

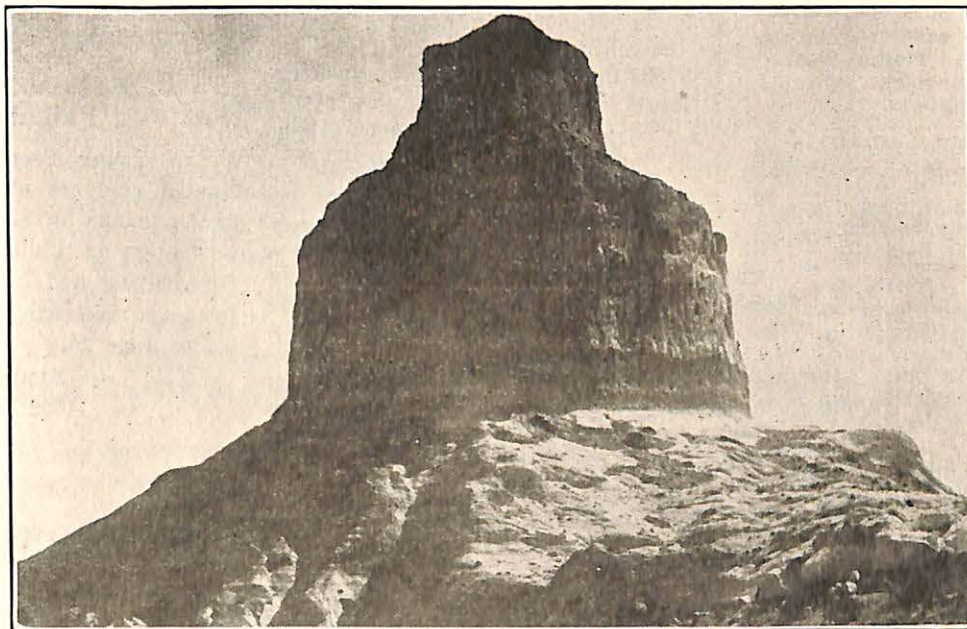
# The Baptist Herald

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

Volume Five

CLEVELAND, O., JUNE 15, 1927

Number Twelve



Dome Rock, near Scottsbluff, Nebraska

(Miss Nive called -)

# What's Happening

Rev. R. Reschke of Southey, Sask., has accepted the call of the Salt Creek church in Oregon.

Rev. S. Blum, pastor at Emery, S. D., had a baptismal service on Sunday evening, May 22.

Rev. H. Sellhorn, pastor of our church at Lansing, Mich., has resigned, closing his work with his charge on May 29th.

A son, Richard Alan, was born to Dr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Meyer on April 13, at Capiz, Capiz, Philippine Islands. He is the third child and son. Congratulations.

Dr. Francis E. Clark, founder and president of the World wide Christian Endeavor Society, died at Newton, Mass., on May 26. Dr. Clark, who was 75 years old, had been ill for three weeks. He was universally beloved.

Rev. A. J. Milner of the German Baptist church of Regina, Sask., had the joy of baptizing 20 happy candidates during March and 11 more on Easter Sunday. This church, though only one year old, has now about 100 members.

Rev. Leo F. Gassner, pastor-elect of the Plum Creek, S. D., church, withdrew his acceptance of their call to him. The church is endeavoring to secure a student-pastor for the summer, meanwhile searching for a permanent pastor.

Rev. John Schmidt, formerly of Nokomis, Sask., is the new pastor of the First church of Union City, N. J., succeeding Rev. Phil. Potzner. During the last year Bro. Schmidt pursued studies in the Eastern Theological Seminary at Philadelphia, Pa.

The statistics of Baptists in Germany for 1926 are: 261 churches, 426 pastors, 725 stations, 284 chapels, 60,044 members. Net gain for the year 976. Baptisms numbered 3055. There are 706 Sunday schools with 33,103 children and 3454 teachers. About \$625,000 were raised for church and missionary purposes.

Mr. F. W. Godtfring, Manager of the "German Baptists' Life Association," has recently issued "An open letter to the young men of our German Baptist Churches, who have been or are in the Insurance Business." If you are interested, he will gladly mail you a copy. Address him at 860 Walden Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

Rev. E. R. Lengefeld, pastor of the Englewood church, Chicago, graduated from the Northern Baptist Theological Seminary as a member of the class of 1927. The commencement exercises were held on May 26. We congratulate Bro. Lengefeld on the successful completion of his course, carried on while serving the church as pastor.

Mr. Frank C. Arnold of Brooklyn, N. Y., has been elected by the Young People's and Sunday School Workers' Union of the Atlantic Conference to serve as Council Member, representing the Atlantic Conference, vice Fred Rauscher, deceased. We heartily welcome Bro. Arnold to our National Council and greet him as a fellow-worker.

The Central Church, Erie, Pa., Rev. W. S. Argow, pastor, observed "Mothers' Day" on May 8th with a special program and the pastor preached on "The Influence of Mother." This was followed up with a "Men's Day Program" on May 22nd with male quartet and violin quartet numbers, Rev. Argow preaching on, "Wanted A Man." Attractive folder programs featured both occasions.

The 36th Anniversary of the B. Y. P. U. of America will be held in Philadelphia, July 6-10. The keynote is "Comrades with Christ" and the entire program has been built around the keynote as the central thought. An interesting booklet, giving preliminary announcements of the convention and also featuring points of interest in historic Philadelphia, has been published by the convention committee.

Reinhold B. Seibold, who passed away at Fargo, N. D., in April, was a faithful member of the Pleasant Valley church, which he joined in 1914. He was an active worker in the church, Sunday school and Young People's society, having been president of the latter for six years. He was secretary of the young people's association for the northern part of North Dakota at time of his death. He leaves a vacancy in the church and community life. We extend our sincere condolence to his bereaved family, relatives and friends.

Rev. John C. Schweitzer graduated from our German Department of Rochester Seminary in May, 1926, and has served as pastor of the church at Medicine Hat, Alta., during the year since. During this time 18 souls were won for Christ. In view of increasing demands for a bi-lingual ministry in our churches, Bro. Schweitzer feels the need of better preparation in this respect. He has resigned his charge and returns to Rochester, N. Y., in August to take up the regular Arts course at the University.

The newly elected officers of the Y. P. & S. S. Workers' Union of the Atlantic Conference are as follows: President, Walter Marklein, 2nd Brooklyn; Vice-President, Samuel Leypoldt, 2nd Philadelphia; Secretary, Eva Yung, 2nd Philadelphia; Treasurer, Arthur Kettenburg, Evangel, Newark; Y. P. Promotion Committee (to serve 2 years), Rev. Geo. Hensel, Walnut St., Newark; Rev. Paul Wengel, 1st Brooklyn; S. S. Promotion Committee (to serve 2 years), Rev. W.

J. Zirbes, 2nd Brooklyn; Alethea Kose, 1st Brooklyn; Secretary P. T. L., John Sorensen, Clinton Hill, Newark; Missions Secretary, E. Earl Traver, Passaic; Council Member, Frank C. Arnold, 1st Brooklyn, 103 Lynch St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Editor of the "Herald" spent Sunday, May 1st, with the church at Benton Harbor, Mich., and had a busy day at all services. He enjoyed the beautiful sight of "blossom time" in this wonderful fruit belt. The church is concerned about Pastor J. J. Lippert, who is still in Mounds Park Sanatorium with nervous breakdown and whose condition seems to be mending very slowly. On May 22nd, the Editor preached for the First Church, St. Paul, Minn., and addressed the Bible school and Young People's Society. This influential church is still seeking a successor to Rev. C. F. Stoeckmann. They have extended several calls, but so far received no acceptances. On Sunday, May 8th, the Editor preached at the Second Church, Chicago.

## B. Y. P. U. Convention, Philadelphia

The Young People of the German Baptist churches of Philadelphia offer to the visitors attending the B. Y. P. U. convention in Philadelphia, July 6-10, free lodging and breakfast, if applications are received by the undersigned before June 25.

SAMUEL LEYPOLDT,  
1502 West Poplar St.,  
Philadelphia, Pa.

## The Baptist Herald

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# The Baptist Herald

## Youth—A Time of Cherished Hopes and Expectations

YOUTH cherishes hopes and expectations because it always comes to the world with dreams, visions, with faith eager to venture, with the spirit of venture ready to do and try, ready to do or die.

The world moves forward on the optimism of youth. The hopes and expectations of youth have yet not been shattered and smashed like those of age. The bitterness and disappointment, that has often come to age after many experiences, is foreign to youth, which always comes to face the problems of life with freshness of zeal and newness of vigor. Youth is always ready for a try-out. And it succeeds because of this attitude where the over-much caution of age fails, because age lags behind. The exploit of Lindbergh is typical of youth. It could not and it would not have been done by an old man.

Margaret Slattery once arrived at a meeting early, and she asked the other men and women what they thought of the day when people would arrive at such gatherings in their airplanes, dropping in from Boston to a meeting in New York as easily as we now go from one end of a large city to another. The other persons, all forty or fifty years of age, were not interested at all, declared that the thing could never be done, and were a bit inclined to think that Miss Slattery was slightly out of her head.

On the same day, however, Miss Slattery attended a meeting of high-school students, and, just for the fun of the thing, propounded the same question. The youngsters "bit onto it" at once. No one of them questioned for an instant that the thing could happen. One young fellow raised the practical problem, "How would we park 'em?" and at once worked out a scheme for folding up part of the wings for landing and parking in small space. Age believed that the thing that has never been done could never be done, while youth believed even in what never had been done. It is the glory of being young—sixteen, eighteen, twenty—to believe that unheard-of things can be accomplished in the future.

## The Visions and Ventures of Youth

YOUTH is readier to venture in untried fields. Much of the progress of the world along many lines in the field of invention, exploration and science is due to the indomitable urge of youth. We must not discourage it or do anything to crush it. It needs and should have our encouragement, our help, our prayer, our well-wishing. "Let no one despise your youth," said the apostle Paul to

young Timothy. Surely he also meant, let no one and let nothing interfere with your legitimate and possible hopes and expectations.

The hope of the church and the Kingdom of God lies, humanly speaking, in the young people. The Spirit of God connects up with the hopes and expectations of young people and would use these impelling forces to carry on and to carry out his high purposes. And God has done so again and again.

Many of the prophets and mighty men of God were called when they were young men. We think of young David, of Samuel, of Isaiah, of Jeremiah. The apostles of Jesus were undoubtedly mostly young men. Saul of Tarsus became a flaming missionary of the cross and "was not disobedient to the heavenly vision" when a young man. Wm. Carey and Adoniram Judson became pioneer missionaries when they were young men.

"Your young men and women shall see visions," says Peter in the sermon on the day of Pentecost. A vision is an image, a picture in the mind of a cherished hope and an expectation that can be made possible, that can be translated into reality, that can be put across. A vision is the preliminary picture, the rough sketch, the architect's plan, which can become the building, the pledge and guarantee of the completed structure. Foundations must be put under the hopes; the day-dreams must not evaporate into nothingness; the expectations must not burst like bubbles. But leave it to youth to make the attempt. Youth is for action. Youth grasps what Christ said: "All things are possible to him that believeth." That's why it cherishes hope and expectations.

## Some Rules for Success

IF you would be successful, there are certain rules that you should follow.

Rise early. The morning of life passes all too soon.

Eat sparingly. The person who takes too great an interest in food is apt to take too small an interest in other matters of more importance. Over-eating makes for a sluggish body—and an equally sluggish mind.

Breathe deeply of the fresh air. It is one of God's most splendid gifts to his children.

Do not mind the laughter—or even the jeers—of the multitude. If you know that you are in the right, that is enough. Men mocked at Columbus, and made fun of Benjamin Franklin.

Never be ashamed to show an honest emotion. But be sure that it is honest.

Never betray a trust. Be true to your friends—and avoid being an enemy to any one.

Do your best work—even though nobody may see it. Doing the best—even though it must remain hidden—is a tonic for the soul.

Read your Bible as informally as though you were reading the letters of a friend. Do not be afraid to touch it with loving hands.

Pray often. Not only when you have something to ask of God. Pray to thank him for the lovely, simple things of the everyday.

Go to your bed, at night, with the consciousness of nothing important left unfinished, no duty avoided, and no friendships brushed aside.—Christian Herald.

### "Fellowship With God"

LILY C. OSTWALD

WHOM does God entreat to fellowship with him? Does he select for his bride of the church a "certain few" popular among their circle of friends and thus complete a self-centered cycle? God's call is as free and full of grace and love as his citation "Come unto me." This is also an invitation to share his fellowship.

Jesus left his home in glory, was rich and became poor that we, through his poverty, might become rich; he was persecuted, denied, betrayed and forsaken by those whom he loved; he was crucified, bled, died and arose for us that we might inherit eternal life and be joint heirs with him in glory. All who have accepted his way of salvation and experienced a divine change of heart can testify to the joy of fellowship with God, sweet communion with the Holy Spirit—a life hid with Christ in God. Enjoying gospel walks with God when he reveals to us his plans for our lives, makes us desirous to fellowship with him and allows him to have his own way and keeps us in the center of his will.

A soul which fellowships much with God

#### Cannot Conceal the Happiness

imparted through this affiliation, but transformed, triumphant souls are the outgrowth. God's constant fellowship which helps us to be true to the Holy Spirit, to his love and guidance, is good for the outgrowth of a consecrated life, and to such a life God gives a heavenly vision.

God doesn't stop feeding his sheep at that point, but opens still greater avenues of service and points to the large fields of unsaved souls who are hungering for the Bread of Life which Christ alone can give. Upon whom does he call to bring this manna and convince the unsaved of their need of a Savior? One who has found joy and strength in his fellowship, one who has been growing in grace and knowledge of Jesus Christ, one who dwells in the secret place of the Most High and, isn't his promise most precious and glorious?—"He shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty." God's book of promises is a gold mine—gold through and through—and all free by the shed blood of Jesus Christ on Calvary.

If a dying Savior's love, a risen Savior's power, an ascending Savior's petition and a returning Savior's glory is really the joy and comfort of our

hearts, and if all bearing the name of "Christian" would avail themselves of the opportunities in their daily pathways to witness for Christ in word and deed, wouldn't a harvest of souls be won for our beloved Lord and Savior?

No true disciple of Christ can afford to be idle, for

#### The Master's Work Requires Haste

The marks of carnality are prevalent on all sides today, even among Christians, so that it behooves us all to be constantly in the spirit and attitude of prayer; to steal away to Jesus and enjoy to the fullest extent:

"Friendship with Jesus  
Fellowship divine,  
Oh, what blessed sweet communion,  
Jesus is a friend of mine."

Fellowship with God goes on to eternity which is the land of fellowship. There we will always be in his immediate presence. Fellowship with God on earth inspires a consecrated Christian to put into practice the ministry of consolation which is so sadly neglected at the present time. By joining hands with this Christian duty, the evangelistic note is struck, for isn't the heart of a person living on the plains of Moab in a more receptive condition to hear and respond to the love of Jesus than when the individual is residing on the hills of Nebo?

"Jesus is yearning for someone to carry  
The life-giving Word far and near,  
He is waiting for hearts that are willing,  
For ears that are open to hear.  
Nothing but leaves for the Master,  
Oh! how his loving heart grieves,  
Instead of the fruit he is seeking,  
We give him nothing but leaves."

Why are there

#### So Many Obstacles in the Way of Evangelism

today? Isn't it because too many leaves are being strewn on the pathway of the Master instead of bringing a harvest of fruits in the form of lost souls to the throne of grace? Isn't it because the fruit is being crowded out or covered with the leaves of worldly allurements that it never ripens to the superlative degree so God can use the fruit (a spirit-filled Christian) and give it a vision of Calvary, thereby blessing it with the joy of the companionship of the Comforter?

Through our daily fellowship with God, a fragrant reminiscence of himself will not only abide in us, but be transmitted to hearts on the threshold of eternal destruction waiting for the touch of a human hand and words of exposition to have the way of the cross pointed out to them.

If every Christian would allow God to use him or her as

#### A Channel to Glorify His Name,

if every Christian would be praying for an evangelistic vision, if every Christian would be filled with an active love,—a love that is willing to labor for God to a dying world—labor for the salvation of those for whom Jesus died, a major number of

satanic forces which are now working to prevent the Kingdom from coming in power and glory would be subdued, and a greater yearning for divine wisdom would be manifested, for "He that winneth souls is wise."

The efforts of a soul-winning Christian will not only be crowned with victory in this world, but receive perpetual reward, for "The wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever."

### Your Daily Dozen

1. A little patience—at least once.
2. A minute of unselfishness.
3. A kind word—or two or three.
4. A bit of self-control—somewhere.
5. A flash of generosity.
6. A prompt excuse—for someone else.
7. A noble thought—perhaps a text recalled.
8. A good deed—not left undone.
9. A brief prayer—for a friend in trouble.
10. A moment of thankfulness—for blessings enjoyed.
11. A kind smile—where it may brighten another.
12. A snatch of song—or hum of a tune.

### Students Always

SENIORS graduating from Montana high schools last year, were given something to think about during the summer months by President E. J. Klemme, of Intermountain Union College, who sent them a timely sermonette to serve as a reminder that although they were graduating from one institution, there were harder steps yet to be climbed. Following are some excerpts from Dr. Klemme's sermonette:

"Your education places you in a class from which we have a right to expect more than we can ask from the untutored class. You have gained a fund of information with little sacrifice, but soon you must prepare to settle. Education is free only in the acquiring.

"Information is only the beginning of things. If knowledge were all, we should study the encyclopedia. Mrs. Wiggs says, 'Education is knowing for the sake of living, not living for the sake of knowing.'

"Humanity will put you to the test, before it gives you a rest. You need clear grit in college, in profession, in business. The world lies before you, no doubt, but it won't lie to you. Not much use to frame your diploma and hang it above the mantel or wear your athletic honors on your sweater. The world isn't interested in these. Put your diploma in the bottom of your trunk face downward, chuck your rah-rah habits to the four winds, and dig.

"Really you won't graduate. You'll only change classes. You have been a student. Continue.

"You may have reached the goal of your ambition. If so, prepare for failure. The freshmen, sophomores, and juniors are rushing you and if you slow down you will be run down. The students behind you determine your speed. They mark your pace but not your place.

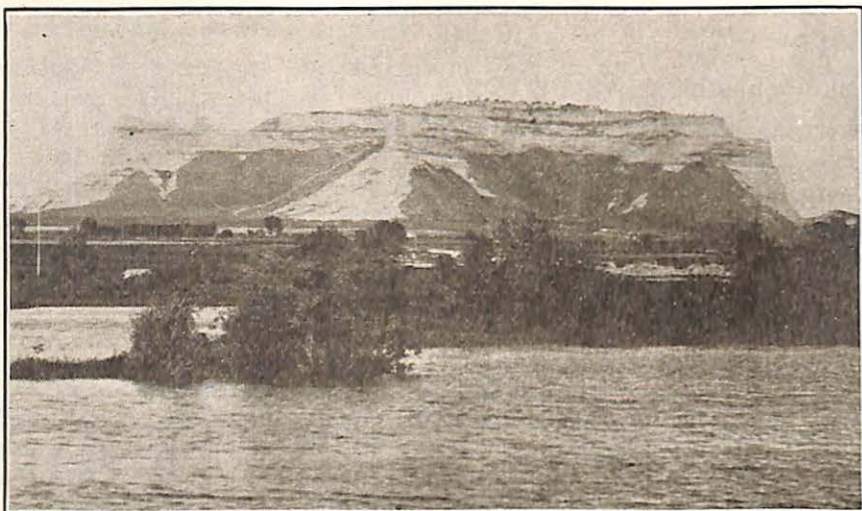
"You may have a better education than your father. You should have. You need it. The world has condensed our globe; brains have contracted the ocean.

"The measure of man's life is the spending of it. Improve the moments. To utilize the time ordinarily wasted may mean the difference between success and failure. Thank God every morning you get up that you have something to do whether you like it or not."

### The Child and the Church

THOMAS H. SPRAGUE, D. D.

THE church of today is the Sunday school of yesterday. Eighty-five per cent of our church membership has come from the Sunday school, and ninety-five per cent of all our preachers came from the same source. This brings before us at once the immense value and tremendous importance of recognizing the claim of the Sunday school as the sphere of greatest magnitude for efforts looking in the direction of garnering souls within the kingdom and the training and development of those who in after years are to be the bone and sinew of our church and denominational life. Dr. Thomas Armitage in a meeting of the American Sunday School Union in 1872 said: "I find a child in no religion but in the religion of Jesus. Mohammed seemed to know nothing about a child. The heathen seemed to know nothing about children in their mythology. Their gods were not born as children. They were never clothed with the sympathy of children. They were never endowed with the attributes of children. They never threw themselves into the social ties of children. But the great elemental fact of Christianity is the holy child Jesus. The religion of Jesus is the only religion that boasts its noblest workmanship wrought in the spirit of a little child and is better adapted to effect personal salvation in childhood than at any other period of life." Would that this were the universal thought of the church with regard to the child. Facts indicate a different spirit. The restraining hand is only too frequently placed upon the head of the child. Like the disciples of old, our spiritual leaders rebuke the endeavor to bring the child to the Savior. We need a re-enforcement of our Master's invitation, "Suffer little children to come." Childhood is above all the most likely age for entrance within the church. Dr. Edward Judson used to say: "It is sometimes said that even a child can be converted; it should be said that even a grown person can be. The nearer the cradle, as a rule, the nearer Christ. The most intelligent Christians are readiest to accept children."



Scotts Bluff, North Platte River in foreground

### Colorado and West Nebraska Association at Scottsbluff, May 12-15

This is one of our smallest associations. It is composed of only two churches, one in La Salle, Colo., and the other in Scottsbluff, in the Western part of Nebraska. They are about 180 miles apart. They are our German Baptist outposts in the extreme middle west, the last in the link here until we come to California. Yet the two churches long for fellowship, love fellowship and practice fellowship. Therefore their association. About some 30 members of the La Salle church made the trip to Scottsbluff in their autos.

Scottsbluff is a new-looking, substantially built and clean town, about 20 years old, situated in the smiling North Platte River valley. It is one of the centers of the sugar beet industry. There are sugar beet mills in Scottsbluff and in the neighboring town of Gering, across the Platte. The surrounding country is given over to raising sugar beets. This is the main work of our church members here, who are employed in the fields in the summer, entire families moving out to the farms and working there from the end of May to the end of September. The land is irrigated. The climate is sunny and not very severe. The weather was very pleasant during the meetings of the "Vereinigung."

The preaching services were given over to Rev. Chas. Wagner of La Salle and the editor of the "Herald." Bro. Wagner preached the opening sermon on Thursday evening on "The Victor-songs of Faith." Bro. Mihm preached on Friday night on "Ezekiel's Valley Vision." Bro. Wagner also preached on Saturday evening and Sunday forenoon. Bro. Mihm preached on Sunday morning in the First Baptist church, whose pastor, Rev. Chas. Buckoutz, evinced his interest and love for our work by being present at a number of our sessions. He and his wife sang a gospel duet in fine manner on Friday evening.

During the various day sessions ad-

resses were given as follows: "The foundation for the spiritual upbuilding of a church," by Rev. Schilling; "The various stories of this building and their meaning," by Rev. Wagner and "The Fellow-workers in this edifice and their qualifications," by Rev. Mihm. Bro. H. G. Meyer of La Salle spoke on "The Nurture of the Newly Converted." Various addresses were also made on Young People's, Sunday school and Women's work.

Saturday afternoon was given over to an auto trip to the majestic and curiously formed high bluffs, about 6 miles west of the city, from which it also gets its name. Many of the visitors made the difficult and dizzy climb to the top of the bluffs, while others viewed the fine valley scene from the lower parts of the hills.

Sunday was a great day. Members living in Wyoming had driven in 30-40 miles to be present. An inspiring Young People's meeting was held on Sunday afternoon, which brought the attendance up to the high mark. Young People's Secretary Mihm brought a fitting and helpful message. A male quartet, composed of three Geis brothers and Rev. Wagner from La Salle, rendered fine selections at this and other meetings. The association closed Sunday night. Pastor P. F. Schilling and his people were hospitable and kind, and hearty thanks were extended.

Both of these churches have a large number of young people and report flourishing young people's societies. Pastor Wagner recently baptized 12 or more young folks and Pastor Schilling 23 with some 20 or more to follow soon. May the Lord build up these flocks and keep all working in unity and peace! The association expressed itself as favoring the appointment of a state missionary for these two states, who is also to look up new places in Wyoming, where many of our people are also taking up farms or are engaged in sugar beet work.

A. P. M.

Faith seems a small key but it can unlock mysteries.

### Father and Son's Banquet at New Britain

The Young Men's Club of the German Baptist Church in New Britain, Conn., arranged a Father's and Son's banquet on Friday, May 20. It was a great success; a very fine spirit prevailed. Bro. W. Retz acted as toastmaster and Bro. J. Luebeck was the efficient song leader. Bro. H. Eichstaedt presided at the piano and sang a very touching solo about: "My Dad." The ladies of the church had kindly offered their services in preparing the dinner and in serving on the tables and as usually they were unsurpassable. The speakers of the evening were the pastor, Rev. G. H. Schneck, and Rev. Dr. S. A. Fiske of Berlin, Conn., who in the same week had been elected president of the Alumni Association of the Hartford Theological Seminary. He gave the main address of the evening and spoke very forcefully on the words of the prophet Elisha 2 Kings 2:9: "I pray thee, let a double portion of thy spirit be upon me," exhorting the fathers to strive for a spirit worthwhile to be transferred to their sons, and asking the sons not to esteem lightly the experience and the spirit of their fathers.

### How They Did It at Morton Park Mission Boosting the Extraordinary Offer

On Wednesday, May 18, the Morton Park Mission at Cicero, Ill., a Mission of the Oak Park Church, had a meeting of unusual character. It was quite different from any that had been previously held there. This Wednesday night was devoted entirely to one special purpose—to an analysis of the "Baptist Herald" and to make the people present familiar with our "Baptist Herald."

Under the able supervision of Charles Dehlinger and with the co-operation of a few of the younger attendants, the evening's program proved to be a huge success. A number of the articles that appeared in the "Baptist Herald" of May 15 were read. After this a convincing sales-talk was given concerning the paper. One-third of those present, who had not as yet subscribed for the "Herald," took advantage of the extraordinary subscription offer of 50 cents for the balance of 1927. Those who subscribed were representatives of large families, and for this reason there were only a few in attendance that would not have an opportunity to get in touch with the "Herald" in future. Ten new subscribers were won. It is needless to say that meetings of this nature will prove to be as profitable and as interesting if arranged for by other groups in our churches and young people's societies. Why not put it on your next program? "Go thou and do likewise."

Find what you like to work with, and stick to it. Success lies in the man and not in his materials.

# The Sunday School

## The Eyes of a Child

JOHN T. MCFARLAND

They are clear, the eyes of a child,  
Clear as the blue of the sky.  
No marks of a spirit assailed  
In their limpid azure lie.

They are deep, the eyes of a child,  
Deep as the depths of the sea.  
Under their lifted fringes soft  
Lies a soul of mystery.

They are keen, the eyes of a child,  
Keen as the lances of light.  
The pure in heart alone can stand  
Unshamed in their searching sight.

They are strong, the eyes of a child,  
Strong as the strength of a God.  
They rule the world with gentle sway,  
For love is their scepter rod.

## My Class of Girls

RUTH A. CARTER, B. R. E.

"To what extent is a teacher responsible to her class between Sundays?"

The Sunday school teacher is responsible for the ideals, the vision, and all that makes up the character of the teenage girl. It is her duty to put forth every effort to supply the uplifting needs of the girls in her class. Such needs can only be met by regular contacts with influences that pull away from pettiness and the material.

The girl in her teens finds the living of the upward ideals and visions a real pull. She needs the teacher in her everyday life to furnish the help necessary in the climb. It is not enough to link up the lesson with every-day life through the discussion period on Sunday, but the teacher must actually prove to be vitally interested in their every-day life by actual contact with it. It is the upward daily influence that is the essential force in the building of character.

*Suggestions:* Surprise your girls with a personal note, which they will receive during the week, telling each one to prepare something special for Sunday.

Plan the activities of the organized class in such a way that they will vary in their form—one "for fun," another "to go somewhere," or "to hear a lecture," and another "to sew, read, sing, and talk."

The teacher's task is to become so a part of the girl's life that she will be a help in the fight, to "be strong" and "do the right."

"Should the fact that one does not have the time or opportunity for mid-week work with her class bar her from teaching?"

No! Neither should this fact bar the girls from having midweek activities. In such an instance there is a fine opportunity to work in a young woman, older than the girls of the class, who will act as the teacher's assistant. She may well

be called the "Big Sister" of the class. It will be her duty and opportunity to lead the girls in their week-day activities. She will always, however, keep the teacher in close touch with the activities, and ever seek her counsel.

It will also be the privilege of the Big Sister to meet the girls on Sunday under the leadership of the teacher.

This program is but a second best one, but it is better than depriving the girls of a good teacher or of the week-day activities.

"The parents of my girls object to a midweek meeting on the ground that it interferes with their high-school work. Friday evening offers no solution, as that is the night reserved for school activities. Is there a way around this objection?"

The aim of the Sunday school class is to develop the highest type of womanhood, which means a fully developed fourfold life. Recognizing this, it is necessary to realize that, though the high-school work must be considered, it must not hinder the development of balanced life.—Intermediate and Senior Teacher.

## Preventing Stagnation

R. D. PIPER

There are some classes in which the membership is so mentally and religiously like-minded that a live discussion of some issues is well-nigh impossible. Statements which, in a more complex social group, would be instantly challenged, pass and are taken for granted. In such classes it is imperative, if the class-members are to think themselves through to a solid intellectual foundation for their position, that someone must challenge them to consider the issues from other viewpoints. This the careful teacher can do.

## The Teacher's Task

In the study of the lesson the teacher should ask himself, How will the class in the main answer this question? What members, if any, will dissent from the general view? What variant viewpoints are possible, considering the intellectual horizon of the various members? Should it seem evident that only one phase of the subject is likely to be treated, two courses are open to the teacher by means of which to broaden the discussion.

## Creating Discussion

First, let the teacher find a novel point of view expressed in some book or magazine, and bearing as directly as possible on the question to be discussed. He will hand this to some open-minded member, with the request that he read it carefully before Sunday. When the discussion comes into full view, if the member does not utilize the material, the teacher can mention the article, and ask who has read it and what bearing it has on the question.

Second, the teacher can inject a query into the discussion which will challenge the thought of the entire class; as, "The Socialists would say," etc.; or, "The pre-millennial view is," etc.; "How would you answer this argument?"

## Securing Intelligent Belief

In brief, it is the teacher's task to see that no question is "answered" and considered settled when only a single viewpoint has been presented. The whole aim of class discussion is foiled unless the members learn to see the truth from different angles, and become adept at considering errors and discovering the fallacies which lie in plausible beliefs. When possible, the teacher should accomplish this by working through some member of the class.—Young People's Teacher.

## To the Bible School—For Seven Reasons

Since I want to be and do my best, I attend our Bible school, which is the Church engaged in the study and teaching of the Scriptures.

1. The best book is studied and taught; and I want to know it and follow it in my everyday life.

2. The best day is utilized and observed; and I wish to keep holy the holy day.

3. The best people are assembled and enlisted; and I desire the blessing of their fellowship and friendship.

4. The best institution is awake and at work for the Master; and I ought to invest myself where I will do my utmost for Christ and the Church.

5. The best work is being done; and I must not fail to do my part for the enlightenment, evangelization, and upbuilding of my fellowmen.

6. The best development is assured and attained; and I yearn to grow mentally, morally and spiritually.

7. The best equipment is supplied, adopted and inspired; and I want to be thoroughly furnished unto all good works.

## What "Selah" Meant

A class was asked in a Sunday school examination to give the meaning of the word "Selah." For a while no answer was forthcoming. Then a small boy diffidently held up his hand. "Well?" said the examiner hopefully. "Please, sir," said the lad, "that's what David used to say whenever he broke one of the strings on his harp!"—London Post.

\* \* \*

The only comfortable way to view the people around you, even for self's sake, is with large-hearted sympathy and a desire to help. You may not be able to do great things, but you can render a hundred little services as you go along your way.

# The Glass Window

A Story of the Quare Women

By LUCY FURMAN

(Copyrighted)

(Continuation)

Late in September Susanna wrote another letter to Doctor Helm.

DEAR ROBERT,

I sent you a hurried card telling of the double killing in the house where I was nursing, and of my preparations to take the bodies and Cory and her children to her home in Harlan. We went in two wagons—the dead in one, in their plank coffins, the living in the other, Cory lying strapped on one of the wagon seats most of the time, as she was too weak to sit up long. You may fancy my curiosity to see the Reeveses tribe. I sent a boy ahead, horseback, to tell them we were coming; and at the mouth of Reeves's Fork, where it flows into Marrowbone, George and four of his sons met us, at noon the second day—fine, upstanding, handsome men, with a strong family resemblance to my father. They were kind, in an undemonstrative way, to Cory; and when they learned who I was, at once and apparently without any surprise—I have never yet been able to surprise a mountaineer—they adopted me into the family. Cousin George said he had always known of the Blue Grass Reeveses, and had heard more about them one time during a stay "at Frankfort" (this meant the penitentiary). We waited there awhile, not knowing just what disposition to make of the two corpses, for though word had been sent to both Bentons and Harts, none of them had as yet appeared. Then from up Reeves's Fork we saw a sled approaching, with several people walking. It turned out to be the Harts, Anse's parents and brothers, who opened the coffin then and there, and keened and wept loudly over the body. Finally they closed the lid again.

They had just lifted the box on the sled, when from down Marrowbone appeared another procession, headed by a wagon and some men on horseback. These were the Bentons, Black Shade's widow and relations. Cousin George advised that the Harts start at once, which they did, Cory and the children and I following in the wagon to attend the burying, which none of the Reeveses tribe even pretended to take any interest in. Evidently they looked down considerably upon the Harts. As we rounded the first curve above, looking back I saw that the Bentons were opening their coffin, and another keening-and-wailing was beginning. As we went on to the burying, I felt it was just as well that the two crowds had not met. The home of Anse's people, two miles up the creek, was very poor and forlorn. The grave was already partly dug, and late in the afternoon poor Anse's body was lowered into it without any ceremony whatever, save the weeping of Cory and his mother.

About supper-time we reached the Reeveses home, quite a fine one for this

country, Cory being received by all except her mother—who cried over her a little—just as if she had left only the day before. The children were taken in quite as a matter of course.

I myself was "Susanny" to the family from the start. Word was sent early next morning to other branches of the tribe, and all day Reeveses were coming up or down the branch, and I heard much family history, and traced very satisfactorily the wanderings of the original George.

But when, before leaving, I offered to adopt little George, Cory's boy, to change his name to Reeves, educate and send him to college, and so on, I had the surprise of my life. All the family "allowed" that a mother has no call to part with her offspring; that, having brought them into the world, it is her business to raise them. Cousin George said, "I have a lavish for all; they've got a good home here. I never did hold with a parent signing away its offspring." So, in spite of all the advantages it held for the child, my offer had no takers!

And now you'll be wondering why I write instead of coming straight home, the nursing-job being over. Well, Robert, I've got another and a bigger job! I wrote you about the big settlement house the women plan to build next summer; also a workshop. Well, nearly a thousand logs will be needed for these buildings, a large number of which have been donated by the men of the county. But somebody has to measure and mark the trees in the different lots, get them chopped, snaked down the hillsides, and floated or hauled to the school bottom; and, believe me, it will be no small job. All the other women are swamped with work. I am an outdoor fiend—was born on horseback, and enjoy nothing so much as outside work. If I were home, I should only idle through another winter of cards and dancing. This is vastly more entertaining. Altogether, the finger of fate points sternly at me, and I have accepted the job. You are too busy with those profitable appendixes to miss me much. Christmas I'll have to come home for a visit anyway, if Violet carries out her threat of getting married, and you will see me then. Meantime, do take care of yourself, and give an occasional thought to

YOUR LOVING SUSANNA.

Then days later she wrote again. The new job has begun, being only preliminary skirmishing so far, trying to learn from experienced men—Uncle Ephraim, Uncle Tutt, and others—just what I am to do. While a few of the donors, Uncle Lot, David Rideout, Fult Fallon, and others, have offered to chop and snake their own timber, most of them have given it as it stands, "up in the sticks," and I must make the contracts to get it chopped, sawed, and snaked down, usually by the donors

themselves and their friends and relations. Uncle Ephraim and Uncle Tutt are constantly warning me: "Now don't let anybody get the advantage of you, Susanny." When I reply, "But such kind men, who have given so generously, would never want to take advantage," they shake their heads.

"Hit's this way," Uncle Ephraim said. "Giving is giving, but trading is trading. When a feller contracts to chop or saw timber, that's a trade. A man that would give five hundred dollars worth of timber one day, would aim to get every nickel that was coming to him and a little more extra on a trade the next day. The men of this county is master traders; hit's the onliest way they ever got sight of a dollar for many a long year; and their pride would be hurt if they did n't do themselves full justice. You better not make no contract with nobody till you ax me or Tutt. Hit might be hard for the school."

Uncle Tutt, sitting on his rail-fence the next day, was even more explicit.

"Eh law, Susanny—to see you talking around here about making contracts for getting that-air timber is pyorely pitiful, like a yoe lamb turnt into a passel of wolves. You'll be paying three times what hit's wuth to chop and snake and haul them logs, and then not getting ary chopping or snaking or hauling done. Women hain't fitten for sech jobs. They hain't got the naytural suspicion. Hit allus was their way, from Eve on, to listen at the feller with the 'illiest tongue. That-air big house won't never get built if hit's depending on women to built hit."

"But suppose I know my failings, and am planning to call on you and Uncle Ephraim every step, before I do a single thing or make any agreements?"

"Hit's all that'll save you," he replied. "My counsel to you is to go slower than cold molasses. Whilst you air riding round viewing and measuring and marking timber, let others do all the talking, and note down what they offer on paper. And in especial, when you come to the stone work,—all that-air stone that has to be quaired out for foundations and chimneys,—don't you do ary single thing but listen to 'em talk. Then you come to me and Ephraim, and find out the lay of the land."

"And I'll drop another word: if I was you, a-riding around and about this country, and a blue smoke rising up out of some thick hollow, I would n't go nary step up that hollow or try to find what made the smoke. I'd ride on by, like I never seed nothing. Hit'll be a sight sensibler. When a man raises him a crap of corn, hit's his'n, and nobody's business what he does with it."

"Another thing: don't ever get to the p'int where you know hit all and nobody can't tell you nothing. That is the most foolish trail a human follers. Eh law! them's the ones that come to grief—special in this here country, where folks cuts their eyeteeth at trading nigh afore they cuts 'em in their mouth. You need to be wise as sarpint, and go saft and humble like the same. I gonnies! I allow you'll larn a sight about human natur' afore you get them logs in."

"By the way," I said, "the first thing I must have is a good horse. I've been intending to ask you to find one for me. Of course I know I'd be probably cheated, and pay three prices for it, myself!"

The old man's eyes glistened with a peculiar zest. "There's a big funeral-meeting over on Clinch a-Sunday," he said. "Funeral-meetings is more better than court-time for nag-trades, people not making sech a business of hit then, or being so much on their gyard. I allow I'll find you a good 'un, and at a fair price, too."

Sure enough, Monday morning he came in, leading a fine filly with apparently all kinds of endurance in her, and at about half what I'd probably have paid. I've named her Roberta. I hope you appreciate the compliment!

That same day I started out in earnest to measure and mark the trees. It is glorious October weather—trees all turning yellow and red, and air like wine. Usually I find the owner of the timber, who accompanies me up the mountain-side. Leaving my filly at the bottom, I "take my foot in hand" and climb to the timber. My "wind" improves every day; I shall soon be as good a hill-billy as any of them. I measure and mark with my little hatchet the splendid yellow poplars that tower like giants above the other trees, usually talk with the donor, and find out whether he and any of his clan want the job of chopping, snaking, and hauling, and set down what he says in my mem. book. Of course the chopping can't begin until after the sap has gone down.

Measuring timber Thursday on Ivy-patch, about eight miles away, I saw a schoolhouse below, next to the store belonging to the donor of the trees, and went in to visit awhile after dinner. It was a large, bare cabin, with window holes, but no sashes or glass, and a rusty stove in the center; about thirty boys and girls were sitting on the rough benches, many chewing tobacco and spitting on the floor, while the teacher, a tall, gangling young man, sat at a kind of workbench affair, on a high box. He came forward and gravely assigned me a seat. A class of three boys standing before him was just leaving. Then he called out, "Second spelling class, come forward." Four boys came up and stood before him while he gave out the words. "Spell the-orry, the-ater, the-sis," he proceeded, pronouncing just one of the ten words correctly. Two or three of them were spelled right, however, by the children.

Class number three, primary reading, was then called. Five small children went forward with their readers, and stood beside the teacher, while he looked over their shoulders. As each attempted to read a sentence, word like "of," "the," "as," and so on were usually pronounced, but the rest were merely spelled through, the teacher himself doing the pronouncing, and usually doing it wrong.

"Advanced geography class" was called. Two big boys, with mustaches and bare feet, came up.

"Bound North Ameriky." No re-

sponse from either pupil. The teacher then read the answer from the book, the boys joining in the last few words. "What does hit mean to bound a country?" No answer, until it was read from the book. So on through the entire list of questions, each time the teacher reading answer from book, and pupils making no reply.

"Second geography class": five good-sized girls. "What is a mo-narky?" No answer. "How many kinds of mo-narkys are there?" No reply, except as he read from the book. He went through all the questions, and assigned the new lesson in these words: "You can now set down and get this here-un and that there-un," pointing.

"Advanced spelling class" was then called; it was a large one, of older children. Ten went to the primitive blackboard,—some rough planks, painted black in spots,—others sat in their seats with slates. Ten words were given out for them to write down, the first being "circus." Each pupil looked from right to left to see what his neighbors would write on the blackboard, and when the word was finally written, not one had spelled it right. In very few cases were the rest of the words correctly spelled. When all were written the teacher took the speller in his hands and said: "Now grade yourselves." He spelled—but did not pronounce—the words correctly. Each pupil wrote 10 after each of his words; the teacher then called the roll of the class, and almost every one replied "One hundred." The teacher did not look at the words on blackboard or slates, but just wrote down the high grades in his day-book.

I was there forty-five minutes, and in that time he heard five classes!

When I went to the store after my nag, the storekeeper said, "I see you been a-visiting the school. That air Peleg Shaw is the blockheadedest fool I ever seed—not fitten to teach a jaybird, much less a young un."

"How does it happen he's teaching, then?" I asked. "Are n't you one of the trustees of this school?"

"Yes," he admitted. "But that-air boy tuck the examination old Riley Clemm holds every summer for teachers, and come out with a first-class certificate. And being he was my woman's cousin's boy, I was glad to give him the job. But now he's in, he hain't able to larn 'em a thing. There's something quare about hit; how did he get that certificate? A few years gone, hit was a pride to a man to teach school; he had right respects for hisself, and aimed to do a good job. I teachted myself twenty year' gone, and don't see but what the young uns larned as much in a three-month term as they get in five months now. Of course there's a few good teachers, like Giles Kent was at The Forks; then there's a few clodpolls like Peleg; but the most is smart-enough boys that could teach if they would, but is too tuck-up riding and drinking and pranking-around to take much thought for their scholars. I don't know but I'd ruther have Peleg as that kind; he's a moral

boy, anyhow, and if he don't do no good he don't do no harm neither."

Oh, Robert, do you wonder I want to stay and get this timber in?

October 15

Yesterday, in a house where I stopped, I found the mother with a black sun-bonnet pulled down over her eyes, and a little boy with head entirely swathed in black calico. I asked what was the matter with the child.

"He's got the sore eyes," she said. "He can't stand no light at all on 'em."

"How long has he had it?"

"Well, I reckon four or five year, maybe. Hit's a sight to look at—here, Noey, lemme ontie your rag and show the woman."

She untied it. Horrible sight—lids all red and granulated and turned back on themselves.

"This is terrible," I said; "the child will soon be blind."

"Hit blinds a-many," she said. "I got a leetle tech of it myself, but my eyes is jest kindly runny."

"How many children have you?" I asked, seeing several about the room.

"Seven, so fur—we are nine in family. Here, all you young uns, go out in the porch and wash yourselves. Them quare women don't like to see nothing nasty!"

They went out, and I could see them scrubbing their faces in the washpan, and wiping them on the family towel.

"How many of you have trouble with your eyes?" I inquired.

"Well, about nine of us—'pears like hit takes a family that way."

She picked up the least one—a baby nine months old—from the bed, and began to suckle it, her "runny" eyes dripping upon the poor little creature's face.

When on my return I asked Dr. Benoni about the sore eyes, he said there was a great deal of it about, and that in his opinion it was trachoma; that he had been begging some of the parents to send their children down to Lexington or Louisville for treatment. "But," he said, "they have such a dread of a hospital, they refuse to let the children go. This is one of the stone walls I run up against almost every day. But I'll keep on till they come round."

VI

FALL LABORS

Early in November came a day when the skies were leaden; leaves scudded thickly before a wintry wind, the children shivered around the school stoves, and the three younger Rideouts came in without Lowizy, Dovey remarking that she would not be at school any more.

"Is she sick?" inquired Christine, anxiously.

"No, she hain't sick yet; but she allus gets sick come cold weather, and maw she don't let her breathe no cold air. She's got her pent up for the winter, now. And Lowizy says send her a passel of books to read, and of schoolbooks to teach them young uns. She aims to hold school every morning down home now."

Books were hunted up and dispatched.

Though many fine days followed, Lowizy did not again appear, and in something over two weeks Dovey brought word that the rising in her hip had started again, and she had begun to "hack."

The following Saturday afternoon Christine went up to Bee Tree. All the color had died out of the hills, save the red-brown of the oaks and dark greens of hemlock and laurel. The home of Giles Kent at the mouth of Bee Tree looked lonelier than ever with its encircling apple trees stripped of leaves.

The Rideout house was shut tight, and when Phebe admitted Christine she opened the door just as slightly as possible, and instantly slammed it to again. Lowizy lay on her small bed beneath the glass window, in her dark linsey dress, book in hand. There was a roaring fire on the hearth; every crack in window and walls was stuffed with rags or paper, and the room simply steamed. The air was stifling.

After words of greeting, and relating the school news to Lowizy, Christine inquired of Phebe, "Do you keep the room this hot all the time?"

"Eh law, yes—that fire don't never die down day nor night from November to Aprile. David and the chaps they allus dig coal a-plenty, and get in a lavish of wood. Hit takes an awful fire to keep the house warmed up, with so many a-coming and going, Lowizy being sot to hold her school down here of mornings. I would n't mind the mess of young uns underfoot, but it keeps me all worried-out tending the door."

"And how is it at night—how many sleep in here?"

"Oh, me 'n David and Lowizy and tother six."

"And with no door or window open, and no fresh air to breathe?"

"I would n't let in none on Lowizy for nothing on the face of the earth!"

Christine asked one more question: "When you began keeping her at home three weeks ago, did she have any rising or cough?"

"No, she don't never take 'em till cold weather has sot in a spell."

Christine felt she must speak plainly. When, a few moments later, Phebe went to the kitchen to make the large, fretting baby a sugar-teet, Christine followed her.

"Mrs. Rideout," she said, "I am sorry to distress you; but you ought to be told that Lowizy has tuberculosis—consumption—of the bones and probably of the lungs. The way doctors everywhere out in the world treat the disease nowadays is to have the patient breathe a constant supply of pure, fresh air, day and night. They consider it the only hope of cure. You mean well, I know; but if you go on shutting the air from Lowizy, you are certain to hasten, possibly cause, her death."

Phebe's small, usually mild, face was a study as she tied up sugar and butter in a small rag. There was a twitching, then a tightening of the lips, a hardening of the eyes, a visible and strong effort at self-control.

"You fotted-on women," she said at

last, slowly, "has a sight of book-larning, which nobody respects more than me. But you hain't got ary young un to your names, and don't know the feelings of payrents. And along with your larning you got some quare notions that flies pine-blank in the face of all sense and reason. Time out of mind folks has knowed that cold air was dangerous, and night air pure pizen. I never heard else sence I was borned. Everybody in this country will tell you the same. Of what goes on out in the world I know little and keer less; but I do know all the doctors that lives could n't never persuade me to turn the cold air and the night air on little Lowizy. I love my child too good!"

The small features were unalterably set. There was absolute finality, mingled with antagonism in the tone.

Shocked, silenced, nonplussed, Christine turned into "tother-house," to talk with Lowizy about a Christmas tree she thought of having for her and her little pupils. The child had never before heard of a Christmas tree, but had had one Christmas gift—the story-book sent her by the women the previous year—and knew there were such things.

"And all my scholars is to come and get presents on the tree?" she asked, incredulously.

"Every one," said Christine, almost too troubled, however, to enjoy the child's delight. "Here are my pad and pencil to take down their names and ages."

The exciting task accomplished, Lowizy lay back in a kind of ecstasy. "Hit's grand!" she exclaimed; "and Giles a-coming too! Ronny told Pappy a-Sunday."

This fact seemed to brim Lowizy's cup. When on her return Christine talked with Amy and Virginia about Phebe and Lowizy they shook their heads sadly. "It's just one of those age-old prejudices that rise like rock walls now and then," they said. "The nurse who was with us the first summer talked to Phebe as strongly as possible, but could make no impression whatever. Nothing but unheard-of vitality has kept Lowizy alive until now, through those stifling winters. The child is doomed."

With all her youth and optimism, Christine rebelled against this conclusion. A way would be, must be found. Giles' coming might be the solution. Phebe had such confidence in him, she might take his advice as she would not that of strangers.

In addition to her usual fall labors, indoors and out, Aunt Ailsie had managed to card the large amount of wool, some shorn from her own sheep, some bought from other women, which she intended using for the coverlets ordered through the quare women by people in the outside world. Great baskets of the fluffy white rolls reposed in her loft, and early in November she began the task of spinning.

About this time, too, Uncle Lot, with Link's help began chopping the trees which he had agreed to give to the women, and snaking the logs down the

mountainside. For, as he said, he never did anything halfway, but gladly donated labor as well as logs. On good days—and most of the days were good—he was out all day long. While he was out, Aunt Ailsie eased the trying task of spinning in a dark room with no light save that of fire and fat-pine stick, by borrowing his spectacles from the fire-board. Simple magnifying glasses, they made it much easier for her to follow the yarn. Ordinarily she would not have dreamed of such a thing as asking for his glasses at any time when he was in the house, but now, as she spun through the days, a tenuous plan, a mere suggestion of a plan, took its rise in her mind—a plan for possibly hastening the possession of the glass window. She was at first appalled at its daring, and shocked at the thought of the possible deception involved, but the more she considered it, the more it fascinated her.

"Left to hisself, hit'll take him three or four year' to get in the notion," she said. "If there'e a way to quicken him, hit ought to be tried. There hain't no needcessity, if I go keerful, for me to tell no rael, downright lies."

At last came a day, rather late in November, when rain fell in sheets, and no man, even the most diligent, could possibly remain outdoors. Uncle Lot, with a clear conscience, settled himself soon after breakfast in "old-house," and drew on his square silver spectacles for a long, joyful day with his favorite authors, Job, Jeremiah, and Solomon.

He had read probably three chapters in Ecclesiastes when Aunt Ailsie, who was walking back and forth before her large spinning wheel, and had stopped several times to tie the yarn that had snapped and flown wide, began in gentle, plaintive tones, addressing the room at large:

"Eh, law, hit's a sorry time when old age creeps upon a body, and their powers drindles, and their faculties dulls. If the Lord was marcfiful he would take folks all at oncet, and not leave 'em hang on when they hain't no more good much to theirselves or nobody else. Hit allus was my prayer and supplication not to live such a lasty life I'd hold out beyand my faculties; and I axed in p'tickler for my eyesight to stay good, me having more needcessity for hit, 'pears like, than for ought else. If I was to lose my hearing now, and go deaf, hit would n't make no great difference, not having nobody to talk to me nohow the livelong day; but if my sight was to go, so's I wa'n't able to do no more spinning or weaving or sewing or nothing, but jest to set and everly hold my hands, hit would be a sorry time for me and all consarned. God send I won't go clean plumb stone-blind, but will have enough sight left to kindly cook a leetle, and maybe milk, and feel my way about the house to redd up some! Hit'll be my duty to praise the Lord for that much, hit being more than I could look for atter laboring nigh fifty year' in a darksome house with never no daylight in winters when the doors is shet, and mighty leetle of summers. I did have hope and craving that good eye-

sight would be left to me this one more winter, so's I could make them kivers for the quare women—ten dollars for every kiver they promised me, and me able to turn out maybe two a week atter I oncet get to the weaving. But eh, law! what's human wishes? With firelight so flickery, and fat-pine so smoky, and my eyes a-going all swimmy so's I can't noways follow the yarn, the Lord only knows if I ever will get this here spinning done."

Uncle Lot, who had heard every word, looked up frowning. "Hit's quare," he said, "your eyes a-dimming on you so sudden. I hain't never hearded no complaint from you afore."

"Complaint? Eh, law! complaints hain't my delight, and never was. I allus aimed to keep my troubles locked up and pinned down in my bosom, and not bother you, paw, nor nobody else with 'em. But ever sence I sot-in on this spinning, 'peared like the only easement I could get was to borry them specs of yourn; I tuck to using 'em reglar, knowing you, being out and not needing 'em, would n't take no offense. But now you in again, and minded to sarch the Scripser and company with them ole dead-and-gone fellers you love so well, what I'm aiming to do I can't noways riddle out; for I could n't be so dog-mean as to borry them glasses from you and separate you from them ole prophets and apostuls, and yet,"—with head turned away, she shut her eyes tight as she spoke the words, so that they might be strictly true,—"I'm a-spinning this yarn purely by faith, not by sight, and can spindly in tothers, which when I start to weaving will be a-snapping every shuttle-throw, and me maybe having to call on you to tie all the threads for me, not being able myself."

"If you'd a-told me a leetle sooner your eyes was failing, I'd have bought you some specs first day of November court, when the eye-spec man come in with his tray."

"No, no, paw, hit would be too costly! I never was minded to be a charge to you. No, if I could jest get a leetle daylight someway, I allow I could make out to see. But hit's too cold now to take my wheel out on the porch; I might go down with pneumony fever or breast-complaint for you to nurse through the winter; and the best seems like I can do is jest to lay aside my spinning, till days when you hain't in, and work on cyarpet-rags, that don't need no eyesight, whilst you're here. Don't you take no bother now at all, or think no more about hit."

Lifting her wheel into its corner, she sat down meekly by a large basket of-carpet rags.

(To be continued)

\* \* \*

A man's sin dogs his steps until it finds him out.

\* \* \*

The days will be golden if we live the Golden Rule.



Group of Young People (20) Baptized on Easter Sunday at Arnprior, Ont., by Rev. F. L. Strobel. Rev. Strobel is first at left, top

### New Society at Eureka, S. D.

A Young People's Society was organized in the Eureka Baptist Church on the evening of March 2, 1927. The society was given the name of "Eureka Christlicher Jugendverein." It was given a German name as all the meetings will be conducted in the German language.

Our society was organized with a membership of about 25 members, but quite a number have been added since. We hope and pray that it will keep on increasing. The aim of our society is to bring young people to Christ, and to learn to know and love him more and more each day.

On the evening of Mothers' Day the society rendered its first literary program, which was very successful. The program consisted of various dialogs and recitations. Several of the talented members of the society presented us with a few orchestra numbers. Although the weather was very unfavorable we had the pleasure of having a number of visitors with us from Parkston, S. D. Two of the visitors rendered a vocal duet which was enjoyed by all. May God give us grace to grow and increase in him in the future! META QUENZER, Sec.

### B. Y. P. U. Anniversary, Waco, Texas

After several months of hard work, our B. Y. P. U. presented a pageant, "The Lamp," in celebration of our 15th Anniversary.

When someone first suggested that we have a pageant, almost every member of our Union said, "We can't do it," and had it not been for the untiring efforts of the director, Miss Marie Heusi, we certainly would not have done it. As we only have about 35 members in our Union, some of the episodes could not be given. However, we were successful in presenting the following: "The Coming of Christ," "Helpers of Today," "Neighbors of Today," "Virgins of Today," "Faithful Servants of Today and Yesterday" and "Triumph of Light."

After the program, refreshments of ice cream and cake were served to the many visitors from Cottonwood, Gatesville, Crawford and Dallas.

The offering was designated for missions. G. H.

### Second German B. Y. P. U., Detroit

On Sunday evening, May 15, the Young People's Society of our church gave a very pleasing Siberian Benefit Program.

The program was as follows: Two selections: Church Orchestra; Saw Solos: Mr. Otto Swickler; Violin Solo: Mr. Stanley Ernst; Vocal Duet: Misses Blanch Kunkel, Sarah Majeski; Address: "Siberia," Rev. A. Bredy; Violin Solo: Mr. Gerard Grams; Offering talk: Vice-President Gust F. Modzel; Song by Brotherhood Glee Club.

We had a very good attendance and believe all enjoyed the program. G. F. MODZEL.

### Ordination

The ordination of S. C. Blumhagen, pastor of the Wessington Springs Baptist church, and the Ebenezer Baptist church in the country, took place on the 13th of May. A council, delegates from a number of Baptist churches, examined the candidate and declared itself satisfied with his statements on Christian experience, call to the ministry and Christian doctrines, and recommended to the church to proceed with the ordination of their pastor to the Christian ministry.

At the service in the evening Dr. J. L. Barton, Supt. of Missions for South Dakota, preached the sermon. Dean A. W. Fauquet of Sioux Falls College offered the prayer. Rev. J. F. Olthoff welcomed the brother into the larger brotherhood of Baptist ministers, and Rev. S. Blum gave the charge to the candidate, while Rev. W. H. Bayles delivered the charge to the church. May God's blessing rest upon our Brother Blumhagen! S. BLUM.



Young People's Day at Pecan Grove, Tex., Sunday, May 15, 1927

This picture does not include half the crowd. The Cottonwood band had started playing and many were in the tabernacle or else out walking. Churches represented: Crawford, Gatesville, Waco, Dallas, Elgin, Kyle and Temple.

**Texas B. Y. P. U.'s at Pecan Grove**

On Sunday, May 15, a typical Spring morning, young and old from far and near gathered at the tabernacle of Pecan Grove. Long had we planned and hoped for the day to come. The B. Y. P. U.'s of Crawford, Gatesville, Cottonwood, Dallas and Waco were represented. We were especially glad to have several visitors from the B. Y. P. U.'s of Kyle and Elgin.

The morning meeting was opened by a song service, led by one of the members of the Dallas Union, after which Bro. R. Kaiser, the president of the Texas Jugendbund, took charge and the following program was rendered by the various Unions represented: Choir songs, recitations, dialogs, solo, male quartet, and a talk by Bro. Kaiser, who chose for his subject "Cross Roads."

After a good lunch and hand shaking with old friends, we came together for the afternoon session. This was opened with a "pep" meeting, led by one of the members of the Waco Union. The program was as follows: Mixed quartet, male quartet. Rev. Knopf of Cottonwood who spoke in English on "God First." The last number on the program was an Easter Cantata, rendered by the Dallas Choir. The offering received was designated for missions.

Many valuable lessons were stored up in our hearts and we all left to go back to our unions and work with courage to make each "Jugendtag" a better success.

MATILDA HIRSCH.

**Anniversary and Ordination at Wasco, Cal.**

May 8-10 were days of special interest and blessings for the church at Wasco and the friends who had come from other places to take part in our celebration.

Fifteen years ago, Bro. F. J. Reichle, then missionary for the State of California, helped a group of Baptists to organize a little church in the then new colony of Wasco. It was therefore very fitting that Bro. Reichle should preach the sermon on Sunday morning. In the evening our young people under the able leadership of Bro. Kroesch gave a very good Mothers' Day program followed by a talk from Harry Gromer.

On Monday Bro. Leuschner preached the sermon and some of the charter members gave very interesting reports of the early days. Bro. Reichle told of some of the first experiences in looking up the Baptists in this community.

On May 10, our young Bro. Harry M. Gromer was ordained for the gospel ministry. In the afternoon, he gave a very good account of himself, of his conversion, call to preach God's Word, and of his doctrinal views before a council called to examine him. In the evening of the same date our brother was set apart before a large audience. Dr. C. M. Hill, of Berkely Baptist Divinity School, preached the ordination sermon. Dr. Bruce Kinney of Denver, under whose supervision our young brother and his wife will work among the Indians of Oklahoma, gave the charge to the candidate. Rev. Smith, missionary for the Kern River Association, welcomed him into the ministry, and Dr. B. D. Weeks,

president of Bacone Baptist Indian College of Oklahoma, spoke the ordination prayer.

Our church felt itself honored, in that one of our young men is called by God into the missionary work among the Indians. We wish our young friends God's richest blessing in their new work.

C. H. E.

**Cleveland Young People's and Sunday School Workers' Union**

"So here hath been dawning another new year" for the Cleveland Y. P. and S. S. Workers' Union. Will we let it slip uselessly away? No indeed! Plans for this new year are exceedingly bright and numerous, even more so than in the past year, which certainly was full of blessings for all the members of the Union.

Meetings held in the past year were exceedingly inspirational. Several prominent men of Cleveland spoke on very vital topics; Dr. Snape's telling about "Filling our lives full of life and really living," Mr. Bloomquist's on "Are we Living?" and Mr. Kimmel's address all about his trip to the Holy Land, illustrated with lantern slides, were just high spots in our history of events.

A very interesting and entertaining feature of our meetings is our new joint quartet, which consists of one member from each of the churches, Miss Lydia Zarsky, alto, from First, Mrs. Emil Hasse, soprano, from Erin Ave., Mr. Val Saurwein, tenor, from Second, and Mr. Edgar Martin, bass, from Nottingham. Their harmony is a treat indeed. Officers as follows have been elected

for the following year: Mr. Emil Hasse, president; Mr. Elmore Berneike, vice-president; Mr. Carl Merkel, treasurer; and Miss Bertha Heidel, secretary.

With pleasant memories of last year's assembly at Linwood still fresh in our minds, we are endeavoring to make it a still greater inspiration to all those who are planning to attend this year. Judging from reports already made about the coming assembly everyone is wishing August were here.

One of the special attractions will be the Joint Choir of the four churches whose talent was demonstrated last Thanksgiving by the rendition of the cantata, "Praise and Thanksgiving." Plans are under way to make this a permanent organization under the able leadership of Val Saurwein.

The Union certainly is fulfilling its purpose, that of drawing the four German churches of Cleveland into closer and deeper fellowship. We are prayerfully anticipating a year full of even greater blessings than those of the preceding year.

B. HEIDEL, Sec.

**News from Carrington**

Again word comes from the Young People's Society of the Baptist church at Carrington, N. D. This society was organized in September, 1926, with a membership of 25. Two members did not stay members long, so were lost to the society. In our nine months of work, we have gained besides experience in our work, blessings from God, also five new members. Several of these are new converts through the work of our pastor, Rev. A. Alf.

We meet every Sunday evening, except the last evening of the month. We have varied programs, consisting of devotional meetings, question nights, character study, etc.

Our spirits have been somewhat suppressed by the fact that our beloved pastor, Rev. Alf, is leaving us, but with God's help we can overcome this obstacle.

Your prayers are needed to help us in our work and also general furtherance of God's work.

ARTHUR ALBUS,

Pres. of B. Y. P. U. of Carrington, N. D.

**Annual Conference in Brooklyn, N. Y.**

With grateful hearts we express our appreciation of the blessing and inspiration which the Seventh Annual Conference of the Y. P. and S. S. Workers' Union of the Atlantic Conference has brought to us. It is most comforting to know that although it was a year of "hard sailing" (as our president, Mr. Frank C. Arnold, put it) and although we have missed opportunities, the guiding hand of God was constantly felt and he has landed us safely through another year.

It was a happy group that entered the doors of the Second German Baptist Church of Brooklyn, N. Y., on Friday evening of May 13, to enjoy the fellowship and instructive and inspirational messages during the three-day Confer-

ence period, but it was a still happier group that left the Conference Sunday evening filled with new ardor and zeal for service in the Master's vineyard.

Not only were we fortunate in securing Mrs. Orrin R. Judd of Brooklyn to bring the opening address to us on Friday evening, but also democratic in giving the women a place on our program as well as the men. Mrs. Judd pictured so beautifully "Jesus and His Relation to His Fellowmen," beginning with his early childhood and ending with the return to his Heavenly Father. As Jesus never separated home, church, social and political life, so we must combine all four to be of service to our fellowmen.

Our Saturday morning session opened with devotions led by Miss Daisy Schubert of Philadelphia, after which reports were heard from the many organizations of the Union, followed by the election of officers. It was a pleasure to have with us again our own Rev. A. Bretschneider and he spoke to us in a clear concise manner on "Aims and Goals of Young People and the Sunday school." The aim of the young people should be to develop a type of life—a Christ-like life; and the goal of every Sunday school is to win souls for Jesus. We regret the time for discussion was all too short.

Those of us who were strangers in the city of Brooklyn had a delightful four hour "bus" ride along beautiful Long Island in the afternoon and the day was brought to a perfect close by our first Fellowship Banquet. Friendly rivalry between societies was evidenced through yells, cheers and songs which created a spirit of good fellowship such as we have seldom experienced. As a fitting climax for the evening, Rev. Francis W. O'Brien of Brooklyn directed our minds toward more serious problems confronting the Christian Church of the present day, emphasizing the fact that these problems will have to be solved by the young people of the present generation. He called our attention particularly to the moral, spiritual and social dangers, all of which are tending towards disruption of our Christian standards and the downfall of our nation; and he challenged the young people to keep themselves aloof from the world and its temptations and to fearlessly confess and testify whose we are and whom we serve.

In the Sunday morning service, which was conducted in the German language, Rev. Bretschneider helped us to a clearer understanding of the ways of God; although his ways are not our ways all the time and may lead us through sorrows and disappointments, the listening ear will find in all experiences the voice of God.

Four hundred and three (403) answered the Roll Call at the mass meeting Sunday afternoon either through verse or song. This is a meeting which is always looked forward to with great anticipation. The message delivered by Rev. John Leypoldt of Detroit on the theme "Jesus and His Relation to His Heavenly Father" brought to our attention anew the importance of constant communication with our Heavenly Father through prayer as was exemplified in the

**Daily Scripture Portion Bible Readers Course**

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

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

(By Courtesy of the Scripture Union)

life of Christ. Without a question, Rev. Leypoldt brought another forceful message to those remaining for the evening service, although most of the out-of-town folk left shortly after the mass meeting.

And thus endeth another year! It is our earnest prayer that our shortcomings of the past may only imbue us with a greater desire to make the coming year the banner year of our Union.

EVA YUNG, Sec.

**Siberian Fund Benefited**

The young people's society of the Oak Park Church sponsored a musical program on Thursday, May 19, in the interest of the Siberian Mission. A number of well selected compositions played by the Sunday school orchestra, two quartet songs by our up and going strong West Suburban Male Quartet, a pleasing rendition from the church choir, and soloist numbers by Miss Lydia Mihm, soprano, Victor Szabadi, violinist, and Wm. J. Krogman, organist, constituted a splendid evening of music.

The needy Siberian Mission work was helped by some \$77 in the evening's offering from the large audience entertained. RAYMOND RAPPUHN, Sec.

### Mothers' Day at the First German Baptist Church, Portland, Oreg.

The question is sometimes asked whether a mother can adequately care for her home and at the same time follow a profession. Yet we learned on Mothers' Day that a mother follows not merely one profession, but many, taking the part of nurse, cook, baker, dress-maker, story-teller, or teacher as the occasion demands. In a sympathetic manner, though not without a touch of humor, our Junior Pastor, Rev. Helmut Dymmel, emphasized the many-sided activity of a mother.

His brief address was the concluding number of our Sunday evening program, which was in charge of the Young People's Society. Various groups contributed songs and recitations,—all in praise and appreciation of Mother. Nor were those forgotten who serve in the difficult position of step-mother.

No doubt many a mother breathed a prayer of thanksgiving to God for a grateful child, and perhaps too, there were sons and daughters who on this day were stimulated to "Give the Flowers to the Living," not only on Mothers' Day, but throughout the year, and not only flowers which are purchased at the florist's, but those which spring out of the heart in words and deeds. E. B. M.

### German School Students, First German Baptist Church, Portland, Oreg.

The classes are held on Saturday mornings from nine to twelve with an enrollment of about 50 boys and girls, ranging in age from 6 to 14 years. The program carried out consists of devotional, story, Bible study, manual training, domestic art, spelling, memorizing and B. Y. P. U. periods, which includes scripture reading and prayer. The prayers, though not long, are beautiful and help to develop a freedom in acknowledging their love for the Savior.

On Wednesday evening, May 18, the scholars had their final examinations in the form of contests and a small program, while the older folks composed the audience. The program was as follows:

Salute to the Christian and American Flags.

Psalm 119 read by Donald Losli.

Prayer by Harold Boehi and Helen Bertuleit.

Greetings by Adaline Heisler.

A song by the Junior Choir led by Mrs. E. Meier.

"Warum wir Deutsch lernen" by Leslie Alplanalp.

Violin Solo by Clifford Schiel.

A Swiss song by the three Bachofner children, accompanied by their father on the Zither.

The German spelling contest was won by Adaline Heisler, with Beatrice Klee a close second.

"I Love to Tell the Story" by Dorothy Neubauer, Helen Bertuleit and Nettie Henke with their Uke's.



German School Students, First Church, Portland, Oreg.

Violin Duet with Piano by the three Heisler girls.

The Bible verse hunting contest was the best of all. It was interesting to see how quickly they found the verses called for. Adaline Heisler also won this contest.

Victoria Alplanalp has the honor of being present at every period during the term.

The interesting evening came to a close after a short and encouraging talk by our pastor, Bro. Kratt. I am sure the parents were surprised as well as proud to hear such good German come from the lips of these boys and girls, thanks to their principal, Bro. H. Dymmel, and their teachers, Mrs. Dymmel, Mrs. O. Boehi, Mrs. Quade and Clara Kratt.

May the Lord bless these boys and girls that they may become great workers in his vineyard!

LYDIA TILGNER.

### Things That Count

Not what we have, but what we use,  
Not what we see, but what we choose,  
These are the things that mar or bless  
The sum of human happiness.

The things near by, not things afar;  
Not what we see, but what we are,  
These are the things that make or break,  
That gives the heart its joy or ache.

Not what seems fair, but what is true;  
Not what we dream, but what we do,  
These are the things that shine like  
gems,

Like stars in fortune's diadems.

Not what we take, but what we give,  
Not as we pray, but as we live,  
These are the things that make for  
peace,

Both now and after time shall cease.

—Tit Bits.

### Maybe It's Nonsense

A teacher tells of an incident in a primary school examination over which she presided. One of the questions was with reference to the five senses, and a bright pupil handled the subject this way:

The five senses are sneezing, sobbing, crying, yawning, coughing. By the sixth sense is meant an extra one which some folks have. This is snoring."

### Spiritual Music in the Home

LAURA SCHRODER

Music, it is said, is the Universal language of the world. It originates in the souls of men and women striving to rise above the material and the sensual into a fuller comprehension of eternal beauty, harmony and goodness. It is the universal medium of spiritual expression.

The music lover of today has the music of all ages and nations at his command and a wide range of instruments for its performance, yet there lies a grave danger in treating music too much as an art reserved for the enjoyment of a limited number of devotees. Americans have long been prone to regard music as a luxury or a light form of entertainment. For this reason European people have been inclined to regard Americans as "unmusical people." The average European is brought to look at music quite differently than the average American. Music to him is a vital thing to be heard only in some special place or on some grand occasion. It is an expression of life—of life's joys and sorrows, man's longings and imaginings. Music with him is not a mere passing whim, but a necessity. It must express his own inner life, and must also transmit to him the musical thought and feeling of the outside world, if it is to be effective with him.

Dr. Pentecost once said: "I am profoundly sure that among the divinely ordained instrumentalities for the conversion and sanctification of the soul, God has not given a greater—besides the preaching of the gospel—than the singing of psalms and hymns and spiritual songs. I have known a hymn to do God's work in a soul when every other instrumentality had failed. I could not enumerate the times God has rescued and saved my soul from darkness, discouragement and weariness by the singing of a hymn, generally, by bringing one to my own heart and causing me to sing it to myself."

Ragtime and jazz, as generally heard, originate in sensuous emotion and usually in places of questionable character, and they are expressions of discord and degeneracy, seeking worldly pleasure in sensuality. Of course, we all understand that this type of music has no place in the Christian home.

Music appeals to man's higher nature and a love for it is indicative of intellectual and spiritual understanding and refinement. Ragtime and jazz appeal to his lower propensities and they bespeak intellectual and moral degeneracy. The tendency of the one is upward; of the other, downward.

The importance of the correct type of music in the home cannot be overestimated. Music of a better quality is needed. For instance, in the popular songs of today many of the themes are embarrassing to people of upright thought. The ideas expressed are cheap and border on the vulgar. People of honorable thought must refuse such trash and create better sentiment. When such

low ideals come into our homes it is worse than the invasion of armies.

It is generally agreed that spiritual music in the home helps to unify family life by dispelling differences in temperament and by bringing the whole family together. It is not necessary to dwell at length on the power of music to do this. Everybody who has ever taken part in it, or who has merely observed it in a Christian home knows that this is true. Family singing, a family orchestra, even one member of the family who plays the piano, all these help to solidify the group. Music in the home does much more than this but before proceeding to that argument it will be profitable to discuss the practical side of the matter.

First of all, it should be pointed out that the best way to make family music is to sing together. Nearly everybody can sing if they really try; and singing is the most natural and most intimate way of making music. If you sing familiar songs in unison, a very simple accompaniment will suffice. If you try singing in parts—soprano, alto, tenor and bass—you will perhaps need some help from the piano. At any rate, singing does what no other form of family music can do because it brings you near to each other and blends your individualities more closely and permanently. Your voice is more *you* than is the tone that you can make on any instrument.

The next question is, "What shall we sing?" First of all, sing our own songs and hymns—the ones we know best. Then beautiful songs of other nations, not those from which we descended only, but songs from everywhere. For it must be remembered that music is a universal language, and that many fine tunes are cosmopolitan. Good hymns provide excellent practice in part singing, and the oldest of them are best.

Sacred music to those who love Christ and are trying to live a consecrated life brings adoration, joy and happiness and a greater desire to love him more and serve him better each day. To the Christian in trouble and sorrow it brings comfort, peace and submission. To the backslider it brings afresh to his mind the memories of a sweet Christian experience which he had in days that are past and gone, and awakens a desire to return to the Savior. To the one who is out of Christ, it brings conviction of sin, and through the emotions, stirs him to action, which means the breaking down of a stubborn will in rebellion against God and the acceptance of Jesus and Lord in his life.

If then we see how important music is, why not have more good music in the home? Henry W. Longfellow said, "Show me the home wherein music dwells, and I shall show you a happy, peaceful and contented home."

Someone has said, "Music is the fourth great essential need of human nature—first, food; then raiment; then shelter; then music." If there be any truth in this saying then the purveyor of good music fills a human need as truly as does the grocer, the tailor or the builder.

Finally we come to the matter men-

tioned earlier in this article. Does not music in the home do something more than we have stated? What is music? It is the expression of man's aspirations in terms of beauty expressed in sounds. It is created by men of genius, who being such, go deeply into the meaning of things and reveal to us their significance. But, at the same time, it means nothing if it does not portray or describe. Well then, you who sing or play together, or you who merely listen, are taking part in a mysterious and beautiful life which is being lived for just a few moments, but which is perfect as your own actual life can never be. Therefore, when one says that music in the home unifies a family, it should not be forgotten that music at the same time unifies each person, brings him or her up to a higher level, reconciles each to himself, reveals to each a new person in himself, and shows him how great are his responsibilities.

Our greatest difficulty today is that we do not realize how much sacred song is to us, what it means, what it expresses and what it is capable of accomplishing, and we, therefore, neglect it.

To the children in the home music learned in youth remains with them all through life. I can state at this instant that the songs I remember most distinctly are those which my grandmother taught me when I was a mere child.

Now, let us consider how we might increase the interest for spiritual music in the home. Many a profitable evening might be spent with friends in singing and playing spiritual music instead of wasting the precious moments by indulging in other amusements or entertainment which are not conducive to the upbuilding of the spiritual life.

As a closing word on this subject let me quote from Reynolds' "Manual of Church Music." (Mr. Reynolds is the director of the School of Gospel Music at the Southwestern Baptist Theological Seminary.) He says, "Throughout the Scripture we find a worthy place given to the development and true use of the fine art of music. Heaven, it is said, is full of melody; hell is the place of discord. As in olden times, when, with stately measure and well trained chorus and balanced orchestral accompaniment, the people joined in glad worship, there arose the sounds of true harmony, swelling floods of melody in the praises of the people, so today let us with our added knowledge, our perfected instruments and choicest harmonies, join in the use of all our talents to the praising and glorifying of the Name above every other name.

"Moses and Paul, Elijah and John, the sons of Levi and the sons of the new priesthood will some day all join in this worship, through melody in the ministry of music, with both voice and instrument. Through these, all shall glorify the Author of all melody, the Source of all harmony, even our great God, Jehovah."

There are four things that come not back,—the spoken word, the sped arrow, the past life, and the neglected opportunity.

### Two Kinds—Both Young

In the "Bookman" sometime ago there was a short discussion of the young people of today, with an incident which occurred on a Pullman train not long ago. A group of men were talking about the actions of the young folks at a famous hotel. The owner of this hotel had been shocked at the reckless, wild ways of some of his young guests. Presently one man got up and sauntered out to the platform. A young Italian boy of about 18 years stood there looking at the autumn scenery. When the man offered him a cigaret he refused it politely, but joined in pleasant conversation with the man. He told him that he was taking his mother to New York and was going there to begin work with his brother, as he had finished school. He felt rather lonely, for his best friend was in the West, and the life before him new and untried. After a while he spoke again of the offered cigaret and gave this explanation of his refusal:

"You see," he said, "I and my buddy talked things over two years ago—he was then but sixteen—and we decided not to drink, or smoke, or go on petting parties, or do some other immodest things. We decided it was best that way. We swore six oaths, and before a priest, so's to make them seem more solemn."

The man approved of the will-power which had kept the lad true to his early decision and asked curiously if he got those ideas from his mother or the priest.

"No," the boy answered with a smile. "It wouldn't help us to get ideas from anyone else. We just thought it was best. We thought things through. Don't you think it's a good thing to think things through? We just decided that's the way we wanted to be, and we've stuck to it."

After a few moments of silence he added, "Most of the young girls think we're crazy, you know," but his voice grew confident as he ended briefly, "Guess I'll find one some day who does'n't."

Two kinds of present-day, modern, much-discussed young people, but one kind thinks things through.

### Sentence Sermons

My Boy Has Taught Me—  
How patient my father was.  
The importance of accuracy.  
That the race is still in its childhood.  
That humanity is instinctively religious.

What the fatherhood of God means.  
That prejudice is a sin of adult life.  
How easy it is to forget an injury.

—Roy L. Smith.

### Twice-Told Tales

Abe: "Vot did you name the twins?"  
Ike: "The foist vons we called 'Kate und Duplikate.' Then we had 'Pete and Repete.'"

Abe: "And the new vons?"  
Ike: "'Max und Climax.' Oy! Oy! I hope so!"—Exchange.



228

**Planning the Picnic Program**

In getting ready for a Sunday school picnic there should be committees on grounds, games, music, refreshments, and attendance. The grounds committee will make arrangements for the exclusive use of the grounds, see that they are free from rubbish, arrange the platform for program if desired, supply a rest tent for mothers and small children, mark off baseball diamonds and other grounds for games, and appoint two or three persons to see that cars are suitably parked. Large boxes should be set at convenient places for the disposition of garbage, used paper plates, and other trash. Urge the crowd to keep the grounds clean.

**Picnic Equipment**

Every Sunday school should own a permanent picnic kit and make someone responsible for its safe-keeping. J. R.

Batchelor, a field representative of the Playground and Recreation Association of America, recommends a picnic bag of brown canvas, 3½ feet high and 18 inches in diameter, with a draw string at the top and with the following contents:

- 2 sets of indoor baseball
- 2 12-inch and 2 14-inch outside seam baseballs
- 12 picnic balls
- 1 volleyball and net
- 1 tug-of-war rope
- 2 or more sets of horseshoes and iron pins, ¼-inch iron
- 20 burlap sacks for sack races
- 20 skate straps for three-legged races
- 2 basketballs
- 2 dozen ice cream spoons
- 2 dozen wooden eggs or round blocks a little smaller
- 2 dozen bean bags

2 dozen small candles (Christmas-tree candles)

4 bicycle rims or hoops

There should also be two clotheslines to stretch for start and finish of dashes; four beetles (cotton socks stuffed with rags made of canvas, 18 inches long and 3 inches in diameter, stuffed with sea grass); one pair of boxing gloves; four blinders, such as are used by lodges in initiations; two dozen clothespins; four sets of letters for spelling races, each set a different color; a pump and lacing needle; a box of soda crackers; and song sheets.

**Sports and Games**

Some of the activities commonly employed by the Detroit Department of Recreation for various occasions are:

1. Twenty-five yard dash for girls under eight; twenty-five yard dash for boys under eight.
2. Twenty-five yard dash for girls under ten; twenty-five yard dash for boys under ten.
3. Fifty-yard dash for girls under twelve; fifty-yard dash for boys under twelve.
4. Fifty-yard dash for girls under fourteen; fifty-yard dash for boys under fourteen.
5. Fifty-yard dash for girls under sixteen; seventy-five-yard dash for boys under sixteen.
6. Fifty-yard dash for girls over sixteen; fifty-yard dash for women.
7. One-hundred-yard dash for boys over sixteen—free for all; seventy-five-yard dash for men over thirty.
8. Husband-and-wife race.—Men stand at a distance of fifty yards from starting line. Women, at signal, run to partner, put tie on, tie, and return to starting point with partner.
9. Button-sewing contest (women).—Men hold needles at twenty-five-yard distance. Each woman runs down, threads needle, and sews button on coat or shirt of man.
10. Kiddie-kar race for men.—Fifty yards and return; five teams, three to a team, run in relay form.
11. Nail-driving contest for women.
12. Sash race.—Boys under twelve and over twelve; girls under twelve and over twelve.
13. Girls' hoop race.—No age limit; fifty yards.
14. Tug-of-war.—Married men versus single; married women versus single.
15. Ben Hur family chariot race.—All families of five eligible to enter. Children are horses, parents the divers; twenty-five yards and return.
16. Alphabet game.—Mothers, fathers, sons, and daughters.

Full discussion of picnic programs, with descriptions of methods employed in various cities, is contained in Picnic Programs, a booklet published by the Playground and Recreation Association of America.

Plan your picnic now.—The Officer.

Prayer is conversation with the living God.

Sin's stains can be washed out only by the blood of Christ.

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