If I was to wake up and find one of them shrouds on me and a burying-sheet drawed over, I'd give hit up I was everly dead and gone!"

Susanna sat down on the porch and dashed off the following letter:—

Dear Robert,

This will reach you about the time I had expected to start for home. I was only waiting for the opening of school on Monday. I hope you'll feel *dreadfully* disappointed when I don't come — Aunt Ailsie to the contrary notwithstanding! I am staying to nurse a family of five, down with typhoid, about two miles up Troublesome. Now don't scoff; of course I know nothing about nursing, except what little I have learned this summer, but anyhow I'm a human being, with a pair of hands and a strong body and a willing mind; and the motto here is "Learn by Doing."

If you could have stepped with me into this cabin this morning you'd have had the shock of your life; but if you came now, I flatter myself that, finicky surgeon as you are, even you would be pleased. The five patients are in night-gowns, the first they ever wore; the beds are in sheets, the first *they* ever wore; walls, ceiling, and floor are scrubbed, — you should have seen your idle, useless Susanna down on her wet knees! — and the mosquito netting over doors, fireplace, and all cracks will soon do away with the flies.

One thing only disturbs me; while the father and three children look as if they could stand anything, the mother is terribly weak and sick to begin with, and Dr. Benoni says we can hardly expect to pull her through.

Now don't be foolish about me — I am splendidly fit. I boil all the water; Uncle Tutt brings me food from his house; and both he and Dr. Benoni have offered to "spell" me at night so that I may sleep on my cot on the porch. Best of all, it's so wonderful to feel that I am at last of some actual use in the world, that I am thrilled beyond words — it beats dancing, cards, even the races — can I say more?

Call up Sister and swage her down all you can. And take time from your "cyarving" to miss me *real hard* occasionally during the next four or five weeks!

Devotedly,

SUSANNA.

Next morning the sick woman, who the day before had said nothing save to assure herself the babies were in safe hands, lying all day with dull, suffering eyes fixed on the doorway, said weakly to Susanna, while the latter was gently washing her face, "You look gooder to me than ary angel."

Susanna laid a hand on the drawn, troubled brow. "I'm so very glad to be here," she said; "and everything will be all right now — you must just stop worrying, and rest, and get well."

Two slow tears trickled from beneath the closed lids. A little later, when Susanna had washed the worn hands and was about to turn away, the fingers closed spasmodically upon her own. "You don't aim to go away, do you?" asked the frightened voice.

"Not at all," replied Susanna. "Not once until you are all well again."

The patient sighed deeply — a sigh that carried an utmost burden of care and sorrow — and then, as if in apology,

said quickly, "'Pears like I'm all werried-out, hit's been so long!"

"Yes, I know it has seemed long since you got down, though it is really only a few days."

The woman shook her head weakly. "Not that," she said in a low tone, "not that!" Then she opened her eyes as if frightened at her words. "My wits they must be a-wandering," she explained.

The rest of the day she lay quiet, with eyes, as usual, on the doorway. Her husband, a strong, wellbuilt young man, who appeared to be at least a dozen years younger than his wife, also lay always silent, one hand under his pillow, inscrutable eyes on the door.

"She looks to me as if she had some dreadful trouble on her mind," said Susanna to Uncle Tutt that evening, as she ate her supper of corn bread, milk and honey under the apple tree in the yard. "What do you suppose it is?"

"Hit's been that way ever sence they come—Bill allus silent and surly, Cory narvious as a skairt rabbit."

"Is he unkind or cruel to her?"

"I never seed him beat her none, or handle her rough."

"He looks much younger than she does."

"He's got a reason for it, by grab—That-air Bill is the triflingest sluggardly do-nothing ever I come acrost! Strikes about one lick with a hoe to her three, and allus leaves her take the bottom row. That's the kind of a cuss he is! But he's a fine-pretty feller to look at, and she worships his tracks in the mud, and works herself pine-blank to a shadder for him and his offsprings—works, and worries too." He stopped and pulled a stem of grass and began to chew on it, then said, in a confidential tone:

"You mind that-air weepion he keeps under his pillow, with his thumb allus night the trigger, and would n't nowise have took away?"

"Yes."

"And that-air new growth of beard all over his face?"

"Yes."

"And how he keeps his eyes, like she keeps hern, every fixed on the door?"

"Yes."

"Well, the way I riddle hit out, he's maybe a mean man that has got into a leetle trouble somewheres—kilt somebody, say, and is hiding out here. I never tuck the leastest stock in their being from Magoffin way; I'd sooner believe hit was ary other p'int of the compass—or their name being Johnson, either. No, the very minute I laid eyes on 'em I suspicioned they was hunting a hole to hide in. But I knowed too, from the woman's face, she was a right woman, and I allowed here with me was as safe a place for 'em to hide out as anywheres. If he had kilt ten men, or was the very old Devil hisself, I would n't give him up and break pore Cory's heart. My sympathies allus was with the womenfolks anyhow—'pears like the universe is again' 'em, and God and man confederates to keep 'em downtrod. In all my travels I have seed hit, and hit's been the same old story ever sence Eve et the apple. I gonnies! ef I'd'a had the

ordering of things then, I'd a predestyned the female sect to better things. If replenishing the earth was to be their job, I would n't have laid on 'em the extry burden of being everly subject to some misbegotten, hell-borned man-brute! Yes, dad burn my looks, when I see a puny creetur like Cory there, not only childbearing every year reg'lar, but likewise yearning the family bread by the sweat of her brow, hit fairly makes my blood bile, and eends my patience with the ways of the Lord. His doings is allus a myxtery, and sometimes a scandal!"

Doctor Benoni, after his visit the following morning, shook his head ominously when Susanna followed him to the porch. "A very sick woman," he said; "vitality all gone to begin with. She'll not pull through typhoid."

"The little girls are so restless—might n't it help if Cory had a bed to herself?" asked Susanna.

"It's worth trying," he said.

Uncle Tutt, appealed to, said yes, by Ned! Cory should have his last remaining 'stead,—a pallet was good enough for him,—and the two men went at once for it, bringing also Uncle Tutt's own feather bed to put on it, "her bones being so nigh through," said the old man. Susanna made up the bed, and poor Cory was carefully lifted into it. Uncle Tutt had his reward when she sighed gratefully, "These feathers feel so soft to my bones!" A little later she said, wonderingly, "Hit's quare to have so much room to lay in. I never was in a bed to myself afore."

In mid-afternoon, while Susanna was giving her the second temperature-bath of the day, for her fever ran very high, she said deprecatingly, "I hate for you to do so much nasty work for me. I allow you have sot on a silk piller all your days!"

"I suppose I have," replied Susanna, in a startled and contrite tone, "but I'm very much ashamed of it now, and want to make up for it by being of some use."

"You so good to look at I can't hardly keep my hands off'n you. I allus did love pretty people. Your hair—I wisht I could feel hit!"

Susanna bent her head and laid one of the feeble hands on the thick waves of her hair.

"Now hain't hit pretty and saft! I follered having saft hair myself when I was young, but gee-oh! that's been so long I can't hardly ricollect hit!"

"Why, you're not that old," said Susanna. "People never get too old to remember their youth."

"Yes, they do. Hit's a long time; seems as fur away as if hit never was; and I'm a old woman—twenty-three year old I am!"

"Twenty-three!" exclaimed Susanna, in utter amazement, for she had supposed Cory at least thirty-five. "Why, twenty-three is not old a bit—it's young. It's just my age."

It was Corey's turn to be astonished. "No woman could n't look as young as you and be twenty-three," she said. "You hain't seed sixteen yet."

"I am twenty-three," insisted Susanna,

"but I consider it young, not old. You must have been just a child when you married."

"Nigh fifteen I was."

"And at twenty-three the mother of six—Good Heavens!" exclaimed Susanna. "No wonder you are worn out! But you'll have a chance for a long rest in bed now, to get back your strength. I'm here to see that you do!"

Susanna cast an angry glance at the big, husky man in the bed by the door. Of course it was his fault that poor Cory at twenty-three had forgotten her youth!

It was three days later, a week after her arrival, that one morning for the first time in the sick-room Dr. Bononi called Susanna by her surname. Uncle Tutt always addressed her and the other quare women by their Christian names. At the words "Miss Reeves," Cory sat up in bed and stared wildly about, only to fall back in a state of collapse when she saw Bill's eyes fixed angrily upon her. Susanna and the doctor supposed it was only a manifestation of delirium, and thought no more about it. But when, in the afternoon, the patients were sleeping, and Susanna sat by Cory's bedside beginning a letter to Robert, she was surprised when Cory opened her eyes and whispered, "What name did he call you by?"

"Reeves," replied Susanna, in a low tone.

"Where do you live at?"

"In Lexington, in the Blue Grass."

"Is there many of the name of Reeves there?"

"Not now—our branch seems to have run largely to daughters, and I am the only one of the name left. My parents are dead, and I live with my married sister, who is much older than I. When I marry, the name will have died out—which is too bad, after a hundred years; for we were among the pioneers."

"Hit's a pretty name, Reeves—I love hit!" said Cory.

At that instant Bill, who had been apparently sleeping, raised himself on his elbow and gave Cory a look that silenced her.

Susanna continued her letter:
DEAR ROBERT,

How foolish of you to send that telegram! Of course it had to come across the mountains by mail, and it reached me at the same time as your letter. How foolish, too, to make both so mandatory! No, I will not "start home at once"—not if it were to my own wedding! I can't desert my post. You would n't have me if you knew the need. Poor Cory is in grave danger; Dr. Benoni says there is not a chance in fifty for her. And, oh Robert, I have just found out that instead of being middle-aged, as I had supposed from her looks, the poor thing is only twenty-three, just my age—and the mother of six! With a horrid husband who lets her take the bottom row in hoeing corn and work herself to death in other ways. Also I believe she is the victim of some dreadful fear that hangs over her like a nightmare.

Glory for you, Doctor Helm! It's fine

about old Boone Beverly and the thousand-dollar fee! I fervently hope that every rich turfman and stockbreeder in the Blue Grass will have appendicitis this fall, and ask you to "cyarve" on him, so you can pay off those dreadful debts and marry

YOUR DEVOTED SUSANNA.
(To be continued)

Titbits on the St. Louis Park B. Y. P. U.

St. Louis Park Senior B. Y. P. U. reports one of the most successful years in its history. It has made several records which never before were achieved. A high mark of interest and enthusiasm is being shown in the young people's work which has left its presence felt throughout all the branches of our church work. Several contests between the four groups on the best planned and most interesting program each month resulted not only in interesting and entertaining meetings but also in a large increase of the attendance. We outgrew our regular B. Y. P. U. meeting rooms and had to move to the new banquet hall in the basement. Our average attendance has grown to between 50 and 60 each Sunday night. We have also attained the high standard of having 75 per cent of our members reading their Bibles daily.

At our last city B. Y. P. U. quarterly rally we had the honor of winning the City Attendance banner and also one of the Efficiency banners. 76 of our B. Y. P. U. members and their friends turned out for this great get-together. At the previous rally we had an attendance of 87 but were only able to come in second. For the last six months our Union has also attained the Standard of Excellence of the Missouri State B. Y. P. U.

On February 15 we held our annual banquet which is one evening every member of our Union will always remember. We filled our banquet hall to its capacity with 186 people. After the banquet the evening was spent in singing good old-time songs, listening to addresses, etc. In the language of the day we called it a "Heart-y Banquet," using the theme heart for all stunts, solos and speeches. Our City B. Y. P. U. president talked to us on "Hearty B. Y. P. U.ers." We also had the good fortune of having our State President with us who spoke on "The Heart of a B. Y. P. U." The concluding address of the evening was "A Heart to Heart Talk" by Mr. E. Luedke, one of the well known attorneys in St. Louis. The programs of the evening were printed on double large red hearts.

Our B. Y. P. U. has been under the presidency for the two past years of Aug. H. Blattner, Jr., who has been a great inspiration and leader to the Union. The Junior and Intermediate Unions also have made great strides in the past two years. They have grown from one small Union to two large and successful societies. Both Juniors and Intermediates have been under the able and efficient leadership of Miss Sarah Von der Ahe for ten years. It is our aim to constantly keep bringing young people into contact with God's Word and growing in his grace.

PUBLICITY CORRESPONDENT.

Tacoma
Society



(Background painting by W. G. Dinger)

The Finding of Moses: The Princess, Esther Kageler; The Maids, Caroline Schmidt, Christine Schmidt, Marie Schmidt

Pageants and Easter at Tacoma

At one of its annual programs the King's Daughters and the Knights of Honor classes gave a very successful presentation of eight groups of well known biblical pictures and characters. While these were portrayed, a fitting passage of scripture was read by Miss Lucy Ahrens and following each picture an appropriate number was rendered, the numbers were two quartets, two readings, one vocal duet, one violin solo, one vocal solo and one piano solo. It is the aim of the classes to present something new or original every year. This program was rendered in the main auditorium of the church and to a full house. We were asked by the Swedish B. Y. P. U. at Puyallup, Wash., to repeat it, but on account of unusual numerous activities at that time we could not.

On Easter Morning at 5 o'clock these classes met at the church and following a short period of worship they divided into two groups and sang carols to 23 families of friends and shut-ins in widely scattered parts of the city. At 7.45 the groups met for breakfast at church and following this they met for a closing service led by Bro. W. G. Dinger, teacher of the Knights of Honor class.

Besides bringing joy to our listeners in these early hours, we were greatly blessed by singing these carols, it also prepared us to receive the Easter message of our pastor, Bro. Wuttke.

WALTER DINGER.

Easter at Erin Ave., Cleveland

Easter lillies, roses, tulips, daffodils and palms; on the left hand side a large white cross—a picture of the platform.

The Sunday school had its program at 9 o'clock. The service began at 10.15. Our pastor, Bro. Th. W. Dons, had the pleasure of baptizing 7 young people, members of the Sunday school and Young People's Society. The Easter message Rev. Dons brought to us was most inspiring and will be long remembered by all.

At 7 o'clock 10 more followed the Lord in baptism. It was a great joy to see them, from the smallest Sunday school

scholars to the 6-foot "strapping" young man. We do not often hear of an entire family taking that step at the same time. Father, two sons, daughter-in-law, and friend. Indeed a beautiful picture.

Following the baptismal service the church choir gave the cantata "Victory Divine." Mr. Adolph Grossman, our faithful choir director for so many years, had again, with his choir, a beautiful Easter message to give.

Spring—flowers—sunshine—EASTER. He liveth and because he lives ye shall live also. MARGUERITE MESSING.

The Shining Face

Years ago a boy playing at the railroad station in a certain Connecticut town was fascinated by the appearance of a traveler who was evidently waiting for his train. The boy thought the stranger had the most wonderful face he had ever seen. While he continued to gaze, the Baptist minister came down to the station and entered into conversation with the traveler. From him the boy learned that the man with the shining face was the great Baptist missionary, Adoniram Judson, home on furlough. Years afterwards that boy, grown to manhood, and himself a famous minister, wrote a book, one chapter of which was entitled, "What a Boy Saw in the Face of Adoniram Judson."

The shining face is no mystery. Centuries ago the Psalmist knew the secret and wrote, "They looked unto him, and were radiant." If all God's people would only keep their faces turned steadfastly to him, they, too, would become Christians with shining faces.

* * *

There are ten theological seminaries in Chicago and its immediate vicinity, with more than 1500 students in attendance and something more than 100 faculty-members above the rank of instructor.

* * *

The thought that millions are without the blessings of the gospel should keep us from folding our hands in contentment.



Lisu Christian women, Sadon

Gross Park Immanuel Entertains Executive Committee, Chicago Jugendbund

On Tuesday, April 12, it was our turn to entertain the executive committee of our societies in this city. As usual, a business meeting of the committee around a supper table, preceded the program to which everyone was welcome.

Due to rain, we did not have the attendance we had hoped to have, but were well pleased with the number who did come out despite the unfavorable weather.

After a few songs, our president, Thorwald Bender, read the scripture. Following prayer by Mr. Lindstrom, the feature of the evenings' program was announced and immediately rendered in the form of a debate.

The question to be debated was: "Resolved: That Congress pass a law abolishing capital punishment in the United States."

The affirmative was upheld by Miss Bernice Zapp, Mr. Harold Fromm and Mr. Reuben Lindstrom.

The negative was represented by Miss Marion Kleindienst, Mr. Herbert Hecht and Mr. Thorwald Bender.

Mr. Walter Grosser and Mr. Carl Jenkins of Oak Park, Miss Hulda Brueckman of Humboldt Park, Miss H. Wuttke of the First Church and Mr. Lambert Karst of the Gross Park Church served as judges. The audience was also given a chance to make known its decision regarding the winners of the debate.

The first two speakers of each side were given five minutes each for his brief and the last two speakers were given seven minutes each. For rebuttal the first two members of each team were given three minutes each and the last speaker of each side five minutes each.

The debate proved a very interesting one and at times became quite exciting. Both sides were in dead earnest in their endeavors to sway the judges to their favor.

The decision of the judges was four to one in favor of the negative. The au-

dience also gave its decision to the negative but only by the margin of a few votes.

Following the debate Gross Park Immanuel put forth a challenge to meet any local society in battle or at least in a competition. We are ready to extend this challenge to any B. Y. P. U. in the United States provided they pay their own transportation or send us a certified check in case we should do the traveling. We would furnish all meals and lodging to any visiting team.

The evening's program also came to a close with one more song followed by prayer by our pastor, Rev. C. J. Bender. MARION KLEINDIENST, Sec.

Vereinigung and Institute in Milwaukee

Every day has 24 hours, but some stand out above all the rest, engraven in our memory, never to be forgotten.

Such experiences we were privileged to make in the days that we spent in Milwaukee from March 31 to April 1 with the Immanuel Church, where we gathered as a group of people concerned about the things pertaining to the kingdom of God and our denomination. Days of spiritual uplift and inspiration they were, spent in harmonious fellowship with each other.

First, we assembled as "Vereinigung," which our General Secretary, Bro. Wm. Kuhn, opened by bringing us the message. In his own forceful and inspiring manner he showed us the blessedness of prayer in the home and the church, if offered in the name and spirit of Jesus Christ.

Many and varied were the feasts, both spiritual and gastronomical, that we partook of, space nor time will allow to tell of them all; but this may be said: they were of the best.

All sessions were well attended, and a spirit of prayer and thanksgiving prevailed, especially in the morning devotions. They were led by Rev. H. Palfenier and Rev. A. P. Rohde. The essays that were read all dealt with the de-

nominal program and served to give us a clear view and understanding of the tasks before us as German Baptists.

On Thursday evening we enjoyed an experience that may well be said to be unique in the annals of our "Vereinigung," for when we had gathered in the spacious auditorium for the evening service, it gradually began to dawn upon us that the speaker of the evening was not among us. But Bro. Hauser and his loyal band of singers proved to be equal to the occasion; they proceeded with the service and gave us the gospel in song. Nor did we lack speakers, for Rev. Rohde and Rev. Wetter spoke to us—extemporaneously, and good addresses they were, proving the power of those hidden resources that are stored up in the mind and can be called upon in the hour of emergency.

The following noon our sessions as "Vereinigung" drew to a close, and after dinner we all had the privilege to inspect the Roger Williams Hospital. Surely, if we had not seen it with our own eyes, we would not have believed all the wonderful things that were accomplished in the short time of one year. Rev. O. R. Hauser, the founder and president, is to be congratulated for his efficient leadership and daring that has led to the realization of this institution of mercy and love.

In the evening an eager throng had gathered to hear Rev. A. Bretschneider, who opened the Institute with an inspiring address on Sunday school work and methods. On the following day and Sunday we spent profitable hours under the leadership of Rev. G. R. Kampfer, who also had come to enrich us with his own wonderful experiences in heathen lands. Listening to his words, we were again convinced that the power of the gospel is able to save even the most ignorant and sinful.

The last service on Sunday was in the hands of the young people of the Immanuel Church, who presented the pageant: "The Twenty Christian Centuries." In a graphic way we saw the development of the Christian religion unroll before our eyes, filling our hearts with thanksgiving towards God who has watched over his own in such a wonderful way. Surely, everyone that spent these days in fellowship and joy with the Immanuel Church will think of them for a long time to come with profound gratitude and love. H. PALFENIER, Sec.

Excuse Me

Who are the best bookkeepers? Persons who never return a book.

On the first of July, 1891, a train ran off the great bridge at St. Louis and no one was killed or injured. Do you remember the incident? Yes, it ran off the bridge as usual and went on its way.

A frog sits in a hole in the center of a 40-acre field; he goes three feet at every jump. How many jumps will take him out? One jump will take him out of the hole.

Can a leopard change his spots? Yes by going from one spot to another.

May 15, 1927

Happiness

WM. GRAF

True happiness can ne'er be found
When one in selfishness is bound
To only seek his pleasure.
But when through Christ's redeeming love
The heart is set on things above,
Then we find heavenly treasure.

To godliness, the Bible tells,
Are opened free the many wells
Of promise, great and wondrous.
For in this life and that above
We realize our Savior's love,
Which makes the heart so joyous.

Why then seek pleasures here below,
From which we all so soon must go
To face the Bar of Judgment?
When in the Book of God we read,
How we can prove in word and deed,
That Christ has made atonement!

For he, the blessed Son of God,
On Calvary's cross did bear the load
Of punishment for sinners.
Now all who turn to him their face,
Will be enabled by his grace
To wear the crown of winners.

So let us work, so let us live,
That nothing but the best we give
To him whose blood has bought us.
And when, on loving service bent,
Our pilgrim days for him are spent,
We'll go to live with JESUS.
Bethany, Ore.

Practical Magic

Many means have been used in spreading Christianity. Here is one of recent origin which is producing good results.

There is practical magic going on in India with the aid of the magic lantern, enlisted to combat disease and illiteracy and to help in the spread of Christianity. A program of education through lantern slides, started at the close of the war by Lieutenant Waldo A. Heinrichs, a wounded American aviator, connected with the Calcutta Y. M. C. A., has expanded so that it now covers practically the whole of India geographically, and annually reaches about four million people. Heinrichs, after two years in America, recently started back with his family to become associate general secretary of the Y. M. C. A. at Lahore. The work, since he left India, has been in charge of Victor H. Ilahibaksh, a graduate of Northwestern University, and formerly a Chautauqua lecturer in the United States.

The program, described by authorities as "the greatest aid to better living in all India," was begun with a stock of damaged lantern slides that had been scrapped by the British and Americans. Setting to work with volunteer assistance, Mr. Heinrichs restored them to order, and began renting sets to missions, Salvation Army settlements, hospitals, rural evangelists, colleges and other organizations engaged in educational or welfare work. The slides dealt with such topics as sociology, natural science and biography, but overshadowing all of

these in popularity were the studies in religion and preventive medicine. With each rented set was supplied a prepared lecture in English.

The stock of slides has now increased to 60,000, while an equal number has been sold to organizations throughout India. Branches of the first small bureau have been set up in Madras and Lahore, and the establishment of eight other branch offices is contemplated.

"In our education process," Mr. Heinrichs explained, "we try to reduce everything to the simplest possible terms. Our religious slides show Christ's parables in Indian settings. Everything possible is done to make the stories clear and simple, and to adapt to Indian standards the means of telling."—S. S. World.

(Mr. Waldo H. Heinrichs, referred to in the above article from the Sunday School World, is the son of Prof. Jacob Heinrichs, well-known and beloved in our German Baptist churches. Prof. Heinrichs was missionary in India for many years and is now professor in the Northern Baptist Seminary in Chicago, Ill. Editor.)

New Books

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

How Do We Know? Courtland Myers, D. D. The Judson Press, Philadelphia, Pa. 118 pages. \$1.00.

Five popular and impassioned addresses by the well-known pastor of Tremont Temple, Boston. They treat of basic questions: How do we know there is a God? How do we know the Bible is the Word of God? That Jesus is the Son of God? That we are Children of God? That we shall live forever with God? Dr. Myers asks: "Does science know and religion guess?" He asserts that science guesses and religion knows. Not all of our knowledge comes by way of the intellectual. Much in religion comes by way of the heart and this is our most certain knowledge. This is a readable book, full of illustrations and striking statements, flowing out of a warm heart, zealous for God's truth.

The Pupils in the Church School. Antoinette A. Lamoreaux. The Judson Press, Philadelphia, Pa. 138 pages.

This is one of the books of the Standard Training Course for Sunday school workers and bears the sub-title: "A Study of the formation of Christian personality." It attempts to give us an understanding of the facts of human nature, human conduct and how people learn and so laying a foundation for an appreciation of the real objective of Christian education. There are 10 suggestive chapter on "the motive and objective of Religious Education; a study of personality, in childhood and adolescence; attention and interest, thinking, emotion, habits and character." A good book for the up-to-date Bible school teacher to study through carefully for the background of teaching.

Christianity. A Way of Life and Belief. A Students' Textbook. Prof. John

Daily Scripture Portion Bible Readers Course

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

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

(By Courtesy of the Scripture Union)

W. Bailey, Ph.D. The Judson Press, Philadelphia.

The author believes very firmly that the great distinctive of Christianity is Jesus himself. Through this book he would endeavor to lead to a better understanding and a truer appreciation of the truth which is in Jesus. An excellent book for a study course with young people in the organized Bible classes, or assembly or young people's society.

The Open Gate to Prayer. Mabel N. Thurston. Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. 60 pages. 25 cts.

This new distribution edition of this devotional study book is issued through an insistent demand from many sources. Mrs. Helen B. Montgomery writes an introduction and commends the book. The author devotes a chapter to prayer as "the unused power," points out "hindrances" in another and then takes up the individual petitions of the "Lord's prayer," or rather the model prayer for his disciples. A questionnaire at the close of each section adds much to the material given. In brief compass much choice and profitable matter is given on the important subject of prayer.

The world owes its civilization to those who have been faithful to their visions.



(Background painting by Wm. Langenbach)
The Prodigal Son: The Father, Ben Lange; the Son, Wm. Langenbach; the Brother, Julius Schmidtko

Program of the S. D. Jugendbund Parkston, S. D., June 7-9, 1927

Opening Services, Tuesday evening
7.30. Opening address: Rev. A. P. Mihm.

Wednesday Morning, 9-11.45

9-9.45: Devotional Service. Topic: "The Surrendered Life," Arthur Voigt. Song, Avon Society. Topic: "Meaning and Object of a Y. P. S. for the Young People," Avon Society. Topic: "The Importance of Our Young People for the Church," Tyndall Society. Topic: "Do Our Churches Meet the Social Need of Our Young People?" Rev. S. Blumhagen. Music: Madison Society. Address: Rev. A. P. Mihm.

Wednesday Afternoon, 2-4

Revival. Topic: "What is Understood by a Revival?" Plum Creek Society. Music: Unityville Society. Topic: "Are Our Young People in Need of a Spiritual Revival?" Chancellor Society. Music: Chancellor Society. Topic: "Are We Willing to Pay the Price for this Kind of a Revival?" Madison Society. Music: Madison Society.

Evening Service

Song Service, S. Blumhagen. Short Address: "The Right Relation Between the Young People and the Old People," Rev. S. Blum. Address: Rev. A. P. Mihm

Tuesday A. M. 9-11.45

9-9.45: Devotional Service. Topic: "The Christian Life a Life of Service," Rev. J. G. Rott. Music: Menno Society. Topic: "The Christian Solution of the Language Problem in Our Churches," Rev. J. F. Olthoff. Music: Emery Society. Topic: "The Task of the Church to the Young People," Rev. A. W. Lang. Music: Tyndall Society. Topic: "Christian Stewardship," Rev. S. Blum. Music: Delmont Society. Address: Rev. A. P. Mihm.

Thursday P. M.

Soul Winning. 1. "The Art of Winning Souls to Christ," Rev. C. Swyter. 2. "Soul Winning in the Sunday School," Emery Society. 3. "Soul Winning in the Young People's Society," Delmont Society. Music: Plum Creek Society. Question Box on S. S. and Y. P. Work. Business Session.

Tacoma

Society

Easter Cantata, Second German Baptist Church, Philadel- phia, Pa.

*Lift your glad voices in triumph on high,
For Jesus hath risen and man shall not
die,
Vain were the terrors that gathered
around him,
And short the dominion of death and the
grave.*

One hundred voices of the Second German Baptist Church, Philadelphia, Pa., were lifted in praise of him who triumphed over death and the grave. Under the splendid leadership of our Mr. Herman Zachay, and ably assisted at the organ by Miss Eva Yung, an Easter cantata, "The Story of Easter" by R. M. Stults, was very successfully rendered on Tuesday, April 12, to an auditorium thronged with people.

The soloists were Mrs. H. Zachay, soprano; Mrs. A. Yahn, contralto; Mr. Paul Zabel, tenor, and Mr. Herman Zachay, basso.

The "Story of Easter" was in 3 parts; during each interlude our pastor, Rev. S. A. Kose, reading passages of scripture corresponding to the text of the numbers rendered. The closing chorus was "Hallelujah," by G. F. Handel, a selection which is a great favorite at the Second Church. And how the voices did ring in glad "Hallelujah" to our Savior and King.

The cantata was so much a success that a special request, made to have it repeated on Easter Sunday night, was acceded to. After the concluding number had been sung, a beautiful plant was presented by Rev. S. A. Kose to Mr. Zachay as a small token of appreciation from the members of the church. Indeed, I do not think it would be amiss at this time to add just a line or two more to show the esteem in which we hold our leader, Mr. Zachay. We deem ourselves fortunate, not only in having as a member of our church a man as well qualified to act as director and leader of our choirs and choruses, but also for the willingness and the spirit with which all his tasks are undertaken.

The result of the Easter cantata more than justifies the members of the chorus for their faithfulness and for the interest they showed in it. I am sure we are all looking forward to the time when we may render another. E. N. ZABEL.

Blessings at Folsomdale, N. Y.

At our church at Folsomdale, N. Y., there is great joy. Our young pastor, after laboring through the winter, baptized on Easter Sunday the fruits of his labors. Seven were baptized in the Cowlesville, N. Y., Baptist Church by our pastor, Rev. Stevener. Mr. Furble, pastor of the Cowlesville church, had charge of the joint service, while Rev. Stevener preached a stirring sermon on the theme "Repent ye and be baptized."

Our young pastor is spreading a clear and inspiring gospel, influencing many in our community. Being the youngest ordained German Baptist minister in

New York State and probably in the United States, we follow as he leads in great earnestness to our Savior.

We are again competing for the "banner" which we won last year and are confident of victory.

The Student Quartet was with us four weeks ago and Dr. Lewis Kaiser will bless us by a message May 1st.

St. Patrick's Day Social

The Builder's Class of the Ingersoll, Okla., Baptist Church met in the home of David Beltz on St. Patrick's Day evening for a social. The first number on the program was the writing of a brief letter to a member of the class away at college. Everybody present signed their name to the letter. Next a brief paper was read on, "The Irish and the Potato." This brought forth laughter. A number of games followed and Earl Geis guessed the number of eyes in a large potato. Nearly all present told an Irish joke. "My Wild Irish Rose" was sung. All present enjoyed the evening and we were glad to have had a goodly number of visitors. The social closed with the class song and prayer.

Included is our class song which Rev. H. Meyer, our teacher, wrote for us:

Tune: Higher Ground

Oh Builders is our chosen name
And forward is each member's aim;
Go forward, forward, forward press
Until the region we possess.

CHORUS:

Then let us boost our dear old class;
Build up till no one can surpass,
And glorify our God and King
Until all men his praises sing.

Let invitations be our rule
To build a larger Sunday school,
And handshakes draw from all around
Unto all friends a welcome sound.

Then come, dear friends, and see our
smiles,
And let us drive away your wiles.
Partake of every lesson best
And be forever, always blessed.

Our socials are the best you'll find,
Our handshakes cordial and kind,
Our studies teach you think and see
A godly life for you and me.

H. Meyer.

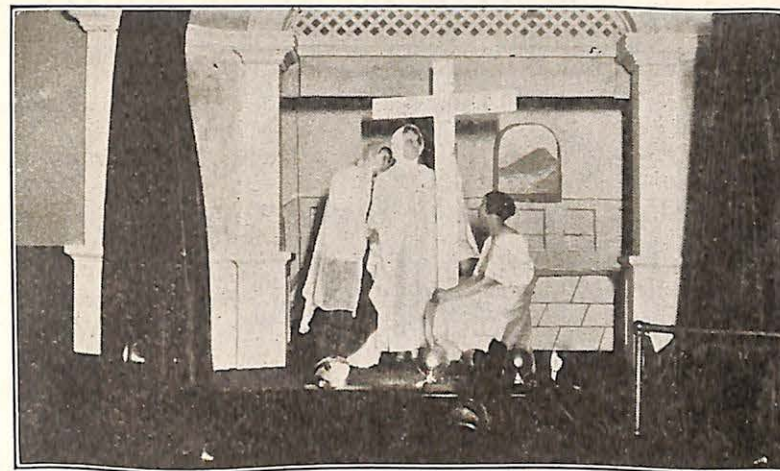
The class was organized a year ago by our teacher, Bro. H. A. Meyer, who came to Ingersoll for a period of two years, to regain health. He is a graduate of our Seminary at Rochester, N. Y. While he attended there, he took a three years course in Sunday school and Young People's Work outside of the Seminary, and after graduating from our Seminary he did a year of post graduate work in the English Baptist Seminary at Rochester. This is to our advantage.

The organization of the class has created an enthusiasm among the young people. They are striving to win more souls to Christ.

LUCILE GEIS, Sec.

Tacoma

Society



(Painting by W. Langenbach)
The Three Graces: Faith — Hope — Love

Human Tributes to the Divine Book

A whole Bible for my staff, a whole Christ for my salvation, a whole church for my fellowship, and a whole world for my parish.—St. Augustine.

The Bible is a never-setting sun whose light, shining from the East unto the West, is now being reflected back to the Orient whence it sprang.—Joshua L. Chamberlain.

Though assailed by camp, by battery, and by mine, the Holy Scriptures are nevertheless a house built upon a rock, and that rock impregnable.—W. E. Gladstone.

I see that the Bible fits into every fold of the human heart. I am a man, and I believe it to be God's book because it is man's book.—Arthur Henry Hallam.

The Bible is the rock upon which our republic rests.—Andrew Jackson.

The English people became a people of a book, and that book was the Bible.—John Richard Green.

Almost every man who has by his life-work added to the sum of human achievement of which the race is proud, of which our people are proud, almost every such man has based his life-work largely upon the teachings of the Bible.—Theodore Roosevelt.

Hold fast to the Bible as the sheet anchor of your liberties; write its precepts on your hearts and practise them in your lives. To the influence of this book we are indebted for the progress made in civilization, and to this we must look as our guide in the future.—U. S. Grant.

I am profitably engaged in reading the Bible. The best Book which God has given to man.—Abraham Lincoln.

The more the Bible is put into the minds and hearts and daily lives of the people the less concern we may have with respect to our political laws. Take out of our lives the Scriptures and you would strike an irreparable blow to our national progress and to those high ideals which we associated with America and Americans.—Charles W. Fairbanks.

Mothers Who Are Men-Makers

Dr. Lorimer, of Tremont Temple, Boston, tells this story of one of our distinguished men who was introduced at a great public meeting as a "self-made man." Instead of appearing gratified at this tribute, it seemed to throw him for a few moments into a "brown study." Afterward they asked him the reason for the way in which he received the announcement.

"Well," said the great man, "it set me thinking that I was not really a self-made man."

"Why?" they replied; "did you not begin to work in a store when you were ten or twelve?"

"Yes," said he, "but it was because my mother thought I ought to early have the educating touch of business."

"But, then," they urged, "you were always such a great reader, devouring books when a boy."

"Yes," he replied, "but it was because my mother led me to do it, and at her knee she had me to give an account of the book after I had read it. I don't know about being a 'self-made man.' I think my mother had a great deal to do with it."

"But, then," they urged again, "your integrity was your own."

"Well, I don't know about that. One day a barrel of apples had come to me to sell out by the peck, and after the manner of some store-keepers, I put the speckled ones at the bottom and the best ones on top. My mother called me and asked me what I was doing. I told her, and she said: 'Tom, if you do that you will be a cheat'—and I did not do it. And, on the whole, I doubt whether I am a self-made man. I think my mother had something to do with making me anything I am of any character or usefulness."

"Happy," said Dr. Lorimer, "the boy who had such a mother! Happy the mother who has a boy so appreciative of his mother's formative influence!"—Baptist Outlook.

Annual Young People's Conference of Chicago and Vicinity at Cedar Lake, Indiana

Conference Theme: "But God."
Conference Song: "A Wonderful Savior is Jesus My Lord."

Saturday, May 28, 1927

Registration.
Supper.
7.30 P. M.: *Inspirational Service*.
Song Leader, Mr. Charles H. Wieand, Aurora, Ill.
Chairman, Mr. Walter Grosser.
Selection by the Orchestra.
"Making Life Count for the Most," Prof. F. D. Whitesell, Chicago, Ill.
Vocal Selection, Benton Harbor Society.

Sunday, May 29

6.00 A. M.: Sunrise Prayer and Praise Service, led by Mr. R. Lindstrom.
Vocal Solo, Miss Ruth Pfeifer.
9.30 A. M.: Song Service.
Special Music by Orchestra.
Chairman, Mr. Arthur Pankratz.
Bible Study. Rev. A. P. Mihm, Forest Park, Ill.
11.00 A. M.: Morning Worship.
United Choirs.
Offering for Siberian Mission.
Message by Dr. A. J. Harms, Burlington, Iowa.
7.30 P. M.: Song Service, led by Mr. Chas. H. Wieand.
Chairman, Miss Mildred Baum.
"The Tragedy of the Cross, and of Life Apart from the Cross," Prof. F. D. Whitesell.
Special Music, West Suburban Male Quartet.

Monday, May 30

9.00 A. M.: Song Service.
Chairman, Mr. E. Doescher.

Solo, Miss Alma Salzman.
Bible Study, Dr. A. J. Harms.
Consecration Hour, led by Mr. Charles H. Wieand.
Vocal Duet, Elizabeth and Dorothy Abele, Peoria Society.
Monday Afternoon: *Recreation*.

Program of the Annual Conference of the Lake Erie and Ontario Baptist Young People's and Sunday School Workers' Union

Bethel Church, Buffalo, N. Y., May 28-30

Saturday Evening

7.30: Service of Welcome.
Address of Welcome by Miss Esther Eller of the Bethel B. Y. P. U.
Reply by Mr. Clarence Grimm, President of the organization.
8.30-9.30: Address: "Life," by Rev. W. S. Argow, Erie, Pa.

Sunday

9 A. M.: Devotional Service. Rev. D. Hamel, Rochester, N. Y.
9.45 A. M.: Church School. Address: "Shall we teach the Bible or Johnny?" Rev. A. F. Runtz, Pittsburgh, Pa. Address: "Sunday school at its best," Rev. C. E. Cramer, Arnold, Pa.
11 A. M.: Morning Service. Children's sermon, Rev. W. S. Argow, Erie, Pa. Adult sermon, Rev. A. A. Schade, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Sunday Afternoon

3.30-4.30: Group Discussion in charge of Rev. E. Stevener, Folsomdale, N. Y.
4.30-5.30: Committee meetings.
5.30: Cafeteria Supper.
6.30: Business Session.

Sunday Evening

7.30: Address, Prof. L. Kaiser, Rochester, N. Y.

Monday

9.00 A. M.: Devotional Service, Miss Meta Johnson.

9.30 A. M.: Conference on Parliamentary Law in Church Work, Rev. A. F. Runtz.

10-10.30 A. M.: Address, Rev. D. Hamel.

10.30-11 A. M.: Unfinished business.

11-11.30 A. M.: Group Discussions—Continued from Sunday afternoon. (The body will divide into five groups, each group discussing one of the five questions represented on Sunday afternoon.)

11.30-12.15: Clinic—Conducted by Miss Florence Schillinger and Miss Esther Eller. (Problems in local societies are to be presented and discussed. Miss Schillinger and Miss Eller are sending out requests to each society to send in a number of problems found in their own church.)

Monday Afternoon

Picnic in charge of the Buffalo Young People's Societies—possibly a trip to Niagara Falls.

Welcome to Bethel Church, Buffalo, N. Y.

The Sunday school and Young People's Society of Bethel Baptist Church, Buffalo, heartily invites the Y. P. & S. S. Workers' Institute of Lake Erie and Ontario to its Spring Rally to be held at Bethel, May 28, 29 and 30.

That we may have ample time to make preparations for the sleeping accommodations of the delegates, please send the names of your delegates to Mr. H. Wobig, 425 Stockbridge Ave., Buffalo, by Saturday, May 21.

J. O. DISTLER, Supt. S. S.

E. M. ELLER, Pres. B. Y. P. U.

Invitation to Gotebo, Okla.

The Young People's Conference of Oklahoma will meet at Gotebo, Okla., from the 26th to the 29th of May.

The B. Y. P. U. extends a hearty welcome to all the societies in the State.

We pray for the Lord's blessings on our gathering.

FRIEDA KLEIN, Sec.

An Extraordinary Offer

More subscribers to the "Baptist Herald" are wanted

The publishers of this splendid paper are willing to make some real inducement to win them.

This should serve as an incentive to the "Herald" boosters to renew their efforts in securing the needed thousand to reach their goal.

There are still many in our churches who are not readers of the "Herald" and who are therefore still to be approached. This offer should win them.

For 50 Cents

we will send the paper from the time the subscription reaches us to the end of the year 1927.

A Splendid Opportunity

to get acquainted with our newest publication which has come to popularity inside of four years.

Sample copies gladly sent on request to any individual or to the boosters for propaganda purposes.

We are hoping for immediate response. Address all orders to

German Baptist Publication Society
3734 Payne Ave., Cleveland, Ohio

Conference Songs. Edited and compiled by Wm. H. Main. The Judson Press, Philadelphia. 10 cts. a copy.

Conference gatherings are greatly enhanced by good singing. Here are 70 pages of songs, various in nature, gathered to meet a need in this direction.

Painter and Decorator

wanted. Good chance to build up own business. Write for particulars.

GEO. HEITMANN,
Lorraine, Kans.